



My perfect marriage started to change when I lost my job. I was laid off because of budget cuts and the tough economy. Meanwhile, my wife Jane got several promotions, as she worked in healthcare, which was booming due to the pandemic and increased demand



We began arguing more as she took control of the finances and held me accountable for things she never did when I was working. I knew I had to find a job and start earning again to feel like I had a lead in our relationship.



My ego struggled with my wife taking charge, and when she suggested I help with "household" duties, it was too much. I knew I had to take drastic action to start making money again. That's how I found myself at the casino, betting our savings in hopes of winning a fortune



At first, I won big and proudly showed off my winnings to my wife. She begged me to stop gambling our savings, but I ignored her and kept going, convinced I could win even more. My greed took over, and soon I lost not only the profits but also all our savings. Desperate to recover everything, I borrowed from shady loan sharks, but ended up losing that too. Now, I was drowning in debt, and the loan sharks gave me only 10 days to pay it all back—or face the threat of "disappearing" me.



I went to Jane, pleading for money to pay off the loan sharks, but she unleashed her fury on me like never before. For the first time, I was truly afraid of her. After calming down, she made a few calls and came up with a plan. With no savings left and her income as our only support, we couldn't just leave. We had 10 days to figure out a way for me to escape. After a long pause, she came up with an idea that completely shook me to my core



My beard was one of the reasons she fell in love with me—a defining feature that highlighted my face. Now, she thinks I should shave it off and change my entire look to resemble a different person. Her plan was to stage my “disappearance” and have me live in plain sight as her “brother” until the loan sharks lost interest and moved on. The thought of it felt surreal, but with no other option, I had to consider it



With my hair neatly combed and my beard gone, I felt stripped of my masculinity. My new wardrobe had a metrosexual flair—floral patterns and unisex colors that made me feel even more out of place. I protested her choices, uncertain about this new look. But one day, a group of thugs appeared out of nowhere, demanding answers. Terrified, I hid in the basement, watching in silence as they confronted my wife



My wife played her role perfectly, telling the thugs that her husband, “Chuck,” hadn’t been around since the night he lost everything. They weren’t convinced and tore through the house, searching every room. Thankfully, they never thought to check the basement, leaving me hidden and out of sight



Over the next few days, the thugs continued to barge in, making Jane's life miserable. She struggled to focus on her job while dealing with their harassment, all while I hid in the basement. I knew this situation couldn't last forever. Then, after glancing at my metrosexual appearance and floral shirt, an idea suddenly struck her. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I couldn't hide in the basement forever, and my wife couldn't afford to lose her job because of these thugs. They would threaten any man living in the house, no matter his appearance.



The only way out was to make sure no man remained here. With the staged disappearance of “Chuck,” I could disguise myself as my wife’s sister, Debbie, who was in town to console her. This was the only way out of the mess I had created, and my disguise had to be flawless to fool the thugs. Jane took a couple of days off work to help me fully. I screamed like a girl when she shaved off every last bit of hair from my body. She couldn't help but smile at my loud shrieks.



Once my body was completely shaved, it was time to change my hair color. To avoid any suspicion and to differentiate myself from “Chuck,” My hair was dyed a deep brown color. Wigs were an option, but Jane wanted it to look as natural as possible to prevent any doubts.



After putting my hair in curlers, she handed me her white nightie, applied red nail polish, and taught me how to put on lipstick. With a mischievous smile, she watched as I carefully applied her dark red glossy lipstick to my lips in front of her.



I protested and fought her, but deep down, we both knew this was our only way out. Those thugs could show up at any moment, and with the 10 days almost up, they might swarm the house and make me “disappear.”



