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# Caught

**By Max Swyft**

As told to Max Swyft by Eadrean Moss

It is said that our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ of the human body: the mind.

Max Swyft

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About Donald:

Donald and I were raised by the same domineering aunt. She wasn't really our aunt but took us in from the orphanage when we were just about to reach puberty. Donald wasn't quite as lucky as me. I did well in school and went on to college on scholarship. Donald stayed back and was influenced by aunty and her sisters. That early influence settled over us both in more ways than we know. I'll leave it to the psychologists and therapists to sort it all out. We are the way we are because of the way we are.

If that makes any sense.

Yet, I know of others who weren't influenced in a femininely dominated environment. Others who enjoyed a wholesome upbringing but were drawn into the fetish realm just because they liked it — and for no other reason.

Aberrant behavior is much more common than society would have us believe. By its very nature, departing from the norm, many of us are still 'in the closet' so-to-speak. We're afraid our peers will laugh at us and worse; hold us up as examples to ridicule. So it is no wonder that we sometimes feel all alone. Yet, there are many more just like us still hiding in the dark, afraid to come forth simply because we are different.

In this new century old standards are being challenged. Society has been forced to consider the divergent and abnormal, if not to allow them to participate, then at least to recognize them. To be sure, there will always be a taint, or stain on people like Donald and those that participate and encourage divergent lifestyles.

Perhaps society should remember, We all don't march to the tune of the same drummer.

Eadrean Moss

## Chapter One

Clare was suppose to be at work.

She caught me red-handed and red-faced.

I was sitting up, leaning against the headboard. I had a pair's of panties, the red silk ones. I'd retrieved them from the clothes hamper in the bathroom. She'd worn them the day before and they were redolent with her intimate womanly scent.

The red silk panties were one of my favorite pair, the material a little thicker, the waistband and legs trimmed in pink lace, the shape between that of a French cut and full cut.

On the bed beside me was a glossy magazine depicting tall dominant women in fetching lingerie, heels and hose. Waist cinchers, cut-out bras, wide-belted garter belts. Or short leather skirts, the photos taken from that of kneeling supplicants, perhaps attempting to catch an upskirt glimpse of gossamer panties. There were other 'props' scattered through the pages of the fetish glossy, too many to mention here.

The panties were wrapped around my throbbing erection and I was masturbating.

That's how she caught me, jacking off into a pair of her dirty panties.

Caught me like an eager teenager overcome with an object of infatuation.

I don't know how long she stood at the doorway watching. I just happened to look up and there she was.

She was supposed to be at work at the law firm, Dewey, Cheatum and Howe. She was a junior attorney and recently been put in charge of the Rowe account. The Rowe's were acquiring more territory downtown in the Canyons, expanding their empire. The latest deal was about a new high-rise office building and parking garage.

She had been working with Mitchell Rowe, heir apparent to his father's fortune. I didn't like Mitchell Rowe. His picture and that of the women he dated were all over the society pages of the Cyrenaica papers. He was tall and handsome and Clare had hinted that he'd flirting with her, said that's why she'd been put in charge of the account. If she closed the deal, and she'd told me it looked good, she would most likely be promoted.

Clare assured me that it was all business as far as she was concerned but I was still jealous. I didn't think she'd cheat on me but if she was so inclined Mitchell Rowe would be a good candidate.

Clare is a raven-haired beauty with large nearly ebony eyes, high cheek bones, a thin aristocratic nose, and a wide sensuous mouth. She is narrow of waist and wide of hip and has remarkably long legs. Her only deficiency is rather flat breasts but she has elongated thick nipples that are a delight to suck.

My hand froze, my stiff staff enveloped in those silky red panties.

She came to the foot of the bed. "Is this how you look for a job while I'm at work? By masturbating into a pair of panties?"

"Why aren't you at the firm?" I said accusingly. I was presently unemployed and supposed to be looking for work.

"Never mind that. Answer me."

"I can explain," I stammered.

Clare arched an eyebrow and walked around beside the bed. She had always had a temper and now her dark eyes smoldered. "Please do."

"I B I B "

"Yes?"

I dropped my eyes. "Well . . ." My voice wilted like my cock.

Clare picked up the magazine and quickly flipped through the pages. "High school and college boys use *Playboy* and *Penthouse* to facilitate masturbation but I'm not familiar with this one, all these bizarrely dressed women." She dropped the magazine in my naked lap. "Donald, you're a grown man."

"I'm sorry," I said lamely.

"If you were horny you could have waited until I got home. We could of both had some fun." She stood, hands on hips, legs spread, almost unconsciously striking a pose so often depicted in one of the fetish magazines.

I wanted to crawl under the covers. "I don't know what's come over me."

"Not just playing with yourself like some kid but doing it with my panties." A long pause, the silence deafening.

I couldn't look her in the face, instead sat naked on the bed, glimpsing her long nylon-encased legs in a knee-length skirt, feet shod in grey leather, open-toe pumps.

"You like my panties, Donald?"

I didn't like *that* tone. "No, of course not. I just . . ." I pushed the panties from my naked lap.

Clare picked them up and dropped them back over my deflated penis. "I could go to the store. Do you think you'll finish by the time I return?"

"Clare, please . . ."

"Or I could sit here and watch you. Would you like that?"

"No, of course not."

"Is that what you do for the women in that magazine, masturbate for them, spill your seed in their panties?"

I could think of nothing to say.

"Well?"

"No," I croaked.

I watched her hand. It moved as if in slow motion, wrapping my limp dick in the cool fabric, lightly stroking it. Her face creased in a wicked smile and she said, "Do it. I want to watch."

At the vanity she sat and crossed her legs, skirt riding to mid thigh.

"I will not!"

"Yes, you will."

"No I won't. You can't make me."

Clare folded her arms under flat breasts and one foot started kicking. "I think I can. You know how I tolerate the flirting between you and Rita?"

She was talking about our next door neighbor. Rita had firm Dolly Parton breasts. It was true that Rita and I flirted sinfully on weekend cookouts, or when the three of us went out. Sometimes Rita had a date, but most often she did not. She was older and a widow. When Ralph was alive we had all been good friends. Ralph had a thing for Clare, too, but now was not the time to bring it up. Clare often teased me about how she knew I'd like to play with Rita's rack and titty- fuck her. It was a harmless game, or so I thought. Clare seemed to enjoy it too.

"Yes. So what?"

"Do it or I'm going to tell Rita."

"*You wouldn't dare.*"

"Wouldn't I?"

"Clare, please." I hated myself for begging.

"Kneel in the middle of the bed and jack off into my panties. That's what you were going to do anyway." She curled her hand around an imaginary cock, stroking thin air. "Do it, Donald. I'm out of patience."

I had no choice and I had become very excited by my wife's authoritative behavior.

I knelt on the bed and wrapped Clare's red panties around my cock. My cock responded as I stroked it. It was hard in no time. I wouldn't look at her.

Clare leaned back on the vanity stool and her skirt slid further up long stocking legs. Her foot was in motion, painted toes winking dully in the subdued bedroom light, peeking from the open-toe pumps.

"You do it very well, Donald. I bet you've had a lot of practice."

I forced myself to look into her amused eyes and shook my head.

“Oh yes you have. Don’t deny it. Do you wear my panties too?”

“No!”

My wife fell silent and watched me.

My balls churned, my climax near. I shut my eyes.

This couldn’t be happening, I told myself. At least not with *my* wife. This was a game I played only with the fantasy fem fatales within the pages of fetish magazines.

“Catch all your semen in my panties,” her voice teased. “Or you’ll have to sleep on the wet spot.”

Her low chuckle was derisive.

It was strange, the humiliation of performing such an intimate act while Clare watched. The climax was coming much sooner than I expected.

My balls boiled and a torrent of semen exploded from heart-shaped glans, flooding the cotton panel of Clare’s panties. It was a plentiful load and I milked every drop into her panties. The heightened sexuality of the moment surprised me.

Clare applauded, the single claps like pistol shots, each one making me wince with humiliation. My face went red.

She uncrossed her legs, stood over me, hands on hips until I was forced to look her in the eye. She bent and pinched the panties in her hand, careful to avoid my discharge. She looked from me to her soiled red panties and shook her head, went into the adjoining bathroom.



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That evening I watched an exhibition baseball game being broadcast on TV from somewhere in California. It was a late game, the second of a doubleheader. Clare sat in my recliner, no doubt to irritate me, long bare legs peeking out the bottom of pink baby dolls.

She was slowing thumbing through the glossy magazine. I watched her from the corner of my eye as she'd stop and read the captions, or one of the stories, or one of the ads in the back pages. Every now and then she'd look at me and slyly grin.

Finally she stood and stretched her lithesome body, said she was going to bed. She tossed me the magazine and said that if I got the urge, to wake her so she could watch.

It was going to be a long week. It was only Monday.

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The next morning as Clare readied herself for work I feigned sleep, stayed in bed. I thought she'd never leave. I had to use the bathroom and squeezed my legs together, waiting for her exit. Somehow, even with the need to urinate I fell back to sleep.

I awoke to a fierce nature call, rushed into the bathroom.

Strewn all about in the bathroom were her panties, brasseries, and pantyhose. In lipstick on the mirror was a note. It read: *Since you're so fond of my panties you can hand wash all of them, my pantyhose and brassieres too. Use the delicate soap in the laundry room. And don't you dare play with yourself until I get home.*

I stalked from the bathroom and fumed around the house all morning. The gall of the woman. I wouldn't do it. I lost count of the times I went back into the bathroom to gaze upon her underwear.

We had no children, were both tested and found out I was sterile. I suggested we adopt but Clare was caught up in her career as I was mine, so we put off adoption. Her father had died of a cerebral hemorrhage when she was a young teen. With the life insurance her mother was comfortable and living in Florida with a lifelong friend.

Of course I really had no family except for the woman who had taken Eadrean and me in when we were youngsters. Eadrean lived in California, was a computer guru in silicon valley and I hadn't seen him in years.

I was still angry about Clare's note and underwear strewn all over the bathroom when I left the house, the morning paper tucked in the crook of my arm. I had decided to go job hunting and wore my best suit.

Rita was in her front yard, pruning bushes, getting in some late season gardening. She waved and I went over to say hello. The morning was cool but she wore tight cutoffs and a thin shirt, large unfettered breasts molded enticingly against the cotton material. She was on her knees and I looked at her deep cleavage. I could almost see the brown of her nipples.

Rita didn't mind me looking.

Our next door neighbor worked for a travel agency and it seemed she was always going somewhere. Next week was no exception. She suggested a cookout Friday night and, not thinking of yesterday's incident, I readily agreed.

Rita waved as I backed out of our driveway, my cock throbbing to life at the fantasy I entertained: kneeling over her, my cock poking between her great mounds of white flesh. Every time the head appeared she'd take a broad lick of it with her pink tongue until I climaxed in her mouth and all over her face.

We lived in the old established suburb of Lansing, in one of the antiquated subdivisions south of Cyrenaica International Airport, had made the move early in our careers. We were upper middleclass comfortable. Before I lost my job and Clare's expected promotion, I wanted to move into modern housing befitting our economic stature. However, Clare vetoed the move up, sensibly planning a longer term strategy of wealth accumulation. In our later years we could always find a newer home, especially since — at that time — dire consequences were predicted for the nation's economy.

In an effort to deal with rising property taxes, the city had implemented cost-cutting measures in anticipation of shrinking revenues and the anticipated economic downturn. For years now people were deserting the city because of continued higher taxes.

The recent consolidations in the surrounding school corporations was one of city's plans to give property holders some personal property tax relief. This cost-cutting measure led to my unemployment. I was a seller of text books, computers, school supplies and other periodicals.

Many of the public school text books are written by professors, most of them of tenure, at noted colleges and universities. The truth about the professorial effort into the education of our children, though appearing to be of a noble cause, is in reality a perk for these often overpaid denizens of academia. Often these textbooks are revised, filled with the same old liberal pabulum that is characteristic of these socialist liberals at our so-called greater institutions of learning.

These 'educators,' many of whom came up during the radical sixties, promote not only a socialistic view of government, but the acceptance of lesbianism, homosexuality, same-sex marriage. Conservatives throughout the country decry this effort and its resulting deterioration on the moral fabric of society. They claim — rightly so — these radical educators are destroying the moral fiber of our youth.

Considering my rather unorthodox sexual propensity, one might think I'm in favor of these liberal professors who are making every effort to destroy our children's moral fiber, the foundations of our democracy, and long-accepted social practices.

Nothing is further from the truth. I abhor this corruption of our children. Rather the kids be brought up in a wholesome family environment, taught to respect authority and the scanty of marriage and religion.

There is plenty of time once the children grow into adulthood for them to chose their path in life, including sexual preferences.

Thinking of my neighbor's impressive bosom, I drove into the city proper looking for employment.

