

Mrs.
Stanton
Takes
Charge

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Desmarais

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By Sara Desmarais

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"Susan," I moaned, "you've got to be kidding. A month? A fucking month?" I looked at my wife, narrowing my eyes, a sure sign I was angry, as if my tone left any question that my swearing did not. "What the fuck, seriously?"

"Do you need to swear at me, Michael," my wife snapped back, eyes narrowing more than mine. "Do we really need to take it to that level?"

Great. In the span of two seconds our argument quickly changed. I went from having the high ground, to losing it, in that span of two seconds.

"Susan!"

Two seconds. Susan just stood there, arms folded across her chest, tapping her high heeled foot against the hardwood floor, waiting.

"Susan," I said again to no avail. It was kind of a cardinal rule of our relationship. No swearing at one another. Even in an argument. Nothing stopped one faster. I didn't like to be cursed at, Susan even more so. She would not talk to me until I apologized.

I looked down at the ground, at her heel, continuing it's tapping, up slightly, at her legs.

"Susan," I tried one more time.

Silence.

I sighed. "I'm sorry for swearing at you, Susan," I said.

Susan kept tapping for a few seconds, seemingly trying to decide if my apology was genuine. Nothing worse than a fake apology, I found out once. She would not sleep in our bedroom that night until I realized the error of my ways.

"Apology accepted, Michael," she said, stopping her foot. "Now, as to mother, Michael...she's my mother. I'm supposed to tell her to get a hotel room? Honestly, Michael, sometimes I wonder about you."

"Susan, I..." I wasn't sure exactly what to say. She knew I did not like her mother. It wasn't so much any more than her mother really did not like me. Simple as that. I made every effort to be a good son-in-law, a good husband. But that woman would not accept me regardless of any efforts I made. "Susan."

"Michael, I know what you're going to say, and you're not entirely wrong about the way she treats you, but please, she's my mother. And if my mother is in town she is going to stay here as our guest."

"Susan, she's so mean to me." I sounded like a third grader, I realized, but I was an adult, I should not have to deal with something like that in my

own home.

"Michael," Susan softened, finally unfolding her arms, coming up to me, putting them around me, "please." I could smell her perfume. I could feel her breasts pressed up against my chest. It really wasn't fair. Susan was not trying to play unfair, but the reality was that how could I say no?

"Susan, a month?"

"For me, Michael," Susan asked, honestly putting the choice to me, which left me no choice.

"Okay," I softened, "okay."

"And Michael, I know what you're thinking, but please, behave, okay? Just fetch her tea, put up with her, respect her, do whatever, for me, okay?"

"You make it sound like you want me to be her servant, Susan."

"No, Michael, I want you to avoid any fights with her, for me. I don't want you to be her servant, I just want you to avoid confrontation with her, okay? If that means you serve her now and then, so be it."

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, mocking her.

"Try that with some seriousness, Michael, and maybe the month will go by quickly."

If only.

A week later, Hurricane Abigail arrived at our house. Like all modern hurricanes, it arrived on schedule, with plenty of warning, started out slowly, but changed the lives of everyone who lived through it.

She arrived on our doorstep in all her blue blood glory. I opened the door and what awaited me was a tuxedo clad driver with my mother-in-law several feet back. "Mrs. Abigail Stanton," the driver announced formally.

I almost laughed at the pretentiousness of her arrival. Announced by a driver. To her daughter's house. Oh, how like her.

"Thank you," I told the driver, "please, Mrs. Stanton, come in," I said to her. To him, I instructed him to bring her things to the guest suite.

"It's so nice to see you, Mrs. Stanton," I said as she walked into the foyer.

"Thank you Michael," she said, using my name in the way only she could, saying it as only she did.

She took off her overcoat, handed it and her gloves to me. I'll say this about Abigail Stanton. Even if I give her credit for nothing else, she is a

stunningly beautiful woman for a woman in her mid to late fifties. Impeccably dressed every time I saw her, she was today, of course. She was wearing a pink skirt suit, with black trim, pink or white nylons, sling back pink heels with large bows, oversized pearls, which all matched her demeanor of a blue blood society "I'm better than you and we both know it" attitude.

I took her coat, hung it in the closet, turned to find her already sitting in the living room. Actually, perched may be a better word, perched on the edge of a chair, back straight, sitting as if on a throne, as if she was the queen, as if she ruled my house.

"May I offer you coffee or tea?" I winced inside, less than a minute after arriving I was already waiting on her, acting as a servant.

"There, it wasn't too bad, now, was it," Susan asked when she got home from the office.

"Not too bad? I basically had to take a day away from work to wait on your mother hand and foot. How could that possibly be that bad? How could it possibly be that bad for a professional man to be treated like a servant by his mother-in-law?"

Susan's features softened. "Michael, come here." She was sitting on the bed still dressed in the skirt suit she'd worn to work. While not as "stuffy" as her mother, Susan too was always dressed impeccably, and unusual for women of our generation, would never wear pants to work on principal.

I stood my ground. Perhaps I was being petulant, but this was just the first day of a month of dealing with her mother.

"Michael, sweetie, I know your feelings, I know how she can be, I certainly know how she can come off."

"She treats me like a servant, Susan."

"My mother treats most people that way, hon, don't take it personal. Besides, you're not doing it for her, you're doing it for me."

I frowned at Susan. "For you, huh?"

"Yes, sweetie, just - I don't know - you're not serving her, Michael, when you're doing something for her, you're doing it for me, right? I mean, I know how you feel about her, you wouldn't do this if it wasn't important to me. You're doing it for me."

This sounded like some reverse psychology bullshit to me.

"Me, honey, you're serving me, not her, okay?"

"Hmff," I snorted.

"What, you like to serve your wife, don't you?" Her tone said nothing. It was in her eyes. Her tone was flat, but there was something in her eyes.

"Susan," I said, actually blushing, quickly giving away what my thoughts were, even if hers did not match.

To be honest, I did love serving her. I loved bringing her coffee every morning. I loved jumping up to get something for her. I loved doting on her, treating her like a princess, like a queen. I loved giving her back rubs, foot rubs. I loved cooking for her. I just loved her so much, that doing things for her brought me joy.

"I could use a foot massage," she said, tilting her head, slipping her feet out of her heels. "Please."

I sighed, anger gone for now. "Okay." Susan took and let out a deep breath, leaned back on the bed and closed her eyes. Without thinking much of it or about it, I knelt down on the ground in front of her, at the head of the bed, took one of her nylon covered feet in my hands and began her massage.

I quickly became lost in my relatively simple task, I quickly became lost in massaging her feet, her ankles, her calves.

"You like serving your wife, don't you?" Her question floated through my mind. I did. I focused so much on her. I was happiest focusing on my wife. I found true happiness serving her, pampering her. If I could just think of her mother in that way. Serving my wife by serving her mother. I could put up with this for a month, I knew I could.

Susan raised her foot up slightly so it was level with my face, mere inches from my mouth, my nose. I moved my hands up with her foot, continuing to massage her soft feet, to work my hand over them, over the nylon, rubbing deep into her muscles.

But I knew what she wanted now, I knew what she was offering. I could smell her, the scent drifted to me, had, of course, just the effect she wanted. She wanted me to do it and I was more than happy to submit to her wishes.

For I wanted it as much as she. "You like serving your wife, don't you?" I did. She knew I'd want to take her foot into my mouth as much as she wanted me to. She knew the scent of her lovely foot, right in front of me, as I touched it, as I looked at it softly wrapped in nylon, made her irresistible.

I'd admitted to her on several occasions that I was a leg and foot man. That the sight of her legs immediately attracted my eye. That I was somewhat infatuated with her feet, with rubbing them, kissing them. That either, clad in nylons, drove me to instant sexual desire.

She knew it. She often used it, lovingly, to her advantage.

So I moved my head ever so slightly, opened my mouth every so carefully, took my wife's foot, her toes, nylon and all into my mouth.

"Oh, Michael," Susan moaned. Yes, she was getting just what she wanted, her husband, her eager husband, kneeling before her, gently sucking, lovingly kissing, tenderly licking her foot, and showering attention on her, for her.

"You like serving your wife, don't you," she asked me again, softly, moaning while speaking.

God, how I did. I loved it, loved pampering her, touching her, pleasing her. When we made love, I'd much rather lick her than be licked. I'd much rather touch her than be touched. I'd much rather make her cum than cum myself. The feeling was mutual, I knew. And that was a good thing. I wanted to serve and she wanted to be served.

For she'd much rather be licked than lick, be touched, than touch, be massaged, than massage. Whereas once in awhile, she'd go down on me, she wasn't ever that into it. And I didn't care. I'd much rather go down on her, I'd much rather lick her, I'd much rather spend two hours licking her pussy than get two seconds of her reciprocating to me.

It was a point of pride for her, how excited I'd get pleasuring her. It was almost a game, a test. I'd spend an hour, more, massaging her, licking her, bringing her to orgasm after orgasm. And she would not reciprocate. She'd moan, she'd touch me, she'd run her fingers through my hair, she'd tell me how good I was, how much she loved me.

She'd touch my skin, toy with me, but carefully, so carefully, avoid any contact with my penis. I'd be on top of her, making her thrash with orgasm after orgasm, my penis mere inches from her hands, right on top of her face, but she'd pretend it wasn't there. She'd ignore it, she'd ignore what was right before her, almost teasing me, making me more wild with desire, more desperate to please her.

I'd be dying, just dying for her touch, for her to blow on it, kiss it, touch it, lick it, but she wouldn't. And strangely enough, that would make me

want to make her cum that much more, to lick her that much more, and to taste her that much more.

Until, finally, sometimes after hours, she'd touch me. Susan would finally touch my penis, so hungry for contact, she'd touch me, just brush against me, lightly, and I'd lick her so hard, so explosively.

Once when she did that, when she finally touched me, she said, "I love feeling you leak cum just from making me cum. I love feeling your penis drip." Well that was too much for me to hear. She loved that I'd get so hot, so excited, so turned on from pleasing her, from licking her, that I'd literally be dripping cum before I'd even been touched. That turned me on so much I immediately exploded in orgasm, making a terrible mess all over me, all over her, all over the bed.

Did I like serving my wife, did I like serving Susan? Yes, yes, over and over again, yes.

I loved it, needed it, craved it, wanted it.

I licked her ankle, her shin, her calf, licked each part of her leg, one then the other, left, then right, slowly kissing my way past soft nylon to softer skin, slowly following the path of her scent, of her perfume and of her more natural smell.

When I reached her thighs, Susan started moaning, started breathing heavily. Her fingers found my head, found my hair, rubbed as I licked, kissed, teased her inner thighs. I knew what she wanted.

I tilted my head up, blew a breath, a hot breath of air, onto her sweet spot, onto her triangle, onto her pussy. "Oh, Michael," she moaned louder, "yes, Michael, kiss me, kiss me."

I wanted her as much as she wanted me. I could smell her, her wetness, the musk, the excitement. The thin nylon of her pantyhose, the only thing between my mouth, my nose, and her pussy could not possibly contain the scent, the need, the animal urge.

I flicked out my tongue, quickly, running it along the seam of the pantyhose crotch covering her, tracing it, as it went over her lips. She orgasmed from that lick, that one lick. She shuddered, grabbed my head, pushed me back towards her wetness, "again, Michael, oh god, again."

I licked her again, again through the nylon, I tasted her, the juices flowing, her orgasm continued, the shuddering continued, as she pulled my head now, pulled my face into her, into her crotch. I wanted her. I wanted her now. I needed her. I couldn't stand it. Normally I'd lick her for hours.

But I needed her now. "You like serving your wife, don't you?" Her words were on my mind, encouraging me, pushing me. I needed her now!

While licking, not missing a lick, I reached up, grazed her pussy, her lips, her clit, licked, moved my hands to the waistband of her pantyhose. "Michael, wait," Susan said, her hands releasing their pressure on my head.

"What, hon," I said seductively, continuing my lapping at her pussy while continuing to tug at her pantyhose.

"Michael, I - ohhh -" she shuddered, gripping the sides of my head with her thighs as I lapped at her clit. "Michael, honey, I - we shouldn't my mother " She was breathing heavily, gasping.

"What, Susan, you don't want to?"

"I " she sucked in and out for air, "I do, but I not now, not she she's here, I "

"Please Susan," I begged now.

"Shhhh, baby, shhh," she said, still pushing herself against me, still shuddering in orgasm.

It was a weird place I wanted to get angry with her for letting me get so sexually charged and telling me no. For letting me lick her, get her off, and tell me to stop.

You like serving your wife, don't you? I do, I do. I was serving her, I was getting her off.

Serving my wife.

Susan was gently pushing my head away, gently pushing my face from her, gently coming down. "I love you, Michael."

I loved her, too, I loved her, too. I wanted her. I wanted to please her.

"Later, love, later."

We cleaned up a little, though Susan really had nothing to do save straighten her skirt and her hair. I washed up, washed her juices off my face and Susan and I took her mother to dinner.

At least at dinner Mrs. Stanton treated everyone the way she treated me. Entitlement. She was a true blue blood, better than everyone. Not in a mean way, not really, but there was certainly an air of superiority with her. Maybe I shouldn't take it personally.

Maybe that was just the way things were, my wife's mother was a devil in a dress.

"I'd like fresh linens in the bathroom if I could, Susan."

