

# A WIFE'S REVENGE

*By Diane Woods*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# A WIFE'S REVENGE

By Diane Woods

## Chapter 1

My name is Marissa Lewis. And I have a story I'd like to share, a story about a cheating husband, a wife who wanted revenge, and what happened when she tried to get it. I was that wife, and my husband was the man who got caught cheating. And the revenge? Well, I thought I had figured out how to finally make a man pay for being a typical male pig. And I have to admit, it worked pretty well. Maybe too well, I don't know.

You be the judge.

I can remember my own mother, crying late into the night while my father ran around on her. I can still hear their arguments in my head, her weeping and yelling, and him yelling back, usually in a drunken stupor.

My father had been what some people like to call "a man's man". What a crock.

He was tall, and darkly handsome, and when I was little I had idolized him. But as I got older, and saw how he treated my mother, and all women, in fact, I learned to despise him and everything he stood for. All that macho crap, the arrogance, the physical intimidation he could use to browbeat my mother, these were all things that I came to hate in men.

Throughout the years, I would get this recurring nightmare. I would wake up from it usually, my body drenched in sweat, my heart pounding. Somewhere in the nightmare, I could see my father's face. It was distorted, strange-looking. And there would be these smells, the smell of booze and sweat.

To this day, I can't enter a bar without shuddering, just a little, at the inevitable smell of the place. I think, in the dream, that

my father is saying something to me, but I can never remember what it is.

Sometimes, in the dream, his face turns into that of a leering monster, green and scabrous, a long forked tongue licking out from drooling lips. Then the monster's face turns into a snake, a long, thick evil snake, with that damned tongue licking out. That's usually when I wake up.

So when I fell in love, it was with a man who was nothing like my father. Leonard was short, and quite thin, almost delicate. He was a quiet, bookish man, and although he would never be mistaken for exciting, I was quite content with him. He wasn't much of a lover, to be honest, but I didn't even mind that much. And as long as I'm airing our dirty laundry in public, I'll even tell you that he had a puny little dick.

Normally I look down on such coarse language, but for Leonard I'll make an exception. I want the world to know that Leonard Lewis had a miserable, scrawny little dick, and half the time he couldn't even get it up.

But like I said, I didn't mind all that.

No, what I minded was that I found out he was having an affair with someone from his office. The little worm!

I don't know what it was that first made me suspicious. Sometimes a woman just has a feeling about these things. Somehow, (I know this sounds crazy, but it's true) his scent changed. I'm very sensitive to smells anyway, and at some point I just noticed that he smelled different. And on some unconscious level, it told me that something had changed, that something was going on.

His attitude changed around that time, also. Leonard had always been dependably mild-mannered. But just after Christmas, I noticed that changing. He started to be cocky, somehow, in a way he had never been before, certainly not with me. And I started to have the dream a lot.

So I hired a private detective, just to see if my suspicions had any foundation.

And I got a report back that, on a night when he was supposed to be at a business meeting, Leonard had actually gone to a motel with some little slut from his office; a thin woman named

Veronica Warren. The detective gave me a full report, including pictures of the two of them sneaking into the motel room.

I seethed inwardly for days after I received that report, but I said nothing to Leonard. I wanted my anger to turn to something else, something cold and deadly and hard.

I told the detective to get me more information. I wanted pictures.

Imagine my surprise when I learned that dear little Leonard was kinky. Oh yes, he was. For he wasn't just going out and screwing this woman, the way a real man would.

Oh no, Leonard liked to play dress up!

The detective's photos showed it all, how Leonard liked to dress up like a pretty girl. Then his slut would make him play maid, and lick her in her private area. I even saw, in one picture, that she would insert...well, you know, a fake penis, up Leonard's rear end.

Can you imagine a man wanting someone to do that to him?

Something inside me curdled when I saw those pictures. And I spent days thinking of how I would humiliate him in court, how I would expose him before the world as a pervert and a sissy. But then, with a little more time, my mind started to think of other ways to settle the score. And one thing about me, I can be very creative when I want to be.

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So one day, at breakfast, as Leonard was sipping his coffee and reading the paper before heading in to work, I casually tossed the pictures down on the table. I didn't say a word, I just let him see what they were and then I stood there, silently, my arms crossed across my chest.

“Oh, God,” was all he said.