For years my job as purveyor of educational materials had served me well. Though my base was Cyrenaica, my job took me far and wide to the bastions of academia where stodgy professors were hawking text books and other educational materials. I had received my BA from Cyrenaica City College. It was at CCC where I met Clare Stanfield, a young vivacious girl who was working on her law degree.

In the city I filled out three applications and had two interviews that afternoon. Nothing promising. I was going through the same old motions, was over qualified for lesser jobs, and in a field that was suffering because of budget constraints.

In all the day was a frustrating and unsatisfactory effort.

I stopped off at the country club near home and had a few with some of the guys just coming off the links.

It was dark when I finally parked in the garage beside my wife's car, a two year old silver Toyota Camry. It used to be my car but since I'd lost my job I now drove the older tired Ford Taurus.

We had argued about a new vehicle, too. In the end Clare got her way.

Fortified by too many martinis I went in the house to reestablish my rightful place as master of the house.

Not only that but I'd put her in her place tonight, give her the hard fucking she deserved.

*Hand wash her panties, indeed!*

She was in the bedroom.

"Well, what do you think?" she said.

Clare was *undressed*, her long black hair pinned tightly behind her head, face thick with makeup, lips painted a wet red. She wore an open-halter bra that accented small flat breasts, making them appear larger. The nipples were rouged.

Even from across the room I saw the tight black bikini panties, how they accented the lips of her vulva. Her waist was reduced by an alluring waist cincher, flaring hips accented by a wide black garter belt, the garters attached to the darker welts of fine black stockings. The stockings hugged her legs like a second skin. Her feet were shod in five inch, spiked heels.

Never had I seen her so lusciously dressed.

I was instantly hard.

"Stunning. Absolutely stunning," I said.

"Like, huh?"

"Oh baby," I said. "You've never looked so good."

"Where have you been?"

"Out, job hunting."

"This late?"

"Well, I stopped off, had a few with the boys."

"Those days are over."

"What?"

"You heard me. Why didn't you wash out my lingerie like I instructed?"

"Clare, come on," I protested. "I made a mistake. You'll never catch me jacking off again." I loosened my tie and started to strip. "Let's get in bed and fuck."

"Yes, dear. Take off all your clothes." She came up to me and unbuckled my belt, unzipped me. Her cool hand parted the opening in my shorts, went around my penis, slowly stroking it, working me up.

I put my arms around her, felt the slick material of the waist cincher. I kissed her on the mouth, moaned as she stroked me. But she quickly slipped out of my grasp.

"Hurry, I want you naked."

My clothes hit the floor in record time, flagpole waving proudly. "Come here," she said and walked into the bathroom.

I frowned at the abrupt change of attitude but followed.

Her underwear was still scattered as she'd left it that morning. I noticed a bottle of Woolite and on the back of the commode, the offending red panties from the day before sealed inside a baggie. "The sooner you get started, the sooner we can play."

"*But Clare...*" I whined.

She took my proud cock in hand and her hard nipples rubbed against my naked chest. Her glittering dark eyes looked down into mine. "I'll be back in five minutes. If you haven't started by then I'm going to put on a short skirt and see-through blouse, go to the truck stop by the beltway and fuck some burly trucker."

So shocked by her bold words was I that I stood there speechless.

She walked out and left me surrounded by dirty lingerie.

When she came back in the bathroom I was standing over the sink hand washing her pantyhose. She came up behind me, nipples hard against my back. Her hand found my cock, stroking its hardness.

Clare licked my ear and whispered, "How long have you had these submissive tendencies?"

It took me forever to answer, her breath hot on my neck. "A long time . . . I guess."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I don't know."

"I researched your lingerie fetish today."

Her hand was doing maddening things. "Oh?"

"Yes. I had lunch with Leslie Raymond. Remember her?"

"The shrink?"

"Yes. She said your fetish is quite common B "

"*You didn't!*" I looked up into my wife's dark simmering eyes, knew she was excited. "I'll never be able to face her again."

"She won't say a word," soothed Clare. "We don't see them that often anyway."

"What did she say?"

"She asked me how I felt about it, explained that today many men are attracted to women's lingerie, that it is indicative of the new millennium and society's changing but modern concept of the more sensitive emerging male."

"And what did you say?"

"That I wasn't sure but thought I might be kind of turned on by your submissiveness. After going back to the office I thought about it and it sort of makes me hot."

"Oh, Clare, do you mean it?"

"Yes. It's something different for sure. We also talked about metrosexual males, how prevalent they are today, how the male psyche has changed, become more attuned to the emerging assertiveness of women. Leslie claims — this metamorphosis if you will — is another natural progression of an enlightened society."

I didn't know what to say, had difficulty concentrating because she was slow-stroking my hard dick.

"Clare, I never thought you'd . . ." I couldn't finish.

"Like your deviant conduct? Is that what you're saying, Donald?"

"I, I guess."

"Maybe it's not as strange as I first thought, Donald."

"Clare, you better stop or I'll have an accident."

She warned me off having a premature climax.

"You'll learn to wash my delicates in the laundry room. I'll teach you how. Since you have at least a panty fetish, I want you to respect my unmentionables. It's obvious ladies lingerie turns you on. At work I took time out from my busy schedule, surfed the web. There's so much dirty smut about fetishes that I didn't know where to begin. Many men today wear panties and many more women approve of their men in panties. For years men's fashions have become more feminine. Nearly every clothing store advertises men's bikini briefs in all colors of the rainbow. There is even pantyhose for men today. So your

desire for my panties is not so strange.”

“I . . . don’t know what to say,” I said breathlessly, squirming in her persistent grasp.

“Things are going to change between us, Donald. You may not like these changes. I want you to remember; all of what’s coming was your idea. If, after exploring these dark fetishes, I decide I don’t like them, well, then, we’ll have to make other changes.”

I thought of my recent determination to assert my masculine authority, how easily I was being manipulated into the dark realm of my forbidden fetishes. Warning bells went off in my head but I was too worked-up to pay them any mind.

The thought of my wife actually becoming my dominant fetish queen was too great a Circean temptation.

From now on you’re going to be my little panty slave.” Her other hand cupped my balls and squeezed. “Do you like pain, too?”

“I . . . don’t know. But if you don’t quit stroking me I’m going to cum.”

“Not until you’re finished washing all my dirty lingerie.”

“Don’t, that hurts.”

“Then don’t cum. Not yet.”

“Ouch, that hurts!”

“If you cum before I say I’ll twist them off. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I said meekly.

“Good.” Her hands left my privates. “When you’re finished come into the bedroom.”

She picked up the plastic encased red panties from the day before, exited the bathroom.

I washed and hung out the rest of her lingerie, my cock staying at full mast the whole time.

Clare sat at her vanity. She pointed to some black silkies on the bed. “Pick them up.”

“These are panties.”

“Yes.” Clare smiled. “I did a little shopping on the way home. I hope they fit.”

“You don’t mean for me to wear them, do you?”

“Yes. See the slit in front? Your cock should fit nicely through it.”

“Clare, I can’t do this.” Where did she get *these*, I wondered.

“Yes you can,” she coaxed. She stood, went back into the bathroom to inspect my work, then came back. “Down deep you want to wear panties but you have to be coaxed into it. Made to do it. Now put them on before I lose my patience.”

I stepped into the pink panties. A delicious thrill went through me as I slid them up my legs. My wife pulled my cock through the slit and gave it a few loving strokes.

“Did you jack off today?”

“No, of course not.”

"You are never to play with yourself unless it is in my presence. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now kneel before me."

I obeyed.

Her satin covered crotch was inches from my face. "Kiss me."

I kissed her panties.

"I've been wearing these all day. You know how liquid I am when excited. I've flooded them today thinking about all this wickedness."

Clare peeled off her panties and rubbed them on my face. They were redolent with her womanhood, wet in the crotch. She pushed the satin panties into my mouth.

"Suck them. That's a good pantyboy. Now wrap them around that pathetic cock of yours and jack off."

I hurried to obey.

Clare held my face against her sex. Her scent was strong and I soon found her moist lips, my tongue nudging inside, licking her slick labia, bringing her pleasure as I stroked my cock in her heavenly panties.

## Chapter Two

After Clare left for work in the morning I got up, fixed a pot of coffee and started the laundry. There were no delicates so it was easy to catch up. Doing the laundry wasn't a strange task to me. I didn't mind helping out around the house, even ran the sweeper on occasion.

Drinking coffee and doing the laundry, I thought about this strange turn of events, how easily I had slipped from fantasy into reality. I'm not sure I was comfortable with this new role as a submissive househusband, especially after listening to her wicked mouth the night before.

Did she really want me to take on the feminine roll in our relationship, I wondered.

Relinquishing control, kowtowing to fantasy dommes was one thing, but actually playing the part of a pantywaist submissive was another thing altogether. As sexually enticing the scenario might be, the hard reality was a sobering consideration.

As long as these immoral games stayed between us and in the bedroom, the possibilities of living out my long-held fantasies were more than titillating. In reality, there were few sexually dominant women available to those of us who craved them.

Sure, there were many play-for-pay dominants but these professionals have been in society for eons, and while their number might have increased over the centuries, they basically remained the same, playing and profiting off a man's secret desires.

The morning was warming up quickly and I thought about going to the country club and getting into a game. Golf was about my only recreational hobby and I was pretty good at it. I grew up as a small guy and found that golf could be the great equalizer for someone who is under six feet tall and about one-seventy in weight. It's how you swing the club, not how strong or big you are.

The other possibility was job hunting but I wasn't into that, not today.

As it turned out I didn't make it to the links, but spent the afternoon surfing the web, discovering how wrong I was about the sexually dominant woman. Men, it seems, are captivated by a sexually aggressive woman. After being the dominant partner for centuries, men are discovering a more submissive place in sexual interaction with their women.

Today it's okay for a man to be sexually passive and ideal for a woman to take an assertive role in bed. Feminism has encouraged femininity in males without demanding that women be more masculine. Men who explore their femininity are being rewarded in a societal sense by the emerging female who's not afraid to take control of her sexuality and administer sexually to her mate, whether he be male or female. Many of today's enlightened women actually date and cater to homosexual men, find them to be polite and attentive and good life-mates. Homosexual men are much more aware of a woman's sexuality and in many cases know how to please them sexually. I didn't realize how much women had taken over their own sexuality, become dominant in their relationships with men. I found several blogs, written by men, who had encouraged their wives to be sexually dominant.

The sexually dominant woman was almost a normal event in the new millennium.

The old stereotypical macho male who once was seen as conquering a woman with his strength and manliness has given way to the thoughtful, considerate male who isn't afraid to show his effeminacy. A man who wears silk and can talk about makeup and fashion is in demand by many women in today's society.

What I discovered while surfing the web in the afternoon, was that the feminization of the male is alive and well, being pursued vigorously by a new, woman-dominated hierarchy that is taking its rightful place in today's evolving society.

Apparently my dirty sexual thoughts are more commonplace than what I thought.

Fashion is also in the forefront of leading man into a more feminine persona. While male skirts are not yet all the rage, they are on the pages of glossy women's magazines and the runways of our biggest cities. Pantyhose for men is coming into its own, too, as well as makeup, longer fingernails and the sleek, hairless look of Hollywood's male stars.

I came away from the computer that afternoon a little scared and apprehensive.

Like a good house-husband that evening I had a roast in the oven. A corporate lawyer's work is not all fun and games and my wife looked tired when she got home from work. She collapsed on the couch and I fetched her a glass of chilled white wine from the fridge.

I stood beside her and pecked her cheek. She smiled. Clare's front-slit skirt was high on her thighs, legs slightly parted. I could almost see the darker panty-web of her pantyhose.

She patted the couch and I sat beside her. "Are you wearing panties?" she said softly.

I looked away. "No."

Clare sipped wine, leaving a red lipstick imprint on the glass. For some reason it looked sexy. "Put on a pair. A pair of mine from the hamper." She smiled.

"Clare B "

She silenced my protest with a kiss, her hand busy at my crotch. "Hurry and wear only the panties when you return."

I looked again at her long legs. She pulled her skirt higher and I saw the shadowy image of her panties through the gossamer web of her pantyhose.

Clare is tall, wide of hip and her panties fit me pretty good in the waist, tight between the legs.

When I returned, wearing a pair of her soiled pink panties, my cock was swollen against the panel. Her hand lightly played over my obvious excitement and she gave me her empty wine glass, nodded and seemed to approve of my attire.

I quickly refilled it, returned to the living room. Clare tugged me to my knees between her spread legs. "Sexy. You look sexy." She sipped wine and set it on the end table. From her purse she took a lipstick and coated her lips.

Her fingers found my nipples, tweaking them maddeningly.

This nipple play was a new sensation for me and I was soon swooning under her insistent fingers as they worked my nipples into hard pebbles.

She pulled me forward between her spread legs. My hands went around her waist. We kissed softly and I felt the greasy cream of her lipstick on my lips. Her tongue slipped inside my mouth like an invading serpent.

