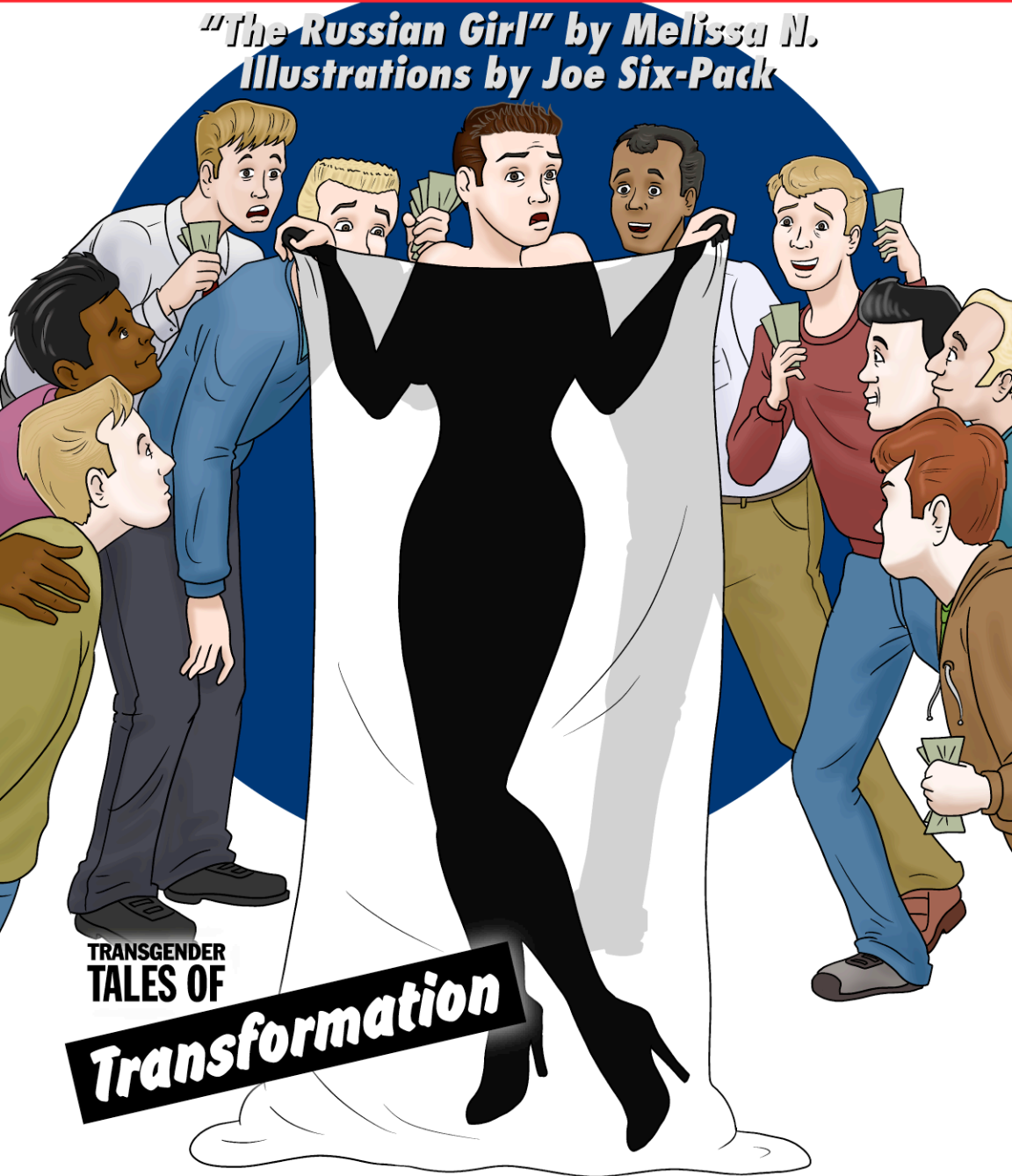
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STRIP FOR YOUR MAN

"The Russian Girl" by Melissa N.
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF
Transformation

MELISSA N.

STRIP FOR YOUR MAN

"The Russian Girl" by Melissa N.
Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation story



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j6p@sixpacksite.com
www.sixpacksite.com

The Russian Girl

A heart attack at thirty. While he was lying in the hospital bed, recovering, Casey Anderson thought it should be some kind of record. If so, he wanted credit for it. By now, the worst of it was over. His co-workers had spotted his discomfort quickly and called 911, and he had been rapidly transported from work to the hospital, attended to by doctors immediately. Their verdict? He was young enough and healthy enough that he would survive — at least this time.

Casey worked as an investment analyst in an asset management company, but he wasn't an ordinary analyst, oh no! Casey Anderson was one of the most sought-after analysts in the country. He knew he was the best around, and he felt no embarrassment to saying so to everyone. He had impeccable knowledge in his areas of expertise, worked more than twelve hours a day, and had steady nerves — traits he deemed essential to work in such an unpredictable field. He was a bold professional who had the guts to put the money of his clients in high-risk investments, while his competitors were crying that it was madness.

Casey was proud to say he was almost always right, and rarely did any of his clients suffer any significant losses. On the contrary — he had helped to build and multiply vast fortunes. Because of this, Casey's client portfolio was growing every day, and it already had several powerful people from all over the world. Moreover, he had also gathered a good sum of money for himself.

However, all this came at a price — as he had been warned several times over the years by someone...

"Oh my God, Casey, are you okay?" Jennifer, his wife, asked breathlessly. "I came as fast as I could!"

"Everything's fine, Jenny," he said, casually. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about? Cindy, your secretary, told me that you had a heart attack! Do you have any idea about how serious this is?"

"It was just a scare, Jenny. I'll be fully recovered very soon. In fact, I'm already feeling much better. Don't get excited."

Six years ago, when it was still early in their relationship, Jennifer had been attracted to Casey's unshakable confidence. He was practically invincible. In addition, he was captivating and adventurous to Jennifer. At that time, being with Casey was a new surprise every day. There was no monotony.

They were in college back then, and Jennifer was so taken with Casey that she left her longtime boyfriend, Ethan, to be Casey's girlfriend. Ethan was a nice guy, member of a traditional and wealthy family, but he was a bit too boring and predictable — not the kind of guy who catches the eye of a young woman.

Jennifer and Casey got married soon after graduation. However, life as a wife wasn't exactly what Jennifer expected. A short while after the wedding, Casey began to direct all his time and attention to his professional life, leaving his wife aside. There weren't any more adventures or surprises for her. She had also started working, as human resources assistant of a medium-sized company, but she wasn't nearly the workaholic Casey was.

She tried to convince herself that this was a temporary situation. However, Casey's ambitious behavior just got worse over the years. He wasn't satisfied when they bought a big house, or a fancy car, and not even a summer house satisfied him. He always wanted something more.

Jennifer's biggest disappointment with Casey was that he refused to have a child with her, saying it was *too early*. Jennifer didn't think so. She was already twenty-nine years old. Some women had children after forty, sure, but she didn't want that. She wanted to see her children and grandchildren grow up, and it wouldn't be possible if she waited too long to give birth.

Because of all these issues, Jennifer obviously could have already divorced Casey, but the truth was that she still loved him. So, she hoped that sooner or later he would return to being the man he had been before — the man she had fallen in love with. And maybe — just maybe — this heart attack could help Casey to put things in perspective.

Casey was about medium height and thin; his hair was brown and slightly wavy, and his eyes were light brown; he had thin lips and a constant 5 o' clock shadow on his face. Jennifer thought he was still as handsome as he was when they met, despite the dark circles that had appeared under his eyes because of the overworking.

Jennifer had reddish brown, medium length hair; her eyes were green, and she had full lips. Her body was still in shape, just like in her early twenties, with firm C-cups breasts, flat belly and great legs. She had the habit of working out every morning, which was really doing great for her, as she could still turn the heads of most men.

Shortly after Jennifer's arrival by Casey's side, holding his hand as he lay in the hospital bed, a doctor came into the room. He was fifty-something, had gray hair and introduced himself as Dr. Walker.

After quietly running a few simple exams, he finally spoke. "How are you feeling, Mr. Anderson?" He asked Casey.

"I'm fine, Doctor. When can I go home?"

"Go home? We shouldn't get ahead of ourselves, Mr. Anderson. You had a heart attack, after all."

"Will he be all right, doctor?" Jennifer asked, worried.

"That depends on your husband, Mrs. Anderson. A heart attack is unusual for someone in his age, and he has no chronic heart disease, from his medical records and family history. So the cause is almost certainly stress, Mr. Anderson. According to your file, you work too much, don't have a healthy diet, smoke, and don't work out. You need to change all that, Mr. Anderson, or you will not live long."

"I'm always reminding him, Doctor," Jennifer cried. "Maybe now he'll decide to listen to me!"

"That would be an excellent idea. Changes will need to be made if you're going to survive into your forties. You need to live a *new life*, Mr. Anderson," the doctor said, without knowing how prophetic those words would be.



If Jennifer was thinking that Casey would change his habits after the heart attack, she couldn't have been more wrong. As soon as he was discharged from the hospital, he immediately went back to work, doing his job as intensely as before.

Oh, it was a glorious day for Casey! He yelled at his secretary several times, earned a couple of million dollars for his clients and ended the day by boasting about his accomplishments and skills with his coworkers. What more could he want? For the rest of the week, Casey was back in his groove.

"So, dear," Jennifer began Friday morning at breakfast, "have you found some kind of physical activity, like the doctor asked you to?" Casey was reading the newspaper business section as they ate in the roomy dining room of their fancy upscale house.

"Not yet," he said without looking up. "But don't worry, I'm working on it."

"No, you aren't!" Jennifer snapped, angrily. "Do you want to die, Casey?"

"Of course not, Jenny! Don't even say something like that!"

"Then why aren't you following medical advice? Dr. Walker said clearly that you need to eat better, to exercise, quit smoking and work less!"

"I can't work less, Jenny, and you know that. If I do, we won't be able to afford the cottage we want."

"I don't want any cottage, Casey! That was your idea! I don't understand why you want to have so much money and all these possessions!"

"Now you're being unfair, Jenny. I work hard to make sure that we can have a comfortable life. You know you don't even need to work if you don't want to. I've said it a thousand times."

"And you would love that, wouldn't you? That way I could become the trophy wife you want so much! But you know I like to work. I'm just not as obsessive



about it as you. I don't want all this money! I just want to have you by my side, like it was in the beginning of our relationship! Do you remember the last time we did something together — besides going out to dinner once in a while?"

They were silent for a while. Jennifer was trembling with rage, but Casey was still reading the newspaper peacefully. For a moment, the young woman thought their relationship was over. She couldn't be married to this man — not when her husband didn't even care about what she said or felt. Not when he didn't care about his own well-being. But then, suddenly, she had an idea. This would be her last valiant effort to save their relationship.

"You know what, Casey?" she started. "Since you're not looking for some physical activity, I'll do it for you. And the best part is: I'll find something we can do together. This way we'll kill two birds with one stone. What do you think about that?"

"Yeah, that's a great idea, honey..." Casey said, more concerned about the fall in the Chinese stock market than in Jennifer's words. "Let me know when you find something, okay?"

"Do you promise you'll go whatever physical activity I choose?"

"Sure! This will be fun," he said getting up. "Now I have to go. Lots of work to do, you know... See you later, babe."

It'll certainly be fun, Casey, she thought. *You have no idea how much*.



On Monday morning, Jennifer told her husband that she had found the perfect place for them to work out together. Casey took a while to recall exactly what his wife was talking about, but eventually he remembered that he had allowed her to look for some kind of organized physical activity for them. However, he also knew he had said it in the heat of the moment, just to get her to shut up — and he wasn't expecting she would find something so quickly.

He intended to make up an excuse to get out of it. "Look, Jennifer, I know you've worked hard to find something we can do together, but now's not a good time for me..."

"You're not thinking of breaking your promise, are you?" Jennifer asked, recognizing her husband's reluctance.

"No! No! Of course not!" he said, as he saw the anger in his wife's eyes.

"Good. Our first class is tonight."

"So soon?" Casey exclaimed.

"What were you expecting? Did you think I'd schedule the first class for next year? I'll meet you at your office in the early evening so we can go. I'm sure you're going to love it!"

"Love what?"

"It's a surprise!"



When they arrived at their destination, Casey saw a pink sign on the front of a small building that read *Miss Olga Petrova's Studio*, and he had a bad feeling about this.

"So, what kind of physical activity are we doing, after all?" he asked.

"I told you, it's a surprise, dear!" Jennifer said, dragging Casey into the building.

They soon reached the small but organized reception room. Behind a counter, there was a twenty-something brunette woman.

"May I help you?" she said.

"Yes!" Jennifer said, enthusiastically. "We've come to our first class."

"Umm... both of you?" the receptionist asked, looking at Casey, up and down.

"Yes," Jennifer said. "I scheduled the class on Friday. My name is Jennifer Anderson, and this is Casey."

"Oh, I see. My name is Julie, anyway," the girl said, after checking a spreadsheet on her computer. "You two can change clothes down the hallway, and then I'll take you to the class. Unfortunately, we just have one locker room."

"That won't be a problem, Julie. Thanks for your help."

"What's happening here?" Casey whispered to his wife as they walked away.

"You worry too much, dear. This is not good for your heart. Try to relax for once, at least."

In the locker room, Casey wore what Jennifer had brought for him: a T-shirt, shorts and running shoes. Jennifer pulled on a sleeveless shirt, leggings and sneakers. After that, they were led by Julie to the class.

It was a large room with a mirrored wall and many pictures and posters. Casey realized all images were of the same person: a hot blonde, dressing sexy in tight outfits. He had the feeling he had seen this woman somewhere before...

"Miss Petrova will be here in a minute," the secretary said, just before leaving the room. "Please, make yourselves comfortable."

Casey remembered Petrova as the same name that was on the sign of the building. Linking the name to those images, he was even surer that he knew of this woman. But from where?

"The dance..." began a steady voice apparently coming from nowhere with a strong accent. "...is more than the body movement. It's one of the deepest expressions of the soul. The dance is powerful, sublime — an indomitable force. It can hypnotize the toughest of men. It can build and destroy empires. Almost nothing can be compared to it."

Casey wasn't sure if the voice was really talking about dance or some kind of nuclear weapon. However, before he could say something, loud music began to play, and a woman appeared.

She had long blonde hair, incredibly big boobs, and long, slender legs; her face was very beautiful, with big blue eyes and luxurious lips. She was the same woman who was in the pictures on the walls, but twenty years older. She would be forty-something now, but it didn't matter. She was still fantastic — a very hot MILF.

The woman undid her military-style jacket to reveal that she was wearing a tight red leotard, tights and high heels. When she began to dance, Casey gasped. He almost began to believe in her presumptuous speech about dance. What she was doing was something really powerful. Then, suddenly, he remembered where he knew her from. When he was a teenager, this woman was a famous Russian exotic dancer who had appeared in many late-night TV shows and steamy films. He even had a poster of her, stretched over the back of a chair, her lithe body and tempting breasts were an early trigger for him to discover his emerging manhood. Yes, he had been a devout admirer of her beauty from a young age. But then, she suddenly disappeared from the media. She was supposed to have married a rich man or something along those lines, if recalled.



There was no question there was still a part of Casey that still pined for a younger Olga Petrova, but the older Casey was just as much into the more mature woman in front of him. She was as good as before. She seemed to instinctively know how to move her body provocatively, highlighting her fantastic physical attributes.

Casey was fascinated by her routine, but slowly something began to disturb him. What the hell was he doing there? There was only one thing that this

woman could teach.

When the music stopped, Jennifer cheered enthusiastically, but Casey was too stunned to do the same. He had put things together and he was looking at his wife angrily.

"Good night, my darlings. As you should know, I'm Olga Petrova, and I will be the teacher of you two. I'm sure you are impressed with my little demonstration, but it's important to you to know that I am an international dancer with many years of experience. We'll start with something more..." She saw the expression on Casey's face. "There is something wrong, honey?" she asked him, who wasn't paying attention to her words. She hated that, especially when she was talking about herself.

Casey looked at the woman, startled. She was only a few steps away. He realized she wasn't just beautiful and sexy, but she was also a little intimidating when she wanted to be. She was taller than Casey, and it got even worse because she was wearing high heels. Also, it was hard to face her ice blue eyes for long. They were mesmerizing and fierce. She would could be a highly effective dominatrix if she wanted to, he thought.

He felt intensely nervous in her presence, and this was a new experience for him. He was used to taking a dominant position at all times in any situation. So he decided to do what he always did when he faced someone like her in business, which was very rare: he would show that he had a deeper knowledge of the situation the opponent wasn't expecting, to put them off their game.

"*Все хорошо,*" he said. That was 'everything was fine' in Russian.

"Oh, do you speak my beautiful language?"

"Yes, I speak a little Russian, and not only that, but I also speak Spanish, French, Portuguese and Mandarin. That's important in my line of work, since I have clients worldwide."

"Impressive," said Olga, who didn't actually seem the least bit impressed. "Can you tell me what do you do for a living?"

"I'm an investment analyst. I also help to build empires — like you, apparently," he added smirking.

Olga didn't like that. She knew he was belittling her, but she knew exactly how to get back at him.

"It is fascinating that someone as *powerful* as you decide to attend exotic dance classes. There is something about you American guys that I never understood. I can't imagine a Russian man doing something like this... But, please, don't think that I disapprove it. I'm glad you're here exploring your female side with your friend's support."

"She's my wife! And I don't have a female side!"

"If you say so..." Olga said walking away.

"That's it. I'm out of here!" Casey said to Jennifer.

"No, you're not going anywhere!" Jennifer said, angrily. "You promised that you would do any physical activity that I chose, and this is what you will do!"

"It's all about revenge, right? You're just trying to punish me!"

Jennifer didn't think she could deny that charge. "Maybe... But you have to keep your word."

"This bitch is mocking me!" Casey said, referring to the Russian.

"It's your fault, isn't? It was you who started it. If you treat her with respect, I'm sure she will do the same."

Casey sighed, not knowing what to say next. He still didn't believe that his wife was doing this to him. An exotic dance class, of all things. Considering it for a moment, he had to admit that maybe she had a good reason to be mad at him. He had neglected her requests and desires for years. He then decided to stay, if only for the night! He figured that would be enough to please Jennifer.

"Alright, *girls*," Olga said approaching the couple again. "As I was saying, we'll start with the basics of the exotic dance. Today, we'll do a few stretching exercises so you two can get ready for what will come next. Any doubt?"

"Umm... Miss Petrova?" Casey said trying to sound polite.

"Go ahead, my darling."

"Could you please don't call us *girls*? I'm a man, you know..."

"I'm sorry, *Katie*," she said in her strong accent. Had she called him Katie on purpose? It was hard to say. It might have just been her accent and her broken English. "But I'm used to call my pupils 'girls,' because they have always been girls. It will take some time to me get used to this *particular* situation. Obviously, your male ego won't be affected by something so small, right?"

"Sure!" Casey said, gritting his teeth.

"Fabulous! Now, let's start." She put a CD on the stereo and started it playing. "First, open your legs a bit and keep your back straight. Take a deep breath. Good. Now gently pull your neck to the right side. Very nice, *girls*!"

Casey and Jennifer lengthened their necks, shoulders, arms and legs. Casey thought it wasn't so hard. He wasn't being required to do anything *too* girly.

"Now we will stretch our hips," Olga said. "Put your hands on your waist, just like me, and begin moving it slowly. From right to left, from right to left... Why aren't you doing the exercise, Katie?"

"I... I don't think that I can, Miss Petrova."

"Of course you can, silly girl! Let me help you." Olga stood behind Casey and placed her hands on his waist. "Now let your hips loose. Just follow my hands and feel the beat of the music. That's better. I knew you could do it, Katie." She

leaned in closer. "You'll be an amazing exotic dancer," she whispered in Casey's ear, making him feel a chill.

Jennifer was struggling to hold back laughter, while Casey was burning in shame. He couldn't believe that he was being forced to move his body this way and act like a stripper. He felt like a sissy.

"Now you have to do circular motions," Olga said. She grabbed Casey tightly around the waist, leaving her groin stuck in his ass. "Just follow my lead."

Casey was having trouble following her, despite all the help.

"Focus on the steps, Katie! Now we're going to slow down the motions on the back. Fast in front, and slow in the back. Raise your little butt, my darling. Good! Now try by yourself."

She pulled away and Casey continued moving his hips raising his ass along with his wife. He had never felt so embarrassed in his entire life.

When the class was over, Olga said she expected to see the *girls* again on Wednesday. Casey's eyes widened when he learned that Olga was planning three lessons per week, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Fortunately, he would never return to this place. His wife had had fun at his expense, and this madness was over.

"Oh, and in the next class, come up with a *more appropriate outfit*, Katie," Olga said when they were getting ready to leave.

"Okay, sure, whatever, Miss Petrova," Casey said amenably, but inside he was thinking that this crazy bitch would never see him again.



On the way home, Jennifer could see that Casey was angry, but he said nothing. When they got home, though, Casey's temper lashed out.

"What the *hell* were you thinking? How could you humiliate me like this? I'm your husband! You're supposed to respect me and not make me look like a fool!"

"Oh, really?" Jennifer yelled back. "And how about you? When did you respect me? You don't even pay attention to what I say! You just care about you!"

"That isn't true! I know I've been a little careless with your feelings lately, but that doesn't justify what you did!"

"Realize how helpless you felt tonight, Casey. It isn't cool, right? I think now you can understand, at least in part, how I've felt all those last years. That's how I always feel with you. Completely helpless, all the time! You were right. I was really trying to punish you."

"But now you got what you wanted. It's over!"

"I don't think so."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll keep going to that class with me."

"Oh, really?" he said, mocking her. "And who will make me do this?"

"Nobody, of course. I can't force you to do anything. However, this is my last attempt to save our relationship. If you refuse to do this for me, our marriage is over."

"What? You're kidding me, right? For God's sake, Jennifer, this is nonsense!"

"Yes, but I don't see any alternative. You've changed a lot over the years, Casey, *for the worse*... You're not the man with whom I got married anymore — the man by whom I abandoned my former boyfriend."

"I can't believe you're still talking about *that* guy. Are you regretting your decision?"

"Shouldn't I be?" Jennifer shouted. Then, calming down a little, she added, "I don't want to fight anymore. You're free to do what you want. Just think about what is important to you."

Casey was shocked to get this kind of ultimatum. He realized that Jennifer was dead serious about leaving him. Suddenly, he felt a deep anguish. The possibility of losing his wife had never crossed his mind. He had thought she would never do something like that. It was just then that he became aware of how much he truly loved her. He couldn't let this happen, but what she was asking for was... it was so humiliating. He didn't know what to do, and it was something new for someone as confident as him.

"For how long?" he asked impulsively.

"Excuse me?"

"For how long do you want me to go with you to that damn dance place?"

"I don't know for sure. The time necessary for you to learn your lesson, I think... So, are you really thinking of accepting my proposal?" Jennifer asked as a smile grew on her face.

"Y-yes," Casey said, reluctantly.

"That's wonderful, honey! It's nice to know that you still care about our relationship."

"Couldn't we just go to marriage counseling or something?"

"Well, we wouldn't learn such sexy dances in marriage counseling," she joked. "I think that even our sex life could become much livelier."



"You look a little more presentable tonight, *Katie*," Olga said when the couple came to the next class.

Earlier that night, at of the request of their teacher, Jennifer had given her husband a dance outfit, but he had little enthusiasm for it. He presented himself to his wife in an ensemble consisting of a football jersey and the leggings she had given him. Casey thought he looked ridiculous. The athletic shirt was his only way to add some kind of masculinity to his look. Furthermore, since the leggings were extremely tight, as soon as he dressed in them, he realized that the *volume* in his crotch was clearly visible. To resolve this issue, Jennifer told Casey to place his penis and testicles in the cavity between his legs.

"What?" Casey said disgusted. "I won't

do that!"

"That's your call, babe" Jennifer said smiling.

Casey looked at his crotch again. He just couldn't go outside this way. It was practically obscene.

"Fine!" he said annoyed. "But you'll have to help me to do it."

Jennifer was more than happy to help him. She tucked his stuff between his legs and then held everything with some tape.

"What are you doing?" Casey asked.

"We have to make sure everything is securely attached. We're going to do physical activity, after all."

"What if I have to go to the bathroom?"

"You'll have to sit, silly! Just like we girls do!" She said, with a smirk. "And that football jersey is just asking for trouble. Wear the top I gave you.



Otherwise, Miss Petrova will blow a gasket for sure."

When they were done, Casey noticed that his crotch was completely smooth and flat, as if he was a woman. He became very disturbed by that. To make matters worse, Olga praised Casey's outfit another two or three times before the class started, and Casey was forced to thank her every time, since Jennifer had told him to be polite to Olga.

"Now, there's an important thing that you girls need to learn before we start to dance," Olga said after the stretching. "I'm talking about the way you walk. In a big presentation, or even when you are just dancing for your man, the way you walk is very important. That is how you begin to conquer your audience. Watch me."

She then started to parade around the room, putting one foot in front of the other and moving her hips seductively. At the end, she sat in a chair positioned in the center of the room and crossed her legs slowly.

She really knows how to be sexy, Casey thought, as he and Jennifer were applauding the teacher.

"Now, I want to see what you girls can do! Who will be the first one?"

"I will," Jennifer said, realizing the reluctance of her husband.

She tried to emulate the walk of the teacher, but she wasn't successful at the first attempt.

"Put one foot in front of the other, Jennifer!" Olga said. "Walk slowly. This isn't a race!"

On the third attempt, Jennifer was doing it well enough. Casey started to get aroused seeing his wife walking that way. This was kind of painful, though, since his cock was firmly attached between his legs.

"Is there something wrong, Katie?" Olga asked, seeing the man squirm uncomfortably.

"He's probably just anxious for his turn," Jennifer said, mockingly.

"I see. You can try now, my darling."

"Thank you, Miss Petrova," Casey said, blushing.

It was a complete disaster. Casey just couldn't walk as the women had done. He tried to put one foot in front of the other, but that only made him fall to the ground. Besides, he couldn't sit gracefully as Olga. In fact, nothing of what he was doing could be called *graceful*.

"No, no, no, no!" Olga shouted angrily. "I never met a girl as clumsy as you!"

"But Miss Petrova, I'm not a..."

"Do not interrupt me, missy! I think I know what we'll have to do."

She disappeared into an adjoining room for a moment. When she returned, she was carrying a box. Inside it, besides other stuff, Casey saw a corset and low-heel shoes.

"With these, we will be able to improve the way you walk and sit," Olga said.

Casey thought about vehemently protesting, but he saw the way his wife was looking at him. Couldn't she realize that this game was going too far?

Olga tied the corset around his body, but not that tightly, since it was the first time he was wearing it. She only intended to modify his posture a little. Examining the shoes, Casey was shocked to see that they were too big for his feet. Olga had to put some toilet paper at the end of the shoes so the man could wear them.



"It seems that someone has feet of princess," Olga mocked him. "You can use these heels tonight, but you'll have to buy your own soon, *Katie*. Now, let's try again."

Casey began training his walk again. He was feeling powerless, since the corset and those shoes were severely restricting his movements, forcing him to walk slowly and carefully. In addition, his back was completely

straight and his ass was slightly raised, just like Olga wanted.

"Yes, I see some progress," the teacher said. "But you need to swing your hips a little more, Katie! That's what will give support to your walk. Let your wrists loose. Arms stuck to the body! Oh, much better!"

Next, Casey was trained on the proper way to sit. Because of the corset, he was already being forced to do it delicately, but Olga made him repeat it countless times until he was able to sit as effortlessly and gracefully as any woman. On each attempt, Casey could feel his cock and balls being crushed over and over, and it only got worse when he crossed his legs.

"You're getting better, Katie," Olga said at the end. "But there is still a long way ahead. Jennifer is much better than you now, so I want you to train every day, okay? You can keep this corset. You look lovely in it. I see you girls on Friday."



That night, Jennifer allowed Casey to have a rest — but the next day, as soon as Casey came home from work, Jennifer put the corset back around his waist, and before he could understand what was going on, she also put ankle strap heels on his feet.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm just following Olga's instructions."

"This is insane, Jenny! Do you really expect me to wear this corset and these shoes at home?"

"It's for your own good, dear. Don't you want to become a good dancer?" she teased him.

"That's enough! I'm taking off this crap!"

Jennifer watched the efforts of her husband to take off the corset with a smile on her face. He twisted to loosen the straps of the garment, but he just couldn't do it by himself. Then, he turned his attention to the shoes. He had a hard time reaching his feet, since the corset was restricted his movements. When he finally managed to do it, he let out a groan of dismay.

"You put padlocks on the shoes!"

"Of course, dear. This way you can't cheat, right? Now let's train, shall we?"

As he already knew very well, he was extremely vulnerable and weak with the corset and high heels, so his wife could maneuver and control him easily. It was even easier, as he was too stunned to try anything.

Over the next two hours, Jennifer forced him to walk and sit exactly as Olga had taught them, over and over again until it finally stopped feeling awkward and uncomfortable.

"Please, Jenny, I need to stop!" Casey begged. "My body is killing me!"

"Okay. I think that's enough for tonight."

"Thank God! Now help me take off this corset and these shoes."

"Take them off?" Jennifer said, with a feigned expression of surprise. "I don't think so, babe. You'll keep the corset and shoes on all the time while you're here at home."

"What?"

"Oh, don't look sad, babe. This is a temporary situation. When you start doing better at class, it'll no longer be necessary. Now let's eat something, and then we can watch a movie."

Jennifer just made a salad for both of them, saying playfully that they had to stay in shape. Casey was used to eating a lot more, yet he barely managed to finish his dish because of the corset. Feeling frustrated, he lit a cigarette after dinner. Then, the troubled man was surprised by Jennifer tightening his corset a little more.

"What's with that?" he asked, frustrated.

"I decided to help you to stop smoking, dear. The doctor said this is very important for your health, remember? So, every time you light a cigarette, I will tighten your corset one more half inch. Isn't that a great idea?"

Casey just had no words.

After eating, they then went to the living room where they watched a stereotypical chick flick. Jennifer was very happy, because she hadn't been able to make her husband to watch a movie with her for a long time, since he had only watched the news in recent years.

Despite the punishment, Casey couldn't help but smoke three or four more cigarettes. At the end of the night, the corset was so tight that he said he could hardly breathe.

"Oh, don't be such a drama queen!" Jennifer said. "You didn't think about it when you lit the cigarettes, did you?"

When they went to bed, Casey had another unpleasant surprise waiting for him.

"I think that tonight you should keep the corset and the shoes on in bed, honey" Jennifer said. This way, your body will get used to these new restrictions and you'll do great in class tomorrow night."

She knew that Casey didn't like it, but apparently he was too exhausted to argue. He just turned away, with a sad expression, to try to sleep. She felt very sorry for him — and for a moment, she almost changed her mind — but she managed to stop herself. She knew it was necessary. This was for Casey's own good.

The next morning, Jennifer helped Casey to take off the corset and shoes so he could take a shower and go to the work. He groaned in relief when he was free of those damn things, but he soon realized that his entire body was still aching, as if he had been hit by a truck. Also, he was unable to walk as before because putting weight on the heels of his feet hurt a lot. *"Damn it!"* He cursed.

When he arrived at work, he immediately went to his office. Along the way, Cindy, his secretary, greeted him, but Casey ignored her as he did every morning.

Cindy had dull blond straight hair, a round face and a nice body; she was pretty, but she certainly would look prettier if she had a more confident attitude. She always seemed a scared and insecure, largely because of working for Casey.

"Here's your coffee, sir," she said, entering his large office.

"Yes, fine," Casey said, without taking his eyes from the newspaper.



She turned around to leave the office but then she changed her mind.

"Is everything okay, sir?" she asked.

"What you mean?"

"Well, I noticed that you were walking a little..." she took a deep breath, as if she was working up the courage to continue, "...funny when you arrived."

Casey froze. She had noticed something strange in his walk! Did anybody else notice this too? Only then did Casey realize that he was sitting with his legs crossed in a very feminine way. Fortunately, Cindy couldn't see it from where she was. Those damn dance lessons had to end, and Casey was determined to solve that issue that very night, before he started to act like a sissy all the time. First, though, he needed to vent his frustration, and Cindy was a perfect person for it.

"There's nothing wrong with me!" he shouted at her. "Get out of my face, you dumb cunt! Get out, *now!*" Oh, how he had missed being angry.



"That's all?" Jennifer said when Casey told her what had happened in his office.

"What do you mean by 'that's all'? Did you hear what I said? She could tell."

"You're just being paranoid, Casey."

"What? *Paranoid?"*

"You should have just said to Cindy you had back pain, and that was why you were walking different. Instead, you decided to yell at her. I don't like it, Casey. You can't mistreat someone just because you have a higher position. It's not good for your blood pressure, that's for sure. We'll have to find a way to change that, too."

"That's not the point, Jennifer! Don't you realize that this crazy plan of yours could ruin my reputation? People will begin to think I'm a queer or something!"

"So, are you saying that a gay person can't have people's respect?" Jennifer snapped. "You're so sexist, Casey. I'm tired of it! Now, shut up before you say anything that will really piss me off, and let's go to our class!"

Casey was bewildered by her reaction. He was the one who yelled at people, not the one who got yelled at. However, not wanting to upset her even more, he decided to just acquiesce to her once again. Even so, he knew he would have to find a way to change her mind... And quickly!



"Yes, I can see some improvement," Olga said, watching Casey parade around in front of her. "The corset and the high heels are really doing wonders to your walk and posture, Katie. I'm sure that pretty soon you will be such a little teaser! Isn't that nice?"

"Absolutely, Miss Petrova," Casey said with a fake smile on his face. What he really wanted was to do was to tell this bitch to go to hell.

"Wonderful! Now, I think you two are finally ready to learn the basic steps of exotic dance. Let's get started!"

Casey gulped at that. Things were getting even worse for him.

"Keep your legs straight and then start to swing your hips," Olga began. She watched as her pupils followed her instructions. "On one side to the other... On one side to the other... Good! Now, put your hands on your thighs. Move your hips 360 degrees, remembering to raise your asses. Very sexy! Now, you will take a 180 degree turn, extend your left leg laterally and get down slowly."

It was starting to get very tricky, and once again, Casey was having a hard time following the teacher.

"You're doing it wrong, Katie!" Olga said. "You need to move more gently and subtly, like a kitten. Right now, you are acting like a rhinoceros."

"I'm sorry, Miss Petrova," Casey said, while Jennifer stifled a laugh.

"I don't want excuses, girl! I want results! You look a little air-headed sometimes, and I want you to completely focus on what we're doing! Do you think you can do that?"

"I'll try my best, Miss Petrova," Casey said with downcast eyes, but he was fuming inside.

"To become a dancer," Olga continued, "you need more than just knowing the choreography. You need to have the right attitude. This is the only way to conquer your audience. Tell me, Katie, honestly, do you really want to learn to be a dancer?"

Casey didn't want that, of course, but if he said the truth he would probably lose his wife.

"Yes, Miss Petrova," he lied.

"Yes what?"

"I want to learn to be a good dancer."

"And to be a good dancer, you have to move as a...?"

"A kitten?"

"That's right. Because a kitten is...?"

"Umm… Delicate and subtle?"

"Yes, Katie, it is. Now convince me that this is what you want. Remember, you need to have the right attitude!"

"Oh, Miss Petrova, I want so badly to be like a kitten!" he said, trying to sound excited, with even a higher voice.

"Why?"

"Because kittens are so delicate and subtle!"

"And?"

What else does this bitch want me to say? Casey thought to himself.

"And... I want to be delicate and subtle," he improvised. "I hate to be *so brutish and unsophisticated* as I am now. I... I just want to be a little teaser!" *Just kill me now,* Casey added in his head.

These words would be enough to make Olga happy, but the price had been too high for him to bear. Casey didn't know if he would have the courage to look at himself in the mirror ever again.

"Very good, Katie! Now I see a girl with passion! Let's try again, and remember everything you just told me!"

As if I could forget...

They kept training until Casey was finally able to do the basic steps to perfection. Olga said that they would continue learning that choreography in the next class, and that she expected that *Katie* would learn it faster.

"Oh, and before I forget," she added. "Two new girls will join us next week."

"What?" Casey cried desperately.

"Do you have any problem with that, Katie?" Olga asked.

"Other people? You have to start a new class for them! Look at me! I can't let other people see me like this!"

"Nonsense, Katie, you'll love them. Also, I am a *highly in-demand professional*. I don't have available time to start a new class. Good night, ladies."



"All right, as of right now, this is over!" Casey said when they got home.

"What are you talking about?" Jennifer asked.

"I won't go back there."

"Why not?"

"Umm... Let me see... Perhaps it's because that bitch said that two women are being added to our class!" Casey shouted, furious. "I think that's a good enough reason, don't you agree?"

Jennifer didn't answer. Instead, she went to the kitchen to drink some water. When she returned to the living room, she sat on the couch and remained silent for some time.

"Maybe you're right," she finally said.

"It's about time!" he exclaimed.

"I'm tired of your complaints. You obviously aren't making any *real* effort to please me, even after promising you would. You're still as selfish as before, and you clearly don't care one bit about my feelings. Congratulations, Casey, you got what you wanted so badly. You don't need to return to the dance studio. It no longer makes sense, since our marriage is obviously over."

"What? Don't say that, Jenny!"

"Why not, Casey?"

"Because I love you! I know I've been an idiot, but just thinking about losing you... It hurts so much! Let's try again! But there must be another way to..."

"No, Casey! There is no other way. I gave you one simple thing to do, to do something I wanted for the both of us, and you refuse to do it. That couldn't be more plain. You only do the things you want to do."

"What's wrong with that?" Casey replied, unable to see the problem.

"Ugh!" Jennifer yelled. "You just don't get it!"

"Okay, okay, fine! Tell me what it will take to keep you happy!"

"If you want another chance, you have to keep going with me to the studio, and I don't want hear more complaints. Do you hear me? We'll keep going as long as I feel it's necessary..." She could see the scowl in Casey's face begin to form. "...*Aaand* I want to see you smiling all the time!" She added.

"O-okay, Jenny," Casey stammered. "You win. But I'm still feeling very unsure about these new students."

"Why?"

"Because I'm a man! I shouldn't be taking exotic dancing lessons... It will be so humiliating. Hell, it's already humiliating enough!"

"You're being sexist, Casey. But if this is the problem, I have an idea to make you more comfortable. We'll talk about it tomorrow. For now, I want to know if you are really willing to do this."

"Yes, Jenny!"

"And will you be a dedicated pupil?"

"Y-yes!"

"Very nice, *my kitten*. I think it's time for you to put your corset and your high heels again, isn't? I'll get them."

The next day was Saturday, so Jennifer and Casey didn't have to work. The young wife forced her disgruntled husband to train himself by walking and repeating the basic dance steps throughout the morning. At the end, as expected, he was exhausted. After a quick lunch, Jennifer told Casey to take a shower because they would go out.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"That's a surprise, honey. Just trust me, okay?"

Casey didn't like it. The last time Jennifer had made a surprise for him, he had been enrolled in an exotic dance class. Still, he knew he had no choice.

An hour later, Jennifer stopped the car in front of a small building on a busy street. It was shop of some sort, painted light pink and had photographs of women with classy hairstyles in the front windows.

"Wait a minute, Jenny," Casey said with wide eyes. "Did you bring me to a beauty salon?"

"Yes, honey!" Jennifer said grinning. "This is a great place, really good at what they do, and the girls here are outstanding professionals. I'm sure they will be able to help you with your little issue."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Well, you said you would feel humiliated around the two new girls in the class because they would know that you're a man. So, I brought you to the salon for a makeover. Forgive me for saying so, honey, but you aren't a *very* manly guy. With some work done, I'm sure you can pass as a woman."

Casey looked at his wife with a horrified expression. He couldn't believe in what he was hearing.

"Have you lost your *mind*? I didn't promise anything about that. I can't get a female haircut! What will I say at work?"

"Don't worry, dear. You won't get a female haircut — just an androgynous one. Something that can work for both a man *and* for a woman."

"Couldn't I just wear a wig or something?"

"That would be too risky. What if your wig falls during a dance move? Wouldn't that be terrible?"

"Yes, but I'm still not sure about getting a new haircut."

"Well, if you prefer, you can just go to class on Monday as you are now."

That simply wasn't an option, as far as Casey was concerned. He thought about trying again to make Jennifer change her mind, but he knew it was a waste of time. Also, she could get angry and he'd be back at square one, begging for forgiveness all over again. *Maybe I should just get divorced*, he

thought. For a moment, he got deeply depressed just pondering it. Why had he been such a terrible husband over the years? He had a perfect wife, and even so he had screwed everything. Now his only choice was to do what she wanted.

"Okay, Jenny," he said. "Let's do this. But remember, I don't want anything too girly!"

"I got it, *Katie*" Jennifer said winking. "Now, let's go!"

Jennifer greeted every woman in the salon by name. She apparently was known by all there, and everyone was just as happy to see her as she was to see them.

"It's nice to see you again, Jenny," said a thirty-something blonde woman. She was professionally dressed, with a white blouse, black pencil skirt and pumps. "What can we do for you?"

"I'm not here for my sake, Grace. I just brought someone else who needs to have some work done," she then looked at Casey, who was a few steps behind, looking scared and embarrassed with the environment he found himself in. There were stylish paintings on the walls, and vases of flowers at the corners. There were several mauve colored hairdressing chairs, large dryers and other weird things he'd never seen in his barber shop. "This is Casey, my husband," Jennifer said. "I think I've talked about him a few times."

"Oh, I remember! Pleasure to meet you, Casey," Grace responded, although she didn't look pleased at all.

What Casey did not know was that, in recent years, Jennifer had spent virtually every visit to the salon venting about how her husband was insensitive and absent. He was trying to look confident to impress Grace, but it didn't work. He was feeling like a total outsider there.

"P-pleasure to meet you too," he said, shaking hands with the woman.

"So," Jennifer said, "Casey and I made a bet — and he lost. Now, he has to go to a costume party tonight dressed as a woman, and I'm sure you girls can help him to look very pretty! However, nothing too extreme, since he has to work *as a man* on Monday."

Casey was grateful to his wife for coming up with a believable story that wasn't too humiliating. Now he had a reasonable excuse for being there, and getting a female makeover.

"Oh, that's fantastic!" Grace exclaimed clapping. "I know exactly what we're going to do. You're going to look stunning tonight, Casey!"

Casey gulped and smiled shyly, unsure about what to do.

"Well, I think that, at least today, we can call him *Katie*!" Jennifer said playfully, and the two women chuckled.

"What are we waiting for?" Grace said. "Let's start! You obviously want to see the whole transformation, right, Jenny?"

"I would love, Grace, but I have other important issues to address. I'm sure that *Katie* will be in good hands. I'll be back in some hours to get *her*."

"We'll certainly have a big surprise waiting for you!"

Casey was desperate. He couldn't believe that Jennifer was going to leave him there, alone with these women. He gave his wife a pleading look, but she just gave him a quick hug as if he were simply one of her girlfriends, and said that everything would be fine. Then, she turned and left the salon.

Now left to fend for himself, Casey nearly jumped out of his shoes when the woman behind him spoke. "So, Casey, what did you two bet on?" Grace asked.

Casey didn't know what to answer since the bet hadn't been real. Usually he was very good at improvisation, but he was having trouble thinking straight because he was very nervous.

"Oh, it was a silly little thing," he started, trying to sound cool. "We just bet who could drink more beers in an hour." He was happy with his ad-lib, and stood straighter, confidently. "I really didn't expect to lose it, because women are much weaker than men," he added, smiling, sure that he had said something funny. However, a second later, he realized he had made a huge mistake. That joke could have been funny in a circle of sexist men, but not in his current company. Not only Grace, but also two or three other women who were within earshot, looked at Casey angrily.