Before they could make their move, I had to truly disappear and become “Debbie” to fool them. Jane was loving every moment of it. Her once-masculine husband, with a shiny beard and stoic face, was now prancing around in pink nighties, feminine makeup, and lipstick



With only a couple of days left before the deadline, Jane went into overdrive, lacing me into a tight corset to shape my waist and create some curves to fool the thugs. She even gave me estrogen pills to enhance my “feminine” features. I protested, but she insisted it was all temporary, just until those goons left us alone



Our deadline had arrived, and I was ready to start over as “Debbie.” I had never felt so nervous in my life. I tried my best to sway my hips and walk like a woman. Jane gave me her red dress and instructed me to stay in the kitchen, doing “household” chores like a woman. She began referring to me as “Debbie,” using she/her pronouns. It was humiliating, and I could tell she was being sarcastic, emphasizing that if I had just listened to her from the start and kept my male ego in check, all of this could have been avoided



Nobody showed up that day, and I sighed in relief. But the next day, a thug arrived, and with Jane out for work, it was my time as “Debbie” to rise to the occasion. I was a nervous wreck, filled with fear, as I opened the door and let the thug enter. My story was rehearsed, and in a high-pitched feminine tone, I explained how “Chuck” the loser had run away, leaving my dear sister “Jane” on her own. I told him she had called me over to help her. I handed him my new fake ID as he searched the house for any signs of “Chuck.” He was polite at first, but that changed quickly when he threatened to harm both me and my sister if we hid any information about Chuck’s whereabouts.



Days passed, but the thugs weren't leaving us alone. They were surveilling the house and often followed Jane to her office, looking for any signs of "Chuck." Jane told me they were growing suspicious of me never leaving the house. To fool them, she insisted I go out with her for shopping. After all, what kind of sister wouldn't go out to shop and dine together? The daily estrogen pills had given me small, shapely "breasts," which Jane enhanced with fillers. As we headed out, the thugs stared at us. Jane smiled confidently and even waved at them, while I struggled to walk in heels, clinging to her hand for support



As I walked around the mall, I had to fully embody the role of “Debbie,” convinced that one of the thugs was following us. Jane took me shopping, no longer willing to share her outfits with me. It was time to build my new wardrobe. Even in my wildest nightmares, I never imagined standing in a Victoria's Secret store, trying on different lingerie with Jane, disguised as my own wife's sister



Once the shopping ended, we headed to the salon, where I received another shock: the owner was Linda, my ex-girlfriend. She immediately recognized me beneath all the makeup and the dress. Jane expertly spun a tale, telling Linda that I had never satisfied her and had always wished to be someone “different.”

As I sat in the salon chair, Linda styled my hair, giggling at the story Jane was feeding her. I simply nodded in agreement to the humiliating lies that Jane shared. Linda even pierced my ears and gave me her earrings—ones I vaguely remembered gifting her during one of our dates. To top it off, Linda provided Jane with her brother’s number, just in case I wanted to explore more of my “sexuality.” They both laughed while I could only look down in complete shame



Once Linda was finished with me, I could hardly recognize myself. Even Jane stood there with her mouth agape at the sight of her fully feminized husband, who could easily pass as just another pretty woman. It felt effortless to blend in as a woman. Back home, I confidently took care of my chores and moved around the house and neighborhood without any fear, despite the looming presence of those goons.



The goons were gradually losing hope of catching “Chuck,” and they barely showed up at the house anymore. I could finally sense that this nightmare was coming to an end. However, one day, one of the goons arrived with a completely different agenda. He wasn’t looking for Chuck; he was dressed up, wearing sunglasses, and exuding a strong perfume. He was here for “Debbie.” I froze for a moment when he asked me out on a date. Stumbling over my words, I managed to say that I already had a boyfriend. He leaned in closer and whispered in my ear, “I’ve never seen you with any guy,” before suspiciously leaving the house.



Jane made some phone calls and devised the perfect plan to get rid of the remaining goons. She realized that these last two or three goons weren't really looking for Chuck; they were simply interested in asking me out and trying their luck. Since I had already claimed to have a boyfriend, there was no backing out now. I begged her not to make me go through with this, but she reassured me that it would be the final step and after this, we could return to our normal lives. That thought brought me some comfort, but I couldn't believe she was actually setting me up with another man. She dressed me up in a sexy pink dress and prepared me for the date



Although it's a fake date, I was still embarrassed to be doing this. When I heard a bell ring, Jane opened it and greeted the man. I saw a tall bearded man stepping in and introducing himself as "Marco" and gave me flowers. I somehow knew that man...it rang a bell...no way...it couldn't be...it was Marco, Linda's brother. I looked at Jane with angry eyes as I understood what was going on. She was actually trying to set me up with my ex-girlfriend's brother. Marco guided me to his car, and I could see the goons looking over curiously. I told Marco the truth in his car and requested him to just play along until the goons leave us alone. He was understanding and told me not to worry.



