

Femboy Toy



Landon Dixon

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2026

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags Inc/Reluctant Press
4645 Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 101
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Mags Inc/Reluctant Press, 4645 Van Nuys Blvd, Suite 101, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 USA - or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

FemBoy Toy

by Landon Dixon

“Let’s go, Doug,” Marjorie yelled, exasperated. “Jocelyn told us to be over at seven.”

Doug groaned, sitting on the edge of their condo living room couch watching the exciting end of the football game. “Why don’t you just go over by yourself? You don’t need me. You and Jocelyn are just going to talk shop and shopping.”

“You promised,” Marjorie stated flatly, walking in front of her husband, blocking his view of their TV. “It’ll be good for our marriage – the two of us doing something together for a change. Besides, you’ve got nothing better to do, as usual. Come on, be a man for me.”

Doug grimaced and got up, taking another shot from his wife about his losing his job as plant manager, his inability to find a new position after six months of looking.

Marjorie had gotten on full-time at the government department she'd been employed at for a couple of years, to 'make ends meet'. And the woman was rising rapidly in the civil service ranks, thriving at being 'the breadwinner' in the family now. Doug couldn't argue about that; but he was downright disgruntled about the woman's subtle digs in that regard, her burgeoning contempt and his feeling of uselessness serving to emasculate the big, blunt, forty-six-year-old.

Marjorie offered a consolingly sarcastic smile and pat on the back. "You can talk to Jocelyn's nephew, Erin. Apparently, he's staying with her a while. You two can 'guy talk' while Jocelyn and I gal talk. Okay?"

Doug grunted, slumped off to the bathroom to take a leak and wash his face, the dutiful husband.

Jocelyn Suarez greeted them at the door of her third floor condo. The mid-forties woman was wearing a bright, colorful, form-fitting dress which accentuated her natural bustiness and bootiness. She had smooth, golden brown skin and sparkling brown eyes, full lips and a round, handsome face, long dark shimmering hair. But even dressed up, made up and perfumed up for the dinnertime social occasion, Jocelyn didn't get much of anything 'up' for Doug, other than a perfunctory hello.

He and Marjorie hadn't had sex for almost as long as the time he'd been unemployed. Losing his job, his role as the husband/provider who brought home the bacon so his wife could fry it in the pan had really taken the starch and stretch out of the normally vigorous, virile guy.

Marjorie had packed on some pounds and wrinkles over the years, wasn't the slim, stacked, blushing young bride she'd been when they'd tied the knot

long ago, not even close. Nor was he the ruggedly ripped stud. But before the sudden job loss, Doug could always bang out some sexual satisfaction for the both of them, had always felt a telltale tingling stir in his hairy balls and thick dick whenever he'd eyeballed Jocelyn in the elevator or lobby of their building.

But not anymore. The big man's once ravenous appetite had diminished in all directions since he'd been laid off at the plant and his wife had assumed the financial reins. His thinning hair and shortage of energy were sure signs of his getting older. And the prospects of finding another job as good as the one he'd had, the outlook for the future in general, were not great. Anger, self-pity, flaccidness, frustration, inertia and impotence had found residence in the once up-and-at-'em guy. And Marjorie was only making his situation worse, in Doug's opinion.

As soon as they entered Jocelyn's condo, Marjorie and the woman right away started talking shop and shopping, as usual, as Doug had gloomily predicted. Jocelyn worked in the same downtown government office building as Marjorie, in a different department, but close enough. Doug's glum eyes sought out the TV remote in Jocelyn's living room, and couldn't locate it, making his shoulders round and his spine slide even more.

"Oh, this is my nephew, Erin," Jocelyn said to wife and husband, when a young man walked into the well-appointed room. "He's staying with his aunt for a little while. Erin's, uh, taking some courses at the university."

"Hi," Erin said in a soft voice barely above a whisper, waving a slender hand at Marjorie and Doug and smiling.