"Of course, mother," Susan said, looking over her shoulder to her mother who was sitting in the back seat of the car. "Michael, you'll take care of that," Susan asked, looking back towards me.

"Sure," I answered, gripping the steering wheel. It was my job in the division of household labor, to take care of the bathrooms, but hearing the request from Mrs. Stanton nevertheless steamed me.

I like serving my wife. Serving her mother was serving her. "I'd be happy to take care of that, Mrs. Stanton," I said, looking in the mirror at my mother-in-law.

"Thank you, Michael," she said with the same tone she thanked the waiter at the restaurant.

In bed later that night I immediately tried to finish what I was not allowed to finish earlier, spooning my wife, my quickly growing penis pressed into her back.

"Michael," Susan sighed, "I told you, not while Mother is here."

"Susan, you're kidding, right?"

"Michael, her room is right next to us, she'll hear us, I I can't "

"Come on Susan," I whispered, "we can be quiet, can't we?"

"You know how I am," she giggled. She was right, she was a moaner, a talker.

"Susan, I can't go a month without screwing you," I begged, humping her back without shame.

"You don't have to go a month, sweetie, just, not when she's right in the next room."

"God, Susan, I'm so so horny," I growled. "You got off, today, several times. I didn't and, I I ache, please."

Susan, bless her soul, was insistent and headstrong, but she wasn't without mercy. She was responding to my humping by moving her hand behind her, taking me in her soft fingers and massaging me. "Maybe you're right, Michael," she said, "I suppose you did serve your wife this afternoon, didn't you?"

I shuddered, "Susan."

"You did tell me you liked serving me, it showed, you brought me to orgasm after orgasm with that mouth of yours, lover."

Susan moved my swollen organ between her thighs, directly into contact with her warm pussy, the pussy I so lovingly licked for her earlier.

"Susan."

"Shhh, Mother," Susan scolded. "You make any noise and it will be like she's here watching you do this to her daughter."

"Susan!"

"Shhhh, there, there, lover, quiet, quiet, Mother." Susan moved with me, moved so I continued to rub against her, continued to feel the warmth of her pussy without entering her.

I tried to shift so I'd push into her, but she kept moving with me, not allowing me. "I told you I don't want to make love, Michael," she softly chastised me. "I don't want her to hear me, just let me get you off."

Frankly, I didn't care that much, I just wanted to get off. "I'll make a mess," I managed to meekly protest.

"Don't worry about that, lover," she whispered, "you just keep at it."

It didn't take long. It was a mess.

I heard Susan's alarm go off early on Saturday morning so she could get up and run. Susan was training for a marathon and did her long runs on Saturday mornings at a local park. "I'll be home around noon," Susan said quietly, kissing me on the cheek.

"K," I said groggily, not wanting to wake up.

"Remember, hon, serving her is serving me, okay."

"Okay," I sighed, drifting right back to sleep until around eight. I never could sleep in too late, though I did like more sleep than Susan. I got up, made a pot of coffee, and set out a place setting for my mother-in-law. I could do that much without any bitter feelings.

I heard her in the sitting room watching the news on television, thought about bringing her coffee, but remembered I had promised to provide Mrs. Stanton with fresh linens in the bathroom this morning and thought I'd do that now while she was not using her bathroom.

Fetching a laundry basket, I filled it with fresh towels and went upstairs to the guest bath, which was a "Jack and Jill" bathroom that was between our second and third bedrooms, used by anyone using those rooms. Not wanting to actually go into the guest room Mrs. Stanton was using, I went into the other bedroom.

The door between the second guestroom and the bath was closed, though there was no light visible through the door cracks and I assumed Mrs. Stanton was still downstairs. I knocked softly, nevertheless, having no interest in disturbing my mother-in-law in the bathroom. Hearing no answer, I tried the handle, found it unlocked, and gently opened the door.

I turned on the light, saw some of her things spread out on the counter out of the corner of my eye, but focused on the pile of towels in the corner on the floor. I realized it was a good thing I brought a full replacement of towels and set about replacing the soiled linens.

As I was standing up with the armful of towels from the floor, I heard Mrs. Stanton enter her bedroom. "I'm in here Mrs. Stanton, replacing your linens," I called out right away, respecting her privacy.

"Oh, thank you for remembering, Michael," she answered, coming to the door between her room and the bathroom. "I have a couple of other things that you'll need to wash too," she said, pointing to the door I came through. Apparently I was not just replacing linens.

I closed and looked behind the door. Now, I do not know if my face actually turned seven different shades of red or if that is just an expression. I'm sure there were at least two or three different reds that flushed my cheeks.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't say anything. I should have. I should have refused. I should have told her to fuck off right then and there. I should have run from the room in terror. I would have if I'd known.

Lingerie. Hanging over the bar on the back of the door was lingerie. Foundation garments. Nothing incredibly sexy, not like things Susan wore in the bedroom, not even the sexy bra and panty sets she favored. Practical garments. Somewhat old fashioned, but practical. Nothing at all sexy. Yet given the situation, garments that produced immediate tension in my stomach.

"You'll need to hand wash those of course," she said without any more expression than if she'd told me to wash the towels in cold water.

I'd not turned to face her. I don't know if she saw my face, my cheeks. I stared at the garments. A plain white bra. Plain white brief panties. A garter belt. Stockings. White stockings.

It flashed through my stunned brain that it wasn't at all surprising that my mother-in-law would wear something like these, something old fashioned. It did not surprise me at all. I'd never thought of it, I'd never, not

once in my life, ever contemplated what type of lingerie Mrs. Stanton wore. Never. Yet now, here I was, staring at her most intimate of garments.

"Please don't dawdle, Michael, I need to use the shower."

I didn't know what to do. I know I was shaking. I was almost frozen to the spot. I thought of Susan's words. Serving her mother was serving Susan. Serving Mrs. Stanton was serving my wife.

"You like serving your wife, don't you?" Okay, this was seriously fucked up, I knew it, I simply knew it. Yet

I carefully took the garments off the bar and put them on top of the towels in the clothes basket.

"Hand wash, Michael," my mother-in-law said again. I turned red again, awkwardly opened the door without turning around so as not to face her

I took the basket down to the laundry room, staring at my mother-in-law's foundation garments the entire way downstairs. How the hell was I supposed to do this? I'd already touched them once, albeit briefly, now I was supposed to handle them, run my hands over them, wash them? The garter belt and stockings were bad enough, but the bra, the panties? These had been I shuddered thinking of it. These had been touching her skin in the most intimate of places.

I walked into the laundry room, turned on the light, went to the laundry sink. I was serving my wife, I was serving my wife.

I think that's the only thought that allowed me to even touch the garments, to even will myself to move my hands to the basket.

I was serving my wife.

I ran a sink of water, poured in a cap of delicate detergent.

The bra was on top, the first thing I touched. The bra. I was holding Mrs. Stanton's bra. My mother-in-law's bra. Instantly I thought of her chest, her bosom, her breasts. I couldn't believe I WAS THINKING OF MY MOTHER-IN-LAW'S BREASTS!

Calm down Michael, calm down.

I rubbed it against itself, worked the detergent into the soft fabric of the large cups. Her breasts were much larger than my wife's. There I was again, thinking of her breasts. Touching the bra was like touching her breasts. I was shaking.

I hung the bra on a rack next to the sink, picked up the next garment, the garter belt.

Fighting back urges to cry, I washed and hung it next to the bra.

The stockings were not as bad, not until I hung them, had thoughts of Mrs. Stanton dressed in them, the garter belt, the bra. Thoughts of her dressed in lingerie.

Nothing thus far had prepared me for the panties. Nothing prepared me for the nauseous feeling I felt when I reached into the basket, felt the panties with my skin. The panties that my mother-in-law wore the day before, the panties that were against her skin

AGAINST HER PUSSY were in my touching my skin.

I was twitching, nervous twitches running through my body, jumping through my skin, my fingers, to her panties. The panties were inside out, the crotch, the cotton lined crotch, in between my fingers. I could see a whitish crust on the crotch; I could feel it on my fingers.

Discharge. I was touching discharge from my mother-in-law's pussy!

I prepared to plunge the panties into the warm, soapy water. My arms started to move. I wanted the crotch out of my sight, the juices out of my sight.

But my arms didn't move down towards the water. I don't know why. I wanted them to, I willed them to, I wanted to end this task immediately. They should have moved. But they didn't.

Instead, my arms moved up, upward, up, instead of lowering the panties to the water, I raised them up, raised Mrs. Stanton's panties, crotch first, raised them up towards me, towards my head, towards my face, towards my nose.

Without thinking, without wanting, I pushed my mother-in-law's panties, her soiled panties, her the soiled crotch of her panties to my nose, and took in a deep breath, took in a breath and inhaled the scent, the pungent scent of the discharge from her pussy, of her sweat, of her womanhood.

I inhaled the scent of my mother-in-law's pussy. I was smelling the scent of her pussy!

My brain was revolting against my own actions, but this was coming from somewhere else, I was doing this for some other primal reason. Reason told me it was wrong, even disgusting, but something else was driving this, something more primal. I felt it deeper, felt it felt it in my loins. Sniffing the crotch of her panties was sexual, driven by sexual urge.

Inhaling her scent, sniffing her panties, I felt the stirring in my crotch, my penis swelling. With one hand I reached for...

"Michael, are you down there?" Susan! My wife called down into the basement. Her voice, her words, woke me from my sexual trance, allowed my brain to reassert control.

I immediately removed Mrs. Stanton's panties from my face and plunged them into the water. Washing her lingerie was one thing, bad enough, humiliating enough, in front of Susan, but sniffing them!

"Yes," I croaked. I heard her come down the stairs. I kept scrubbing, rubbing the panties in my hands, trying to get out any scent, any crust, any reminder of my mother-in-law's pussy.

"What what are you doing, hon," she asked, walking into the laundry room. I started to turn to face her, but realized I couldn't or I shouldn't. If I did, she would see it. Not the panties, that didn't matter, for she could already see the bra, garter belt, and stockings on the line. No, if I turned she'd see the fucking bulge in my pants. She'd see that her fucking husband had a fucking erection from fucking washing her mother's intimates, her lingerie. I couldn't turn, I couldn't let her see that.

I pressed myself as hard as I could up against the sink. Tried to hide. "She she "

"Michael?" I couldn't turn to face her.

"She told me to wash to wash her things "

"Oh, Michael," Susan said with sympathy in her voice.

"She told me to to hand wash her lingerie," I said, almost sobbing.

"Oh, sweetie, you didn't have to do that."

"Susan, you you told me to to serve her that I was "

"Serving me by serving her, I know, honey, I know." Susan walked up behind me, wrapped her arms around my chest. "I love you so much, Michael," she said, squeezing, kissing my neck.

I could smell my wife, smell the sweat on her from her run. But I craved her, craved her touch.

"Susan, she "

"I know, Michael, I know. You didn't have to honey, I know. But don't you see," she said, squeezing again, "you didn't have to but you did, you did, not for her, but for me, don't you see, oh, Michael, you're so sweet. God, if I wasn't so sweaty and disgusting I'd do you right here."

"Susan," I gasped.

"I know, Michael, I can't believe she asked you to do this, she's such a bitch, such a dominant bitch, sometimes, but you did it, honey, did it for

me, sweetie, that means so much to me." Susan relaxed her arms, started to spin me around to try to kiss me.

"Susan," I started to say but she already had me half around. I had to move my hands up, out of the water to turn to kiss her. I still had Mrs. Stanton's panties in my hand as I kissed my wife, in my hand as she pressed against me, against my still hard penis.

"Oh, Michael," Susan grinned. She thought I was getting an erection from her attention! Oh, god, that wasn't the case. I had an erection from the panties, from her mother's panties, from sniffing the crotch, smelling her pussy!

She finally stopped kissing me, looked to my hand that was held out, holding the dripping panties away from us. "Sweetie, why don't you finish up your washing and come upstairs and have coffee with me, okay?"

"Okay," I managed to meekly say.

Susan left me to my task, my humiliating task. I finished, hung the panties with the other garments and started to go upstairs.

I stopped on the stairs. The door to the kitchen was open, but I stopped as I realized my penis was still swollen. That pause allowed me to hear them, Susan and her mother, in the kitchen, talking. Talking about me.

"Really, Mother, your lingerie?"

"What of it, Susan?"

"You asked him to hand wash your lingerie?"

"I didn't ask him, Susan, I more told him."

"Told him, even worse. Was that really necessary, Mother, to humiliate him like that?"

"What's the matter, Susan, you object?"

I heard my wife chuckle. "No, no, I suppose not." I could envision her thinking the same thing I was thinking, serving her by serving her mother.

"Besides, Susan, it's really a sign of devotion, don't you think? Imagine, what kind of husband will do that? Hand wash his mother-in-law's panties? He may not be much of a man, but he's certainly a devoted husband."

"He is, Mother," my wife said, defending me.

"A man or a devoted husband? I presume you mean, a devoted husband, Susan. That, I know. You're surely not insisting he's much of a man."

"What do you mean by that," my wife asked? "He's a man!"

"He's a man, is he? And you think any of the men you've dated would be down in the laundry room hand washing my stockings? You think Paul

Simpson would have done such a thing? Do you?" Paul Simpson was the man my wife dated before we met.

"Paul Simpson was a pig, Mother," my wife snorted. "Michael is twice the man Paul was."

