

Mind The Crossing



An **ADULT** tale of *sweet loving* female domination

by

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A short tale about a man who never sees the dangers of crossing without taking the proper precautions. Bear that in mind if you also take too many risks with your sexuality!

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It all seems so normal. Life goes on like it always does. Children, holidays, school runs, cooking, weekly sex, washing, the usual disagreements and arguments over money, a part time job in a clothes shop, and visits to and from, friends and relatives. There is no inkling that the man that you know, live with and love is anything other than the man that you married when you were twenty one.

That's the way it was for me.

I suppose the first sign was one that I missed and only later was it that I realized that it had all been going on longer than I had thought. Of course if I tell you now what happened a few times, you will probably put two and two together and figure it out? But, at the time it never occurred to me that Charles, that's my husband, was doing anything that could be considered strange or kinky. Over the years I found myself looking for underwear that had gone missing, but I always assumed that somehow I had thrown it out by mistake or perhaps that I had lost it in the wash. Occasionally, when I popped by my parents to look after them, I took a wash with me to save time and did my washing there.

So, that's what I thought if I considered it at all.

It was six months ago that I found our life changing and it was a single event that triggered it off. When you knock just one card from a carefully balanced pyramid, the rest tumble and fall where they may.

First of all, about a year ago, the youngest of our children finally left the house to go to university and we were again alone, as we had been when we first got married.

Charles has a job programming websites. Often he works from home, so he sits all day, three times a week and does his work while I am work. Normally Charles is quite open about his work, he proudly shows me the results and I get a little say in the design because I have a bit of an eye for it.

What I noticed was that he was not showing me his work. I just left it alone, there was no reason that he had to show me his work, after all, if he had been working in an office, I would not have seen it anyway!

So, what was the event? I hear you ask. *Get to the gist of it!* Well, I felt that that I had to explain a little background so you could see how ordinary and middle class our lives were...

It so happened that the shop where I work closed a day for head-office inventory and I forgot all about it. I went to work to find the shutters down and then remembered that this was a day off! Well, I pottered around in town a little while and then went home. When I arrived home, I came into the house and went straight upstairs to tell Charles that I had the day off and ask him what was it he wanted for lunch.

I opened the door to the office and he was not there, the computer was on, but no Charles. Since I had my shopping still in my hands I went to put it into the bedroom, I opened the door and...

...there he was, wearing some of my dessous!

Knickers and a suspender belt. He was sitting on the edge of the bed rolling a stocking onto his leg when I entered.

It is no understatement to say that I was shocked. The scene froze. Me with my mouth open in surprise, him with a half rolled up stocking and a box of tissues by his side.

“What the fuck are you doing, Charles?” was all I could say.

Well, I *almost* never swear, but I just could not help myself. That was something else that was about to change.

“Erm,” he said.

There was a further pause, after all it he was the one with explaining to do.

“Masturbating, erm, wanking!”

I put my hands on my hips. It seemed to give me strength... Suddenly I felt like a school Ma’am who had caught a small boy out in some pathetic naughtiness.

“Often, I mean, like this?”

He nodded and I felt angry. Annoyed more than anything else, I suppose...

“Well you’d better carry on,” I said, thinking that the embarrassment would be punishment enough.

“What?” he said.

Now he was just acting stupid, so I said, “Finish putting them on and have your fucking wank, you moron!”

He looked at my face and realized that I meant it.

Slowly he started to roll the stocking on and pulled it tight. The next one went on and I could see that he was more aroused than I had seen for a long time.

His prick tented the lace of my knickers and I realized that perhaps I had made a mistake. Perhaps it would have been better to undress him and discuss it all? On the other hand I am pretty bad at taking back decisions, so I just watched as he took a tissue and slid his prick out of the side of the knickers.

“Wait,” I said. “This one is for me!”

I stepped forward and grabbed his prick and pushed down with a single stroke. I have never seen him gush so much when he comes. He spurted twice, once up my arm and then all over the stockings and carpet. The one touch had triggered his climax immediately!