He took me to a nightclub, and I decided to share everything with him from the beginning. Marco listened patiently and comforted me, acknowledging how tough it must have been to keep up this disguise. Seeing the stress on my face, he suggested we dance to lighten the mood. I hesitated, but he insisted it would be just a friendly dance.



Still feeling dazed, I got up and followed him to the dance floor. My stomach fluttered as I noticed my thin, long fingers with brightly polished nails being held by his strong hand. It felt surreal as his arms wrapped around me and guided me across the floor. "This can't be happening," I thought, feeling his hands on my waist while I placed mine on his shoulders. I blushed bright red and lowered my gaze in embarrassment at the thought of being on the dance floor wrapped in another man's arms.



I didn't know what was happening. I could have stopped this and left, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. Instead, I rested my head against his warm chest as we danced slowly. It was the first time in a long while that someone treated me with respect, gentleness, and warmth. I almost teared up in his embrace when he asked if I wanted to step outside for some fresh air and to talk about my feelings. "Yes, I'd like that," I whispered, trying not to sound too eager. Marco took my hand and led me toward the beach. I felt strange and out of place walking beside another man as he held my hand and treated me like a lady. But what else could he do? I was wearing a seductive pink minidress that showcased my cleavage and curves. I was a man, but in that moment, I didn't feel like one. Talking to him felt relaxing and therapeutic. Ever since I lost my job, life had been nothing but cruel to me.



We kept walking along the beach, and soon it was just the two of us, wandering late at night. The air got colder, and he wrapped his arms around me, pulling me close. I felt chilly in my revealing dress, so I leaned into him for warmth. He turned me gently to face him, then lowered his lips to mine. I froze, stunned by the fact that I just got kissed by another man. I thought about pulling away, but the kiss was warm, gentle, and comforting, especially with his arms around me. My body reacted, and soon I was softly moaning as we kissed deeply for what felt like ten minutes. When he finally pulled back, he whispered, "Would you like to come to my place?" Without thinking, I nodded, letting him lead me to his nearby house.



We arrived at his house, and he made me feel comfortable. He asked if I was ready to explore my “sexuality.” I was so caught up in my emotions that I didn't want this moment to end. He gently undressed me and then took off his t-shirt and pants. I stood there in my black lingerie as he stood in front of me. He removed his underwear and insisted I do the same. I nervously lowered myself and took off my panties, and we stood next to each other, almost naked. I looked down and was surprised to see that his cock was much bigger than mine



I felt embarrassed, but he gently pulled me closer, rubbing our bodies together as he kissed me with passion. I melted in his arms. Our lips connected, and my breasts pressed firmly against his chest while my small cock was tightly pressed against his much larger cock



He gently guided me onto the bed, positioning himself over me as he whispered sweet, comforting words in my ear. Then, he asked if I was ready to lose my anal virginity, and with a nervous nod, I agreed. He softly instructed me to bend forward and arch my back, reassuring me every step of the way



I took my position in bed, exposed my ass and balls to him, and arched my back, waiting nervously in anticipation. I was overwhelmed with thoughts as he took his sweet time to lube up his penis. In the middle of my overthinking, I felt a sharp cold tingling sensation in my ass as he fingered my anus with lube and stretched my ass wide.



He positioned himself behind me, licked my ass, then smacked it with his rock-hard penis. My eyes opened wide as I felt the initial contact. I felt my anus widen as he slowly penetrated me. I couldn't help but moan as he continued to thrust further. He repeatedly pressed and pulled out of my ass, creating friction as breasts and balls jiggle in sync. I let out a loud shout of pleasure when he hit the spot in my rectum. He continued to strike it over and over, and I moaned ecstatically with each "THUD".