Oh great, Doug thought, as he looked the small, slim, effeminate twenty-something over, “here’s a real he-man I can become beer buddies with.” Yeah, right!

“Hello, Erin,” Marjorie replied. “This is my spouse, Doug.”

She’d taken to referring to Doug as ‘spouse’, rather than husband. Doug gave Erin a tight smile, said in a surly tone, “Hey, kid. Nice to meet you.”

When they shook hands, Doug roughly pumping Erin’s smooth, warm hand, Erin seemed to shiver, his long, well-groomed fingers trembling in the man’s big paw.

“So, you like football?” Doug sardonically asked, glancing a glare at his wife.

“Well, we’ll leave you two boys alone together to get better acquainted,” Jocelyn intervened. “While us girls finish getting the dinner ready. Help me in the kitchen, Marj? I want to ask you about that new payroll processing system at work ...”

As the pair of women turned the corner into the kitchen, Doug collapsed onto the shiny black leather couch, already feeling exhausted, even more down-beat. Erin glided over and slid alongside him on the couch. Doug smelled springtime freshness, felt a soothing heat emanating from the young man’s body so close, as well.

Erin was wearing a skin-tight pair of fashion designer pale blue jeans and a tight, satiny, white shirt, clean and bright white socks. Doug glanced at him, noting the long brown hair, the strikingly blue eyes, the lush lips and sharp nose. Erin couldn’t’ve weighed more than one-hundred-and-thirty pounds

soaking wet, Doug figured, and he went about five-foot-nine in his socks. A miniature next to Doug's height and bulk.

"So, how old are you?" Doug asked, making some effort to make nice.

"Twenty-two," Erin responded in his lilting voice. "Do you lift weights, Doug? You're really strong-looking, for an older man."

Doug felt himself warming up to the guy. "I used to play defensive end on my high school football team, until I injured my shoulder. But, you know, I try to stay in shape. You like football?" he added hopefully. "Maybe that game's still-

"No, I don't."

Doug's mild enthusiasm frosted over. "Where's the remote?"

"I'm not sure. I'd have to ask Aunt Jocelyn."

Doug stared down at Erin staring up at him, waiting for the young man to ask his aunt about the hidden remote. Instead, Erin's big blue eyes just held Doug's gray-eyed gaze, the small, lithe guy almost snuggling against the large, hulking man. Like he was fascinated by Doug, making the older man uncomfortable.

"How long to dinner, huh?" Doug grunted, craning his neck toward the kitchen. The cooking food smell from that partially enclosed enclave garnered little appetizing response in Doug, the sound of work-related chatter grating on his nerves.

"I don't mind waiting. I like it here," Erin murmured, right up tight to Doug on the couch.

Oh yeah, we're going to be doing all kinds of 'guy stuff' together, Doug thought sourly, shifting away from the pressing young man.

Doug managed to cram two platefuls of the spicy chicken and rice dinner down his throat and keep it there, along with a dish of fried ice cream and a cup of hot chicory coffee; four bottles of Corona beer and three shots of tequila. Drinking had always been a casual hobby of Doug's, and become more of an obsession and compulsion ever since he'd lost his job. With so much free time on his hands and free access – for now – to Marjorie's and his joint bank account.

Stuffed and buzzed, the big guy even became playful with Erin who seemed to be hanging on his every word and gesture. Getting into a three-point stance in the living room, he suddenly reared up and rammed into the young man, lifting him up and slamming him down onto the couch, Erin squealing with delight.

“Sacked ya!” Doug jeered, looming over and jabbing a finger at the laid-out guy.

“You can really tackle a person,” Erin marveled.

“Yeah well, I was all-state,” Doug bragged, brushing pretend grass and dirt off his barrel chest.

“How would you pin somebody to the ground?”

Doug glanced back at the dining room. Marjorie and Jocelyn were clearing the dirty dishes off the table.