Clare struggled out of her blouse and camisole and held me off when my hungry mouth dived for her prominent nipples. She took the lipstick from the end table, turned the base and held the tube to my face.

"What are you doing?" I said, flinching away.

"Hold still." She pinched my earlobe. "Pucker."

"Clare."

She hooked her heel between my panty clad legs and pulled. I felt the slick end of her lipstick on my lips and knelt passively while she painted a generous feminine mouth on my face.

I wondered how my lips looked.

Again our lips met, softly, lovingly. She pulled my face to her modest breasts and I took one of her elongated nipples between my now red lips. She held my head with one hand while the other caressed me through pink panties.

Her breath was soft at my ear and her whispered words deliciously decadent. "You'll look good in full makeup and wig, dressed in sexy lingerie like a proper pantyboy."

I struggled feebly but she held me fast. The soft words in my ear were a fetishistic symphony of forbidden delights. My sex throbbed in filmy pink panties and I swooned in passion, sucking her thick erect nipples, I was overcome by the kinky lasciviousness of the moment and what it promised.

"Your long legs will look good shaved and encased in clinging stockings." Her hand continued to fondle me. "You're all wet down there, baby," she cooed. "Do you want to cum in my panties?"

I nodded against her breasts and found her other nipple, sliding my hands inside her skirt, past the top of her pantyhose, caressing warm thighs, and feeling the silkiness of her own panties through the nylon pantyhose.

"Not yet, pet," said Clare. She pushed my head between her legs and held my face fast to the apex of her legs. Her sex felt like a furnace against my face and I soon wetted the pantyhose with my adoring mouth.

She squeezed my head in her thighs as I worshiped her, kissing and licking, wanting desperately to bring her pleasure.

Minutes passed and she pushed me away, stood up and had me help peel off her pantyhose, reinserted her feet into the shoes, then sat down and pulled my face to her now panty-covered sex.

She was wet and fragrant between the legs and I left lipstick smears on the wet panel. Clare leaned back and I sucked her sex through the gossamer fabric, eventually tasting her day old richness. My tongue traced the elastic leg band, flicking, hungry, wanting more than a teasing morsel.

I felt the point of her high heel along my swollen shaft. It was almost too much as she stroked me with the hardness of her shoe.

I gently tugged the panties down her legs, carefully removing them from her feet. The leg band caught on a spiked heel and she held the wispy garment to my face.

"Take them in your mouth and suck them, pantyboy. Make them wet." I did and a wicked smile spread across her gorgeous face as I worshiped her panties.

As I sucked on my wife's panties she removed her shoes, pushed the heel inside the waistband of the pink panties I wore and slid it maddeningly along my shaft and helmet. Finally she withdrew the shoe, the end of it wet with seminal fluid.

She gently tugged her worn panties from my mouth and held the shoe at my lips.

"Take it in your mouth and suck it, dear."

The taste of my pre-cum was slippery and spurred my submission.

She held the shoe, worked the heel in and out of my mouth like it was a miniature cock.

My beautiful wife had learned much from the fetish magazines and the internet. She was fast becoming a consummate dominant, and by the shine of her ebony eyes, I could tell she was enjoying the liberated and empowering role of femme fatale.

“Now lick me, bitch. Lick me real good.” Clare pulled my face between her spread legs.

Her scent was strong and her nether lips glistened with womanly dew. I licked her outer labia, my tongue dipping into the furrow of her sex, flicking deeper into her musky canal, tasting the heavy syrup of her fountainhead.

I captured her clitoris and drew it between my lips. She held my head in place and flexed her hips, much like I did when she fellated me. My hands curled around her firm round buttocks and I held on, mouth glued to her sex, while she fucked my face.

She held me in place after she swung both legs onto my shoulders, whispered for me to tongue-fuck her.

Her dirty talk spurred me on to thrust my tongue as deeply as I could into her warm wet cavern.

It seemed I was on my knees, my face fast between Clare’s legs for a long time.

Clare’s breathing finally quickened and I felt the tiny spasms of her impending orgasm. She arched her back and flexed her hips on my face. Not only did her clitoris hum but her legs trembled in release. Her vagina seeped with generous secretions. The taste was strong and it smeared my cheeks. I nursed on her clit and sent my tongue into her nest, licked deeply of her oily mucus.

She came.

Her legs shook and her thighs went rigid as she scissored my cheeks, fingers hooked painfully in my hair, pulling my face into the apex of her womanhood.

Finally I slumped passively between her relaxed legs, gently licking her fragrant and now swollen vulva.

Clare pushed my head away and delved inside the waistband of the pink panties I wore. Her strong hands pulled me to my knees and she licked my besmirched cheeks. “Cum for me pantyboy,” she hissed, massaging my hard dick. “I’ll sleep in them, wear them tomorrow and you can lick me when I come home. They should be good and funky by then.”

Her words were almost enough to send me spurting over the edge.

Clare stroked my hard-on through the slick material of her soiled panties. She commanded me to tweak my nipples and pushed the pair she’d worn that day in my face. She stroked my cock, whispering obscenities in my ear, urging me to cum.

It was all too much and I came all too quickly, spurting thick jets of opaque semen into the pink panties. Her hand worked, milking me of my gelatinous essence, flooding the sheer garment with heavy copious cum.

The strange orgasm was intense and delirious, spiced with my overt submission. Even in the throes of my climax I shivered at whispered promises yet to come.

*Panties*, the catalyst to my submission. *Panties*, the delightful garment that I was so enamored to. *Panties*, the salacious silky bonds of my fetish.

It had all started out so innocently. Now it had gone too far but I was hopeless to stop. And did I *really* want to stop?

In every woman is an ember of power and my fetishism had encouraged Clare's to the forefront. Her control over me was an addictive aphrodisiac that neither of us could deny. We were hopelessly lost, lured by the all consuming vortex of forbidden pleasure.



### Chapter Three

Clare called me at home late the next morning. She wanted me to meet her for lunch. I was to wear the panties with the opening in front, insert my little 'beast' through the hole.

Entering the restaurant I enjoyed feeling the slick nylon panties on my ass. It was naughty and inappropriate. My cock, hanging free in my trousers, was in a half-hard state, the head having been irritated by the fabric of my trousers. My excitement was great but soon shriveled when I saw who was with my wife. It was our friend, the shrink, Leslie Towers.

I almost turned and fled but Clare spotted me and waved me over to their table. I kissed my wife's cheek.

Leslie looked smart in a tweed suit and thin silk tie. Her feet were shod in stylish heels which accented elegant legs. Auburn hair spilled about her shoulders and she smiled warmly. "Donald, how nice of you to join us."

"Nice seeing you again, Leslie. How's Peter?"

"Charging outlandish fees for his plastic surgery, drinking too many martinis, and playing too much golf."

The women were half way into a bottle of Mondovi Chardonnay. Clare filled my glass and I gulped the wine to calm my suddenly frayed nerves. All I could think about was Clare's disclosure about my panty fetish, and now here I was, the shrink sitting across the white linen table from me.

The waiter appeared and we all ordered salads.

"Donald, do you know Randolph Stout?"

"I think I've played golf with him and Peter. In advertising, isn't he?"

"Yes. Did you find him rather vain?"

"Come to think of it, yes I did."

Leslie Raymond leaned into the table and her voice dropped an octave. "Guess what Peter's doing for him?"

Clare's hand touched my thigh and I nearly jumped out of my seat. "Dear, you're wound tighter than an eight-day clock. Have some more wine." She refilled my glass. "Tell us, Leslie, what is Peter doing for the fat slob."

"Liposuction." She looked at both of us, her green eyes expectant.

"That's rather commonplace isn't it?" I said.

Leslie nodded. "Yes, but he's taking some of that fat and inserting it in Randolph's penis." Clare said, "But why?"

"To make it bigger."

"Is he inadequate?" Clare laughed.

"I'm sure I don't know but I do know he wants a bigger cock!"

It was then that I realized the women were a little tipsy. "How much of this Chardonnay have you two had?"

"This is our second bottle, dear. A businesswoman's liquid lunch."

"Not a two-martini lunch," Leslie said, patting my hand.

Clare had invited me here for some devious purpose and it must relate to the recent knowledge of my panty fetish.

"Isn't that confidential information?"

Leslie looked at me and giggled. "Yes, but isn't it funny. Fat old Randolph Stout, getting a bigger cock. He must have a concubine on the side. I can't imagine him wanting to stick a thick dick in that old hag he's married to."

Clare and Leslie both laughed, drawing attention from surrounding tables.

"Really, ladies."

The conversation died off for a while and the waiter brought our salads.

"What about those pills that are, you know," I said, "suppose to make a man grow."

Leslie chuckled. "A fraud, my dear. I heard the guy who owned that company is doing time for unfair business practices and false advertising."

"Hmph," I said.

Leslie propped her chin on the palm of her hand and looked at me, green eyes twinkling. "I would like to get you on the couch, Donald."

"Would you now?"

"Yes, free of charge."

I looked at Clare and she smiled. "I'm not in need," I said, depreciatingly.

"Need for what, dear?" said Clare too sweetly.

"In need of seeing a shrink." And now people from nearby tables were looking at us.

Leslie sipped wine. "You need not be ashamed, Donald."

It was coming. I knew it was coming and there was nothing I could do about it.

"That's right, dear."

*"Clare, how could you?"*

"Could I what?" she said, a remorseless smile on her face.

"It's okay," said Leslie. "It's quite common, actually."

"Yes, dear," said my wife, "it's quite common."

I looked at the tablecloth and my unfinished salad. I felt heat in my cheeks.

Leslie patted my hand. "Really, Donald, it's okay. You'd be surprised at the men who wear women's lingerie."

"This is ridiculous," I said, looking at Leslie. "She's lying."

"Come now, Donald," said Leslie in her most professional voice. "There is no need for this kind of reaction. It's quite charming, really."

I looked into her green eyes and found no hint of mockery. "Charming?"

"Yes," said Leslie. "It's a compliment to your masculinity."

"What?"

"True. Most men would feel threatened by wearing panties. A *real* man is not afraid to wear such garments. And to *real* women such candor is refreshing."

"Will there be anything else, *ladies*?"

It was the waiter and he was looking right at me. I knew by his expression that he'd heard our conversation. I felt my face redden and looked away from his sarcastic smile.

"Another bottle of wine," said Clare.

The restaurant was clearing out, the downtown business trade returning to work.

"It is probably a blessing that Clare caught you masturbating in her panties."

"Did you have to tell her *everything*?"

"Certainly you're not ashamed of masturbating?" said Leslie. "It is very common of men and women."

"Oh?"

"Of course, Donald. Many couples enjoy mutual masturbation sessions. Haven't you ever watched Clare play with herself?"

"No," I said, my face ashen.

"Clare," said Leslie, "you must let your husband watch you pleasure yourself. Peter and I do it all the time."

"Does he wear your panties?" I said hopefully.

Leslie looked at me, a slight smile on her face. "No, but we do play kinky games. Can you keep a secret?"

"Are there any secrets left?" I said.

"You mustn't tell Peter. It's our secret." Leslie looked at both of us.

"Yes," I said. "Our secret."

Once again Leslie leaned into the table and her voice dropped to a whisper. "Well, when Peter's really strung out, he likes for me to dress up like a hooker and urinate on him."

My heart beat faster and my penis fluttered in the opening of the crotchless panties. It was a delightful image. My thighs were warm and I didn't feel so intimidated now. "Do you like it?" I asked, hesitantly.

The waiter arrived with another bottle of Chardonnay and poured.

"Donald, you must understand that times have changed. Today it is common for men to wear provocative underwear. Look in the finer department stores. Sexy underwear is the in thing. The more sophisticated the store, the more provocative the garment. Pink bikinis for men is commonplace today.

"During the last two or three decades woman has come to the forefront and as she asserts her superior intellect, man has taken his rightful place at *her* side. Soft under-

standing men will be the demand of the future, not macho, unfeeling hunks.

"Don't be ashamed of your fetish for sexy lingerie. It is wholesome and natural. Be thankful you have a wife who understands and encourages such behavior. Like I said before, it is much more common than you think."

"I don't know . . ." I said.

Leslie looked into my eyes. "Explore this new sexual frontier, Donald. Go into it with your mind open and see where it takes you. There is no permanency here. You can always revert back to the way it was before. Share your most intimate desires and fetishes with Clare. Hold nothing back."

I looked at Clare. Her eyes were limpid from wine but held a spark of desire. "I like it and you do, too," she said.

"Be honest," said Leslie. "Isn't it rather a pleasure to let Clare call the shots? After all she's the one working and you're unemployed. Get into the role, enjoy it. Let yourself go."

"You make it sound so easy," I said.

"It's easier than your false male pride will allow you to think. Maybe Clare will have you wear a sexy outfit around the house. Perhaps a maid's uniform."

*"That's going too far!"*

"Is it?" said Leslie. "I bet you'd like it, especially if you look convincing."

"Leslie, you're depraved," I said.

"What a delightful idea," said Clare.