Waves of sensations swept through my entire body as he increased the intensity by bending in and massaging my balls and playing with my breasts. He increased the speed and penetrated me further and deeper as we both moaned in unison. I couldn't stop myself from cumming all over the bed, and shortly after, he cummed in my ass, completely filling it with his warm sperm.



We were exhausted physically as we breathed deeply, and he curled me up in his arms, complementing me on my outstanding performance and kissing my forehead as I fell asleep on his chest.



The next morning, I woke up hoping it had all been just a bad dream—but there he was, holding me in his arms, and I realized this was my reality, not a nightmare. He played with my breasts, stroked my penis, instantly turning me on as I gave in to his advances and began kissing him and we got into another passionate romantic adventure. This time, he suggested that I experience oral sex for the first time.



I got into my position and starred at his long hard penis before taking a deep breath and taking it in my mouth. I licked the head of his penis a few times as it kept growing, and eventually took it in my mouth entirely, gagging on it. I bobbed my head back and forth, as he moans and growls. The taste, the smell, it was all horrible but I just wanted to satisfy his needs in any way I could.



I don't know why I was doing this, but his moans were extremely rewarding and got me horny. I wasn't ready to swallow his load as he bursted in my mouth in full force. His cum spilled all over my face and breasts with remaining filled up my mouth. I slowly gulped it all down as he kissed me and went to the bathroom to clean himself. I stood there covered in his cum, exhausted with pleasure and overwhelmed with emotions.



It was a silent ride back home as Marco dropped me. He did ask me out for another date, but reality was hitting me hard in that moment. I was “Chuck” a married man, and I have a wife. What I just did with Marco was beyond anyone’s imagination.

I went straight to the bathroom, trying to wash away the sins of yesterday. Afterward, I put on a blue gown and kept busy with chores around the house to distract myself from last night. Thankfully, there were no thugs around today to hassle me, so at least that was a relief



When Jane got home from work, she was overjoyed to share that the thugs were finally out of our lives for good. She wrapped me in a hug, expecting me to share her relief, but instead, I broke down, unable to hold back the tears. I confessed everything to her about last night and this morning. She paused, absorbing my words, then pulled me close, whispering that maybe this was all for the best.

She admitted that she felt a new connection with me as “Debbie,” noticing how I seemed more open and genuine in that role. With a gentle smile, she encouraged me to explore this side of myself further, even giving her blessing to go on a second date with Marco and discover where this path might lead



She did advise me not to sleep with Marco again on the second date. She said that guys often take girls for granted if things move too quickly—probably speaking from her own experience with me, since we'd ended up in bed by our second date. On our second date Marco took me to a fancy restaurant, and we genuinely had a lovely conversation. I learned about his struggles as a musician, and I opened up about my own ongoing journey with gambling and the surprising layers of this new identity. It felt surprisingly comforting to talk so openly, and we shared a deeper connection over our challenges and transformations.



In the back of my mind, I knew I shouldn't sleep with him, but I couldn't resist. Our first night together had been exhilarating, especially since it was my first time. Now, with no weight of inner conflicts, I felt free to give in fully to the experience. And just as I'd hoped, Marco recreated that magic, leaving me in a trance, lost in the moment once again.



