**Fem-Tec**

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**Fem-Tec Part 1**

To say that things weren't going well would have been the understatement of the century. My small advertising business had been wiped out during the recession and I hadn't seen a paycheck in over a year. Vicky, my wife of two years wasn't doing any better. She had managed a retail clothing store and made a pretty decent income before the recession hit. The store closed and just like that, our incomes dried up. We were young and dumb and didn't have much saved. Our income went on fancy dinners and nice vacations.  
  
The one thing we had going for us is that we were both young. I'm 23 and stand around five ten I used to weight a solid 165. Last time I weighed myself I was over 180 now, who knows? That was weeks ago. I thought I still looked good even if I was a bit chubby. I have a full head of thick dark brown hair. I'm not a particularly hairy guy, though I have some fuzz on my chest and I do have a nice full growth around my package. Vicky was a bit older that me at 25 and a little taller at 5 foot eleven. At around 155 lbs she was neither fat nor slim, she was solid. I'm a breast guy and her tits were amazing, 38" and an easy D cup with silver dollar sized areoles and large sensitive nipples. Her hair was blonde and she wore it long. Just the way I liked it.  
  
Like I said, at least we were young.  
  
I sat at the kitchen table, my head in my hands and contemplated our next steps.  
  
We were beyond broke, we had sold anything we owned of any value. Our next step was homelessness. The rent was due in three days and we were already behind two months. The landlord although sympathetic, had had enough. We were out in three days unless a miracle happened. I had tried to stay positive over the last couple of months but I really couldn't see any way out of this. I had resorted to sitting around all day surfing the web for porn and jobs. With the added weight and muscle loss I looked and felt like a failure.  
  
Vicky on the other hand, spent her free time either dropping off resumes or at the gym, as she had prepaid her membership before she was let go. She still looked great and I had to admire her resolve.  
  
Our options had run out. Besides the rent, we were behind on all the utilities and still owed for credit cards that had been canceled months ago. Our next home was our 15 year old van that had a title loan against it. Temporary until we lost that too.  
  
I was lost in self-pity as I heard the front door open. In bounced Vicky, a broad smile on her face. She practically skipped over to the table and embraced me in a bear hug as she bent down to give me a full kiss on the lips.  
  
"Honey, I've got some great news-no, even better that great!" she beamed.  
  
"What?" I squeaked still embraced by her hug.  
  
"Sorry," she said as she loosened her grip. "I left a surprise for you at the front door. Why don't you check it out?" she said as she released me and strutted into the living room.  
  
"OK," I said, "I could sure use some good news." I got up from the table and walked to the front door. I saw a bag from our local liquor store on the floor by the door. 'What was she thinking?' I thought as I reached for the bag. I opened it up and much to my surprise there were a couple of bottles of her favorite wine and a six pack of Amstel, my favorite beer. This was not a good time to be splurging, I thought as I walked back to where Vicky had settled on the sofa.  
  
"Not that I don't appreciate this, but is now a good time to be spending on this? I mean we're down to our last couple of hundred bucks," I said.  
  
Vicky sported a huge smile and said "Why don't you get us a drink and I'll explain everything to you?"  
  
"OK" I said as I turned and went into the kitchen. My stomach was churning, this little spending spree had left us with about enough to fill up our new home. I opened the wine, poured a glass and popped open my beer. I turned to walk to the living room and couldn't help but notice how great Vicky looked. She was wearing a smart business suit she bought just before the store had closed. Her smart tailored jacket in dark grey was a nice contrast to her light blond hair. The skirt ended just below her knees and her black mid thigh boots with 3" heels completed the look. Vicky was a tall women and with her boots on she easily towered over my medium frame. I on the other hand was wearing my most casual of casual clothes. I had on a ratty torn T-shirt that barely covered my belly and a now too tight pair of gym shorts. The contrast between us did not go unnoticed by me.  
  
I walked to where Vicky sat, still beaming and I put down her glass of wine. She patted the spot beside her and I took the hint and settled in next to her. . She reached to pick up her glass.  
  
"A toast to our new jobs," she said as she clinked her glass against my beer bottle. I must have looked like an idiot just sitting there with my mouth open.  
  
Vicky burst out laughing.  
  
"Have a drink," she said and she took a generous sip of her wine. I snapped out of my stupor and took a long pull on my beer. "Let me explain. As you know, both of us have been job searching for a year. I've dropped of dozens of resumes and I know you have too. In this economy, finding a decent job is almost impossible.  
  
"About a month ago I dropped off a resume at a company that sounded promising. I didn't get a call back so I though they weren't interested. Then yesterday out of the blue they called and asked if I could come in today. I didn't want to say anything to you because we've both been through this before. Anyway, I said I'd be happy to. I spent almost 5 hours there today interviewing and taking a bunch of tests to see if I was compatible with the company. Turns out they love me and offered us a position."  
  