"Paul Simpson was a pig because he cheated on you. That's my point. Paul Simpson was also twice the man your husband is. Paul was a pig, but you can't deny he was more of a man, more masculine, more rugged. A better lover, I'm sure. Michael is clearly more devoted to you, he's just not much of a man, that's all I'm saying."

"Hmmm," my wife sniffed, "he's man enough for me, Mother."

"That may be, Susan, I'm simply saying he's not much a man."

"He is," Susan insisted.

I felt my heart swell with love for Susan, defending my masculinity to her mother. I know I wasn't athletic or strong like Paul, but I know I loved my wife and know she loved me. I started to walk up the stairs, I wanted to hug her, kiss her, touch her.

"We'll see about that, Susan." I paused.

"What do you mean, Mother?"

"Nothing, Susan."

"Mother, what are you planning?"

"Oh, nothing, Susan, nothing. We'll just see how manly he is, okay? Not very much, I suspect."

"Whatever, Mother, it doesn't matter to me, he's the man I want and love."

"That, Susan, is an entirely different matter. I'm not saying you don't love him, I'm simply saying you don't love him for being a man. A wonderful husband, yes, but a man, no."

"Michael, I have to go."

"Why, Susan, can't they have someone else take care of this? You can't leave me here with her!"

"Michael, stop. She's not that bad, you know it. Not that it matters, you know that, too. When they say be at the Atlanta office first thing Monday morning, I have to be on a plane on Sunday morning so I can meet with the team. It's only for a few days, sweetie."

Susan's office paged her early Sunday morning. Apparently there was some crisis at the Atlanta branch that someone from corporate had to take care of. That someone was Susan, and her team, who had to be in Atlanta for several days. There was no time to do anything but pack. This wasn't the first time this happened, so she, even we, were good at this, but the short notice caused all sorts of problems, the least of which was packing whatever clean clothes she had, the worst of which, this time, was LEAVING ME WITH HER MOTHER!

I suppose though, the immediate crisis was packing, which I was helping Susan with as I usually did. "So, you need things for?"

"Sunday meeting, Monday, Tuesday, travel home Wednesday. So, what's that, four outfits?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Skirt suits," she told me when I went to her closet. "Atlanta can be a bit stuffy, old-fashioned, I shouldn't wear slacks."

I selected several suits and blouses for her, got her approval, packed them into a garment bag. "What else, Susan?"

"Um, bras and panties, let's see, three days, plus something to change into if I want to freshen up before dinner, why don't you pack six sets, just to be safe. And just as many pairs of pantyhose."

I went to her hosiery drawer first, rummaged around. "Hon, um, you may need to go to the store, you only have two pairs of clean pantyhose."

"Damn, I don't have time, Michael, I have to get to the airport if I'm going to catch my flight. Fuck. Just pack a few dirty pairs. I can wash a pair each night maybe I'll have time down in Atlanta to go to the store and " She paused, chuckled.

"What?"

"Well, seeing you wash my mother's things just made me think. You're always bugging me about wearing pantyhose I know, stockings are so much sexier I suppose if my mother can put up with wearing them and if you want me to wear them so badly...maybe why don't you pack that stuff you got me for Valentine's Day I could always try that out "

My eyes widened. I'd found an on-line store, Secrets in Lace, that sold high class foundation garments, garter belts, girdles, stockings, and such, things women used to wear, not the tacky trash they sold at a certain lingerie store at the mall. I'd bought Susan several old-fashioned garter belts that would coordinate with bra and panty sets she had, plus a half dozen

pairs of 100 percent nylon stockings (which, oddly, were very similar to those I'd held in my hands the day before after worn by Susan's mother.)

"You're serious," I exclaimed with a stupid smile on my face, delighted at the thought of my wife wearing the lingerie I'd bought her, finally.

"Sure, why not. I know you'd love it if I started wearing them every day, but don't smile quite so much, Michael, you know, you're not going to be there to see me wear them, so you'll have to use your imagination."

Stupid of me, of course. "You could wear them today, I mean so I could see."

"Hon, I'm happy to give them a try, but I'm not sure about wearing something like that on the plane. Maybe I'll change when I get to the hotel, or at least tomorrow and tell you all about it when we talk, hmm? I'm sure you'd like to hear how sexy I feel, wouldn't you? That is, if you think you can handle just hearing my voice until Wednesday."

If I could get her to start wearing stockings, I certainly could take her trying it even if I wasn't there! "Which one should I pack," I asked, voice shaking from excitement.

"I'm not sure which one I'll try, or when, so why don't you pack all three of the garter belts and all the stockings. That way I can keep my options open, okay? Just make sure that you pack bra and panty sets that match each one."

Oh my. I'd died and gone to heaven. I'd bought her three garter belts. White, black and pink. The white was plain satin, six straps, with metal garters (all had six straps and metal garters, apparently needed for everyday wear.) The black was also mostly satin, but had lace trim. The pink garter was white satin with pink lace overlay and pink ribbons on the garter straps, was wider, very pretty, and very feminine. She had two pairs of stockings each in black, nude, and white.

I picked incredibly feminine bra and panty sets. Practical, of course, not pure bedroom wear, but feminine, sexy, things I'd want to see her in and would fantasize about her wearing.

"Nightgowns? You want some cotton short and cami sets? What," I asked, seeing the smile on her face?

"Since you want me dressed so pretty during the day, wouldn't you like to imagine me sleeping in something sexy, too?"

I blushed. "Sure," I said, thinking I may be jerking off to my wife's voice, an image of her in sexy lingerie in my mind.

"Well, just surprise me then. Pack a few sexy nighties, and then I can pick one to wear each night and tell you about it when we talk."

At 10:30, the car service arrived to take Susan to the airport. Mrs. Stanton, wearing a nightgown and fancy slippers, and I, in slacks and a pullover, stood in the foyer to see her off. "I'll talk to you tonight," she said, kissing me goodbye, then whispered in my ear, "and I can't wait to see what you packed for me."

"Enjoy your trip, travel safe, darling," Mrs. Stanton told Susan.

"I will Mother. Keep an eye on Michael for me."

"Oh, I will, Susan, I will," Mrs. Stanton said with a slightly unnerving tone, kissing Susan goodbye.

As Susan left, Mrs. Stanton turned to me. "I could use some coffee, dear," she said in a way that really said, get me some coffee. Now.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered reflexively, unable to look her in the eye without thinking of her panties pressed to my nose.

I brought her coffee into the study where she was sitting, reading the paper. She didn't seem in the mood for conversation, and I hovered awkwardly until she said, "that will be all for now, Michael," dismissing me as she would a servant.

Okay, serving her was serving Susan. But I thought of her words. I was devoted but not much of a man. Devoted, but not much of a man.

I was standing in the kitchen, drinking my own cup, daydreaming about Susan in a garter belt, panties, bra and stockings, when Mrs. Stanton's voice called out. "Michael," she called, saying my name in a manner that almost sounded as if she was calling 'Michelle.'

"Coming, Mrs. Stanton," I called back, walking into the hallway, towards the study. She was no longer in the study, though, she was halfway up the stairs.

"Can you help me with something, Michael," she asked, continuing up, without looking back to see if I was following.

"Um, sure." I followed her nervously.

She walked to the top of the stairs, towards the door to her room without responding. "Excellent," she said when she finally got to the door to her room. "I have today's things for you to wash."

Somehow I knew this was coming, knew this is what she wanted, knew this is what she was going to ask me to do. I knew she was doing this to humiliate me. I didn't know why, but she was just the same.

I stood in the doorway to her dimly lit room while she went into the bathroom. "I just need to take some of them off, just a second," she called out, walking into the bathroom. "Here you go. Hand wash, of course," she said, walking out of the bathroom in a robe, handing me several garments. They appeared to be the same type of lingerie, bra, panties, garter, stockings. I say appear because I couldn't focus on their looks. Too much was by feel.

The stockings were cool, but other garments were warm. It dawned on my relatively quickly that I was holding a bra and pair of panties she'd just taken off. They were warm from her skin. The panties had just been in contact with her pussy!

"That's all," she said again, dismissing me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered. Serving her was serving my wife. Serving my wife.

Serving my wife.

I was serving my wife.

My hands burned, literally burned, the whole way to the basement laundry room. Mrs. Stanton's panties and bra felt so warm, so hot, so naughty. Why was she doing this to me? Humiliating me? She must know how degrading this was. Could she have known how hot it was, too?

She had to have known.

This time in the laundry room I didn't even start the water. I couldn't, not yet. I saw Mrs. Stanton's lingerie hanging, now dry, her garter belt, her stockings, her bra and panties that I'd washed before. I felt the same in my hand, still warm from her body, her pussy, her breasts, her skin.

I put the lingerie down on the counter. I wanted to start the water, to start washing. But I couldn't.

I couldn't help it. I really did not want to do it. It was disgusting, I knew it. Of course I knew it. But I couldn't help it, I really couldn't.

I took her panties in my hands. Beige satin panties, full cut. My wife wore things much skimpier, her mother, something that covered all of her, her ass, especially her pussy.

She just took these off. They were just pressed against her pussy!

I couldn't help it. No, I couldn't help it.

I turned them inside out, found the cotton crotch, lifted it to my nose and inhaled. I inhaled deeply, inhaled her pussy juices again, her scent, fresh, so fresh. Immediately I felt my penis stir. More than stir. It grew, quickly, fully erect.

I was so ashamed, ashamed of my erection, ashamed of my actions. My wife told me to serve her mother, I was doing so, washing her lingerie, but doing so much more, being so naughty.

One hand pressed against my face, holding the folds of her panties to my nose, I reached the other down to my pants, felt the front, rubbed.

I inhaled deeply, inhaled the crotch of her warm panties, inhaled as I touched my erection, massaged myself.

I don't know what alerted me. I certainly heard nothing, no footsteps, no breathing, no sounds, nothing.

I turned slightly, panties still pressed to my nose, hand on my crotch. She was standing here.

Mrs. Stanton was standing in the doorway to the laundry room!
Watching me.

She was standing in the doorway, in her satin robe, mule slippers, arms crossed beneath her bosom, a look of disgust on her face.

My erection shrunk in the two seconds I stared at her, caught, panties pressed to my nose.

"I neglected to tell you to make sure you brought my clean things upstairs when you were done," she sneered.

"I "

"Get my panties away from your face," she spit out.

I immediately lowered my hand. I was terrified. My mother-in-law caught me sniffing her panties, rubbing my crotch. What the hell was my wife going to say?

"Mrs. Stanton," I started to say.

She narrowed her eyes, silencing me. "Finish what I ASKED YOU TO DO and bring me my things, Michael." She turned and left the room before I could say anything else.

I stood outside Mrs. Stanton's room, her clean bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings neatly folded in a small laundry basket. I knocked softly on

the door.

"Come in," she called out.

I carefully turned the door handle, opened her bedroom door, and walked in. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, still in the same satin robe.

"A basked, Michael? Don't want to touch them now," she said sarcastically. I gulped. "Take them out of the basket and set them there," she said, pointing to the top of her dresser.

"Yes, Ma'am," I whispered. This time her lingerie burned not because it was warm from her body, but rather because of my shame.

I set the things down, started for the door.

"I didn't dismiss you, Michael." Her tone froze me. Not that I was in any position to question or argue with her.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," I said, stopping, turning towards her.

She had a stocking in her hands, was gathering it up in her fingers.

"I'm not sure what to say, other than that was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen."

"Mrs. Stanton, I "

"I don't recall asking you a question nor giving you permission to speak."

"I'm sorry Ma'am."

She rose her right foot to the bed, pointed her toes, slipped the stocking over the top of her foot, stopped, looked up at me. "Disgusting," she repeated, before pushing her foot forward and pulling the stocking up her leg.

She stood, holding the top of the stockings. "Disgusting." The folds of her robe parted, exposing something I'd not seen since I was a child looking at lingerie ads in a Sears catalog. The bottom of a girdle, garter straps hanging down. A girdle like a skirt, an open bottom girdle.

In what was by far the most disturbingly erotic thing I'd ever witnessed, I watched, horrified, humiliated, as my mother-in-law carefully attached her stocking to three garters on the right side of her girdle.

She sat back on the bed, the folds of her robe parting so that her nylon-covered leg was left uncovered, picked up the other stocking. "I've got half a mind to call Susan right now, if she wasn't on a plane and if I thought she'd believe that I caught her husband sniffing my panties.

"Simply disgusting," she said yet again, standing to attach the other stocking to the garters of her girdle.

I felt the flush in my face, the warmth of the humiliation reddening my cheeks.

Mrs. Stanton sat, crossed her nylon covered legs. The folds of her robe parted up to her garter straps, leaving her legs in plain view. "Susan is going to be devastated."

"Please, you you can't tell her, please," I begged.

"Can't tell her? You're joking. I find my son-in-law sniffing my soiled panties while abusing himself and I'm not to tell my daughter."

"Please, Ma'am "

"Disgusting. Objectifying women like that. Treating women like nothing more than mere sex objects is bad enough, doing it to your wife's mother, however, is perverse."

I could no longer look her in the eye, lowered my gaze, which fell, unfortunately, right to her legs.

"You should be ashamed, Michael, that was perverted!"