Jocelyn laughed. “You two men go ahead and play,” she said good-naturedly. “We ladies will clear away and wash the dishes. Right, Marj?”

Doug was surprised to see his wife smile, rather than launch into some equal home-work-share speech. She could still mellow out with a load of good food, sweet dessert and fortified wine under her belt, apparently. In the right company. Marjorie nodded now.

Turning back to Erin standing in the middle of the living room, Doug grinned, his spirits running high, his outlook brightened with the chow and the booze, the roughhouse physical action. He ran at the young man, easily hooked him up in his arms and planted him down on the carpet. Doug was all over top of Erin. The friendly force of the manly maneuver knocked the breath out of both of them.

Then Doug choked on some air, when, giggling, his cute face wreathed in beguiling joy, Erin suddenly flung his long, supple arms around the big man's body and exuberantly planted a soft, warm kiss on Doug's gaping, gasping mouth.

Spluttering, Doug stared into Erin's twinkling eyes. And he felt the heat of the young man's boyish form under his huge, hot, heart-thumping body. And even more shocking than the unexpected buss on the lips, was the stirring in his loins that Doug felt – for the first time in a long time, with a guy in his arms, laid out beneath his covering physique, a long, hard, pulsating cock pumping against his undeniably inflating cock.

Erin kissed Doug again, pasting his lush, moist lips to the man's thick, parted lips. He undulated his slender body and swollen bone up against Doug, his eyes hooding and chest heaving.

Doug felt like he'd been stunningly blindsided.

“Help us put these glasses away on the top shelf, Doug,” Marjorie called out from the kitchen, shattering the warm, shimmering, mesmerizingly intimate moment between the two men on the floor.

Doug rolled off Erin and jumped up, hustled out of the living room and into the kitchen. He scooped up a load of glasses and slammed them down onto the top shelf of an open cupboard.

“I told you he was still good for *something*,” Marjorie joked to Jocelyn, the two women looking at the shaken, red-faced, hard-breathing man.

Neither woman seemed to notice the bulged-out crotch of Doug’s pants.

Doug didn’t exactly know what to make of his (erotic?) encounter with Jocelyn’s nephew, Erin. The man *knew* he wasn’t into same-sex relationships, was straight as a steel spike, even with the chill that had fallen over his supposedly heterosexual marriage, the lack of sex of any kind (not to mention the fact that more and more his wife seemed to be the one wearing the pants in the wedded union, both figuratively and literally).

So, Doug tried to simply shrug off the strange encounter he’d had with Erin. He didn’t expect to see the young man much, anyway. Another evening with Jocelyn and Marjorie dishing and dishing was something he was going to scrupulously avoid in the future. If the women wanted to rehash their issues at work and any other female concerns they shared, they could do it without Doug’s silent and emasculated presence. He had his own work-related prob-

lems to worry about – like, where to find a new job, and quick.

An actual day of pounding the keyboard, phone screen and pavement brought a tired hulk home to his condo building a couple of evenings after the neighborly dinner get-together. Doug fitted his key into the building front door and banged his way into the lobby, frustrated at another round of failure, at the prospect of whipping up a meal for Marjorie, and himself. His wife was always ‘starved’ when she returned from a hard day’s work of monumental importance at her government office, too tired to engage in domesticities of any kind.

Doug’s rolling anger shifted and simmered to arousal, however, when he spotted a young woman in front of the wall of mailboxes just to the left of the lobby. The girl was wearing a short, pink, ruffled skirt and thigh-high white stockings, shiny white pumps, a lacy white top. Her long, purple hair shimmered down her back, her legs stretching out gleaming, her bum pertly bulging out the back of the sexy skirt – as she reached up to pull something out of a top row mailbox.

Doug hustled over, hot under the polo shirt collar with interest, rather than irritation. He felt a telltale tingling in his balls in his white briefs, a surging of blood in his bone in his dress pants; a warm, welcome feeling foreign to Doug’s home life of late.