“Satisfied?” I asked.

“Yes, Charlene!”

“Well I’m not,” I said in a hard voice. “I’m angry, more than angry, I’m fucking mad with you.”

He started to unhook the suspenders, but I stopped him with my hand.

“What are you doing?” I asked. “Don’t take them off. You can spend the rest of the day wearing them and we’ll discuss this later when I allow you to take them off.”

“But?”

“But what? Your choice. Leave them on or I go to stay at mother’s.”

He looked at the huge wet patch on my sexiest stockings and pulled a face.

“Live with it,” I said. “They’re yours now! How can I wear them again after this?”

He pulled a face that made me even madder at him, I was so pissed. He had create this situation and I was not going to let it go.

“If you are going to pull a face like that then you can wear my knickers tomorrow as well, so if you don’t want me telling everyone we know *how* you get your kicks, than put up and shut up!”

I stormed out of the bedroom and went left the house. It was all too much and I just could not bear to put up with him and his weird kink. I drove back into town and tried to calm down.

It’s in all the problem pages, I’ve even seen it in The Guardian, this cross dressing thing that seems to affect men in their late forties. Somehow we would get through it... I had a coffee in my favourite coffee shop and decided to try to be pragmatic about Charles. It was probably just a passing phase anyway, though I had to admit that the way he came and spurted at just a touch had been a bit of a highlight! Just the one touch and he had climaxed uncontrollably. Then telling him to remain dressed like that... that had given me a taste of power and control that had been a *real* turn on.

Perhaps?

I had no plan in mind, no course of definite action, but when I was shopping, on impulse, I bought some more underwear and decided that he could have all my old stuff!

An excuse to buy several hundred pounds worth of new dessous!

And shoes, and a rather nice ‘baby-doll’ nighty in pink that caught my eye.

By the time that I got home I had calmed down, but I was determined to discuss it all through with him and try to wean him off this little fetish of his. That was the idea, but it all turned out rather differently, as you will see.

I arrived, bags in hand and found him in the kitchen.

In an effort to placate me, he had decided to cook a meal and do a little housework for me. Charles is not a bad guy as far as housework is concerned, he often does his little bit and I am always grateful to have some of the load lifted.

So, there he was in the kitchen, making a meal, dressed in stockings and knickers. I wanted to laugh; he looked so unlike a woman. Hairy legs under the stockings, hair all over in fact. Not that he is particularly hairy; it just seemed so much more extreme when he was dressed in my underwear. I watched him for a minute before he realized that I was there and turned to face me.

“Did you mean it?” he asked.

“Mean what?”

“That I have to wear this tomorrow?”

The fact that he was arguing from the off annoyed me. How like him to not be able to sense my mood. Like I said before, when I start something I just can't back down and have to carry through. Whatever happens! It's a weakness and a strength of mine.

“Absolutely, you wanted this and you are sure gonna get it!” I replied.

I dumped my bags in the sitting room and he came through to talk.

“What did you buy?” he asked.

I did not say anything; I just unpacked the bags and spread the sexy new stockings and suspenders, the two pairs of shoes and the rest on the sofa where I could look at it.

“I bought it to replace all the stuff that you have had on,” I said.

After unpacking I looked him up and down and smiled. I wanted to laugh, but his erection was so huge that my knickers were almost bursting on his crotch.

Just the sight of all of the stuff that I'd bought had had an effect on him that was incredible.

"You like it?" I asked needlessly.

"Mm," he replied and turned to go back to the kitchen.

"I have not said that you can go," I said, irritated by his move to leave. "What do you like best?"

I just hate it when he tries to walk away like that. He turned and his cock pointed at the baby-doll nighty.

"This pink thing?" I asked.

He nodded.

"I suppose so."

"Well, you can put that on as well," I said with a laugh. "It'll cover all that hair on you!"

"Are you trying to humiliate me?" he asked.

He could not have said anything to annoy me more.