"It's bad enough society expects women to beautify themselves for the benefit of men. We wear lingerie to conform to society's expectations of beauty. Not that a woman can't feel good by looking good, but how is a woman supposed to feel that way, supposed to reclaim her beauty, reclaim her femininity by wearing something pretty if someone like you acts in such a disgusting manner."

"I I don't know," I stammered.

"You don't know. All you know is that you had a chance to treat a woman's most intimate things like your personal sex toy. You think that's what lingerie is? A mere sex object and not a woman's efforts to conform to society's expectations? All a woman wants is a chance to look pretty, to feel good about herself. You think Susan is any different? Do you defile her intimates in this way? Is that is, you wait for her to leave the house so you can treat her like this?"

"No, no, I I never "

"No, you never," she cut me off. "Worse, you treat HER MOTHER THIS WAY. She's going to to "

"Please, you can't, you can't "

She glared at me. "Yes, I can. I will."

I spoke the fateful words. "Please, Mrs. Stanton, it will crush Susan. Please, not for me, for her, please I'll do anything "

"Your sudden concern for my daughter is touching, if not late. Perhaps that's something you should have thought about before you acted like such a pig."

"Please, Mrs. Stanton."

I don't know if anything was deliberate, if she played me, toyed with me, teased me, set about this course of action on purpose. Later, I thought about her comments that I was devote if not masculine husband. I suspect I had walked into a trap. If so, she sprung it shut.

Regarding me for a minute, she finally spoke. "I should call Susan this instant and tell her what you've done. I really could care less what it does to you, I've no use for someone who would objectify a woman like that, no use. It disgusts me. But I'm concerned about Susan. Misguided as she may be, I suspect she really does love you. However, I will not condone your disgusting actions."

"Please, Mrs. Stanton," I begged again, "please don't tell her."

"Undress," she said without emotion.

"What," I said, startled.

"You heard me, undress. Now."

"Mrs. Stanton!" Undress? In front of her? What the fuck was she talking about. She thought I was disgusting!

"Anything. I believe you said anything, no? You'd do anything? You prefer I don't tell Susan? If so, you're going to learn a lesson. A lesson that should make sure you don't treat women like sexual objects, that you don't do such disgusting things."

I gulped. Undress. Undress? I couldn't have her tell Susan, but

"Undress, now, this instant. Everything. Naked. Now. I'm not telling you again."

With great reluctance, uncertainty, trepidation, and outright humiliation, I removed my clothing, save for my boxer shorts.

"Naked," she said crossing her eyes. I gulped again, pulled down and removed my boxers, stood there, exposed.

My mother-in-law looked me up and down, settled her eyes on my crotch and grunted a small laugh. Given my humiliation, my terror, the coolness of the room, the shock of standing naked in front of her, it was only natural. I felt it instinctively, felt it with my hands, realized why she

laughed. I was as shrunken as a man could get. Tiny. Withdrawn. And she had to notice, even laugh at me.

"Hands at your side," she said. I moved my hands. "Getting some sense of what a woman feels like when she's objectified by a man? When a man stares at her breasts? Or her lingerie? Not pleasant, is it?"

"No no, Ma'am," I admitted, blushing. "Not at all."

"Not pleasant to have a woman looking at you like this, is it?" she chuckled, "Though, you don't have much for a woman to look at, so I doubt you've encountered many women staring at that, have you?"

My face flushed even deeper. I thought of Susan. Endure this for Susan. Serve Susan by serving her mother. Protect Susan. She could not know, could not find out. I took a deep breath. I could suffer this for her sake.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," I blurted.

This seemed to surprise her. "Sorry? Sorry for what, Michael? Sorry for treating a woman like an object? Sorry for defiling my lingerie? Or sorry for that," she pointed. "Sorry for that pathetic excuse for an organ?"

I wanted to run out of the room, was afraid I couldn't, both that my legs would not move and worse, that she would follow through on her threat to tell Susan. So I asked. "May may I go," I asked as respectfully as I could.

"Go? Go? You think you that you've been humiliated, now can go?"

I looked at her with pleading eyes.

"You objectified women. You defiled me, my intimate things. You treated me like an object. You treated my things like objects, sexual objects. You don't want me to tell Susan I caught you sniffing my panties and abusing yourself?"

"No, no," I immediately said.

Mrs. Stanton picked up the clean, folded panties next to her on the bed, held them out to me. "Put them on."

"WHAT?"

"Put them on. Now."

Was she out of her fucking mind! "Mrs. Stanton!" There was no fucking way in the world. Put on her panties? She was fucking kidding me. Testing me. Put on her panties? That was disgusting!

"You disgust me," she sneered at me. "You treated me, me, your wife's mother, like a sex object. YOU WERE SNIFFING MY PANTIES, you disgusting pervert, sniffing my panties while touching that little penis! You don't want me to tell your precious Susan? Women wear lingerie to feel

pretty, to feel good about themselves, to feel feminine, not to be treated like objects. You don't want Susan to know what a disgusting pervert you are? Well, then you're going to learn why a woman wears things like these. Men. Pigs. You don't want to explain to Susan what you did to my lingerie? You're going to learn why women dress like we do. It's not for you pigs, it's for us."

"Please, Mrs. Stanton."

My begging didn't help. If anything, she warmed to the idea. "You don't want Susan to know? You're going to learn why what you did was so disgusting. You need to learn why women dress, you're going to feel that pretty feeling yourself, Michael, and maybe you won't be so quick to act like such a disgusting worm."

I stood there. She held the panties out farther to me. "Put them on," she ordered, "or I pick up the phone and call Susan."

I had no choice. None. Susan. I had to protect Susan. I took the panties from her hand. They burned my fingers. I had an odd thought. I was shaped much like Susan's mother. Or she was shaped like me. She was curvier, of course, busty, but her stockiness as compared to Susan's lithe frame, as compared to my male frame, Mrs. Stanton and I were much the same.

I stepped into the panties, shaking, nauseous, dizzy. I pulled them up my legs, around my waist, over my limp penis. They were tight, constricting, pushed my stomach in, felt strange on my behind.

"Tight? Those are girdle panties. Another thing women do to feel pretty. They conform their bodies to what men think they should be. Create flat lines, no bulges." She smiled at herself. "But you don't worry about that, do you? Bulges in your panties? No one is going to think THAT is a man's bulge."

How I could blush any deeper, I did not know, but blush deeper I did.

"Oh, stop, Michael, not every male can be a perfect example of masculinity, not every male is well endowed. Frankly, some males are, well, a bit more, feminine, as it were."

What did she think of me? I knew, didn't I? I knew based on the conversation I overheard with Susan. Less than masculine. Is that what she really thought?

"This next, sweetie," she said, picking up the bra, standing up, holding it out towards me.

I recoiled. "I I can't," I told her desperately, "please, Mrs. Stanton."

"Of course you can, Michael. You're wearing women's panties, my panties. You're going to wear a ladies garter belt; you're going to wear stockings. You will wear the bra."

She leaned towards me, grabbed my wrists. She challenged me with her eyes as she slipped the bra straps over my wrists and arms. "Hold it to your chest," she ordered me, gripping my shoulders and turning me around.

I cringed and held onto the bra. She wrapped it around my chest and then drawn tight at my back. I closed his eyes as Mrs. Stanton fumbled with the hooks. Then it was on. I swallowed hard; I could feel its straps pressing on my bare shoulders.

I could feel its sidebands gripping tight around my chest. I could feel the soft smooth padding of the bra cups on my skin. I looked down, saw the twin jutting and lace-covered mounds! I glanced up at my mother-in-law and still the bra cups were in my line of vision. I allowed my eyes to drift sideways, I could still see them!

"It looks fine," she told me. "Pretty, even."

She went back to the bed, picked up the garter belt, and fastened it around my waist. I was terrified. More so now, than before. Her touch was disturbingly erotic.

"Sit on the bed, Michael." I couldn't refuse her now. Serving her was serving Susan.

Serving Susan.

Mrs. Stanton went to the dresser, opened a drawer, took something out. She unraveled them. A pair of stockings. As she promised, or threatened. No, threatened.

"You saw me put on stockings, so you know what to do, but I'll help you this first time," she said.

This first time?

First time?

Serving Susan, serving Susan, serving Susan.

I was in a trance as she pulled the stockings up one of my legs, then the other, attached them to the garter straps.

"Stand up." I did, slowly, carefully. I felt the garter straps tug at the stockings, tug to hold them in place, felt the belt grip my waist, tightly, held, holding all, my waist, the stockings.

Mrs. Stanton took a step back, looked me over. "Very nice, very pretty, very feminine."

I looked in the mirror that dominated the dresser. I looked at myself, at the lingerie, the bra, the panties, everything.

"Don't," she said sharply. "Don't look at yourself. You're looking for a woman, but you won't see it. I don't care what you see, I want you to feel it. I want you to feel what a woman feels, I want you to understand the feminine feeling. I want you to understand how lingerie makes a woman feel feminine. Remember, she can't see it during the day, it's covered with her clothes. It's the feel of it, not the look. The feel of the stockings, the feel of the tug of the garter straps, the tightness of the bra, the construction of a girdle. Close your eyes, close them."

I did. I felt her next to me, close enough to smell her, to feel her heat. I felt her breath in my ear. I felt her touch, tug a garter strap.

"Feel it, feel what a woman feels. Feel the pull of a stocking, feel it." I groaned, ashamed, yet, slightly...excited.

Her hand moved down the strap, to my thigh. "Feel the nylon on your legs. A man wants a woman to wear a garter belt and stockings so he can look at her, she, however, wears them to feel pretty." I thought of Susan. Was she going to wear them tonight? Tomorrow? What would she feel? Pretty?

She must. No man was going to see her wearing them. No one would see them but her. Not me, her husband. She would be wearing them for herself, for the feel, the feminine feeling.

"Feel the bra," she whispered, moving her hands to the bra straps, toying, snapping one.

"You're a disgusting pig," she said, "sniffing my panties. Now feel them on you, on your rear, lifting, separating your ass. Understand why a woman wears panties, to feel feminine, pretty."

"Ohh," I gasped.

"That's it, feel it, feel feminine, feel pretty, feel so pretty, feel so pretty, feel like such a pretty girl. You're a pretty girl, feel it, you're a pretty girl, feel it, feel it. Feel what a woman feels. This is why a woman wears lingerie, not so a pig like you can sniff her panties; she wears lingerie to feel like this, to feel pretty.

"Now, I'm meeting some friends for lunch. You're going to stay dressed like this for the afternoon, feeling pretty all afternoon."

"Mrs. Stanton," I started to complain.

"All afternoon unless you'd rather we discuss with Susan your prurient activities of earlier?"

Feel them. Feel pretty, all afternoon.

I spent the afternoon dressed in my mother-in-law's lingerie. Pretty? Did I feel pretty? I couldn't help it. Pretty thoughts, pretty thoughts.

Serving my wife. I liked to serve my wife. I liked to serve Susan.

Mrs. Stanton came home in the late afternoon. I was sitting uncomfortably in the den, reading a book. Not physically uncomfortable, mentally uncomfortable. Uncomfortable because I did feel pretty. Pretty.

"There's my pretty girl," my mother-in-law sang, walking into the den. "And how was our afternoon?"

"Fine," I gulped.

"Couldn't get it off your mind, could you? That pretty feeling, that feminine feeling?"

"No, Ma'am," I answered honestly.

"That's why a woman wears lingerie, to have that feeling. Tell me, do you feel like talking off your panties and sniffing them? Like you did to mine?"

"N no," I gasped.

"Of course not, silly, of course not. You'd much rather wear them, wouldn't you? You'd much rather be the pretty girl, wouldn't you?"

I looked away from her.

"Don't be shy, Michael," she teased, "it's okay. Really. Some men are more comfortable being feminized, feeling like a girl, than they are being masculine. There's nothing wrong with being a sissy, really."

I crossed my eyes at her.

"Really, Michael, you've spent the afternoon dressed so nice, feeling so feminine, there's nothing wrong at all being comfortable with your feminine side, really. There's nothing wrong with being sissified, with being a sissy."

"I I'm not a sissy," I said.

"Hmmm, well, I wouldn't be too sure about that. But don't worry you poor sweetie, I think you've learned your lesson. For today, anyway. I assume you'll not be sniffing any more of my panties, will you?"

"No. No, Ma'am."

"Good, good. Why don't you go get changed back into male clothes, wash those out, and we can have a nice dinner together, okay?"

Later that evening I was laying in bed, waiting for Susan to call. Sissy? Sissy? I wasn't a sissy. Sissy were wimps. Effeminate. I was a man, wasn't I?

But Mrs. Stanton was right, I did feel so pretty wearing her lingerie. That didn't matter, did it? That didn't make me a sissy, did it?

My cell phone rang. Susan.

"Hello," I answered.

"Hey, sweetie, how are you?"

"Good."

"Are you behaving?"

"Behaving," I asked, blood suddenly chilling. Had her mother talked to her?

"Yes, are you being nice to mother?"

"You you haven't talked to her?"

"No, I just got back to my room from dinner, why? Did something happen," she asked, voice suddenly getting serious. "What did you do?"

"Do? No, no," I quickly answered. "I I know you're close, I just wondered if you'd talked to her, that's all. Nothing happened. We she, er went out with some friends, we ate dinner, not much."

"Oh, good. You know, I'm still worried leaving you two alone. Be nice, okay, listen to her? Remember," she teased, "serving her is serving me."

"I know, hon, I know."