"That's fantastic! When do we start?" I asked.  
  
Vicky looked at me for a moment and then reached for her purse. She fished out an envelope and handed it to me. "Open it," she said. I opened the envelope as Vicky took another sip of her wine. My eyes popped open as I viewed what appeared to be a legitimate check made out to my wife and me for $10,000!  
  
"Are you kidding me? Is this for real? I mean, this solves everything! We can pay the rent, buy some decent food... I mean, this changes everything!" I gushed.  
  
"It does, and that's just for starters. We get paid another $10,000 for the next month. That's the probation period: after that, once we're on full time, they said we could expect a considerable raise!" she explained.  
  
"Wow, wow, wow! Way to go, Babe! I'm so proud of you!" I said as I jumped off the couch and grabbed Vicky's now-empty wine glass and practically ran into the kitchen to get us refills. For the first time in a long time I felt a great weight being lifted off me. I was ecstatic! I could barely hide my relief and glee. I rushed back into the living room handing Vicky her wine while I settled back down on the couch.  
  
"It's a lifesaver, but don't forget we're a team here. You have to do your part too." my wife said.  
  
"Of course, I'm game. Anything you need from me just ask, this is way too much of an opportunity for us to lose," I replied.  
  
"I agree. Let me explain what Fem-Tec does and what your part will be," she continued. Fem-Tec is a company that designs and manufactures products to enhance and enrich the lives of women. What Fem-Tec needs is young couples to showcase their products. That's why they offered this job to both of us. Our job is to try out, review, and model some of their work," she explained.  
  
"That sound reasonable. I mean after all, they're paying us a ton of money," I agreed.  
  
"Exactly," Vicky said. "I knew you would agree. Fem-Tec took a while to get back to me because they were seeking a certain 'look' and it took time to vet us. They offer their products to a wide range of buyers and they wanted to showcase a regular couple with a certain 'look.' In our case they wanted a taller woman and a shorter partner and we fit the bill-not that you're exactly short," she giggled.  
  
"That's great, I'm sure we can make things work," I replied.  
  
"Me too. "To get this started we're going to need to take some pictures," my wife explained.  
  
"What kind of pictures? " I asked.  
  
"Well you know about my recruitment process. Yours isn't as complicated. All we need is some pics of you that I can take into work tomorrow to confirm we're the right type," Vicky stated.  
  
"OK, click away." I said happily.  
  
Vicky reached her arm around me and pulled me closer. We were almost nose to nose when as she continued,  
  
"Babe, some of the products Fem-Tec makes are intimate. That's why the pay is so high. The look they want is a sleek, smooth body. No hair anywhere below your eyebrows," my wife stated.  
  
"You want to shave me and take nude pictures?" I practically choked out. "No fucking way!" I yelled as I stood up. "We may be broke, but I'm not stooping this low! I don't have much left, but I still have my dignity!" I angrily stated.  
  
"Really? Exactly what kind of dignity will you have in a week or two when they repo the van and you're living under a bridge picking through garbage cans for your next meal? I can go live in Seattle with my sister until I get back on my feet, but she hates you, and you know that. She would never let you stay with her. I'm sure she'll find it amusing to think of you rummaging through garbage cans for your next meal. Where will you go? You have no family, the few friends you have left can't or won't help. Tell me, what are your other options?"  
  
I stood there glaring at her, my mind going a million miles an hour. I said nothing. What she said was true. For the first time since I was a kid, I felt like crying.  
  
Vicky gently took my hand and guided me onto her lap. I guess I was too shocked to object. "You know I love you, baby, I won't make you do anything you don't want to, but we have to be a team here. We take a few pics and we cash the check and our troubles go away. Besides, Fem-Tec isn't some kind of porn site. It's a legitimate company that sells real products. You know if our positions were reversed I'd do it for us," she pleaded.  
  
I sat there on Vicky's lap thinking things through. I couldn't refute her logic. I really only had two options: live in abject poverty or take a few nude pics for a legitimate company that was conducting research into making women's lives better. My resistance was starting to crumble.  
  
"Please, Danny, for us," Vicky pleaded while staring deeply into my eyes. Vicky slowly moved her left arm up my back moving higher until she had her hands around my shoulders and hugged me tighter. Her right hand moved up my leg as she gently stoked my thigh. "For us." she said again.  
  
"OK, Ill do it" I whispered. Vicky pulled me in closer and kissed me deeply. Her other hand moved up my thigh and gently stroked my now hardening shaft.  
  
"Thank you, baby. We're in this together. Now lift your arms up so I can see what we have to work with."  
  
I lifted my arms up as Vicky pulled my T shirt up and off my chest.  
  