"Absolutely not!"

Leslie looked at Clare and said, "If you do dress him I'd like to see it. Invite me over. It would be good research for my book."

I stood up and threw my napkin on the table. "If you jaded ladies will excuse me. I'm going job hunting."

I stomped out of the restaurant.

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I didn't go job hunting. I went home and stood naked in front of the closet mirror, my cock jutting obscenely from the slit panties. I was naturally slender with long legs and not too hairy. I pictured myself in a maid's uniform. Yes, with makeup and a wig I would look convincing as a woman.

I laid on the bed and masturbated into a pair of my wife's soiled panties. It was something Clare had forbidden me to do but I was going to show her when she got home.

This would let her know who was in charge.

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Clare was all smiles when she came in the door. I showed her I was wearing Jockey shorts. Then I gave her the soiled panties with my fresh cum stain. I told her our little game was over and to never bring it up again.

She took it calmly. That should of tipped me but it didn't.

The rest of the week passed without further mention of my embarrassing moment and by Friday night I had put the 'panty incident' behind me.

Rita Bandy treated us to grilled jumbo shrimp dripping with a spicy garlic sauce. When Ralph died he'd left Rita well off with his investments and insurance. Still, she liked working at the travel agency and seemed always to be going somewhere. Rita was in her early forties, a little older than us. On more than one occasion I'd glimpsed the infrequent dates which she brought home with her, nearly all of them young lads.

The women drank wine and I beer. While they were busy in the kitchen fixing salads I sat on the patio and reflected upon my bad luck. The recent consolidations in the school system served as a catalyst to my unemployment. Budget cutbacks, consolidation, and a tight economy didn't help either. For some time I had skated on severance pay, which in turn contributed to my lethargic work ethic. I was too long out of work and had lost my self confidence. When there is other means of support laziness becomes addictive.

For too long Clare had unselfishly supported us.

I hadn't had much success finding another job. I didn't want to admit to myself that I hadn't been looking too hard. Why should I? We weren't hurting for money. Clare was a business attorney with one of the most prestigious firms in the city. That's why we'd moved here in the first place. I was coasting, enjoying daily swims in our pool and golfing with some of the guys at the country club.

My musings was interrupted by the women returning to the patio.

The shrimp was delicious and Rita looked more than appetizing in a low cut bodysuit that clung to her every curve like Saran Wrap.

The beer and wine flowed as we sat on the patio and talked. It didn't take me long to start on Rita. Clare just sat back and watched the two of us flirt. With more beers my mood turned ugly. I hated my wife coming home early and catching me playing with her panties. Evidently the practice was more common than I thought. That, according to Clare's friend, Leslie Raymond. And there were worse things. Look what her and her husband did.

I came on to Rita pretty strong. She glanced nervously at Clare several times and warned me that I was overdoing it. But Rita was the type of woman who needed a lot of

attention. She was years older but still in excellent condition and I wanted to punish Clare.

I had my hands on Rita's tits when Clare came up behind me and told me that was enough. Her dark eyes were burning. Rita apologized to Clare and scurried inside and we went home.

I saw the lights go out next door and thought of her in bed alone. I could still feel the imprint of her hard nipples in the palm of my hands, those huge tits begging to have a stiff dick sliding between them, her panties dripping and pussy aching with need.

I kept drinking and Clare and I had a terrible row. What happened that night is a bit fuzzy but I *do* remember slapping my wife. It was the first and last time.

By Saturday afternoon a discolored bruise was high on her cheek. I wanted to apologize but knew she'd have none of it. I felt miserable. The house was silent and the atmosphere glacial.

By evening I fled and found solace, drinking with my buddies at the club. It was after eleven when I returned home.

Clare was in bed and I collapsed on the couch.

Sunday was a disaster. I tried to approach Clare but she avoided me completely.

From behind the curtains I watched Rita leave. She was going to the airport on another travel excursion. Working for the travel agency made her mini vacations very affordable.

Clare left that morning and was gone for most of the afternoon. I watched a golf tournament on TV. We didn't speak the rest of the day. She read a book and I watched TV. Again I slept on the couch.

By Monday morning I was glad to see her leave for work.

I job hunted that day but my heart wasn't in it.

When Clare came home Monday evening the table was set and supper was ready. She was unfazed and wouldn't speak.

Thursday I went to the country club for a round of golf. I shot terribly and our two-some lost money.

Clare invited me out to dinner Friday night. It was my chance to make amends.

She wore a short clinging slip dress with a low cut bodice, small breasts and nipples, clearly imprinted on the thin fabric. Her outfit looked very sexy. Several times I caught the waiter peeking, men from surrounding tables, and a few scowls from the women who caught their men ogling my pretty wife. I was thrilled by this but pretended not to notice all the attention Clare received.

Clare drank wine and I drank martinis. It seemed my glass was never empty. We would fuck tonight. I was sure of it.

I ate sparingly, not wishing to lose my buzz and when we got home Clare made a pitcher of martinis and even helped me drink them. She eluded my grasp and the rest of the night was as fuzzy as my inebriated vision.

I do remember coming on to her, feeling her up through the silky material of that revealing slip dress. She wore only panties underneath it, the bikini outline barely visible, and no pantyhose, feet displayed in strappy spiked sandals.

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The urgent need to pee woke me in the morning. Somehow I had gotten into my pajamas. I stumbled for the bathroom, the rich flavor of sizzling bacon in the air churning my stomach.

My hand touched it as I stood over the commode.

*"Clare, get in here!"*

She stood in the bathroom door wearing only the top of a black gossamer shorty gown. Her legs were bare and she wore open-toe high heels. Her thatched pussy was visible and she held a spatula in one hand. It was a seductive pose (It was probably meant to be since she wore heels).

She watched me urinate into the bowl. "Yes dear?" she said innocently.

I finished and flushed the toilet. "What is this?" I said pointing at my flaccid cock.

"A devise, dear."

"A what?"

"A device."

"How did it get around my penis?"

"I put it there last night after you passed out."

"Then we didn't fuck?"

"No, we didn't *fuck*."

I fumbled with the devise but couldn't seem to remove it. "Help me take it off."

"No."

I looked into her large bemused eyes. She was enjoying the moment. "Then tell me how to take it off."

"No."

"What in hell . . . ?"

I fumbled with the thing but couldn't figure out how to remove it. The metal collar was shiny, looked like stainless steel, and surrounded my shaft from just below the crown

of my circumcised head all the way to the base. At the base of the thing was a band that encompassed my balls, pushing them tightly forward. With my fingers I felt a tiny key-hole underneath my sac.

Clare watched me and a slow sardonic smile creased her face. "Is it uncomfortable, dear?"

"Well, no, but I want it off."

"I'm afraid I can't do that."

"But why? What is this thing for?"

"It is to keep you from getting a hard-on and it's locked in place. The key that unlocks it is not here."

"I don't understand."

"You will soon enough, dear." She turned and started for the hall.

*"Come back here!"*

"The bacon will burn."

"What is the meaning of this?" I demanded.

"If you can't get a hard-on then you can't cum. I can't watch you twenty-four hours a day. That little collar will stop you from playing with yourself." She smiled brightly and tossed her long black hair over her shoulder.

"This is a joke, right?"

"It's no joke. You'll wear that collar until you come around to my way of thinking. It permits you all bodily functions but prevents you from having sex or completing an orgasm."

"I don't believe this."

Clare came up to me and fondled my cock. She kissed my cheek. "Go ahead, try it. See if you can cum." She reached in the hamper and took out a pair of panties. "Cum in these and bring them in the kitchen when you're done." She walked out.

I stood there for several moments, holding her panties. Finally I stroked the head of my cock in the filmy garment. Feeling my passion rise, I increased my masturbatory effort and felt my cock begin to swell against the tight collar but it was no use. The damned device prevented me from getting fully hard and although I experienced excitement I couldn't complete the task.

Clare was right.

I confronted her in the kitchen.

"I'll have a doctor remove it," I threatened.

"Well, that's possible but very embarrassing, don't you think?"

"I don't care."

"Sit down. Your breakfast is almost ready."

*"I don't give a hang about breakfast. Take this thing off me."*

*"The key is not here. It's at the office and the office is closed on Sunday."*

*"You have a key to the office. I'll go to a doctor on Monday. I swear."*

She looked at me, hands on hips, pussy peeking from under the hem of her shorty, large black eyes flinty. *"Yes, I suppose you could have it removed. But if you do I'll have one put on you surgically and they're not so easy to remove."*

*"Surgically?"*

*"Yes. Surgically. A pin is inserted through your foreskin and welded in place. It's permanent."*

*"It could be removed, too," I challenged.*

*"Yes, you're right. It would be better for you to wear this temporary chastity device until you come around to my way of thinking."*

*"I wouldn't let you put one on me permanently, anyway."*

*"Enough of us could overpower you or I could simply wait until you pass out some night. Like you did last night."*

*"Whose us?"*

*"The people who sold me that device."*

*"They wouldn't dare!" Her coal-black eyes challenged mine and my stomach sank. "You're serious aren't you?"*

*"Oh, yes, my sweet. I'm very serious. I would have no trouble getting a couple of guys, or women for that matter, to help."*

*"Okay. Let's say I agree to your demands. Then will you take it off?"*

*"Yes. Of course." She set a plate of bacon and eggs in front of me. "You have no choice, really."*

*"What do you want from me?"*

*"Eat." She went down the hall and came back with a pair of red panties. "Put these on. You're to wear panties at all times."*

That was easy enough. Hell, I had a panty fetish. *"I can do that," I said, smiling.*

*"That's just for starters."*

*"What else?"*

*"You'll see."*

*"Tell me."*

Clare stood next to me and fingered my nipples through my pajamas. *"We are both very sexual persons. You want pussy and I want dick. We'll both get what we want and your jaded sexual desires will be fulfilled as well as mine. I'm looking forward to it."*

*"Clare, please,"*

“No, listen to me. You want to fuck Rita. I’ve tolerated the games you two play. Now you will tolerate mine. I want you to see other men fuck me. You’ll learn to like it.”

“Clare, I can’t do that.”

“You can and you will.”

She left me alone in the kitchen while I attempted to eat breakfast.

I found her in the bedroom waiting for me, hands on hips, legs spread. She pointed to the carpet and told me to kneel. My shoulders sagged and I knelt.

“Lick me real good, pantyboy. Make me cum.”

My hands touched her bare legs and my lips found her labia. I knelt before her for a long while until she pulled my face fast against her wet mound and climaxed.

Monday morning I dressed my beloved and brought her to orgasm before she departed for work. The device was still in place and would only be removed if I followed her instructions. So, it was with some reluctance and a delicious shiver of humiliation when, that afternoon I sat at her vanity and painted my toenails a bright red.

That evening she showed me a glossy magazine depicting long-legged dominant women and the men who worshiped them. The magazine wasn’t one from my stash and I asked her where she got it. She smiled, said she went into an adult book store downtown, browsed the isles and picked one at random. She had no idea there was such a plethora of fetish magazines. Had no idea there were so many submissive men in society. So many men who were ready and willing to bow to a dominant woman who might grant them their darkest sexual desires.

The way she looked at me with those dark smoldering eyes sent a little shiver of fear down my back. It made me wonder if I had turned my sweet wife into a fetish monster.

I started with her feet, removing her shoes, massaging her fragrant stocking pedes, inhaling the musty odor, and in the end sucking her toes.

It was an erotic sight to watch Clare’s hand disappear inside her blue panties and pleasure herself while I paid homage to her stocking feet. She feed me her slick, honey-covered fingers and I sucked them, too.

It was all too bizarre, the way things were transpiring between us. It was just a fantasy for me, bowing to a dominant woman. The panty fetish was common enough. Leslie Raymond, the shrink and our friend said as much. She even admitted to playing kinky games with her husband. What went on behind closed doors between husband and wife was between them, no one else. Yet Leslie knew about my panty fetish and I wondered if she shared the intimate info with anyone.

Perhaps her husband, who himself had his own fetishes. Fetishes his wife accommodated. Just like Clare was accommodating mine. From a clinical aspect, perhaps Leslie discussed my aberrant behavior with her colleagues. Perhaps I was now an anonymous case study.

The thought brought me little comfort.

I had no idea, not in all our years together, that Clare was anything but a vanilla sexual partner. Now a new world of jaded sexuality was open before us. It was like a door opening onto a darkened room and we were peering inside, into the darkness.

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I prepared dinner and afterward we took a bubble bath together. She would not remove the chastity device from my penis. That night, my face buried between her long legs, I licked her to another orgasm. I slept in a pink baby doll with bikini panties.

Tuesday I dressed her again for work and told her I felt like her personal maid. She told me to get used to the idea. The panties I wore that day were full cut, yellow, and trimmed in white lace. Clare gave me a long satin robe to wear, nothing else but that and the panties.