"Humiliate you? Fucking humiliate *you*?" I stormed. "*You* wear my stockings for a wank and then say something like that? How dare you put this on *me*? It was you that put on my underwear, *I* did not force *you*. How long have you been wanking into my knickers?"

I must admit that I was almost shrieking at the end of that attack. I had already started to slim down my anger while out of the house and now he had awoken the harpy in me.

"Years," he admitted shamefaced.

It was then that I realized *how* it was that I had lost so many pairs of knickers over the years. Charles was to blame...

"Then a few days more won't hurt!" I said.

I tossed over the shimmering see-through nightie and said, "Put it on and finish the meal that you started cooking. I have not decided what to do with you yet, so make it a good one! For your own sake!"

He slipped it on, the improvement was immediate.

"Make sure that you don't get it splashed in the kitchen," I said. "Put on an apron as well!"

He pulled out *his* cooking apron and I shook my head.

"If you are going to do it properly, you put on mine."

He pulled out the white starched Victorian style apron that I always used and tied it on.

"Now into the kitchen with you while I open a bottle of wine," I said. "I could do with a little drink."

It was bizarre. Charles in pink frilliest baby-doll served me my wine and filled the glass. Again I almost burst out laughing, but once again I got that little kick out of ordering him around and enjoying his shame. His prick stuck from his panties, through all that lace and I could not resist reaching out and holding it.

"Don't stop pouring," I said.

I wanted to call him a 'little maid', but it seemed too much so I let go of him and ordered him back to the kitchen, but the thought was certainly interesting. It was then that I felt warmth in my pussy, that slick feeling that I always get when I am hot.

'Since he is so busy,' I thought, as an excuse to myself.

My hand slipped down to my pussy and I had to go slow, because I was so bloody turned on. In just half a minute I gasped with the feeling and surrendered to a climax that was quite exquisite! I began to think that this was a game I should play more often! As I heard him at work in the kitchen, the rattle of pans and plates, I frigged again and just managed to finish before he presented himself.

"If you dare touch that hard prick of yours, I'll have you in my knickers for a full week," I said with a mock serious tone.

He moved his hands to cover himself and then I saw the stain spreading on my apron. Charles had really been a naughty little boy. How dare he?

"That's it," I said. "Two weeks for you. I'll have to think of some other punishment as well now."

"I'm so sorry, he mumbled. "I just couldn't help myself."

"Not good enough," I said as I stood. "Now, let's eat. I have decided that we will discuss this whole thing when you are finally out of my knickers. That gives you two weeks to find the words to apologize and me two weeks to decide how this is all going to work out for us."

He looked down, but at least he was not too stupid to argue with me.

Well, the meal was faultless. No doubt about it, when Charles decides to be the chef he can really cook well. After the meal I made him clear up while I had another glass of wine and a secretive little orgasm. I was allowing myself to do what he was denied, but I felt no guilt at all, in fact that made it all the sweeter.

Finally he came into the living room.

"Now, darling. I want you to go to the bedroom and wait for me. You may get ready for me, I have something special for you to wear," I said.

I followed him upstairs and rooted around in the cupboard where I keep all the old clothes. It took a few minutes, but I found it. A girdle! With cups for breasts in white satin, it was one of those old fashioned ones. I had it from my mother years ago when I had my first child and it helped me get my shape back.

I passed it to him and said, "Put this on, with the white stockings and no knickers and I'll be back in half an hour to see if you are acceptable for a little fuck!"

As I said before, 'fuck' was not really in my normal vocabulary, but it worked and he took the girdle from my hand. I went back downstairs and had that warmth again. Punishing him with his own fetish sure was fun, and was making me hot! I suppose I was starting to see the upside of something that I had always thought would make a terrible mess of any marriage.

I waited the full half hour, let him sweat!

During that time I selected the best of all the new stuff that I had bought. Blue hold-up stockings, a blue lace thong that really shaped my dripping pussy and a lift bra that made me look three sizes bigger. When I got to the bedroom he was sitting on the edge of the bed wearing the girdle and looking just a *little* svelte, it improved his waist and pushed his ass out nicely. The white stockings were better because they hid his hairy legs; they were thick almost like socks.