"Interesting, Casey," Grace said. "Let's see how tough, as a man, you are."

Ten minutes later, Casey was crying like a baby. A young woman called Alicia was waxing his legs with hot wax, and he felt as if she were trying to kill him.

"Please, Stop! Stop it, now!" he begged.

"C'mon, Casey," Grace said. "We girls face things like this all the time! I seem to remember you said that we were weaker than men."

"I'm sorry about that," he said, with tears in his eyes. "I shouldn't have said that, and I'm truly regretful. Now, ask her to stop, please."

"That's impossible. I promised Jennifer that you would walk out of here looking pretty, and that's what will happen. So, toughen up and take it like a man... Or should I say... Like a woman?" Grace giggled.

Alicia waxed Casey's entire body, including his private parts, which almost made him die of pain and shame. After she was done, and enjoyed a few minute's of Casey's suffering, Grace spread a cream all over he client's skin. It was very relaxing, especially after such wicked torture, despite the fact that the cream had the smell of flowers.

When it was done, the young man couldn't believe how soft and silky his skin was. Feeling a chill, Casey thought it was like he was rubbing the body of a woman. Even his face was different, since Alicia had waxed it too.

Grace handed a pink robe and flip-flops to Casey, which he reluctantly put on, and then she took him back to the main area of the salon. There were several other clients in their chairs, and Casey hung his head, embarrassed to be seen.

"Oh, you already look so much better, *Katie*!" Grace said excitedly. "I have to admit that I'm loving all this! I always wanted to help to turn an insensitive man like you into a sweet and docile girl!"

"Please, keep your voice down, Grace!" Casey said, looking around apprehensively, afraid that another client could hear what the woman was saying.

"I'll do my best, honey. It's just that I'm so excited! Now let's get to work on your hair." Grace started to look at his hair and facial structure very carefully. He realized that the mirror in front of the chair had been covered with a towel. "Oh, I want to surprise you!" she said, realizing Casey's concern. "You'll have to wait until the end to see your new look!"

Grace called two other young women to help her. The first one began spreading a facial cream at his face, while Grace and the other began to mix up a smelly solution.

"Is that really necessary?" Casey asked the girl who was working on his face.

"Absolutely!" she said. "Your skin will look marvelous after this. I'm sure you'll love it!" Then, she put cucumber slices on each of Casey's eyes. "This will help you with those dark circles, honey."

Great, Casey thought. *Now I can't see anything*. A little later, they began to spread the smelly cream on his head.

"It stinks!" Casey complained.

"That's the price of beauty, sweetie," Grace said. "Now, stop talking or you'll spoil your facial."

Meanwhile, someone started working on his hands and feet. He felt his nails being trimmed and then something being glued to them. He couldn't move his head a fraction on an inch, and had to just lie there and try not to think about what they were doing to him.

Later, his hair was washed, and Grace began to cut it. His hair wasn't that long, so he wondered why it was taking so much time. His nails also continued to be worked on, and he could feel a delicate brush being applied to them.

After a while, someone finally began to take off the facial mask. He was relieved, thinking it was a good thing, but he would change his mind soon enough... When his face was washed clean, one of the girls came up with tweezers in hand.

"It's time to shape your eyebrows a bit, dear," she said.

Casey was trying to back away in his chair. "What? No, I don't think that's necessary, thank you very much!"

"Stop moving or I'll cut off *all* your hair, Katie!" Grace said annoyed, flashing a pair of gleaming steel scissors. "Now, be a doll and let Carol do her job!"

"Don't worry, dear," Carol said. "I'm not going to do anything extreme. And you'll see that your eyes will look much better after I'm done!"

She started plucking Casey's eyebrows. The procedure was painful, but nothing compared to the waxing. Casey remained silent, hoping that the damage wasn't too dramatic.

Grace and Carol finished their tasks at about the same time. Casey thought the nightmare had finally come to an end, and took a relived breath of air, but then Carol took out a big case and dropped it on her work desk.

"Now I'm going to do your make up," she said.

"Since Katie has a party to go to tonight," Grace started, "I think her makeup should be a little extra dramatic."

"Oh, yes. I see what you mean," Carol said, smiling.

The makeup took another half an hour, and the girl working on him used a myriad of brushes, sponges, swabs, pencils and other strange instruments he simply didn't understand.

"Press your lips together, honey" Carol said, after applying red lipstick on Casey's quivering lips. "Splendid! Well, I think I'm done, and you look fantastic!"

"Finished?" Jennifer said, as she approached, carrying two armloads of shopping bags. "I got here just in time! Now, where's my...?" At first, she didn't recognize her husband. Only when she came closer she realized who this *woman* was.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "This is..."

"Yes, Jenny," Grace said, clearly proud of her work. "This is your *Katie*. What do you think?"

"Wow, *she* looks better than I could have ever expected! You and your team outdid yourselves!"

"Can I see what you've done now?" Casey asked, upset that he was being ignored.

"In a minute, babe," Jennifer said. "First, let's get you dressed. I brought a lovely outfit for you!"

Casey was taken to a small dressing room where Jennifer began to open the shopping bags, while Grace helped him to take off the robe.

"Do you like it?" Jennifer asked Casey, holding a beautiful and sexy red dress.

"It's nice," he said. "You'll look great in it."

"It's for you, silly!"

"For me? Do you really expect me to wear this... Dress?"

"I think it's a nice choice for a party!" Grace intervened.

"But first," Jennifer said, "I'll give you your new underwear."

She took out a set of red lingerie. Casey saw that the panties were quite small, especially in the groin, and he thought it was all but impossible for him to even attempt to wear it. Jennifer, though, had already thought about a solution to this issue. She took a roll of tape and bound Casey's penis between his legs much more tightly than she had done before.

"Oh, I love how your body looks now," Jennifer said rubbing the hairless legs of her feminized husband. "I didn't know if the girls would wax your body, but I think this was a great idea."

Casey realized that his body was much more sensitive than before, since he immediately began to get aroused from Jennifer's touch. However, as in the studio in the dance, it only made him feel excruciating pain.

Jennifer then helped him to put on the panties, which tightly fit to his body, and was tucked deeply between the cheeks of his ass.

"Stop it, Katie!" Jennifer said, seeing Casey trying to pick the panties out from his ass.

"But that's so uncomfortable!" he complained.

"It isn't meant to be comfortable, but to make you look sexy. Now you see what we women face — and you should get used to it, because tonight you're one of us!"

Next, it was time for the bra. This was all getting stranger and stranger to Casey. Why would he need a bra? He had no boobs, obviously, and the empty cups seemed odd, just hanging on his flat chest. However, Jennifer also had a solution for that. She picked up two large objects that looked disturbingly like real tits.

"These are the best breast forms that money can buy," she said. "You will have a very realistic experience of how it feels to have breasts. I hope you like it!"

She lowered Casey's bra and spread a cold substance on his chest.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Just a special glue. Don't worry, though, I have the solvent."

She held the breast forms against Casey's chest for a few minutes. After which, Casey felt these foreign objects were now firmly attached to his body. He was shocked to realize that they not only looked real, but also *felt* real. They quickly

adapted to Casey's body temperature, and when he put a finger on one of the breasts forms it was like he was touching his own skin!

"How are you feeling?" Jennifer asked.

"Terrible! They're so big and heavy..."

"C'mon, sweetie!" Jennifer said, patting his cheek with her hand. "They're only C-cup breasts, just like mine. And from what I remember, you always liked big breasts. In regards to the weight, sure, sometimes, it can be a nuisance but you'll find that the bra helps a lot."

Then she adjusted the bra straps again, and Casey felt some relief. His breasts now had the appropriate support, which made him comfortable — or at least as comfortable as a man can be after getting boobs so suddenly!

The red dress Jennifer selected had spaghetti straps and ended just above the knees. As expected, it was also very tight. Before Casey put it on, Jennifer had tied up a new corset on his waist, and this one was even more uncomfortable than the previous one.

When Casey saw the shoes that his wife had taken to him, his eyes widened. They were 3 inch black open toe heels. He had never worn shoes so high. But before he could complain, the two women began to put the heels on his feet. Finally, as a finishing touch, Jennifer helped him put on a delicate necklace, some bracelets and rings, and small clip-on earrings.

"It's a shame that you don't have your ears pierced," Jennifer teased. "It would be much easier to find wonderful earrings for you."

"Maybe we can take care of that in her next visit to the salon," Grace said to Jennifer. "I have a feeling that this isn't the last time *she* comes here."

"Who knows?" Jennifer said. "If she keeps losing bets... So, do you want to see the new you, Katie?"

"Y-yes?" Casey said, although he was afraid to look at the mirror.

The two women helped him to stand up, and then they took him to another part of the salon where there was a full-length mirror. The walk wasn't easy, because Casey wasn't used to the high heels. Moreover, the tight dress and the corset were restricting his movements, and the damn boobs were shaking constantly.

When he finally came close to the mirror, he had the greatest shock of his life. He looked as if he was his younger sister, if he had one. No one would say that that the person in the mirror was a man. *She* wasn't exactly a top model, but still *she* was attractive.

The sexy dress was embracing "her" body and highlighting "her" curves created by the corset. Part of "her" legs were exposed, and they looked fabulous on top of the high heels. "Her" hands looked feminine and delicate, with long nails painted red, as well as the toenails. "Her" hair was still short,



but with a feminine style. Her sideburns were gone, and there were elegant bangs that ended just above "her" slightly arched eyebrows. "Her" dark hair had been dyed light brown, with some blonde tips. "Her" face was beautiful and well made-up, with dark eyeshadow and long eyelashes, red blush, highlighting "her" high cheekbones, and red lipstick, making "her" lips kissable and a little fuller.

Casey was having a hard time believing that he was that girl. He felt immensely violated, as if his identity had been wrested from him. He could no longer recognize himself in his own reflection. His manhood had been taken from him, and even his age, apparently. He realized that without the 5 o'clock shadow on his face, he didn't seem to be a thirty year old anymore, but twenty-five, at most. He no longer seemed threatening or imposing. Instead, he looked pretty and vulnerable.

It was now Jennifer's turn, and the girls combed her hair and did her makeup, before Jennifer put on the black dress she had bought for herself that afternoon. Meanwhile, Casey was forced to wait in a reception hall chair, flipping through some girly magazines. While he was there, some of the female customers praised his look, and he, extremely embarrassed, thanked them, trying to sound like a girl.

When Jennifer was finally ready, she presented herself to her husband, who was taken aback, upon seeing how stunning she looked. He felt seriously emasculated, since he couldn't even kiss his wife, without attracting curious glances.

"Now, I think you should thank Grace for her hard work, *Katie,*" Jennifer said.

"Umm... Thank you very much, Grace," he said looking down. And then, realizing that his wife wasn't happy yet, he added, "I love my new look."

"I'm glad you liked it, girl. And I hope to see you again."

"Very good, *Katie*. Now let's go have some fun!" Jennifer said, dragging her feminized husband out of the salon.



Jennifer opened the passenger door of their car so Casey could get in, although she did take her time, making sure her husband spent a few pensive moments waiting in the public eye. She told him there was a trick to getting in a car with a skirt, and that he needed to sit first, and then swivel and move his legs together inside the car. On his first attempt, Casey failed to follow her instructions, so Jennifer ordered him to try it three more times until she was satisfied. After that, she got into the car too. It was already night.

"Are you ready, babe?" she asked.

"Ready for *what,* Jennifer? Where are we going?"

"I'm going to take you to a fancy restaurant."

"Why?"

"Two reasons. First, you have to get used to being seen by others as a woman. That way you will be ready to get along with the two new girls in our class. Secondly, we have to celebrate!"

"I see no reason for celebration," Casey said, trying to slide lower in the seat to avoid being seen.

"Oh, yes there is, babe. Now, I know your experience at the salon was very hard for you. Still, even as stressed out as you are, so far, you haven't started yelling at me. You're showing that now you're beginning to take our little game seriously, and it means a lot to me. You really care about me enough to face it all, and that makes me very happy. That's why we're going to celebrate."

"Umm... I see," Casey said, unsure about any of that.

"So, you haven't said anything about your new look!" Jennifer asked, starting the car.

"Being honest, I'm feeling very uncomfortable. And you're right. This afternoon wasn't easy." He then unburdened himself, telling his wife everything that had happened, in detail. "Also, I'm worried about Monday. How will I be able to look like a man, Jenny?"

"You look very feminine now, but that's because of your clothes, corset, breasts forms, make up, and the way your hair is combed. You'll find that without it all, you will look like you always do."

Casey wasn't so sure, but he hoped that Jennifer was right.

"Besides," Jennifer continued, "if you keep up this good attitude, this game will be over soon."

Oh, he couldn't wait for it.



When they arrived at the restaurant, a valet opened the car door for Casey and helped him out, holding his hand aloft. He had never felt more like a sissy as it happened. It didn't help that he realized how much his small, manicured hand looked even more feminine compared to the big hand of the muscular valet.

"Thank you," he muttered, trying to emulate a female voice again.

"You're welcome, ma'am," the man said, smiling from ear to ear.

Casey began to sweat. Why this jerk was smiling like that? Had he figured out that Casey was a guy? Probably not. The man was just doing his job, and Casey was just being paranoid. Still, the feminized man was terrified that someone would find out the truth at any time.

He walked next to Jennifer trying to copy her movements. He watched carefully the way she walked, talked and gestured. When they entered the restaurant, Jennifer told the receptionist that they had a reservation for two.

"I see, Mrs. Anderson. Please, follow me, ladies. I'll take you to the table."

Ladies! Casey thought it was so distasteful to be treated and referenced as a woman. He wanted to scream he was a man. However, he knew it would make things so much worse. Not only would Jennifer blow her top, but all the people would know for certain that he was a man wearing women's clothing. He could already image all the cell phones being brought out to snap a shot of the man in a dress.

The restaurant had walls painted in muted colors with refined paintings on the walls. Soft and pleasant music was being played. Casey didn't notice any of this, of course, because he was too nervous. When they arrived at the table, the man helped Casey and Jennifer sit, adjusting the upholstered chairs.

"Katie, you need to relax," Jennifer said, realizing that her feminized husband was freaking out.

"That's easy for you to say," Casey whispered, fiercely. "You aren't wearing clothes of the opposite sex."

"You have to believe that you aren't either," she said firmly. "Anyone who looks at you now will just see a woman. So, you need to *be* a woman, or you will start to attract attention. If you don't calm down, you'll invite people to look closer — and see if there really is something weird about you. You got it?"

"Y-yes..."

"So, say it!" ordered Jennifer.

"I... I am a woman!" Casey said, fighting against all his instincts.

"And how are you feeling here, in this fancy restaurant, after spending the afternoon in a beauty salon?"

"Umm... Good?"

"C'mon, Katie! You can do better than it! You are a woman, remember? So start thinking like one!"

"Umm... I am *delighted* to be here," Casey said in a high voice and gesturing as he had seen Jennifer doing. "I... I love this dress so much... It makes me feel so... Pretty! It's *soo* exciting! And I just *adored* being pampered at the salon, knowing the girls would make me look dazzling!"

When Casey finished, he put his manicured hands over his red lips, appalled at his own behavior. Where had those words come from? What the hell was wrong with him?

"That was impressive, Katie!" Jennifer said. "It looks like you have really freed the woman who lives inside you! And your girly voice... Are you sure you've never tried using it before?" She started laughing, while Casey blushed.

A little later, a waiter came over to ask what they wanted to drink. Casey hid himself behind the menu, still embarrassed, and Jennifer ordered two glasses of white wine for them. She thought it was quite amusing. Casey usually took care of the couple's orders, but tonight it would be different.

The alcohol was good for Casey, and he slowly began to relax. He was getting more and more comfortable in his feminine persona, and the couple wound up having a nice evening, all things considered. They talked and laughed a lot, like in the old days.

Towards the end of the evening, Casey suddenly became aware of what he had lost in recent years, working so hard. Hanging out with Jennifer was a great way to spend time. He loved her so much, and cherished the times when it was just the two of them. Why had he stopped doing this? When had he changed? He knew the answer: This happened because of his damned greed. However, he was willing to change. He resolved that things would be different for them in the future...



"You have been such a good girl tonight, Katie," Jennifer said when they returned home. "I think you deserve to be rewarded."

She kissed her feminized husband deeply. Responding eagerly, Casey grabbed his wife and began to undress her.

"Not so fast, babe. Tonight we're going to do things my way. I'm in charge. You understand me?"

"Y-yes," Casey said, completely dominated by lust.

"And will you obey me?"

"*Obey* you? But, Jenny..."

"Answer my question now!"

"Okay! Fine! I'll do whatever you want."

"Good girl. Let's go to the bedroom."

Jennifer took off Casey's dress and securely tied his limbs to the bed posts with some old clothes. After that, she went to the bathroom.

"Hey, wait! Where are you going?" Casey asked.

"Just a minute, hottie."

When Jennifer came back, she was wearing a sexy black nightie and a matching thong. She then turned on the stereo, and a slow, funky song started

to play. Jennifer began to dance, using the steps she had learned in the dance class.

"Oh, babe! Nice!" Casey said from the bed, wriggling his legs frantically in a useless attempt to free his tucked and bound dick.

Jennifer climbed into bed and started kissing Casey's belly. He squirmed harder and began to moan.

"Please, unleash my cock, Jenny!" Casey begged.

"Not yet, honey. There's something I want to do first."

She took off Casey's bra and started sucking his breast forms gently. Casey felt an intense wave of pleasure.

"It's good, isn't it?" Jenny said. "I told you those little beauties were the best available. The only way it would be better is if you had real boobs," she giggled, and Casey was impressed. *Better than this?* Women were lucky.

She started sucking Casey's boobs with more intensity and at the same time she began rubbing his crotch. After that, she finally removed the tape that was holding his cock, and it grew hard in her hand. She took off her nightie and thong, and then rammed her husband's dick in her wet pussy.

Casey always did it too hastily, without worrying about whether Jennifer was also having pleasure, but this time it would be different. She was in control — It was almost as if she were fucking him.

She slowly began to ride his dick as she rubbed his boobs.

"Are you enjoying that, Katie?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah, Jenny!" Casey cried.

"You're such a little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes!" Casey said, who at that moment could agree to anything that Jennifer said.

"So say it!"

"I'm your little slut! That's what I am! Your sexy little slut!"

Jennifer became even more aroused. She was finding that dominating her husband was a huge turn on for her.

"I love you, Katie!"

"I love you too, Jenny!"

A while later they both burst into a wonderful orgasm. They were exhausted, but very satisfied. Jennifer untied Casey's arms and legs and the two continued in bed, holding each other.

"So, would you like to try it again in the future?" she asked.

Casey didn't know what to say. He'd had the best orgasm in years, but it all seemed wrong for him. He was a man. He shouldn't accept being dominated by his wife. But it had been so good...

"Why not?" he blurted out, hardly believing in his own words.

"Good. But if so... I want you to start wearing panties all the time."

"What?"

"Oh, don't look at me as if you aren't going to enjoy it," she said maliciously, stroking his cock again. "This way, you will have a constant reminder of what we did tonight. Just try it for me, okay."

As much as Casey had loved the sex that night, it was something he wasn't willing to do. However, Jennifer didn't need know that. He didn't want to ruin the moment, now that they were having a really good time together.



Once again, early the next day, Jennifer woke Casey, saying she needed the whole day to prepare him for tomorrow's class. Casey realized he was still wearing the lingerie, and he could feel the weight of the breast forms on his chest.

When he opened his wardrobe, he found numerous pieces of women's clothing among his male clothes. In addition, all his underwear had been replaced by panties and bras.

"Oh, so you found your new stuff," Jennifer said casually, returning to the bedroom. "I bought all this yesterday while you were in the salon, and then I organized everything this morning before you woke up."

"And where's my underwear?"

"I got rid of it. All of it. Now you can use those pretty panties all the time, as we agreed last night."

In his mind, Casey had never agreed with her idea, and he was furious. Still, he decided to say nothing about it, at least for now. He was beginning to regain the trust and confidence of Jennifer, so pretty soon he would be able to make her forget this silliness.

Then, she told Casey to take a shower and to use her soap and shampoo. That was another weird experience, since it was the first time that he took a shower with his body completely hairless. Oh, not to mention the breast forms!

After the shower, Casey returned to the bedroom and he saw that Jennifer had already chosen an outfit for him to wear. On the bed, he found a set of white lingerie, a black corset, a pink short-sleeved top and a black skirt which was much shorter than the dress he had worn the night before. On the floor, there

was a pair of 3-inch black high heeled sandals. After tucking Casey's penis again, Jennifer helped him get dressed.

"Okay, honey," she said. "I think you did very well last night, but there's still a lot to learn. You need to do everything exactly as I say if you don't want to be *mistaken for a man* in our class."

Then, the training began. Casey spent all the morning walking in heels, sitting with his legs together, learning how to put make up on his face and comb his hair appropriately, and speaking with a female voice.

"Already, you sound like a woman," Jennifer said. "Good work, girl! But you have to remember to gesture all the time. Your hands should be an extension of your voice. Try to get used to the idea that you just can't communicate without the help of your hands, okay?"

"Umm... I think so."

"So, why aren't you doing it right now, silly girl?"

"I... I'm sorry" Casey said. "How about now? Is that better?" he added, this time gesturing as she had requested.

"Yes. Now, let your wrists loose. Not only while you are talking, but all the time. Oh, and we need to improve your vocabulary. There are some words and expressions that are spoken almost exclusively by women. So, I want you to start saying things like *cute*, *totally*, *gorgeous*, *seriously* and *like* — you can embed the latter in almost all your sentences. I'd also suggest that you use these excessively at first, so you to get used to it. I want to hear you say them over and over again, even it sounds a bit forced. Later, we will make it more natural. Did you get it?"

"Totally!" Casey exclaimed in a high pitched voice.

"Good girl!"

They took a break for lunch — once again, they ate just a salad. Then, Jennifer said she would take a shower, and after that they would do a little role-playing, pretending that they were just two friends meeting to chat. She then handed some fashion magazines to Casey.

"Try to learn as much as possible," she said. "We'll talk a lot about fashion later."

Casey then went to the living room and opened one of the magazines. He had no reason to think that he wasn't going to be bored to tears, but he had no choice and settled in on the couch. Even without thinking about it, he had sat in a very feminine way, with his legs crossed at the knee.

I have to admit, that this isn't so bad, he thought after a while. *At least these girls in the magazine are, like, sooo cute!*

He then shook his head as he realized what he had thought. Had he really thought that those models were *cute*? No, they weren't cute. They were fucking hot! That's what he should have thought.

He was so concerned about his slip of the mind that he didn't see Jennifer approaching.

"Hey, Katie!" she said shrilly, making Casey jump a little.

"Umm... Hey, Jenny!" Casey said, standing up, and Jennifer kissed his face. Just then he noticed the outfit she was wearing. It was composed of a blouse that revealed a lot of cleavage and a miniskirt. Casey's eyes immediately went to the boobs of his wife.

"There is something wrong, darling?" Jennifer asked raising an eyebrow.

"What?" Casey said puzzled.

"Well, you're staring at my breasts so intensely..."

Casey understood the game that Jennifer was playing. A woman wouldn't stare at the breasts of her girlfriend in a conversation. This was something that only men did when they were talking to a woman.

"Oh, It's just that your blouse is, like, so gorgeous! I definitely need one like that! And the color of your skirt... Oh my gosh, it's sooo summery!" he said, remembering an article he had read in one of the magazines. "You look just so precious, Jenny!" he finished, gesticulating perfectly girlishly.

"Thank you, girl!" Jennifer said, proud of Casey's progress. "That's a relief. For a moment I thought you had started liking women!"

Casey blushed at that, but he was able to keep up the act.

"Like, if that was even possible," Casey said, rolling his eyes and pretending that he was disgusted by that idea.

They talked for a long time. Jennifer was intentionally acting more girly than usual, pushing Casey to do the same. The emasculated man avoided looking at the body of his *friend, only keeping his eyes on her face*, trying to behave like a real woman. They chatted about fashion, dance and... men. By the end, Jennifer declared that he was ready for the class next day.

"The girls will never think that a pretty little thing like you is really a man!"

Casey smiled, but he wasn't sure if that was a good thing.



The next morning, Jennifer used her solvent to remove the breast forms from Casey's chest. This wasn't as quite easy as she expected, and she had to use more than half of the product. She made a mental note to buy a new jar of the stuff later.

After that, she removed the nail polish from his fingernails, but she didn't cut the extensions he had nor removed the nail polish from his toenails, saying he would need the extensions for the class at night and that no one would see his feet.

Before Casey got dressed, his wife handed a new pair of panties to him, this time in purple. When he looked in the mirror, he saw he didn't look as feminine as the day before, but still he wasn't exactly looking manly. He had combed his hair as usual, but the fact that it had been dyed and had a lack of sideburns made him look a bit androgynous. Also, Casey's face still remained smooth as baby due to the waxing, and it was pretty clear that his eyebrows had been shaped.

"Don't worry about anything, babe" Jennifer said, trying to calm down her husband. "Just act naturally, and no one will notice any difference."

After the goodbye kiss, the amused woman watched her husband moving his hips a bit while he was heading out the door. *Well, maybe I have pushed him a little too much*, she thought. However, she couldn't help but thought it was very hot seeing him acting this way. *And he'll be fine. I'm sure he will.*



If Jennifer was under the impression that Casey had become a better person thanks to the recent events, she couldn't have been more wrong. As soon as he arrived at work, Casey began to dump all his frustration on his secretary, exactly the opposite of what Jennifer had told him to do.

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson," Cindy said.

"Good morning for whom?" he snarled. "Shut your mouth and bring me some coffee! That's all you're good for, anyway!"

Cindy was used to Mr. Anderson's rudeness, but this morning he was even more aggressive than usual. However, despite that, what really intrigued her was his appearance. He clearly looked different in some way. Maybe even a little... girlish? That was very weird.

After handing him his coffee, Cindy came out of Mr. Anderson's office, and saw that Frank Green, one of the company directors, was approaching.

"Morning, Cindy!" he said, in his usual jovial tone.

"Good morning, sir. It's nice to see you back. Did you enjoy your vacation?"

"I really needed to get some rest. I couldn't wait to get back, though! And about what happened to Casey while I was out... So sad! Is he in his office?"

"Yes, sir. I'll tell him that you're here."

"That's not necessary, Cindy," Mr. Green said approaching the office door. "I'm sure Casey will be happy to see me," he added, winking.

Mr. Green was thirty-four years old, but he appeared to be much older due to his premature baldness and his aged skin, the result of countless sessions of indoor tanning. He liked to believe he was a funny guy and good professional, and, generally, people pretended that this was true — humoring him not just because he was one of the company directors, but also because he was the son of the majority shareholder and founder of the company. Deep down, Mr. Green knew he wasn't so funny or competent, but he liked the fact that everybody in the company helped him to maintain this illusion. Well, almost everybody...

Casey had a talent for bluntly pointing out a person's shortcomings, and usually in the most painful and humiliating way possible. He had already embarrassed Mr. Green in front of other employees many times with his candid, unfiltered observations. Still, Mr. Green kept Casey on the team because that "son of a bitch," as he called him, was the best investment analyst that he had. He always guaranteed a hefty profit for the department, making Mr. Green, who was the direct boss of Casey, look good to the board of directors — and most importantly, to his father.

"Look who's alive!" Mr. Green said, entering the office. "Casey, my best employee!"

"What do you want, Frank? Unlike you, I have important things to do."

"First of all, I would like to say that I just love your new look," Mr. Green said, looking carefully at Casey. "It seems that, after your near-death experience, you decided to change things up a little, am I right? Did you start surfing or something?"

"That's none of your business," Casey said, trying to sound confident, but the truth was that this remark about his appearance had shaken him. He had hoped no one would notice.

"You're right, of course. It's a free country, right? It's perfectly fine if you decided to adopt a look that's a bit... umm... metrosexual. Anyway, I just wanted to say that I'm happy to know that you're doing fine."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I got it. Can you leave now?"

Casey was unable to concentrate on his duties afterwards. All he could think about was his appearance. He was so distracted by this that, in the middle of the afternoon when his cell phone rang, he almost fell off his chair. He saw that the call was from a restricted number.

"What?" he shouted into the phone.

"Is this Mr. Anderson?" a male voice asked.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Anderson. I'm calling you on behalf of a man who is interested in your services."

"My client portfolio is full right now. If this man can wait, I'll give you the phone number of my secretary so..."

"My boss doesn't want to wait."

"In that case..."

"Let me clarify the situation. My boss, Mr. Foster, doesn't expect you to work for him in any kind of a *formal* arrangement. He doesn't want your company to be involved. That would be some work *on the side*, so to speak, with just you engaged in the deal. You would have a substantial amount of capital under your control and, of course, I think you'll find the compensation be very rewarding."

"Oh, really?" Casey replied. "And specifically, how much does he intend to pay me?"

"Well, if you ensure that he has significant profits..." the man then whispered an indecently high value, five times what his usual percentage was.

"Is this a prank call?"

"Oh no, Mr. Anderson. My boss doesn't like jokes. If you accept the proposal, I will deposit an advance in your bank account today."

"I'm in!" Casey said immediately. The amount given by the stranger had been more than enough to convince him.

"Good to know. Just one last thing, Mr. Anderson... My boss deals is involved in... Let's say... *Controversial* businesses. He expects to make a profit in the financial market, but this is also a way for him to legitimize his money. Is this a problem for you?"

"You mean he's going to launder his cash? As long as I get paid, I don't care if your boss kills people or enslaves children in Africa."

"Good. And I think I don't need to say that this is a confidential arrangement. You shouldn't talk about it to anyone, or unfortunate things might happen... My boss would also be very angry if you were to lose his money. This shouldn't be a problem, though, since he's convinced that you are the best in your field."

"And he's right!"

"Okay, Mr. Anderson. I'll call you later to give you details. Goodbye."

Casey felt much better after that call. He would earn a lot of money with that deal, which was always a good thing. It had also been great for his mood. He knew that he was the best investment analyst around, but it was always nice to hear it from other people. Plus, he knew that although working for a criminal was something a little risky, it was also very exciting. He felt like a gangster or something, and you couldn't get more manly than that, if you asked him.



When Casey returned home, Jennifer helped him to get ready for dance class that night. Again, she bound his penis between his legs, glued the fake boobs on his chest, put makeup on his face, red nail polish on his fingernails, and combed his hair back into in a feminine style. In addition, Casey got a surprise when his wife showed him the outfit he would use to the class. It consisted of a pink sleeveless leotard, black tights and 3 inch black Mary Jane heels.

"Do you really expect me to wear those things?" Casey asked with wide eyes.

"Of course, honey! I'm sure that you're going to look absolutely precious! Besides, I'll be in a similar outfit."

That may have been true, but Casey couldn't help but notice that Jennifer's black leotard was a bit more modest than his. He didn't think it was even possible, but his leotard was even more uncomfortable than any of the female garments that he had already worn. It compressed his body tightly, especially his crotch and his butt. He was alarmed by the way that his crotch looked completely flat, though it was almost entirely exposed. The illusion was perfect. No one could say that there was a penis, thanks to Jennifer's efficient job of hiding it.

She then handed him "regular" clothes (female jeans, a top and flats) to put on and a purse to carry on the way to the dance studio.



"My goodness, you look incredible, Katie!" Olga said when Casey and Jennifer arrived to class. "It's amazing how you look better every day! It's as if you're a blossoming flower!"

"Thank you, Miss Petrova!" Casey said with his female voice, burning in shame.

"And your voice... Just perfect! So, are you happy with your new look? Tell me!"

"Oh, I love it!" Casey said, knowing that Olga expected to hear nothing but positive reactions. "I think now I look, like, so lovely!" he added, gesticulating like a perfect girly girl.

"I'm glad to hear that, my darling. Now, please, give a twirl so I can see you through and through."

"No problem!" Casey said, gritting his teeth. He then did what Olga had demanded.

"Fabulous, Katie! I love how your butt looks with you wearing this leotard and these high heels. You're becoming a very pretty girl!"

Shortly, the two new girls arrived. Olga greeted them and after that she presented them to Casey and Jennifer.

"Girls, these are Claire and Lily. They will join our class."

Jennifer and Casey hugged the new girls, and the emasculated man was doing his best to behave as a natural woman.

Claire was almost as tall as Olga, had brown, curly hair, and freckles on her pretty face. She was thin and had slender legs. Lily had light brown skin, black, straight hair, and a wonderful smile. Casey found her unbelievably hot, with big breasts, a small waist, and a perfect ass.

After the introductions, the class began. First, Olga taught the new pupils the basics of exotic dance. The girls were good at it and in half an hour they had already learned all that Casey and Jennifer had learned in the first lessons. This forced Casey to try harder, because he didn't want to look stupid in front of these women.

"You're all doing wonderfully tonight!" Olga said, uncharacteristically excited. "So, let's move on! Take a step diagonally, and then turn around, raising your butts and flexing your legs." She went through the motion herself to demonstrate for the students. "Repeat this three times..." She instructed. As soon as Casey began to repeat the steps, Miss Petrova interrupted him. "Katie, remember to look ahead and keep your back straight!"

"Yes, Miss Petrova!" Casey said, nervously. "I'm sorry!"

Once they were finished, Olga addressed the students once more. "Now we are going do the same thing again, but this time all of you will rub your bodies while you walk, from the waist to the height of the breasts." She passed amongst them as they did as they were told. "Very good, girls! Now, we will learn some steps that are a bit more difficult, so pay close attention! Put your hands on waist, and begin moving your hips while you go down, flexing your knees. Slowly... Now rub your bodies again as you go down."

Casey concentrated and stayed focused, and for once was able to do a dance step perfectly at the first attempt.

"Fantastic work, girls!" Olga said. "Especially you, Katie! I knew you could do that. All you have to do is to believe that you're a sexy girl."

"Thank you, Miss Petrova!" Casey couldn't help it, but he really felt proud to be commended by his demanding teacher. However, immediately felt guilty. *How can I be proud of learning to dance like a stripper?*

"After going down," Olga continued. "Keep crouched, with your legs together and turned to the side. Then, open your legs slowly, turning to the other side." She watched her students complete the move. "Good! Now, you girls will go up slowly, keeping your legs straight and your back flexed. Raise your butts, put your hands on knees, and then lower and lift your head quickly, shaking your hair."



Oh, this is getting even worse, Casey thought, while he was performing those extremely sensual and feminine movements.

At the end of class, the girls went to the studio's small locker room to shower and change clothes. Casey had already done this before, of course, but back then his wife was his only companion.

"That was a great class, wasn't?" Claire asked, starting to get undressed.

"Sure was!" Jennifer said. "She's a great teacher!"

"I really want to learn exotic dance!" Lily said, dreamily. "That way I'm sure the guys will hit on me!"

Seeing the amazing body of Lily covered only by small bra and panty set, Casey was sure she didn't need to learn to dance to draw the attention of guys. He then remembered when Jennifer had rebuked him for staring at her boobs. *A girl wouldn't do something like that*. He quickly stopped looking at Lily's body — the last thing he wanted was to make them suspicious about him.

The three girls continued talking while Casey was just smiling and nodding. He learned that Claire was a nurse and Lily worked as a saleswoman in a clothing store. The two had been friends for some years.

Jennifer told them that she was a human resources assistant and Katie was a secretary. Casey didn't much care, but just kept smiling. Jennifer chimed in, telling the two new students that she and Katie were cousins.

"Are you girls seeing someone?" Lily asked.

"I'm trying to save a frayed relationship," Jennifer said. "But Katie here is a *single girl!"*

Casey blushed intensely. Why had Jennifer said something like that? That was so embarrassing.

"I wish you the best in your relationship, Jennifer, and I hope this guy is worth the effort," Claire said. "Lily and I are also single, just like Katie."

"We *definitely* have to go out together!" Lily said, excitedly. "I'm sure we can grab some hot guys — even you, Jenny. You may need to meet new people to see, y'know. Just in case you can't save your relationship. There's always more fish in the ocean."

The three women laughed and Casey was forced to play along. He hated this conversation more and more every minute.

"Aren't you going to take off your dance outfit, Katie?" Lily asked, realizing that *Katie* was the only *girl* who was still fully clothed.

"It looks like she would feel uncomfortable getting undressed in front of strangers, Lily," Claire said. "Not everyone is as outgoing as you."

"But you're taking off your clothes too!" Lily said.

"It just shows that I have spent too much time with you!"

The girls laughed again, and Casey said that he really would like a bit of privacy to take off his clothes. He then locked himself in one of the shower stalls.

Since he couldn't take off the corset by himself, nor call Jennifer to help him, Casey couldn't take a shower there. He then just washed his face and arms and changed his clothes. He remained inside the stall a little longer so the girls wouldn't think he had showered so quickly. When he finally came out, Jennifer and Claire had also finished showering and were already wearing their regular clothes. Lily left the stall shortly after and, to the utter amazement of Casey, she was completely naked.

Casey tried to control his nerves and act naturally. It wasn't easy, though. He was in front of a really, really hot woman, and he was a red-blooded man, for God's sake! He knew at all costs he couldn't look at her body.

Right now, I'm a girl, he thought, trying to convince himself. *And I have to think like one. I don't feel attracted to her. It would be too gross. I don't like women.*

He wasn't sure if it was working, and was worried he was about to blow it. To distract himself, he approached the mirror and began to make up his face like Jennifer and Claire were doing. He wasn't very good at that yet, so he decided to do just the basics — a bit of mascara and lipstick. When he began to relax a little, Lily, still naked, also approached the mirror and stopped right next to Casey. She then started doing some sexy poses, analyzing her entire body. The feminized man, seeing all this in the mirror, became so aroused that his bound penis came to life all at once, stiffening hard. It was so painful that he had to struggle to keep from screaming.

"Do you think I need to lose a few pounds?" Lily asked him.

"What?" Casey answered, weakly.

"My weight. Do you think my body is okay?"

Faced with this question, Casey was forced to look at her body. It was perfect, with large, firm boobs, flat stomach and shapely legs. This was torture... His eyes were filled with tears of pain.

"I... I think your body is marvelous," he said, as naturally as possible.

"Really?" she asked, still uncertain. "And how about my butt?" she then turned around and raised her ass. "Do you think it's too big?"

"It looks delicious," Casey said, unable to control himself. Then, seeing Lily raising a suspicious eyebrow, he added: "Umm... That's what a guy would say, right? If I were a man I could think something like that. Not I'm not a man, of course! I mean..." He started to get even more nervous, and Lily started to laugh.

"Don't be silly! How could I think something like that? A pretty little thing like you couldn't be mistaken for a man in a million years!"

Casey felt relieved, but also extremely humiliated. Lily had been very emphatic in her assertion.

"And thank you very much for the compliment!" She then hugged Casey firmly. He could feel her big breasts mash against his body, and this time he let out a groan.

"Are you okay?" Lily asked.

"Yes," he said hurriedly. "It's... it's just my shoulder. It's a little sore."

"Oh, I'm sorry if I hurt you! Anyway, I can hardly wait for our *girls night out*. I'm sure all of us will become great friends!"



"So did you have fun tonight?" Jennifer asked when they got home. "...Seeing Lily naked?"

"What?" Casey asked anxiously. He looked over to his wife who had a stern, angry look on her face. "Jenny, it wasn't my fault! I didn't want to look at her body, but I..."

"Relax, girl," Jennifer said, smiling. "I'm just teasing you. I know it wasn't your fault, and I think you behaved just wonderfully in class."

"Umm... Really?"

"Oh, yeah! You were a perfect girl. I loved it! I loved it... I absolutely..." Jennifer kissed Casey hungrily. Because of the corset squeezing his body, Casey tried to respond, but ran out of air. He brought his hands to his crotch to finally free his penis, but Jennifer stopped him.

"Not yet," she said.

"But, Jenny, I..."

"Shhh..." Jennifer whispered in his ear, and then kissed his neck. Casey groaned, feeling aroused and frustrated at the same time. "Tell me that you're my girl, Katie!"

"I'm your girl!" Casey said, without thinking twice.

"Good!" Jennifer said, and then began to drag Casey to the bedroom. "Is that really truth, Katie? Or would you rather be with Lily now?"

"Of course not, Jenny! I love you! I only want you!"

"Good. She doesn't look like a lesbian, anyway. I, on the other hand, love girls *like you*. You're so pretty... So sexy!" She said rubbing Casey's fake boobs.

Suddenly, she went to the wardrobe and took out a sexy set of lingerie. There were a strapless bra, a thong, a corset and stockings, all black. She was also carrying a pair of 4 inch black pumps heels.

"I want you to dress up for me, Katie."

"Why, Jenny?"

"You'll see," she said slyly. "And I'm sure you're going to love this, my little slut."

Casey felt a chill. He didn't know why, but all this talk was making him very horny. *Am I becoming a sissy?* He wondered. *No! I'm just too aroused to think straight. That's it!*

Jennifer helped him to undress and then to put the set of lingerie. She tied the new corset tighter than ever, and, despite all the pleading from Casey, she didn't free his cock.

"Oh, I have an idea!" Jennifer said, with her eyes shining, while Casey was putting on the heels. "I have to agree... The way Lily behaves is very sexy, don't you think?"

"I already told you that I only desire you, Jenny!"

"C'mon, girl, you don't need to lie to me. It's not an argument or something. So, don't you think she's sexy?"

"Well, I guess that I can say that she's a bit sexy..."

"Just a bit?"

"Umm... Okay. She's very hot, but not as much as you."

"Oooh, my girl is so sweet! Thank you, cutie! But do you know why she's sexy? That's not only because of her body, but also because of the way she acts. She's a kind of a bimbo, and guys like it. I don't know why for sure... I would ask a man if there was one here," she added, smiling. Once again, Casey felt a shiver run his body.

"Now, I want you to behave exactly like her. Pretend that she's your role model. More than that — you have to believe that you're exactly like her. Tonight, you'll be just an airhead girl who just thinks about her look, clothes and sex..."

Casey knew the sex part wouldn't be hard, since it was all he could think about at that moment. However, Jennifer had more to say.

"...Sex with men, of course!"

"B-but, Jenny," Casey stammered, horrified. "I don't like..."

"Shhh... Don't say that or you'll ruin the fantasy, you little slut. Let's just pretend that we're two straight girlfriends who decided to try something new."

"I don't know, Jenny."

"Do you want to have *your pussy* freed or not?" she winked.

"Of course!" he cried. "I'm dying to see my... *pussy* freed. It's so wet..."

"So, what are you waiting for? Show me what you can do, bimbo girl!"

"Oh, Jenny, I just, like, looove this set of lingerie. It's marvelous!" Casey said in a sultry way, just as Lily would have spoken. "I'm feeling sooo sexy! Do you think that I look good?" he added, turning around and raising his butt, as his *new friend* had done earlier.

"I think you look gorgeous, Katie!" Jennifer said, holding laughter.

"Thank you so much, girl!" Casey said, smiling and clapping. "I hope the guys think the same!" He said chuckling. However, he soon regretted having said that. He thought had gone too far. Jennifer, on the other hand, seemed enraptured.

"Oh, I'm sure all the guys love you. Which man wouldn't desire such a sexy, hot girl like you? Maybe we should just go out to find some handsome guys?"

Casey's eyes widened in fear and Jennifer started laughing.

"I'm just teasing you, silly girl," she said. "We don't have to go out tonight. I heard that you want to try something new... Like sex with another woman."

"Yeah, you're so right," Casey said relieved.

"Good. But if you want to have sex with me, you'll have to seduce me. I'm still not sure if I want to have sex with another woman."

"How can I do that, Jenny?" Casey asked puzzled.

"You'll have to dance for me, Katie. Show me all that you can do with your body."

Casey couldn't believe it. Last time, it had been Jennifer who had danced for him. Now, she wanted him to do the same, while they were still pretending that they were just two women. He wasn't happy, but he would do anything to have sex with his wife.

Jennifer laid down in the bed, telling "Katie" he could start the show. The emasculated man then turned on the stereo, and began to dance.