Clare went shopping that day and that night I knelt once again at her feet. Legs spread wide, I watched as she fingered herself, then licked the slick vaginal essence from her fingers. Kneeling beside the bed, I watched as my newfound domina fringed her pussy and fed me the besmirched digits.

She had went shopping on her lunch break and I slept in a slippery, peach-colored teddy that night.

Wednesday she called me from work and told me where to find a hidden envelope. She also hinted of a serious flirtation with a traveling rep.

Oh, the decadent agony!

Not for one minute did I believe that my beloved wife would have an extramarital affair. Her threat of fucking other men was part of the scenario, that's all. We were just playing a game. A game that enthralled her and sent shivers of subjugation over my femininely clad body.

In the envelope were instructions to rid my underwear drawer of all clothing and replace it with the contents of the pink package from her closet. The three inch, sling-back pumps looked to be my size.

Clare called at four and told me not to bother with dinner. She'd be late. She wouldn't reveal why, only the location of another envelope. She was very mysterious over the phone and after I hung up a sense of dread fell over me.

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I waited for her that night per her written instructions. She finally came through the door about nine and I was angry.

"Where have you been?" Her hair was mussed and her makeup smeared. She was glassy eyed and I knew she'd been drinking.

Clare smiled wickedly and kissed me, forcing her tongue into my mouth. I tasted the liquor. "Don't you look nice." She stood back, dark eyes appraising. "Do the shoes fit, dear?" I nodded and dropped my eyes, color rushing to my cheeks. "You've worn them all afternoon like I instructed?" Another nod.

Clare unzipped her skirt and it fell around her feet. She leaned against the wall, spreading her stocking legs. Her panties, wet in the panel, were framed by a thin garter belt. She flung off her suit jacket and unbuttoned her blouse. She shrugged out of the blouse, the thick nipples of her rather flat breasts erect with passion.

"Where is your brassiere?" I said. "I put one on you when I dressed you this morning."

Clare crooked her finger at me and I went to her, one of my narrow heels snagging in the carpet. She fingered my nipple through the filmy material of the camisole I wore. Her other hand caressed my flat stomach in the short half-slip, her fingers curling around my flaccid imprisoned penis.

"Well?" I said.

"Never mind. Suck my breasts. Suck them hard."

My lips found her thick nipple and I sucked. She held my head fast against her chest and I felt her heart beat. I alternated from one nipple to the other, nibbling, licking her large bumpy areoles. I squeezed her round firm buttocks and after a while she



pushed me down to my knees and told me to suck her through her panties. They were wet and her sex was fragrant, strong with womanly odor.

I got her off there in the hall, sucking on the panel of her slick panties. *Panties*, the catalyst to my submissiveness. *Panties*, the delightful sexy garment to which I was so enamored. I'd been caught wearing *panties*, the salacious silky bonds of my fetish.

It had all started out so innocently. Or had it? Now it had gone too far but I was hopeless to stop it. And deep down did I *really* want to stop?

## Chapter Four

The nights were getting longer and there was that distinct chillness in the air that signaled colder weather. A fierce winter was forecast, nothing new for the northeast. A few weather gurus even suggested Autumn would be short-lived and warned of a hard winter. Weeks had passed since the night Clare came home late, when I knelt in the entrance hall of our suburban home and sucked her through her panties, brought her to an apparent mild oral orgasm.

My anemic attempt to find a new job was getting no results. I unenthusiastically put in several applications for a new career. So far, all for naught. Clare didn't seem to mind. In fact, I think she was happy with me staying at home. It reinforced her position in the new hierarchy of our marriage and made me more dependent on her.

Under my male attire I wore panties exclusively. She stood by and watched me empty from my chest what few articles of male underwear I still owned, escorted me to the trash cans in the attached garage, pointed for me to dump them and gave me a hard look with those merciless lampblack eyes.

During these long, seemingly endless weeks, I begged her to release me from the prison of the stainless steel chastity device. I was told my release depended upon my behavior. "If you're a good pantyboy, I will consider taking it off," she said.

When she said these demeaning things she always looked me in the eye. I think she received some measure of pleasure from this verbal humiliation. What was strange were her words of derision accented the eroticism of my submission.

My fantasies had too quickly become reality, and it was increasingly scary.

Having to constantly wear panties stimulated my bent libido but Clare adamantly refused me any release. Instead I was made to service her orally, usually in the evening when she got home from work and sometimes at bedtime.

"Please Clare," I begged during the second week of my chastisement, "take it off. My balls are full to the bursting. Look at my sack, how swollen it is."

While Clare was at work I searched the house high and low for the key to my imprisoned manhood but didn't find it. Of course looking for a key so tiny was like searching for the proverbial pin.

It was so stupid of me to show such weakness. With arched eyebrow she inspected me. She sat at her vanity while I stood before her wearing only panties. She slowly lowered my panties, pointed out leaking seminal stains in the cotton panel, called me a naughty girl, and held my full ball sac in her hands, cupping, squeezing, agreeing that I was holding quite a load.

She tweezed my exposed crown with her fingertips and seminal fluid freely leaked onto her fingers. She smiled at the opaque syrup quickly gathering on her fingers, tugged on my balls until I knelt in front of her, watched as she lined her lips with the pads of her finger.

"Such delightful lip gloss," she teased. "Kiss, Donald." I turned my head but saw the fiery glint in her dark eyes. Her free hand squeezed my gonads with increasing pressure.

*"I said kiss, Donald!"*

She had me where she wanted me and there was nothing I could do but obey her jaded command.

She slid those besmirched lips over mine, worked her tongue inside my mouth while keeping a choke hold on my balls.

"See, baby, that wasn't so bad."

"Please Clare, release me, let me have an orgasm." I hated begging, hated myself for doing it. What was happening, I wondered. What had I become?

"Soon, dear. But not now. I want you to learn how pantyboys should kiss their wives. Soft and sensuous. Like a girl. We'll practice kissing. The softer and more feminine your kisses, the closer you'll come to being released from the device."

Over the following weeks Clare introduced more conditions. I balked at every new twist but it was no use. It seemed she was taking to the dominate roll naturally, and I wondered how I had released this new woman. My wife more than enjoyed having the upper hand in our marriage. I think she relished the idea of me being subordinate to her. Her whole demeanor changed. She was flush with conquest. It put a natural blush on her cheeks and fire in her eyes.

My hair became an issue. It was shaggy and needed cutting but Clare encouraged me to let it grow. We argued and she sat me down, reasoned with me. "Plenty of males have longer hair, hon. Don't be so anal. Let it grow." I was adamant about having it cut. Of course my stubbornness was born of fear. If I was so set on having it cut, my dear wife would schedule an appointment with her stylist.

That suggestion almost set my hair on end, sent a dagger of fear to my stomach.

Early in our relationship, before we married, she often trimmed my hair so we could save money. She did her own hair rather than spend money at a salon. It was fun then, the two of us against the world, making our own modest place in it.

"It's either an appointment with my stylist or I will trim it." She gave me a sweet smile. "Just like old times," she added.

I wasn't going to her hairdresser. No way that was going to happen.

Clare trimmed my hair, thinned it out some but let the ends grow longer.

My fingernails became an issue, too.

She insisted I let them grow longer. I knew what she was doing, paced the bedroom, ranted and raved, while she sat calmly at the vanity. I told her she was taking this panty thing too far. She just smiled, thought that was what I wanted, to debase myself with her soiled panties.

"It was just a game," I protested.

"I told you things were going to change, Donald. You're just scared. If you ever hope to free that pathetic cock of yours, you'll let your fingernails grow out a little more."

A sexy baby doll outfit for me to sleep in came next.

While in the house alone I thought constantly about sex. One miserable afternoon I was so beside myself with lust, I took a pair of her soiled panties while doing the laundry, caressed the crown of my penis — the only part that wasn't trapped inside the tubular chastity — and achieved a disappointing ejaculation.

But an ejaculation all the same!

It was a small victory but for some unfathomable reason left me frustrated and unfulfilled.

I carefully laundered the evidence of my discretion, lest I be found out.

Clare wore her assertive deportment well.

She enjoyed parading before me in sexy lingerie and high heels, knew that it would fuel my libido. Knew there was nothing I could do for release without her permission.

I quickly became conditioned to her sexual whims. Standing close before me she would exert slight pressure on my shoulders and I would go to my knees. At her husky instructions I would plant kisses on her flat tummy, the front of her panties, her legs, or the tender warm part of her inner thighs.

One evening she came home from work in a jovial mood. From a slim Dillard's package she presented me with a pair of smoky black pantyhose.

It was useless to protest. She stood by, tapping one foot, instructing me how to put them on, slowly work them up my legs until they were up around my hips.

“Doesn’t that feel good, hon?” she said sexily. “Feel how they hug your legs. It’s so sensuous. These hose are ultra support.”

She encouraged me to walk back and forth, legs close together and take smaller steps to experience the slick sensation.

I was already conditioned to sit on the potty. At times she would accompany me to the bathroom. At first I was made to stand, watch as she lowered her pantyhose and panties, sit on the commode and relieve herself. There was something about being witness to this routine task, hearing her tinkle into the bowl. It was mysteriously erotic and I tried to hide my excitement but she may have seen it in my eyes.

Because of the curved chastity tube it was actually easier to sit and pee. But with Clare standing over me it was acutely embarrassing. She told me to use toilet paper to dab myself. “You don’t want to leave any urine stains in your panties, now do you, Donald?”

Wearing pantyhose around the house became routine, just like wearing panties. When we went out Clare insisted I wear hose and panties. I objected but my pleas fell on deaf ears.

“What if we’re involved in an auto accident and we have to go to the hospital? The nurses will see me in pantyhose and panties. What then?”

Clare thought about it for a minute, smiled and told me to admit to my girly fetish. She reminded me of Leslie Raymond’s remark, that it was a common fetish. Plenty of men were into panties and lingerie.

“I think your psychiatrist friend is as bent as you.”

“Hmph, it was you, dear, that was found playing with my dirty panties and ogling dominant women in porno magazines. You brought all this on yourself. You should be grateful that I’m going along with this bizarre behavior. Most wives wouldn’t, you know.”

The bitch twisted things around, used my weakness against me.

One night I accidentally happened upon her in the bathroom. She sat naked on the toilet seat, her lower legs covered in white smelly depilatory. I excused myself but she thought I should learn how to groom her.

“Whatever do you mean?”

“Well, you’re not working and it seems you’ve taken to domestic chores pretty well. You might as well help groom me.”

“Shave your legs?”

“Yes, among other things.”

“What things?”

She fixed me with those dark eyes and said, “Intimate things befitting a pantyboy.”

“Really?”

“Yes, you could trim my pubes, learn to do my fingernails and give me pedicures. It’d be fun, us two girls grooming ourselves.”

“I don’t think so.”

She stood and stepped into the shower, gave me a humorless smile, told me to think about it. “Getting released from that little cock prison might depend on how cooperative you are, dear.”

I learned to shave my wife’s legs and use depilatory. I guessed what was coming next but was hopeless to stop it.

Over the next weekend she teased and tormented, paraded around in sexy lingerie, told me how horny she was getting since my cock was imprisoned. She didn’t come right out and say it in so many words but I got the hint just the same.

That Saturday night we took a bubble bath together. I lay back in her arms and shaved her legs in the sudsy fragrant water. “Since you’re wearing pantyhose now, I think you should start shaving your legs, hon.”

“No! I won’t do it!”

“Well, it’s up to you, hon. But think how pretty your legs would look if they were smooth and silky like mine. I bet you’d like it, really.”

“No, Clare. And that’s final.”

The next week my wife brought home a *Cosmopolitan* and a couple other glossy magazines. One of them was for teenage girls. Inside were articles about grooming, fixing your nails and hair, applying makeup. What clothes looked best on different builds.

One night she handed me her electric clippers and my electric razor, told me to cut away my body hair and shave my legs. I looked at her like she was an alien from outer space. She laughed, said if I knew what was good for me I’d do it.

A few days later she called me from work late one afternoon, wanted to know if I’d shaved my legs and body like a good boy. I hadn’t and told her in no uncertain terms I wouldn’t do it. She laughed, said it was up to me, suggested how nice my legs would look if shaved and wearing sexy pantyhose. I was adamant.

She came home around eight that night a little tipsy, said she was out with some people from the firm. They were celebrating a court victory, one of the cases she was intimately involved in with one of the partners. She mentioned his name, asked me if I remembered him. I couldn’t forget him. He was a handsome bachelor and had always had a thing for Clare, openly flirted with her. She used to tease me about it, said I looked cute when I was jealous.

In the bedroom she inspected my body, noted the body hair. She was very disappointed, banished me to the spare bedroom for the night.

“You better get with the program, Donald. Stop being so obstinate.”

“Clare, I’ve done everything you’ve asked.”

She shed her clothes, left them laying on the floor. It was one of my duties to pick up after her now. I looked at her naked body. She knew I was looking, took her time slipping into her pajamas. "What are you doing in *my* bedroom?" she demanded.

"Please be reasonable."