His prick stood from that immense bush of his like a lighthouse.

I pushed him onto the bed without much ado.

'No foreplay for this little bitch,' I thought as I mounted him and guided him in.

I have to admit that I was hot and ready to come as he slid into me and filled me. In fact as soon as I butted my clitoris against the root of his prick I came heavily and could not move. I was so sensitive that I could not move. He tried to thrust against me and I lifted off him.

"Please, make me come," he begged.

I reached out to grasp him and then my hand retreated almost of its own accord.

"You came just once too often today, darling," I said. "Tomorrow we'll see if you are allowed!"

He moaned and made to reach for his prick.

I could not believe that he was so disobedient. I leaned forward and lightly slapped his face and said, "I told you, no! Don't push me, Charles. It's not a good idea at the moment."

That's pretty much the story of that first night. He slept in his girdle and stockings with me draped over him. There was no way that he was going to be allowed to get up in the night and have a sly wank while I wasn't there to check on him.

I lay awake for a while thinking about the day. Then I thought about Charles... It would be fun to tease him more. Some ideas came to me there in the darkness and I vowed to see them through.

This *was* going to be amusing. For me!

The next day was one of his 'work at home' days, so there was no problem keeping him in that girdle. I stuffed some old stockings to fill out the cups of the bra and allowed him to wear a pair of my old knickers. You know, the ones for winter with long legs that covered the tops of his stockings. I must admit that it looked a little strange, but it seemed with those on he was much less likely to relieve that erection that now seemed to be a permanent feature.

All in all he didn't put up all that much resistance, he was certainly cowed by the realization of his fetish. Now his wife was over-participating in it, he was threatened by his own needs even though this might well have been what he had longed for. Reality is so different from all that fantasy, especially when it includes another person. I decided that if Charles was wearing my clothes, I should also dress up a little. It kept the pressure up when he saw me strutting my stuff around the house!

It was Saturday, not a day where I had to work so I could keep a close eye on hubbykins.

I made him cook the dinner and do some ironing to keep him in the right frame of mind and occasionally touched him up as the day went along, to keep him straining to please me. Every word I spoke was stern; it seemed just right to use that strict tone. I must admit that I loved it, the whole submissive husband bit and wondered how I was going to implement the steps that I had considered the night before in bed.

The first idea was easier to manage than I had thought.

He stripped off to have a shower and I watched him to make sure that a stray hand did not go out of place. It was stimulating to watch him shower. He's not a bad looking guy and it was just a little inspiring. I felt that heat in my pussy, but I had decided that if I needed to have a little pleasure on my own, then it would *not* be with him watching, so I held back.

With some difficulty.

When he was nearly finished, I threw him a razor and told him to shave. He started on his neck and chin and then I pointed at that bush that nestled between his thighs. Charles tried to object, or at least it seemed like it, but in the end he saw my face and carefully shaved himself. It was when I told him to do the rest of his body, legs and all.

"Please, not my legs," he said.

"Yes, your legs as well as the rest. I want you in sheer tights for me tonight and the legs have to be shaved!"

It took him half an hour to shave from the crack of his ass to his arms, but I patiently sat and enjoyed the show as he worked.

"From now on, you shave every day," I said. "Everything. I like the look of it. Sexy and just a *little* feminine."

Once again he argued and I told him that now he was in the girdle for three weeks. The way that this was going he would be in my underwear for a year!

Who cared, now I was really starting to enjoy myself.

After the shower I gave him the tights and made him put on the girdle again. The tights were those lycra ones, all shiny and smooth with a sparkling look to them. When the tights were on and well over his waist, on went the girdle. I realized that something was missing, the clips from the girdle hung slack, so I made him put on the white stockings over the tights.

That was the look.