He tried to remember all the dance steps that Ms. Petrova had taught him, but he could see in Jennifer's expression that it wasn't working very well. He pondered that maybe he was thinking too much. He was so concerned about doing right the dance steps and moving like a woman that perhaps his dance was looking artificial. He then decided to follow his instincts — not as Casey, but as Katie. He had to believe he was a sexy woman, just like Jennifer wanted.

It worked. His movements became more natural, and he was really feeling the music as he moved his body. He could see that Jennifer was becoming happier and happier with his performance. She was lusting after him intensely.

"Do you like it?" he asked with a sweet and seductive voice.

"Oh, I love it. Now come here, my little slut."

Once again, Jennifer dominated Casey in bed, and the sex was amazing, if not better than last time. They had a wonderful orgasm and all the while Casey moaned like a girl — Jennifer's slutty girl.



As much as this kinky arrangement aroused Casey, it wasn't good for his ego. All his confidence had been built around his manhood and his ability to be dominant, so all those girly experiences were driving him crazy.

Cindy, his secretary, came to realize it over time. It wasn't just his appearance that was changing — Casey was also insecure and anxious, something that had never happened before.

One morning, as usual, he handed her some investments. Her job was to send the documents to the field team, on the stock exchange.

As she always did, Cindy began to read the documents before dispatching them. Casey didn't know it, but the young woman was attending a business course at night. After all, she didn't want to remain a secretary all her life.

As much as she hated to admit it, Casey really was very good, so Cindy was always trying to learn something by reading these reports. In her analysis, she noted that he typically invested large sums of his client's money in risky businesses, but it always worked out in the end.

That morning, however, Cindy was stunned when she began to read the papers. What Casey had done wasn't just risky — it was suicide. He was intending to invest his clients money in the stocks of state enterprises, overseen by governments steeped in corruption scandals. These stocks were cheap, of course, but there was no possibility of profit, not even in the long term. With that in mind, Cindy returned to Casey's office.

"Excuse me, sir" she said insecure.

"What do you want now, girl?" Casey asked sharply.

"Um... Sir, I took a look in the reports you handed me and..."

"Wait a minute. Did you do what? Who authorized you to read these documents?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Cindy said blushing." It's just that..." She then explained to him she was studying business at night, and she was trying to learn a bit.

"So, are you studying to have a job like mine in the future?" Casey sneered. "That's impossible. You're just a dumb girl! You'll never be someone important. Also, you had no right to read these reports. You know I could fire you, right?"

Cindy felt her eyes fill with tears. Why did he have to be so cruel? She realized that she had been an idiot for trying to warn him. She should have let him get screwed.

"Anyway," he continued. "What did you want to discuss about the investments?"

Cindy swallowed hard. She thought Mr. Anderson could get even angrier if she said what she had in mind, but she had no choice — not now that she had already started this conversation.

"Well, I think you might have made a mistake, sir," she then explained to him that these investments wouldn't have a positive return, and she even suggested to him alternatives which could be profitable for the clients in the medium term.

Cindy couldn't believe that she had gone this far, but at the same time she was proud of herself. She knew all of her suggestions had been appropriate.

Casey was astonished. Cindy, his secretary, was right and he was feeling like a fool. What the hell was wrong with him? Couldn't he do his job anymore? Even a dumb secretary was savvier and smarter than him? If she hadn't said anything, Casey's reputation would have been seriously tainted. He would have lost millions for his clients. He felt diminished, and, once again, he needed to vent his frustration...

"You're completely wrong, you stupid girl!" he shouted. "I know exactly what I'm doing! You are nothing. Nothing! Get out of my sight! And if you read my reports again, I will fire you immediately!"

Cindy did as ordered. Back at her desk, it occurred to her that something very strange had happened with that exchange. This time, as Mr. Anderson shouted at her, he was completely out of control. He wasn't shouting for the pure pleasure of doing it, as he usually did. In fact, he seemed to be hurt. His voice had sounded like that of a little girl, and Cindy thought that he was even about to cry.

In his office, after about ten minutes, Casey managed to control himself. He couldn't afford to make mistakes like that anymore. At work, he had to forget all the madness that was going on in his private life. He needed to be rational and cold, as he had always been. However, for now, he decided to do what Cindy had suggested. This disturbed him deeply, but the girl was right, and he could buy some time to pull himself together.



So the week went on. Casey and Jennifer were still going to their dance class, where the sissified man had to learn dance moves that became increasingly complex, and also had to make a lot of excuses to delay the "girls night out" that

Lily was planning. At home, he had sex with his wife almost every night, but always with Jennifer as *the man*. At work, after his big mistake, he continued to have confidence problems, so he started doing some safer investments.

On Saturday morning, Jennifer woke Casey to go to the salon.

"Why do I have to go there again?" he asked.

"Well," Jennifer said, "your hair and your nails are already a mess, and your body hair is growing back."

"Does that mean that my body has to be waxed again?"

"Of course, Katie!" Jennifer said. "Like any other girl."

"This has to be a nightmare!"

"Welcome to the womanhood! It's not easy to look pretty all the time, but it's worth it. I'm going to love seeing you all dolled up, sexy girl."

"Oh, I'm very glad to see you again, doll," Grace said when Casey arrived. "And I love your outfit! It looks like you've really decided to embrace your femininity!"

Casey just blushed and muttered a thank you. He was wearing a pink top with long sleeves, Jean shorts and 2 inch wedge heels. His wife convinced him that this way the experience would be less embarrassing for him.

Jennifer told Grace that she, too, wanted to have some work done that day, and the salon owner said it would be a pleasure for her and the other girls. Casey was relieved, thinking that Jennifer would be at his side at the salon and he would have some moral support, at least. So he was very disappointed when Grace began to drag him into another area of the salon while Jennifer remained in the central area.

"I'll see you later, sweetheart," Jennifer said, blowing a kiss to her feminized husband.

"Where are we going?" Casey asked, though he knew very well the answer to this question. He had walked that same path last week.

"Your body hair is growing back, sweetie," Grace said. "We need to fix it."

"But that wax thing is so painful!" Casey whimpered. "Is there no other way to do this?"

"Well, there is an alternative..." Grace said, smiling, as an idea began to form in her mind. "It won't be as painful, and the interval between the sessions will be longer."

"It sounds wonderful!" Casey said cheerful. "Let's try that, please!"

"As you wish, girl."

What Grace had *forgotten* to mention was that the alternative to the waxing was electrolysis, which after a few sessions could make his body hairless

forever. She knew it was a bit cruel, but she also knew that Casey was a pig and if Jennifer had brought him back to the salon, it could only mean that he had done something really egregious, and was now at Jennifer's mercy. He certainly deserved that kind of punishment.

The procedure took a long time to get everything. In the end, Casey's body once again was completely smooth and soft — and within a few weeks, it would stay like this forever.

Once done with his treatment, he was then taken back to the main area of the salon, where the girls worked on his hair. His eyebrows were plucked once more and his nails manicured and polished. At one point, Casey was surprised by a sting in his right ear followed by another one in his left ear.

"Hey, what're you doing?" he asked Grace, and then saw that she was holding a strange gun.

"I'm just making you prettier, sweetie. That's my job, you know."

"Wait a minute," Casey said touching his aching ears. "Did you pierce my ears?"

"Of course I did, silly. You're already a *big girl*, and now you can wear real big girl earrings. Isn't that exciting?"

Casey was so revolted that he couldn't say anything. That woman had pierced his ears without asking him if he wanted it! This was outrageous!

"However," Grace continued, "you can't change your earrings for a week or so, okay? After that, you will be able to use whatever earrings you want, even big hoops or chandeliers."

"Are you saying that I can't take off these earrings for a week?"

"Yes. Otherwise, your ears may become infected."

Now that was bad. He would have to go to work wearing earrings! But... how could he explain this? He was so preoccupied, he didn't even pay attention to what was being done to him for the rest of the session.

When he was finally was able to see the final result of this second makeover, was stunned to see that his changes had been much bigger than he had expected. His hair had been dyed light brown once again, with blonder tips than he had last time. Furthermore, he had an even girlier haircut. His eyebrows were plucked thinner and his nails were a little longer. Plus, there were the stud earrings in his ears. They were silver, bright and inarguably feminine. Casey decided he would have to take off those things before going to work. It didn't matter if his ears would get infected — it didn't matter if his ears would even fall off his head.

"I'm sorry, Casey," Jennifer said when they left that salon. The man realized that his wife had called him Casey for the first time in a long. "I didn't know that Grace would pierce you ears, and I think she went too far."



"I'm glad you agree with that!"

"Yes, and you know what? Even after that you're not complaining or anything. I think you really are changing. So, I decided… You just have to go to that class with me just for one more week. Just to make sure you truly have learned your lesson. After that, this is over."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, Jenny, I love you so much! So, after this week you'll never make me wear these feminine things again?"

"Well... maybe I'll still want to go to bed with *Katie* from time to time," she said, giggling. "But I won't ask you to leave the house as a woman anymore."

Casey was delighted with the news. He could return to being the same man as before, or almost. Casey was really determined to be a better husband to Jennifer. This uncomfortable situation had at least served to show him how much he loved Jennifer and needed her by his side.

Sunday, they spent practically all day in bed. They talked a lot, watched some movies and, obviously, had a lot of sex. Casey was even able to be the dominant person during sex sometimes, which was very good for his ego — despite the fact he kept those breast forms attached to his chest all day. Everything was fine, and he slept with a smile on his face that night.

If only he knew what would happen the next morning...

Casey woke up feeling completely refreshed. Jennifer wasn't in bed with him, so he thought she might be preparing the breakfast or something. He got up and went to the bathroom whistling. When he returned to the bedroom, Jennifer was there waiting for him, and she seemed worried.

"We have a problem, Casey," she said.

"What's wrong, babe?" he asked, kissing her.

"First of all, I would like to say that I didn't do it on purpose. You have to believe me!"

"Of course I believe you, honey. Now tell me what's happening."

"The solvent, Casey! The solvent of your breast forms! I realized this morning that we're out of it."

"What?"

"I had made a mental note a few days ago about ordering it, but I just forgot. I'm so sorry, dear!"

"Well, if so, we need to buy a new one right now! Where can we find this stuff?"

"That's the problem, honey" cried Jennifer. "We can't buy it in a store or something. Only the manufacturer of the breast forms has the right solvent. I called them this morning when I realized my mistake, but..."

"But what?"

"It will take a while until the solvent gets here."

"How much time?"

"Four or five days."

"That can't be true!" Casey exclaimed, desperate. Everything was perfect just a few hours before... "So, these things will be stuck on me for five more days?" he said, pointing to his *boobs*.

"I'm so sorry, Casey. This is all my fault," Jennifer said about to cry.

"It doesn't matter now," Casey said. Although he was really upset with Jennifer, he didn't want to start an argument with her. Not now that they were finally coming to terms. "We have to figure out what I'm going to do now. I can't go to work this way."

"Couldn't you ask for a few days off?"

"Not now, Jenny. I have an important new client."

"So, there's only one alternative. Follow me."

Jennifer told Casey to take a shower and, after that, she used a large ace bandage to wrap his breast forms.

"Hey, it's hurting!" he complained.

"Sorry, babe, but it has to be tight. Otherwise, everyone will notice something strange about your chest."

When she was done, Jennifer handed a dress shirt to Casey. Despite all her efforts, it was still possible to see some swelling in the chest of her husband. However, when he put on his suit jacket it became less noticeable.

"You'll have to keep your suit jacket all day, dear" she said.

Then, Casey dressed the remainder of his outfit, including a pair of black panties (yes, he was still wearing panties, since he would need to buy new male underwear). After that, Jennifer combed his blonde-tipped hair as best she could. Looking at the result, Casey concluded that he might be described as androgynous, if he was being optimistic. However, being honest, he knew he was looking quite effeminate with his new haircut. Plus, his thin eyebrows and the women's earrings weren't helping him look particularly manly. He then took his hand to his right ear.

"What are you doing?" Jennifer asked.

"What else? I'm taking off those damn earrings!"

"You can't do that, dear. Your ears will get..."

"I don't care, Jenny! I'm already looking like a sissy. I don't need those earrings to make this even more evident."

He tried to take off the first of the earrings, but he felt a sharp pain.

"Ouch!" he exclaimed.

"Is your ear sore?"

"More than that. It's killing me if I try to touch it!"

"Now you see? I'm sorry, babe, but you'll have to keep the earrings."

After a few more attempts, Casey saw that his wife was right. He was unable to take them off.

"Don't look so upset, honey," Jennifer said.

"But what am I going to say at the office?"

"You don't have to say anything, Casey. Your personal life is none of their business. If anyone asks, act naturally and say you're trying a new look. You'll be fine."

Despite Jennifer's support, Casey was very nervous when he arrived at the office. When he saw his secretary, he sent her to fetch not only the usual cup of coffee, but also a glass of water and some pills for his nerves.

"Yes, sir," Cindy said, before walking away. All she could think about was the fact that Mr. Anderson was looking more feminine than ever. She hadn't yet been able to come up with a theory about it that made any sense.

Casey then went to his office, checked his terminal, and saw that the last set of investments he had made had only raised minor revenue, and there was no signs of improvement of the situation.

He also had a new voice message, from his contact with his mysterious new client, saying that Mr. Foster wasn't satisfied with Casey's efforts so far. The man was speaking calmly, but still Casey could feel a threatening tone in the message.

When Cindy returned, Casey put two pills into his mouth and then took the glass of water absently, still looking at the reports in front of him.

"Oh, crap!" he exclaimed when he dropped the glass of water on himself. His suit jacket was completely soaked. Cindy got some paper towels so he could dry off, but that didn't help much.

"You should take off that suit jacket, sir," she said.

"I'm fine," Casey said, upset. "You can go now."

He tried to focus on his work, but once again he was having a hard time doing so. He just couldn't concentrate on the stocks and the investments, and he got desperate. If he couldn't make even basic trades, he'd be in deep trouble with his clients, especially Mr. Foster. What would he do?

He suddenly had an idea, but he knew that wasn't a good one. In fact, that was a terrible and embarrassing idea. However, this was the only plan he had. He then called Cindy again.

"Yes, sir?" she said, returning to his office.

"Umm... Cindy... I was thinking..." he started looking down. "I haven't been very fair with you. You're a good secretary, and I... Well, you know how I can be a little harsh sometimes..."

Cindy was astonished. Was Mr. Anderson trying to apologize? Who the hell was this effeminate man and what he had done with her boss?

"Anyway," he continued, "Since you said you're studying business... I think that maybe I can... Umm... Help you I little..."

"Are you serious, sir?" Cindy said, excited. "Oh, Mr. Anderson, that would be great! Thank you very much!"

"You're welcome, Cindy. You deserve it. But don't expect me to take it easy on you. You know this business can be very harsh, and you have to be ready for it!"

"I understand, sir."

"Very well. Let's start then. Look at the profile of these clients and tell me what investments you would suggest."

Cindy did what Casey requested with great confidence. He then asked why she had chosen certain options over others, and she already had an answer at the ready.

Very impressive, Casey thought. *This girl is really good*.

Of course, this wasn't a real lesson. Cindy had shown considerable knowledge about investments in the previous week, and he was planning to use all her ideas so he could save his ass. He had even mixed the profile of his secret client among the others, as if he was a client of the company.

At lunchtime, he dismissed Cindy hurriedly. He was dying to free *his boobs* for a while. That medical tape was really tight, and he had been suffering all morning. Not daring to take off his suit jacket and shirt, he loosened the medical tape as soon as Cindy left the room. He then left out a cry of relief. He could see the two mounds on his chest through his shirt, but he didn't care. He was alone, after all... But not for long.

"Excuse me, Mr. Anderson," Cindy said, returning to the office.

"Cindy?" Casey exclaimed, jumping from his armchair. "What are you doing here?"

"I forgot my purse here and... Are you okay, sir?" she asked, seeing Casey bend down behind his desk.

"Absolutely! I just dropped something and... Umm... Did you find your purse? If so, I think you can..." before he could finish the sentence, he heard another voice.

"Hello, Cindy," said Frank Green, Casey's boss. "Where's Casey?"

"I'm right here, Frank," Casey said, showing only his head from behind the table.

"For God's sake! What are you doing there?"

"Umm... Stretching," Casey said, feeling extremely stupid.

"That's great news! That's exactly what I came here to talk to you about. Could you get up for a minute?"

"Sure," Casey said, reluctantly. He sat down in his armchair and quickly crossed his arms over the breast forms. He was acting very weird, so Frank and Cindy looked each other, puzzled.

"Is there something wrong, Casey?" Frank asked.

"Of course not! I'm perfectly fine! How many times I have to say that? In fact, I'm more than fine, I feel fantastic!"

"Okay..." Frank said, slowly. "I just asked because... And is your suit jacket wet? But why am I talking about your suit jacket? You're wearing earrings!"

"Did you come here to talk about what I wear, Frank?" Casey asked, blushing.

"No, Casey, but I... Oh, never mind. I just want to know if you're following the medical recommendations since your heart attack."

"Why are you asking about it now?"

"Times have changed, Casey. For me, all of you could work to death, as in the good times of the Industrial Revolution! But now we have to worry about public image. Companies these days really have to pretend that they care about the quality of life of their employees. It's *not* all about the money anymore... Well, of course it's about the money, but we have to pretend that this isn't true, or we can lose money. Kind of paradoxical, isn't? That's why I need to know if you're following the medical recommendations. If not, I'll have to fire you. A thirty year old employee dying of a heart attack is not good for the image of the company. That's what the board decided."

"What? You can't fire me. I'm the best investment analyst of this damn company!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know that Casey. But not even you are immune to this new reality. So, are you doing what the doctor told you?"

"Of course I am!"

"Are you eating healthy foods? Did you stop smoking?"

"Sure!" Casey said, hoping that Frank wouldn't see the pack of cigarettes that was in a corner of his desk near to some papers. In fact, he had just quit smoking at home, but now he would also be forced to do the same at work!

"And are you practicing some physical activity, besides this strange thing you were doing a moment ago?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"What does it matter?"

"C'mon, Casey! Don't make this tough for me!"

"Fine! I'm attending the *health club* of Miss Olga Petrova, but I won't stay there for long," he said, remembering that his wife had determined that his punishment would be over at the end of that week. "I'll try a new place soon."

"Oh, I wouldn't advise you to do that! Look, Casey, there are people on the company's board who really want to see you fired. They just need you to make a small mistake to convince the others. You're not exactly good at making



friends, you know that, right? If you keep changing the place where you workout, they may argue that you aren't taking the medical recommendations seriously. So just keep attending this *health club* for at least a few weeks, until people forget about you. Olga Petrova... I'm sure I've heard this name somewhere... Anyway, send me the phone number of this gym later. I'll keep in touch directly with them to know about your progress. See you later, man!"



As Casey drove home later that day, he was still thinking about his awkward conversation. That was unbelievable. He would have to keep going to that damn class or he might lose his job. Casey knew that a professional like him could easily get a job at another company. He could even work as a freelancer, and he certainly could get many clients — and perhaps he could even make more money this way. However, he knew this wasn't the right time for a radical career change, since his confidence was badly shaken.

He would need to think of other way to get rid of this uncomfortable situation.

"What's wrong, babe?" Jennifer asked when her husband came home. "You look worried. And why are your clothes wet?"

He then told her everything that happened throughout the day.

"I'm so sorry, Casey!" she said at the end. "And you had to keep that wet suit jacket all day! Poor little thing!"

Jennifer helped Casey to undress, and then she laid his head on her lap, while he was wearing only his panties.

"I know you don't want to keep attending the dance class, but it isn't so bad, sweetheart."

"Jennifer, what are you talking about? This is so... so..." Casey couldn't finish the sentence because he was almost crying.

"Everything is fine, honey" Jennifer said, stroking his hair. "This class has been very good for us. I mean, we haven't been this close in years. Isn't that great?"

"Yes, but..."

"You're just upset about all this because you feel humiliated in class, right? And you know why you feel like that? That's because you're still thinking that you are a man, honey."

"But I *am* a man, Jennifer!"

"Not during our class. Do you think a woman would feel ashamed to be attending an exotic dance class with other girls?"

"I guess not."

"That's my point, babe. If you truly believe that you are a woman while we're there, you won't have reason to feel embarrassed."

"It makes sense, Jenny, but..."

"No buts, *Katie*. Just try it and you'll see that I am right. And remember, being a woman isn't something shameful."

"I know you women..."

"Not you, honey, *we*.You're one of us, at least for dance nights. It's okay to be in touch with your feminine side, and I would be very proud of you. Also, I know that deep down you like to play this role..."

One hour later, Casey was in the dance studio wearing a neon pink leotard, shiny tan tights and 4 inch high heels. When Olga praised his outfit, he just smiled and thanked her. He wasn't sure if this crazy idea of Jennifer's would work out, but he was willing to try — he was already screwed, anyway.

I have to believe that I'm a woman right now, he thought. *I am a woman. There's nothing wrong about that. I'm proud about it. I love being a woman. I love everything about being a woman!* Casey was stupefied by his own thinking. He didn't need to go so far — or did he?

"Oh, and I received a phone call from your boss," Olga said. "It seems he's very concerned about your development here. But don't worry, girl. I told him you're doing great, and I'm sure you'll keep being a dedicated pupil."

Lily and Claire showed up shortly after. "Oh, I just looove your outfit!" Lily said to Casey. "It's, like, so gorgeous!"

"Thank you so much, girl!" Casey said trying to sound exactly like Lily, since Jennifer had said she would be a good model for his female persona. "I know! It's sooo pink! I love it. And you look great too!"

"Okay, girls," Olga said. "Tonight, I'm going to teach you a chair dance routine. This is a fundamental part of the exotic dance, and is also very sexy. You'll see that the men just love it!"

Jennifer and Lily giggled and Casey once again felt humiliated by Olga, but he soon reprimanded himself. *I'm a woman! There is nothing wrong with women wanting to draw male attention! I don't have a reason to be ashamed!*

Suddenly, the thought of being coveted by men made Casey excited. That was very, very weird, but he decided not to think too hard about it. *At least I'm not feeling humiliated anymore, and I am feeling excited like this only because I'm playing a role. That's all. Not a big deal.* Olga then began to teach the routine.

What Casey didn't know was that someone else was watching that class. The studio had a mirrored wall, but it in fact was a one-way mirror. It was possible to see the whole studio from outside, like in an interrogation room.

Cindy, his secretary, was having a hard time believing what she was seeing. After hearing the conversation between Casey and Frank, she researched the name of Olga Petrova on the web and found the studio's phone number. Then, she called the studio and discovered Casey's scheduled class time.

She almost didn't recognize her boss. He was looking like a woman... Not the prettiest female in the world, but unquestionably a woman. She just could recognize him because of the uncomfortable look on his face when he had arrived in the studio, and because he was accompanied by Jennifer, his wife.

Why Casey was doing this? The poor woman just couldn't understand. It was as if she had entered into some bizarre alternate reality. She almost doubted her own sanity when she saw Casey sitting on the chair sexily gyrating his ass. She was just unable to process it all, and she had seen enough. Turning away, she left for home.

During the class, Casey saw Claire smiling in an overly-friendly way several times. He didn't know why she was doing it, so he just smiled back. Maybe this was normal among girls, he figured. At the end of class, in the locker room, she even scolded Lily, who was groping Casey's body and saying once again that he looked great in that leotard. What was going on?

On the way home, Casey started sneezing and sniffling in the car.

"Oh, babe," Jennifer said. "I think you're getting a cold. That's probably because you stayed with those wet clothes all day."

"It's nothing, Jenny" he said, still in his female voice.

He couldn't be more wrong.



In the following days, what started as a cold turned into the flu. Casey wasn't just sneezing and sniffling, but also coughing, feeling chills, headache and had a slight fever. Despite all the insistence of Jennifer, he refused to miss work and go to the hospital.

"I'm okay, Jenny," he insisted on Wednesday morning. "Just give me some aspirin or something."

That night, Jennifer said they were going to the dance class.

"But I'm sick, honey!" Casey complained.

"Oh really?" she said upset. "If you're feeling good enough to go to the work, you can go to the studio."

Casey swallowed another two or three aspirin before starting to dress in the outfit that his wife had selected for him. He just hated when people thought that he was sick — everyone kept nagging him and insisting that he must see a doctor.

On Friday, Casey was still sick, and not only was he dealing with that, but since he no longer had a place to smoke, he was having withdrawal symptoms. He couldn't focus on anything, and was feeling anxious and irritable. As if all this weren't enough, he continued to live with breasts forms stuck to his body all the time. He had been informed that, due to a logistics problem, the solvent would not be delivered until next week. Casey was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He was sure that without the Cindy's help at work, who was still doing his job without realizing it, he'd be screwed.

When they got to the dance studio that night, Claire was already there, although it was still a little early. Almost immediately, she asked "Katie" if they could talk privately for a moment.

"Sure," Casey said, looking at Jennifer, who seemed as puzzled as he was.

They then went to the locker room, with the sissified man coughing all the way, as his flu was really wearing him down.

"So, what do you want to talk about?" Casey asked.

"Umm... Look, Katie, I hope you don't think I'm being too personal or anything, but the thing is, I know about your issue."

Casey was about to ask what she meant when he had a new coughing fit and was unable to say anything.

"Are you already seeing a doctor? Taking any medication? I know it can be hard, but you need help, Katie. There are a lot of people willing to help you."

Oh, so she's talking about my flu, Casey thought relieved. He had previously thought that this conversation would be about some delicate matter.

However, it was indeed about a *delicate matter*, although he didn't know it. Cindy was a nurse who worked with a doctor who helped transgender people. She knew that Katie wasn't a biological woman since the beginning — largely because of her experience with people like her classmate, but also because of a conversation with a certain person...

"I appreciate your concern, Claire, but I'm okay. I don't think that I need to see a doctor right now."

"I guess you've had had some bad experiences with doctors in the past, but this can be different, Katie. Dr. Epstein, the doctor I work with, for instance, would be pleased to help you. He treats many people with your issue, and he's a very nice man."

Casey wasn't sure if he was understanding what Claire was saying. His head was hurting so badly, and the situation was starting to make him even more nervous and anxious. Wasn't she overreacting? It was just the flu, after all.

"All this is very kind of you, Claire, but..."

"You're not ready yet. That's okay, Katie. I don't want to push you. Everything in its own time, right? However..." She opened her purse and took a few some bottles from within. "Maybe *I* can help you."

"What's that supposed to be, Claire?" Casey asked, looking at the three bottles in her hand.

"Something to make you feel better, sweetie," she said cryptically. "These are the drugs that Dr. Epstein normally prescribes for his patients. They're relatively new. Not all doctors know about them yet, and they are very, very, strong. The results are much, much faster than ever before."

Casey was dumbfounded. This crazy woman was talking about these cold medicines as if they were the cure for cancer or something.

"Two of them will help you with your body issues, so to speak. The last one will make you more relaxed... I know that what's happening to you can be very stressful. So, do you want these meds?"

"Sure!" Casey said, just to end the conversation. He had every intent of throwing them out as soon as he had a chance.

"Fantastic, Katie! I'm still thinking you should see Dr. Epstein, but since you're not willing for now... These drugs will help you! Take one of each per day. Oh, one last thing. Please, don't tell anyone that I gave you them, okay? I'm just I nurse, so I can't prescribe drugs. I... I just want to see you well, girl. I have seen many people depressed because of this and I don't want it to happen to you."

"Umm... Thank you?" Casey said, still stunned by it all.

"You're welcome, honey!" Claire said, hugging Casey tightly.

"So, what did she want?" Jennifer asked when she was alone with her husband again.

"Nothing important," Casey said. He didn't want to tell Jennifer that Claire had given him drugs. He knew she would be pissed because she didn't like self-medication. He didn't intend to take the pills, but maybe — just maybe — he could keep one of them if absolutely necessary.

"C'mon, Katie! You two were in there forever! There's no way it was *nothing important*."

"Well, I didn't want to tell you this, but Claire has the hots for me."

"She said that?"

"Yes, and then she started to rub my body and..."

"Very funny! Now tell me truth."

"Okay... She asked me if I have a problem with Lily," Casey improvised.

"Why would she think that?"

"She was afraid that Lily's behavior could be bothering me, and that's why we keep refusing their invitations to go out."

"What did you say?"

"I said that it wasn't true, and that I *love* Lily. Also, I said that we have declined their invitations just because of some unforeseen events."

'I see," Jennifer said, finally convinced. "It seems that we'll have to have our 'girl's night out' pretty soon."

Casey cursed himself. Because of his stupid lie, his wife was now feeling pressed to go out with the girls. This wouldn't be good for him.



In the following days, Casey continued feeling sick, and it was driving him mad. So, the next Monday morning, he decided to try those pills that Claire had given him, just to see what would happen. He couldn't understand why she had given him three bottles. That was a lot of meds for a simple flu. They had no label, so he didn't know just what he would be taking. *Well, Claire looks a little crazy, but I don't think she would give me something that would hurt me*, he thought. He took one pill at each bottle and went to work.

He was wearing his usual clothes, which meant dress shirt, pants, suit jacket, shoes and panties, and once again *his boobs* were compressed by a lot of ace bandages. This was the last day that this would happen, at least, since the company had guaranteed that the solvent would be delivered that day.

As soon as Casey arrived at the office, he noticed something strange. For some reason, he wasn't feeling nervous as before. Despite his androgynous appearance, which had made him feel so humiliated before, he was completely relaxed. Was this an effect of those drugs he'd taken? Claire had said that one of them would make him calmer. If that were really the case, Casey thought he might continue taking these pills for a very long time.

"Good morning, Cindy!" he said smiling, as he walked by the desk in his secretary.

"Umm... Good morning, Mr. Anderson," Cindy said, amazed. He had never been so friendly before. And after what she had seen her boss doing at that studio in the previous week... All the theories she had come up with couldn't explain all this satisfactorily.

"Oh, please, I think you can call me Casey from now on," he said with a wink. "We don't need so much formality, right?"

Casey didn't know why he had said that. He loved formality, because formality meant he would be treated with deference. Still, these words just came out of his mouth before he could stop them. Oh, he was so relaxed! It was almost as if

he no longer had the need to feel imposing anymore. He went into his office humming some happy and girly song that he had heard on his car on way to the work.

After a nice day at work, Casey's *zen vibe* was tested for the first time when he came home. Jennifer told him that she had found no package when she had arrived from work, and then she had called the company responsible for the breast forms and the solvent again. They said that apparently the product had been dispatched to the wrong address, and they would send a new one as quickly as possible. Moreover, Jennifer and Casey would receive a financial compensation due to the inconvenience.

Upon hearing that, Casey felt the urge to start screaming again, but he knew this would be a futile effort. Instead, he decided to take a few more pills. Since he didn't know which of them had the calming effect, he simply took two of each. He was no longer feeling as sick as before, so apparently the other meds were also doing good for him.

The man obviously didn't know that those pills had no connection with the improvement of his health. They weren't flu medications, after all. What was probably happening was that his antibodies had finally decided to fight the flu, and meanwhile, without being aware of it, Casey was taking anti-androgen and powerful female hormones...



In the following weeks, Casey didn't notice anything strange. He continued going to work, attending the dance class and having fun with his wife at night. Casey had never before felt so peaceful. The meds were truly fantastic in his opinion, and he kept taking all of them, because he thought too much flu medicine wouldn't hurt him — in fact, he concluded that his immune system could get even stronger.

Aside form his health, he was acting girlier than ever. The way he walked, sat and gestured had become arguably feminine now. Even his voice was different. He was naturally sounding like a girl, and he needed to remind himself to use his male voice when necessary. It wasn't easy for him, though. His throat even ached when he tried to speak in a low tone, and his voice sounded artificial.

His body was changing too. His skin was getting even smoother and more sensitive to touch; his hips were wider, his butt was bigger, his waist was narrower and he had lost some weight; his face was softer, with cheekbones more pronounced; and his boobs were also blooming, although he couldn't see it because breast forms where still attached to his chest.

Casey just couldn't believe in the incompetence of the breast form company. Jennifer had said that if it was bothering Casey too much, they could see a

doctor to take them off, but Casey didn't like this idea. How could he explain this situation to the doctor?

Moreover, even if Casey hadn't realized that yet, he was growing more and more used to *his boobs*. It was like they were part of him now — and, of course, his feminine clothes fitted him a lot better with them. At home, Casey was dressing as a woman all the time. He was comfortable doing so, and Jennifer loved seeing her husband parading around with cute tops, short skirts and high heels. She was still encouraging him to embrace his femininity, and was happy with his progress. It was just game, right? And understanding how a woman thought and felt, Jennifer was certain that he would become a better man.

At work, people were beginning to notice Casey's behavior. Wherever he went past, people started whispering to each other, wondering why the heck he was acting like he was. Casey didn't realize it, though, because he was always too busy thinking about what he and Jennifer had been up to the previous night.

In bed, Casey was losing all inhibitions about playing the role of a girl. Every night, Jennifer dominated him and made him scream and moan in pleasure as a woman. He realized that there was something very powerful in the thought of surrendering himself to another person, although Casey didn't understand it very well. Not that it was a problem, though — Casey's only concern was to enjoy what he was feeling.

One morning, when Jennifer woke up, she saw Casey in front of the full-length mirror of the bedroom, his back to her. For a moment, she almost didn't recognize him. Jennifer hadn't realized it before, but from that angle, Casey's body was looking amazingly feminine. Anyone who saw him from the back would say that he was a convincing girl.

As usual, he was dressing in one of his new nighties — a silk red one, with lots of lace and partially transparent, which ended in the middle his butt, putting his red thong on display. He was also wearing a pair of 3 inch black mules, with his slender legs making, his ass look tantalizingly big and rounded,... Jennifer was getting aroused seeing his body, but at the same time something was making her worried. What the hell was making Casey's body change this way?

Obviously he had changed his lifestyle. He had quit smoking, he was eating healthy foods and doing physical activity. The absence of cigarettes could explain the improvement of his skin. The new food could explain the weight loss. However, was merely attending dance classes enough to feminize the body of a man? All exercises were designated for women, but still...

Jennifer thought that maybe she was seeing things. Maybe she was enjoying this new situation so much that her mind was tricking her, making her believe that the body of her husband was becoming more and more girly... Or maybe it could be happening for real. She had to be sure.

Looking at his reflection in the mirror, Casey was doing poses. Jennifer thought that he just needed a cell phone at that moment so he could take some sexy selfies to post on Facebook as some nasty girls did. This idea made Jennifer even hornier.

Not now, Jennifer! She scolded herself. *You need to focus!*

"Good morning, princess!" she said.

"G-good morning!" Casey said a little scared. He hadn't realized that Jennifer was awake.

"What are you doing, pretty?"

"Umm... nothing," he said a little embarrassed. "I mean, I was just looking at my hair, and I think that I need to cut it a bit."

That was true. Casey's hair was growing at an impressive rate in recent weeks, and it had already grown past his shoulders. Plus, it had never been so light.

"Because... umm... you know..." he continued. "People might start to think that I look too girlish," he added, blushing.

Jennifer couldn't help herself, but she thought that was funny. There he was, biting his lower lip, with one of his hands on his hips, the other twirling a lock of his hair, and one of his legs flexed, like a model. All his mannerisms were screaming "woman," and even so he was afraid that people might think that his *hair* was too girlish. Was he conscious about how he was acting? He seemed completely comfortable in a female persona, as if he had been a woman for a lifetime. As much as Jennifer thought it was thrilling, she wondered that maybe she had pushed him too far.

"Grace can solve this on our next salon trip," she said. "But tell me, cutie... Is there anything happening to you that I don't know about?"

"What you mean, Jenny?" Casey asked, anxious. "Did I do something wrong?"

"Of course not, honey," she sighed. "I just want to know if you're eating okay... or taking something that I don't know about."

Yes, Casey was, and he was surprised by the question. Was she suspicious of something? As much as Casey trusted Jennifer, he didn't want to tell her he was taking those meds that Claire had given him. He knew she would be upset. They had never been so close before, and he didn't want to ruin that. Moreover, they were just harmless pills.

"I'm not doing anything like that, Jenny. Why are you asking?" He inquired defensively.

"Forget that, babe," Jennifer said. She was being paranoid. Why Casey would take something to feminize his body? He didn't want to be a real woman, right? This was just a game. "I just asked because you look great and I'm a little jealous," she added, standing up.

"Oh really?" Casey asked surprised, looking at the mirror again.

"Yeah," she said, hugging him from behind and kissing his neck. "You're so sexy... so feminine..."

"T-thank you, Jenny," Casey stammered, trembling with excitement.

"Now let's go back to bed. I want you, now!"



If it wasn't clear, Jennifer and Casey were having a lot of sex. Not even early on in their relationship had they had felt so much desire for each other. However, some days later, they had a problem — or rather, Casey had a problem.

There was Jennifer, rubbing herself all over her husband's body, with her pussy completely wet, just waiting for her feminized husband's cock.

"C'mon, Katie!" she said. "What're you waiting for?"

"I'm trying, Jenny, but..." the truth was that Casey was unable to get hard, despite being very horny.

Realizing what was going on, Jennifer grabbed his cock and started to rub it slowly.

"Don't you like it, girl?" She teased.

"Of course I do!" He stated. "I don't know what's wrong with me."

Then, suddenly, Casey began to cry, with tears streaming down his smooth cheeks.

"That's okay, babe," Jennifer said, trying to comfort him. "It happens to everyone."

"Not to me!" Casey said pouting, like a stubborn little girl.

"Come here," she said, holding out her arms. Casey came over and she embraced him, held him close, and started to stroke his hair. "You don't need to cry, sweetie. Your little clit isn't feeling lively tonight, so what? That's not a big deal."

Despite her kind words, Jennifer was very frustrated. She was so aroused... She needed to fuck so badly... Then, she had an idea. It might be a bit insensitive given the current circumstances, but she really needed some relief.

"Are you feeling better?" She asked a few minutes later.

"A little" Casey said sniffling. "But my... umm..."

"We won't need your clit tonight, babe," Jennifer said, smiling.

"What you mean, Jenny?"

"You're going to lick my pussy all night long, Katie." As she said it, Jennifer felt a shiver go through her whole body. The idea of making her feminized husband to satisfy her that way because he was unable to get hard almost made her come. It made her feel powerful, as if he were just an object for her pleasure, just like he had treated her for so many times.

Casey looked at her with wide eyes and his hands over his mouth. He never had licked her pussy, although Jennifer had sucked his cock several times. In the sexist and distorted worldview of Casey, men shouldn't do something like that. It was just... wrong. Obviously, the pills he was taking had turned him into a more *open-minded* person. He had discovered a side of himself that he didn't know had been there all the time.

Despite his sense of curiosity, Jennifer's request made him feel weird. It was as if his old self was struggling to regain control. He was torn between his *male dignity* and the desire to pleasure his wife.

Noticing his reluctance, Jennifer decided to try a new approach — she couldn't pass up the opportunity.

"Look at me, you little slut," she said, grabbing Casey's hair. "You'll do what I'm saying, right now! Understood?"

"B-but, Jenny..."

"I said now!"

It was all that Casey could have wished for. Since she was "forcing" him to do what she wanted, he couldn't blame himself for what he was about to do. His messy conscience somehow could be in peace.

He then started to lick her pussy hungrily. When Jennifer started to moan, his mind almost blew up. He was the one who was driving her crazy — not because of his masculinity, but because of his complete surrender.

"Oh, that's so nice!" Jennifer said, grabbing his head and thrusting his mouth even deeper into her pussy. "That's it, slut! You're so good with your mouth. You were born to do this!"

Hearing this, Casey became even more aroused. He couldn't understand why his cock was still completely lifeless. Without thinking, he then started to rub his breast forms, and it worked pretty well. Jennifer had an orgasm shortly after, but Casey didn't stop what he was doing. He continued to lick her pussy while she screamed in pleasure as she was close to losing her mind. She had three or four more orgasms that night, and by the end Casey was able to come too, even without touching his dick.

That was a different kind of orgasm. It wasn't fast and explosive as before, but lasted longer and encompassed his whole body. Furthermore, he realized that his cum looked thinner and almost transparent. He didn't worry about it, though — he was too delirious and happy.

On Friday morning, the solvent was finally delivered to the right address. Along with the product, the company sent an apology letter and a check for $3,000, almost certainly included to avoid any legal proceedings.

Casey was very happy with it. As much as he was used to *his boobs*, it was very uncomfortable going to work with those things tightly secured by ace bandage. However, when Jennifer finally managed to take the plastic boobs off of his chest, they both had an unpleasant surprise.

"Oh my gosh!" Casey exclaimed. "Look at my chest! It's... swollen!" That was true, in a sense. In addition, he noticed that his nipples and areolae looked bigger.

"What the hell does this mean?" He asked, distressed. "Is this happening because I used these breast forms for so long?"

"I don't know," Jennifer said. That, too, was the first thought that had crossed her mind, but then she wasn't so sure. The fact was, Casey's chest looked exactly like the breasts of a girl entering puberty. She then touched his chest.

"What are you doing?" Casey asked, backing away.

"This feels a little sore, right?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"That's it. You're going to see a doctor, first thing Monday. Don't try to weasel out of it this time!"

Jennifer was now sure that something weird was happening with Casey's body. It wasn't her imagination. She had already noticed changes in his butt, legs, waist, abdomen, skin and face, and now he was growing breasts! They needed to find out what was causing it.

"Are you sure it's necessary, Jenny?" Casey asked, with sad puppy eyes.

"Of course it's necessary!" she asserted, almost shouting. "Don't argue with me! I could schedule an appointment for tomorrow, but unfortunately we already have a commitment."

"What commitment, Jenny?"

"You'll see. Now go get dressed for work."

Soon enough Casey realized that he had another problem. His chest was so sore that it was just impossible for him to wear one of his shirts without feeling acute pain. Noticing that Casey was taking longer than usual to get dressed, Jennifer returned to their bedroom to see what was going on. She then found her feminized husband sitting on the floor, crying again.

"What's wrong, sweetie?"



"I... I..." He muttered, barely able to control the crying long enough to finish the sentence. "I can't put my shirt on... It hurts so much."

"I'm so sorry, babe," Jennifer said, gently. She knew very well what Casey was feeling. "That's why we need to see a doctor."

"But what am I going to do now? I can't go to work shirtless!"

When Jennifer had faced this issue, just one thing had helped her. However, she didn't know how Casey would react to this idea.

"Do you trust me, honey?" she asked.

"Of course I do!"

"Good, because I know that this will be hard for you, but we don't have any alternative."

"What are you talking about, Jenny?"

"You'll have to wear a bra, sweetie."

"I can't do that! People will notice it."

"No, they won't. Besides, the bra will keep your chest safe and comfortable."

"I don't know."

"Just try it. If you don't feel comfortable, I won't insist."

"O-okay... But I really don't think it's going to work!"

After that, docilely Casey held out his arms, so Jennifer could put the bra on him. She chose a plain white one, so it would be less noticeable, then she handed him matching panties.

"So, how do you feel?" Jennifer asked.

"Well," Casey started, biting his lip and swaying nervously. "I have to admit that I feel much better now."

"I told you!" Jennifer said, triumphantly. "Now put your shirt."

It didn't work quite as Jennifer expected. Almost all Casey's dress shirts were white or light blue, so it was possible to see the bra through the fabric. She then took the last dress shirt available in the wardrobe of her husband — one which she had given him, but he had never used.

"Try this one" she said.

"But that shirt is pink!" Casey complained, crossing his arms over *his boobs* secured by the bra.

"No, it's not. This shirt is *salmon*. Now be a doll and put it on."

Reluctantly, Casey dressed in the shirt and saw that there was no sign of the bra. However, it was still possible to see two small mounds on his chest, a problem which was partially solved by his suit jacket. Perhaps someone might still be able to notice, but only if the person looked at Casey's chest very carefully.

When he finished dressing, Jennifer once again tried to comb his hair in a masculine way, but she failed terribly. It wasn't her fault, in truth. Because of the length of Casey's hair, it was just impossible to make it look manly.