Face defiant, she pointed at the door. "Out! Until you do as I say you sleep in the spare room."

"Clare, please don't make me shave my body. It's — it's not natural."

She chuckled dryly. "There's nothing natural about this marriage, pantyboy. I'm really in need of a good stiff cock, and my patience with you is wearing thin."

"Take this damn contraption off me and I'll fulfill your needs," I shot back.

Her smile was grim. "I don't know if we can ever have a relationship like that again, Donald. Now get out of my bedroom. You're not welcome in here until you do as I say."

It took two more days but my new domineering wife finally wore me down. I used the clippers, then the electric razor and finally the smelly depilatory she used. My body was devoid of hair and Clare was overjoyed. I stood naked in front of her that evening while she massaged my new hairless body with skin lotions, emulsifiers and creams. When she was through I smelled of lilac and lilies.

Clare noted some errant hairs around my gonads where the attached chastity device hindered my new fem look. I stood patiently in the bedroom, watched her go into the hall. She was a vision of sultry beauty, wore matching bra and panties. I think she kept her high heels on for effect. When she returned she knelt in front of me, grinned and, with a tiny key released the ratcheted ring from behind my balls.

She said I deserved a treat and gently drew off the stainless steel contraption that had so thoroughly kept me chaste. Immediately she took my growing penis into her mouth, shoved me back on the bed, licked and sucked me.

In the middle of this intimated act, she took her mouth off my organ, looked up and asked if it wasn't a delight to be her good pantyboy. I readily agreed and she took me back in her mouth, swallowed me to the back of her throat.

Being her pantyboy wasn't so bad now. Her mouth felt so good on my neglected penis. I thought of everything but what she was doing, thought about my golf score and how to improve it. That set me off to thinking about playing golf the next spring. If my leg hair didn't come back in I would have to wear long pants.

Every time my buddies called I invented some excuse why I couldn't meet them for drinks or cards. We would have to come up with something pretty soon. Something that would excuse my absence. I couldn't fathom what it might be.

It had been so long since I'd had any release that I was quickly climaxing into her wet slippery mouth, expelling loads of pent up semen. She devoured it all, squealed at my release, licked and sucked and slid over my body.

Her eyes were misty and her lips besmirched as she lowered her face to mine, kissed me, sent her tongue inside my mouth. The kiss caught me by surprise and I tasted my own semen as her slimy tongue wriggled like a serpent.

It wasn't so bad, really.

We fell asleep in each other's arms.

In the morning when I woke, Clare was already gone to work. To my utter dismay I discovered the penis chastity was back, securely attached to my privates. She must have put it back on me while I was sleeping.

Women are so devious.

That evening Clare gave me new gifts befitting my new stature. I knew what one of them was before removing the top from the box.

Inside the shoe box were a pair of high heels, a large size that she thought would fit my unfeminine feet. I looked at her and didn't even attempt an objection. It was no use. Clare had, in a matter of a few weeks, completely taken control of me and our marriage.

The second gift was a navy blue, above the knee skirt and matching blazer. The outfit came complete with a camisole, frilly lace blouse and brassiere. The coup de ta was a wig that matched my light brown hair.

After dinner Clare supervised my transition. I stood in front of the full length mirror in the bedroom wearing my new outfit. I had to admit the pantyhose and heels really made my legs look feminine and the wig was a magic touch.

She wanted me to sit and put on makeup but I balked and she let it go. She made me walk back and forth, told me how to take smaller strides and put one foot directly in front of the other.

Of course my shoulders and hands are a dead giveaway but she suggested with longer fingernails I could really be convincing.

Alarm bells were going off in my head. I couldn't believe she wanted me to go out in public in drag. This was going too far and with each passing day I was becoming more apprehensive.

That night I lay naked on the bed while Clare lovingly massaged my new hairless body with lotions and creams, special emulsifiers which would keep my skin from drying out.

I was hoping she'd release me from my chastity so we could make love. It was not to be, however. She did direct me to my knees and held my head fast to her musky sex while I preformed cunnilingus.

Afterward she licked my face which was coated with her intimate juices and told me I was her new lesbian lover.

It was very erotic and she had all the control.

We lay in bed and she held me, instead of the other way around, told me how proud she was of me, that we were crossing into a new relationship, one that I would eventually get used to.

She lay there and cupped my privates, whispered into my ear about Mitchell Rowe and how much the young stud wanted her, how he shamelessly flirted with her at the offices of Dewey, Cheatum and Howe. The senior partners saw his infatuation and readily

agreed she should handle the legal work and the acquisition of the land for the proposed high rise and parking garage.

Several of the other women at the firm were jealous that Clare, an older woman, commanded the attention of such a handsome and eligible bachelor. It made her feel good to have his attention, and there was a hint of a promotion if she succeeded in completing the deal.

And wasn't that wonderful?

## Chapter Five

We were on the patio and Clare was demonstrating to Rita how attentive I'd become, getting them this and that, lighting Rita's cigarettes, refilling their drinks. For a simple backyard cookout the women seemed overdressed.

I knew my unveiling was coming but seemed hopeless to stop it. I was very apprehensive to Rita's reaction to all this B the new me B since before I'd always played the stud with her.

Rita was dressed in a clinging black bodysuit, hooters displayed prominently through the zippered front. She wore strappy heels and her toes were a glossy red. She seemed to

be putting on a few pounds, especially in her thighs and rear, but she was still a stunning woman.

Clare wore a short red, button-front silk dress. She wore no bra and her large nipples were imprinted sexily through the material. She left the top unbuttoned revealing enticing slices of modest breasts. To compliment her bare legs she wore spike slingbacks.

She had encouraged me to let my hair grow along with my fingernails. During the weeks following my transition my light brown hair was long enough to brush my earlobes and my nails were growing longer. At Clare's insistence that night I wore clear nail polish on them. I wore a long-sleeved silk shirt with ruffled cuffs. The faded jeans were too tight. Underneath the jeans I wore sandalfoot suspender pantyhose and white bikini panties. The jeans were so tight they imprinted my panty line.

Rita gave me puzzled looks and Clare was clearly enjoying my discomfort.

Clare patted the rocking lounge and said, "Donald, come sit with us."

I was hovering near the grill in the near darkness, trying to avoid Rita's curious glances.

"I've got to fix this thing," I lamented.

"Come over here Donald and sit with us." It was a command.

The women had already consumed the better part of a bottle of vino.

I knew that tone and went to join them. When I sat down the cuffs of the tight jeans revealed my shiny ankles above the vamp of my tennies. I hoped Rita wouldn't notice.

"Do you like Donald's hair?" said my wife, taking her hand and fluffing it.

"Different for a man," said Rita.

"Then you don't like it?" said Clare sounding disappointed.

"No, I like it, really."

"Dear, why are you looking at Rita's feet?"

"Huh?" I looked up. Rita crossed her legs, set her foot to swinging. The heel of her shoe brushed my knee. "I'm not looking at her feet."

Rita extended her foot over my leg, turned her ankle. "Is there something the matter with my foot Donald?" She looked from me to Clare, wondering what was going on.

"No, of course not."

"You're blushing, dear."

Clare crossed her leg and the red silk dress parted to her thighs. Her bare foot in the revealing slingbacks joined Rita's. "What about my foot?"

"It's fine," I said lamely.

"You guys," said Rita, "what's going on?"

"Donald's into women's feet."

"Clare!"

"Really?" said a bemused Rita, letting her foot rest atop my knee, turning it to and fro.

"That's not all," said Clare.

I started to get up but Clare put her foot forcefully on my other leg. "I'm not going to listen to this," I said. My carping was just so much false bravado.

"Yes, you are," Clare said sternly.

"Please, Clare."

"I like it when you beg, dear."

There it was, the intangible shift in our marriage, like somebody's smelly kitchen garbage; everyone aware of the smell but reluctant to bring it to attention.

Rita's foot trailed along my thigh and my penis, trapped in panties, throbbed uncomfortably within its metal cocoon. "Tell me Clare," teased Rita. "What else is Donald *into*?"

"Panties, he likes panties," she said, exchanging a knowing look with our neighbor.

There it was. I wanted to stop her but didn't know how.

"You like panties, Donald?" said Rita. A slow smile spread across her face.

I looked at the two different feet in my lap, wanted to flee.

"I caught him one afternoon. Came home unexpectedly and the pervert was in the bed, naked, playing with my panties, had a girly magazine beside him."

The quiet was embarrassing, Rita probably digesting this juicy tidbit.

Finally our neighbor said, "Donald are your fingernails polished?"

I sat like a stone, didn't know what to say, wanted to flee.

Clare poked my leg with her spiked heel. "Tell her, dear."

I nodded.

"No, I said *tell* her."

"Yes," I whispered.

"Yes what?" taunted my wife.

"Yes, my fingernails are polished."

"Now when he jacks off it's like a woman's doing it for him."

Rita giggled, said, "Jacking off into your panties to girly pictures. How nice."

"My dirty panties that he pilfered from the hamper. And not just any girly magazine. This one had pictures of dominant women administering to cowering men."

"Slaves? Are you into being dominated?"

"Yes. In Donald's case, panty slaves. That's what he is now, Rita. My panty slave."

"So, that's a panty line through those tight pants?" Rita said incredulously.

"Show her Donald."

"Clare, *please*."

"Stand up and take your pants down for us, dear."

"No," I said with false courage. "Someone will see."

"They'd have to be looking over our privacy fence. It's just Rita and me. Now do as I say."

I shook my head stubbornly and Clare poked me with her foot. The gesture made her skirt slide to her lap, long bare legs revealed in all their slender symmetry.

"Yes, Donald," said Rita. "Show us. I want to see."

Their feet came away from my lap and slowly I stood from the lounge chair. I unbuttoned the catch on the jeans and slowly lowered the zipper.

"You should let your nails grow a little longer," encouraged Rita in a teasing voice.

I hesitated and Clare sprang forward and with some difficulty jerked the jeans from around my hips, exposing me in pantyhose and panties.

"Owe-e-e!" said Rita. "Suspender pantyhose and white bikini panties. And you shaved his legs, too. They really look good."

"Yes they do, don't they."

My eyes were on the patio stones as I stood before the two women, jeans below my knees.

"But what's that bulge tucked into the panel of those cute white panties?" said Rita.

My cockhead, pulsed and expanded outside the open tube of the metal collar which surrounded my shaft, preventing a full erection. My helmet grazed the slick nylon panties I wore.

"See for yourself," said Clare with a soft chuckle.

Rita's hand came into my vision and her fingers touched the silken bulge. "Why that feels strange. But it seems so hard," she mocked.

Involuntarily I backed up.

"Stand still," Clare said sternly. "Go ahead, Rita, see what he's hiding in those pretty panties."

She cupped the front of the panties, frowned.

Slowly she lowered the panties, mouth gaping open at seeing my cock imprisoned in the stainless steel chastity device.

Clare leaned forward. She reached inside the bodice of her dress, toyed with her necklace and pulled it from between flat breasts. Instead of a locket there was a small key dangling.

She gave me wicked smile. "I will release you, Donald. But only if you behave."

Rita wore a shocked expression on her face, watched as Clare unfastened the chain around her neck and fingers searching found the tiny aperture, and inserted the little key.

Magically the ratcheted band that so for so long had held my balls securely opened.

An audible sigh of relief escaped my lips as Clare gently slid the torturous device down my shaft and off my penis.

"Amazing," said Rita. "I've heard about these things but never seen one before."

"I've kept him like this for weeks."

Both women looked at me.

"I bet he'd like one of us to touch it," said my wife with a sardonic smile.

Rita looked at her and as Clare's smile broadened, she nodded.

Rita scooted her chair closer, tentatively touched it. Her palm was warm on my shaft and her fingers circled the mushroom head.

Our neighbor slowly stroked my cock, looked in my face. It grew to its full length and seminal fluid dripped from the bald glans.

"If you're not careful, Rita, he might have an accident."

"Oh, we wouldn't want that."

"Pull his panties back up. Her really enjoys the feel of girly panties on it," said my wife.

Rita slid the panties back up, played her hands over the front of them. My betrayal bulged obscenely. A growing wet spot stained the panties as Rita continued to rub her hand in my silken crotch. She chuckled while softly caressing me.

The cookout was forgotten and I knew at that moment life would never be the same for Clare and me. I would never get to titty-fuck the voluptuous redhead. But *that* fantasy was replaced by a darker wetter reality that made my nipples tingle.

Rita couldn't resist the moment and hooked her thumbs in the waistband of my panties and slowly tugged them down. "How nice. He's completely shaved. They say a lot of the actors in Hollywood do the same. Some of them even have completely shaved bodies. I guess it's a fad."

"It somehow befits his new persona," said Clare, clearly enjoying my discomfort.

"Oh, and you've shaved his balls, too."

"And his underarms."

Rita's hand slowly played along my stiff shaft. "It's leaking. May I taste it?"