The smooth tights caged that swelling cock of his and looked great against the white socking tops, the girdle itself rounded his figure and the stockings did not just occupy the clasps, but lengthened his legs as well. Something was missing, though, something needed to be done to the look to get it right.

I could not think what it might be.

He spent the whole afternoon dressed like a fifties housewife, because, on went the apron to finish the look. I decided that he was ready to work so I took him to his little office and warned him that just one touch of that cock of his would lead to consequences that he would definitely like. Trouble was, I really had no idea what those consequences could be.

I had no intention of getting into spanking or some such. That all seemed silly rather than a turn-on, so I just let him think that I had something in mind and then went out do a little more shopping. This time I was buying for him! I bought him a girdle from an 'outsize' shop. It was difficult to get one with loads of panelling that had no bra cups in it and yet was still up to the chest, but I managed it. Unfortunately it was in that horrible 'flesh' colour and looked like something for an aging dame. The next up was more stockings. What I had in mind were two different things. A couple of pairs of really thick ones, lycra and bright pink that were almost leggings with feet. That gave me an idea, so I

bought some leggings as well, ones with lacy floral patterns in the brightest reds, pinks and clashing blues and greens.

The second 'stocking' idea was a little tougher, but in the end I summed up the courage and went into a sex shop. Well, I nearly fell over! I had expected a dim shop with leering men in raincoats buying lube to use in the darkness of porn cinemas. What I found was bright, cheerful and well laid out. The woman serving was a twenty year old girl who was so bored that she followed me round the shop.

I turned to her and she showed me the stockings.

"I need an eleven," I said.

She looked me up and down and replied, "No, I think that you are more a nine."

"They're not for me..."

She showed me the rack and I found what I was looking for and more. All I had really wanted were red fishnets, but here was a range of stockings with patterns, floral designs, hearts, writing and just in garish colours that made my eyes hurt.

"Something outrageous for a special friend?" she asked.

"As much as possible..."

"One moment, we have some new stock in, I'll just check."

So while I flicked through all the ones on the rack, she went off and came back with three packets in her hands. One pair were those fishnets that have holes so big that they just look like a chain link fence. The second had a pattern in them that was such a clever trick. Though the stockings were plain black they had a print on them that made them look as if a man had come all over them. The third pair was exactly what I had been looking for, but I had not known when I began the search. White stockings with writing like graffiti all over

them. Words like 'come slut', 'cock bitch' and 'ass whore' written all over them in all directions, in all colours and all sizes.

I took all three pairs.

The young woman looked at me and said, "I was just wondering, are you shopping for your husband?"

I blushed and nodded.

"Thought so, these sizes are either for model types with endless legs, or men."

"I caught him..."

"Ah, we get one wife every month, and I always say to myself, 'Wives indulging their husband's new hobby'."

"It's not quite like that," I said. "It's becoming *my* hobby."

"Whatever! It happens all the time," she replied. "I'll give you this."

She passed me a visit card with my change which was an invitation to a party in just a day or two's time.

"It's something we do for our female customers," she said. "You get to meet some interesting people that you would never otherwise meet. We get to sell some stuff. You get to find out what everything is, how it's used and which is right for you and of course we get to sell it to you! Then you get the loyalty card and get ten per cent off everything in the shop except condoms and items that are already on sale price."

"Thanks, my name's Charlene," I said.

"I'm Gilly, are you going to come?"

"When he's wearing these," I laughed.

“That’s the way to do it! But, seriously are you going to pop by? Because there will be just three others there otherwise and, well you know, the more the merrier.”

“OK, you’ve persuaded me, I’ll be there.”

I went home with a great feeling. It had been so great to unburden my little secret to someone else and now I was invited to meet some more women. Best of all, they would be far removed from our friends and so on, a separate cubicle to enjoy away from gossip and such.

When I got home I got another shock. Yep, it always seem to happen that way. Charles gets up to stuff when he thinks that I am away and then I creep in like a cat. I should have been doing this years ago, except that it would have been terrible with the children in the house, still. Anyway, to cut a long story short, I crept upstairs to see if I would catch him playing with himself and found out another thing that my wayward hubby was up to.