When Jennifer concluded it was futile, she decided to just make it look elegant. She combed his hair to the right side, creating bangs which fell sideways across his forehead. On the left side, she just combed his hair behind his ear, leaving on display his stud earring. Casey had got so used to wearing the earrings that he didn't see anything weird about it. To finish, she used half a can of lacquer to keep everything in place.

"So, what do you think?" she asked, finally allowing him to look at the mirror.

"Oh crap!" Casey exclaimed wide-eyed. "I look..."

"You look great!" Jennifer said, before he could complete the sentence.

"But..."

"You said you trusted me, remember? And I'm telling you that you look very *handsome.*" In truth, she thought he looked adorable, but she knew that it wasn't the right thing to say now. "If anyone says otherwise, don't worry about it. That person will probably just be envious about how you look."

"A-are you sure?"

"Of course! Now go have a great day at the office, honey!"



As soon as Casey arrived at work, he realized that everyone was looking curiously at him. It had already become kind of routine if the past several weeks, of course, but on this day, the glances seemed more inquisitive. Casey decided to ignore, as he usually did. *I look handsome*, he thought, remembering the words of his wife. *Those people are just jealous*.

Oh my! Cindy thought when she saw her boss approaching. He kept surprising her every day with his increasingly feminine look. What would come next? Would Mr. Anderson show up at work with his face made up? Maybe wearing a skirt?

"Good morning, Cindy!" Casey said, blowing a kiss to his secretary as he walked past her. Cindy stood there, open-mouthed, staring at Casey as if he was an alien who had just arrived at the planet. "Are you okay, sweetie?" Casey asked, truly concerned. "You look a little distressed."

"I... I'm fine, I guess..." she said, confused. "Don't worry, Mrs... Mr. Anderson. I'll get your coffee."

"About that..."

"What, sir?"

"I think I'll try something different this morning. Bring me some tea, please."

"Tea?"

"Tea."

"Tea?"

"I know that's a *delightful* word, Cindy, but we can't stay here saying it all day." Casey giggled.

"Of course, sir!" Cindy said, standing up. "I'll be right back. It's just... this *tea thing* is something new."



Jennifer arrived at her destination exactly at noon. She entered the same fancy restaurant in which she had taken *Katie* some weeks earlier, but this time she did so not knowing what to expect from this meeting. She had received a phone call a few hours before, and when she answered, she heard a voice she hadn't heard for a long time, inviting Jennifer to lunch. She was reluctant at first, but her curiosity won at the end.

"Good afternoon, Ma'am," said the receptionist. "Do you have a reservation?"

"Umm... no," she said, feeling uncomfortable, starting to wonder if she had made a mistake by accepting that invitation. "I'm here to meet someone. I think he has a reservation."

"May I ask you what's his name, Ma'am?"

"Ethan McDowell," Jennifer said, feeling guilty. She was there to meet Ethan, her ex-boyfriend.

"I see, Ma'am," said the receptionist after checking his book. "Yes, Mr. McDowell is already here. I'll take you to his table. Follow me, please."

Once again, she almost changed her mind. She thought about turning around to leave the restaurant, but she told herself it would be a childish gesture. She was already there, so she had to face the situation. Besides, that wasn't a big deal. She just had to talk to Ethan for a while, and then she could go home.

"Jenny! You look fantastic!" Ethan said when Jennifer approached. "It seems like the time has stood still for you!" he added, standing up and kissing her cheek.

"Thank you, Ethan," Jennifer said, truly flattered. She really had dolled up for this lunch meeting. She knew it was a frivolous thing to do, but she didn't want her ex-boyfriend to think she was looking worse than when they were together. She was wearing a summer blue dress, 2 inch heels and light but elegant makeup.

"You look great too!" she said, trying not to sound too excited. However, the truth was that she was really impressed. The years looked good on him. His broad face didn't look dull anymore, but manly and strong. His short hair was beginning to turn gray, but it wasn't a problem at all. In fact, it just made him look even more mature and powerful. He was in good shape, too. Jennifer could see that beneath the elegant suit he was wearing there were a lot of muscles. *It looks like someone has been going to the gym*, she thought.

It wasn't just his appearance, though. Ethan seemed more confident and captivating than before. Jennifer thought maybe it was because she had changed too. His self-assured attitude might not please a young woman, but it was very appealing for a woman of her age. Jennifer also considered how different Ethan seemed in relation to Casey. While her husband had become virtually a woman — with even small breasts — Ethan looked more masculine than ever. She wasn't sure which of them aroused her more.

What the hell am I thinking? I can't be aroused by Ethan! I'm a married woman! But she knew it wasn't that simple.

"I hope my invitation has't made your day too hectic," Ethan said.

"Oh, no! You just saved me from another unpleasant lunch with some of my co-workers."

"So, do you always go to the office so pretty and well-dressed?"

Touché. Jennifer realized that Ethan very well knew that she had dolled up to meet him. She had left work for lunch early, and then she had gone home to change clothes.

"Oh, do you think that I'm well-dressed?" she said, trying to contain the damage, although she knew that this was a pointless effort. "In your eyes, maybe. This dress is an old one!"

Ethan then called a waiter and ordered a bottle of white wine — a very special wine.

"I can't believe it!" Jennifer said. "You still remember?"

"What's your favorite wine? Of course, I remember, Jenny! How could I forget?"

"That's very kind of you, Ethan, but I don't think that I should drink. I still have to work today, you know..."

"Don't worry, Jenny. Just a glass or two won't make you drunk."

"I don't know..."

Forty minutes later, she was already drinking her fourth glass of wine. They were also eating seafood, another one of Jennifer's favorites. As they ate, they had only talked about work. Ethan told her that he was taking care of his family business. He said he had come to Jennifer's town because of some business meetings, and obviously he couldn't lose this opportunity to see an *old friend*.

Jennifer said she was also satisfied with her professional life, just like Casey. Yes, she made sure to mention her husband as soon as possible to remind Ethan — and also herself — that she was a married woman.

The old friend made no comment when Jennifer spoke about her husband for the first several times. Instead, he decided to change the course of the conversation. However, after the fourth glass of wine, he decided it was the right time to talk about her personal life.

"So, how's married life treating you?" he asked.

"Nicely. We're very happy together. Casey just as great a man as when I met him," she said. *A man who can act like a bimbo and dance like a stripper*, she thought, involuntarily. "And how about you? Did you find a special person?"

"Sure!"

"Oh that's great!" Jennifer said, although she felt a little upset. *Why am I feeling like this? It doesn't make any sense!*

"I found her years ago, but she left me," he said, smiling at Jennifer.

"Please, Ethan, don't do that. It's not fair."

"Because you're a happily married woman..."

"Exactly. And if you keep going on this way, I'll have to leave."

"I'm sorry, Jenny. Please, don't go."

Jennifer knew she should leave. Ethan had already been quite clear about his intentions. Still, she didn't want to finish this meeting — not yet.

"Fine!" she said. "But I expect you to behave like a good little boy from now on," she said playfully.

"Whatever you want, Ma'am," Ethan said, smiling. Then, he lifted the glass in a toast. "To the old days."

"To the old days," Jennifer agreed.



When Casey came home that evening, he noticed that all the house lights were off. That was very odd, because usually Jennifer came home before him.

"Hello?" he said, turning the living room lights on. There was no answer. Where Jennifer could be? He then went into the kitchen. He was going to drink a glass of water and next he would call his wife. However, before he could turn the kitchen lights on, someone grabbed him from behind. Casey shrieked, but his girly and desperate scream was soon muffled by a hand.

"Shut up, silly girl. I don't want to hurt you."

Even being so distressed, Casey was able to recognize that voice.

"Jennifer? Is that you?"

Instead of answering the question, Jennifer kissed her feminized husband deeply, grabbing his ass with both hands.

"What are you doing, Jenny? Are you drunk?" Casey asked, tasting the unmistakable flavor of alcohol in the mouth of his wife.

"Yes, Katie, but it doesn't matter. Come with me," she said, starting to drag him to the bedroom.

"Wait a minute, Jenny!" Casey tried to stop her. He hadn't realized it quite yet, but the fact was that she was stronger than him now. "I need to know what's going on! Where did you get drunk?"

"The girls and I left the office a little early and we decided to have a drink. Now stop asking questions!" It wasn't true, of course. Jennifer had spent much of the afternoon drinking with Ethan. She didn't know how long exactly. She wasn't used to drinking so much, and at some point she lost all track of time. She vaguely remembered she had called her work to say she couldn't come back after lunch because she wasn't feeling well. The remainder of her memories about what happened next were just a blur. She only recalled that they had laughed a lot and Ethan had tried to kiss her at some point, but she had fortunately stopped him.

"But, Jenny..." Casey insisted.

"Why do some girls like you have to talk so much? I'll keep your mouth busy." Jennifer kissed Casey again, muffling his protest attempts. He couldn't help himself, starting to feel aroused. He was unable to resist to the advances of his wife. She seemed to be possessed by lust and he was completely at the mercy of her.

"I want to fuck you so badly," she whispered in his ear as they climbed the stairs. She had never felt so aroused in her entire life. She couldn't explain why, but the fact that her manly ex-boyfriend was still interested in her, while her husband was being feminized, was something really, really hot. Jennifer wasn't even trying to rationalize what she was feeling. The stark difference between the two men made her feel so good, and it was enough for her.

"We can't, Jenny" Casey said weakly. "My cock isn't going to..."

"We don't call it as a cock, remember? Girls don't have a cock," Jennifer said, getting even hornier. She was afraid that she might pass out from so much excitement. "And we don't need this *little thing* of yours for pleasure, silly."

Jennifer's words wildly aroused Casey. His male ego tried to cry out that it was wrong. He was a man! His penis looked a little smaller these days, true, but normally it wasn't a "little thing." Some part of him told Casey that he shouldn't accept this without fighting!

However, his male ego wasn't *that* strong anymore. It was just a small part of a small part of something really insignificant, and it was completely dominated by his femininity. In other words, his male ego was as impotent as his dick, which remained inert between his legs like a dead weight.

"Now I'll tell you what you're going to do," Jennifer said, when they arrived at the bedroom. "You'll dress in something sexy and get all dolled up for me. I want you to be perfect tonight, do you understand, you little slut?"

"B-but, Jenny, we have to go to our dance class!"

"We're not going to the class tonight, Katie. Don't worry. You're still going to dance — but only for me."

Just then, Casey realized how ironic this situation was. In the past, it was he who always insisted on having sex, while Jennifer was reluctant to commit. Now, they had reversed their roles completely.

"What are you waiting for, girl?" Jennifer asked, rousing Casey from his reverie. "Go now!" she added, slapping Casey's ass and making him jump.

"O-okay."

Casey then approached his wardrobe, trembling from head to foot. Jennifer was voracious tonight, and he loved it. He wanted to look pretty and sexy for her.

The emasculated man selected the perfect outfit and went to the bathroom. He took a quick shower, and afterwards spread a fragrant oil on his body. He loved the feminine scent of flowers that exuded from his skin.

He then placed breasts inserts into his bra. They had an anatomically correct shape and were soft, so luckily they didn't hurt his swollen chest. Next, he dressed in a lacy black thong, stockings to match his bra and 4 inch platform heels. Then, Casey combed his hair and made up his face with dark eyeshadow and red lipstick.



I look irresistible, Casey thought, looking at the mirror. His reflection turned him on so much that he could barely remain standing on his high heels.

When Casey returned to the bedroom, the place was dimly light. Jennifer had turned off the lights, and the only lighting was coming from some scented candles that were in the center of the bedroom. Casey could just see the figure of Jennifer on the bed. He began to approach, but she told him to stop.

"It's showtime, Katie. I want you to dance exactly where you are." The stereo began to play a slow, sexy song, and Casey knew very well what he had to do.

He started dancing sensually, rubbing himself all over his body and raising his nightie teasingly.

After a while, he turned away and raised his increasingly rounded and feminine ass. Then, he finally began to take off his clothes.

"Great, Katie. You're such a hot girl" Jennifer said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Now come here."

Casey came closer and then knelt in front of Jennifer. The woman already had her legs spread and her pussy was soaked. The feminized man licked it greedily, and Jennifer quickly had the first orgasm. That didn't mean it was over, though.

"Now lie face down on the bed," she ordered.

"W-what are you going to do?" Casey asked afraid.

"Do it, now!"

Unable to resist, Casey followed her command. Before he realized what was happening, Jennifer handcuffed his hands to the headboard. She had bought the handcuffs — as well as other stuff — before coming home, in an impulsive mood.

"Jennifer... W-why..."

"Shhh... Relax, babe. Tonight, I'm going to make you a woman!"

Casey was still trying to process those words when he felt one of Jennifer's fingers breaking into his ass.

"Stop it, Jenny!" Casey cried, twisting his body. "I don't want that!"

"Are you sure?" she asked as she continued to play with his butt and started to kiss his back and neck. "Don't you see that this is the right thing to do?"

"How this can be right?" Casey said, starting to groan involuntarily because of caresses on his neck.

"You're my girl, aren't you, Katie?"

"Y-yes, Jenny," Casey said, starting to lose his mind again.

"I know that, hottie. You're my little slut girl. And what girls like you like?"

"I... I don't know, Jenny."

"C'mon, Katie! I know that you like to act like a bimbo, but you aren't that dumb."

Casey knew very well what she wanted to hear, but he was afraid to say it...

"Girls like me want to be fucked!" he said at once, hardly believing in his own words.

"Good, Katie. Now we're getting somewhere. So... Do you want to be fucked?"

"Yes, Jenny! I want it more than anything!" Casey cried at the exact moment that the finger of his wife reached his prostate. He had completely lost control

of himself. The idea of being fucked was mind-blowing. It was as if he was completely embracing his growing femininity. As Jennifer had said, it would make him a *woman*.

"Fantastic, little bitch! But if you want it so badly, you have to beg for it." Saying that, Jennifer removed her finger from his ass, and Casey felt desperate.

"Please, Jenny! You can't stop it now!"

"Why not?"

"Because I *need* it! I need to feel something inside me!"

Jennifer smiled. That was it. She had transformed Casey into the sissy of her dreams, despite the fact she didn't know she had such desires some weeks earlier. She then got out of bed.

"Where are you going?"

Without saying a word, Jennifer went to the wardrobe and returned some time later, carrying something. Casey could not see what she had in hand, since he couldn't turn around because of the handcuffs. Then, he felt her finger in his ass again. But this time it was smeared with a cold and slippery substance. It felt really good. Her finger slipped in and out of his ass a lot easier. Shortly after, she tucked a second finger, and then a third. She increased the pace, and kept this up for a while, until she took off her fingers from his ass.

"I think you're ready now," she said.

"For what?" Casey asked.

"To lose your virginity."

Casey turned his head a little, and what he saw made him open-mouthed. There was a dildo attached to Jennifer's groin — a big, very realistic and incredibly intimidating dildo.

"I don't think I can handle all that."

"Of course you can, Katie. Just relax and enjoy, okay? I'd promise to be gentle, but that's a promise I can't keep."

Jennifer stuffed the dildo into him and he cried as if he was being broken in two. She felt almost as if she really had a cock. She had never felt so powerful and dominant. Casey was really feeling excruciating pain, but after some time the pain started to go away, and he began to feel an unparalleled delight. It was really, really good.

"Harder, Jenny! I need it harder and deeper!" he begged, dying to feel his prostate further stimulated.

"I knew it, Katie! You can't live without a cock in your ass!"

"No, Jenny, I can't!"

Jennifer started to fuck Casey as he begged, while she played with her own boobs. When they both burst into an orgasm, the sex reached a new dimension to the couple. They hadn't any idea that they could go this far, and that it could be so wonderful. It would be very hard to go back to where they had come from.



"Wake up, sleeping beauty," Jennifer said the next morning. "We have a busy day ahead."

"Umm... What? Oh, yes, now I remember. We have to go to the salon so I can get a haircut," he said, holding a lock of his hair and looking at the length of it.

He then felt a discomfort in his ass, and it reminded him of what had happened the night before. He thought he would feel embarrassed about it, but in fact he was fine. More than that: he was feeling wonderful! What this could mean?

"Having a hard time sitting?" Jennifer asked, raising an eyebrow. She had noticed the Casey's discomfort.

"A little," he admitted, blushing.

"Don't worry, sweetie. You'll get used to it, and it will stop hurting," she said, implying that what had happened hadn't been a one-night thing. "Practice makes perfect, right? Now, I have to tell you something," she said, a little nervous.

"What, Jenny?"

"You won't be able to get a more masculine hairstyle today, honey. In fact, you'll need something even girlier."

"But..."

"Stay calm, please. Grace said she will be able to give you a different haircut tomorrow, and this time the *right* one."

"But why do I need a different hairstyle just for today?"

"Because tonight, we're going out with Claire and Lily."

"What? You didn't tell me anything about that!"

"I know, but I wanted to surprise you. They invited us a few days ago. Lily got tickets to the unveiling of a nightclub, and since Claire had already asked you why we never accept their invitations, fearing that you maybe had some problem with Lily or something, I was forced to accept this invite."

Casey couldn't believe that. His lie about what Claire and he had talked about the night she had given him those pills had put him in a tight spot now.

"I don't know, Jenny... I don't think I'll feel comfortable in a nightclub being forced to act like a woman."

"It wasn't a problem last night."

"But... I don't think that I have a proper outfit to go to a nightclub!" Casey got stunned. From all arguments he could use, he really had to show concern about his outfit?

"That's my girl!" Jennifer said, smiling. "Always worried about your look. Don't worry about that. Before going to the salon, we'll go to the shop where Lily works. She promised that she would help us to find the perfect dresses! Now move your sexy little ass, doll!"



They arrived at Lily's shop about an hour later. The place was very fancy, with lots of sexy outfits exposed in the shop window, light pink walls and rack after rack of revealing clothes. Casey concluded that this shop had as target audience girls who liked to call attention — and who had enough money to afford it, given the indecent prices of the pieces on display.

"Oh, there you two are!" Lily said approaching. "I'm so glad you girls could come! Are you excited about tonight?"

"You couldn't keep me away!" Casey said, with a wry tone, but Lily didn't realize it — she was too happy to pay attention to unimportant things such as irony. She was in her natural habitat. Anyone could tell she had been born to work in a shop like this.

Lily was wearing a semi-transparent white blouse, which revealed her black lace bra, along with a red mini skirt and 4 inch pump heels. Her hair was immaculately styled and her face perfectly made up, as if she was ready to go to the nightclub now.

Casey and Jennifer, on the other hand, were dressed casually, with simple tops, jeans and flats. Their hair was pulled back in ponytails and there was just a bit of makeup on their faces.

Lily noticed it, and she was clearly bothered by it. To her, women always had to present themselves at their best. A girl dressed so carelessly was almost sacrilegious in her opinion. Fortunately, she would be able to remedy this situation very soon.

"So, let's start! There will be a lot of hot guys at the nightclub, and I want all of them looking at us!" she giggled. "Tell me something, Jenny, how things are going with your boyfriend?"

"Well, let's just say that there isn't a *man* in my life anymore," she said, smirking at *Katie*.

"Fantastic!" Lily exclaimed, clapping. "That means that you're in the game too! C'mon, girls, we don't have much time!" she added, although this had been a strange statement, given it was just 10 am.

However, if Casey was thinking he could just pick up a dress and then leave the shop, he couldn't have been more wrong. He soon came to realize that women's shopping was much more complex. He couldn't just choose a dress. He also had to try it on, and then try another forty dresses to see which one would fit best. At the same time, he had to think about what kind of heels, purse and jewelry would match with a certain dress, and what kind of makeup and hairstyle would be suitable. Then, he had to start all over again because someone noticed that the chosen dress didn't match the color of his eyes, or it didn't favor his figure. Oh, and don't forget the lingerie!

"C'mon, Lily, why do my panties and my bra have to match my dress?"

Lily looked at him as if he had said the greatest blasphemy of the world.

"Please don't ask that again or I'll punch you in the face," she said, seriously, and Casey decided not to ask any more questions.

Several hours later, they finally finished shopping. To Casey's surprise, he had been forced to buy not only a dress, heels and a set of lingerie, but also a lot of other clothes. Lily had said that these extra outfits were perfect for him, and Casey had no choice because Jennifer was on her side. All the clothes were sexy and revealing, just like the dress he had bought.

Oh, yeah, the new dress was very sexy. It was purple, short and extremely tight; had spaghetti straps, and glitter strips on the sides that came down from top to bottom. Inside it, Casey felt as if he had been vacuum packed. Plus, the dress was also very low-cut dress, and with the help of the black strapless bra pushing his boobs up, Casey was sure that he would feel seriously exposed at the nightclub.



"So, Jennifer told me that you want something special today, Katie," Grace asked the effeminated male when he and his wife arrived at the salon. "Is that right?"

"I... Umm... I think so..." Casey said, disconcerted.

"That's great, sweetie! I promise that we're going to make you stunning!"

Once again, they started with electrolysis. Casey didn't know it, but this was the last session he would need. He would nevermore have a 5 o'clock shadow on his face, or hair on his legs and chest. After the session, his face and his body would be hairless and smooth forever.

After he was done, Casey was taken to the all-too-familiar main area of the salon, where two girls began working on his hands and feet while Grace took care of his hair.

"I know exactly what I'm going to do," she said, teasing his hair a little. "It'll take a while, but you'll love the result!"

She wasn't playing around when she said that it would take time. Casey was used to spending a lot of time at the salon, but nothing compared to that day. At one point, he began to feel sleepy, and his ass began to feel uncomfortable. This was not only due to the long time he was sitting, but also because his butt was still hurting from the activities of the night before.

Casey couldn't see what Grace was doing. As usual, the mirror in front of him was covered. However, because of his previous experiences in the salon, he knew that his hair wasn't just being cut, but also dyed. After the cut, Grace started a procedure that he didn't recognize yet.

"What are you doing?" he asked, seeing her holding some locks of real-looking hair in her hands.

"I am attaching extensions to your hair, honey."

"You mean, my hair will get longer?"

"That's the idea."

"But I..."

"Shhh... I know what I'm doing. Besides, I'm going to open the salon tomorrow just to cut your hair again, remember? Unless, of course, if you love so much this haircut that you decide to keep it."

Little by little, Casey began to feel the additional weight on his head, and tickling his neck and shoulders. When Grace finally finished it, she cut his hair a little more, while one of the girls began to apply makeup to his face.

When they were done, as had happened on the first visit of Casey to the salon, he was taken to a room at the back of the building to change clothes before he could see the result of the work that had been done.

He then dressed in the tiny lingerie, the sexy dress and sky-high platform heels. Casey had already used high heels many times, but nothing as high as "*these babies*," as Lily had called the shoes. They were 5 inch black heels, with so much glitter that Casey thought they could be seen even in complete darkness. To complete the look, he put on a pair of silver chandelier earrings, a necklace, a few bracelets, rings, and ankle bracelet.

"All done, Katie," Grace said. "Now you can see yourself."

Casey had already been through this experience before. He was sure that, as much as the work of the girls had been fantastic, he wouldn't be as astonished

as he was when he had his first makeover done. However, the poor man couldn't have been more wrong.

Oh my gosh, he thought when he saw his reflection, because he was unable to say anything. After his first makeover, Casey had looked like a woman, but not a particularly beautiful one. This time, however, he looked stunning! That was far more than he might have expected. Not even in his wildest dreams he could imagine that one day he would look like... *This.*



His legs, on top of the sky-high heels, were almost entirely on display, and looked slender and smooth; the dress embraced his killer body tightly, detailing all his curves which were coming from who knows where, and his fake boobs that looked like they would jump out of the dress at anytime; he was wearing a corset, but only to further highlight his hips, since somehow he already had a natural hourglass figure; his arms were thin and elegant, and no one could say that those hands, so delicate and perfectly manicured, with long dark red nails, belonged to a man. However, the most striking part was yet to come...

His hair now was coming down to the beginning of his back and had been dyed platinum blonde! Some hair locks had been curled, and fell on top of his chest, highlighting further his great *boobs*; he also now had straight bangs that came down to his eyes, adding an irresistible touch of innocence to his sexy look.

The amazing hairstyle was framing

his pretty face, which had never before been made up so dramatically. The eye shadow was dark and smokey, and, as almost everything else, had lots of shine; the girls had attached false and long eyelashes; his cheekbones seemed even higher thanks to hot red blush and his lips were incredibly sexy with dark red lipstick, matching with his nails, and a lot of lip gloss.

Casey couldn't explain why, but he thought that he looked even younger. After his first makeover, when the 5 o'clock shadow on his face had been covered for the first time, he had looked to be twenty-five years old instead of thirty. This time he thought he looked like a twenty-two year old girl, maybe twenty-one.

Perhaps it was because the bangs, or fact that his skin had never been so smooth, but he definitely looked like a young woman.



"I can't believe how great you look, Katie!" Jennifer said, as she drove towards the club. She, too, looked ravishingly beautiful all done up and in her dress. Casey was consumed with desire when he saw her all dolled up, wishing he could rip her green dress and fuck her right away. Then, he sadly remembered that he had been unable to get an erection in recent days. He just couldn't fuck his wife. Not right now.

This is a temporary situation, he told himself to cheer up. *We'll go to the doctor on Monday and he'll find out what's wrong with me.*

"Thank you, Jenny," he said, with his best smile. "You look amazing as well."

"So, are you excited about tonight?"

"Yeah, but I'm also a little scared."

"Why?"

"Isn't it, like, obvious?" he said, rolling his eyes and gesticulating in an exaggerated way. "I've never gone to a nightclub as woman, and I know that a lot of men will try to hit on me. However, at the same time..." he gulped.

"What?"

"Well, this expectation also... excites me. The idea of teasing men... It's kinda hot." After saying these words, Casey immediately blushed furiously. What was he doing? Why was he saying stuff like this? Jennifer was also surprised, but in a good way.

"You're such a slut, Katie, aren't you?" she said, as she felt her pussy getting soaked. "You're a very bad girl, and I think you deserve to be punished. I'm going to take care of you later at home. I'm going to fuck your ass so hard that you won't be able to sit for a whole week."

"I can hardly wait," Casey said slyly, once again unable to stop himself.

It wasn't long before they arrived at their destination, and they met Lily and Claire. The two young women were also looking very pretty. Claire was wearing a silver dress that went down to her knees, while Lily was wearing a black dress as short as Casey's.

The girls greeted and praised each other's looks before they went to the nightclub entrance. There was a long line, but they were able to bypass everyone thanks to VIP invitations that Lily had received. Casey thought it was great, but even so, his first moments wearing such a sexy dress in public weren't that easy. As they passed by people, it was clear that men were lusting after the group of girls, especially Casey and Lily, who were dressed naughtier. Two or three guys even tried to drop pickup lines on the emasculated man.

Lily just smiled and winked at some men who she thought were hot while Casey was mortified. He had thought that this experience might be exciting, but now he was changing his mind. He was frightened, thinking that someone could try to attack him at any moment. He went ahead nervously, flinching at the top of those spiked heels. He was feeling so exposed... so vulnerable... All this had been a bad idea. He should have said no to Jennifer earlier.

"Any problem, Katie?" asked Lily, who was at his side.

"It's just... Well, everyone is looking at us!"

"Of course they are, silly!" Lily said. "We look absolutely breathtaking!"

"I'm not used to receiving so much attention."

"How can that be possible? You're such a beautiful girl. Don't tell me that this is the first time you've gone out to a nightclub?"

"Of course not! But I haven't done it for a while, and I've never worn a dress like this!"

"Oh, poor girl, you have, like, so much to learn!" Lily said, with a sincere expression of pity. "That's why I'm here. You'll feel so much better after a drink! Not to mention how you will feel after you kiss the *first* cute guy! Trust me! I have, like, a lot of experience!"

The interior the nightclub was very modern and extravagant, with bright walls, a dozen or so cannon lights, tables with neon edges and a large dance floor. There were already a lot of people, and Casey thought that the place would be completely packed when everyone who was in the line could get in. They then sat at a table in a corner.

"Wow, this is a fantastic place!" Jennifer said, looking around, forced to speak loudly because of electronic music that was being played in an almost deafening volume.

"I told you!" Lily said. "So, let's start to drink?"

"You don't waste time, do you?" Claire asked.

"That's who I am, sweetie. I totally need a drink right now."

"I think that's a good idea," Jennifer said.

"Marvelous!" Lily said. "So, since Claire and you are sitting on the edge, you two should get the first round of drinks. Katie and I will take care of the next one."

"Fine," Claire said, and Jennifer and she got up. "We'll be right back."

"Unless you two find some nice guys on the way," Lily giggled. "We know how these things work, right, Katie?"

Without choice, Casey just nodded, blushing. He couldn't understand why Lily had to talk about men all the time. Couldn't she think about anything else at least for once? Apprehensively, he watched Jennifer walk away. He didn't like that. He thought it would be safer to stay next to his wife all the time, mainly because he believed that Lily was very dangerous company.

During the time they were alone, Lily kept talking, barely stopping to breathe. Casey thought it was annoying, but it had a good side, since he didn't have to say anything — Lily was taking care of the entire conversation by herself. After what seemed like an eternity, the other women finally returned. Jennifer gave Casey a pink drink.

"I thought you would like this one," she said with a shrug, seeing Casey's puzzled look.

"It definitely suits you, Katie," Lily said. "So girly!"

Casey tried the drink, sucking the straw (also pink, of course). He thought it wasn't so bad, although it was a little too sweet and he could barely detect any taste of alcohol. Still, Casey decided to be very careful about drinking — he really didn't want to get drunk the way he was dressed.

The women had no such concerns in mind, though, so they emptied their glasses quickly. As soon as Casey had finished, Lily grabbed his hand.

"Come on, doll!" she said. "It's our turn to buy."

"O-okay" Casey said distressed, looking at Jennifer for help, but she just smiled at him.

By then, the place was even more crowded, and the path to the bar wasn't easy. Casey just tried to follow Lily, who seemed to know how to go get through such tight spaces wearing high heels. After bumping into many people and being ogled by many men, Casey finally got to the bar with *his friend*. Lily was about to ask for drinks when she saw a familiar face.

"Gabriel!" she said, approaching the man.

"Hey, Lily!" Gabriel said, hugging her. He had an athletic body, brown hair and a handsome face. He was wearing a blue shirt, jeans and a black jacket. "So, are you enjoying the grand opening party?"

"Oh, I'm loving it!" she said lively. "I love this club. Thanks for the VIP tickets, anyway!"

"No problem, babe. I knew you would like it. Umm... And who is your pretty friend?" he asked, looking at Casey, who was watching the whole scene a step behind.

"That's my girlfriend Katie! We attend the same exotic dance class."

"Exotic dance? Really? The more I know you, the more I like. I would like to see you dance some time."

"Maybe one of these days..." she teased him. "Katie, this is Gabriel, the lovely man who gave us the tickets for tonight. He's an old friend, so to speak."

"Nice to meet you," Casey said, shyly.

"Don't let her fool you," Lily said to Gabriel. "She looks like a good girl, but you have to see how she shakes her ass!"

Gabriel and Lily started laughing while Casey smiled nervously.

"Nice to meet you too, Katie," the man said. "And you know what? The guy who gave me the tickets, my buddy Ryan, is right there," Gabriel said pointing to a group of people nearby. "He's one of the owners of this place. Maybe I should call him to join us?"

You didn't need to be a genius to understand what Gabriel was planning. With another man around to distract Katie, he could talk to Lily at ease.

"That would be wonderful!" Lily said — even she had understood what was going on.

Casey just wanted to disappear, but he was paralyzed by fear. The situation was completely out of control. What the hell was he doing in this place, wearing a tiny dress and high heels? Unfortunately, there was no time to plan an escape. Gabriel soon returned, and this time he wasn't alone.

The man beside him was much taller, with broader shoulders than his friend. He had a ruggedly handsome face, dark eyes and a 5 o'clock shadow, as Casey used to have before the electrolysis. His hair was black, short, and had shaved sides. His muscular arms were hard to miss since he was wearing a clingy shirt, which also displayed his beefy chest.

"Ladies," Gabriel started, "this is Ryan."

"Nice to meet you," Lily said. "And Katie, weren't you saying that you wanted to thank Ryan for the tickets? Go ahead, girl!" She then slightly pushed the sissified man in the back, but because of the killer high heels that he was wearing it was enough to knock him off balance.

"I've got you," Ryan said, wrapping his big arms around Casey. When Casey realized what was happening, he was already being tightly embraced, with his delicate, manicured hands on Ryan's muscular chest.

"T-thank you," Casey said, horrified, batting his eyelashes.

"Trust me, it was my pleasure," Ryan said, stroking Casey's back. It gave the effeminated male a shiver.

"I...I..." he stammered, while his own body was betraying him. "I think I'm okay now."

"Are you sure? Because I could hold you all night if needed."

Casey's legs trembled. This man looked so handsome and virile... Casey suddenly realized that he was feeling a deep attraction towards him. His feelings shocked him profoundly, delivering a catastrophic blow to his ego. He had never been attracted to a man. Even in recent times, when he had been playing the submissive role in bed, he wasn't fantasizing about being with a guy. Flustered and disturbed, he decided to think about this new problem later. First and foremost, he needed to recover control of this situation.

"Thank you, but I think I'll survive," he said, smiling.



"If you say so... But you must be very nervous. It's a crazy atmosphere for a young woman in a crowded place," he said, charmingly. "What about a drink to calm things down?"

Twenty minutes later, Casey was already finishing the third drink Ryan had bought him. He was still drinking the pink ones, since Lily had said that it was her favorite. Casey had previously decided that he wouldn't drink so much alcohol, but he was too nervous with Ryan around to remember about his resolution. He desperately needed to relax.

The emasculated man had to admit that Ryan not only was a very handsome guy, but also very interesting. He told several funny stories, and Casey laughed like a teenage girl. They were sitting in the high chairs at the bar counter, very close to one another. Because of the alcohol and the pleasant conversation, Casey started to get a little high. He didn't seem to care when Ryan began caressing his soft, hairless legs, with his big hands. *It feels so good*, Casey thought foolishly. *I wonder if everything on this guy is that big.*

However, when the man's hands began to approach dangerously close to his private parts, he realized that he couldn't let it go any further. He was a married man. Well, maybe not a *man* now, but he definitely was a married person. He couldn't betray Jennifer that way. He needed to get away from Ryan immediately.

Casey looked towards Lily for assistance, but he quickly realized that she wasn't going to offer any help. She was too busy for that, kissing Gabriel as if she wanted to swallow the guy. Ryan also saw them, and then he smirked at Casey.

"It looks like they're having fun," he said, stroking Casey's legs even more intensely.

"Y-yes," Casey gulped. He was dismayed to find that he was aroused.

"I think we should do the same," and saying so, Ryan placed a hand on the back of Casey's head and began to approach. They were about to kiss! Casey turned his face at the last moment, starting to kiss Ryan's ear.

"I have to go to the bathroom first, honey," he said.

"What? Do you have to go *right now*?"

"Yeah, I'm sorry."

"I think you can wait another minute," he tried to kiss Casey again. Desperate, Casey tried something extreme to escape.

He found himself caressing the man's crotch with his long red nails. "I can't, but I promise that the wait will be worth it," he said, seductively. He felt a large erection growing in his man's pants. *Apparently he really is that big everywhere*, the feminized man thought, laughing inside.

"O-okay, babe," Ryan gasped. "I'll wait right here."

"This won't take long," Casey said, kissing Ryan's face lingeringly and feeling his rough beard against his soft face.

Men are so easy to fool, he thought, as he walked away, as if he had forgotten that he had been part of that group his entire life. He found Jennifer exactly where she was before, but this time she was alone.

"Where the heck have you been?" she asked when she saw her husband.

"It was all Lily's fault," Casey said, sitting carefully and crossing his legs. "I shouldn't have gone to the bar with her. But I see that you didn't need our help to get a new drink," he added, seeing his wife holding a half full glass.

"Some guys offered us drinks," Jennifer explained. "Claire is dancing with one of them right now. Now tell me exactly what happened."

Casey sighed deeply and began to tell her about his "adventure," conveniently hiding some passages.

"So, one of the owners of this place is crazy about you?" Jennifer asked, astonished. "Is he hot?"

"Jennifer!" Casey exclaimed, offended.

"Come on, Katie! You can tell me the truth."

"Fine!" Casey said, crossing his arms with a petulant expression. "One can say that he's good-looking."

"And how did you feel about that?"

"Disgusted! I mean, he's a man and..."

"Oh, really? For what I remember, you were the one who said she was excited about the possibility of teasing men."

"Yeah, but the reality is different from fantasy. I felt so... so..."

"Do you felt so what, Katie?"

Although all Casey's instincts were screaming for him to do otherwise, he decided to be frank with his wife. He was really very confused about all this. He needed to share it with someone — and who would be better for this than Jennifer? Then, Casey told her *everything*, and how he had felt about Ryan's attention. At the end, his face was burning in shame, and Jennifer was looking at him open-mouthed.

"Oh my god!" she finally said. "Did you really want to kiss that guy?"

"I know..." Casey said, not daring to look into the eyes of his wife. "It's really bad, isn't it?"

"Why didn't you?"

"Are you kidding me? He's a man! I'm confused, but I don't want to be with a man. Besides... I couldn't do something like that to you."

Hearing this, Jennifer felt an overwhelming guilt. There was her husband, telling her his most intimate secrets and feelings, and stating that he could never betray her. On the other hand, she had gone out to lunch with her ex-boyfriend the day before, and hadn't told it to her husband. She had to do something about it.

"Casey, we need to talk."

The sissified man became apprehensive. Jennifer had never called him Casey when he was dressed as a woman.

"About what?" he asked, feeling insecure about this.

Jennifer then told him about the lunch with Ethan the day before. It took Casey time to remember who Ethan was. When he finally got it, he felt as if he had been slapped in the face. Jennifer was completely honest too, even telling him that a manly man was interested in her while her husband had pretty much become a girl turned her on.

As true as it was, it hurt to hear something like that. For the first time in a long, Casey felt humiliated because of his femme side. Jennifer was right. He had become pretty much a girl. His body was becoming increasingly feminine, even if he didn't know why. Meanwhile, the ex-boyfriend of his wife was lusting after her, and she had enjoyed the attention!

"When were you planning to tell me about it?" he asked, with eyes full of tears.

"Look, Casey, I..."

"When?" he insisted.

"Never," Jennifer admitted. "I knew you would be upset, as you are now."

"So, were you just making things easier for me? Really? I think you were making things easier for you!"

"Listen to me, Casey. What happened doesn't mean anything to me! You have to understand that!"

"Tell me, Jennifer. Last night, while you were fucking my ass, were you thinking about Ethan? That was why you were so aroused? Were you thinking that you had I *real man* lusting after you while you were fucking a sissy?"

"Stop it, Casey! You're overreacting. You have to think rationally about what you're saying. You're acting like an airhead girl!"

"Wasn't that what you wanted?" Casey shot back. "Congratulations, Jennifer. Now I'm just an airhead girl!" and then he stood up.

"I'm sorry, Casey! I didn't mean that. Where are you going?"

"Leave me alone, Jennifer. I need a time to think." He then pulled away before Jennifer could stop him.

Casey walked aimlessly around the nightclub without knowing what to do. He was feeling so hurt, so helpless. Then, he bumped into someone unintentionally.

"Oh, here you are, young lady!"

When Casey looked up, he saw that was Ryan who was ahead of him. Without thinking, Casey wrapped her slender arms around the man's neck and began to cry uncontrollably.

"Hey, what's wrong, babe? You don't need to cry just because you gave me the slip," he joked, trying to cheer Casey up.

"It's not that," Casey said sniffling and pouting. "And I'm sorry for my disappearance, anyway. The problem is my... Umm... Ex-boyfriend... We had a fight."

"Is he here? What that bastard did to you?"

"Please, I don't want to talk about it right now."

"Are you sure? Because I can punch this guy in the face if you want."

"It's not necessary."

"Okay, then. So, I'll take care of you."

"Will you?"

"Of course," Ryan said, raising Casey's face with his thumb and forefinger. "I hate to see a girl crying. Especially a girl as pretty as you."

He then kissed the emasculated man tenderly. Once again, an inner voice tried to convince Casey that it wasn't right, but he didn't want to hear it. Not at that moment. He was tired of fighting, and all he wanted was to be cared for and protected for once. He then kissed Ryan back.

What began as a gentle kiss quickly was filled with passion. Ryan was kissing Casey hungrily, with his strong hands rubbing all over his body. Casey loved all this. He just surrendered to this man who desired him so badly. He really felt like a woman as Ryan kissed him so intensely, with his strong body controlling the weaker and softer body of the feminized man.

What he didn't know was that Jennifer had followed him, and now she was watching the whole scene at a certain distance. Jennifer was very confused. She didn't know how to react to it. While she was lost in her thoughts, she felt a hand touching her shoulder. When she turned, she had another big surprise.

"Ethan?" she exclaimed, seeing her ex-boyfriend. "What are you doing here?"

"Umm... Are you role-playing or something?" Ethan asked, puzzled. "You invited me."

"What? When I did that?"

"Yesterday, at the end of our lunch. You said you would come to this nightclub with some friends and that your husband was out of town."

"Oh, really? I think that you..." Jennifer stopped talking. The memories of the end of the previous day's lunch returned to her mind at once. Ethan was right. She really had invited him. At the time, she was too drunk and aroused to realize that this was a very bad idea.

"I'm sorry, Ethan," Jennifer said. "I wasn't thinking straight yesterday. I think you should leave now."

"What? But I just got here! Had Casey returned? Is he here too?"

Jennifer looked at her feminized husband. He was still kissing Ryan, and the bigger man was rubbing Casey's ass.

"Of course not," Jennifer said, stunned.

"So, what's the problem?"

"What's the problem? I'm a married woman! The fact that my husband is out of town doesn't change that. Casey would never do something like that to me," Jennifer stated, seeing Ryan grabbing the fake boobs of her husband and kissing his slender neck. Casey really seemed to be enjoying it.

"Do you know what I think, Jenny?" Ethan said. "I think your marriage is over."

"You don't know what you're saying," she said, while Casey's hand approached dangerously close to Ryan's crotch.

"That's why you invited me to come here, Jenny," Ethan continued, without disregarding her last statement. "You know your marriage is over and you're still feeling something for me."

"Please, Ethan, I..."

"And I'm still in love with you, Jenny... I want you more than anything," and then, he kissed her.

Jennifer couldn't help herself, and she once again became extremely excited by the situation. Her husband, completely dolled up, was kissing a man twice his size, while she was also kissing a manly man who wanted her so badly. She kissed Ethan back deeply.

The two couples continued making out for a while. Then, when Ryan finally allowed Casey to breathe for a second, he looked around and saw the other couple.... Slowly, he recognized his wife. He was appalled by what she was doing. He didn't recognize the guy with her, but he had no doubt that that woman was Jennifer.

He just didn't know how to react. He wanted to go there and say to Jennifer that she was cheating on him, but he had done it first. Would Jennifer have

seen it? Certainly. She wasn't so far away, and probably had kissed the first guy she found after seeing her husband making out with another man.

Casey realized he had made a huge mistake. He had kissed a man. *A man!* And because of that really dumb gesture, his wife was now doing the same. He was so distraught. The night was a roller coaster of feelings. He needed to do something to put the things together.

"Are you feeling better now?" Ryan asked.

"Y-yes," Casey lied.

"Good. And I'm just starting," he kissed Casey again, with his large tongue invading the mouth of the panty-wearing man. Casey knew he had to put an end to it, but it felt so good. Maybe he should just accept that he was meant to be... No! It was wrong. He couldn't even think about something like this.

"Do you know what would make me even happier?" he asked with sad puppy eyes. "Another one of those pink drinks. Could you get it for me?"

"Sure!" Ryan said. "But you have to promise that you won't run away this time."