“Need any help?” he offered, in back of the straining, stretching babe.

She whipped her head around to look at Doug, her purple hair flying. “No, thanks. I’ve got it.” She pulled a long envelope out of the mailbox, dropped daintily back fully down on her pumps.

Doug noted the mailbox number as the young woman closed and locked it: 324. Then he quickly and eagerly refocused his eyes on the vision of lithe loveliness in front of him now. She was slim and supple-looking, the skin on her exposed arms and thighs smooth and creamy, unblemished. Doug inhaled her sweet body spray, a wide grin on his seamed face.

The man's entire outlook brightened all of a sudden.

The woman smiled and waved the envelope at Doug. "Thanks for the offer, though. You're a real gentleman."

"Live in the building?" Doug gulped, anxious to keep the hottie in view and engaged.

She was just as attractive from the front as the back. Her lush lips were heavily painted with pink lipstick, her blue eyes heavily mascaraed, her fingernails lacquered the same shade as her mouth. She had a sharp nose and twinkling eyes, an obviously exuberant and maybe affectionate manner.

Doug's troubles vanished, his pulse racing and penis pumping. The girl exuded fresh, ripe, dewy, luscious and lovely femininity.

"I'm staying with a relative in a unit on the third floor," she said in response to Doug's question. Even her voice was sweet and tinkly, girlish.

"Doug. I live with my ... I'm on the fifth floor." He stuck out his hand.

"Erin. Hi, Doug."

They shook hands, the man's large, rough paw swallowing up the girl's small, soft hand. They both warmly squeezed.

"Uh, you taking the elevator back up?" Doug groped for something to say, to continue contact with the babe.

He could've kicked himself in the bubbling nuts when he realized what he'd done – he'd forced the woman out of the intimate space they were currently sharing, sent her on her way. He grimaced.

"Well, I *could* walk up the stairs. But I'm feeling kind of lazy," Erin replied with a giggle. "Going my way?"

Doug bobbed his head, then followed Erin's silkily swishing legs and sensually shifting bottom out of the mailbox alcove and back into the lobby, over to the elevators. One door was already open, and they walked inside.

The door closed. They were together in the confines of the elevator: middle-aged, sexually pent-up, super-frustrated man and young, sex-exuding, super-foxy woman. Doug just couldn't control himself, the closeness, the scent, the sensuousness, the friendliness, his bottled-up-to-blowing-sky-high desire suddenly overwhelming the man.

Slamming a fist against the red 'Stop' button on the elevator panel, Doug grabbed the babe in his arms and mashed his drooling mouth against her glistening, painted, moist, O'ed mouth. He just couldn't resist, he'd been denied and infuriated for too long.

Doug crushed the young woman's hot, shapely body to his burning, bulky form, hungrily moving his

lips on her lips, sucking on her mouth, all-but eating the gasping girl up, jerking her feet off the floor with his powerful passion, bear-hugging. Right at that moment, Doug didn't care if he got a knee in the groin, a slap in the kisser, or was even handed a fine or jail sentence. A beguilingly beautiful young woman had smiled at him, shown him kindness rather than contempt, and he was damn well overreacting to it, after being demeaned so long, with every impassioned bone in his body and pulsating inch in his bone.

He only jerked his head back when he couldn't breathe. His mouth wetly popped off the girl's mouth. They panted for breath in each other's arms.

Doug staggered back, coming to his senses, releasing the hottie. He shot a shaking digit into the '3' button on the panel and spluttered, "I'm sorry. I-I don't know what came over me. You're such a beautiful young ... I saw you and smelled you and I couldn't .."

He broke off, looking away and hanging his head, unable to express himself. His chest heaving and mouth gaping open, his cock obscenely tenting his dress pants. One sorry sad-sack of a man ready to take his punishment for an impetuous, irrational, intimate impulse more befitting a hyperactively horny teenager.