From the open door of the office I admired him in his feminine get-up before I looked at the screen to see what he was up to. As usual there were all the program windows open, all that HTML coding and construction, editors and programs. There in the middle of the screen was a porn photo.

Oh, yes!

It was tasteful, the woman was elegant in heels and a wisp or two of lace, the make-up was perfect ad her breasts were smooth and firm. But, it was so very porn because she squatted down with a man between her heels. Just his torso, that uptight cock that just nearly managed to enter her delicate cunt.

Not a pussy.

A cunt is what she had, smooth and glistening, open and sucking that cock into it. That’s what cunt’s do; they suck cocks in and are so perfect. Smooth skin that just turns neatly in. A hint of inner lips, no hair, but not shaved. Waxed, peeled, electrolyzed and smoother than humanly possible. Her mouth was

open, cherry lips in startlement that she had impaled herself on a cock that just *happened* to be there...

...waiting for that cunt.

"Now you're surfing porn? Jesus, Charles has this no end? Have you gone sex mad all of a sudden?" I said.

I suppose that a little envy tinged my attack. The woman was so *flawless*. So desirable and innocent, knowing and lecherous all in one sweet package that no living woman could hope to compete with.

"Christ, Charlene, you nearly gave me a heart attack. Of course I'm not surfing porn; this is the website that I am working on!"

"You are constructing porn sites? Since when?"

"This is the first. Well actually it's a group of sites that cover different 'kinks' and roll it all up in a fragrant package that is classy as well as being, well, a little extreme at the hairy fringes."

I took two steps, my shopping forgotten as I realized that Charles was telling the truth. Now I realized that the picture was a front cover for a site and he was splitting it into all the small squares that would present themselves, but not allow the picture to be pirated.

I put my hands on my hips and asked, "So what are these sites and how much are you being paid?"

"I'm only doing the structure and security," said Charles. "The site is up, but it is being tightened as we speak. About fifty pounds an hour of logged in work time."

"So this is not work with the office?"

"No, they wouldn't touch this with a bargepole!"

"So what's happened to the office job?"

"I just do the two days a week and leave off the home stuff. I have done over five hundred hours so far and the only problem that I can see is a tax one, because this pays fifty per cent more than even a bank website, and they are by far the best. Banks and insurance are usually the best payers."

"Jesus, that's a fortune, what with my part time job, and your office. It's a gold mine!"

"I know that it is and there's more if I do it well enough," he said. "I have strict deadlines for each modular element, but in general it's straightforward programming with security up to HTML5 standards. Piece of piss actually and they are a pretty good bunch to work for."

"So, what sites?"

"Promise you won't get angry?"

"I have stopped all promises since yesterday, so show me... the only promises that are going to be made now, are on your part!"

For a few moments he fiddled with the keyboard and the website names appeared. They all figured words like, fetish, mature, MILF, latex, slave and shemale.

"There's loads more," he said. "It's like a shopping-mall of porn. When you start clicking and searching over the free part of the site, the cookies and programming gradually hone into the interests of the surfer. Then when he is nailed, up come the ads to join this or that part of the site. All tailored to individual tastes. One of the problems was the database of over eighty thousand films and who knows how many pictures. In fact the job was too much to do, so we got the customer's to do it for us. It's all sorted by an algorithm I wrote. Anyway enough of that stuff, Charlene. What's going to happen to us?"

He looked down at his costume and ran a hand over his smooth legs and tights and that Lycra buried erection.

"I told you that it would not be discussed until you were out of *my* frillies."

"I know, but I *have* to understand what is going on in your head, Charlene."

His voice sounded plaintive and all whiny. He had thought that revealing how much money he was suddenly earning would get him out of his fix. Well, it wouldn't, in fact he had broken the rule that I had set and started trying to discuss his little fetish before the conditions that I had set had been met.

"A month," I said as I turned away from him.

"A month?"