"Hmmm, you're such a good boy," she laughed. "Say, guess what I have on?"

"What," I asked her?

"Something someone has been trying to get me to wear for the longest time."

"Susan," I laughed.

"Something old-fashioned, something soft, something sexy."

"Oh, really?"

"Hmmm, we had to meet the Atlanta team for dinner, so I thought, why not give it a try, it would only be for a couple of hours if I didn't like it."

"Hmmm."

"So, sweetie, I got to the hotel, took a shower, and decided to see if I really do feel pretty dressed in bridal white."

Suddenly my penis began to swell. "Susan," I giggled. "Bridal white?."

"I can't believe how nice it felt I should have given in a long time ago, sweetie. You wouldn't believe how feminine, how pretty I felt all night."

Now I gulped. "What do you mean," I asked.

"Every time I took a step I felt the garter belt, the straps, tug at my stockings. Every time I crossed my legs, I felt the smooth nylon brushing against nylon. You wouldn't believe how pretty that made me feel. I don't think a man could understand how feminine lingerie makes a women feel."

"Really," I croaked. I wouldn't believe it? HOLY FUCK IF I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT! Maybe her mother was right? A man might not understand, but would a sissy?

"Every time I sat down, the garters tugged at my stockings, reminded me how pretty I was under my suit. Oh, how I wish you were here to see it, Michael."

"Me me too," I practically moaned.

"If guys only knew how wonderful it was to wear lingerie," she giggled. I realized I was completely erect.

"I'm still wearing it, lover. I haven't changed yet. I wish you were here, you'd just love it, I'm sure."

"Susan, I "

"You'd love seeing how pretty I look. I bet you'd be on your knees begging me to worship my legs."

"Susan!"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? Slowly kissing your way up my stockings."

"Oh, Susan," I gasped. I'd moved my free hand down to my pants, was for the second time that day masturbating.

"They feel so pretty, Michael, so sexy. I'm wearing them again tomorrow, lover. Black. Naughtier," she chuckled. "If these Atlanta guys only knew."

"What what do you mean?"

"Oh, the branch manager, Tom something, fancies himself quite the lady's man. You know the type, cocky, confident, rugged. Picture your typical college frat boy."

"Was, was he coming on to you," I gulped.

"No, no, not really. Guys like that are always coming on to women. They think they are God's gift. He was just being, you know, that kind of

guy."

There was a moment of silence. I could picture that kind of guy hitting on my wife. My insecurity was made worse by the thought of how I spent the afternoon. Being the complete opposite of that kind of guy!

"You know, I have an early start tomorrow, hon, I don't get to work from home like some of us."

"Yea, yea."

"I think I'm turning in. I won't have a chance to talk during the day, why don't I call you at dinner time, k?"

"K."

"Love you, hun."

"Love you too."

"I'm wearing something sexy for you tonight, remember."

"I sighed. Hmmm. Bye, sweetie."

"Have sweet dreams of me, love. Bye," she said. We hung up.

I did dream of her that night. But not sweet dreams. I had naughty dreams. Dirty dreams. I dreamed of "Tom," some unknown man, some unknown quantity, looking at my wife's legs at dinner. I dreamed of "Tom" seeing her in stockings, something I'd never seen. I dreamed of "Tom" hitting on my wife, coming onto my wife. I dreamed of "Tom" seeing my wife in a sexy nightgown.

I dreamed of Tom, leaning over, whispering in my wife's ear. "He's a sissy." I felt an erection. In my dream. In my bed.

Tom, whispered in her ear. "He's a sissy, don't you want a real man."

"He's a sissy," Susan asked?

"He's a sissy," Tom said. "Wake up, he's a sissy."

"Wake up, a sissy. Wake up, sissy."

"Wake up, sissy," Mrs. Stanton told me, suddenly in my dream.

"Wake up, sissy," she repeated. I suddenly opened my eyes.

"Wake up, sissy," she said, again. Mrs. Stanton wasn't in my dream. I opened my eyes. Dressed in satin pink pajamas, my mother-in-law was standing right over me. "Wake up, sissy."

"Mrs. Stanton," I said, groggily.

"It's time to wake up, sissy," she said.

"What what time is it?" I didn't protest her calling me a sissy.

"Seven."

"Seven? Christ, I don't have to get up until nine." No wonder I never heard my alarm. I closed my eyes.

"No, you need to get up now, we have things to do before you start work. You have some more lessons."

Lessons? I opened my eyes. "What kind of lessons," I asked her.

"Hmmm," she chuckled. "You'll find out. Come on now, up, out of bed. I want you showered and ready in fifteen minutes." She turned to and started to walk out of my room.

"Mrs. Stanton "

"I'm going to get dressed, Michael. Fifteen minutes," she repeated.

I got out of bed, shaved, showered, all in a haze. Fifteen minutes.

Somewhat more awake, though admittedly still a bit dazed, having not had coffee, I was toweling off as I walked from the master bath into my bedroom. Sitting on my bed was my mother-in-law. Dressed? Not quite. Somewhat, at least, but not only was her sitting there a shock and surprise, it was more so to see her less than fully dressed.

She wasn't naked. All her "private" parts were covered by a white slip, but that's about all. She had on hose, stockings, I assumed, heels, obviously a bra, for I could see both the outline of it and the bra straps, the slip. To my mind, though, she might as well have been naked. Seeing my mother-in-law in nothing more than foundation garments and a simple slip was a devastatingly humiliating blow.

Worse, still, much worse, was what was in her hand. Panties. Not just any panties, but girdle panties. Old fashioned girdle panties. She was holding them out between her hands, in full view, so I could see them. I knew what they were, again, the subject of my masturbatory childhood fantasies. From old Sears catalog ads I knew they had garter straps hidden in the leg and even that they had a "convenient split crotch."

I also knew they were meant for me. There was no doubt they were meant for me.

"Please, Mrs. Stanton," I said.

"Put them on, Michael." She left unsaid the veiled threat. Put them on or she'd tell Susan.

I reluctantly took the panties from her hands, stepped into them, worked them up over my hips. They panties had a hook and eye and zipper closer on my left side which I fastened without direction.

"Very good, Michael, you're learning already. Now, do you remember how to do the stockings?" She'd picked up stockings from the bed next to her. "Sit down here next to me, I'll talk you through it."

She did, directing me how to gather a stocking, point my toe carefully, and gently slide a stocking up my leg. "Stand up, let me help you with the garter tabs," she said, reaching for my leg, rolling up the leg of the girdle and taking the top of the stocking into her hands.

I winced. Not in pain, no, much worse. By moving to hold and attach my stocking to the front garter tab of the girdle, her hand was pressed directly against the front of the panties, my panties, right on the front of, right against my penis.

I couldn't help but think of panties. Of her. Of sniffing her panties. Of her pussy. Not with her hand against the front of me, touching me. Attaching the garter, she rubbed against my crotch. Not heavily and not for long. But just long enough. Just long enough for me to swell. She couldn't see it yet, she'd moved to the rear garter tap, but there was no doubt about the swelling.

Which was humiliating. So humiliating. Which made me swell even more.

She turned me back around. "Mrs. Stanton," I gasped. I didn't want her to see what was happening. But she just ignored me, ignored the swelling in the girdle. "Here, let's get that other stocking on you."

The process was repeated with my left leg. The repetition included my mother-in-law again rubbing up against the front of the panties. While she may not have realized I was growing the first time, there was no doubt in my mind she knew this time.

"I think you're already coming to appreciate how a woman feels," she teased, pausing with her hand on my swollen crotch, "how pretty lingerie can make a girl feel so special, so feminine. Here, now let's get you into the bra, shall we."

As with the girdle, she directed me how to do it myself, how to fasten the matching bra around my chest, backwards, attach the hook and eye clasps, spin it around and put my arms through the straps.

I looked down at the bra. "This bra is padded, but we're going to have to fill out those cups," she said to herself.

I gulped.

"Slip next, to hide all the bumps and lines of your bra and panties." She picked up something from the bed, unfurled it; a slip, much like hers. "Over your head, here, arms up. There," she pulled it down over my chest, waist, "like that."

She stepped back, looked at me. "Oh, I almost forgot, I'll be right back." She left the room, left me standing there, standing in lingerie, standing in women's garments, feeling them, the tightness of the panties, the tug of the stockings on the garter, the bra.

"Here," she said, coming back into the room, carrying a pair of heels.

"Heels," I exclaimed. How was I supposed to

"Of course, heels. You're supposed to feel what a woman feels, Michael. You're not going to stomp around the house like a man, you're going to walk gracefully, like a woman. Women wear heels when they want to feel pretty. They improve posture and make her walk and glide as a woman should. Now sit down on the bed, I'll help you into them."

She knelt down in front of me, took one of my feet, slipped it into the open toed white heel. The shoe had a bow on the front, a strap that went around my heel, which my mother-in-law fastened snugly. Taking my other foot and helping it into the heel, she looked up at me. "You know you really do have pretty feet, Michael, nice legs, really, too. I suppose I didn't notice you don't have much hair on them. I think with a pedicure and some polish on your toe nails one would never think you were not a woman."

"Um, thanks?"

"Now stand up, let me take a look at you. Yes, very pretty, indeed," she said as I got to my feet, stood in front of her.

I felt strange standing in heels. Not that simply wearing lingerie wasn't strange enough. But the heels did something more. Tightened my legs, made me stand differently, straighter, somehow.

"Do you feel pretty, Michael," she asked.

"I I don't know," I hesitated.

"You don't know? Hmmm, I felt otherwise when I was putting on your stockings."

I looked down, ashamed.

"You're embarrassed."

"Of course I am," I admitted. "I'm wearing lingerie and feel pretty. That...that's not normal."

"Not normal for a man," she responded. "But I told you, didn't I? Women like feeling pretty, for themselves."

"But that's the point, Mrs. Stanton, I'm not a woman," I snapped.

I suppose I thought my indignation might stop this, stop her. This was too much, this was absurd, really. But she pushed right back. Harder. "But that's the point, you're certainly not a man," she said softly.

It was a slap to the face, a verbal slap, one I recoiled from, physically. Surprising, I know, given exactly what was happening.

"Oh, you disagree? Beyond that you're standing here dressed like that, that's bad enough, isn't it, but it excites you. You're not just wearing women's lingerie, my dear, oh no, you're excited by it." Her eyes drifted down to my midsection, to my crotch. "You're excited by it. Men, my dear, do not get excited wearing lingerie."

"I don't want to wear this stuff," I snapped back.

"What you want to do is not the issue, Michael, how you respond to it is the issue. You may not "want" to wear it, but you certainly respond to wearing it, respond as a woman...or a sissy...would."

I reached for the hem of the slip, started to pull it off. Her words stung, I don't know what they meant, but they stung. "This is enough," I said.

Mrs. Stanton moved. Faster than I could pull the slip over my head. In an instant, she took a step towards me. If I'd had any practice wearing lingerie, maybe I'd have moved quicker. But as it were, I hadn't any. She moved too fast. I never saw it. I never saw her hand, I was too busy fiddling with the slip.

So the slap stung me, hard. It was unexpected, a shock really. Her hand slapped my face without any mercy. "I did not say you could take that off, sissy," she sneered.

"What," I yelped, in shame, pain.

"I said, I did not give you permission to take that off. Sissy."

Not a man. Not a man. Sissy. Sissy.

"You look surprised. What do you think little boys who get excited wearing lingerie are? They are not men, are they?"

Sissy? Sissy?

"Now, Michael, I'd suggest, unless you'd like Susan to find out that her husband is a panty sniffing sissy, I'd suggest you watch your mouth and your manners."

Susan. I took a breath. Serve Susan. Protect Susan. Serve my wife by serving her mother. Get through this. Protect Susan.

"Good, now, Michael, come with me, please, you're going to do a task you should have done properly before."

I followed my mother-in-law to her bedroom. She walked into the bathroom and came out holding both lingerie both she and I wore yesterday.

"Now, Michael, I want you to go downstairs to the laundry room and hand wash these. This time, I'd expect you to have a little more respect for these. I'd expect you to treat these like a woman should treat her lingerie. I'd expect you to focus on feeling pretty yourself, not abusing yourself. Do you have any questions?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Well, then, sissy," she said, tilting her head with a smile, "get to it."

"I want an honest answer, Michael, did you misbehave?" She asked me when I came back upstairs from the laundry room.

"No, Ma'am." I was being honest.

"No sniffing my panties?"

"No, Mrs. Stanton, no." As if I'd do that again!

"Good. You need to do some work now, I assume?"

"Yes, I really do," I said. I had some proposals to work on and email this morning. "May may I go change?"

"Change?"

"Er, into into," I gulped, "my clothes?"

"You mean the men's clothes you've been wearing around while I've been here? I'm sorry, did I not explain earlier? You're staying dressed up all day, Michael. You're going to be feminine all day. You're going to stay all pretty while you work. Really, that's part of the lesson, learning to do everyday tasks while being as feminine as you can."

"It seems well, extreme."

"Extreme? Michael, extreme is sniffing your mother-in-law's panties. That's extreme, disgusting and extreme. As I told you yesterday, I should tell Susan what I caught you doing, that's what you deserve. Instead, I'm willing to simply teach you a lesson to make sure you don't do that again, to make sure you have proper respect for women, for my daughter, for me."

I suppose what she said made some sense.