“There are going to be a few changes around here, Leonard. Otherwise, these pictures are going to be sent to everyone you know. And I'll send copies to every company in your line of work as well, just to make sure everyone knows what a miserable perverted little...thing you are. You will do exactly as I say, or I will

divorce and humiliate you as completely and thoroughly as it is possible.”

He just sat there numbly, his face ashen.

“I'll take that silence to mean you agree to my terms. Good.”

I strode around the kitchen, trying to keep my anger cold.

“First thing: you don't work there any more. You're done. You're not going in there today, nor any other day. And, of course, you won't be seeing your little slut ever again, either.”

He started to say something, but stopped.

Fortunately, I had a very good paying job. And Leonard didn't make all that much where he worked as a premium auditor for an insurance company. So the loss of his income for a while wouldn't make much difference to us.

“To start with, since you appear to like being a girl so much, I want you to change.”

He opened his miserable mouth to say something, then paused, trying to find words, I suppose.

“I don't have any clothes here. Or not much, anyway.”

“I'm sure. That was something you shared with her only, I guess.”

I had to pause myself for a moment, to contain the anger that was rising up within me. Otherwise, I was likely to just kill him right there and then.

“You will use some of my old things then. I have a box of things down in the basement that I was going to donate to charity. I want you to go change into them. I want you to show me how you like to dress up. And you'd better do a good job. Because once you're changed, you've got a lot of housework to do.”

He let out a sigh, and then disappeared down into the basement.

At this point, he may have thought he was going to get off with just some chores around the house. Little did he know it would take much, much more to calm the rage I felt within me.

At that point, I still hadn't thought out my plan entirely. Still, this seemed like a good way to begin. But I knew, even then, that it was only the barest beginning.

He would pay for his betrayal. Pay and pay and pay.

In a little bit, he came upstairs with an armful of clothes.

“Now go get changed,” I spat at him. “I want you to look as good as you can for me. And when you're changed, you'll find a list of things to be done around this house. You will do them all, and you will do them well. Then you will prepare dinner, and have it waiting for me when I get home from work. I'll be home by 6:30, and I expect a hot dinner waiting for me.”

I waited until he emerged from the bathroom. He looked pathetic, in one of my old dresses, a black knit one. He had apparently put on a bra, also, and padded it with something, and he had on pantyhose, although no shoes.

“What a pathetic excuse for a man you are,” I told him. “Get to work, Linda.”

That last part just came to me, calling him Linda. But I found I liked it, and I resolved that it would stick.

I had left a nice, long list of work that needed to be done. The kitchen floor needed to be washed, there was laundry to be done, the toilets needed to be cleaned, the carpets needed to be vacuumed, the bed needed to be made, the furniture had to be dusted and waxed.

“This is just the beginning of your new life, my dear,” I called to him as I walked out the door, my briefcase in hand.

“And, don't worry about work, I'll call them for you and explain that you won't be coming in any more.”

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All that day at work, my mind seethed with plans for him. I ended up leaving work early, saying I didn't feel well. But actually, I had some shopping to do.

First off, he didn't have particularly large feet for a man, (he only wore size 8 in men's shoes). I had a good idea of what size

women's shoes would fit him, so I got him a nice pair of black pumps, with 3 inch heels.

Then I went to a department store, and bought a good supply of clothes. I got bras, panties, slips, pantyhose, nightgowns, blouses, skirts, and dresses. I knew Leonard's size and shape intimately, and so it was no problem to figure out what would fit him. He was such a skinny little creep, he would have no problem fitting into a size 10 dress. To be complete, I even bought him some breast forms.

I also bought a wig, a well-made synthetic material wig, shoulder-length, in red. Then I bought some make-up at the local drugstore.

Finally, I steeled myself for one last visit. There was a store I had driven past sometimes, a store that seemed to sell adult materials. I had long considered it an affront to have to drive past it on my way to work, but now I was grateful that I knew about the place.

Once inside, I swallowed my pride and just thought of the way Leonard had looked in those pictures. That gave me the strength to do what I had to do.

I bought a maid's outfit for him, a very feminine black and white maid's outfit, in satin.

And as I browsed about the store, I also found a few more items that intrigued me. To tell you the truth, that store was a bit of a revelation to me. I had no idea people did some of the things that the store catered to. I even found some books and magazines about perverts like Leonard. I bought them, to see what I could find out about the subject.