"Before you get out of those stockings, Charles. I just bought another girdle for you, nice and tight with loads of straps for your stockings. A month and getting longer all of the time. Don't fuck me off. I've been finding out things about you in the last two days, things that I am really not sure about, so don't push it!"

I was not sure, but I was *becoming* certain...

Charles sighed and turned to the screen.

"Build your dirty little website," I said. "But I want you downstairs by seven this evening. You are going to take me for a meal and show me that you still know how to get on my right side. If it all works out well, if you don't upset me, then I can promise you a special treat when we get home!"

Before going out for my treat we had a small crisis. I pretty much let it go in the end because he bent to my wants.

Basically he seemed unwilling to go out in his feminine frippery and finery, but I insisted and finally he pulled a suit and shirt over it all and carried it off. The thought that he was wearing the tights, girdle and stockings under that suit gave me a tingle, a bit of a thrill really.

He had decided to go to a rather plush place, half nightclub and half restaurant that I have to admit suited my mood and needs. We had a great meal, a few drinks and when the smooch music came on, a turn on the dance floor.

I held him tight. My hands could feel the holdup clips and the panels on the girdle and his little stiffy pressed into my belly was pretty good as well. I insisted on dancing and drinking until midnight before I allowed him to lead me out.

The whole way he resisted his urge to try to raise the subject uppermost on his mind and I just made small talk and discussed his latest work. To everyone else in the place we will have seemed to be another middle aged couple trying to recapture their youth. In my head I had a small fantasy that I was dating another woman and my fingertips gave it the substance that made it almost real.

We got home and I led him to the bedroom.

"I bought you a small present, Charles," I said.

He stripped of his suit and I carefully took off the white stockings that lay over the shiny support tights.

"This is for you."

I handed him three pairs of stockings, but though it was clear that they were stockings, I placed them face down on the bed so that he could choose blind. In my chest my heart was beating so fast. I loved all three pairs, but I so hoped that he would pick my favourite.

I guess that I'm lucky...

He picked the pair with all the writing on them and I helped him pull them on. Now I realized what was missing. Shoes, he needed a pair of heels! Trouble was that there was no way that my sevens would fit his size nine feet, so that was just one *more* thing to sort out!

He looked down at his legs and read the stockings with amazement. I turned over the other two pairs and smiled.

“This is what you missed, they’re for another day,” I said. “Now, onto the bed and I’ll show you your treat...”

I pushed him and he fell backwards, splayed out on the bed like a whore waiting for her customer. That thought made me so hot, so I stripped off my shirt to show him that I was not wearing knickers and then sat on his chest. I looked down and pushed his hands until they lay under his ass.

“This is the treat,” I said as I lifted from him.

Charles was never that keen on oral sex. Occasionally, perhaps once a year he would give me a lick and a promise, but never really more than that. This time I was intent on getting more than that, this time he was going to do more than the minimum.

So I turned around and sat on his face.

I still have a firm ass, rounded, a little large, with a deep crack between the cheeks of my ass. My hands parted my ass and I slowly sat full on his face. Now, this was the first time that I had sat on him, and my aim was not good.

I lowered myself down and as I did so just gave a single order, “Lick!”

I missed!

My ass hole came down on his mouth and I realized my mistake only when his lips kissed me there!

It was like an electric shock, that small touch.

Never had I realized just how sensitive I am there as I nestled down to get more of that feeling, that exquisite caress. My hands could not help themselves and pushed through my exposed pussy as Charles, frightened of the consequences of failing me, licked and kissed my pouting ass hole.

I shuddered in the pent up excitement and just sat harder. I had no interest in his breathing, I never realized that I had to think about it, I just swayed and relished the attention, all the while willing him to lick and press harder.

I heard him gasp and realized that I was suffocating him and reality reasserted itself. I lifted a moment and he gasped a lungful of air before I dropped back to enjoy more service as I friggd myself frantically with circular movements of my hands on my pussy. I looked down his body and that fantasy of a girl under my ass came back, suddenly Charles was a slut that I had picked up off the street. A willing licker, a compliant whore who needed to gratify me before I would give her the short sharp shock that she deserved.