"So you'll spend the day being feminine, acting feminine. Sit like a woman, cross your legs like a woman, think like a woman, act like a woman. You'll come to appreciate a little more what a woman feels like, and how violating you were."

"Yes yes, Ma'am."

I spent an hour at the computer putting together a proposal, sulking. I hunched over, I spread my legs apart, I frowned, I did everything I could to NOT act like a woman.

Then, I went back to what Susan had said. Serve her by serving her mother.

Reluctantly, I sat up straight. Ironically, the panty girdle, which had been digging into my stomach, felt better. Maybe not so ironic? A woman's foundation garment was more comfortable sitting like a woman.

I crossed my legs, felt the softness of nylon on nylon. Okay, this wasn't too bad.

I thought of Susan's legs, how much I wanted to see her in stockings. I thought of kneeling in front of Susan, massaging her legs, licking them, kissing them, running my tongue on her stockings. For a minute I fantasized about doing this now, dressed as I was now.

I felt a stirring. I felt my penis swell. Oh god, I was getting an erection fantasizing about serving Susan WHILE I WAS DRESSED AS A WOMAN!

I immediately stopped my thoughts, my fantasy, went back to work, uncomfortable with the thought, uncomfortable that I was getting excited imagining myself as a woman, serving my wife.

After lunch I got an email from Susan. "I'm so bored."

I wondered what she was doing. "Don't you have meetings?"

A couple of minutes later. "Yes. I'm sitting in a room full of unimportant people who think they are important, talking about why they are important. Typical branch management types. Big fish in a small pond, trying to impress me cause I'm from corporate. Not much. I'm taking notes on a laptop, though nothing they say will change what corporate does."

Then, "Sign into IM?"

I went to my Google email account, signed into gmail chat.

"Hey, sweetie :), you should be working!!!"

"Yea. You too."

"I'm doing some proposals, just ate lunch."

"You behaving for mother ;)?"

I looked down at myself. The slip barely covering the tops of my stockings. My stockings. Shoes. Behaving?

"Yes, love :)"

"Good boy! I meant it lover, serve me by serving her. Seriously. I don't want to come home and here her complain, k?"

"Yes, dear <grin>."

"Mock me if you want, Michael, but it, well, I miss you and, you know how much I love having you at my beck and call, I guess, I get kind of, well excited it's stupid to say, but it kind of turns me on."

"SUSAN!"

"LOL...it makes me a little wet."

I was starting to tremble. "You're naughty," I wrote back.

"I know, I know, I can't help it."

"I like naughty!"

"Hmmm, bet you do, since you did this to me."

"Moi?"

"Packing these stockings for me to wear."

My hands trembled again as I typed. "U r wearing stockings today?"

"<giggle> I told you I would."

"Susan :)"

"I told u, u can't imagine how sexy they make a woman feel."

I was starting to shake. "No?"

"Hint every step I take, I feel the garter straps tugging at my stockings and it reminds me what I'm wearing."

"Hmmm." Oh, fuck, oh, fuck the swelling I felt before was coming back. I knew exactly what she meant. I would not have a few days ago. Now I know exactly what she meant.

"Every time I cross and uncross my legs, the nylons make a swooshing sound."

"Baby :)"

"You can't imagine how sexy I feel! I wish you were here, M."

"Me, too."

"I I think I've been wet half the day."

"OMG SUSAN!"

"I can't help it <blush>"

"Between thinking of what I'd make you do and these guys here, I'm just a bit giggle horny."

"What do you mean...the guys here?" What did she mean by that?

"I'm sitting at the end of a conference table by myself and the men just stare at me. I know they're undressing me with their eyes, imagining seducing me. Every time I get bored, I day dream about you. I keep thinking how hot it would be if you were under the table, where no one could see "

"Susan, you're making me get excited!" I didn't tell her that I was getting excited because I was getting an erection in the panty girdle her mother was making me wear.

"Fair's fair, my pretty..."

"Susan!" That was a phrase she used from time to time, I suppose a reference to The Wizard of Oz, but given my current attire, it was, well, a pun indeed.

"After all, you made me excited making me wear this lingerie."

"laugh so "

"So, my pretty, get excited about this I'm dreaming you're under the table, kissing your way up my legs, discovering my stockings for the first time, massaging, kissing them."

"Susan, you don't know how much I'd like to do that!!!!!"

"Oh, but I do <grin> I do. I know you love serving me, sweetie, and it makes me so hot."

"I do!"

"Yes. That's why I'm getting so hot thinking about it with all these guys here."

There she was again with that phrase. What did she mean?

"The guys?"

"I don't know if it is just my mind playing tricks on me because of how I'm dressed, I told you wearing lingerie like this makes me feel so, special? pretty? sexy?"

"Okay?"

"I know, I'm babbling. The guys they can't possibly know what I'm wearing, but they look at me like they know what I'm wearing. Especially that guy Tom I told you about."

"oh my," I managed to type.

"Well, there you are, in my mind, under the table licking me, and all these men are looking at me like they want to fuck me and all I can think about is how..."

I waited. How...how...how...

And waited. How what?

"Susan?"

"Mtg ended, call u later!" With that, she was offline.

Oh, fuck, how what??? What the hell? All these men looking at her and she can think about what???

How she's happily married??

How they are p?

How much she's happy she has someone like me?

How much she wants to fuck me?

I looked down at myself dressed as a woman, wearing lingerie like a woman, acting like a woman?

I would never have thought not dressed normally

But I could feel my erection against the satin of the panty girdle, feel the stockings, the bra around my chest

I couldn't grab my erection, the panty girdle held it too tightly to my stomach. But I had to touch

I moved a hand down to my swollen penis. I touched the tip with two fingers, pressed, rubbed.

Despite my erection I did not feel like a man right now. No, her mother had seen to that. I felt like a woman! How could I fuck her feeling like a woman, erection or not? How could she want that???

I was rubbing my erection just like Susan rubbed her clit.

Mrs. Stanton told me to act like a woman and I WAS! I was masturbating like a woman!

That had to be why I thought it

" all I can think about is how "

My mind heard her speak the words she'd typed I was under the table, dressed like a woman, kissing her stocking covered legs

All I can think about is how

badly I want a real man to fuck me!

No, no, no, no, no!

I tried to get that thought out of my head. I did, for seconds. I thought of her mother. "He's not much a man "

Sissy, sissy, sissy.

"I want a real man to fuck me." That's not what she said! She didn't complete her thought. She was going to say something else!

"much I miss you and wish you were here!"

Yes, yes, that's what she'd have said.

"All I can think about is how badly I want a real man to fuck me!"

NO!

I had to stop rubbing myself, NOW!

I forced myself to put my hands behind my back, to protect myself, to stop myself from having anymore of these thoughts. It was that simple. Stop touching myself through these panties and get that disturbing thought out of my mind.

Work work focus on work. I could do that, I could sit up, stop thinking like pervert, sit up, sit lady like, be feminine, focus on work.

Focus on work.

For the rest of the afternoon, that's what I did. Work. I focused on the proposals, the emails I had to get out, anything but what I was thinking about this afternoon.

Anything to try to forget everything. Susan. Her mother. The lingerie. Everything.

"Michael," I heard Mrs. Stanton call from behind me, walking into the study?

"Yes," I winced, looking back at her.

"I'm going out for a bit, I just wanted to check on how things were going, how your feminine feelings were?"

"Okay, I guess." Okay, except for that stupid IM exchange with Susan.

"Excellent, I thought you'd be a good little sissy."

I visibly winced.

"Something wrong?"

"I...I'm not a sissy," I said frowning.

"Oh," she raised an eyebrow. "You're not?"

"No, I "

"Because masculine men all dress up in pretty lingerie?"

"Mrs. Stanton! You you made me "

"Honey, the reason isn't important, the fact is. A sissy is a male espousing feminine characteristics such as wearing lingerie dressing as a woman feeling like a woman acting like a woman."

"Because you made me "

"Again, the reason is of less importance than the action, though the prototypical definition of a sissy is one who dresses as such when ordered to. I'll acknowledge you may not LIKE being a sissy, but that doesn't mean that you ARE NOT a sissy. In fact, you may be a sissy simply because you don't want Susan to learn you were sniffing my panties, fine, but that doesn't change anything."

"When can I get out of these things?"

"Well now, that depends. I'd have said about now, but to tell you the truth, I don't think you've yet learned your lesson, so I suppose a bit longer is in order."

My brow twisted. She turned to leave. "Oh, and before you claim to dislike this, before you deny being like being a sissy, remind me, was that an erection you had in your panties earlier today?"

I looked down, blushing.

"I only ask for that seems a strange thing to happen to someone who claims to dislike being feminized. Sissy." She left the room, chuckling to herself.

Later that evening, I was laying in my bed, reading, still wearing the lingerie. Mrs. Stanton would not let me change, forced me to eat dinner so dressed, made me stay dressed after dinner.

I was laying in bed, reading, when my phone buzzed. Text message. "I love my black lingerie, Michael." Text from Susan.

"Do u? Why?"

"Black makes me feel powerful," she texted back.

"Hmmmm."

"Black makes me feel...naughty."

"Naughty?"

"Naughty, like I want my little boy serving me."

"I love serving you!" I was fully erect once again, penis trapped as it was by the panty girdle. Little boy...her unintentional phrase, mocking to me, excited me. Little boy. Little boy.

"This is hard to type and touch at same time!"

"THAT'S NAUGHTY," I emphasized. I was picturing Susan in my mind, relaxing on a hotel bed, clad only in her black lingerie, looking severe, dominant, needing.

"I know u love when I touch myself."

She was right. It was an immense turn on for me to watch her masturbate herself. She never just laid back and did it, but after we'd play for awhile, after I'd spend time licking her, her hand would often drift downward to join my mouth in bringing her to orgasm.

"I do!"

"U want 2 serve me?"

"<whisper> yes."

"<GRIN> Do u want 2 b my bitch, sweetie."

I wanted to play along, I had to play along.

"OMG, Susan, yes."

"Tell me you're making me so horny!"

I imagined her rubbing herself, fingering herself, teasing herself. "I want 2 b your bitch, Susan."

"OMG, Michael, that makes me so wet reading that. I want to hear it. Call me, bitch! Call me so I can hear you say it."

I put my Bluetooth headset in my ear, speed dialed Susan.

"Tell me," she said answering her phone on its first ring.

"Susan, I " I gulped. This was suddenly more difficult on the phone than it was via text.

"Tell me.

"Susan, I I want to be your..." I hesitated.

"Tell me, Michael, tell me what you want to be," she sneered, commanding me.

I gulped, felt my face redden. "I want to be your bitch, Susan."

"Oh, god, Michael that makes me so wet!"

"Fuck, Susan," I blurted out.

"This is your fault, my pretty."

"Mine?"

"I told you, this lingerie has made me horny all day."

"That that's what you said before."

"It does. The colors are amazing the white, yesterday, made me feel pretty, in an innocent way, but black, my god, no wonder dominant women

wear black."

"Dominant," I gulped.

"I told you I want you to be my bitch, didn't I," she teased. "That's dominant, isn't it?" She had almost a playful, innocent tone. Innocent, ironic, considering.

"You're scaring me, Susan," I tried to play cool.

"Am I? You wanted to be my bitch, didn't you? Backing out?"

"Nnnoo."

"I could get someone else to serve me..."

There was something about the way she said that something about what she said earlier about the guys in the conference room staring at her, something unresolved.

"which would be a shame, because I know how much you love serving me, lover."

"Yes, Susan!"

"Being my bitch has its privileges, you know. Serving me. Kneeling in front of me, licking your way up my stockings. Tasting me."

"Yes," I groaned.

"I'm getting so excited, you know, just thinking about having my own little bitch to serve me."

"I I bet." I was nervous, unsure how I was to respond to her verbal teasing.

"You like exciting me, don't you?"

"Yes, damn, Susan, you know I do."

"God, I miss you, Michael."

"Me too. I I'm getting kind of horny too, Susan. I wish I could see you in your stockings."

"You wouldn't be disappointed," she promised me.

"You are naughty!"

"You really can't imagine how naughty I really feel right now, sweetie, how dominant, how in control."

"I wish I was there."

"To be my bitch?"

"Hmmm," I laughed, "yes, to be your bitch."

"I mentioned how naughty I felt, didn't I? You sure you're up to it, to serving me?"

By now I was once again masturbating heavily through the panty girdle.
"Yes!"

"Up to serving me when I feel naughty? You might be disappointed."

"Why?"

"Because I want a bitch and I feel kind of mean."

Well, two could play at that game, I decided, egged on by my erection, and, I hated to think, by my outfit. "Oh, really, and you'd do what, spank me?"

"Oh, someone else is feeling naughty, too? That's a wonderful idea, but I was thinking about something, er more difficult for you."

"More difficult?" What could she mean by that? A spanking wasn't difficult?

"I'd want you to prove you want to be my bitch." She was breathing heavily.

"I do."

"Tell me again."

"I want to be your bitch."

"You would be my bitch. You'd have to prove it, of course," she said in a domineering tone.

"Prove it? How," I asked, afraid to hear her answer.

"I'd make you lick me...all over over and over."

"Wow, pure torture, that's not too hard," I laughed.

"I'm feeling so naughty bitch it would be for you that's all you'd do to prove it. You'd lick me all over, that's it. You know what I mean...bitch."