The elevator door opened on the third floor.

"I don't mind. I liked it," Erin demurely said. "You can do whatever you want to me, Doug, anytime and anywhere you want. *Anything.*"

Doug jerked his head back up, almost breaking his neck.

Erin was smiling at him, warmly, wonderfully, coyly. Her lips gleamed and her eyes shone. She reached out and affectionately squeezed Doug's massive, thundering erection. Then she stepped out of the elevator and strolled off down the hallway.

Doug gaped after the girl, at her long, silken legs and taut, clenching bottom and svelte body and swaying hair. He shuddered, swallowed, choked coughingly on his own drool. He watched Erin open a door near the end of the hallway and walk inside the condo.

By all that was heavenly holy and supremely sexy, had he heard right!?

He could barely hear anything with the hot blood in his ears and cock rushing and pounding so loudly.

But, had the babe really said what she'd said, about Doug doing *anything* to her?

His hunched over body suddenly jolted upright. Doug was in his bathroom, standing in front of the toilet with his pants and briefs down around his ankles, his rigid cock in his rapidly shifting hand. Excitedly trying to get off with eager, exuberant and ejaculating passion for the first time in a long while, reliving his engagingly erotic encounter with Erin in the elevator. When it suddenly hit him.

Jocelyn, Marjorie's friend and cohort, lived on the third floor. There was an 'Erin' staying with her. Doug had been introduced to Erin, by Jocelyn, when he and Marjorie had eaten there two evenings previous. Doug had play-tackled Erin inside the living room of the third floor condo shared by Jocelyn and her neph-

Doug's hand fell away from his cock, deadened. He stared at his obscene, half-naked reflection in the bathroom mirror, the stricken expression on his face.

The man's body and soul slumped, his erection sagging and hanging. Was that Erin?

What was the number of Jocelyn's condo again?

He'd kissed Erin in the elevator – if that *was* Erin. He'd passionately hugged and fiercely kissed and been blown-up aroused by Erin. If that Erin was the same Erin.

What the hell was going on here!?

Forgetting about preparing his wife's dinner and forgoing his own pleasure, Doug rebriefed and panted and rushed out of the condo and down the stairs to the third floor of the building. He banged on Jocelyn's door. 324.

The forty-something woman indeed opened the door. "Oh, hello, Doug. How are-"

"Is Erin here?"

"Right here," a tinkling voice exclaimed.

And the sweet, slender, shapely, sexy girl that Doug had so aggressively and arousedly mauled and mouthed and gone mucho mad over stepped from behind her aunt and waved a hand at Doug, smiling.

"I need to talk to Jocelyn alone," Doug rasped, grabbing onto her arm and yanking her out into the hallway, slamming the door shut on gorgeous girl Erin.

“What the fuck’s going on here?” Doug roared. “I mean, I’m sorry ...”

He fought to gather himself, get his garbled thoughts and roiling emotions in line.

“I know what you mean,” Jocelyn responded calmly, placing a warm hand on his clenched shoulder. “Yes, it’s Erin, Doug. The young man likes to dress up – and act – like a young woman. I guess maybe I should’ve told Marjorie and you, to avoid any confusion.”

Doug grunted. “Too late.”

“I don’t know whether it’s a fad, a trend on social media, or just something Erin enjoys doing for whatever reason.” Jocelyn shrugged. “I tolerate it when Erin does it around me. It’s no big deal ... I guess.”

She arched her eyebrows and semi-rolled her eyes, smiling at Doug and squeezing his shoulder. “I take it you ran into feminized Erin without knowing?”

Doug nodded, his face burning and heart thudding, limbs, ego and stomach twitching.

“Did you want to see Erin now?”

“No!”

Doug turned tail and retreated back to the condo he shared with his wife. The man wasn’t sure just what substance he was going to ejaculate or evacuate now, but he knew it wasn’t going to be joyous cum.