Those stockings labelled her for what my husband was.

Slut! Come-slut to his wife.

I climaxed, the thought brought me to heaven. I could almost feel the gush of liquid that was draining from me into my husband as I cried out and sat so hard that all my weight was poised on the tip of his tongue. It pushed just a little into me, it was heaven, paradise totally paradise.

I sat forward allowing him to breathe as I slipped my hand through the maze of his tights and girdle to grasp his cock and put a condom onto it. I am pretty practiced with a condom, but underneath those tight layers it was not at all easy with one hand. It took a moment and it was on, rolled up that eager shaft making him ready for the next move.

“Do you want it?” I asked.

“Please, yes, please Charlene, I need it so badly.”

“Mm, not good enough, darling. How much do you want it?”

My hand slipped the length of him and finished with a grasp. Poor little Charles, he thought that the condom meant that I was about to let him fuck me. Push into my pussy. That was so not going to happen.

“I’d do anything for you.”

“I know you will,” I laughed.

I knew that he was going to say that, he so often did when he was desperate and it fitted perfectly with the little trick that I had planned.

“Tongue!” I ordered.

I allowed myself to drop onto him and then stroked his cock. The first contact was as good as it had been before. The tongue pushed into me, fucking my ass as I slowly creamed his cock with slow strokes. As I worked on him I ever tightened my grip. Stage by stage I wanked him with more force than I had ever used before. All the while he satisfied me; all the while he licked and pushed. I could feel the slick face between my thighs as I came. Just a small shiver and then the ferocious assault on his prick began.

I gripped as tight as I could and speeded up. There was something so ‘right’ about it, something so appropriate as I forced him to come into that condom with what I suppose was a really brutal fisting, but as he gasped from the shock I just kept on going! Way past the point when the condom was full. I stroked his cock with my tight fist when he became sensitive after climax. His head pressed up with the distress that was also intense pleasure and I held him down with my ass to experience another orgasm at his lips. Now I had slid back and he was frantically kissing and licking my pussy to please me enough to stop. I looked down and saw my pussy swollen with all that bliss. Shaven, naked and inflamed it was no longer just a pussy. It had become a cunt, a centre of a man’s world, an envelope that confined him. It dripped and slithered with my excitement, threatening to drown him.

Finally it was over, done and I pulled the full condom from him.

It was fairly full and I was glad that I had confined all that mess. If he kept on coming all over his clothes there would be no end of washing!

Then I realized that, that was something that he would be doing from now on. The washing! That and the ironing, the cooking and all those tiresome tasks that we had shared. All I had to do was keep him at a peak, keep him constantly erect in his tights and panties and he would be mine forever.

That is the moral of this story really:

Keep him stiff, keep him ever needy, keep him verged on the extreme of sex. Never let him forget sex, it something thing that men always think about, but I was learning that it was *all* that my husband was going to think about. Sex, sex and more sex. Then more sex, sex, sex...

Always coming to believe that she will give you what you need. Always on the brink of getting it and then watching it fade into the dusk. Always believing that tonight's the night when that little cock gets what it wants and yet... somehow it never is, because it is not the person that the cock grows from that really controls it. Has the whip hand. It is the woman who is determined to never satisfy it that controls a man's cock and through it all the pleasure that she can handle.

I have him farther down that path now of course...

That is the moral.

If you need morals of course... now I have none, just pleasure.

The End.

PTO.

PS.

By the way, you may be wondering what happened at that meeting from the sex shop. Don't worry your little head about it! Maybe I'll tell the rest, maybe I won't! At any rate it was fun, more than I could have imagined. It was there that I realized what I wanted from Charles and his needy little cock.

But that, as they say, is another story...

Miss Irene Clearmont has a website that is chock full of free examples of her style. This one verges on the rather more *easy-going* side of her writings, but feel free to take a look and take your pick.

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