Her tempting game reflected something I'd often told her. Her orgasm was more important than mine. On occasion, she wouldn't be in the mood for sex, so I'd play this game, I'd lick her, to orgasm, again and again. And that's it. We wouldn't screw. I'd lick her till she couldn't stand it anymore, then nothing, we'd cuddle, go to sleep. She wouldn't reciprocate, she wouldn't touch me, she wouldn't lick me, she certainly wouldn't screw me. I'd go to sleep, horny, but somehow satisfied. I'd lick her to orgasm after orgasm, but I'd get nothing.

That's what she meant by making me prove I was her bitch. Sex without satisfaction. Sex without orgasm.

"Cat got your tongue bitch? Horny, too?"

My penis had been erect, soft, erect, soft, erect again. I was rubbing the tip, again, and realized I was not only horny, but sore. "Yes."

"Know what I'm doing, lover?"

"What?"

"I'm thinking of you, lover, thinking of my bitch, under the table, again know what I'm doing?"

"What, Susan," I groaned.

"Hmmm, you'd like to see I'm rubbing I'm rubbing myself through my panties, are you, too?"

I froze. I stopped touching myself, stopped breathing, stopped moving. Did her mother tell her? Oh, my god, that bitch, that fucking bitch! I didn't know what to say. It was her mother, not me! Her mother made me! Lie. Lie! LIE!

"Susan, I I'm not wearing panties," I stammered.

"Silly," she laughed, "I mean are you rubbing yourself too? Not are you wearing panties, too?"

Oh, fuck, she didn't mean what I thought she meant! "Oh, er, I yes."

"You thought I was asking you if you are rubbing yourself through your panties now wouldn't that be an interesting way to prove you were my bitch wearing panties."

"What," I managed to say, not entirely pleased with my stupid mistake.

Susan giggled, "I like it. My bitch wouldn't need a cock anyway, just a tongue, maybe you could show that by wearing a pretty pair of panties to cover yourself up. Kind of symbolic."

"Susan," my voice cracked. Panties. Wearing panties for her? Fuck, I WAS wearing panties!

"I think you're even naughtier than I am bitch I just want you licking but I like the way you think. Panties."

Think? I wasn't thinking like that!

"Uugh," I moaned.

"I've been thinking about it all day, you being my bitch, I was getting so horny this afternoon emailing you I couldn't stop thinking about you under the table in the conference room my bitch licking me. Now I'm thinking about you in panties, too. You are naughty, too, Michael."

I had to ask. I didn't want to, but I still could not get her email out of my mind, the email about the guys looking at her like they wanted to fuck her.

"In in front of those men," I asked, almost whispering.

Susan let out a small gasp. "Yes," she almost moaned. "In panties, hiding under the table, licking me. I told you I felt naughty, didn't I? I told

you this black lingerie made me feel like a vixen."

"You had to go before you told me what you meant."

"About what, lover?"

"About about the men."

"Men, what men?"

"Susan," I said, exasperated. She was clearly teasing me, tormenting me. Making me her bitch. "The men in the meeting."

"I mentioned them?"

"You said, you emailed me, you said that, that, er, something like, there I was, in your mind, under the table, licking you, and all those men were looking at you like they want to fuck you and and all you can think about is how "

"How what, my little bitch," she cooed. "What did I say?"

"You didn't," I burst, "you never said!"

"Honey, I have to get going here," Susan said, snark in her voice.

"Susan," I pleaded.

"I'm sorry, I do, I'm supposed to meet Tom in the lobby for dinner in a few.

"Susan, please," I begged.

"Hmmm," she laughed, "my little bitch is begging me?"

"YES!"

"What is it we were talking about?"

"The the men the men that wanted to...to fuck you," I managed to blurt out.

"Oh, that's right, you were under the table licking me wearing panties, now I believe, being my bitch."

"SUSAN!"

"Hmmm, my little bitch it's okay to wear my panties, but oh, the men the men "

"Yes." Mother fuckers, what was my wife doing to me? I had no idea, but I knew that whatever it was it was making me insanely horny, certainly given the way I was furiously rubbing my erect penis through my panty girdle, through the panties I was wearing!

"Hon, I really need to finish getting dressed and get downstairs to meet Tom."

"Susan," I begged again.

"Michael, he's going to be waiting for me."

"Susan, please!"

"You you don't want to know, lover "

"How, what, Susan? All you could think about is how what? What were you going to say?"

"Michael," she whispered, "I don't know if you..."

"How what?! Susan, how what?"

Her voice lowered to a whisper, barely audible. "How, Michael, how all," she gulped, "how all I could think about, thinking about my bitch licking me, was how long it had been since a MAN fucked me."

"FUCK, SUSAN!"

She didn't say anything at first. "Michael, I...I want you to lick me so badly."

Not fuck her, lick her. I noticed. Not fuck, lick. NOT FUCK, LICK.

"Susan, please, I..."

"Michael, I I have to oh, fuck!"

"What? Susan?"

"The door, someone's knocking, sorry, hang on a sec, it's probably Margaret," she said, obvious disappointment in her voice. Margaret was in her department at work, usually on business trips with her. "Hang on," I heard her walk to the door, I assumed using her headset, like me.

"Margaret, I thought we were going to " I heard the door open. "Oh Oh, Tom, I oh I "

"Whoa, fuck, Susan, wow!" I heard some guy, presumably Tom, exclaim.

Two things happened at once. First, I thought, oh, fuck, she's standing there in her bra, panties, garter belt, stockings and heels! Tom, whoever the fuck he was, was seeing my wife dressed in her amazingly hot lingerie before I saw her in it!

The second thing? My erection throbbed harder and faster than I'd ever felt it. It HURT, it was so full, so engorged.

My fucking wife was standing in front of some guy half naked in lingerie I bought for her to wear for ME! Yet, I was sitting here masturbating in lingerie her mother was making me wear and I was fucking jerking off and harder than I'd ever been in my life.

"Seriously, I thought we were going out for dinner," I heard the man say. "But if you want to stay in," he trailed off in a seductive voice.

"Tom, stop," my wife giggled like a caught schoolgirl, "I I need to get dressed."

"Susan," I moaned softly.

"You look good to me, Susie," Tom said, clearly enjoying the sight of my wife!

I could hear every word. "You're sweet, Tom, but seriously, let me get dressed and we can go eat."

"Sweetie," Susan whispered. I realized she was talking to me.

"Susan!"

"Sweetie, I have to go, I'm sorry."

"We could order in and I'm sure there's something here for dessert "

"Tom," Susan giggled.

"Susan," I said again.

"I'll call you later, okay."

"Susan," I moaned.

"Oh, and one more thing sweetie," she said quietly.

"What?"

"What I said about being my bitch you'd better not play with yourself," her voice dropped, "I want you wanting me when I get back, you're going to prove it then."

"Susan," I exclaimed, suddenly embarrassed. She was telling me not to masturbate? Was she kidding? It was bad enough to acknowledge that I did masturbate, let alone for her to tell me not to.

"I'm serious, Michael. Don't think I don't know that you do that you'd better not."

"Okay, okay."

"Tom, stop," I heard Susan say with a repressed laugh.

"You're on the phone? With who?" His voice was close to her.

"It's nobody, Tom, just...Tom," she laughed.

"Susan "

"Seriously, Susan, we can order in if you want...and..."

I heard her breath gasp, suck in quickly. A little moan. "Tom," she cooed, "I...I need to...I need to get dressed," she finally giggled, "go wait out there."

A few seconds later...

"I'll call you after dinner be a good little bitch." She had a tone half serious, half playful, enough that I fell for her, felt her love over the phone.

"Susan...did he..." Oh god, oh god. Did he touch her? What was he doing?

"Later, lover, later."

After I got off the phone with Susan, breathed heavily for a few minutes, tried to calm down. I had to get up, do something.

I went downstairs, made myself a cup of tea, sat down in the living room, conscious to cross my legs, sit upright, and simply continue to act feminine. Sipping the warm liquid, I tried to take my mind off my conversation with Susan.

Actually, it wasn't Susan that I was trying to take my mind off of, or rather, it wasn't just Susan. It was the presence of Tom. Some random man from Atlanta, who, due to some quirk of fate, luck, or timing, happened to be feasting his eyes on my wife, worse, on my wife in what I was sure was incredibly feminine, pretty, and sophisticated lingerie.

Tom, who obviously thought of himself as a player, did not merely catch a glimpse of Susan in the black lingerie I'd purchased for her, but was standing in her hotel room, flirting with her, hitting on her, ogling Susan, maybe even touching her, who herself felt naughty and erotic.

I felt cheated on, though of course nothing like that was the case, since Susan had no part in Tom's actions. My current state of dress did nothing to diminish the feeling. Of course, I knew I myself was not completely innocent. I'd bought her the lingerie, even eagerly encouraged her to wear it. Worse still were my own actions over the past two days, both in what I'd done with my fucking mother-in-law's panties, to my allowing her to dress me like this.

"Sissy." The word slipped into my brain. Mrs. Stanton called me a sissy. What was a sissy? I'd always thought of a sissy as a man that was, well, not much of a man. A man that was, effeminate. Weak. Not masculine.

I looked down at myself, sitting on the edge of a sofa. My legs crossed like a woman. The stockings covering my skin, the heeled shoes. I felt the bra and the panty girdle constricting me. I let my fingers dance over the satin slip.

Not masculine. Who did that describe? Me?

I wasn't a sissy!

Sure, and explain the lingerie.

And the erection.

Sissy.

"I want to be your bitch." That's what I told Susan. That's what she wanted.

Sissy was bad enough, but bitch? I wanted to be her bitch? What was that? Weak? Dominated? Sexually?

In my mind, I jumped to Susan's lunchtime fantasy. I was her bitch, kneeling under the table, licking her, worshiping her, as several men looked at her.

Tracing my fingers over the satin slip, around my nipples, I pictured myself licking her. They could not see me. They knew nothing. The men just looked at Susan like they wanted to fuck her, having no idea her husband was under the table.

I couldn't help it, couldn't help moving my fingers lower, down my stomach, over the satin, down towards the panty girdle, where once again I was swelling, growing. Once again, I moved my fingers to the lump in my panties, put my head back, and rubbed, the tips of two fingers pressed against myself as I'd watched Susan do. Two fingers masturbating myself like she did.

Sissy.

Bitch.

My mind drifted. I was in Susan's hotel room, sitting on a chair, watching her play with herself. "You want to be my bitch, don't you sissy?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

I continued to fantasize. There was a knock at the door, which Susan got up to answer. "That must be Tom." She opened the door, in walked her work colleague, but a man, Tom.

"Oh, Tom," she said, standing in front of a tall, masculine man.

I lay back on the couch, gasping as I fingered myself. Stop. Part of my brain yelled. Screamed. Stop. Stop.

STOP!

I couldn't, I kept rubbing. Susan had told me not to, but I couldn't stop. I wanted to. Guilt was building up inside me. Stop.

Disgusting. Disgusting! This was disgusting. I was the naughty one, the dirty one.

But I kept rubbing, kept fantasizing.

"Oh, you're not alone, I'm sorry," the man told my wife.

"What? Oh, him? That's nobody, just my husband, don't worry, he's just my bitch. My sissy bitch. Don't worry, Tom, you're the only man here tonight."

Rub, rub, rub.

"You look so beautiful, Susan."

Rub, rub, rub.

"You're sweet, Tom. You know, you're the first," my fantasy Susan glanced over at me, dressed in lingerie, "man," she emphasized, "to see me wearing this."

"Can I be the first man to touch you in this," he asked, reaching his hands out to my wife.

My eyes were closed, my breathing heavy as I rubbed, feeling every bit the woman, nothing the man.

Sissy. Bitch.

My fantasy Susan opened her mouth to answer, . . .

"Well at least you're doing it like a woman," I heard Susan say. But it wasn't Susan's voice, though, it was her mother's voice. It was Mrs. Stanton.

My eyes popped open to see Mrs. Stanton standing in the entryway to the living room, coat wrapped around her shoulders, arms crossed, glaring at me. "Mrs. Stanton," I yelped, immediately moving my hand away from my swollen penis, though back again, realizing my erection was obviously showing through my panty girdle and slip.

An evil smile began on her face. "I told you to act like a woman, so I suppose I should be pleased, though I'd ask that you kindly refrain from such behavior when I'm home."

I blushed as deep as I've ever blushed. "I...I'm sorry, Mrs. Stanton, I..."

"Hmmm," she said, taking several steps into the room. "I'm curious, though, how womanly are you right now? Fantasizing about your wife or perhaps you've embraced femininity and you're imagining a strong, masculine man having his way with you."

"Mrs. Stanton!" I sat up straighter, shocked, almost disgusted.

"Come now, Michael, you think you'd be the first sissy to think of such things?"

"I'd never..."

"It could be our little secret...amongst others...I wouldn't tell Susan."

I turned away from her, crossed my arms, my face hardened.

"I'm just teasing you, Michael, don't be so sensitive. I think it's cute. Come now, I think you've learned your lesson...for the time being...come upstairs and I'll let you take those things off."

I followed her, head hung in shame. I wasn't fantasizing about a man having his way with me, which was bad, but instead, I was fantasizing about a man having his way with Susan. Following Mrs. Stanton, it dawned on me, the reality, of where my fantasy was going. I was about to masturbate to the thought of a man fucking my wife!