"Of course," said Clare. "But be careful. Since Donald's been in panties he's lost some of his control. He creams like a little wench."

Rita tasted her smeared fingers, said, "Hmm, not bad for a pantyboy."

"I use his tongue a lot more now instead of that pathetic cockette. He's learned how to really pleasure a woman with his mouth."

"Cockette, is that what you call it?"

"Yes, he has a cockette. It's really too small to pleasure a woman."

This little scenario was all at my expense, yet it was somehow titillating. I was involuntarily getting off on this debasement. I think Clare sensed it fueled my twisted libido.

"Really?" mocked Rita.

"Maybe we should go inside and you can see for yourself."

Rita looked at me, eyes gleaming. Her hand worked my growing cock. I felt utterly ridiculous, standing before two fully clothed women, my jeans down and shaved legs adorned in sheer crotchless pantyhose.

Rita put both her hands on my pipe, worked it slowly until it throbbed.

Clare stood, fingered my nipples through the silk shirt that could easily be mistaken for a blouse.

For some moments I stood by passively while the two of them tormented me with skillful hands. It was almost too much but Clare saw the rising passion in my eyes, laughed, told Rita to be careful or her little pantyboy might have an accident.

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Rita lay naked on the bed while I knelt between her spread legs, licking and sucking her malodorous pussy. Her vagina was very fleshy and tasted strong, somewhat sweaty. It was heavy with womanly syrup and Clare sat beside us, her foot teasing me between my femininely clad legs.

Rita massaged her large breasts, moaning, alternately squeezing her chubby thighs around my head. My tongue flicked her clitoris and I sucked it into my mouth.

She began thrashing about on the bed and I held her hips, drilled my tongue into her pink quim. I'd been sucking her cunt for some time and Clare's foot work was driving me crazy. Again, I thought I might cum prematurely.

Finally Rita *did* come. Her legs shook and she pulled my longish hair, hunching her hips at my face, trying to impale her pussy on my stabbing tongue. She washed my face with her sex as she thrashed about the bed.

That night I fulfilled my long-held fantasy about our redheaded neighbor. Clare told her what I wanted to do. The two of them laid on either side of me, rubbing my hard cock and pulling on my balls.

My body tingled with perverted ecstasy as I mounted Rita's chest, my stocking legs on either side of her chest. Rita pushed her large fleshy breasts around my cock while Clare stood beside the bed watching.

Clare took my hands and placed them over my flat chest, told me to tweak my nipples and called me a good little pantyboy. My hips pistoned slowly at first, then faster as I leaked precum profusely in the valley of Rita's milky breasts.

I tried to hold back, I really did. I had been on a sexual edge all week.

It was over too soon.

Rita pinched her tits around my abundant ejaculation. Some of it splattered on her neck and chin. She wiped the thick milky discharge over her nipples as I came and came and came. I cried out in tremendous release as I rolled my pebble nipples in my fingers.

Looking down I saw my cockhead spurt globs of jism over Rita's rack. Load after load drenched her titties. Finally my hips stopped gyrating and the only sound in the room was my labored breathing.

Rita wiped her hands on her befouled breasts and Clare knelt beside us on the bed. "Look what you've done," she hissed. A dark smile split her lush lips. Quickly her hand was in my hair and she pushed my face to Rita's tits.

The smell of cum permeated the air, the stench strong in my nostrils.



I was helpless to stop my commanding wife – that's what I told myself – as she pushed my face into the massive discharge on Rita's grand bosom.

So this was her revenge, my price to pay for wanting to titty-fuck our neighbor. Perhaps it was also Clare's revenge for having flat breasts as she used my face like a wash rag.

Rita went home shortly after. My face was coated with my own discharge and Clare wouldn't let me wash up. I laid in bed beside her in a pink shorty wearing matching ruffled panties as Clare pleased herself with a realistic vibrating dildo. Her orgasm was intense as she drilled the dildo deep inside her vagina. She held the gleaming phallus to my befouled face. It dripped with her intimate essence and with a dry triumphant chuckle she offered me a lick.

I turned away from her and for a long time laid awake in the darkness listening to her somnolent breathing. Finally I punched the pillow and laid on my back. Clare was fast asleep, almost snoring.

I denied it but that night my beloved domina and I had crossed a threshold. Gone was the innocence of caressing myself in her soiled panties. Certainly that earlier kinkiness was miles away from what I had become, what Clare nurtured of my cursed soul.

Time had seemingly passed like a rushing commuter train casting its yellow glow on the nightshade, revealing my weaknesses in all of its slick jaded splendor.

In the wee hours of the morning my eyelids eventually closed with the weight of my burden, my cum besmirched face now dry and stale, Clare's dildo discarded, its ivory hardness against my spine, a depraved reminder of my humble status.

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The next week passed *swyftly* but as Saturday approached a foreboding grew in my chest like a malignant tumor. My penis restraint remained locked around my privates the entire week. Clare did not require any intimate service from me until Wednesday. As was the rule I serviced her orally.

Wednesday was also the day Clare and Leslie went shopping. Both of them left work early and Clare informed me that she would be dining out with Leslie that evening so I wasn't to fix her supper, just what I wanted. She brought no packages home that night. Everything was taken to Leslie's. I asked about Peter. He'd been at the club playing bridge.

When I asked about having the stainless steel penis restraint removed she refused, said she was afraid I might have a premature ejaculation. I knew this was my punishment for climaxing too soon last Saturday night while titty fucking Rita Bandy. Clare told me as much, said I went off like a giggly teenager who'd just discovered sex.

I thought about Rita, what she must think of me now. Any idea I had about having a neighborly romance with our buxom neighbor was destroyed. Clare had turned me out to Rita, and I think it was her measure of revenge for the flirting Rita and I had done over the years.

Thursday evening Clare was late. *Very late*. Finally she called about seven, told me to forget the dinner I had already cooked, said she was going out with several clients. I didn't like the tone in her voice and by nine I was on a pin cushion of apprehension.

My tall wife came through the door in time to catch the last of the late night news. Her hair was disheveled and she was wobbly from drink. I offered to nuke her dinner in the microwave but she wasn't interested in eating.

I helped her undress and discovered an unsightly run in her hose. Expensive hose, *Victoria's Secret* stockings, a burgundy-wine color. Clare was very careful of her appearance and it made me wonder about the distasteful run.

Clare had been going to work dressed more provocatively. I had brought this up with her but she dismissed my jealous concerns, said a woman needed to look her best at work.

But was that professional I had asked and she told me it was none of my concern.

It was then, after she'd taken off my chastity device and teased me with her talented hands, that she brought up Mitchell Rowe. We were in bed and she made me suck her ample nipples to length, petted my hair and whispered his name. My neglected cock was trapped along the silky stockings of her warm thigh, hard and throbbing. I'd hoped she'd let me fuck her that night, that I'd get to make up for my earlier premature ejaculation with Rita.

But it was not to be.

Clare was all sexed up and she wanted to torment and tease, to exert her superiority over her subdued mate.

I knew of Roland Rowe and his empire. His name was nearly legend in this city. Mitchell Rowe was his young son and Clare's firm was handling the account that was about to build the new office high-rise and parking garage. The Rowe's were stepping on toes again, crowding smaller businesses from the downtown area and Clare had been handpicked to push the other, less fortunate businesses aside. Mitchell Rowe had taken a liking to her and her bosses put in her charge of closing the deal.

It was a rule of the jungle: Survival of the fittest.

And from his pictures in the society pages, Mitchell Rowe was most certainly fit. He was a physical fitness aficionado and I remembered his impressive build and young good looks from the society pages.

It was 'Mitch,' as Clare called him who put the runner in her expensive stockings. I wasn't to worry, though. Always the gentleman, he was going to replace them. Wasn't that a rather intimate gift for a businessman, I wondered. Clare just laughed, scissored her legs around my hard-on and told me that *Mitch* had a big dick.

This revelation about her flirting with a client made me see red. I pictured the two of them in hot embrace. Sure, Clare had flirted in front of me with Rita's husband, as I had flirted with Rita. That was just an innocent neighborly ritual. But flirting with Mitchell Rowe was something altogether different.

Was she doing this just to tease and torment me? Or was there more to it. Was she seriously considering having an affair with a wealthy client?

I protested vehemently but my effort was wasted. Clare pushed my face between her legs where my lips discovered her wet and fragrant panties. She told me of his roaming hand up her skirt, how he had inadvertently run her hose. *Mitch's* fingers had been where my face now was and she needed to get off.

My dark domina pulled my hair and hissed for me to worm my slut-tongue inside the leg band of her panties, lick her to an orgasm. She wouldn't let me take her panties off.

Oh, no, that just wouldn't do. She wanted my face in the musty crevice where Mitch had teased her with his substantial equipment, where he had pushed the panties into her vagina, where he had rubbed his impressive tool and made my dominant darling wet with desire.

That's how the run came to be in her expensive hose, the two of them struggling in the back of his luxurious van, Clare playing hard to get but rubbing the *bait* on his thick cock.

I hated listening to her but it made me hot, picturing her rutting against his cock, the two of them rolling around in the back of his van.

The bitch came while telling me all this, my face held fast between her legs, her fists tight in my rather long light brown hair. It was a new humiliation for me and I couldn't deny the hardness trapped between the mattress and my belly.

I didn't get any relief that night and she even put my 'collar' back on before sleep.

Friday night turned out to be another embarrassment. I usually dressed a little more provocatively toward the weekends and this Friday was no exception. Clare called about four and suggested I indulge myself in a fragrant bubble bath. She'd bring home take-out and a chilled bottle of Iron Horse Sparkling Brut.

The bathroom was steamy, the water oily and fragrant, as I relaxed and shaved myself for my wife. I looked at the small tuft of hair on my breastbone and wondered if I would lose it, too. I was almost tempted to whisk it away and surprise Clare.

By the time she got home I was ready and waiting for her. I wore low, open-toe heels, sandalfoot pantyhose, white bikini panties and an above the knee, beige pleated skirt, and one of my new special bras. It was a longline padded bra with liquid inserts. It was extra tight, compressed my pectorals and simulated a modest cleavage. I seldom wore bras and was wearing this one tonight at my wife's suggestion. The blouse was short-sleeved with a scoop neck that revealed my phony cleavage and accented 'breasts.'

I wore light makeup, pink lipstick, some clip-on earrings and had styled my longish brown hair rather femininely. Thusly dressed I felt feminine.

That Friday night was the true turning point in our marriage and relationship. If I had any hope — any hope at all — of regaining my masculinity, it would have happened that fateful Friday night. Of course I didn't know what was going to happen that night. If I had, I wouldn't have been so femininely dressed. Or eager to please my new assertive wife.

Clare I'm sure had set this up ahead of time.

She wouldn't tell me about it because she knew I wouldn't go along.

So all of it was a surprise.

## Chapter Six

That crucial evening started out with a hug and kiss when Clare walked in the front door. As she held me in her arms I wondered how it must look to a movie director; two

women in an intimate embrace, their lips glued together while one fondled the other's buttocks, silken hips pressed tightly together.

I opened the wine and we sat in the living room, Clare in the stuffed armchair, me at the end of the matching sofa, waiting for my wife to kick off her shoes and beckon me to my knees where I would massage and inhale the ether of her day-old, nylon-clad feet.

To bestow sweet kisses while her delectable toes wiggled on my painted lips and within my adoring mouth, this a prelude to my face being drawn into the gossamer web of her slender legs.

There my cheeks would find the heat of her smooth thighs above the welt of her stockings. And the scent. There I would kiss and lave my tongue upon the inner tenderness of those sweet milky thighs before she pulled my face into the musky panel of her day old panties.

Panties filled with strong womanly scent.

Panties that I must lick and suck.

The panties of my tortured and corrupt soul.

It was near the end of that first bottle of wine when Clare released me from my penis chastity. I knelt between her slick legs with skirt high, while her hands delved inside my panties and stroked my engorged excitement.

It had been so long for me I was beside myself with lust, wanted desperately to have an orgasm.

She bade me to tweak my nipples and told me I was a good looking slut. The panel of my panties became stained from her expert ministrations and I feared a premature ejaculation. She fed me her tongue and told me what a pretty girly-boy I had become.

And she was right.

All because she came home unexpectedly one day and caught me playing with her panties.

It was then that the doorbell rang.

Clare told me to answer it, said it was probably Rita.

I stood, smoothed my skirt and shook my head, my longish hair swirling around my made up face. Clare tried to reason with me. Rita knew about my feminization. It would be no shock to her to see me en fem.

I declined and Clare became irritated. She went to the door, looked through the peep-hole, and then over her shoulder gave me a wicked grin.

"We have company," she announced.

Company? Not just Rita? Company?

I fled like a thief in the night.

It was Rita Bandy and she'd brought along a friend.

I stood cowering behind the bedroom door while I heard three sets of voices, one distinctly male. My once hard penis was now shriveled inside the panties I wore under my

dress. The three of them carried on a lengthy conversation, Rita coyly asking about me, wanting *me* to meet her new friend.

