C'mon, Ken... Stay calm. He forced you to put on the fake boobs, and the latex vagina, and the hair extensions, and he made you apply this makeup and then dress up in your wife's clothes, and now he's got you tied up, so how much worse could it get? Dunno why he's on the phone... maybe he's getting ready to leave? I hope he unties me first. If Beth finds me like this, she'll tear me a new one for sure.

Oh... that doesn't sound good. So is this a kidnapping? Then why bother to dress me up like a woman? Beth and I are in debt up to our necks... Maybe I'm being forced into prostitution? No, that's absurd. Stuff like that doesn't happen in real life. Why dress me up like a secretary? Is some company really that hard up for staff? Oh crap, is this dude taking me home to be his wife?

For God's sake, get a grip. You've been reading too many half-assed T/E stories on Fictionmantic. Damn, how'd he even know about my cross-dressing in the first place? I'm pretty careful to not be seen while I dress, and when I go out I'm just another 30-year-old gal going shopping or running errands. I know I pass as female, so it's not like I'm calling attention to myself. I've had guys ask me out! This can't be happening...

Oh crappy crap-crap, a van just pulled up outside. What's that written on the side? What the hell is "SOFEMME"—a lingerie delivery service? Now they're unloading some kind of machine... This is so weird, it looks like an old-style salon hair dryer. What the frack? They're gonna give me a perm? But my hair already looks so nice...

None of this makes any sense! Why go to all this trouble?

It is done. He, or rather she, is ready for the full treatment.

Thus was another ineffectual male—too indecisive and wimpy to make the choice for himself—recruited into the ranks of the permanently femme. We of the society for the Feminization of Most Males Everywhere pledge to never rest until all such males have been converted!