"Never again! Now you're stuck with me," he purred in the guy's ear. To make him even more convinced — as if that were necessary — Casey put his hands around Ryan's neck and kissed him passionately one more time. He felt the big, strong man's hands grabbing his ass. *Oh, that's so hot*, he thought. *I could let him do that for the rest of my... That's not right!* Casey stopped himself. *I'm just doing that to get away. This is my only option!*

Once Ryan disappeared in the crowd, Casey walked away. He had a plan in mind and he needed to be fast. The first part wasn't so hard. He soon found Claire, who was also with a guy near their table.

"Umm... Hi!" he said shyly.

"Katie!" Claire said happily. "What are you doing here? Where's your *friend?*"

"So, did you see me with him?"

"I wonder if anyone in this place hasn't seen," Claire said, with a dreamy voice. "You two really put on a good show!"

Casey blushed again and stared at his high-heeled feet.

"Look, Claire, I need a favor," he said changing the subject.

"What do you need, girl?"

"Could you please tell Jennifer that I need to talk to her? I'll wait at our table."

"Why don't you tell her yourself?"

"I... I..." Casey hadn't thought about an answer to that question. The truth was that he didn't want to talk to his wife while she was with another man. That

would be too humiliating. "I... I think I twisted my ankle, so I don't want to walk more than necessary."

"Oh, poor little thing! Looks like that strong guy will have to carry you in his arms home at the end of the night. I don't think it'll be a problem, though, right?" she giggled. "Where is he, anyway?"

"He went to get a new drink. Now could you..."

"Fine! I'll talk to Jenny."

Thank God, Casey thought, and then he went to their table.

Claire then approached Jennifer and passed on Casey's message. Only then did she realize that her husband was no longer around — she had been too busy for some time to think about him. Claire then pulled back and waited.

"Ethan, you have to go now," she said, wondering if her husband had seen her with another man. It was practically certain. The question was whether he had seen that this man was her ex-boyfriend.

"What? Why?"

"Ethan, if you really like me you're going to do what I'm asking you for. I'll explain it to you later."

"It means that you'll go out with me again?"

"Go, now! Please, Ethan!"

"Okay, babe, but I'll call you," he then kissed her one last time before leaving.

Casey felt immensely relieved to see Jennifer approaching. Now, he just needed to convince her to leave that nightclub immediately. That way, he could avoid another meeting with Ryan and they could talk privately. However, he soon realized he wouldn't so simple, because Claire was walking at his wife's side. It was bad. Casey wanted her to just deliver the message to his wife and then go back to do what she was doing.

"Hey, Katie," Jennifer said, who looked as embarrassed as her husband. "Claire told me you want to talk to me."

"Yeah" Casey said slowly. "I..."

"Oh, girls, I love you two so much!" Claire said, hugging Casey and Jennifer at the same time. Yes, she was *that* drunk. Casey realized that after so much alcohol, Claire was acting and talking more and more like Lily. He concluded that they probably had become friends in a nightclub.

"Thank you, dear," Jennifer said. "But Katie..."

"Yes, I know she want to talk to you, but I have to say something first."

This can't be happening, Casey thought.

"I want to say that I'm very proud of you, Katie! I really appreciate your courage."

"Umm... What are you talking about?" Jennifer asked.

"The transition..."

"What you mean?"

"Come on, Jenny! I already know that Katie wasn't born as a girl, just like you know."

Whatever Jennifer was expecting Claire to say, it wasn't that. She even spit the drink she had just sipped. Casey was shocked too.

"Y-you know?" Jennifer asked.

"Oh, sure! I'm very happy to see her showing her true self to the world. You rock, girl! You look so feminine... You even found a man tonight, and a hot one, I have to say! I am pleased to have helped you in this journey, Katie!"

"How *exactly* did you help her?" Jennifer asked slowly.

"Well, I gave her some powerful female hormones and tranquilizing pills a few weeks ago. That's been giving her body development and since she has the courage to go out in such a sexy outfit, I think it's working!"

"Are you taking female hormones?" Jennifer asked Casey.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Katie," Claire said. "I thought you had already told Jenny. Anyway, there is no reason to hide it from her, right? She's your friend too!" Claire smiled brightly, proud of herself.

Casey's body was feeling numb. He was certain that he was hallucinating. That was the only explanation. He couldn't be taking female hormones. Claire had given him flu pills! But... Now that he thought about it, he couldn't recall Claire ever saying those were flu pills. He had just assumed that because he had the flu and Claire said she "knew about his issue." Could it be true? He then thought about the way his body was mysteriously changing, and he knew the answer. He had been taking female hormones for several weeks! Worse yet, he had been taking double doses!

"Jenny..." he started to say, trying to look to his wife for any kind of understanding, some kind of comfort, thinking that all this felt like a nightmare.

"I found you... Again!" said a deep and powerful voice.

Oh, crap, Casey thought when he saw Ryan.

"I'm sorry I disappeared again," the effeminated male said. "I... I just..."

"She twisted her ankle," Claire completed the sentence. "That's why she had to sit for a moment."

"Sorry to hear that, babe," Ryan said. "Which ankle did you twist?"

"Umm... the left?" Casey said.

"Let me see it," Ryan then sat next to Casey and picked up his leg. The emasculated man mumbled that it wasn't necessary, but Ryan didn't pay attention to it. He carefully took off Casey's high heel, revealing his delicate foot, with the toenails also polished red.

"At least it isn't swollen. You'll be fine," Ryan said. "Just in case, I'll give you a massage." He began to massage Casey's foot, and the sissified man tried desperately to lower the hem of his dress so he wasn't exposing his panties. Obviously, this was a very difficult task, since the dress was really, really short. Casey was trying to avoid eye contact with his wife, who was well ahead of him.

"So, ladies, I don't think we've been introduced," Ryan said to Jennifer and Claire.

"That's true. Katie, where are your manners?" Claire said.

"I'm sorry," Casey said, confused. "It's just that..."

"Relax, girl," Claire said, laughing. "I'm just messing with you."

After the introductions, Ryan, Claire and Jennifer started talking. Casey wanted to leave this place with his wife immediately, but instead, he was just smiling nervously, submissively allowing Ryan to continue to take care of his foot. He had to admit that it wasn't so bad, after all. The massage was very pleasant, especially because he had been walking in high heels for so long...

No, he thought. *I can't let my guard down now. I have to find a way to get out of here.* While Casey's mind worked furiously, more people approached the table.

"Oh my gosh!" Lily exclaimed shrilly. "Isn't that the cutest thing ever?" she said, looking at Casey and Ryan. "You're a lucky girl, Katie. You not just have found a handsome man, but he's also a gentleman!"

"Hey, I can be a gentleman too!" said the guy who was with Lily, clearly jealous. Casey noticed that this wasn't the same guy she had kissed earlier.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm sure you can," she said, impatiently. Apparently she was already getting tired of him too. "Why don't you begin to prove it getting another drink for me?" The guy went to the bar, looking a little annoyed.

"Umm... Ryan?" Casey said.

"What's up, babe?"

"I... I think my foot is okay now."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Thank you very much."

"It was my pleasure."

Ryan helped Casey to put on his heel again. Then, Lily came over to sit next to the couple. The problem was that there wasn't much room left, but once again

Ryan was there to *save the day*. With ease, as if he were just holding a doll, he lifted Casey's body and made the feminized man sit on his lap. Casey was caught off guard and had no time to react. When he realized what was happening, it was already too late. Lily had sat in the empty seat, and he was completely stuck.

To make matters worse, Ryan took the opportunity to kiss Casey once again, in presence of everyone! It was a very deep kiss. Casey tried to pull away, but Ryan was holding him tightly. His effort just teased Ryan even more, since he



could feel Casey's ass rubbing his cock intensely. He then started to get aroused... Casey thought it was terrible! But if so, why did it feel so good?

When Ryan finally broke the kiss, Casey soon saw Lily clapping enthusiastically.

"You guys are so cute!" she said. "It seems you were made for each other. Don't you think, girls?" she asked Claire and Jennifer.

"Absolutely!" Claire exclaimed. "Such a great chemistry!"

Casey then, like everyone else, looked at Jennifer. She had a neutral expression and it was hard to tell what she was thinking or feeling.

"You two really look great together," she simply said, yet with a cryptic expression. The eyes of Casey and Jennifer met for a moment, and the panty-wearing man felt even more embarrassed. The situation was just unbelievable. He was sitting on the lap of another man, feeling his erection against his ass, while his wife was on the other side of the table, watching the whole scene.

It was much later when the group finally decided it was time to leave. Even as long as it was, Casey was still too nervous to speak, so he just smiled and nodded occasionally. Ryan's hands never moved away from Casey's body, and he also kissed the emasculated man four or five times more.

But now it's over, Casey thought, as he walked out of the club hand in hand with Ryan. The man invited Casey to go to his house, as expected, and the sissified man had to use all his feminine skills to convince Ryan to postpone it, promising that the next date would be even better, and he would be rewarded by the wait. Obviously, Jennifer was not too far away, and she saw her husband saying goodbye to Ryan as if he were a girl in love.

Taking a deep breath, Casey followed his wife to the car. She started the vehicle without saying anything, but that silence didn't last long.

"When were you planning to tell me everything?" she asked, as she turned the first corner. Casey, who had been trying to build up the courage to start a conversation, didn't understand the question.

"Tell you what?" he asked.

"That you want to be a girl for real, Katie."

"H-how... I... It's..." Casey was so wrought with emotion that he could barely get the words out. "How could you think something like that?" he finally managed to say, with a shrill voice and gesturing exasperatedly. "It's because of what happened tonight? If I remember correctly, it was you who nearly forced me to come to this stupid nightclub! And then you leave me alone with Lily, that crazy nymphomaniac! Plus, I saw you kissing another man too!"

"That's not what I mean, Katie, although you seemed to be very happy with *your man*. I'm talking about the fact that you're taking female hormones!"

"That is exactly what I wanted to discuss with you earlier but then... Well... Things went crazy..." he said, trying to avoid talking about Ryan. "I didn't know that those damn drugs were female hormones!" He then told his version of what had happened.

"Do you really expect me to believe in this nonsense? So, did you think you were taking flu pills?"

"That's the truth, Jennifer! And those tranquilizing pills... Tranquil my ass! That junk must have messed with my mind somehow! That's the only explanation for the way I've been acting lately!"

"If all this is true, it just proves that you haven't changed a bit."

"What you mean?"

"You hid from me that you were taking these pills! You were dishonest with me, as you have been all these years!"

"It wasn't important, Jennifer!"

"Oh, really? But that unimportant thing is turning you into a woman! If you had gone to the doctor at the beginning of all this, as I told you to do, none of this would have happened. But you're still the same stubborn and arrogant person you've always been."

They were silent for a moment. Casey heard a few raindrops, which soon began to wet the car windshield.

"You saw me kissing another man, right?" Jennifer asked suddenly. "It was Ethan."

Casey looked at his wife open-mouthed. Why was she saying that at this moment? Was she trying to hurt him?

"Do you see the difference between us?" Jenny asked. "I'm telling you the *truth,* even if it is hard for me. I think you deserve to know."

"I'm sorry, Jenny," he said weakly, seeing her point. "I understand now. I understand everything. It won't happen again. I'm going to be a new person."

"You have already promised me this before."

"Yeah, but this time it's for real. Do you know what I think we should do? Let's forget this Katie thing... forever."

"But..."

"Please, listen to me, Jenny. This is being bad for us! Look what we've done tonight! I don't want to talk about it anymore. I... I don't care who you kissed because I know we were out of control, and all this was *Katie's* fault. From now on, it'll be just you and me — Casey. I'm going to be a new man. I'll tell you everything, and I want to spend so much more time with you. I want to stay by your side all the time, in fact! I'll start working less and I think we should have a new honeymoon. Besides..."

"What?"

"Well, I think we should take advantage of the new honeymoon to make a baby."

Hearing this, Jennifer braked suddenly, and the car behind almost hit them. The driver of the other vehicle passed them honking and cursing through the rain, but Jennifer didn't hear any of this. She was looking at Casey as if she were seeing him for the first time.

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"Why not? It'll be fun! Also, I know that you always wanted a child."

"So, do you want to do this just for me?"

"Of course not. I want to do this for *us*. I really want to have a child with you. For a long time I believed that I needed more and more money to be happy, but now I see what is really important. And it's you... and the family that we're going to build."

"Oh, Casey, I love you so much!" Jennifer said, throwing herself in his arms.

"I love you too, Jenny."

Even dressed in a short dress and heels, and even after making out with a guy like Ryan, Casey felt like the manliest man in the world — and the happiest too.



The next day, Casey woke up with a terrible headache. When he looked at the clock beside the bed, he saw that it was already one in the afternoon. It was Sunday, and Casey was thankful he didn't have to go to work that day. Still, he had the feeling he was missing something important.

Jennifer was at his side, still asleep. Casey stared at her for a while. She looked so pretty and peaceful... He then remembered the conversation they had had at the end of the night before and he immediately felt happy. Despite everything that had happened, all that mess was over. *Katie* was gone for good.

Even so, something was still bothering him. What the hell was he forgetting? He decided to drink some water. He really was thirsty, and he thought that maybe he could be able to remember something on the way. When he reached the kitchen, he saw that the phone's display was flashing. *One new message*, it said. When the message began to play, Casey quickly recognized the voice of Grace, the hairdresser. She seemed very annoyed, and said that she had waited for Jennifer and Casey all morning, and then she had gone home. She wouldn't return to the salon until Monday.

Then, Casey remembered everything. He put his hands on his head and he felt the long extensions that were attached to his real hair. He should have gone to the salon that morning so Grace could cut all it.

"Jennifer, wake up! Wake up, now!" Casey cried desperately, entering the bedroom in a hurry.

"Umm... Casey? What's wrong, honey?" Jennifer asked, waking up startled.

He told her what had happened.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," she said. "I completely forgot that we had to go to the salon this morning."

"Me too! And what are we going to do now? Maybe we should go to Grace's house?"

"I don't think that's a good idea. She must be really pissed off now."

"So now what?"

"Maybe we should look for another salon? But it will be hard to find one open on Sunday... Are you sure you can't wait until tomorrow?"

"I have to work tomorrow, Jenny! And I can't go there with my hair like that!"

"I see..."

"We have a pair of scissors somewhere, right? You'll have to cut my hair."

"*Me?* But I'll make a mess, honey!"

"Well, it can't get any worse than it is right now. I just want it short."

"If you say so... Just let me sleep a little more, okay?"

Two hours later, Casey was sitting in the bathroom while Jennifer was finishing the work on his hair.

"So, what you think?" she asked when she was done, giving a mirror to her husband.

"It looks much better," Casey said. It was true. He no longer had a supermodel's hair. In fact, it was even shorter than it was when this whole mess with 'Katie' had begun. Still, Casey thought that he wasn't looking particularly manly. Obviously, it would be hard, since his face was hairless, his eyebrows were thin and feminine, and his hair was dyed platinum blonde.

Jennifer explained that they would need to return to the salon to solve the problem of his hair color. If she tried to dye it, she said, would look much worse. However, she assured him that it wasn't as bad as he thought. Casey was also anticipating his beard and his eyebrows growing back, since he didn't know the electrolysis performed at the salon was permanent.

Casey and Jennifer spent the rest of the day in bed, but not doing what they were used to. Casey was still unable to get hard, so they just watched movies while they fondled each other. Jennifer almost suggested getting her dildo and

letting her go down on him, but she stopped herself. She was really missing it, but she knew that Casey wouldn't be happy about it, and she wanted to respect the will of her husband, especially since he really seemed willing to be a new person. She just couldn't wait to get pregnant...



Early the next morning, the couple went to the doctor's office. The office was elegant and serene, with light colored walls and minimalist décor. They were quickly met by a middle-aged doctor who introduced himself as Dr. Carter. He had thinning gray hair, wore glasses and spoke softly.

Feeling embarrassed, Casey explained to him what had happened, and then showed him the pills he had taken. The doctor listened in silence, and then he analyzed the pills carefully. Finally, he gathered a little of Casey's blood with the help of a nurse, and performed some quick tests. He even examined Casey's body, including his penis, testicles, and *boobs*, leaving the young man mortified. After that, the doctor finally sat down again in front of the couple.

"Now I think we can talk, Mr. Anderson," he said. "But maybe we should do that privately?"

"It isn't necessary, doctor" Casey said. "We can talk in the presence of my wife."

"If you say so... First of all, I think you should see a therapist."

"Why?"

"It could help you to deal with your inner conflicts."

"I don't understand what you're talking about, doctor."

"Mr. Anderson," the doctor started, removing his glasses and smiling placidly. "You clearly need some help to better understand your gender identity. You said you took female hormones due a misunderstanding, thinking they were... Umm... Flu pills, right?"

"But that's the truth!"

"However," the doctor continued, as if he hadn't heard Casey's statement, "your appearance and mannerisms say that this issue isn't so cut and dried."

Just then, Casey realized that he was sitting with his legs crossed and his hands on his lap. *Damn it*, he thought, trying to sit *like a man*.

"And you're even wearing female underwear."

Casey blushed deeply at that. Wearing panties had become something so normal to him that only now he had realized that he had undressed in front of the doctor wearing a black thong!

"That's a long story, doctor, but my underwear has no relation with the fact that I was taking these pills."

"Perhaps you might be trying to deny the truth," the doctor said.

"You're wrong, doctor," Casey said, starting to get angry. "Just tell me if I'll be fine physically, because there is nothing wrong with my mind!"

"Very well, Mr. Anderson. You're not ready yet. This is understandable. About your physical condition, you took very powerful hormones. Very, very powerful."

"So?"



"The results that I have now are just preliminary, so I can't say anything for sure."

"But what do you think?"

"Well, I think your reproductive functions will be seriously jeopardized from now on."

"What do you exactly mean?" Casey asked, nervous.

"I don't think you will be able to get an erection without a hormone replacement process. But even so, you may need a little *extra help* for the rest of your life."

"Are you saying I'm going to need Viagra to get hard? Forever?"

"As you said, you took a very strong drug. Moreover... You probably are infertile, Mr. Anderson. I'm sorry."

Casey didn't know what to say. That was worse than he could have expected.

"I would like to once again point out that some of the changes that have already occurred in your body can be reversed with a male hormone replacement therapy. But maybe that's not the right thing for you. Maybe what happened is an opportunity for you to find your true self, Mr. Anderson."

"Opportunity my ass!" Casey shouted. "Give me the hormones I need right now!"

"I can't," the doctor said, patiently. "Those pills you took are still working on your body. The result of such mixing could be disastrous. First, I need the results of the most detailed tests. Besides that, I won't give you any drug before you figure out what you really want with the help of a therapist."

"Fine! So, I'll find another doctor! Thanks for nothing." Angrily, Casey grabbed his stuff and stormed out, his wife trailing behind him all the way back to the car.



He barely had the presence of mind to say goodbye to his wife before going to work. She asked him to take a day off so they could talk, but he insisted that it wasn't possible. The real truth was that he couldn't look at Jennifer in the eyes. He had become infertile. He was no longer able to impregnate his wife as she wanted so badly. He couldn't even get hard without help anymore.

Casey arrived at work a little late, because first he went to a store to buy some men's underwear. He couldn't help but feel weird dressing briefs after so much time. He even missed the feeling of having a thong deeply tucked in his ass... *No, I don't miss it*, he tried to convince himself. *I'm just confused right now.*

The company was unusually deserted. He found no one on the way to his office. Even the desk of Cindy, his secretary, was empty. *What the hell is going*

on? He wondered. He started walking by the company until he found a cleaning lady.

"Hey, you," he yelled. "Where is everyone?"

"Didn't you see the announcement, sir?" the woman asked, sympathetically.

"If I had seen it, I wouldn't be asking, don't you think?"

"You're right, sir," the woman said, feeling hurt. "Everyone went to the auditorium. They're holding an important meeting."

Casey walked away without even thanking the woman. When he entered the auditorium, everybody looked at him.

"Here's our man!" said Mr. Green, Casey's boss. He was on stage holding a microphone.

"Well, I'm not sure if we can call him a man," some guy said somewhere near in the crowd, making the people around laugh. Casey felt his face burning.

"Please, come here, Casey!" Mr. Green asked. Casey moved forward reluctantly, hearing other little jokes about him along the way. When he arrived at the stage, he smiled and nodded awkwardly.

"As I was saying," Mr. Green said, "Casey is going through many changes in his life after a big scare..."

"Oh, that's true," someone else said in the crowd. "He really looks like a *new person*."

Mr. Green heard that, but he didn't scold his employee. He didn't know exactly what was going on with Casey, but the truth was that he secretly liked to see him being mocked. Casey had always bullied everyone in the company, but now he was getting a taste of his own medicine. However, Mr. Green needed to continue his act.

"But despite all this," he continued, "Casey remains being an exemplary professional..."

Then, Mr. Green presented a detailed exposition of Casey's recent achievements, explaining how he had earned a record amount of money for his clients and for the company. Obviously, he wasn't doing it to please Casey — he had his own agenda.

Usually, Casey would have loved this. Nothing would have pleased him more than to listen how much he was better than everyone else. On this day, however, all he wanted was to get out there. Almost no one was paying attention to what Frank was saying. Instead, they continued to mock Casey among themselves.

When the meeting had concluded, Mr. Green called Casey aside to talk privately.

"What is the reason for all this?" Casey asked.

"Don't you like to be acclaimed?"

"I don't *need* it. Besides, I haven't done anything recently that I haven't done equal or better in the past."

"Very well, Casey. You have a point. It's impossible to fool you, isn't?"

"Yeah. So, what's your point?"

"The company's board intends to fire you, Casey... Today."

"What? Why would they do that?"

"Do you remember one of our previous conversations, Casey? The one in which I talked about this entire corporate image crap, and I also pointed out that some people on the board were just waiting for any excuse to screw you up? I told you, Casey… I told you that you had to do everything the doctor had ordered after your heart attack!"

"But I've done that!"

"No, you haven't, Casey. You didn't go to your gym last Friday."

That was true, as Casey knew very well. That was the night he and Jennifer hadn't gone to dance class because his wife was fucking his ass. Just remembering that made Casey felt sick.

"About that," Casey started, "I won't go there anymore."

"Oh, really? In this case, there's nothing that I can do to save your job."

"I don't care, Frank. I don't need this damn company. I can get a new job wherever I want. I can even work by myself. I'm sure that all the clients I brought to this firm would follow me."

"That sounds like a good plan, Casey, but it won't work. Now, I'm going to tell you what will happen. With this public staging, I'm pretty sure that I can convince the board to give you one last chance. Then, you will start to keep to the straight and narrow."

"And who will force me?"

"Let's say I found out something bad about you, Casey — something about a secret client."

"T-that's not true!"

"Oh, really? That's odd, because I have everything documented. I found out that you were using the company's resources to provide services to a non-registered client. You know that's ground for termination, right? It's all in the company's rules and regulations. And worst of all... I did some research, and found out that this man is a criminal. You already knew that, right, Casey? Analyzing your activity log, it is easy to see that you tried to mask the origin of the money from your client — a typical case of tax evasion and money

laundering. You could spend many years in jail because of it... Also, the company would certainly sue you and take everything you have."

"Why are you doing this? Why are you betraying me like this?"

"Betraying you?" Mr. Green said, starting to laugh. "We were never friends, Casey. You always made sure to point it out. However, I have to admit that you are good at your job. I don't want our company to lose money. If you don't work here, you won't work anywhere else. You'll go to jail, and I'm sure that the lonely muscle-bound guys imprisoned there will love your new look."

"I... I..." Casey had no words.

"You don't need to say anything, *sissy boy*. Just move your little ass to your office. Don't you see, Casey? You always thought you were cleverer than everyone else, but you were wrong. You made a rookie mistake. Oh, and before I forget, you will start to give me 50% of all the money you earn, including the money paid by your secret client. I'll send you my bank account later. Have a nice day."

When Casey came into his office, Cindy was already there, and she seemed annoyed.

"You!" she said pointing to Casey. "I know what you did!"

"What are you talking about?" Casey asked, still dazed with all that was going on.

"You pretended he was teaching me this job, but in fact you were stealing all my ideas!"

"Don't be stupid."

"I heard everything! Mr. Green explained in detail your recent investments, and they were all my ideas! You need to tell Mr. Green the truth!"

Casey knew she was right, but she had chosen the wrong day to challenge him. Only in that morning, he already had discovered that he was impotent and infertile, that he could go to the jail, and his boss had blackmailed him.

"Don't tell me what I have to do, your dumb, silly girl!" he shouted. "You're nothing! You don't know anything!"

"And you're a fraud!" Cindy snapped back.

"That's enough! Get out of my sight! You're fired!"

"What?"

"You heard me. Gather your junk and get out of this company. And don't even dare to ask for a letter of recommendation. In fact, I'll make you look bad to everyone in this business. If it were up to me, I'd make sure you'd have to whore yourself out to pay your bills!"

"Hello, girls! It's nice to see you again!" Olga said, welcoming Casey and Jennifer.

Yes, Casey was back to the dance studio of Miss Petrova, wearing a leotard and high heels, and acting like a girly girl. Since he had stopped taking those calming tranquilizer pills, he was once again feeling completely humiliated and embarrassed.

Jennifer had tried to talk to Casey about what the doctor had said, but the proud man asserted that he didn't want to talk about it right now. She also didn't understand why he insisted that they had to go to dance class since he had said he didn't want to go out as Katie anymore. He gruffly said he needed to continue going to that class for a while because of his job. In short, despite all his promises, Casey was quickly back to acting like the same kind of man he was before.

Miss Petrova wasn't happy with the Casey's new haircut, saying that he looked too boyish, despite the color. On the other hand, she said she was ecstatic because of what had happened at the nightclub last weekend.

"I heard you kissed a very handsome man, young lady," she said, looking at Claire and Lily, who smiled. "Good for you! Oh, looks like our little girl is growing up."

"Thank you, Miss Petrova," Casey said, hating this conversation.

"Now, no more gossip," the woman said. "Let's start our class. Tonight, we'll have some special guests, and I'm sure you will love to meet them!"

Casey felt his heart racing. Guests? That was very, very bad. Would he have to dance in front of other people? To the relief of the effeminated male, the "guests" were just some full size male dolls. They were quite realistic, though. Someone looking from a distance might even mistake them to actual people. Plus, they were brawny and were wearing only underwear. With the help of the other girls, Olga placed the male dolls in chairs so they could practice a chair dance.

"So, tonight you girls you dance for these *boys*," Olga explained. "This will prepare you all for the real action. The good thing is that you can pretend that your doll is whoever you want, and I think I already know whom Katie will be picturing in her mind during the routine." Miss Petrova smirked.

Then, the girls began to dance. At first, they just repeated the dance steps they had already learned in previous lessons. However, Olga soon started teaching them some new and more complex movements. At the end of the class, each of the girls had to perform a complete routine.

When it came Casey's turn, he was very nervous. He would be the last to perform, and all the girls had done very well. He really didn't want to

disappoint Miss Petrova, because she had the power to complicate things for him at work, and that could put him in jail.

When the music began to play, Casey approached the chair from behind, walking on his heels sensually, and moving his ass teasingly. He then spread his legs, raised his ass and started to stroke the chest of the male doll. He moved his hands down slowly, and then he stopped it exactly when his hands were close to the "guy's" crotch.

He then stood in front of the doll, crouched slowly with a finger in his mouth, and opened his legs. Casey crawled toward the doll, sat on its lap, and crossed his legs. Next, he stretched his body, snaking his arms around the doll's neck and teased kissing it.

After that, Casey, still sitting on the lap of the doll, turned his back the doll, and began to wiggle his ass over its crotch. To Casey's astonishment, he then realized that the male doll even had a cock! He could feel it against his ass, and he considered stopping the routine immediately.

No, you can't stop, he said to himself. *Just a little more and it'll be done.*

Moreover, as much as he hated it, he was starting to get horny! It was terrible, but Casey decided to use this fact to his advantage. Only this time, he would allow these feelings to dominate him again.

He started to wiggle even harder. It felt so good. The feminized man closed his eyes and bit his lower lip. It was as if Casey had forgotten that there were other people watching him...

Suddenly, the song ended. After a moment of a disturbing silence, he heard enthusiastic applause. Apparently, the girls had approved his performance. He opened his eyes and saw that Olga, Lily and Claire were beaming, while Jennifer looked very confused. But then, Casey realized that they weren't the only people present in the studio. Near the door, there was the person who Casey least expected to see at that place.

"Hello, Katie!" the woman said, getting closer. "Now that was a great show!"

"Cindy?" Casey exclaimed. "W-what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I just came to say hi and see you dancing! And I have to say that you were fantastic! Have you ever thought of becoming a professional dancer?"

"Y-you... I..." Casey thought he would lose his sanity at any time. Not even in his worst nightmares he had imagined a situation like this. How could Cindy know that he would be there? He then remembered that she was in his office when he told Frank that he was coming to this studio.

"Your presentation was so good that I *had* to shoot everything!" she said, shaking her phone.

"What? You couldn't have!"



"Don't be silly, Katie," Olga said. "Your performance was really amazing! You have no reason to be ashamed."

"Yeah," Cindy said. "And best of all, now everyone in the company will be able to see you dancing! How great is that?"

"Oh, so you two are co-workers?" Olga asked. "So lovely!"

"Please, Cindy," Casey begged. "Don't do it!"

"Stop that, Katie!" Olga snapped. "You should be proud of your performance. Now, blow a kiss to the camera and the film will be perfect!"

"I don't think that's necessary" Jennifer said, coming to her husband's rescue. "Umm... That's okay, Jenny," Casey said, looking down. "That's just a harmless joke, right?"

Casey then blew a kiss to the camera and waved as a girly girl.

"Just precious!" Cindy exclaimed. "See you, girl!" she added, leaving the studio.

"Hello?" Casey said, answering his phone the next morning.

"We need to talk," said the person on the other end of the line.

"Where?" Casey asked. He didn't even have to ask who was talking — he was already anticipating this phone call.

After writing down the address, Casey told Jennifer that he needed to go out to solve an urgent matter.

"But you have an appointment at the salon!" Jennifer said. "Grace said she could meet you this morning to dye your hair again."

"I know, but this can't wait. I'm sorry." He then left the house before his wife could ask any more questions.

Ever since last night, Jennifer had been trying to understand what was happening with her husband, but Casey had been elusive in his answers.

Casey reached his destination half an hour later. The meeting had been scheduled at a coffee shop. Most of the customers were still trying to properly wake up to face this gray day, but there was one person already very awake. In fact, she looked almost obscenely cheerful for that hour of the morning.

Casey approached the table at which that person was sitting.

"Good morning, Katie," Cindy said when Casey sat in front of her.

"Please, don't call me that," Casey asked, trying to sound polite.

"You didn't seem to care about that last night."

"It's complicated. I'm not going at that studio dance dressed as a woman because I want it."

"It's hard to believe that," Cindy said, smiling mockingly.

"What do you want, Cindy? Your job back?"

"Could you rehire me?"

"I don't think I have a choice, right? Also... you've always been a good secretary, Cindy. I very much regret what happened yesterday. I was angry at other things and... Well, you know."

"Save your excuses, girly boy. I don't my job back."

"So what?"

"You're going to tell the truth to Mr. Green. You were using my ideas in all of your recent investments, and he needs to know that."

"I can't do that!"

"In that case..."

Cindy pulled out her phone and began to play the recording she had made the night before. It was worse than Casey had expected. He had never seen a recording of him as *Katie*, and it was intensely degrading to see himself acting that way. He couldn't believe he was being blackmailed for the second time in less than twenty-four hours.

"Cindy," he started to say, "maybe we could..."

"This is not a negotiation, Katie," Cindy said, sharply. You have two options: you do what I'm asking you or the whole company will see this video."

"Okay, Cindy," Casey finally said, completely defeated. "I'll do that. Just give me some time to..."

"No. We'll talk with Mr. Green right now."

"We?"

"Yes. I'm going with you to make sure you tell him the whole truth."



At first, Mr. Green didn't believe what he was hearing. How could it be possible? Casey Anderson, the best investment analyst of the company, stealing the ideas of his secretary? It was just crazy! But then, Cindy began to explain each of the investments and why she had thought that they were good deals — something that Casey wasn't able to do.

Frank became furious. He didn't even ask Cindy to leave the room before he started to yell at Casey. For the first time, Casey accepted a rebuke in silence. He didn't even face his boss in the eyes. At the end, Mr. Green said that he would rehire Cindy, but this time as an investment analyst. And not only that — she would be responsible for half of Casey's clients.

Casey almost protested, but he quickly lost his nerve, knowing that he didn't have any plausible argument to challenge the decision. He was completely screwed.

"Who would have thought..." Mr. Green said when Cindy left the office. "The great Casey Anderson is nothing but a fraud."

"Y-you know that it's not true, Frank. I..."

"I would like you to call me Mr. Green from now on."

"Okay, Mr. Green," Casey said, almost in tears due the humiliation he was feeling. "As I was saying, you know I'm not a fraud. It's just... Well, I'm going through a troubled time. My life..."

"I don't care about your life, Casey! And yes, I know that one day you *were* good at your job. I would advise you to go back being the old you rapidly. If you earn less money, I earn less money, and I won't be happy about it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. And now I want 70% of your income."

"But, sir..."

"That's enough, Casey! You should be thankful I didn't fire you and send you to jail right now!"



In the following days, things continued to be tough for Casey. At the dance studio, they started to learn how to pole dance, and Olga seemed increasingly determined to turn him into a sexy dancer. The relationship between Jennifer and him was still troubled. They hardly talked and Jennifer was increasingly resentful. Casey knew that if he didn't do something quickly, his marriage would be over soon.

He was still unable to get an erection, and his body was still looked quite androgynous. The doctor's theory that the hormonal drugs were still working on him was correct, apparently. The next appointment would just be the following week, when the doctor would have the results of the more detailed tests.

He was still determined to find another doctor if that first one refused to prescribe him male hormones. He hadn't returned to the salon yet, since Jennifer had refused to schedule a new appointment, and he hadn't had the courage to do it himself or to get into a barbershop looking like he did.

At work, things were even worse. Casey was still anxious and insecure, completely unable to do his job. Without Cindy's help — who was doing great as a new top investment analyst of the company — he was completely lost. He desperately tried to concentrate on the financial markets, but all he could think about was his miserable situation. He even thought about taking those tranquilizer pills again, but he really didn't want to allow those impulses he was feeling to become even stronger — yes, he was still feeling those impulses related to womanhood.

Then, on Thursday, with all this happening, he made a huge mistake — the biggest mistake of his life...



A well-dressed Cindy met Jennifer at a refined bar later that afternoon. Jennifer was almost as surprised by the confident look of Cindy as she had been for the last-minute invitation. In recent days, she had tried to contact Cindy several times to find out what was happening at work with Casey, but she hadn't answered her calls.

"Hey, Jennifer," Cindy said. "I'm glad you could come."

"Well, I really need to talk to you!"

"I know, and I'm sorry for not answering your phone calls before. I had a few extremely busy days, and I wanted to talk to you personally."

"Can you tell me what's going on at the company?"

"That's what I'm here for."

Cindy told Jennifer everything that had happened in the company in recent times. Jennifer was shocked to learn about the behavior of her husband. Despite it all, she didn't think he was capable of doing all these things.

"Look, Jennifer, I'm telling you all this because I think you're a good person. You always treated me well, and I think you deserve a better man. I think you've already realized this, since you were trying to change Casey through punishment."

"How did you know about that?"

"It was very odd when Casey started to come to work looking more... feminine. One day, I heard him saying that he was attending Miss Petrova's studio. I've been there a few times, until finally I talked to Miss Petrova herself. She told me everything. Sorry if it seems a little creepy, but I had to do it."

"That's okay, Cindy. I think..." Jennifer stopped talking because her phone began to ring. "It's Casey" she said.

"Jennifer?" she heard her husband saying. "Where are you? I need to see you now!"

"What's wrong? I'm out, but I'm going home soon."

"No!" Casey shouted, sounding desperate. "You can't go there."

"Why not, Casey?"

"I'll explain everything later. Just tell me exactly where you are and I'll pick you up."

The reason for his distress was that a little earlier, Casey had found out that he had lost more than half his clients' money in a single day. Worst of all, he had lost more than 90% of the money that his mysterious and dangerous client had invested, the one who worked in shady businesses. He certainly wouldn't be satisfied with losing almost all his money.

His theory was confirmed as Casey was leaving the office. He received a call from a restricted number, and the voice on the line simply said he was a dead man.



Jennifer had barely got in the car when Casey hit the accelerator. He was driving like a lunatic, without even knowing where he was going.

"What's going on, Casey?" Jennifer asked.

"I'll tell you all you want, Jenny. But not right now — we're out of time. Just hold on until..."

"No!" Jennifer yelled. "Not this time, Casey. I want to know everything, now!"

"O-okay, Jenny," Casey said, surprised by the strong reaction of his wife.

So Casey told her all he knew. This time, he was completely honest, and didn't omit any details. He told the whole story involving his secret client, and how he had lost almost all his money. That was why, he said, that he and Jennifer needed to disappear for a while.

"Let me see if I understand you," Jennifer said, slowly. "You were aware that this man was a criminal, and yet you accepted him as a client?"

"I know now it was stupid, Jenny. But at the time I thought that was a great opportunity. There was so much money involved! I just didn't expect that..."

"You're unbelievable," Jennifer said. Casey realized that she seemed more disappointed than angry. "So, just because it involved a lot of money you thought it was worth risking your life? And my life too?"

"It was all your fault!" Casey said, losing control. "If you hadn't invented this punishment that turned me into a sissy, my confidence wouldn't have been shaken like that!"

"Oh, really?"

"I'm sorry, Jenny. I didn't mean that. It's just that this situation is driving me crazy. We shouldn't be fighting. We have to stick together now! This is our chance to start a new life, away from all this madness! Just you and me! I need to get some money." He pulled the car to a stop and started to open the door. " Get into the driver's seat, so we can leave as soon as I get back."

Casey had parked in front of an ATM. He got out in a hurry, looking in all directions, as if he expected to be attacked at any time. A short time later, he came back, furious.

"Our account is blocked! Can you believe that? This can only be Frank's fault. He probably already knows what happened and reported me to the police. I'll kill that guy! Well, I have some cash with me. That should be enough for a while. I have more at home, but it would be dangerous to go there now. I think we should run away to..."

Casey was interrupted by a loud bang. He then saw that there was a car following them closely, and the person in the passenger seat was holding a gun!

Jennifer sped up the car, trying to outwit their pursuers through the traffic. But despite her efforts, the other car was still just behind them. She went into the streets that she didn't even know, making risky maneuvers and almost crashing several times. Then, she approached an intersection. The traffic light was red, and a truck was coming at high speed on the perpendicular street.

"It's not going to work, Jenny!" Casey cried.

"It has to. It's our only chance!"

Jennifer accelerated even more, digging her fingernails on the steering wheel. It was now or never. Realizing what was about to happen, the truck driver started honking frantically, but Jennifer didn't slow down. When the truck grew before her, Jennifer closed her eyes and just waited for the impact... It didn't come. She opened her eyes again, and saw that she had succeeded. The intersection had been left behind. Best of all, behind the truck there was a huge queue of vehicles, and their chasers were stuck in traffic.

"Fantastic, Jenny!" Casey said. "You saved us. I knew you could do it!"

"Sure you did," Jennifer said, sarcastically.

"Now I think we should leave the city by the highway..."

"I'm not going anywhere with you, Casey."

"What?"

"When you called me earlier, I was talking to Cindy, and now I know that you haven't changed a bit. You're still being a despicable person who treats everyone around you like garbage. You always liked to humiliate people, but I thought this punishment could change you. I was wrong, of course. You promised me several times that you would be a new man, but you were lying. You kept hiding things from me, and you even put my life at risk because of money. You just are never going to change. You'll always be this selfish and hateful man. I don't want it anymore. I have a place to go, where I'll be safe and protected. And you're not coming with me."

"I'm your husband, Jennifer!"

"Not anymore. Our marriage is over."

"Where the hell are you going to go?"

"That's none of your business anymore."

"And... And what about me? Will you just let me die?"

"I shouldn't, Casey, because you don't deserve it, but I'll help you. I know a perfect place for you to stay."

Jennifer continued driving at high speed without saying another word. Then, Casey began to recognize that path, but this wasn't possible. Why Jennifer would be taking him there? Casey's worst fears were confirmed when Jennifer parked in front the studio of Miss Petrova.

"What are we doing here?"

"Well, you speak Russian, right?"

~❦~

"You've been a very bad girl, Katie!" Olga said when Jennifer finished telling her what had happened.

"Don't call me that," Casey said. "I'm not a girl, and I don't have to pretend that I want to be one anymore."

"You have to if you want to stay here."

"Why would I want that? I have to leave town!"

"You know what they say, Katie — the best place to hide is exactly where you are... But it will require some changes. You can't pretend that you're a girl anymore, or pretend that you're a man. I know that deep down you never were one, anyway. Now, you'll have to be a girl for real!"

"No!" Casey said, with eyes full of tears, shaking his head like a punished little child.

"Look, Katie," Olga started, serious. "It's better that you stop acting like a naughty girl. Don't think that I'm doing this because I like you — I don't. But despite everything you've done, Jennifer still wants to see you safe. I'm doing this for her. You know that's your only chance. Where else can you go?"

"Jenny, please, don't leave me here! I need you!" He begged to his wife.

Jennifer continued to cross her arms, as inflexible as before. It was hard to be sure, but it almost looked as she was having fun seeing Casey's desperation. Any remaining feelings she might still have for him appeared to have died.

"As I said before," she started, in a flat and cold voice, "I'm not going anywhere with you."

"So, what do you say, Katie?" Olga asked. "Will you accept my *generous* offer?"

Casey wondered about his situation. He had little money available, and no friends to help him. He had almost been killed that night, and these people certainly wouldn't give up so easily. He was completely screwed.

"But even if I dress like a girl, these people can find me," he said.

"I've already told you that you won't just dress in female clothes, you airhead! You'll *be* a girl! You'll think, act and behave like a female because it's what you'll be. Did you not understand me?"

"Y-yes," Casey said defeated. He knew he had no choice.

"Good. And you won't be Katie anymore. From now on, you're going to be my niece, recently arrived from Russia. Let me think about a name that suits you..."

Casey was in shock. This situation was too surreal. Now this woman expected him to pretend to be a Russian girl?

"I know!" Olga said, triumphantly. "From now on, your name is Katerina Petrova! You're nineteen years old, and you came to America because you dream about being a professional dancer, just like me, your aunt."

"I don't look like a nineteen year old girl!"

"You're right. Right now, it's possible to make you look like a twenty-two years old girl, maybe twenty-one. But don't worry. I have a plan to fix it."

Casey shuddered wondering what Olga meant by *fix it*.

"So, what's your name?" Olga asked.

"Umm... Katerina?"

"That was terrible, stupid girl! Do you really want to survive?"

"I'm sorry. My name is Katerina" Casey said, trying to sound like a nineteen year old girl. "I just arrived from Russia, and I want to be a professional dancer. Oh, I love to dance sooo much!"

"That's better, Katerina. But I want you to pay attention to the way I talk. You have to have a Russian accent, and one even stronger than mine, since you just got out of our country. You'll be allowed to speak English only at specific times, but even then, you should also speak as a proper Russian girl. Did you get it?"

"Yes," Casey said, trying to emulate Olga's accent.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, Aunt Olga?"

"Good girl."

"Can I ask something, Aunt Olga?"

"Go ahead, girl."

"How long do you think I'll have to be Katerina?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, silly. For all intents and purposes, you've always been Katerina. Isn't that right?"

"I... I guess so..." Casey said, confused.

"If so, why on earth would you want to be someone else? It would be strange, correct?"

"Y-yes, Aunt Olga."

"So, you've always been Katerina, and you'll *always be*. Don't think otherwise. It'll just confuse your pretty little head."