To my utter dismay Clare offered Rita and her friend a drink.

What in hell was she doing?

I stood behind the door and heard their muffled voices in the hall. My mind screamed for her to get rid of them. I was limp inside my panties and stood woodenly, head down-cast looking at my legs beyond the hem of the beige skirt, my feet tucked into the low, open-toe heels.

It grew quiet and I strained behind the protective door, head cocked and listening. Somebody coming and they were through the door, walking past me. Clare was puzzled and looked around, finally caught me hiding behind the door. She smiled and pointed and Rita turned.

The buxom Rita's mouth dropped open in wonder. "Who is this lovely woman hiding behind your bedroom door, Clare?"

"This is ridiculous," I said.

"For such a lovely creature her voice is a little deep."

"Yes, we'll have to work on that," said Clare.

Rita came up to me, kissed my cheek, told me again how lovely I looked. "There's someone I want you to meet, dear."

"Yes, Donald, don't be so bashful." Clare tugged on my hand but my feet were glued to the carpet. "Meet Rita's date. He's quite handsome."

"I will not!"

"Don't tell me what you will or won't do," my wife said sternly. "You're in no position to argue."

"Come, honey," teased Rita. "Meet this guy. He's a little young for me but what a hunk. I think he wants to titty-fuck me."

Tiny prickles of sweat popped out on my forehead and my underarms dripped excessively. The two women turned me to the full length mirror and even I had to admit that I looked convincing, very much like a woman.

They were tugging at my arms, pulling me toward the door and the hall and the waiting man in the living room. I dug the heels of my shoes into the carpet and shook my head wildly. No, I couldn't do this.

Clare's scowl chilled me. She looked at Rita and nodded. The two of them left me alone and I breathed a sigh of relief. Rita was enjoying this too much. My hands were actually shaking as I waited for my wife to once again be alone with her.

I heard hushed voices from the living room but couldn't discern what they were saying. Shortly I heard the front door close and almost started from the bedroom. Just to be sure at the last moment I hung back.

I heard Clare coming down the hall.

She walked all the way into the bedroom, turned and faced me.

I came from behind the door and demanded, "Why did you do that?"

"You will learn to obey me," she said, ebony eyes flashing. She spread her legs and put her hands on her hips in a defiant stance.

"Isn't he cute?"

I whirled around and saw Rita and her date standing in the hall. I froze, and my face, rather than turning red went ashen. The guy smiled at Rita, said, "Coulda fooled me."

"Tom, come and meet my husband." Clare came up beside me.

There was no place to hide. I found something interesting in the carpet, wondered if I could crawl and hide in the nap.

"Cat got your tongue?" said Rita.

"What do you call him?" said Tom.

"You mean, besides pervert?" said Clare.

"Yes, is he queer?"

"No, I don't think so. Are you queer, Donald?"

I stood still as a statue.

"Would you like to go out with us tonight, hon?" said Rita. "Maybe we could have a threesome."

"Hey, wait a minute," said Tom.

"Aren't you going to speak, *dear*?"

I finally looked at my wife and said, "How could you?"

Clare smiled. "Where are your manners? Say hello to Rita's young man."

"Hello." A whisper.

"That's better," chided my tall wife. "Let's all go into the living room and have a glass of wine."

There was nothing I could do but follow the three of them into the living room of our home.

I felt so humiliated, and yet I felt somehow relieved. The secret, my unveiling was now behind me. So Rita and the stranger were witness to my new self, what Clare had made of me. It wasn't the end of the world. I could contain this, keep it between the three of us.

No one else need know.

Clare made me serve, seemed to delight in watching me walk around the room filling wine glasses. I couldn't look at him for any length of time and thought fleetingly of knocking *that* smirk off his face.

Rita sat close beside him on the sofa, her hand patting his thigh.

Clare sat in the armchair and I the love seat.

They were going to dinner and the movies and Rita asked if we'd like to come along. Clare pretended to consider it and Tom added that we'd have to go someplace where no one knew them. In case my masquerade was discovered. He didn't want to be embarrassed by being found with some drag queen.

Some queer.

I sat and glared at him and looked at my wife for support but she just smiled, told him she understood, then told him about coming home that fateful day and catching me playing with her panties.

I sat there wondering how all this had happened, just because my wife caught me playing with her panties. Leslie Raymond, our shrink friend, had admitted it was quite common for men to play with their wives underwear.

Why had Clare made so much of it?

I wanted to scream at them, tell them to stop. It wasn't funny but the three of them discussed me like I wasn't even there. I sat rooted to the love seat and only moved when Clare instructed me to refill their wineglasses.

Rita's young man wanted to know if I was kept this way.

On the weekends she brought me out fully, she told him. But I was always, always required to wear panties. Would he like to see my panties? He smiled wickedly, looked at the women and nodded.

He was beginning to enjoy it.

I was mortified.

"This is the show part of show and tell, *dear*."

"Clare, *please*," I begged.

"Oh, come on, hon," encouraged Rita. "He wouldn't know if we hadn't told him. We're all friends here."

"Rita, I can't believe your part of this," I barked.

Clare went over to the couch sat on the other side of the broad-shouldered Tom, beckoned me with her finger. "Now you panty slut. *Come over here*."

I looked at my stocking-clad knees peeking from the hem of the beige skirt. I pressed them together and shook my head, felt my light brown hair caress my cheek.

It grew silent and I was grateful that the lights were low.

"Do as your wife says."

So he was younger, broad-shouldered and muscled. I looked at him, wondered if I could knock him and his smug expression clear into next week. This was my house. Under my feminine wardrobe I was still a man.

But over the months our roles had been distorted and my gradual submission to my demanding wife was part of me. It had started so subtly, pulling us both along its forbidden path. But now she was in control and liked having the upper hand.

As I sat there, my rouged cheeks blossoming in acute embarrassment, I realized that I had relinquished what little dominance I had in our relationship, that my new subservience was part of my new persona . . . and I had become almost comfortable in the role, and that Clare had risen beyond what we both thought possible. She obviously relished the dominance and power. For her, the mastery of her personal domain was a narcotic that she wouldn't easily give up. Indeed, my metamorphosis was beyond my darkest fantasies.

Or was I just kidding myself, I wondered.

I wasn't working and this added to my wife's increasing influence. In subtle ways not working, staying at home, also added to my submissiveness. Now that I was wearing feminine clothing, acting in a feminine manner, this submissiveness had blossomed, and it didn't seem there was anything I could do about it.

I looked at the three of them sitting on the couch, both of them rubbing the young hunk's thighs. I thought of Rita being fucked by him later, maybe even titty-fucked. For some reason the thought sent shivers along my arms.

Clare nodded and said in a hushed voice, "Do it now, *baby*. Come show Tom your pretty panties."

I had subconsciously given up all choice months ago.

It had come to this.

Slowly I stood from the love seat and crossed the darkened living room. I stood before the couch and gave my wife one more pleading look. Her wicked smile was answer enough.

I bent and took the hem of the beige skirt in my fingers and slowly raised it above my slick knees. Nice smooth legs befitting a woman. The skirt came up to my hips. I stood there in low heels holding my skirt about my hips.

"Here, I'll help you," said Clare.

Mystified, I watched as she scooted forward and hooked her thumbs in the top of my sandalfoot pantyhose. It wasn't enough that he could see my panties through the gossamer veil of the pantyhose I wore. Oh no, Clare wanted more.

She lowered the pantyhose to my thighs and the backs of her fingers grazed the distinct but dormant lump in my white bikini panties.

"Cute," said Rita's date.

Rita's date looked between my legs then at my face.

I wanted to knock that superior smile off his face.

His eyes dropped and he said, "I can see why you keep this fairy in panties. Doesn't seem like he's much of a man."

I should have hit him then but didn't, just stood there on display like some freak.

My wife nodded and before I could stop her, she jerked down my panties exposing my limp penis and neatly trimmed pubic area.

I started to jump back but Clare seized my balls, held me in place.

Rita's date laughed but it was an uncomfortable laugh. Even he thought things were getting a little out of hand.

"For years I've been putting up with *this*," said my wife. "I should've put him in panties and dresses years ago."

"Clare!" I wailed. "You never complained before about the size of my penis."

Rita smiled and suggested, "Maybe we should let Donald see what a *real* man's cock looks like."

Clare nodded and smiled, held my balls in one hand while wrapping a tight fist around my cock. She squeezed it and asked, "Do you want to see his cock, dear?"

I shook my head wildly, tried to back out of her grasp but her grip hardened on my privates. "No, no. NO!"

"You don't mind, do you Tom?" said Rita.

He looked at Rita and my wife. "If you promise he won't try to touch it. Or worse."

Clare cackled. She was really enjoying the moment.

Rita's hands were working his fly, digging inside his pants and quickly flopping out his unit, which to my utter shame was bigger than mine.

Rita stroked it and the thing grew before our eyes.

Bigger and bigger, the head growing beyond the foreskin.

Clare, too, was jacking my cock, making it respond against its will.

"Look at his cock," commanded my wife, her hand working my now brittle shaft.

It grew quiet in the living room, the two women working our cocks.

"Do you like it, dear?" said my wife.

I shook my head violently.

"Maybe Donald wants to touch it," suggested Rita. "See what a real cock feels like."

"Oh, no," said Rita's date. "Keep that queer away from me. This has gone far enough."

Awkwardly he stuffed his stiff pole back into his trousers, zipped up.

"I've had enough of your neighbors. Let's get out of here."

He stood, jerked Rita to her feet and the two of them made for the door.

I looked at my wife. "How could you?"

She released her grip on my privates and said, "You're disgusting."

Together we watched Rita and Tom leave through the front door.

I turned to my wife, said, "You've gone too far this time. I'm done with this disgusting charade. Starting tomorrow I'm back into jeans, normal male clothing."

Clare stood there, hands on hips, defiance on her face, dark eyes smoldering.

"These are your choices: Go back to being a male and find a good lawyer. Or, stay as you are and we will stay together. Otherwise it's Divorce City. I'm the bread winner in this family and you contribute very little. You will get used to this new role. I think you protest your femininity way too much. You like it."

She sauntered over to me, looked into my eyes. "I like you this way. Since you're not working you will stay at home, be my sweet panty-clad hubby. I can't see you in any other role. Not now. Not ever. We've gone too far with this to turn back now."

"Clare, you can't mean it. We've been together too long. When this was a game it was okay. I've gone along with your jaded requests. But can't you see, you've taken this too far."

"No, Donald, I've decided. Think about it. You like the way you are. And now, I like it, too. There's no turning back."

"I can't keep up this charade. What about our friends and relatives? What will they say if they see you feminized me?"

"You did this to yourself. You should be thankful. I'm going along with your fantasies. A lot of wives wouldn't. Times have changed. It's okay for a man to explore his feminine side. And we're going to take this all the way."

Her hand reached under my skirt and fondled my package through the silkiness of pantyhose and panties. "You like this. I like it, too. You're lucky I'm willing to participate in these perverse games."

"I can't go through with this. It's become more than a game. At least consider cutting back, give me back a vestige of masculinity. Then maybe I can go along."

"It's too late for going back, Donald. It's too late for both of us."

Her hand under my skirt was too distracting and I couldn't think.

"Go into the bedroom, dear," she said. "Get into one of your new nighties and I'll give you a blow job."

I can't resist the temptation and obey her.

The way I am, the way I've become, all because Clare came home and caught me fondling her panties.

I feel trapped and wonder of her plans. It seems we've already taken this too far. But she wants to take it further.

Her new dominant personality has taken over and I have willingly submitted to her jaded demands.

In the bedroom I await my new assertive wife, am already hard in my panties.

The bedroom is cast in pale light from the lamp on the night stand.

Clare looked at me, slowly stripped to garter belt and stockings. She stepped out of her panties, tossed them on my face, told me to sniff them while she did the good deed.

I couldn't argue with her.

She tugged off my panties, jacked my cock and said, "You saw Rita's boyfriend's cock. All these years I've put up with this pitiful thing." She licked the head and I saw her dark smile in the subdued light. "Mitchell Rowe wants me in the worst way. He's younger and I'm seriously thinking of taking him as my lover."

"No, I won't allow it," I said weakly.

"You don't have anything to say about it. Consider yourself lucky that you're getting a blow job. This is more than you deserve."

With that she took me in her mouth, swallowed me whole.

It had been so long for me. I tried to hold back but it was no use.

Clare soon had me squirting a plentiful load into her hot wet mouth.

She crept over my supine body and I saw that her lips glistened with the remnants of my discharge. Her face descended and I turned my head. But she found my mouth anyway, spit my ejaculate into my mouth while I squirmed beneath her.

When it was over she laid beside me, told me to get used to the taste of my own cum. It was part of who I was.

Part of the new me.

Somehow I must rescue my manhood, reassert myself in our marriage.

Only time will tell.

*The rest of it to be revealed in Book Two.*

Max Swyft