"Not bad. You're not a very hairy guy, so this will be pretty easy," she said as she moved her hand up and down my chest stroking my few furry patches She lifted my right arm and examined my pit. "Not much there either- you'll barely notice any difference after you're shaved." she observed. "OK, let's see what we have to work with down there," she said has she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of my shorts. "Wow, these are pretty tight," she said as she continued to tug. I was squirming in her lap trying to help her get those damn shorts off. Then I heard a ripping sound and as I looked down I could see that the shorts had split. "That's OK, these are pretty ratty anyway. We'll get you some much nicer shorts soon," as she threw what remained of my shorts to the floor.  
  
So there I was, bare ass naked sitting in my wife's lap as she ran her hand over my groin, around my balls and over my now stiff cock. I couldn't have been more mortified and I had a full body blush going. I looked down at my pudgy out of shape body as Vicky hands roamed over me alternating between pinching a roll of fat or checking for hairs. I couldn't believe I had agreed to this.  
  
"Don't worry about this," my wife said as she pinched and pulled on a roll of fat on my belly. "We'll get you whipped into shape soon," she winked. "Could you please stand up?" Vicky said as she picked up her phone. I slid off Vicky's lap and stood facing her, my erect cock bobbing in front of me. I wondered why I was so hard! I was naked, mortified, humiliated and hard as a rock as I looked at my fully clothed, professionally dressed wife. 'What the fuck is wrong with me?' I thought, as I stood there trying to conceal my erection while Vicky flipped through her phone.  
  
"Ah, there we are," said Vicky as she seemed to locate whatever she was seeking on her phone. "Honey, we're going to need some before and after shots," she explained.  
  
"I don't get it. Why in the world do you want those?" I whined.  
  
"It's not me, baby. it's company policy, I didn't have a chance to ask them all the questions I had today, so to be honest, I'm not really sure why they want them, but they do. Please, just humor me. We really need the money. I'll ask them all of your questions tomorrow when I'm at the office. Don't forget, we don't have the job yet. You still have to be approved," my wife reminded me.  
  
"OK," I grumbled, I guess we've gone this far," I said.  
  
"I'm so, so proud of you. I know how hard this is for you and I promise you won't regret it. Now lets get started. I need you to stand up straight and put your hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced, elbows out," she instructed. I reluctantly moved to comply, freeing my cock to bob away. "Now spread your legs a little. Here, let me show you this picture," she said as she held up her phone to my face. I looked at her phone and saw a pic of a very buff young guy standing straight with his arms pulled back behind his shoulders and his legs spread widely. He sported a full erection on his hairless oiled body.  
  
"I, uh don't know about this, It's pretty hard to compete with a guy like that. Do you know what kind of effort it takes to maintain a body like that? He must work out at least 3 or 4 hours a day. I don't know if I want to do that." I stammered.  
  
For the first time today Vicky looked angry, really angry. She stood up and moved towards me. Towering over me she said, "You're not fucking sure you want to put in that kind of effort?" her voice starting to rise. "I go out every day and drop off resumes, then I spend hours at the gym to stay fit and attractive for you, while you sit at home surfing the net and get fatter every day, and you're not fucking sure you want to put in a 4 fucking hour day? I get a job offer that solves all of our problems, keeps us in our home, and you don't know if you want put in that kind of effort?" she thundered down at me.  
  
"I, um, um didn't mean it that way," I stammered as I pulled my elbows back as far as I could and spread my legs more widely in hope of quelling her rage.  
  
"Maybe we should just forget about the whole thing. I could just leave, go to my sister's, and leave you to wallow in your own misery," she spat at me.  
  
"No! Please, I'm sorry! That was selfish of me," I pleaded as I maintained my position sans erection.  
  
"You're ready then to do your part for the team?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, I'll try my hardest," I tried to assure her. Vicky had visibly calmed down by now. She reached down and stoked my cheek.  
  
"Ready to take some pictures now?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, yes of course." I answered.  
  
"OK, stand there just like that," she ordered. Vicky squatted down and took a close up of my now shriveled--dick surrounded by my full bush of hair. "Nice." Now back up a bit so I can get a full body shot," she directed. I moved back a couple of feet. "OK, perfect. Now straighten your back a bit more. Good. Now pull your elbows back a bit. Head up, eyes down," she commanded. Click, click as the camera phone went off.  
  
"Very nice, baby. This position is called 'inspect,' " I was informed.  
  
"Inspect?" I asked.  
  
Vicky shrugged her shoulders, "I don't make up the names, but I guess it's easier than saying 'Stand up straight pull your elbows back look down and spread your legs. Now turn to your left." she said. Of course I complied. Click click went the camera. "Now turn facing away from me." Again I heard the click click of the camera. " I just need a couple of more, Hun, and then we can get you all nice and smooth," she giggled.  
  