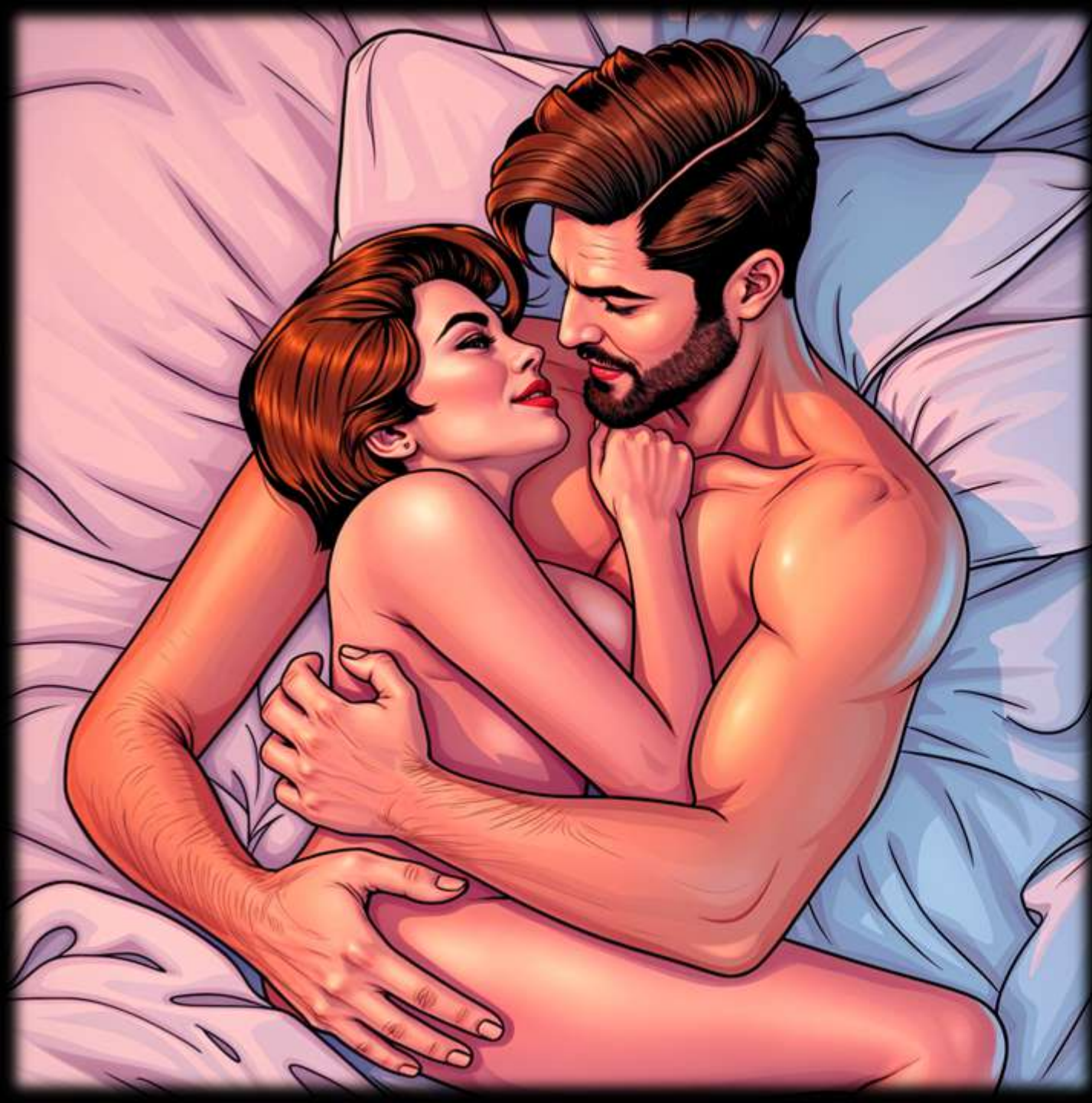
Over the next few weeks, Marco and I were inseparable, caught in a seemingly endless honeymoon phase. Though he had a past of dating multiple women and sissies, he stayed completely loyal to me, and I returned that loyalty, surprising him random blowjobs. I even increased my estrogen dosage, embracing this journey further and deepening my sense of femininity for him and, ultimately, for myself



Six months have passed, and time seems to have flown by. Jane is dating her boss now, and I'm genuinely happy for her. Meanwhile, I've moved in with Marco, and we're officially in a committed relationship. Marco surprised me with a trip to Mexico, where he proposed to me on a secluded beach. I was stunned... I knew we were serious, and that this was possible, but given where I was just six months ago, it all feels surreal.



A year ago, I was a married man at the peak of my masculinity, with a full beard and body hair. Now, I'm about to marry another man—the brother of my ex-girlfriend. Even more astonishing, my ex-girlfriend and my ex-wife are standing beside me as my bridesmaids. I don't think there could be a more unique wedding... at least, not anytime soon. And I wouldn't change a single thing about it. I can't wait to become Mrs. Debbie Viera and start my new life as a wife.



The End....for Chuck Andrews

The Beginning.... for Debbie Viera

Thank you for watching. Do let me know your thoughts on this series.