"Okay, Aunt Olga," Casey said, embarrassed.

"Now, I think you should thank Jennifer for helping you, Katerina."

"Yes, Aunt Olga. Thank you, Jennifer."

"Don't be rude, Katerina! Jennifer is older than you, so you should show some respect. You have so much to learn."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Olga. Thank you very much, Miss Taylor," Casey said, and immediately put his hands over his mouth in shock. He didn't know why he had called Jennifer by her maiden name. Was it his subconscious accepting the fact that he was no longer Jennifer's husband? Or was it just the result of Olga messing with his mind?

"You're welcome, Katerina," Jennifer said, smiling. "And I hope you can achieve your dream. I'm sure you'll be a great dancer. Good luck, sweetie." And saying so, Jennifer left the studio, leaving Casey alone with his new tormentor.



If Casey had thought that Olga was demanding as a teacher, it was nothing compared to her behavior as an aunt and mentor. From early morning until late in the evening, Casey didn't have even a minute of rest. Even when Olga was teaching a class, Casey had tasks to accomplish, and he knew that if he should fail to finish any of his tasks, he could be severely punished. She had even slapped his ass when she thought it was necessary! She seemed determined to erase any and all trace of masculinity from Casey, no matter what it cost.

Olga lived alone in a comfortable house not too far from her studio. Her place was extremely feminine, with many paintings, flower pots and photographs of the golden age of women, when she had been a famous dancer. The guest room, where Casey stayed, had walls painted lavender, a vanity table, a bed, a closet, a pink carpet, and some porcelain dolls on a shelf. Casey didn't like the place, of course, but he didn't dare complain.

Since the very beginning, Olga had said that Casey could speak only in Russian and didn't say how long this requirement would last. His vocabulary wasn't very big, but that wasn't an issue, since Katerina, coming from a rural area, wouldn't exactly be a cultured girl. The problem was that most of the words that Casey knew were related to the financial market, but Olga soon started to change this. She began teaching Katerina the words that a girl like her should know, starting with bra, panties, skirt, dress, high heels, makeup, dance and cock.

She also gave Casey a few fashion magazines and erotic romance books for women in Russian. Every day, Casey had to tell her what he had learned from the magazines, and had to explain why he thought those books were hot, always thinking of himself as one of the heroines of the stories. Casey wanted to die while he was telling Olga that he would love to be one of those helpless girls, always protected by strong and powerful men.

Olga also taught Casey a bit of Russian history, just enough to not arouse suspicion. It also meant that she wanted Casey to forget all the knowledge he had about the United States and his old occupation. It was impossible to achieve in just a few days, of course, but Casey followed along, and didn't talk about those kinds of things anymore because he knew the consequences could be severe.

The middle-aged woman was merciless. In a short period of time, she was able to make Casey terrified just with a look. There was always some lingering sense of guilt inside of him, so Casey never even questioned if Olga had reason to be cross with him. He just assumed it was always justified.

Under her constant observation and control, Casey couldn't help but cave in to her, becoming more conscious acting the way she told him to act, talking the

way he was told to talk and even thinking the way he was supposed to think. Over time, without him noticing it, he began to think only in Russian, and only about the subjects that Olga would approve.

She had also bought an entire wardrobe for her niece, and Casey was forced to say that he had loved everything. All the clothes were sexy and provocative: the tops were low-cut, the skirts and dresses were short and tight, and all the heels were at least 4-inches high. There wasn't even a pair of flats.

"If you want to be a professional dancer, you have to get used to wearing sky-high heels," Olga explained. "Not only that, you have to feel so comfortable wearing such shoes as if you had been born using them! And you really want to be a professional dancer, right, Katerina?"

"Yes, Aunt Olga!" Casey said, smiling and clapping, although in truth, he was hating all this. "I want it more than anything! Thank you for these wonderful shoes! They are so cute!"

"I'm glad you liked them, sweetie, because when I'm done with you, I'm sure you'll be unable to wear anything lower than one of these heels."

Casey was alarmed to hear this, but he hid it behind his new excitement mask. This was also the result of a lot of training. Olga had said to him that an exotic dancer should smile and look cheerful all the time.

"Your mission in life is to make people happy, Katerina," she had told him, "and to do that, you have to look happy, or it won't work! So I want to see a smile on your face at every moment! Don't make me to punish you!"

Once again Casey obeyed her. After a few days, he felt as if the muscles of his face had forgotten what it was like to not be smiling. Also, he always spoke and acted as if he anticipated that something fantastic was about to happen. His breath was always fast and his eyes were always shining. Casey didn't realize it, but all this was very erotic. This impish, precocious way of behaving would drive any man crazy. On top of all this, his body was becoming increasingly hot and feminine...

Since the beginning of that training, Casey had returned to taking his supercharged female hormones. Olga had managed to find the same pills that Casey had taken before, and decided to double the dose to accelerate the feminization process. After a few weeks, his body was even more unrecognizable.

His "boobs" were already B-cups, and very sensitive to touch, with big, pointed nipples. His waist was even thinner, his hips wider and his ass bigger and rounder. His skin was even softer and the features of his face were more delicate. But worst of all, as Casey knew very well, was the situation with his penis. It was very tiny, as if it belonged to a little boy. Even if he could get hard, he knew that his cock would be unable to satisfy any woman.

Then there was his hair. Early in the training, Olga had scolded Casey because the length of it. "What were you thinking when you cut your hair like this, Katerina?" she said.

"I-I'm sorry, Aunt Olga. I don't know why I did that."

"Of course you don't, you airhead! Are you some kind of tomboy?"

"N-no, Aunt Olga! I'm a girly girl, and I'm proud of it! I won't ever again cut my hair this way!"

Since Casey's hair was too short even to do extensions, Olga bought a human hair wig for him, which was also platinum blonde. She explained that Casey should use the wig all the time until his hair grew, and he should take care of it as if it were his real hair.

He also had him grow his nails, and learn how to take care of them. Olga expected him to polish his nails with a new nail polish every day, and it always had to match his makeup — yes, he was also being trained to put his own makeup and, as always, Olga wouldn't accept anything less than perfection. Plus, he was using blue contact lenses, so he could have matching blue eyes like his "aunt."

Then, there was the dance class. It was completely different from the earlier classes. Olga seemed to be possessed, requiring from Casey a superhuman effort, no matter how much physical and emotional pain he was forced to bear. The emasculated man doubted that a Marine sergeant could be more demanding.

He had to train at least four hours per day, seven days a week. Every part of his body was aching, especially his legs, because of the extreme exercises he was doing to improve his elasticity. His feet ached constantly, because of the constant use of high heels, and throughout it all, he had to keep smiling and looking happy.

Over time, Casey realized that the dance training was also changing the way his walked, making it even girlier. It was as if he was always walking to the beat of some sexy music. One night, alone in his new girly room, he tried to walk as before, but he just couldn't. It felt so unnatural, so hard to do... Casey concluded that he would need training sessions as intense as that ministered by Olga to regain his old self. Even so, he wasn't sure if he could recuperate all his old mannerisms.

As the weeks went by, Casey wondered where Jennifer might be. On that fateful night when he had turned into Katerina, she had said she had a place to go, but Casey had no idea about where it would be. He thought about asking Olga if she knew something, but he knew that was a stupid idea. His "aunt" would probably just say that "Katerina" had no reason to ask about Jennifer, since they had no connection, and then the sissified man would be punished harshly.


Москва

One day, taking advantage of a rare moment of distraction of Olga, he tried to call Jennifer, but he heard a message saying that the phone number was no longer in service. Despite having been abandoned by her, he hoped she was well.



Then, about a month from the beginning of Casey's new life, Olga informed him that they would see a plastic surgeon that week.

"Why do we need to see a plastic surgeon, Aunt Olga?" Casey asked, scared.

"Isn't that obvious, silly girl? There are certain aspects of your body that need to be improved. You want to be a pretty and desirable girl, right, Katerina?"

"Yes, Aunt Olga. But I thought I was pretty already," Casey said, pouting.

"Of course you are, doll, but to become a professional dancer, you have to look perfect. So, what do you say?"

Casey knew very well what she wanted to hear, so he decided to play along.

"You're right, Aunt Olga. I want to be, like, the prettiest girl in the world!" Casey said, clapping and jumping. Seeing that, any observer would have a hard time believing that that this "girl" was faking.

"I'm glad to know it, sweetie!"

"And what will the doctor do exactly?" Casey asked, innocently, as if he was just eager to know how great he would look. Unfortunately for him, Olga knew what his true intentions were.

"It'll be a surprise, Katerina!" she said, with cruel eyes. "You'll know only when it is done. Isn't this exciting?"

"Absolutely, Aunt Olga! I can hardly wait!"



After hearing Olga's plans for him, Casey knew he had only one thing to do — run away. If he continued staying in her house, he would likely be subjected to permanent body changes. Any hope of returning to being a man would be lost forever. He couldn't let that happen. Most importantly, he had to stop acting and thinking like a submissive girl.

With that in mind, Casey began to plan his escape. He knew he had no money because Olga had seized the little amount he had as soon as he had arrived. Nor did he have any male clothes. In any case, he knew if he wore men's clothing now that would call unnecessary attention, since he would just look like a girl wearing the clothes of her boyfriend. He would have to keep wearing

his new clothes for a while. Therefore, he only had to solve the money problem.

He could try to steal from Olga, but it would be too risky. Moreover, he had no idea where she kept her money. Maybe it was even in a bank. He then thought about his new wardrobe. Olga had bought a lot of clothes for him that seemed to be very expensive. Just when it came to shoes, he had more than twenty pair! He could certainly get some money selling the clothes.

What would he do then? Where would he go? Casey decided not to think about it for now. It was just making him nervous, and he could lose the courage to run away. He would answer all of these questions when he was free. Maybe he'd even try to find Jennifer... He still wanted to save his marriage.

He concluded that the best day to get away would be on Wednesday, when Olga was out for a few hours in the evening because she had multiple classes to teach. That way, by the time she realized what had happened, he could already be far away.



On Wednesday, Casey woke up feeling a little livelier. This was the day he would finally do something to change his situation. He would no longer be Olga's puppet. He would regain control of his life.

He entered the kitchen and greeted Olga warmly. Not even the skinny breakfast on the table shook his spirit. There was only one cup of diet yogurt and half an orange. Obviously, his "aunt" had forced him to start a strict diet, saying that "Katerina" needed to lose some weight. Casey started to eat his meal as happily as if he were eating a succulent piece of steak.

He was wearing a short pink nightie, a transparent silk robe and 4 inch pink mules. His wig was well-combed and his face was already made-up — he wasn't allowed to leave his room without makeup on his face.

While he was eating, something unexpected happened: he heard someone ringing the doorbell. During all the weeks he had lived with Olga, the woman had never received a visitor. Casey was afraid at first, thinking that this could mean bad news for him. But then, a crazy idea crossed his mind. What if Jennifer was the person at the door? Maybe she was regretting abandoning her husband. Maybe she had returned to rescue Casey from this nightmare...

"Katerina, answer the door, please," Olga said, rousing Casey from his reverie.

"Yes, Aunt Olga," Casey said, standing up immediately. He then went to the door quickly, shaking his hips on the way. He didn't even care about the fact that he was barely dressed. He held his breath and opened the door, hoping to see the face of his wife. Unfortunately, he couldn't be more wrong about who was the person who had rung the bell of the house.

"Good morning, young lady," said a tall, thin man, with dark eyes and a thick beard. He was wearing a white shirt, jeans, boots and a black jacket.

"G-good... m-morning, sir," Casey said, with extreme difficulty. At first, he thought it was happening just because of the deep disappointment he was facing. This man wasn't his wife, after all. But then, Casey realized that the problem was more serious. He was having a hard time speaking English! After so much time talking and thinking only in Russian, the words in his native language weren't popping up in his mind as easily as before. Casey didn't know it could happen, and he was very scared by it.

"Do you live here, girl?" the man asked.

"Me... I mean... I... Yes, sir. I live here," Casey tried to think in English, so his sentences could start to make sense, but he failed to do so. He was feeling a powerful sense of guilt just for trying it. This feeling was making him anxious and that was why he couldn't think straight. All this, obviously, could only be derived from that insane training taught by Olga. She had conditioned him to feel bad about speaking his own native language.

"What's your name, girl? How long have you lived here?" the man asked, severely.

Casey had no obligation to answer these questions. Who did this guy think he was? Still, his presence made Casey even more nervous and he felt compelled to not irritate the stranger.

"I Katerina," he said, with his new broken English. He was so anxious that he fell back on his training and began rolling a lock of his wig with a finger while he rubbed his smooth legs against each other. He failed to realize it, but what he was doing was very, very hot. "I from Russia. Came to live with Olga, my... my aunt. I arrive weeks ago."

"Oh really?" the man said. He didn't seem to believe in what "Katerina" was saying. "So, tell me something, Katerina? Where's Casey Anderson?"

The panty-wearing man froze at that. That man could only be one of the people who wanted to kill him.

"Who?" Casey asked, with a squeaky voice. "I... know not of... this Casey Anderson."

"That's funny," the man said, rubbing his chin. Because you really look like the person I'm looking for."

Casey couldn't believe it. He had thought that his disguise was perfect, but apparently it wasn't good enough to fool these people.

"Maybe he's your brother?" the man continued, coming even closer to Casey. "Or maybe..."

"What's going on here?" Olga asked. For the first time in his entire life, Casey was happy to see her. "Who's this man, Katerina?"

"I do not know, Aunt Olga," Casey replied in Russian, which sounded like "Ne znayu, Tetya Olga." It was remarkable how he felt so much more comfortable speaking the new language.

"What do you want, young man?" Olga asked the stranger.

"Good morning, Ma'am. My name is Tom, and I'm looking for a man called Casey Anderson."

"Well, only my niece and I live in this house. I know nothing about this Casey."

"Are you sure, Ma'am? Because I heard somewhere that he used to take dance classes at your studio."

"So what?" Olga said, defiantly. "Yes, Casey used to go to my studio. It proves that I'm hiding him? He disappeared several weeks ago. Right now, you probably know more about him than me. Why are you so eager to find him, anyway?"

"It's not me, Ma'am, but my boss. Casey and the boss have unfinished business."

"Tell your boss that he has to look elsewhere. Now if you don't mind, I can't keep talking to you forever. Have a nice day." And saying so, Olga closed the door in the man's face.

Despite everything, Casey felt grateful to Olga. She could have revealed the truth to the man, but she had decided to protect him, whatever her reasons were — even risking her own safety.

"T-thank you, Aunt Olga" Casey said.

"Yes, I saved your ass now, but I hope that this incident had taught a lesson to you, Katerina."

"What do you mean?"

"You're far from perfect, girl. This man almost found out who you once were. We can't let that happen again, or you can be a dead girl next time. Do you understand me?"

"Da, Aunt Olga," Casey said, frightened.

"Good. Thanks God we'll see the doctor this week!"

It was precisely for this reason that Casey had planned to run away, but now he wasn't so sure that this was the right option. Those men would likely follow him, waiting right outside, and if he tried to go back being a man... The only chance he had to survive was to remain as Katerina, at least for a while. That would be a terrible life, but even a terrible life was so much better than no life at all. He just hoped that the plastic surgeon wouldn't do anything so extreme.



Dr. Henry Miller was a very thin and tall man, with bony hands and a reassuring smile. He was forty-odd years old, but his hair was still completely black. Casey concluded that he likely dyed his hair. It suited him, since the doctor was clearly a man who cared about his appearance. His office was fancy and spotless, just perfect for a plastic surgeon.

He began to explain to "Katerina" the improvements he thought she needed to achieve the look she wanted, but Olga gently stopped him.

"My niece doesn't speak English very well, Henry. But don't worry, she's aware of everything you're going to do, and she can't wait to see the results." Casey knew that Olga and the doctor were old friends, though he didn't know exactly where they had met.

"Is that right, Katerina?" the surgeon asked slowly, as if he were talking to a little child.

"Yes, doc!" Casey said, excitedly, just as Olga had instructed him to do. "I want look be-auti-ful!" He had to slowly speak longer English words now to make sure he got them right.

The surgeon smiled. "You already are beautiful, Katerina," he said. "But I know I can make you look even better. Now, I just need you to sign some forms and then we can start."



When Casey woke up again, he could barely move a finger. His whole body ached terribly, and he saw that there bandages covering everything, almost as if he were a mummy.

"Oh, have you woken up?" said a smiling nurse who approached. "I'll help you to sleep again. The doctor said it's too early for you to be conscious."

Casey tried to tell her to not to do that. He needed to find out what the doctor had done as soon as possible, but he had no strength to speak a word. He was mumbling something incomprehensible when the nurse injected a drug into his veins through an IV. Seconds later, he was unconscious again.

The same process was repeated on several occasions when Casey woke. He completely lost track of time, but he knew that he was in that hospital bed for many days. He was still unable to check on what had been done to his body, but at least he was feeling less pain every time he regained consciousness.

He didn't see Olga or Dr. Miller on any of these occasions, but the smiling nurse, who finally introduced herself as Abigail, assured him that they were coming to visit "Katerina" often.

Then, one day, Casey woke up and saw his "aunt" beside his bed. She smiled when she saw him awake and began stroking his head.

"How are you feeling, sweetie?" she asked.

"I'm thirsty," Casey said, weakly, sounding like a kitten.

"That's okay. I'll get some water."

When she returned, Casey drank eagerly.

"Better now?"

"Yeah, Aunt Olga. Thank you."

"You're welcome, my dear."

"The surgery went well?" Casey asked. He still thought his voice was sounding off, but this probably was happening because he hadn't spoken for a long time, or so he figured.

"Yes, sweetheart. The surgery went perfectly. I think the doctor will discharge you tomorrow, but you'll need to rest for a few more days."

"And what did he do to me?"

"I already told you that it's a surprise, Katerina. Don't be an impatient girl! You have to see everything with your own eyes, but I'm sure you will love the results!"

Casey didn't like hearing this, but what could he do?

"Yes, Aunt Olga" he said, docilely. "You're right."



The next day, Casey was taken back to Olga's house. He was immediately ushered into to his bedroom, where he would rest. He was already tired of staying in bed all the time, but he knew he had no option. Moving hurt too much.

To help him to pass the time, Olga gave him new books and magazines in Russian. As expected, all the publications were aimed at a female audience, but still, Casey was grateful. Reading crappy magazines was far better than having nothing to do. The woman also handed him some romantic comedy DVDs like *Выкрутасы* and *Статус: Свободен*. His favorite was *Про любовь*, which he watched several times.

Casey remained in bed all week, and Olga acted as a dedicated nurse the entire time. She even called off her classes, so she could take care of Casey around the clock. As much as the feminized man hated her because of everything she had forced him to do, he had to admit that it was really kind of her. It was almost as if he really were her niece.

On Friday, Casey was feeling much better, and they returned to the Dr. Miller's office. The doctor took off his bandages, and then helped the weak young man to stand in front of a full-length mirror wearing only a pair of black panties.

"There is still some swelling here and there, and some discoloration, but I think you'll be able to get a feel about how you will look from now on. I hope you like it!"

When Casey finally saw his reflection, he had no reaction. He wasn't even shocked. His brain just couldn't process the information that he was looking at himself. It was like the girl in the mirror was another person. This wasn't a female version of him, as he had been before — oh no. Casey couldn't find any trace of his features in the girl. She was so pretty and feminine...

So, he slowly began to try and absorb the fact that he was that girl. Something inside him simply couldn't accept it, and it was like his body was revolting against reality, seizing up inside. He became so distressed that for a moment he thought he couldn't breathe. Just then, Dr. Miller began to explain everything he had done.

"Let's start with your face," he said. "As you can see, I just made a few minor changes, but when put together they make a big difference. First of all, I altered the color of your eyes. Now, you will have blue eyes forever! This is a relatively new technique, but completely harmless. Your eyes are also slightly larger and more expressive thanks to a small incision on your eyelids. This is another simple, but very effective procedure. I also modified your nose a bit, making it thinner. Then, I filled your cheekbones and lips. As you can see, they are much bigger and kissable now, just as your aunt said you wanted."

Casey heard it all, looking at his new face as if he were hypnotized. The overall effect was unbelievable. His face was completely feminine, and not only that — he was looking much younger. Casey had previously thought that this was impossible, but now he really looked like a nineteen year old girl. In addition, he also looked like a naturally born Russian.

Maybe it was because of his new light blue eyes, or because of his sharper nose, or even due to the fact that his skin was very white after so much time away from the sun, but the truth was that he didn't look like an American anymore. Even that had been taken from him.

"About your neck," Dr. Miller continued, "I shaved the little *protrusion* you had there. It wasn't so noticeable, but now your neck is much more elegant. Also, I took the opportunity to slightly alter your vocal cords, as your aunt said you had asked for. Kind of an unusual request, but now your voice will be much higher."

Casey's eyes widened at that. He wondered if this surgery was reversible or if he wouldn't be able to sound like a man ever again. He realized it was because of that damned doctor that his voice was sounding so weird in recent days.

"And that brings us the part I think you are most anxious to see... Your breasts!"

The doctor couldn't be more wrong. In fact, Casey was avoiding looking at his chest at all costs. However, he could no longer postpone it.

"Now, you're the owner of a beautiful pair of D-cup breasts!" said the doctor, clearly proud of himself. "They are some of my best work, I have to say, and I think they look exactly as you requested!"

Casey almost said he hadn't requested any of it. All of it had been Olga's idea. Fortunately, he was able to control himself, gather his courage, and then he looked at his boobs. They were huge! Much bigger than the breast forms that Casey had used in the past, and they were real! He couldn't just take them off when he wanted to. He would need another surgery for that.

As Casey stood there, stunned, the doctor explained that he had reduced Casey's waist a bit, and had enlarged his hips and ass. The overall effect was



nerve-racking. Casey was feeling like an alien in his own body. Suddenly, he began to cry, venting all the frustration and helplessness he was feeling.

"Oh, I'm glad you liked all this so much!" Dr. Miller said, thinking that Casey was crying with happiness.

"T-thank you, doctor!" Casey said, knowing that Olga wouldn't expect anything less than that kind of reaction. "I love everything!"



"You are very quiet, Katerina. Something's wrong?" Olga asked as they were returning home.

"Umm... No, Aunt Olga!" Casey said, hurriedly, still trying to come to terms with his new body. "It's just... Well... All this happened at once, so I'm still a little dizzy..." He wiped away some lingering tears. "But I'm very happy, really!" he added, before the woman got angry. "Also, thank you for all these procedures. I guess it cost a lot of money, and I am very grateful to you for having paid for all this."

"Katerina, you really are such a silly girl! It wasn't me who paid for your surgeries!"

"No? Who did, then?"

"One of your new employers, sweetie. You'll have two jobs pretty soon, so you will be able to pay it all back!"

"What jobs?" Casey asked, scared.

"Don't worry about it right now. First, you need to fully recover. But I'm sure you'll love your new occupations, Katerina! They are just perfect for a girl like you!"



After a few more days of rest, Casey was completely recovered from his surgeries, and his training was restarted. Olga was more demanding than ever, claiming that Katerina had no more time to waste.

She had arranged new legal documents for Casey, who was now officially Katerina Petrova, a nineteen year old girl from the Russian Federation. Olga said she had put his old documents in a safe place, but the emasculated man was afraid she might have destroyed them.

They went to a beauty salon, one Casey had never been to, where Casey got new extensions. Then, as requested by Olga, he had his hair dyed golden honey blonde. She said a Russian girl with platinum blonde hair was too cliché, and this new color would suit Katerina wonderfully.

Olga also got in the habit of taking her "niece" out shopping often, and Casey always returned home with a bunch of shopping bags full of expensive clothes. Olga repeated several times that Casey didn't need to worry about the prices because everything was being paid by his "sponsor." Casey, however, was still worried, since he would have to pay it back, and he didn't even know who this person was.

Despite this, Casey's biggest concern was still his new body. Everything felt so wrong... His large boobs were always swinging, no matter how much he tried to stop it; he always got surprised when he looked at the reflection of his new face, having a hard time believing that he was that pretty girl now; and when he sat down, he always had the feeling that he was sitting on a pillow.

But worst of all, what was really killing him in shame, was what happened in his bedroom late at night. As much as Casey hated what had happened to him, his new body was too hot to be ignored. Every night, Casey played with his boobs as he stroked his soft body. The big boobs were so sensitive... It felt so good... He had already given up trying to make his dick hard. It was completely useless now, and Casey felt nothing touching it. At first, just playing with his boobs was enough to satisfy Casey, but then he began to fantasize that someone else — invariably a strong man with big hands, as the heroes of the books that Olga was forcing him to read — was doing it for him.

By the end, he was always consumed by remorse, and promised to himself that he wouldn't do this anymore. But his promise was always broken the very next night.



On Monday, Casey awoke feeling nervous. Olga had told him that this would be his first day of work, and he didn't even know what his new occupation was. When he got out of the bathroom, Olga gave him his outfit for the day. First, there was a set of red lingerie. Despite the intense training the last few days, Casey still needed help to attach his bra because of his giant boobs. He didn't know if he'd ever get used to having them.

Next, Olga gave him a women's business suit, and Casey felt a little relieved. Apparently, he would work in an office, which was much better than what he had expected. The suit was dark pink and very beautiful. However, when Casey put it on, he realized that the top was low-cut, and the skirt was very short and tight. He carefully brought that up to Olga.

"Oh, I see you point," the middle-aged woman said. "Yes, it's a little short. The problem is that you weren't with me when I bought this suit. But don't worry, sweetie. Even so, you look incredible!"

"But..."

"No buts, girl! We haven't much time!"

He then put on a pair of 4 inch black peep toe heels, a delicate watch and some jewelry. After that, he sat at his vanity, combed his hair and put makeup on his face. Finally, Olga gave him an elegant purse and he was ready for work.

Olga gave him a ride, during which Casey struggled with the hem of his skirt. It was so damn short! Casey felt extremely exposed, especially because he was apparently going into an office. Realizing what was happening, Olga ordered him to stop fiddling immediately.

"You have no reason to be ashamed, Katerina. You are a beautiful young woman and I'm sure that everyone will love you. Now sit straight and cross your legs like a proper lady."

A proper lady wouldn't be dressing in a skirt like this one, Casey thought, but said nothing.

Casey checked his makeup more than ten times on the way. He didn't know exactly why he was doing it — perhaps because he had been conditioned by training, or perhaps because he was anxious. However, he was so distracted by this task that he didn't see where Olga was going. He only realized where he was when she stopped the car.

"Aunt Olga, what are we doing here?" Casey asked, terrified.

"Here is where you will work, my dear! Now, let's go. Your new boss is waiting for you."

Casey was totally desperate. He thought of telling Olga he wasn't going, and even thought of trying to escape, but he was too shocked to do anything. It was easy for Olga to drag him into the building — the same building where Casey had worked for many years as an investment analyst.

To Casey's astonishment, Olga dragged him to the same floor where he used to work, and then to his old office! But his name wasn't written on the door anymore. There was another one, and when Casey read it, he almost passed out. That very same person was sitting at his old desk, and Casey concluded that this could only be a nightmare. There was Cindy, his former secretary.

"Good morning, Miss Petrova. Please, sit down. Would you like to drink something?" Cindy said, smiling. "I guess this lovely young woman is Katerina, your niece."

"I'm okay, Cindy," Olga said sitting while Casey remained standing. "And that's right. This is Katerina, and she's very happy for the opportunity to work as your secretary. I'm sure she will be a very dedicated employee. Isn't that right, Katerina?"

"Y-yes, Aunt Olga" Casey said, incredulously. Was that bitch really expecting him to work as Cindy's secretary?

"That's good," Olga continued. "Cindy agreed to hire you as a personal favor to me. She's my friend, you know. I assured her that you can be a good employee. Therefore, if you fail, you will leave me in a bad situation with her."

"It... It will not happen, Aunt Olga. I am very grateful for opportunity, Cindy," he said with his broken English.

"I would like you to call me Mrs. Taylor," Cindy said.

"Of course, Mrs. Taylor" Casey said, hastily. "I'm sorry."

After that, Olga and Cindy talked a little before saying goodbye. Then, Casey's "aunt" left the office, and Cindy asked "Katerina" to sit down. Still smiling, she kept looking at her new secretary for a while. Casey just didn't know what to do. That silence was very uncomfortable, and he was looking down, once again trying to lower the hem of his mini skirt.

"You're a very pretty girl, Katerina," Cindy said, finally.

"T-thank you, Mrs. Taylor."

"I'm sure that the guys can't tear their eyes off of you!"

"I... I do not know..." Casey said blushing. "I think... Well... I think some men sometimes like to look at me."

"Of course they like to. And you know what? If Olga hadn't sent me several photos of your transformation I wouldn't believe that this is really you... Casey."

"You... You know, Cindy!" Casey exclaimed, with a squeaky voice.

"What did you call me?"

"I am sorry, Mrs. Taylor."

"That's better, girl. And of course I know you were Casey. That's amazing! Such a great transformation! Who would have thought that the great Casey Anderson would return to this office wearing mini skirt and high heels, and with a rack that could make a porn star jealous? Tell me something, Casey. Do you still having a dick?"

Casey was further flushed to hear such a question.

"I... I am sorry, Mrs. Taylor, but... Maybe..." Casey got annoyed because he couldn't remember the right words in English fast enough. "I don't think that a matter to be... How to say... speaking in *vorkplace*."

"That's right, girl. But from what I remember, the old Casey never bothers to maintain a healthy working environment, or a *vorkplace*, as you said. That's so cute! You can't even speak English properly anymore! Now answer my question or I'll fire you!"

"No, Mrs. Taylor! I need this job! Okay... I still having penis, but..."

"But what?"



"Is very tiny now." Casey couldn't believe that he had just said that. He had no words to explain how humiliated he felt.

"Oh, really?" Cindy laughed. "But that's a good thing, right? I mean, why would a girl like you would need a dick? I'm sure you're eager to have your own pussy! Now, enough talk. You have a lot of work to do. You can start by... bringing me some coffee."



Casey soon realized that the life of a secretary wasn't as easy as he had thought. Obviously, in his case, it was even worse, since his boss wanted to get back at him. He didn't have a single moment of relief during the whole day.

In addition to fetching coffee several times, he had to deliver reports to other people, answer the phone, and write down Cindy's appointments. On top of that, he had to type up all memos dictated by his boss. This last task was the worst of all. Cindy spoke very quickly and he just couldn't type at the same pace, especially because his ability to speak and write in English was seriously compromised.

"C'mon, Katerina!" Cindy snapped, after Casey asked her to repeat the same phrase for the third time. "You can't be *that* dumb!"

"I am sorry, Mrs. Taylor," Casey said with eyes full of tears. "I really trying hard, but..."

"I know it's not easy for a bimbo like you, but you need to try harder! Don't force me to fire you!"

Casey couldn't believe this was happening. He, who had always been a tough guy, was almost crying in front of Cindy. He wasn't tough anymore, and much less a man. A real man wouldn't be dressed like this, and wouldn't have boobs!

Also, Casey had always been proud of his intellect. He had always been the smartest guy around. Now, however, he seemed a little slow even for a secretary! Olga's training, besides all the stress that this situation was putting him under, made him unable to perform any mental tasks properly. Cindy was right. Under those circumstances, he was just a bimbo girl!

Shortly before lunchtime, Cindy asked him to go to the copy machine to make some copies of a document. Casey said he was going immediately, although such a task had made him very nervous.

All morning long, he had felt mortified every time he had been forced to walk through the office. On all previous occasions, everyone had stopped what they were doing to watch the "new girl" parading around. The men had coveted him as if he were just a piece of meat, while women looked at him with some contempt, thinking that "she" was just a slut. Some guys had even tried to start a conversation with Casey, which made him even more distressed. Casey knew

these men. Previously, he had been respected and feared by all of them! But now, they were treating him like some silly girl they wanted to take to bed.

Despite all this, Casey knew he had no option. He then took the document from Cindy's hand and left his old office, heading toward the copy machine, with his legs trembling on his high heels.

When he reached his destination, he saw that no one was there. That was good. He decided to finish his task as soon as possible so he could return to his desk. He placed the document on the copy machine and looked at the panel. There were lots of buttons, and Casey realized he had no idea of what to do next.

"Oh, crap," he swore under his breath. Casey had never used the machine before. This was a work for secretaries, after all. *Exactly what I am now*, he thought sadly.

Casey began to sweat, and his heart was racing. Why did this damn machine have so many buttons? He just wanted to take a few copies, not start a space mission! Desperate to get out of there, Casey pressed one of the buttons. Nothing happened. He then pressed another one and the machine began to beep stridently!

"Why are you doing this to me?" Casey asked the machine, convinced that even it had taken the day to mock him.

Now the situation was truly critical. That infernal noise certainly would draw attention of other people. He began to push a lot of buttons with his manicured finger without even thinking about what he was doing. Such action led to a result, but not exactly what Casey was hoping for. The machine began to spit out blank pages for a compartment at the other end! In a somewhat questionable effort, Casey threw himself over the machine to try to stop it from going out of control.

There he was, with his body thrown over the machine, just the tip of his right foot touching the ground, his other foot in the air, his long legs completely exposed, and his big ass sticking out. That was the scene that the man who happened to come around the corner saw, and he couldn't help himself.

"Looks like someone is in trouble," he said, jovially.

That almost scared Casey to death. He jumped and even squealed.

"I'm sorry," the man said. "I didn't want to freak you out."

"T-that okay, sir," Casey said. "I just..." He then turned around and saw who this man was. "Mr. Green?" he exclaimed.

"Have we already met?" Mr. Green asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I do not think so, sir. I am the new secretary of Mrs. Taylor."

"So how did you know who I am?"

Casey cursed himself for blurting out Mr. Green's name. How could he be so stupid? *Think fast, Casey. Think fast!* He said to himself.

"Hmm... It's because Mrs. Taylor told me how you look, sir, and... You're as handsome as the description she gave me."

What? Was that the better excuse he could come up with? He really needed to say that his former boss was *handsome*? No wonder people were thinking he was some kind of a bimbo.

"That's nice to know, girl" Frank said, smiling and coming closer. "What's your name?"

"I Katerina, sir."

"And where are you from?"

"Russia, sir. I just get America, and Mrs. Taylor decided give me a chance. She a friend of my aunt."

"That's great, Katerina," Frank said, looking at Casey's boobs without any embarrassment. "I can see a great future for you in the company."

"Really, sir?" Casey said, sounding like an excited cheerleader. What else could he do? Now he had to keep playing the game.

"Oh, yes. And I don't understand why Cindy got the best secretary," he said, though it was clear he wasn't interested in the professional skills of the *new girl*. "I may have to give you a shot myself. Would you like to be my secretary?"

"That could be, like, fantastic, sir," Casey said, increasingly uncomfortable with that conversation. "But would not be fair to Mrs. Taylor, da?" he asked, pouting.

"Don't worry about Cindy. I'm her boss, after all!"

Casey chuckled foolishly while he thought about how to escape from this situation. He then realized that the copy machine was still throwing blank pages everywhere.

"Um, sir, should we not do something about that?" he said, pointing to the machine.

"What? Oh, yes!" Frank then approached the machine, pressed a single button and the problem was solved. *So simple*, Casey thought. *Why couldn't I do that?*

That seemed to give Frank an idea. He looked at the machine, then at "Katerina," and smirked.

"Come here, my dear."

"Why, sir?"

"I'll teach you how to operate this machine. I can show you, it's pretty easy."

"O-okay."

The sissified man approached the machine as requested.



"This is the document you want make copies of, right?" Frank asked.

"Da."

"Good," Frank then showed "Katerina" exactly where "she" should position the paper. Then, he stood just behind her.

"W-what you doing, sir?"

"Relax, girl. Now give me your hand. You have to press that button first, you see?"

"Y-yes" Casey gasped, feeling Frank's body against his.

"Now you have to specify how many copies of the document you want," Frank whispered into Casey's ear, making him feel a chill. "Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes, sir," Casey replied with rapid breathing. With Frank's help, he entered the number of copies he wanted.

"Now, you just have to push that big button and the machine will make the copies."

"Oh, yes! The *big* button!" Casey said, completely unable to stop himself from saying these things.

The machine then began making the copies, and Casey started picking up one by one with his hands shaking. However, Frank was still firmly attached to his butt. Then, when the process was almost over, someone else arrived at the copy machine.

"What the hell are you doing, Katerina?" Cindy yelled.

"Mrs. Taylor?" Casey cried. He got so frightened that he threw up all the copies that he was holding. "I sorry. I just was..." Casey quickly bent down to pick up the papers he had dropped. But he didn't do it like a proper lady would have by bending the knees. Instead, he reached down with his legs straight, and, since his skirt was so short, he exposed his red thong to Frank, who was just behind him.

"Katerina, where's your modesty?" Cindy scolded.

When Casey realized what was happening, he stood up quickly, losing balance in his high heels and dropping the papers again. Even he would have thought that the scene was quite comical if he was not so distressed.

"I got you," Frank said holding Casey before he fell to the ground.

"T-thank you, sir," Casey said.

"Mr. Green, I apologize for the behavior of my secretary," Cindy said. "Her aunt begged me to give an opportunity for her, but I didn't know she was *that kind* of girl. I'm going to fire her immediately."

"Oh, I don't think that's necessary," Frank said, in a relaxed manner, with a silly smile on his face. "I don't think Katerina has misbehaved," he continued. "It was me who volunteered to help her. She bears no blame at all."

"Are you sure, Mr. Green?" Cindy said. "Because I..."

"Yes, I'm sure, Cindy" he said, firmly. "She's just nervous about the new job. She even told me she just arrived in this country. Heaven help her! You have to be sympathetic to her. Her aunt is your friend, right?"

"Yes, Mr. Green."

"So, that's it. In fact... I also want to help her. When she has some spare time, send her to my office. I can teach her a thing or two."

"But, sir..."

"Do we understand each other, Cindy?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Green."

"Good." And saying that, Frank walked away, but not before smiling at "Katerina" one last time.



When Casey arrived at Olga's house early that evening, he was completely exhausted. He had to find his own way home from the office, because Olga had said she couldn't babysit him all the time. Since he didn't have a car or enough money to take a taxi, he had to take a bus, and that was a terrible experience. All men inside, from the driver to a grandpa sitting at the back of the vehicle, took a time to lust after "her." Why did all the men have to be such pigs? He then remembered that he had been just like those guys, and he even allowed himself to smile for a moment.

He then sat down on one of the bus seats, trying to avoid the stares around him, and thought back about his day. The afternoon had been even worse than the morning. After the incident involving Mr. Green, Cindy started to use it to humiliate Casey even further. She said that "Katerina" was the kind of dumb and slutty girl who needed to seduce men in order to survive.

"But that's what you want, isn't it, girl?" she said. "You want to be Frank's little whore. You pretended to be a manly man for so long, when in fact you just wanted to be a naughty girl, parading around in your provocative outfits. I'm sure that you are fulfilling your deepest dream, Katerina. Isn't that true?"

When Olga saw Casey at home, she asked him how his day had been at work. Casey lied and said that everything had been fine, and Cindy, although very demanding, had helped him a lot.

"That's good to know," the woman said. "But we don't have time to talk more about it right now. You have to get ready."

"For what, Aunt Olga?" he asked, happy for being able to speak in Russian again.

"Your second job, silly girl."

"Am I going to start tonight?" Casey asked, afflicted. "But, Aunt Olga, I'm so tired!"

"Don't be such a lazy girl, Katerina! Yes, you have to start on your second job tonight. And it's better to you to get used to this routine — you'll have to do it every day. Also, remember that your second employer is the person who paid for all your procedures. You have to be perfect."

"What will I have to do at this job?"

"Well, what have you been training for, so intensely?"

Casey's eyes grew wide when he understood what Olga meant. "Are you saying that I'm going to... dance?" he asked.

"That's right, sweetheart. Tonight you will start your career as a dancer."

"And will I have to dance in front of people?"

"That's what dancers do, sweetie."

"I... I don't think that I'm ready, Aunt Olga!"

"Nonsense, girl. Of course you're ready. You had the best teacher of all, remember? Now, let's get you properly dressed."



On the other side of town, just one hour later, Casey entered a nightclub the other side of the town with his "aunt." He was wearing a pink sleeveless top, a black miniskirt, and 4 inch gladiator heels. The place was large, with dark walls and many light cannons. There were several tables scattered around the lounge, and a bar in the corner. The stage was in the center, and there was a chrome metal pole. Casey shuddered at the thought that soon he would be dancing there.

The nightclub wasn't full of people yet, but the effeminated male knew that the place would be crowded with men eager to see hot girls dancing later. *I can't believe I'm really going to do this*, he thought as he walked next to Olga. *How could I allow this madness to go so far?*

They approached a table where a man was sitting alone. There was a shot of vodka on the table and he was reading some papers.

"Dmitri?" Olga said.

The man raised his head slowly. When he saw Olga, his serious face relaxed a little, but he didn't smile.

"Hello, Olga," he said with a deep, gravelly voice. Casey took a moment to realize that the man had spoken in Russian. Could he be from the same country as Olga? He looked like a typical, almost stereotypical, Russian. It made Casey even more anxious. What if this man realized that he was a fraud? Could he fool a native Russian?

"It's been a while since the last time you were here," he continued. "There are lots of customers who still miss you."

"I'm flattered to hear that, my friend, but you know I'm not thinking about a comeback. I came here to bring fresh meat to you."

"So, this is your niece," Dmitri said, looking at Casey for the first time.

"Yes. Her name is Katerina, and she's very eager to start. Katerina, this is Dmitri Ivanov, the owner of this club."

"N-nice to meet you, Mr. Ivanov," Casey said, stepping forward. He took the opportunity to look closely at the man before him. Dmitri was the manliest man that Casey had ever seen. His face had hard features, with a strong chin, thin lips that seemed unable to crack a smile, and cold blue eyes. He appeared to be forty-something. His blonde, short hair was starting to get gray, and he had a few wrinkles on his face. Yet, his body was still in excellent shape. Even though he was wearing a long-sleeved dress shirt, Casey could see that his arms were extremely brawny, as well as his chest. In fact, wearing such a shirt, he looked like a wild animal caged. He was at least three times Casey's weight, and, despite the fact that he was sitting, the panty-wearing man could assume that he was much taller than him.

Dmitri didn't answer "Katerina." Instead, he took a long sip of his drink and lit a cigarette. "Turn around so I can see you, girl," he said, finally.

Casey did as requested. As he turned, he could almost feel Dmitri's cold eyes evaluating his whole body. He felt very submissive, and, to his disbelief, he didn't feel completely bad about it. This situation was kind of thrilling. Dmitri seemed to be a man so strong and powerful, while he was so fragile and feminine...

Forget it, Casey said to himself when he faced the Russian man again. Dmitri had an impassive expression. It was impossible to guess if he liked what he had seen.

"She's pretty," he said after a while. "And I can see that the doctor did a good job on her body. Does she know how to dance?" he asked Olga. Casey realized he was being completely ignored, as if he were an inanimate object.

"Of course she knows," Olga said, a little insulted. "I'm her teacher!"

"That's good. Are you ready to start tonight, girl?" he asked, addressing Casey for the first time.

The emasculated man almost fell faint at the question. Dmitri had a penetrating and intimidating gaze. It was almost as if those cold and cruel eyes could see inside people's souls.

"Y-yes, sir," Casey said, shaking from head to toe. "I'm a little nervous, but I can handle that. I was very well trained by my aunt."

Dmitri once again was silent, and stayed silent, looking at Casey piercingly.

"Okay," he said. "I usually don't allow the new girls to start before I evaluate them, but I'll make an exception. Olga said that you're ready, and I trust her judgment. Also, you're Russian, and our country has the best dancers."

Casey sighed in relief. If that man had believed he was a Russian girl, he could fool anyone. However, it also made him worried. Would he be able to return to being an American man someday?

Dmitri then snapped his fingers, and immediately a waitress appeared at his side. "Take this girl to Scarlett. Tell her that she's the new dancer," he said in English, with a heavy accent.