*They could give me some ideas, I thought, about how to best get my revenge on Leonard.*

I drove to a park nearby, and looked over some of the publications I had bought. Some were, frankly, disgusting. But I have to admit, some of the men in those magazines made quite striking women.

One magazine was quite graphic. It was difficult for me to look at it, but I forced myself. It showed some men, who actually looked more like women than men, having sex with other men.



Naturally, I was disgusted at the sight of men having other men's penises in their mouths, and elsewhere, as well. In fact, initially I felt sick to my stomach.

*"It would almost serve him right,"* I said to myself, *"if he had to do that. He likes being a girl so much."*

And then it hit me.

*Yes, it would serve him right, wouldn't it.*

I pictured Leonard as the feminine partner in some of those graphic pictures, and I found, to my amazement, that it made me feel good to think of that.

Some of the men in the pictures were, how do I put this...quite well endowed. And the thought of poor Leonard having to handle them, their huge members thrust into his face, into his mouth...well, I felt as if a great weight had lifted from me.

I read more of the magazines, and some of the paperback books I had bought, also. Much of what was in them was, of course, quite sick. But some of it was actually intriguing, as I thought about it in the context of punishing Leonard.

Once, I had to quickly put down one of the magazines, as someone parked near me. I couldn't have someone see me reading this terrible pornography. Embarrassed, I started the car and drove off. And mentally, I resolved to make Leonard pay for that moment of anxiety, also. After all, I would never have been reading that filth if not for him.

But I did get some interesting ideas from some of those books. And I even started to come up with a few ideas of my own as well, ideas that surprised and shocked me when they first occurred to me.

I ended up shopping at a few more specialty stores, picking up items as inspiration struck me.

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When I got home, I found that Leonard had done a good job around the house. And dinner was indeed waiting for me. He had made spaghetti and meatballs, with garlic bread. Of course, he had done it with the groceries that I had purchased earlier, but

no matter. They were, I knew, the last groceries I would have to worry about shopping for.

“All right, Linda. You can prepare my plate. I'll have a glass of wine with dinner, also.”

Leonard started to dish out the spaghetti, but I had to stop him.

“You don't eat now. You eat later, when I'm done. Oh, and put on these shoes. You look ridiculous in stockinged feet.”

I dug out the shoes I had bought, and handed them to him. He accepted them silently, his face cast downward.

*I know what you're thinking, I said to myself. You think this will all blow over, that if you just do what I tell you for a while, things will eventually go back to normal.*

“Wrong,” I whispered to myself, as I sat down to dinner.

Later, after I had eaten my fill (and had several glasses of wine) I directed Leonard to clear the table, and do my dishes.

“When you're done, then you can eat, Linda.”

He minced around the kitchen in his new heels. It looked as if he were pretty familiar with walking in women's shoes. That made me even angrier, to think of how long he must have hidden this perversion from me, of how long he must have been wearing high heels on the sly.

In fact, it made me so angry that, while he ate, I went into our room and started putting all his clothes into plastic garbage bags. Every scrap of underwear, socks, ties, shirts, and suits, all his slacks, all his loafers and wingtips, they all went into the garbage.

When I called him into the room and told him to put out all this trash, he objected.

“What are you doing? Do you know how much all this cost? I have to have some clothes!”

I slapped him across the face, quite hard. It left a red imprint for quite a while.

“Don't you ever talk back to me. You will wear what I tell you to wear, do you understand me? You wanted to be a girl so much, well now you're going to get your wish.”

He looked as if he wanted to cry.

I can't tell you how much pleasure that gave me.

“Your boss was pretty pissed today, too, when I called him and told him I wasn't going to let you work anymore. He could hardly believe it at first.”

“Marissa, what have you done? You can't do this. I won't let you do this crap.”

“What will you do, Linda?” I put a real sarcastic emphasis on the name Linda. “Get a divorce? You must want the whole world to know what a little sissy bastard you are. Think of the judge, and the lawyers, all getting to see those pictures. Imagine how sympathetic the judge will be in making the financial ruling, when he knows how I had to suffer with a perverted little husband with a little dick, who likes to wear dresses and take it up the ass!”

I don't quite know where all that came from, to be honest, but it sure felt good when it came out.

Leonard just looked miserable, and proceeded to take out the trash.

“And this is just the beginning, sweetheart,” I called out as he put all those plastic bags out.

“Just the beginning.”