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STRIP FOR YOUR MAN

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



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation

M E L I S S A 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.

“*Bce xopouo*,” 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 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."

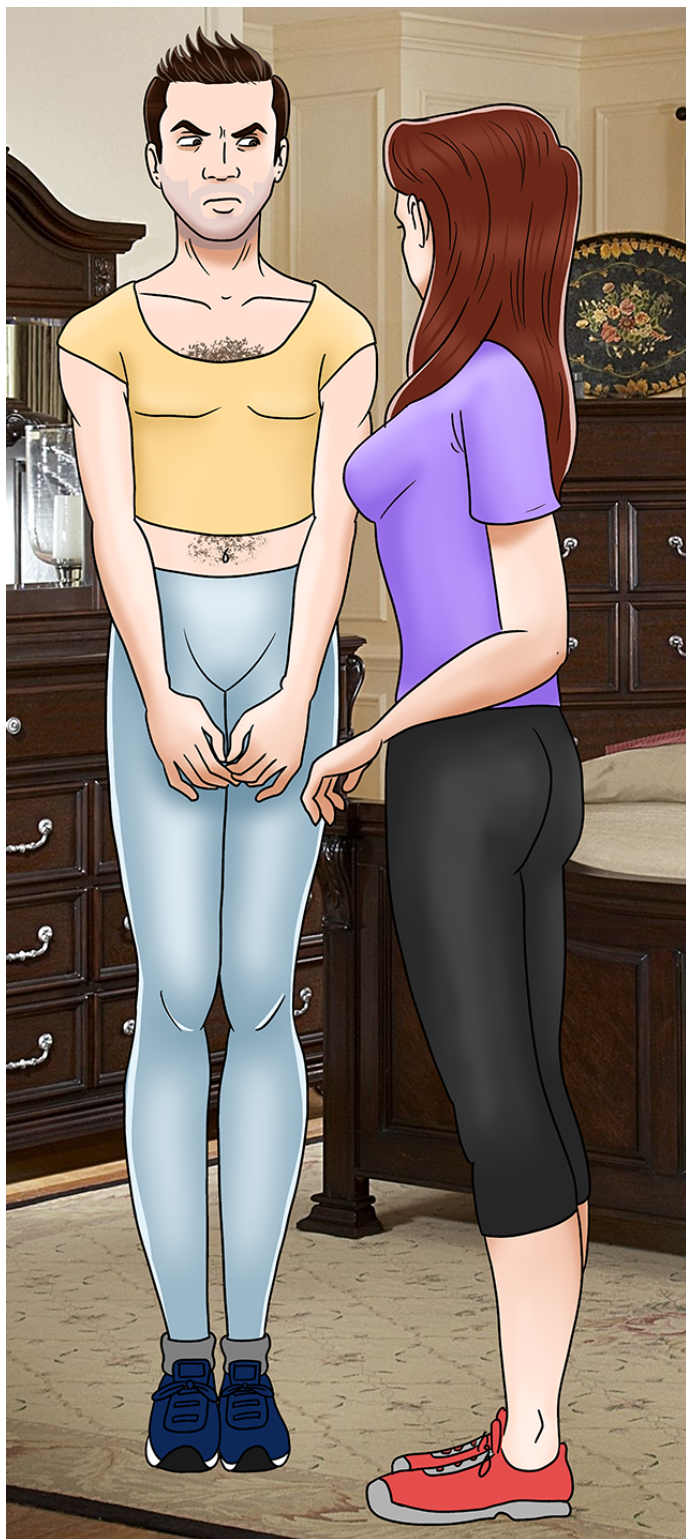
"What if I have to go to the bathroom?"

"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.”

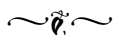
“What? *Paranoid?*”

“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 his 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 of 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 relieved 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...

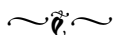
“Why not?” he blurted out, hardly believing in his own words.

“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 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 to 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?”