"Yes sir," the waitress said.

"One more thing. Make sure that she gets a shot of vodka before the show. It'll help her to relax."

Casey was then taken backstage, where there was a dressing room. The situation was somewhat chaotic, with many dancers changing clothes, and others sitting in front of mirrors while someone was combing their hair and putting makeup on their faces.

All the girls noticed "Katerina's" arrival, and they looked over the new girl at length. Casey realized that many of them appeared to be envious of his body, and that was pretty weird. He had never imagined that one day he would be seen by women as a rival — a threat.

The waitress escorting Casey approached a woman who was bossing everybody around. She was tall, thirty-something years old, had dark blond hair, green eyes and a birthmark just above her lips. Casey then overheard that her name was Scarlett, and was a kind of artistic director of the nightclub. The waitress then told Scarlett everything that Mr. Ivanov had ordered, and left the dressing room.

"So, you're the new girl, huh? Let me see you!" She raised Casey's face with her hand and looked at it carefully. "Pretty face. That's good. How old are you?"

"Nineteen, miss."

"You sure? With such a face, I would assume that you were only seventeen or something."

"Nyet!" Casey said, distressed. "I am nineteen. I have papers!"

"I was just teasing you, girl. And I love your accent. I had forgotten that Mr. Ivanov had said you were a Russian girl. And your body... So sexy! If you really know how to dance, the customers will go crazy for you! An angelic face and a killer body... I think I know a perfect costume for your debut. Yes, it'll be perfect! Leah, Beth, I need some help here!"

Before Casey realized what was happening, Scarlett and two young women began to undress him. Everything happened quickly, and pretty soon he was wearing only his undies. Then, the women began to measure his body. At the same time, Natasha started to explain to him what was expected of him.

"Since this is your first night here, you'll be the third girl to go on stage. The club won't be completely crowded yet, so you won't feel so pressured. If you do well, you can get a more prominent position in the future. You'll have about fifteen minutes to perform, so you don't need to take off your clothes hastily. Interact with your audience and enjoy the moment."

"Wait a minute!" Casey cried, as the women continued to do their job. "I have to take clothes off?"

"Of course, silly! What do you think you came here to do? Recite poetry? I might be wrong, but I think that public speaking is not your thing!" Natasha said, and the other two women laughed.

Stupid bitch, Casey thought. She had no idea that he had been a great public speaker in the past. He had had the power to convince some of the richest men in the world to do what he deemed right.

"But I have to get naked?" he asked.

"Oh, no! Not in this nightclub! Our customers value sensuality more than vulgarity. You'll have to take off all your clothes, but you'll be using a c-string to cover your *modesty*."

Casey didn't know what the hell a c-string was, but he was glad he wouldn't have to get completely naked. Otherwise, everyone would see that he was a girl who kept a *small secret*. However, he again became desperate when he saw the strange little thing that would cover his dick.

"That's it?" he said, holding the c-string. It was just a tiny strip of fabric with a metal wire support, in the shape of a "C". Natasha explained that the back side would be "embedded" in his ass, while the front side will be fixed with some adhesive.

Casey was shocked to learn that this fragile material would be the only thing that would protect him from the ultimate humiliation that a man could suffer in life. He was so astonished that he only realized that the women helping him had taken off his bra when he felt his nipples getting hard because of the cold air.

"Oh, you have fantastic breasts!" Leah said, casually, touching his boobs as if he were just a mannequin or something.

"T-thank you," Casey gasped, while his nipples were getting even harder due the attention. Those damn boobs seemed to be even more sensitive than his dick — back when it still worked. In the meantime, Beth was already putting her hands on Casey's panties to take them off.

"Wait, please!" Casey begged.

"What's wrong now, Katerina?" Scarlett said, impatiently. "We're running out of time!"

"Please, let me put this thing on by myself!"

"You know what? You might be too shy for someone who wants to be an exotic dancer!"

"It is because this is my first night! Please, miss!" he pouted. He thought it would be much easier to convince her if she were a man. Still, to his surprise, Scarlett agreed with him.

"Okay," she said. "There's a bathroom back there. Here's the adhesive. You have five minutes!"

After thanking her, Casey went to the ladies' room with his big boobs swinging all the way. When he got inside, he quickly removed his thong. Then, he started the arduous process of fitting the c-string onto his body, first in the back. He poked the thin strip deep between his butt cheeks, and it just disappeared there. Then, he held his dick in the cavity of his body and covered it with the c-string. For the first time, he was happy that his dick was now ridiculously tiny — otherwise, the c-string would never be able to cover it. Still, he used lots of adhesive to make sure that his secret was safe.

Although he was feeling relieved that the c-string had worked, Casey was deeply disturbed when he looked down. The illusion was *too* perfect. Even he was having difficulty believing that there really was a penis beneath that tiny piece of black fabric. He then wondered how it would be to have a warm, deep pussy between his legs instead of his useless little thing. That thought made him so horny that his legs became wobbly and he almost fell. *I don't want to have a pussy!* He said to himself, angry. He then left the bathroom trying to forget his stupid idea.

"It's about time!" Scarlett said when he returned. "Let me see your crotch. Yeah, it looks like you did it right. Now let's get you dressed. The show has already begun. Girls, did you find the costume that I asked for?"

"Yes," Leah said, smiling. "I think she'll look great in it!"

Once again, Casey was treated as if he were just a fashion doll. Women began to dress him, and all he had to do was to raise his legs or stretch his arms. First, they dressed him with a sexy set of white lingerie. Just like the c-string, the

thong disappeared between the cheeks of his ass, and the bra was so small that it could barely support his big boobs. Then, it was time for a pair of white stay-up stockings, which reached the middle of his thighs. Next, he was dressed in a white knot-front top. The garment had clearly been designed to only cover the boobs, but not boobs as large as Casey's! When Beth finished tying it, Casey saw that his new breasts were almost fully on display. Then, Leah made him dress in a ridiculously short pleated skirt. It was predominantly red, with white, green and black details, and didn't even completely cover his ass. To finish the look, he put on a pair of 5-inch white platform heels.

Casey then was taken to a hairdressing chair. The women started to put makeup on his face and comb his hair. In the end, Casey's makeup was done very dramatically, with red and wet lips, blush, long false eyelashes and bright dark eye shadow. His long hair had been held in pigtails by red ribbons tied into a loop.

When Casey saw his reflection in a full-length mirror, he realized what his costume was. He was dressed as a naughty schoolgirl! He was forced to admit that he looked stunning. The contrast between his innocent face, with his hair in pigtails, and his hot body had been further accentuated by the outfit, just as Scarlett had predicted. He was every man's wet dream.

Suddenly, Casey felt an anguish that he had never experienced before. "I... I c-can't do it," he stammered.

"Don't be silly, girl," Scarlett said sharply. "All the girls get nervous on the first night."

"No! You not understanding me!" Casey shook his head wildly. "I not who you..."

"Mr. Ivanov was right." Scarlett poured a shot of vodka into Casey's mouth. "Shut up and drink it!" The sissified man had a coughing fit when the drink slid down his throat, burning all the way. He hadn't had a drink for a long time, and not in this new, tiny body, so he immediately got a little dizzy.

"Better now?" Scarlett asked.

"I... I d-don't..."

"Take another shot," the woman said making Casey swallow some more vodka. "You're Russian, so I think you should be fine. Are you ready?"

"Give me one more." The words came out of Casey's mouth before he could stop himself. He was getting drunk quickly and was no longer thinking straight.

"Very well." After giving Casey the last shot, Scarlett dragged him to the door that led to the stage. You'll be called at any time. Take this. I think it will match your costume." She then gave Casey a small lollipop.

"Um...Thank you?" Casey said holding the candy, with his hands trembling.

"Don't worry, Katerina. You'll do fine. Otherwise, I'll have to kill you, of course!" she looked seriously at Casey for a moment, but then she started laughing. Not knowing how to react, he laughed too.

Then, he heard a voice coming from the stage. *Now, please welcome our debutante of the night — directly from Russia, the niece of the legendary Olga Petrova, Miss Katerina Petrova!*

"That's your cue," Scarlett said. "Go!"

She then pushed Casey up the stairs, toward the stage. *I'm actually going to do that!* Casey thought. *I can't believe it!*

As soon as Casey arrived at the center of the stage, he heard a big round of applause. There were many spotlights focusing on him, so he couldn't see the audience very well, but he concluded that there were at least fifty people.

The feminized man blew a kiss to the audience to thank them for the applause, and stepped forward, approaching the pole. He was really relieved to have drunk those shots of vodka. Otherwise, he surely would have passed out from fright by then. Suddenly, sensual music began to play, and Casey knew what to do — it was show time.

He took a few slow steps across the stage, acting like a shy schoolgirl. Then, he laid a finger on the pole, and looked at the audience teasingly, as if he was asking if that was what they wanted him to do.

Go on, girl!

You know you want to do that!

Grab it like the naughty girl that you are!

Those were some of the excited screams coming from the audience. The effeminated male then did what they wanted. First, he stroked the pole slowly, making from top to bottom movements, and then grabbed it firmly. Turning his back to the audience, he spread his legs and lowered his back slowly, keeping his butt raised. The men cheered with even more enthusiasm when "Katerina's" ass was completely exposed.

Next, Casey looked at the audience again, as he rubbed his ass against the pole. He lifted the lollipop he was holding so everyone could see it. Then, he started licking it slowly. He only touched it with the tip of his tongue at first. But after being encouraged by the audience, he began to do circular movements with his tongue in the lollipop. Finally, he put it into his mouth and began to suck, while he was rubbing his entire body with his other hand. The audience went crazy.

Probably because of the alcohol affecting his brain, Casey realized that he wasn't feeling embarrassed and nervous at all. In fact, he was getting more and more excited by the situation. He loved to stroke his body, especially his boobs, with nipples that were as hard as a rock; he was loving rubbing his ass against

the pole, as if it was a cock about to fuck him; and, above all, he was loving all the attention he was getting. It was hard to explain, but Casey felt powerful for the first time in a long while.

Completely intoxicated by the feeling, he began to put even more energy in his performance. He started rubbing his boobs intensity, and blurted out a groan. Next, he took the lollipop from his mouth and began to rub it gently below his neck. Then, he "accidentally" dropped it between his boobs. He looked at the audience with a surprised look, with his mouth opened in the shape of O and one of his hands over it.

Casey began to untie his top, as carefully as if he were working on the restoration of an old piece of art. But suddenly, just when the music got stronger, Casey opened it at once, revealing his lace bra. He tried to pick out the lollipop inside it, but he purposely failed. He then pouted and looked at the audience with a sad expression.

I think she needs some help! Someone yelled from the crowd, and Casey nodded. He approached the audience and a lot of guys started shouting *pick me, pick me!* Casey, however, pointed to a shy man who was at a nearby table. He was chubby, bald and middle-aged. The guy swallowed and blushed, and then looked around and pointed to himself, as if he doubted that a so hot woman was really was looking at him. Casey pointed at him again, smiling and curling a beckoning finger.

The man seemed to be frozen, completely unable to move. However, the other guys who were sitting at the same table raised him up and pushed him toward the stage. When the man stood next to "Katerina," the entire audience cheered him, and he waved nervously. Casey told him to take the lollipop. He reached out with a shaking hand, but Casey told him to stop, and whispered something in his ear. The man blushed even more, and seemed unsure about what to do next. Casey raised her breasts with her hands on the guy's face, and he knew he had no choice. He lowered his head to catch the lollipop exactly as "Katerina" had requested, with his mouth.

The crowd, seeing that, reacted raucously. The guy tried to reach the lollipop carefully, but he wasn't having much success in this task. So, Casey decided to help him, grabbing his head and plunging it deep between his boobs. When the man finally managed to find the lollipop, Casey took it from his mouth and sucked on the candy deeply, before placing the lollipop back in the man's mouth. Finally, "Katerina" kissed the bald man's head to thank him for the help, leaving the imprint of "her" lipstick on it. The audience laughed and the man left the stage with a silly smile on his face.

Casey felt even more powerful after this tease, having more fun than he'd had in a long, long time. He realized that in this body he could make men nervous, which meant that he was on control of the situation. Feeling more secure, the sissified man continued his performance.

He took off his skirt, swiveling his hips all the way. Then, wearing only his lingerie, he approached the center of the stage again. With his back to the audience, he removed his bra, and then threw it to the crowd. After that, he grabbed the pole with both hands and began to climb it. When he reached the top, he opened his arms and remained suspended only by his legs. This way, everyone could see his luscious boobs. After a moment, Casey slid down, and danced for a few minutes around the pole. At this point, the audience was already begging him to take off his thong, but he decided to tease them a little more.

Walking like a cat, Casey went to the edge of the stage, and called on another guy in the audience. This time, he chose a handsome and hot young man. He was muscular, had dark hair and piercing eyes; he was well dressed, wearing a dress shirt and tie, although his tie was loose. Casey thought he was probably a businessman, just like the man used to be. "Katerina" couldn't understand why, but the prospect of teasing a man who was like him in the past was very erotic. When the man got up, Casey gestured to him to also take his chair with him.

The man came on stage and waved to the crowd trying to look confident. However, Casey could see that he was a little uncomfortable, although not as much as previous guy. Once again "Katerina" was in control.

Casey told the man to sit in the chair, which had been placed in the center of the stage. Then, he began to dance behind the man, stroking his strong chest. His body was fantastic... Casey's nipples were so hard they were almost hurting.

He took the businessman's tie and used it to tie his hands back behind the chair. Next, Casey opened his dress shirt all at once, ripping all the buttons. Casey then could rub the man's chest freely, and he just loved it. After that, he lowered his hands to the guy's belly, approaching his groin. He lightly scratched the area with his long nails, at the same time he began to whisper in his ear. "Oh, your body is, like, so yummy!"

The man reacted immediately. He started to moan, and Casey could see a tenting in his pants. The businessman made a desperate effort to try to free his hands, but Casey told him to stop. "Don't be such a bad boy," he whispered. "I'm the bad one here!" Oh, the emasculated man had never felt so alive!

He then sat on the man's lap, facing him, just as he had done in Olga's classes. The difference was that this time he wasn't interacting with a male doll, but with a real man. That was very clear, since "Katerina" could feel the hard cock throbbing against "her" ass. Casey started to shake his butt, and at the same time he put the man's face between his boobs.

Casey realized that her captive was about to come, so he stopped. She almost felt sorry for him when she saw his expression of frustration. That didn't last long, though — "Katerina" was really having a good time teasing men.



He got up again, and slowly began to take off his thong. At the end, the audience cheered as if they were watching a football game and their team had just made a touchdown. He put his thong on the man's face, making the audience laugh one more time. After that, wearing just the c-string, stockings and heels, "she" knelt on the edge of the stage and began to move "her" hips again. It had really become a fantastic night...



Casey's life continued on much the same way in the following weeks. Having to work day and night, he barely had time to breathe. To make matters worse, Olga took advantage of any free time to continue training him, meaning that he was lucky when he could sleep at least four hours a night. The woman always said that he still had a lot to learn about the art of exotic dance.

Despite this lack of confidence from Olga about Casey's current ability, he was doing very well at the nightclub. Even being a newbie, he was gaining more and more prominence in the show, already becoming one of the most popular attractions.

As much as Casey kept telling himself that this was a horrible fate, the truth was that deep down he loved performing at the club. It had become the only sense of satisfaction in his life. There, he had some control about what was going on, and, yeah, he liked the attention a lot. The truth was beyond Casey's ability to understand, beyond his ability to be honest with himself, so he tried not to think about it very much — which wasn't so hard, given his busy schedule.

His life at the office, however, was a complete nightmare. There was no doubt or internal conflict about it. He just couldn't do his job properly and Cindy kept humiliating him all the time. At certain times, Casey had the impression that he could see some sympathy in the woman's eyes, but then, as if she remembered all the bad that he had done to her, she would glare at him with a cruel expression, ready to mistreat him again.

Nevertheless, Casey still preferred Cindy's company, because the other option was to spend time with Mr. Green. The man was hunting "Katerina" since the incident involving the copy machine, and never missed an opportunity to lust after "her". Cindy didn't like it at first, but when she realized that this was an opportunity to embarrass Casey even more, she began to encourage interaction between the two.

She regularly ordered Casey to deliver documents to Mr. Green, and even sent the panty-wearing man to Frank's office when he had nothing else to do. "Remember that Mr. Green said he wants to help you to adapt to the company," Cindy would say with a wicked smile. "Oh, and you should be kind and do whatever he asks. Otherwise, I will reveal to everyone who you are for

real, 'Katerina.' Don't you think that everyone will love to know that the new bimbo secretary once was the arrogant Casey Anderson?"

Then, after several days of thinking up new ways to humiliate Casey, Cindy had a diabolical idea: she told Casey that he should seduce Mr. Green. The feminized man couldn't believe he had heard her correctly. He tried to convince her to change her mind, but Cindy was adamant. "It's the right thing to do, Katerina," she said. "A girl as you needs a man like Mr. Green. Also, I know you want him, you little slut."

On Casey next visit to Frank's office, they just talked. Mr. Green told the "girl" about his life, bragging about the position he occupied in the company, and "Katerina" told the executive about her supposed life in Russia. However, when Cindy started pressing the sissified man to make a move, Casey was forced to begin flirting with Frank.

To start, he would giggle like an airhead whenever the man told a silly joke — *Oh, Mr. Green, you're, like, so funny!* Next, he moved on to falsely praising his body — *Oh, your arms so strong!* He said, stroking Frank's arms. *Do you go to the gym, sir?* This little game would have serious consequences, as Casey would soon find out...

A few days later, Casey was back in Frank's office, flirting, when the executive dropped some papers on the floor beside his chair. "Could you take care of that for me, Katerina?" Mr. Green asked. "I can't bend down right now because I hurt my back yesterday."

"Umm... Okay," Casey said, a little confused.

When the emasculated man came across the desk and knelt down, he let out a startled shriek. "Sir, your zipper..." he said blushing.

"What's wrong, honey?" Frank asked.

"It's open!" It was true. The zipper of Frank's pants was open, and his cock was out. It wasn't hard yet, but Casey could see that the man had a big dick, exactly the kind of dick that he had before all these female hormones.

"Yes, it is," Mr. Green said, casually.

"I... I not understand, sir," Casey said, nervously, trying to get up.

"C'mon, Katerina! You can stop pretending that you're surprised by it," he held Casey by the shoulder, preventing him from getting up. "You have been flirting with me for so long... I know you want me, and that's great, because I want you too!"

"Sir... I..." Casey was so shocked that he could barely get the words out.

"Unless..." he began to say, embarrassed, realizing the discomfort of the "girl." He then started to straighten his pants. "Well, maybe I'm wrong. I'm sorry, Katerina. I just thought... Well, I'll just tell Cindy that we shouldn't see each other anymore."

For a moment, Casey felt like he had gotten a reprieve. But then, a concern crossed his mind: if Frank told Cindy he wasn't doing what she told him to do, the cruel woman would probably fire him. He was making a lot more money in his other job, even after having to hand over more than half of his income to pay his debt with Mr. Ivanov. Olga forced him to spend what remained in countless visits to the beauty salon and to shopping mall, but that was another story. Still, he knew "his aunt" wouldn't be pleased if he got fired by Cindy, and that she could certainly turn his life into an even greater hell. And even worse: Cindy could get pissed because Casey hadn't fulfilled her orders, and then she could say to the entire company that Katerina was actually Casey Anderson.

Casey knew he was completely trapped, and there was only one thing to do. "You are not wrong, sir," Casey said, meekly. "I... I just teasing you." He then began to rub Frank's legs, smiling at him. *I can't do it! I can't do it!* Casey told himself repeatedly, although he continued to smile. *It won't be so hard*, he tried to convince himself. *This will be over sooner than I think.*

"Wow, you almost fooled me for a minute!" Frank said, smiling. "Such a good actress... Now, let's see what your other talents are." He took out his dick from his pants again. Without thinking, Casey stood right in front of Mr. Green's chair, under the table. Next, he grabbed his cock, and giggled. Before he lost his nerve, he put it in his mouth.

Casey had some experience with blowjobs, but on those occasions, he had been the one who had received it. Still, he knew what felt good. So, he started sucking Frank's cock just as Jennifer used to suck his. He began slowly, and increased the pace gradually. At the same time, he was rubbing the Mr. Green's balls, and maintaining eye contact all the time. In the past, he just loved to look at Jennifer's upward eyes while she was doing it for him.

This time, however, it was Casey who was sucking a cock, and he was acutely disgusted by it. After a few minutes, Frank was still not coming, despite all "Katerina's" efforts. The feminized man then started to moan as if he was extremely aroused. It worked. Frank began to moan too, and Casey knew it was about to start...

Suddenly, they heard knocking at the office door. Casey tried to get up quickly, but Frank stopped him again. "Stay exactly where you are!" he whispered.

"B-but..."

"Your makeup is a mess. It would be suspect. Just keep doing it... but more slowly. I can't cum right now. Nobody will be able to see you, because my desk has no opening in front."

Casey wanted to protest, but it was too late.

"Come in!" Frank said loudly. Casey immediately recognized the voice of the man who came into the office. It was Benjamin, one of the company's directors.

The two men began to casually talk about business, while the Casey was still there, under the table, with a cock in his mouth. The panty-wearing man tried to stop sucking it, but Frank carefully pressed "Katerina's" face against his groin again.

Twenty minutes later, Casey's knees and his chin were killing him. Frank, on the other hand, was acting and talking as if nothing unusual was happening. When the conversation was finally over, Casey had never felt more relieved. He knew that he couldn't have held on much longer.

"You know what?" Frank said, when he was alone with Casey again. "I think I could spend the whole day this way." He then laughed seeing "Katerina's" wide eyes. "But we can't, right? We have work to do. Let me finish it then."

Mr. Green then came into Casey's mouth, holding his head firmly in place, so he couldn't get away. The sissified man was forced to swallow everything. It tasted so bad... He was feeling sick.

"That was fantastic, Katerina!" Frank said. "I can see us doing it in the future... Time and time again..."

Casey winced, yet he forced himself to smile. "I can not wait, sir."



This became Casey's routine at the office. Every day, he had to go to Mr. Green's office to please the man. Realizing what was going on, Cindy made no objection to these "outings" by her secretary. In fact, she even encouraged Frank to spend more time with the "girl."

About two weeks later, Frank informed "Katerina" that from that moment "she" would be his secretary. "What you think about that?" he asked. "I've already notified Cindy about my decision."

"Oh, sir... I... I think that's wonderful!" he said, wanting to die.

This did have one good side. Working as Mr. Green's secretary, Casey didn't have to meet Cindy as often. The pantied man appreciated it, since the woman had become sadistic. That relief came at a price, of course — Casey had to suck Frank's cock several times per day. Actually, this was pretty much his only obligation. As Casey knew very well, Frank didn't do much of anything in the company. He just had that position for being the president's son.

With this going on, and since his situation at Olga's house wasn't much better, Casey could only be happy when he was in the nightclub stage, performing his dance routines. It was quite unexpected, but he really loved being an exotic dancer. Casey tried to suppress the feeling at first, but he soon gave up. He was already feeling miserable almost all the time. Why would he resist enjoying his only moments of contentment?

He felt so free on stage... It was the ideal way to exorcise his demons. Somehow, it made him remember the times he had spent with Jennifer, as her "girl." On those occasions, especially while he was taking those supposed tranquilizer pills, there was no humiliation or embarrassment — just two naughty girls making love on the bed.

Reminiscing about Jennifer always made Casey feel sad. He still wondered where she was, and if she was well and safe. Because of his emotions, he avoided thinking about her during his performances — not that it was that hard, however... On stage, Casey just emptied his mind. It was all about him, the music and the audience, who were always mesmerized by his hot body and sexy moves.

However, even this, Casey's last refuge, would be shattered pretty soon...

One night, after a particularly inspired performance, Casey was called over by Scarlett, artistic director of the nightclub. She said that Mr. Ivanov wanted to see him.

"Mr. Ivanov? Why?"

"I don't know, girl. I'm just saying what he told me. You should go to his office now."

"O-okay, ma'am," Casey stammered.

He was very nervous, as he hadn't spoken with Mr. Ivanov since his first night at the club. Even the salary of the dancers — with a discounted value, in "Katerina's" case — were managed by Scarlett. The man's reclusive behavior and secretive nature had concerned Casey from the very start.

His office was behind the bar of the nightclub. Casey knocked and waited, with his legs trembling.



"Come in," he heard Mr. Ivanov's voice, as strong as thunder.

Casey did as ordered. Upon entering the office, he saw that the office was very different from the rest of the nightclub. The environment was sober and nicely decorated, with paintings on the walls and antique furniture. A record player in the corner was playing classical music. It was quite different from what Casey had expected. Because of the rugged appearance of Mr. Ivanov, he had imagined that the man's office would have heads of many animals

hanging on the walls, and maybe even weapons on display.

"Did you want to see me, sir?" Casey asked, in Russian.

"Sit down," Mr. Ivanov said. After that, he poured two glasses of vodka, and handed one to Casey. "Drink."

The sissified man realized that this wasn't a suggestion. Completely dominated by the powerful Mr. Ivanov, he obeyed. He was so nervous that he drank full the glass at once.

"It seems that you really appreciate good vodka." Mr. Ivanov filled Casey's glass again. "I like that. Now, let's talk," the man said, and Casey flinched. "First of all, I'd like to say that I'm truly amazed by your talent. You're a great dancer, just like your aunt. Don't tell it to Olga, but I think one day you can even be better than her."

"Thank you very much, sir!" Casey said, blushing like a schoolgirl. He didn't know why, but this man really had the power to play with his emotions. He had been praised at the nightclub many times before, but he had never felt so flattered. He was really flattered. But then, he realized that it couldn't be all he wanted to talk about. Someone like Mr. Ivanov wouldn't call one of his employees just to praise him. Casey's fears soon came true...

"Tell me something, Katerina," he started, even calling "her" by her "name" for the first time ever. This couldn't be good. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend?" Casey exclaimed. "Oh, no, sir. I... I just..." He didn't know what to say next, so he just lowered his eyes.

"Good. Tomorrow night is your day off. I want to take you out for dinner. I think you deserve it after all your hard work. What do you say?"

Say you can't! Say you can't! Casey told himself. However, he just didn't have the courage to say no to Mr. Ivanov.

"I... I would love to!" he said, shocked by his own words.

"Good! That's good! I'll pick you up tomorrow at eight. You live with your aunt, correct? I know where her place is. Good night, Katerina."



Olga was very pleased to hear the news, telling Casey that her "niece" was a lucky girl for having been asked out by a man like Mr. Ivanov.

"But I don't think I can do it, Aunt Olga!"

"Why not, silly girl?"

Casey wanted to say that he couldn't go out with Dmitri because he was a man. However, he knew the stern woman wouldn't tolerate hearing that, so he made up another excuse.

"Umm... Because he's my boss! I don't think it's right."

"Well, if he doesn't see any problem in this situation, I don't know why you should."

"B-but what if he finds out my secret? You know... My..."

"Are you talking about your genitals, Katerina? It's only a problem *for now*. But don't worry. If necessary, I'm sure you can find another way to satisfy him. And you know what? You need a new dress for that special occasion. We're going to buy one tomorrow. You have to look perfect!"

After checking his hair and makeup for the umpteenth time, Casey finally concluded that he was ready. In fact, he was too nervous to notice it, but he was more than just ready — he was gorgeous. He was wearing the dress he had bought earlier that day. It had been chosen by Olga, of course, since Casey would have preferred something more modest.

It was red, had a neckline that literally went down to his belly, barely covering his boobs, left his back completely exposed, and was so short that Casey knew he would have constant trouble not showing his black thong. To complete the look, he was wearing 5 inch sandals with bright strips all over his feet, large rhinestone hoop earrings, a necklace, and many bracelets.

As expected, his makeup was dramatic, with dark eye shadow, false eyelashes, blush, red nails and red lipstick, covered by a generous layer of lip gloss. His hair was perfectly styled, with his sweeping bangs almost falling over his eyes.

After picking up his black clutch bag, Casey left his room and went down the stairs with short, quick steps. His "aunt" had called for him a few minutes earlier, which meant that his date had already arrived.

Casey wasn't wrong in that assumption. When he entered the living room, he saw that Dmitri Ivanov was there, talking to Olga. He stood up immediately when he saw "Katerina" and gave "her" a bouquet of red roses. The feminized man saw that Olga had received a similar gift, but her flowers were purple.

Dmitri was wearing an elegant black suit with a dark blue tie. Casey could see in his eyes that the man had been impressed by "Katerina's" appearance, yet his face remained as blank as usual. Casey wondered if he was able to express any kind of emotion.

"You look beautiful tonight," he said, kissing the delicate hand of the effeminated male.

"Thank you," Casey said, trembling slightly. He thought that it was impossible not to feel intimidated in front of this man. Even wearing sky-high heels, Casey's head barely came up to his chest, being forced to look up to see that

menacing face. In addition, the man was so large and strong that Casey felt completely helpless in his presence.

"Oh, and thank you for the flowers," he said, knowing that he would be reprimanded later if he didn't say it. "These are my favorites," he added, blushing due to the satisfied smile of Olga.

"Let me put those beauties in a vase," Olga said. "And I think you two should be going. You told me that you made a reservation, right, Dmitri?"

"That's true," the man said, barely looking at Olga — his eyes remained fixed on Katerina's body. "I promise I'll take care of your niece, Olga."

"I'm sure you will. Oh, and you two shouldn't worry about the time. I won't wait up for her," she said, winking slyly at the well-dressed man.

Dmitri extended his muscular arm to "Katerina," and the skirted man placed his hand on it, accepting to be escorted out of the house.

Outside, Casey saw a black Ferrari parked in front of the residence. Casey thought his old self would envy Dmitri for having such a car. This was the kind of pretentious thing that he used to love.

The Russian man opened the car door for Casey and helped him to get in. From the porch, Olga smiled at the delicate manner in



which Casey sat down, trying not to show his underwear. He was really turning into a perfect girly girl, making her pleased with all her hard work.



Casey and his date didn't talk on the way. Dmitri was focused on the traffic and the emasculated man was just too nervous to open his mouth. After about fifteen minutes, they were in the most prestigious area of the town. Dmitri then parked in front of a fancy restaurant. Casey only knew the place by name. Even in Casey's heyday, when he was on top of the world, he hadn't dared to come here. This was an obscenely expensive restaurant, suitable only for people who could spend five thousand bucks or more on a single bottle of wine without concern.

Soon enough, an employee came to open the door for "Katerina," but Dmitri said he would take care of it.

"Thank you, Mr. Ivanov," Casey said to his boss when the man helped him out of the car.

"You can call me Dmitri tonight, Katerina," he said, handing the car keys to the valet.

"Okay, sir... I-I mean... Dmitri," Casey said, blushing again.

Dmitri looked at Casey, and for a moment the sissified man thought he was about to smile. *As if he could*, Casey said to himself, annoyed, seeing that Dmitri's expression hadn't changed a bit.

"Don't worry," the man said. "You will get used to it with time."

The restaurant had wood-paneled walls, baroque paintings and crystal chandeliers; the lighting was soft, the tables were draped with silk tablecloths and relaxing music was being played by a string quartet. When Casey and Dmitri entered, people turned their heads to look at the couple. Most women wondered what a woman dressed that way was doing in a place like this. She could only be a prostitute or worse — a woman without any knowledge about fashion. Some men also thought she was an escort for hire, but their concern was quite different. All they wanted was to find a way to distract their companions and the man with her for time enough to ask for her business card.

Casey was quite aware that almost everyone was looking at him, and it made him very uncomfortable. Dmitri, on the other hand, was delighted with all the attention, although he didn't show it. He walked proudly with one of his hands on the bare back of "Katerina," knowing very well that all men desired to be in his place.

The maitre d' led them to their table, and Dmitri thanked him by name. Apparently, he was a regular client of this restaurant.

"What would you like to drink?" he asked "Katerina," looking at the menu.

"Umm... I don't know..." said Casey, who had been conditioned by Olga to not read in English — even looking at the menu made him feel anxious. "How about vodka?"

"I like it, girl," Dmitri said, once again looking at Casey in that intense way that made the feminized man distressed. "You truly honor our home habits. Vodka it is!"

Half an hour later, Casey had already swallowed four shots of vodka and was completely drunk. He knew that this was a dangerous thing to do, but at least he wasn't so nervous anymore.

They ate a delicious grilled salmon with rice and vegetables. Casey hadn't eaten so well in a long time, and he was in heaven, despite the fact that he could barely finish his plate. Olga was forcing him to eat so little that apparently his appetite had been reduced.

After the food, Dmitri ordered more vodka. He then abandoned the small talk and started to ask about "Katerina's" life. Obviously, Casey couldn't talk about his true history, but he inserted some elements from his past in the fake biography of "Katerina".

He said, for instance, that he had been in a relationship for a long time, but his "boyfriend" had left him because of his mistakes. "It was all my fault, you know," he said, pouting. "He loved me so much, but I wasn't mature enough... I don't want to talk about it right now, though. This is past, and I'm over it. Now, I want to just focus on the present," he added, grinning wickedly.

He also talked about his passion for dance. "I always knew I wanted to be a dancer," he stated, dreamily. "Since I was a little girl I knew I was destined to do that."

This wasn't exactly true, but Casey thought it could have been how he felt, if he had been born a girl. The dancing was the only part of his life as a woman he was enjoying. Well, that wasn't entirely true...

"And how about you, Dmitri?" she asked, seductively. "What's your story?"

The dapper and distant man seemed to be a little surprised by the "girl's" attitude, but also pleased with the initiative. "There's not much to tell," he evaded.

"C'mon!" Casey purred, using his long red nails to stroke one of Dmitri's forearms that were on the table. "A man like you... You should certainly have something to tell about yourself. Tell me, pretty please?" he added, leaning over the table and showing even more of his ample cleavage.

Casey noticed that Dmitri swallowed hard and the effeminated male was happy to see that he was able to affect even a man who seemed to be so steadfast. At the same time, a part of Casey started to freak out. *What the hell*

are you doing? Said an inner voice, trying to call him back to reason. *You're not a woman for real! Stop flirting like one!* However, his feminine self already had an answer for this. *Well, what if I want to? Why can't I flirt like a woman? Do you know any man who has a rack like mine?* His rational side just wasn't sober enough to think of a counter argument.

The truth was that Casey was mentally altered not only by the drinks, but also by the lust. Dmitri had awakened the horny woman who lived inside him. Casey saw the man in front of him as supremely, alluringly strong and confident... He was almost like a Greek God — or Russian God, Casey thought foolishly. He was completely different from Frank, who just made Casey sick. He hated Mr. Green, that small, repulsive man. Dmitri was the complete opposite of him.

In addition, in his own way, the Russian man was being kind and caring to Casey. He had given flowers to the sissified man, and had taken him to dinner at a fancy restaurant. He wasn't hiding "Katerina" under the desk or something — on the contrary, he seemed happy to show "her" to everyone.

Why the fuck should you worry about flowers? Be a man! That inner voice tried persuading him again, but Casey had already made his mind up. He wanted to keep playing this game, at least for now.

Acquiescing to the request of the "girl," Dmitri talked a little about himself. He told her that he had come from his homeland many years ago, trying to restart his life since his business wasn't doing well in Russia. After years of doing grunt work, he used the money he had saved to open his first nightclub, and the business soon began to prosper.

"And there never was a Mrs. Ivanov?" Casey asked, with his heart racing. This was dangerous. If he continued down this road, perhaps there would be no way back.

"I had some relationships over the years, but, just like you, I don't want to talk about it. Do you know what matters to me right now?"

"W-what?" Casey asked, shivering.

"You. Let's get out of here." Once again, it wasn't a suggestion.



As soon as they arrived at Dmitri's apartment, the Russian man eagerly kissed Casey. As expected, his kiss was ravenous and ardent, and it made Casey breathless. It wasn't a problem, though — the feminized man wanted to be dominated by this wild man. It made him feel even more like a woman.

The apartment was a penthouse, located in an upscale neighborhood. The place was sumptuous, but maybe a bit exaggerated. The furniture was expensive and had a classic European feel. There were many paintings, vases

and other ornaments, most of them coming directly from Russia. However, Casey just noticed all this much later. He was too busy to think of decoration at the moment...

The emasculated man knew he had to stop it at some point, or it could end very badly. Yet, he just couldn't do it. Not when those giant hands were rubbing his whole soft body. Dmitri was acting as if he was finally getting what he wanted most in life. Well, that was kind of true...

Almost no one knew it, but the powerful Dmitri Ivanov was in fact gay. He hated his orientation all his life, but there was nothing he could do change it. No woman had ever been able to make him aroused. This wasn't good for the business, especially from where he came from.

For this reason, he had had just quick and sporadic relationships, and his partners had been persuaded to keep their mouths shut... Well, most of them. Being very paranoid about privacy, Dmitri hadn't trusted some guys, and he needed to find a safer and permanent solution, so to speak, which made him a kind of black widow. At the same time, he had adopted this intimidating persona, and made sure he was seen with a woman from time to time.

However, all that had changed since he had known Katerina. For the first time, a woman made him horny. Not only that — he had never felt so excited in his life. Many times, he had to control himself to not invade the stage of his nightclub and ravage the girl right there, in front of everyone. Now, here she was, with him, and he couldn't be happier. His problems were over, and he wouldn't waste this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

He took Casey into his bedroom, and there he ripped the dress of the effeminated male with a single movement.

"Oh!" Casey exclaimed, surprised.

"Don't worry about it," Dmitri said. "I'll buy other dresses for you later. Now come here." He took Casey across the bedroom, and threw the sissified man on the king-sized bed. Then, Dmitri pretty much jumped on him, like a tiger devouring his prey.

Casey was completely immobilized under this man who was easily triple his weight. Even if he wanted, he had no way out now. But it didn't even cross his mind. He was enjoying this all that so much...

Dmitri started kissing "Katerina's" entire body, stopping every now and then just to take off one of his pieces of clothing. Before long, Casey noticed that the Russian man was dressed just his black underwear. His body was fantastic. There were muscles everywhere, as defined as if they had been sculpted by an artist.

Before his feminization, Casey had never been turned on by a male body. However, at this moment, he thought it was the most appealing thing in the

world. He didn't know how such a radical change was possible, but he wasn't worried about such things in the moment.

Dmitri then took off "Katerina's" bra, and his boobs were finally free. Casey could see that Dmitri liked what he saw. The Russian man grabbed the breasts, and, despite the fact that they were huge, he was able to grasp them firmly with his oversized hands.

He began rubbing them slowly, but he quickly increased the pace and the intensity. Casey felt it hurt a little, but at the same time he was experiencing a pleasure beyond imagination.

A short while later, Dmitri took off his boxers. When Casey saw the size of his cock, he gasped. It was... colossal. He had never seen a dick so big, outside of porn movies. This scared him a little, but at the same time he desperately desired to put it into his mouth. He wanted to suck that dick all night long, and this time it would be pleasurable for him.

Casey was so mesmerized by it that he only realized what was happening when it was already too late. Dmitri had lowered his thong, and the man looked shocked by what he was seeing there, in between Casey's smooth, lean legs.

The young man sobered up instantly, as if he had taken a cold shower. He realized how stupid he had been, how careless he had acted. It was the end for him. He would probably be dead in a few moments.

"Dmitri, l-let me explain everything to you, please!" Casey begged, trembling.

The Russian man didn't answer. Instead, he walked over to a liquor table that was in a corner of the bedroom and poured two shots of vodka. He handed one of the drinks to Casey and sat in an armchair next to the bed. He sipped his vodka in silence for a few moments. His eyes weren't focusing on any specific point.

Casey hadn't even tasted his drink. He was so nervous that he thought he might throw up if he did it. He was covering his boobs with one hand, and had closed his legs so his little dick had been hidden again. That expectation was driving him crazy. What Dmitri would be thinking? He thought of trying to run away, but he knew he had no chance. That man could catch him without any effort.

"Earlier tonight..." Dmitri finally started to say, still with his gaze lost far away. "...you said you wanted to know more about me. Now, I want to share something important with you."

He then looked directly at Casey, and the feminized man gasped. His expression was even colder than usual — almost diabolical.

"I'm not just the owner of nightclubs, oh no! I also deal with some... controversial business. The nightclubs are good for laundering money, but at some point they weren't enough anymore. I was earning lots of cash, which



would arouse suspicion. Obviously, I've already bought many police officers and judges, but I wanted to avoid any complications."

He took a deep sip of his drink, while Casey was looking at him with a puzzled face. Why was he was telling him all this?

"So, I decided to put a large amount of money under the responsibility of a *certain man*, who handled financial investments. Someone had told me that he was very good — the best, in fact. But you know what happened... *Katerina*?"

Casey was breathless again, but this time it wasn't good. He knew that Dmitri was talking about him. How could that be possible? It could only be the scariest nightmare ever. He knew that the man who was hunting him, that one who Casey had made a few million less rich, wasn't called Dmitri Ivanov. But then, he realized, cursing his stupidity, that a man like Ivanov would certainly use a fake name.

Still, Casey couldn't understand how Dmitri would know who he really was, as the man had implied. He was a "girl" with an *extra package*, sure, but his appearance had been completely altered. He didn't look a bit as his old self anymore. Had Olga told the truth to the man? He would have to think about it later, if he lived long enough, since Dmitri was waiting for an answer.

"I... I don't know..." he lied.

"Well, this man lost all my money, and then ran away like the coward that he is. And do you know what I'll do when I find him?"

"N-no."

"I will kill him... slowly, in the most painful way possible, while I fuck his little wife in front of him. Have I told you that he's married? I know where she is, but she hasn't seen her husband. Some of my men are following her. Do you know why I'm telling you all that, *Katerina*?"

"N-no, sir," Casey said, in a whisper, with his eyes filled with tears.

"I just wanted to show you that I can be a very cruel man. However, I can also be good, and I want to be good for you, *girl*. I'm very angry because you didn't tell me your little secret before, but I can forgive you. You don't need to explain anything to me. I think it's safe to assume that you always have been a girl inside, and then you changed your body to look as you always desired. You're just a transgender Russian girl, right?"

"Yes, sir!" What else could Casey say? It was obvious that Dmitri didn't believe a word of what he was saying, since somehow he knew who "Katerina" was for real, but Casey had no choice but play along.

"Good. Therefore, I'll help you to fulfill your dream. You'll be a *complete* girl pretty soon. And I want you to be my girlfriend. I promise that I'll treat you like a princess, exactly as you deserve. Would you like that?"

"Oh, it would be like a dream come true!" Casey said, with the best smile he could fake. He knew he was completely fucked up. He didn't know what Dmitri really wanted, but that was his only way to survive, and even protect Jennifer, his wife. He didn't think that Dmitri was bluffing about knowing her whereabouts.

"Perfect." He then stood up and kissed Casey lightly. "Now I'll take you home. I'll wait for the right moment to make you a woman in bed. I'm sure it will be worth the wait."

Dmitri was having mixed feelings about what had just happened. On the one hand, he was a little disappointed to know that the only female who had ever turned him on wasn't technically a female. However, the fact that this "girl" was actually the man who was running away from him made him even more aroused. And who could tell that "she" wasn't a real girl? He could parade around with her at ease. Also, the possibility to feminize "Katerina" even further was mind-blowing.

However, he wondered if he would continue to feel aroused by "her" if he pushed this sissy through the complete path of womanhood. He concluded that the answer was a 'yes.' Taking from him the last vestige of his lost manhood and



transforming him into his little bitch would make Dmitri feel even more omnipotent.

Unlike what Casey had assumed, Olga hadn't said a word about the true identity of "Katerina" to her old friend. Dmitri had placed the pieces together completely by himself. He was truly astonished by the cunning of that woman...