"OK, now squat. Keep those knees as far apart as you can," she directed. Mortified, I moved into position. I was surprised how hard it was to maintain my balance in this position. Click, click went her phone. Vicky slowly walked around me taking pictures from all angles. I was starting to work up a sweat as I maintained this position. Most surprising, my erection has started to grow again. This did not go unnoticed by my wife.  
  
"Very nice, I'm glad your enjoying this," she said. I couldn't think of anything to say. I was embarrassed and humiliated, so I just kept my mouth shut. Vicky lifted her still-booted right foot and slowly rubbed it under my ball sac and then up my shaft.  
  
I got harder.  
  
"Two more positions and then we can get you nice and smooth for the after shots, You're doing really, really great, Hun, she said as she ruffled my hair. "Now, get down on all fours," she commanded. I did as she asked, happy to out of the squat position. Vicky scrolled through her phone again. "Ah, there it is" she said as she lowered the phone in front of me. There was buff guy again. This time he was on all fours with his head lowered to the ground, his legs spread widely, his arms tight by his sides palms up. I was appalled. I looked up at Vicky.  
  
"This is too much, Vicky! What kind of man would agree to be put into this position?" I asked.  
  
"How about a man who loves his wife. or a man who understands he's part of a team? Or how about a man that doesn't want to spend 40 hours a week flipping burgers for minimum wage.? How about a man who doesn't want to live under a bridge eating other peoples garbage?"  
  
My response was to lower my head placing my nose on the carpet between my wife's boots, and spread my legs.  
  
"Thank you, honey. I promise you this is going to fun for you too. Just wait, you'll see. You need to spread your legs a little wider," she said as she stood behind me and gave my right thigh a gentle nudge with her booted foot. She did the same to my left thigh till I felt cool air on my slightly open ass hole. "Now see if you can get your ass up a bit more. Try to arch your back a bit. Perfect. We call this position 'greet,' " she informed me. I knelt there in the most humiliating and exposed position I'd been in my life- with my cock as hard as it's ever been! Fuck, what was wrong with me? Click click went the camera.  
  
"Just one more for now," said Vicky as I heard her crouch behind me. I felt her left hand on my ass cheek and then felt a firm grasp on my cock and balls. My wife then pulled my package towards her as she ordered me to close my legs.  
  
I know how I must have looked. My ass raised up high, my balls exposed and held in place by my now-closed thighs and my hard cock pointing down. "This is called 'humble,' " she informed me. Click click. "This is going to look s-o-o much better when you're all cleaned up." OK, we're done for now. You can stand up." I gratefully rose from this humiliating position. Vicky moved in to hug me. She placed arm around my waist and her other hand moved down to caress my bare ass.  
  
I couldn't hold back anymore and let go a giant sob as I started to cry, large tears running down my cheeks! I hadn't cried since I was a kid and the tears just poured out of me. Vicky took my hand and pulled me back to the couch and sat me down in her lap. She pulled my head towards her and placed it on her breast. Her other hand was running up and down my back as she made soft soothing sounds.

"That's OK, honey, you just let it all out," she cooed as she moved her hand to pat my bare bottom. "I know how hard this is for you, but trust me when I say it's all going to be worth it soon. Once we're officially hired on at Fem-Tec our lives will be so much better. We'll be able to buy the car we want, take trips to the best places, eat at the best restaurants, live in a nice house and so so much more," she assured me.  
  
I started to settle down a little, my sobs gradually subsiding. "It's just so humiliating," I whimpered. Vicky reached down and spread my legs a bit working one hand down to my now stiffening shaft.  
  
"I'm so very proud of you, Danny," she said as she began to slowly stroke my now fully engorged cock. "It's just that Fem-Tec needs pictures to help design new products and they need to see new husbands from all angles. Each husband is unique and all have to pass this part of the application. Can we do this together, Baby. Are we a team?" she asked.  
  
I was trying to think but Vicky's hand was a real distraction. I started squirming a bit, feeling the fabric of my wife's skirt against my bare ass. I started to thrust my hips forward into her grasp. I could only imagine what I must have looked liked, naked, tears still drying on my cheeks, legs spread and humping my wife's hand. The humiliation washed over me like a tsunami.  
  
"Are we a team?" my wife whispered in my ear.  
  
"Yes, yes we're a team," I gasped.  
  
She suddenly let go of my throbbing cock. "Oh honey, I'm so happy! Lets get started on cleaning you up," she said, hardly containing her excitement.  
  
"But, but..." I babbled as I looked up pleadingly into my wife's eyes. She pulled my head towards her and kissed me deeply, swirling her tongue inside my mouth. I slid off my wife's lap as she stood. She placed a hand on my bare bottom and guided towards the bathroom.  
  
I was to be shaved!