Nothing seemed to be going his way, anytime, anywhere – *anything*.

“You can get your butt off the couch and clean the condo, can’t you?” Marjorie demanded, glaring down at her husband ‘loafing’ on the living room couch, again. “You’re not doing any outside work, so you might as well do some inside work – like cleaning our condo.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Doug muttered, slumped down and slurping a cup of coffee laced with rum. Waiting impatiently for his impatient, imperious wife to leave for work. “I’ll get to it – maybe.”

Marjorie straightened her suit jacket, smoothed down her suit pants, then picked up her brand-new leather briefcase from the dining room table. “There’s no ‘maybe’ about it, Doug. You see that you get it done. *Any* kind of work will do you good. Goodbye.”

Doug raised a hand to the departing woman, then a middle finger once his wife had exited the condo they shared. More and more of the household chores were being lumped on him, and he didn’t like it. A *man* making meals, doing the dishes and laundry, mopping, dusting and cleaning the bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen and living room?

Not when he’d been a working man, plant manager. And Marjorie just had a part-time job to keep her busy between domestic duties.

A man’s job? Doug was beginning to wonder if he even was still a man, as he’d previously defined it, after being unemployed so long. And as he wondered, sprawled out on the couch with Marjorie’s parting words stinging in his reddened ears, the booze coursing through his system, his face and psyche started

another slow burn, his hands clenching into fists and his veins swelling with hot, pumping blood.

He *was* a man, dammit! A virile, vigorous, red-blooded he-man who didn't diddle daddle with housework. Not the pathetic persona who was constantly depressed, despondent and down, with his self-esteem and self-worth dangling low as his dick most of the time.

Wasn't he?

Doug grimaced and grunted, not looking forward now to another day of doing nothing but feeling sorry for himself. Waiting for job prospect return emails, text messages or phone calls that never came, with his dwindling applications for 'suitable' positions. His wife had ruined everything, as usual.

Frustration flared fiery in the man, and he suddenly resolved to take action, a wicked idea whipping to shape in his idle wild mind.

He'd been thinking a lot about Erin and her transformation after his erotic encounter with the effeminate guy-turned sexy girl, ever since it'd gone down so crazily three days before. He'd been physically avoiding any contact with Erin, sneaking down the stairs and slipping out and in the side door of the building, to avoid any embarrassment. But emotionally, mentally, Doug couldn't help dwelling on the young woman's soft, sultry, seductive parting words to him: "You can do whatever you want to me, Doug, anytime or anywhere. *Anything.*"

He sat up straight and grabbed his phone off the couch, clutched it in his sweating, shaking hand. Getting ready to text Erin, tell the girl to come over and spend some time with him alone in the condo. An older, harried and harassed, but still horny, married

man and a young, sexy, gorgeous woman. The guy tough and take charge, the girl eager to please, obey, anxious to do *anything* she's commanded to do by the alpha male.

Doug threw down his phone, shaking his head in disgust.

No, he couldn't. It was too weird, too strange, too alternative. He *was* married, to a real woman, and although they were going through a rough patch in their relationship right now, he couldn't just throw away almost two decades of wedded commitment and companionship on a ludicrous desire.

Marjorie texted: "REMINDER: CLEAN THE CONDO. And I wouldn't mind a steak and baked potato for supper, with sour cream and chives, and salad."

Doug's thumbs pounded his phone screen. The text message wasn't a response to his wife; it was a request/order for Erin: "Curious. You wear women's underwear along with the women's outer clothing, makeup and jewelry? Show me."

Doug fumbled the phone between his quivering legs, onto the condo carpet, shocked at what he'd just done. Been prodded to do by the insensitivity of his woman?

He'd *sent* the message.

But maybe Erin would be tied up doing something else and wouldn't come over? Maybe the girl had just been kidding him about doing *anything* for him? Maybe he should flee the condo and hit the streets before Erin maybe showed up?