FOUR MONTHS LATER

At least half a dozen girls were helping "Katerina" to get ready. Everyone was a little distressed, since they were on a tight time schedule — it was almost time for the wedding. Casey was wearing a questionable dress for a bride, to put it mildly. It was white, lace and long in the back, which was good. However, the dress was really short at the front, so short that everyone could see the tops of her white lacy stockings. Plus, it was strapless and seriously low-cut.

Casey doubted the priest of that Russian Orthodox Church's temple would allow him to get married there dressed this way if hadn't been for the generous donation of her future husband. In ancient times, such an amount of money could even buy a spot in heaven. Perhaps this wasn't the case now, yet the money could still be very useful on Earth.

Looking at the mirror, Casey saw that the dress could barely cover his new DD-cup breasts. Oh, yes, he had been subjected to another boob-job, and this one hadn't been his only recent surgery...

Since that fateful night that Casey had agreed — or been coerced — to be Dmitri Ivanov's girlfriend, he knew his life would never again be the same as before. His male days were over, and there was nothing he could do to change that fact.

Olga was delighted by the news from the moment she heard it. Casey thought about asking her if she knew that Dmitri was the very same man who was chasing him, but he knew this would be a wasted effort. Whatever her motivations, Casey knew she wouldn't tell him the truth, and would even punish him for asking such a question. Moreover, Casey was in shock with all that was happening. He simply had no strength to react.

Being "Katerina's" boyfriend, Dmitri took "her" out at least three times a week, except when he was out of town taking care of business. He also bought her many expensive gifts, including clothing, shoes, purses and jewelry — all very sexy and slutty, of course. He also forgave her debt, and Olga kept constantly reminding him that "Katerina" should be happy about his situation. "All the girls would die to have a boyfriend like yours, you know."

And Casey was forced to say, "Yes, Aunt Olga. He's such a great man and I love him so much!"

When they went out, Dmitri always took "Katerina" to fancy restaurants, where he could show "her" off as a trophy. At the end of the night, they always made out, but Dmitri never went too far, saying over and over that he was waiting for the right moment.

As much as Casey kept saying to himself that he should hate the man, his body seemed to think otherwise. He was still fully susceptible to Dmitri's caresses. When the Russian man kissed him, or rubbed his body with his big hands, Casey always lost himself the sensations. It made the emasculated man even more annoyed and powerless, since he apparently had no control over himself.

One good thing caused by this situation was that Casey could stop working for Mr. Green. Dmitri said it was pointless, since "Katerina" didn't have to worry about paying him back anymore. The bad thing was that he also demanded Casey to stop working as a dancer, which the feminized man really enjoyed.

"This isn't necessary, babe," Dmitri said, when Casey sweetly asked him to continue dancing at the nightclub. "Do you remember what I said I would treat you like a princess? I was serious, and princesses don't work. I'll take care of you, and you don't need to worry your pretty little head about anything but to look beautiful."

Thus, Casey spent most of the time in Olga's house, and he didn't think that she was exactly treating him like a princess. She continued training him relentlessly, but this time she wasn't teaching him how to dance for an audience but for only one person, his boyfriend.

The woman also started to teach him how to please a man in all respects. It meant he had to learn how to dress for all occasions (especially in the bedroom), how to act around "her" man, how to behave while he is talking (always smiling, with an expression of admiration and respect), and, most important, how to satisfy him in bed. Olga even brought some dildos for those lessons!

Casey didn't quite realize that all the lessons were focused on just what the man could think or feel. "Her" own feelings didn't matter at all. Olga was trying to turn him into some mindless love slave, who just lived to please her man. Casey wasn't completely aware of it, but he started acting exactly as Olga wanted. He spent his free time wondering if Dmitri would like to see him dressing a certain outfit, or if he should throw himself in the arms of the Russian man when he arrived or let him make the first move, among other things. Slowly, he was losing his mind, and he would lose something more...

One day, Dmitri told him that they would travel to Thailand the following week.

"Why, honey?" Casey asked, fearfully, stroking the man's chest.

"To turn you into a full woman. I've done some research and a found out that the best sex change doctors are there."

Casey was speechless. It was really about to happen — he would lose his penis. It had been useless for a long time, yet the reality of the moment crushed him. It was his cock, after all! Once it was gone, there would not be no way back.

"I thought you'd be happy to hear about it!" Dmitri said.

"Oh, what? Yes, I'm overjoyed!" Casey said, smiling and clapping. "I... I just didn't quite understand what you said for a moment... You know that I'm a little airhead! Oh, dear, I love you so much!"

She then hugged Dmitri tightly. The Russian man couldn't be more excited. Not because he believed Casey's words. He knew that "Katerina" was lying. "She" didn't want this for real, and he couldn't wait to see someone cut this sissy's little dick off.

In Thailand, Dmitri talked to the doctor while Casey just stood silently at his side, as if he were merely a decorative object. The sissified man was so nervous he could barely understand what the men were saying. In fact, he was trying not to pay attention to any of it. He knew what his fate would be, but to hear the gruesome details was too painful.

The next day, in the operating room, the last thing Casey saw before the anesthesia hit him was the serious face of Dmitri. "Don't worry, princess," he said, holding Casey's hands with a strange gleam in his eyes. "Everything will be fine." Then, putting his mouth to Casey's ear, he added in a whisper: "I can't wait to fuck your pussy."

When Casey regained consciousness, he was feeling a big pain in the region of his groin. But that wasn't all — he was also feeling some discomfort in his boobs. Seeing him awake, an Asian nurse said something incomprehensible, and left the room. Shortly after, Casey saw Dmitri and the doctor.

The little middle-aged surgeon was smiling. He said in his broken English that the procedure had been a success. Since Casey's ability to understand his native language was seriously compromised, especially with someone speaking with such a strong accent, Dmitri had to translate the doctor's words. Casey then learned that he now had a fully functional pussy, which was so perfect that no one could tell that he was actually transgender. Also, taking advantage of the opportunity, since Casey was already on the operating table, Dmitri decided to give him another surprise, and ordered the doctor to do a new boob-job.

Dmitri continued translating what the doctor was saying, but Casey wasn't listening anymore. He had lost his dick. He would never fuck a woman again — now, he was the one who would be fucked. He had a pussy... a pussy!

Casey continued resting at the hospital for a few more days. And then, when he was discharged, they traveled back to America. At Olga's house, Casey

remained in bed for a week or so. Everything was still very sore down there, so he couldn't walk. "His aunt" was teasing him all the time, saying that now "Katerina" could be a proper girlfriend for Dmitri. "I'm sure that you're anxious to sleep with him, my dear, but you have to wait a little longer. Don't worry, though. Soon enough you'll be able to feel him inside you."

When Casey was feeling better, he had to begin to dilate his vagina as the doctor had advised, which was a terrible thing. The doctor had said that he had used a new procedure, ensuring that the "Katerina's" vagina would have a natural lubrication, as any other woman had. The only difference between "her" and a cisgender woman would be the fact that "Katerina" wouldn't have periods or get pregnant. However, the man was apparently wrong. Casey's pussy was very dry, and he had to use a lot of lubricant to put the dildo inside it. Still, it hurt a lot and Casey felt no pleasure.

He was feeling disgusted by his new genitalia. He avoided looking at or touching it whenever was possible. And then there were his new boobs, which were also a big pain in the ass. They were so big and heavy that Casey had trouble simply sitting up, and they had altered his posture once again, forcing him to stand and walk in a girliest and sexiest way.

A few days later, Dmitri took "Katerina" out again. He was delighted by "her" appearance. Her new boobs looked incredible in a green low-cut dress. He ordered a bottle of champagne, and Casey thought it was very weird, since they usually just drank vodka. When the drink arrived, Dmitri proposed a toast. "The most beautiful woman in the world," he said, and Casey smiled uneasily. After that, the Russian man pulled out a small velvet box from his pocket. Slowly, Casey realized what was about to happen, and he almost choked on his champagne.

When Dmitri opened the box, Casey saw a diamond ring inside it. The jewel was stunning, and looked very expensive. Casey wasn't concerned about any of that, though. All he could think about was what would come next...

"Katerina Ivanov, would you marry me?" Dmitri asked.

Casey looked at the man in front of him dumbfounded. There was only one thing he could answer.

"Yes, Dmitri!" he said, crying. These were not tears of happiness like an unsuspecting person might think. "Oh, I love you so much!"

The man then slid the ring onto the finger of his fiancée, and kissed "her" lingeringly. "I love you too, Katerina," he said with a blank expression, as usual. "I love you too."

One month later, there was Casey, almost ready for the wedding. One of the girls was working on his hair while another on was doing his makeup. When they were done, Casey saw that his long blonde hair had been curled, and went down his back in a beautiful and graceful cascade. His bangs had been combed



sideways, and there was a crystal ornament at the back of his head. His makeup was also fabulous, with smokey gold eyeshadow, mascara, blush and red lipstick, matching his nails. Perhaps it was a little overdone for a wedding, but people would probably be more concerned about his scandalous dress. He put on his 5-inch white pump heels, which had satin flowers on the sides, and he was ready.

So, Olga asked the girls to leave because she wanted to have one last word with her "niece."

"How are you feeling, sweetie?" she asked Casey.

"Oh, Aunt Olga, I'm so excited! I think this is the happiest day of my life!" the former man said.

"Really?" the woman said, with a note of disbelief. "You can stop lying now. Tell me how you are feeling for real, *Casey*. "

Casey was startled to hear the name. Olga had never called him by his original name, not even when he showed up in her studio for the first time, long before he became her "niece." Why was she doing this now? And why was she asking about his real feelings? Maybe she was sorry about everything? Perhaps she wanted to help him to run away from that awful fate?

"Do you really want to know the truth?" he asked, hesitantly.

"Yes."

"I hate this whole situation! I don't want to marry a man, especially one like Dmitri! It's just so hard to be with someone like him, you know? It's all about him, as if I had no will. And your training has conditioned me to act as he wants," Casey said, fearing the woman's reaction.

"So, are you saying that you feel powerless and inferior with him?"

"Yes, that's it!"

"Oh, this is fantastic, Casey! Just fantastic!" Olga got up and started a kind of victory dance.

"Umm... What do you mean exactly?" Casey asked, with a puzzled face.

The woman didn't answer immediately. First, she had to control herself, making a huge effort to sit down again. Casey had never seen her so pleased. She was really freaking him out.

"I think I owe you an explanation," she said. "I'll tell you how I planned your feminization from the very beginning." She then took a deep breath and began her impressive narrative.

"When Jennifer appeared at my studio for the first time, she just wanted to play a one-time trick on you. She said you were a stubborn man who even after a heart attack was refusing to do physical activities as your doctor had recommended. She also complained that you were so insensitive that you were

refusing to spend time with her, despite her repeated requests. She was feeling depressed and abandoned. The man she loved just didn't care about her anymore."

Hearing this, Casey felt an intense sense of remorse. Why had he acted that way? Things could have been so different...

"She asked me to hold a dance class just for you two. She was hoping that after this prank you would take the doctor's orders seriously and you two could do regular physical activity together. However, I saw a great opportunity in this situation, and I told her that only one class wouldn't be enough to change your behavior. She was so vulnerable and hurt that it wasn't hard to persuade her. I told her I would be very hard on you, and she should do the same. If you stopped attending my class, it meant that the marriage wasn't worth anything, since you weren't willing to sacrifice for her."

"As I expected, Jennifer soon began to enjoy this new power she had over you. She was becoming more confident and secure, while you were growing more nervous and uncomfortable. I was afraid that you might give up attending the class, even if it meant the end of your marriage. But I already had a contingency plan just in case. I was recording all the classes, and I could try to convince your wife to blackmail you with that. Even if she refused, I could do it myself. However, it wasn't necessary, was it? I don't know why for sure, but you kept coming to my studio. Perhaps you noticed that you really loved and needed Jennifer? Well, it was a little late for that, and I didn't believe it was true love, anyway."

"Everything was going well, but that was only the beginning. To feminize you even further, I knew that I needed new pieces on the board. With new girls in the class, you would have no choice but try to look as girlish as possible. However, I needed the right girls — one who could help me move my plan forward. After some research in the area, a found Claire and I knew she was perfect since she was a nurse who had experience with transgender patients. One day, I met her in person *by accident*, and offered her free lessons in my studio. I told her she could even bring a friend! And she brought Lily... This was also a good acquisition, because she was a bimbo who would be a perfect role model for you."

"After some time, I told Claire that you were a transgender girl who hadn't started your transition yet. I said that you were very sensitive about the issue, so I suggested that she should try to help you but not speak out on the subject. Claire acted exactly according to plan, and soon you had started taking female hormones."

"One day, I was talking to my old friend Dmitri — yes, the same Dmitri who soon will be your husband," she said, savoring each word. "He has a very suspicious mind... I think I can say, without false modesty, that I am the only person he trusts entirely. When he told me about his problems related to

money laundering, I immediately saw another fantastic opportunity. I told him I knew someone who was a genius in relation to financial investments. Dmitri was a little reluctant at first, but he trusts my instincts. After doing some research on you, he accepted my recommendation."

"The truth is that I wanted you to lose Dmitri's money. Since you were being forced to go to work looking like a sissy, I knew you couldn't possibly be doing your job as well as before. This was affecting your confidence, I could see it in your attitude. I knew it was a long shot, but it could work, as indeed it did."

"Oh, and do you remember those men who tried to shoot you after you did the big mess? They weren't Dmitri's henchmen, but some friends of mine. You have no idea how many friends you can make being an exotic dancer, many of them ex-cons... They didn't even have real bullets! But I knew it would be enough to scare you to death. Now, Dmitri was actually hunting you, of course, but he isn't the kind of guy who starts a shootout in the middle of the street. That's just something you see in Hollywood movies."

"Since Jennifer already trusted me fully, I knew she would ask for my advice, and that was exactly what happened. While you were at the ATM trying to get cash, she called me and I told her what I thought she should do. I knew she had somewhere to go, and then it would be just you and me. Just perfect!"

"Once you were in my house, as you know, I started to turn you into Katerina, my niece. To force you to embrace your new persona even further — knowing that you could try to rebel at some point — I asked one of my friends to knock at my door pretending to be a Dmitri's man. It also worked like a charm. From that point on, you turned into a sweet and submissive girl."

"When I purchased your new documents from another contact of mine, it was time for you to start working. Cindy, your ex-secretary, had already been in my studio a few times, and we also had become good friends. I knew she would love to have you as her new subordinate. At the same time, I arranged for you to work at Dmitri's nightclub. My goal was to destroy any trace of the old Casey that there could still be inside you. You had to realize that your life as a dominant and arrogant male was over, and you had to be a sexy bimbo girl in order to survive."

"I had a feeling that Dmitri might feel attracted to you. I know him for a long time, and I know some of his secrets that nobody else does. However, I was truly surprised when he decided that you should be his girlfriend. I had thought that he would just make you his bitch, so he could fuck you whenever he wanted without commitment. But that was a good thing, after all. He took you to Asia to cut off your penis and give you a pretty pussy, and now he's going to marry you. It means that you're stuck as his little trophy wife as long as he wants, and I have to say that I think it will be forever, Katerina!"

"Why?" That was all that Casey could ask, with a weak voice, when Olga finished her narrative.

"Oh, that's very simple!" Olga said, and she wasn't smiling anymore. Instead, she looked furious, as if she were about to hit Casey. "My career, or better, my life, was ruined by a man who was exactly as you used to be. I already had a good reputation as a dancer when I met him. I had come to America and was performing in major live venues and even on TV. I was very good, and soon enough I would be one of the most famous dancers in the world. But everything went down the drain when I met him..."

"He was a very good-looking man and had a great body. But the most impressive was his attitude. Oh, he was so manly and fiery! The kind of guy who make silly girls like I was at the time to fall in love. However, when we started dating, I realized he was also very possessive. I should have left him then, but I was under control of the feelings I had for him."

"One day, he told me that if I wanted to keep being his girlfriend, I would have to stop dancing. I tried to argue that I loved to do that, but he was adamant. After thinking for a few days, I decided to do his will. I thought that I loved him so much... It was the right thing to do, right? Oh, no! Wrong. Very Wrong!"

"We got married shortly after, and he said I didn't need to work because he had many businesses and was very rich. Every day, he came home with a new gift to me. However, he was becoming more and more distant and elusive. All he wanted from me was sex. When we went out, I knew that his goal was to use me to make the other men jealous. If I complained, he would say I was being ungrateful, since he was giving me a life of luxury and comfort. But I wanted more, and I still had a stupid hope that he would go back being the same man as before."

"Over time, he began to get home angry and aggressive. I constantly asked what was happening, but he always told me to shut up, and added that I was too dumb to understand anything. Some days later, he asked me where my cash was. I had innocently told him at the beginning of our marriage that I had saved some money from my time as a dancer. I asked him why he wanted to know that, but he told me: 'Stop making questions, bitch! Your money is *my* money! We're married, remember? I just need it for a few days.' Two days later, I discovered that he had lost everything, even my savings. He had then killed himself with a bullet to the head."

At this point, Olga began to tremble from head to toe. She was so agitated that she couldn't remain seated. She then began to walk around the place.

"The son of a bitch didn't even give me a chance to get back at him!" she yelled, throwing a vase that was on a table into the large full-length mirror.

"I was completely screwed. I had no money, and none of the people with whom I had worked in the past wanted to give me a new chance. I was about to become a hooker to survive, but then Dmitri appeared in America. I had worked for him in Russia. He had had a nightclub where I had started to dance. However, one day, his partners betrayed him, and he also had lost everything and was about to go to the jail because they had set him up. He then left the country to start a new life."

"He then opened a small club with the money he still had, and I became the main attraction of the place. Over time, we were conquering more and more clients, and then he opened a bigger club. However, what had happened back in Russia had changed Dmitri. He had become a harder person, who trusted no one but me. He didn't want to just be the owner of nightclubs anymore. It was when he began to deal with illicit businesses."

"After some years, I realized that my career was going nowhere. I would never again have the chance to perform to a wide audience, since I was growing old. My opportunity had already passed. Then, with Dmitri's help, I opened my studio, where I could teach dance. It wasn't my real dream, but was better than nothing."

"Still, even after so many years, I still had the desire for revenge within me. Since that bastard who I married was dead, I knew I couldn't get back at him. I needed another person, and I beheld a great opportunity when I met Jennifer. She was just like me in the past. She was so helpless... So frustrated... All because of you! You were just like my dead husband. So boastful... You hadn't stolen anything from your wife yet, but I know you could if you deemed necessary. That's because men like that think that women are just their possessions. It's clear that I was right now. You lost all that you two had, and you even risked her life! "

"Well, now you have the chance to experience what it's like to be on the other side, *Katerina*. I may be wrong, but I think that for some weird reason you actually began to like dancing. Even this will be taken from you. You'll know exactly how I felt back then. I hope you enjoy it. Now, let's go. Your man is waiting for you."



Dmitri was ecstatic when he saw "Katerina" entering the church. The former man was looking better than he could have dreamed in that dress. Also, "she" had a nervous smile on "her" face which was very thrilling. *"She" was his prey, and "she" knew it*, Dmitri thought. *And I'm the hunter.*

Casey was accompanied by Olga. It wasn't very common for brides to enter the church accompanied by women, but this had been a special request from his old friend and Dmitri had thought *why not?* The priest didn't seem very

happy with it, but, after the donation that Dmitri had made to the church, his bride could come into the church arm in arm with the devil if he wanted. Moreover, Dmitri thought, this marriage wouldn't be happening if it weren't for Olga — she had worked very hard to turn that sissy into a hot woman.

Dmitri knew Olga better than anyone else. He knew very well that the woman had never forgotten what had happened in her past. They didn't talk about it for many years, but he knew that the hatred for her dead husband was still there — she had never been able to overcome such trauma.

As soon as Casey started to manage some of Dmitri's money, the Russian man began to investigate the investment analyst. He then found out that Casey was taking dance classes with his wife at Olga's studio. According to the studio's receptionist — who had become his informant — the man was being punished for his wife with Olga's help. Dmitri concluded that only a complete sissy would accept such punishment. Still, he continued relying on Casey's skills — despite his apparent lack of virility, Casey Anderson was actually a very good professional, according to his research.

However, the reality proved otherwise. Casey lost all the money he had invested with him, and Dmitri became furious. He immediately went to Olga's house, telling her that her referral had fucked up. He wanted to know where this man was. Olga, however, didn't seem worried, at all. In fact, she seemed... happy! Dmitri could have killed her right there and then if she wasn't who she was. The woman said she knew nothing about Casey, but would keep Dmitri informed.

A few days later, she called the man.

"So, did you find out something about that bastard?" Dmitri asked. "I haven't been able to find him yet!"

"About whom are you talking about?" Olga asked.

"Who else? Casey Anderson! That idiot who lost my money!"

"Oh, I see... You still are thinking about him..." the woman said, as if it were an outdated and boring subject.

"What did you expect?" Dmitri shouted, annoyed.

"I don't know anything about Casey, Dmitri. Let's assume he's dead."

"He is?"

"I don't know. That's why I said let's *assume*. I just don't care, and you shouldn't either. I called you for another reason. I have a new dancer for you. A niece of mine, coming from Russia."

"Do you really think that I give a crap about a new dancer right now?"

"This girl is special, my friend... Very special. You'll see."

"I didn't even know you had a niece!"

"Me neither. I met her recently, but this girl is destined for great things. I just need some money to improve her body a little."

"Oh, now I have to spend more money?"

"Not spend, Dmitri. This is an investment, and it will be worth it."

For a moment, Dmitri thought that Olga had lost her mind. Her words were making no sense. But he looked past the obvious — she was too smart for that. The woman was certainly plotting something that Dmitri couldn't understand... yet.

And then, it all made sense when he discovered "Katerina's" little secret. He felt even a bit stupid for not seeing it coming earlier. Olga had found a victim to satisfy her desire for revenge, and spun a web from which he couldn't escape. Obviously, she was relying on the indirect help of Dmitri, and he wouldn't disappoint her — she really knew how to motivate him into cooperation.

Casey walked toward the altar as if it were a sentence to the gallows. He was smiling, sure, but just because he knew he had to stay in character. What he really wanted was to run away, which would be very difficult with this indecent wedding dress and high heels. Plus, Olga was holding his arm tightly, just in case.

Along the way, the dance instructor waved and smiled at someone in the crowd. When Casey looked in that direction, he had a tremendous shock. There was Jennifer, his wife, and she wasn't alone. Holding her tiny waist, there was Ethan, her former boyfriend. Casey was so stunned that he couldn't process what he was seeing. He just went into a state of misery.

Soon enough, he was beside Dmitri and the ceremony had begun. The one-time man repeated the wedding vows dictated by the priest — who looked in thinly-disguised at him all the time — then Dmitri and he exchanged the rings, and then the Russian man kissed him. That was it. Casey was married again, but this time he was a married woman.



At the wedding reception, Casey was congratulated by a lot of people he didn't know. He had not invited anyone, for obvious reasons, so all the guests were "friends" and acquaintances of Dmitri. At least all the dancers of the nightclub were there, and they were being much friendlier to "Katerina" now that "she" was no longer a threat, and was the wife of their boss.

There was plenty of music, food and drinks, but Casey wasn't having much fun. All he could think was about what would happen when the party was over. To make him even more miserable, Olga pulled him aside by the arm.

"Come here for a moment, my dear," she said. "There are some people I want you to meet." She then took him to the other side of the hall, where she found the people that Casey least wanted to see at that moment.

"Katerina, this is Jennifer, a friend of mine, and this is Ethan, her husband. Jennifer and Ethan, this is Katerina, my niece."

Her husband? Casey thought. That couldn't be true. Jennifer was married to him! But instead of expressing his concerns about that, Casey just hugged the couple.

"Nice to meet you. Oh, and I just love your dress!" he said to Jennifer. She really was looking very beautiful, wearing a formal dress which hugged her body.

"Thank you, darling," Jennifer said. "But obviously you look so much better than I do! Oh, your dress is a dazzling! And it suits you perfectly!"

Casey couldn't believe he was having that kind of conversation with his wife. Moreover, there was no doubt that she knew who "Katerina" was for real. He could see it in her face, and there was also the fact that she knew all of this from the beginning. Jennifer was clearly pleased to see Casey transformed so radically. Apparently, Casey was the only one who wasn't enjoying the situation, since even Ethan was lusting after his body discreetly — he could be in love with Jennifer, but he was a man, after all.



"Anyway," Jennifer said, "congratulations for the wedding. I'm sure that you'll be very happy!"

"Da!" Casey said, embarrassed. "Dmitri is... Umm... a great man." But realizing that no one was satisfied with that answer, he added: "And I love him with all my heart!"

"So cute!" Jennifer cried. "You're a lucky girl, just like me. Ethan and I also got married recently, after the untimely death of my first husband. Our ceremony was simpler, though, because there wasn't much time for preparations. Some people said it was too soon, but we knew we were meant to be together."

Death of her first husband? It was getting worse and worse. In the near future, he would find that it was true. Probably due to another ruse of Olga, Casey Anderson had been declared dead.

After a while, "Katerina" felt someone grabbing him from behind. It was none other than Dmitri, "her" husband. The man kissed his "wife" passionately, while Jennifer and the others watched the scene.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked.

"So soon?" Casey said, trying to delay that inevitable moment as much as possible.

"I can't wait anymore, babe. Let's take advantage of everyone being distracted and leave through the back door."

Dmitri greeted the group quickly, and then began to drag the effeminated former male. Casey looked at Jennifer for one last time, and for a moment he had the feeling that she was about to say something else. He could almost see pity for her feminized husband in her eyes. But probably it was just something that his mind fancied. Jennifer didn't say anything, and soon Casey was leaving the ballroom at the side of Dmitri — it was time to consummate the marriage.



Dmitri had booked the presidential suite of the most luxurious hotel in the town for the wedding night. The place was bigger than many houses, with modern furniture, stylish décor, a giant LED TV, a bar fridge, and a hot tub in the bathroom. However, the couple didn't enjoy any of these amenities when they arrived. The only thing that Dmitri wanted at that moment was "Katerina," and he didn't want to waste time. He had carried "her" in his arms into the suite, and then he carried "her" to the bed, which was large enough for at least six people to sleep together. Then, he immediately began kissing the former man, as he rubbed his breasts.

"Do you like that, Katerina?" he asked. "Tell me how you're feeling."

"Oh, Dmitri, I'm so horny! I can't wait for... Oh... Oh... That's *soo* good!" he cried, when Dmitri lowered his dress and bra, and started sucking his nipples.

I'm just saying such things because I have no choice, Casey said to himself, but it wasn't true. He really was aroused — seriously, desperately aroused. He had hated everything that had happened earlier that day, but now it was a different story. His body was once again in control, and it knew very well what it wanted.

Dmitri ripped away his dress, just like he had done before, in his apartment. Apparently, he had a fetish for such an act, and Casey thought it was a good thing that he had so many dresses in his closet.

Casey could feel Dmitri's cock against his groin, and it was fully engorged. Dmitri then ran his hands down Casey's body. "I don't think this time I will find any surprises down there, will I?" he said. Casey giggled, nervously, and then Dmitri took off his panties.

There it was — a perfect pussy, identical to the vagina of any other woman. Dmitri was very relieved to see that it hadn't turned him off. In fact, he was even hornier than before. That was the first time that it happened, although he suspected it was due to the fact that that pussy belonged to a woman who had previously been a man, and a man he had helped to feminize.

Dmitri took off all his clothes. Seeing a strapping, muscular man completely naked in front of him, Casey felt even more like a woman. That was the body of a real man. He was so brawny and strong... So virile... Casey — or Katerina — on the other hand, had a completely hairless body, with huge boobs, a big and rounded ass, and slender legs. Oh, not to mention that he had a pussy, while Dmitri had a big cock. That cock... It looked so inviting...

"I want to suck your dick, Dmitri," he said, breathlessly. "I want it so badly..."

Dmitri then stood next to the bed. "Go ahead, little bitch," he said. "Show me what you can do."

Casey knelt in front of him, holding his cock with his soft hands, with long red fingernails. He kissed the dick, just before putting it in his mouth. *So tasty!* He thought. He started sucking it greedily, completely in ecstasy. Dmitri was also very happy. He could see that this was going to be the best sex of his life. He held "Katerina's" head, forcing his cock deeper and deeper into "her" mouth, until "she" gasped when it came to "her" throat. Even so, the former man didn't slow down. Dmitri was about to come, so he decided to stop Casey. He raised "her" body with extreme ease, and threw her on the bed harshly.

"I have seen that you are a good cocksucker," he said. "Now let me try your pussy."

Casey felt a new shiver of pleasure go through his body. He loved Dmitri's harshness. It made him feel so vulnerable and submissive... Dmitri kissed him once again, without any kindness, and Casey instinctively spread his legs. This

time, his pussy was completely soaked, just as the surgeon had predicted would happen.

Dmitri began to penetrate him slowly, with just the tip of his cock. But that wasn't enough for Casey. He wanted much more.

"Please, Dmitri!" he cried. "Fuck me harder!"

"As you want, slut."

Dmitri slipped his cock deep inside Casey's pussy, and the forgotten man widened his eyes and opened his mouth in a silent scream. It hurt like hell. He felt as if Dmitri was breaking him in half, but this feeling didn't last long. Little by little, the discomfort began to dissipate and he began to feel more and more pleasure.

"Oh, yes! More!" he cried. "Fuck me, Dmitri! Fuck like the little bitch that I am!"

This was really happening. He had a pussy, and there was a huge, fat cock inside him. It was so surreal and unbelievable... A few months earlier, Casey never would have believed that this situation could ever happen. But this was true. He was being fucked, and not only that — he was being fucked by his husband.

Katerina dug her long red nails into Dmitri's back when he started to fuck her faster and faster. After a few minutes, the two burst into an indescribable orgasm. Katerina cried so much that he thought her vocal cords would explode. That had been amazing. The female orgasm was so much better. It encompassed her whole body, and not only a part of it, as before.

They repeated this many times throughout the night, in every position and places that they could imagine. When they finally decided to sleep, the sun was already rising. Katerina lay down on the bed completely exhausted. Then, suddenly, she felt deeply depressed. Despite all the physical pleasure she had felt in the previous hours, Casey's mind didn't accept the sexual pleasure as just compensation for all he had lost. Now that he was no longer being controlled by the lust, Casey felt sick and sorry for himself. Despite being exhausted, he could only manage to fall asleep an hour later, still sobbing quietly.



The next day, the newlyweds flew to the Caribbean for their honeymoon. They stayed at a five-star hotel, surrounded by paradisiacal beaches. Even so, they barely left their room. They spent almost the whole week in bed, having sex. On the rare occasions when they went out, to go to the swimming pool or one of the beaches, Dmitri insisted that "Katerina" wear one of the tiny bikinis that he had bought for "her," which completely exposed "her" sculptured body. Casey knew it was all about making the other men jealous. The former male

could see how his husband seemed pleased when men leered at him. They also had dinner at the hotel restaurant two or three times, but most nights they ate in the room, still half-naked.

Casey was still being tormented by his inner conflicts. He loved the way Dmitri made him feel during sex, but after that he always felt like crap. He just didn't know how he could live this way.

When they returned to America, this situation got even worse. Casey stayed at home all the time, having nothing to do but wait for his husband. He spent about two hours to get all dolled up, but apart from that, his life was completely meaningless.

Since "Katerina" had no friends, the only person who visited "her" was Olga, but such meetings weren't the least bit pleasant for the prisoner of femininity. Casey was forced to talk about the sex with Dmitri, in order to satisfy the woman's desire to humiliate him even further.



A few weeks later, during one particular afternoon, Casey was once again lying in bed feeling miserable. This time, however, he was feeling sadder than ever. He began to cry inconsolably, while he hit the pillow with his delicate wrists. Casey began to scream with all his strength, as if he wished he expel all that sadness from inside him. It didn't work, though — he was still just as depressed as before.

I have to do something, he thought. *And it has to be now*. Casey got up and approached the full-length mirror of his closet. He was wearing only a pink bra and panties, so he could contemplate his whole perfect female body. He once again began to wonder why this had happened to him, but he struggled to stop thinking about it. Self-pity wouldn't solve his problem. He needed to react.

Casey pulled his long blonde hair from his face and wiped his tears. After he steadied himself, he stared at his pretty face. It was his face now, and there was very little he could do — if anything at all — to change this fact. He also looked at his body again, trying not to feel disgust. He concluded that the first thing he needed to do was to accept the fact that he was female now.

That wouldn't be so hard. He appreciated sex as a woman, and he had enjoyed his femininity even when he was still living with Jennifer. It had happened when he was taking those tranquilizer pills that Claire had given him. For a long time, he had believed that those pills were in fact messing with his mind, as if they had hypnotic power or something. But what if he was wrong? What if those pills had just suppressed his damned male ego — the same male ego that had screwed up his life — allowing him to discover the delights of womanhood? He had been happy at the time, so why not try it again?

"I am a woman," he said, looking at his reflection. Something inside him tried to fight back, but he didn't allow it to get any stronger. "I am a woman," he repeated, higher and louder. "I am a woman, and I love it. My name is Katerina Ivanov. I'm a nineteen year old married Russian girl." Now that he had said it, he felt unable to stop. It was as if these words were waiting to be said for a long time. "Casey Anderson is gone for good. He's dead. I don't want to hear about him ever again. I am a woman, and I love my female body. I love my boobs, my butt, my legs, my delicate feet, my thin arms and my graceful hands. I love my pretty face, my big eyes, my full lips and my beautiful hair. I love being girly and sexy. I wouldn't trade my body for any other. Oh, and I love when my husband takes me to bed and fuck me like the little slut that I can be when I want. There is no reason to be ashamed about it. All girls need fun, and I love being one of the girls! In fact, I think I've always been a woman deep down, but I tried to hide the truth from the people, and even from myself, acting like an arrogant and aggressive man. But now I know. I was never a man for real, and all that's happened has allowed me to discover my true self. I am, I've always been, and I always will be... a girl."



When Katerina finished her speech, she knew there was no way back. Her words had been so strong and so genuine that they had destroyed her old male ego. She felt free for the first time in a long time. There was no more torment and suffering.

She cried again, but this time those were tears of joy. It was okay to cry. She was a woman, after all. She didn't have to pretend she was unshakable all the time, as men foolishly did. She could show her feelings whenever she wanted. It didn't make her feel weak. In fact, she had never felt so empowered. *I'm like a butterfly that has just come out of the cocoon*, she thought, giggling. That had been a great metaphor, since she was as girly as a butterfly. *And now I'm ready to fly*. She just needed to decide to where to go. She needed an occupation because she didn't want to be a mere fuck doll. She already knew what she wanted to do. She loved to dance, and she could do it for the rest of her life. But how would she convince Dmitri? Well, the answer was right in front of her, she realized, looking at the reflection of her killer body.



The new girl decided to start slowly. If she pushed too hard too quickly, she could scare her husband, and then her plan would have no chance. So, first she would try to persuade him to make a small concession, just to prepare the ground.

"Katerina, I'm home," Dmitri said when he arrived back at the penthouse one day. There was no answer. "Where are you?" He called, but again, nothing. He went to the bedroom, and he then he heard the door slam behind him. There was Katerina, wearing the same schoolgirl costume she had worn in her first performance at the nightclub. She was even sucking a lollipop.

"Are you mad at me, sir?" she asked, innocently, playing the role of a student addressing a superior.

"I... You... W-what..." Dmitri was having serious problems just speaking words. He was completely astonished. That outfit... Katerina was wearing it that night when he knew he needed her.

"Oh, sir, you look a little tense. Maybe I can help you relax?" she said, caressing the man's chest with a finger.

"Y-yes, you can!" Dmitri said, trying to embrace her.

"But not now! First, I think you should lie down for a while." Dmitri's legs were so shaky because of the excitement that Katerina was able to easily push him onto the bed. "I'm going to dance for you. I'm sure that it will make you more relaxed." Saying that, Katerina walked away, moving her hips sensually. Dmitri could see a hint of her white thong, which made him even hornier.

Katerina turned on the stereo, and approached the bed again, walking at the pace of the sensual music. Then, she started to dance. She was really inspired that night. She thought that this was her best routine — and seeing the transfixed expression of Dmitri, she concluded that she must be right about that.

"Do you like that, sir?" she asked, still dancing.

"Yes, girl. I love it!"

"Good... And do you think that I'm hot?" Katerina had taken off her top and bra, and she had her hands on her boobs teasingly.

"Are you kidding me? You're unbelievably hot. Now come here."

"Not yet," she said, winking playfully, with a finger in her mouth.

She turned back and took off her skirt slowly. Despite the music, she could hear the rapid breathing of Dmitri. She was glad to know that she had such power over him. That would be just perfect for her plan.

When she was finally naked, she came even closer to Dmitri. Then, she put a hand in his pants.

"Wow, you're so big, sir! It looks like I haven't helped you relax one little bit!" She pouted and put a finger to her lips. The she smiled. "I know what I can do!" she giggled. Next, Katerina opened his zipper and began to suck his dick. Dmitri was moaning as never before. She knew that she doing great.

After a while, Katerina took his cock from her mouth, and started jerking him off. "Tell me something, sir," she said. "Are you happy now?"

"W-what?" Dmitri gasped. "Yeah, of course I'm happy. Now keep your mouth busy."

"In a minute, sir. Would you like to make me happy too?"

"Sure!"

"That's, like, so good to know! Do you know what would make me happy? A new pair of shoes."

"But I bought ten pairs of shoes for you last week!" he cried. That was true. Dmitri loved to see Katerina wearing sexy shoes, but he liked to decide what and when to buy them.

"A girl never has enough shoes, sir. Also, I have a pair of heels in mind that will perfectly match the outfit that I will use to dance for you tomorrow."

"Fine! I'll take you to the mall tomorrow!"

"Oh no, sir! I want to go there by myself."

"By yourself?"

"Yes, sir. I want to surprise you."

That was a problem. Dmitri didn't like to let his wife go out by herself, just like a nineteenth century husband. However, at that time he was too aroused to think straight.

"Okay, girl! You can go out tomorrow and buy as many shoes as you want!"

"Oh, sir, now I'm happy!" Katerina said, and then returned to suck his dick.



And so it started. Using the same strategy, Katerina convinced Dmitri to let her buy clothes, jewelry and even a girlish convertible car. It was lavender, with white leather seats. Katerina just loved how she felt driving this car around the town. This was a vehicle that only a girl could drive — and just a girly girl like her.

She was enjoying those gifts, of course, but all this had a greater purpose. She believed that pretty soon she would be able to convince Dmitri to let her dance again. She was so sure of that, that she even resumed training while she was alone. Her days weren't meaningless anymore. Now she had something to look forward to.

The relationship between the couple out of the bedroom had also vastly improved. Dmitri was impressed with the way his wife was acting. She had become so affectionate. She really seemed to love talking to Dmitri for many hours, and she had even begun to make dinner every night, cooking his favorite dishes. Also, she had acquired the habit of laying her head on his chest after sex, and then asking him to stroke her head. She then would fall asleep in that position, nestling to him as a kitten.

At first, Dmitri had thought that Katerina hated being his wife, but now he wasn't so sure. Had she got used being a woman? More than that... Had she grown to love her new life and her husband? Dmitri was reluctant to consider this possibility at first, but now he couldn't see any other alternative. No one could fake it all the time *this* well — especially not to him, who had trained himself to smell lies a mile away.

Suddenly, he realized that his marriage could be based on love instead of coercion. That was a good thing, right? Dmitri didn't know. After what had happened in his homeland, when he had been so cravenly betrayed by his partners, he didn't know if he could rely on anyone again, except Olga. However, even though he wasn't fully aware of it, he was beginning to have real feelings for his wife, and soon he would no longer be able to control it.



Just three months after the wedding, Katerina insisted on a second honeymoon. Dmitri argued that he couldn't be away from business for another

week so soon, but the girl knew very well how to make him change his mind. They went to Greece this time, where they visited several historical sites and islands that seemed to belong to heaven.

During a certain late afternoon, the couple was at the balcony of their hotel room with views of the Mediterranean Sea. They were having a drink to relax as the sun was setting in the sea. They were happily talking about the day and all that they had seen. The joy of the moment was intoxicating. It was simply impossible to get angry or sad in a place like this. So, Katerina knew it was the right time.

"C'mon, big guy," she said, getting up and hugging Dmitri from behind. "I want you... now!"

Back in the room, Katerina danced for her husband — a very slow and sensual dance. Being in Greece and seeing the evening sunlight falling on the perfect body of Katerina, Dmitri almost thought that she was a nymph — a mystical creature who had come to bring happiness to his life. *I'm the luckiest man in the world*, he thought. *And I'm a fool in love*.

After the dance, Katerina climbed into bed and they kissed fondly. There was a lot of sexual tension between them, but they knew that they didn't need to rush — they had all the time in the world.

Katerina had planned to ask for permission to dance while she was playing with his penis, as she had done on other occasions. However, at that moment, she realized that she didn't need to do it — not anymore. She thought she didn't even need to ask your permission to do what she wanted. She had already won his love and respect.

"Dmitri, I want to go back being a dancer."

"Why?"

"Because I really love it, and it makes me feel accomplished. I'm afraid that if I don't do this I may become a person like Olga."

"But... I don't want to see you dancing in front of other men!"

"C'mon, honey. I know you love to parade me around on your arm, so you can make all men jealous. I'm okay with that, for real. Now, think about it. While I'm dancing, all men will envy you. They'll know that, whatever how much they desire me, they will never be able to have me, because the only man that I want is you... forever! Isn't that what you want?"

"Kind of... Still... Oh, crap! Okay. If you want to do that, I won't stop you. I know how much it hurt Olga. I... I'll *trust* you."

"Oh, baby, I'll make you so happy tonight," she said, stroking his cock.

"I love you, Katerina."

"I love you too, Dmitri... Wait a minute! Are you smiling?"

"What? I don't smile!"

"Oh my gosh... Yes, you are! Now I see why you don't do it so often..."

"What you mean?"

"I'm just joking, honey! Now, come here. I'm so wet..."



Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we are pleased to announce the return of one of our stars. Our most requested performer makes her long-awaited comeback! Please, welcome to the stage... The Russian Girl, Katerina!

Katerina got on stage amid a thunderous round of applause. She couldn't be happier. After so much time, she was home again. For her comeback, she had decided to wear a sexy Russian soldier costume. It was composed of a short green dress, 5-inch black boots that came up to her thighs, fishnet stockings and a black Ushanka hat on her head. She walked to the center of the stage, feeling more alive at each step. It was amazing how she had grown to love being on stage. She then remembered what Olga had said in the first class, when he was still a man:

The dance is powerful, sublime — an indomitable force. It can hypnotize the toughest of men. It can build and destroy empires. Almost nothing can compare to it.

At the time, he had thought that such a trite speech had been quite melodramatic, but now he could see her point. She felt truly powerful when she was dancing. Even more powerful than when she was Casey Anderson, the well-respected investment analyst. Being a dancer, she didn't need to bellow or look menacing to impose herself. She could be delicate and feminine, and yet she would be in control of everyone around.

It was a shame that Olga hadn't realized the extent of this power in the past. If she had, her fate would have been very different, as her niece had evidenced.

Back then, when she was a man, Katerina never would have thought that one day she would ever become the object of men's fantasies. But now, she knew that she had become a much better person and had found genuine happiness as a wife and exotic dancer... as a girl.

The End



Titles from Sick Puppy Press

Sick Puppy Comics

Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

The Step-Witch

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch – and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

Candlewick Court Series

Welcome to Candlewick

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

Surrender to Candlewick

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found it's first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

Brides of Candlewick

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Students, Exchanged

"French Dupe" by Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 57 pages / 15 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by By Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He's the Wrong Girl

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's long-forgotten aunt is sick, and he goes to care for her. His calls back home leave his wife Janice confused and unsure about his return. So she goes to find him. But is there much left to be found? Book / 64 pages / 25 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

"The Puppy Mill" by Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive wiling to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Book / 210 pages / 16 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies"" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Made Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town – right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only



Reading is Fun de Mental!