"Come on," my mother-in-law encouraged me as we reached the top of the stairs and she turned towards her room, "in here." I reluctantly followed her once again into what I considered the forbidden, her room. She stopped at the dresser in the room, opened a drawer, removed something small.

"Go on, I told you that you may undress." She noticed my hesitation. "Oh, now don't be shy, Michael," she chuckled, "I've already seen everything already, there isn't that much down there to be modest about...unless it's shame."

I reddened, looked down.

"To which there is nothing to be shameful for, Michael. Most sissies are on the small size, surprising it is not."

"I...I'm sorry," I apologized, not knowing what else may be appropriate, needing to respond somehow.

"Michael, look at me." I looked up at her, finding some comfort in her eyes. "You need not apologize to me, in fact, it leaves me quite satisfied...Susan on the other hand, may not necessarily find something so small satisfying, so she tells me ..."

I froze, slip over my head, looking at her.

"Come, Michael, you think a mother and her daughter never talk about something like that?"

"What...she wouldn't talk about..."

"About sex? To her mother? For she's too modest or I'm too prudish?" She crossed her legs, her nylons making the same sound mine did all day, started bouncing one of her feet.

"I don't think..."

"I can answer both questions at once, Michael, as to my modesty and what your wife would discuss with her mother." She uncrossed and recrossed her legs, again making the rustling sound of nylon on nylon.

"You see, Michael, Susan tells me most satisfying to her is when her loving husband is on his knees, using his mouth and his tongue to worship her body. And judging from your blushing and my lack thereof, I'd say you're the more prudish of you and I."

She was right, my face felt flush, hers, no more or less color than always.

"And as to your apology, Susan tells me that to the same extent she is enamored with your oral skills, your somewhat lacking in the ability to, please her otherwise," she looked me right in the eye, "small and quick are not a desirable combination in a lover."

"She wouldn't!"

"How did she word it last time? I may be paraphrasing, but I believe she said, 'Mother, it's not that I don't like sex with Michael, he's a dove, he'll spend hours lapping at my pussy like a puppy, but when we get down to "it," to the actual sex, he's so small and so quick, I never get to enjoy "it."'

I just looked down realized the words were true. They had to be true. Susan's mother was either psychic or speaking the truth.

"Now, Michael, don't be too concerned, many women get neither, what you provide her or the other thing. Now, if you'll please, finish undressing so I can finish."

I looked at her. So she can finish? Unsure, I did as told, un-clipping and rolling off my stockings, carefully pulling down the panty girdle, and taking of the bra.

"Come here, Michael," she said, with a tone that I should not question her. "As pleased as I was to see you acting as a girl would when I got home, you are in this situation because you lacked self control. I don't have something to do this with properly, but this will do for now." She opened her hand, taking what was in it, a stocking, rolling it out, then gathering it together as if she was going to put it on.

"Closer," she insisted, making me step forward until I was touching her, my naked legs pressed slightly up against her hosed legs. "I don't bite."

My mother-in-law reached up with the stocking open and stretched between her hands and quickly and firmly pulled it over my now flaccid penis and balls, gathering them into a small sack inside the stocking. "One nice thing about old fashioned stockings is that they are 100% nylon and don't stretch so they stay in place when properly held up with a garter belt.

Because it won't stretch," she began, quickly twisting the stocking on itself below my balls, "it will hold in place anything inside it."

I looked down horrified that my mother-in-law was holding my penis and balls in her hands. "There," she said, rubbing for a minute in between her hands, "a crude, but effective chastity device. One you'd better leave in place."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, shaking.

"And I'd suggest you keep your thought, ah, clean, so you don't find out how confining simple nylon can be. Of course, if you don't, you my rub to your hearts content, as you were before, you just won't be finishing anything, that's all."

"Yes, Ma'am," I gulped.

"Good. Now, if you'll please, take what you've worn today and wash them. When you're done with that, be a dear and brew some tea, which I'll take in the living room.

I'm not sure why I asked, but, "may...may I get dressed first?" I think standing in front of her naked was worse than lingerie. Maybe not, maybe the lingerie was worse, but either way, something would be better, anything. She looked at me, "back in lingerie?"

"No!"

My mother-in-law crossed her eyes. "I'm honestly concerned that you're so eager to wear male clothing already. I'd have hoped you'd have taken some of today's lesson to heart."

"It, it's not that," I stammered. Well, it certainly was a little, I'll admit. I looked down, "I..."

"Oh," Mrs. O'Conner looked amused, "you're a little...bad choice of words...you're embarrassed?"

"Yes," I gulped.

"I told you that your size is nothing to be ashamed of. If anything, it is desirable in a sissy, in the long run, anyway, Susan may not understand yet, but, to be honest, I'm not sure letting you dress as a man is such a good idea right now."

"Please, Mrs. Stanton," I begged, reddening again. Yes, in a moment of clarity I realized I was begging my mother-in-law to dress in my own clothes. I was begging my wife's mother to allow me to wear something to cover up my constrained penis. In a second of clarity I wondered how the hell this happened to me.

"You'd rather not wear lingerie again right now?"

"No, no."

"And I don't want you wearing men's clothes."

I looked down.

"And you're too ashamed to walk around like that?"

Still staring at the floor, I nodded.

"Why don't we compromise, Michael. I'm not willing to let you wear men's clothing, but I suppose I will let you at least cover yourself, for modesty's sake if for no other reason."

"Thank you," I blurted out.

She tilted her head. "I suppose, if you're going to be doing laundry and brewing tea, we could find you something appropriate for the occasion. I suppose I'd be willing to let you wear an apron, it's not much, but it would cover you."

How an apron sounded so wonderful was a sign of the perverseness of this day. "Thank you," I actually smiled, thinking of the "I love to BBQ" apron Susan had gotten me last year. Heavy cotton, down to my knees, around my chest, even the back. A serious apron. It would be kind of "dress like" but better than this. I started for the door.

"Michael," Mrs. Stanton, folded her arms, "where are you going?"

"I have an apron that I wear when I cook out that Susan..."

"Michael," she said louder, stopping me in my tracks.

"Yes," I whispered, turning to face her.

"Right there." She walked back to the dresser. I had the impression of a trap being sprung. I had the feeling of the rabbit, realizing that a loop was closing around his neck. I realized, perhaps, I'd been set up from the beginning. Maybe not, maybe it was just something strange, a voice yelling at me, telling me to stop, that enough was enough.

My mother-in-law opened a drawer again, pulled out something white, unfurled it. White. Satin. Small. Dainty. Frilly. "I have an apron right here, Michael."

"But but, Mrs. Stanton, I have a..."

"Right here." She held the apron open. Trap. Trap.

Plan.

Trap.

The apron reminded me something a prototypical French maid would wear. My BBQ apron was functional. This was in no way functional. If

anything, it was one thing. Sexual.

It was no more than a small rounded rectangle, with frilly edges, long satin ties off the top. The apron, if one could call it that, would cover nothing more than my nylon-encased penis, maybe a small portion of my thighs. It would do nothing to hide my shame, my embarrassment, my humiliation. It would enhance it, if anything.

"Turn around, Michael," she instructed me. "We don't need a big man's apron to hide that, this frilly one will do just fine."

"Please, Mrs. Stanton," I begged her.

She chuckled, walked up behind me, wrapped the apron around my waist, pulled the apron strings tightly behind me, tied them just as tight.

Why did she have this? Did she mean to do this all along? From the moment she arrived? Why else? What did Susan ask her? Accuse her of? Planning something? She had planned this, hadn't she? I was trapped in some trap of my mother-in-law's making. Did Susan have a part in this? Was this something she knew about? No, no, she would not.

But Mrs. Stanton clearly would.

Why? What was she up to? What was her goal? I felt like a pawn, with good reason, I was a pawn. I didn't know why though, and worse, in what game. It's not comfortable being a pawn, it's intolerable when you don't even know what game is being played.

"There, now that takes care of things, doesn't it," Mrs. Stanton asked with a wicked grin on her face. Toying with me. I knew she was toying with me. I was not sure why, nor, what to do about it. "Now, please go wash your things."

I looked down, ashamed at how foolish I looked. I was never muscular to begin with. I was never full of hair, on my chest, legs, or otherwise. I suppose it did not really dawn on me earlier, wearing the lingerie, the effect. Now, it did. My penis, constrained by the twisted stocking, the small satin apron tied tightly around my waist, I realized how un-masculine I looked. Dressed in lingerie, the feminine feeling overcame the thoughts. Now, I just looked- emasculated. Dressed, I felt feminine. Now, I felt slightly different, what manhood I had was gone.

I felt humiliated. This was in some way worse than being feminized. Somehow that seemed like a game. This seemed worse. Without being feminized, she'd taken away my masculinity. I'm sure a large part was the humiliation of standing in front of her, standing in front of my mother-in-

law mostly naked while she remained impeccably dressed. Her clothing overemphasized my near nakedness, my feelings of inadequacy.

I felt small. I felt submissive. I felt weak. I felt timid. I wanted to complain, but felt too weak to do so. I wanted to tell her that enough was enough, I wanted to act like a man. But how could I? I felt like the stereotypical hundred pound weakling.

Granted, there was a part of my brain that realized what was going on. How it came to pass so quickly was confusing, but I realized, in some ways, what had happened.

Mrs. Stanton was subjecting me to humiliation after humiliation, breaking me, bit by bit.

She was verbally humiliating me, calling me a sissy, degrading my manhood.

She was humiliating me by scorning my penis.

She was humiliating me by questioning my sexual adequacy.

She was humiliating me by making me wear lingerie. Now, this apron.

She was humiliating me little by little and I could not stop. I didn't know if I wanted to stop.

Woven into this stupid game was Susan's absence, her admonishment to serve her by serving her mother. And now, whatever was happening with Tom.

I looked down again, my chest, hairless and naked, my loins covered by a dainty, frilly, satin apron, my legs, and wanted to shrink away.

She had emasculated me.

It went without saying I must obey. The continued threat remained unspoken. Obey or she would tell Susan. Obey. Obey.

I bent down to pick up the lingerie off the floor and had the sudden awareness that in addition to everything else, my ass was covered by not a thing. My ass was naked as a baby

"Tea in the living room when you're done, please."

"Yes, Ma'am," I responded, walking out of the room with little, if any, dignity remaining.

Hand washing the lingerie was at it's most humiliating today.

Making tea for Mrs. Stanton even worse. I felt like a servant. I felt like a wimp. I felt like a maid.

I carried the tea to her on a tray, into the living room where she was sitting in a leather chair, my chair, reading the paper.

My chair, my house, my paper.

"Set it here, dear," she instructed pointing to the table next to the chair.

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, placing the tea next to her.

"Thank you. That will be all for this evening."

I held back the smile, sensing that would be a miscalculation. "I...may I...um..."

She sighed. "Yes, you may get dressed as you wish. Though the stocking stays on, of course."

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am," I practically cried out, then realized something. "Um, Mrs. Stanton, what if I, well, need to, to, use the facilities."

She looked up from her paper. "You may before bed," she said, looking back down at the paper.

I hesitated. "Um..."

"Yes," she sighed, looking at me again.

"Should I, take it...take it off?"

"You most certainly shall not. I will come to your room at 10:30 to do that."

I practically ran out of the living room, upstairs, and to the master bedroom. As soon as I was safely behind my closed bedroom door, I reached behind me to untie the apron and get it off me.

I grabbed a pair of boxer shorts, flannel pajama pants, and a plain white T-shirt, happy to finally have masculine clothing on me again.

For the next several hours I sat on my bed watching television, though hardly paying attention to what was on.

I was too preoccupied. What was Susan doing? What was my wife doing? Why was my mother-in-law doing this to me? Why was I letting it happen?

I was riddled with self-doubt. Yesterday morning I was just a normal husband, a normal man. In the span of 36 hours all that was of debate. The humiliation was overpowering. She'd done everything she could to attack my manhood. Every attack was successful.

I always kind of knew I was a bit submissive, especially in my marriage. I always knew I loved serving my wife, that I found great pleasure in her pleasure. But I never thought that that made me anything more than a good husband. I never thought serving her made me less of a man. Now I did not know.

Now, I began to question if I was a wimp, if I was a...a sissy.

I began to question if I was man enough for her, if I could satisfy my wife.

I just didn't know.

Why did Susan have to be gone now?

Why did Susan have to pick now, of all time, to go out of town?

Why did she have to go to dinner with a man?

Why did I care?

I called Susan's cell phone. No answer.

I realized I was mindlessly rubbing my trapped penis.

I was thinking of Susan sitting at dinner.

I was thinking of Susan, wearing lingerie, modeling it for Tom.

I quickly moved my hand out of my shorts and behind my head, trying to focus on the television. I wish Susan would call.

Sometime later, as I continued to rub my small, trapped, shrunken penis, there was a knock at the door. "Yes," I called out, quickly moving my hand away.

My mother-in-law opened and walked into the bedroom. "Before I got ready for bed, I wanted to see if you needed to use the facilities."

I looked at the clock on the night table. 10:35. I stood up. "Yes, I do." I just stood there, unsure what to do.

She sensed my hesitation. "Get undressed so I can undo the stocking."

I gulped. Of course. More nakedness in front of her. More shame. More humiliation.

I stood before her, naked, save for the stocking wrapped tightly around my cock and balls.

She motioned me closer with a finger gesture. I took a step closer, shaking, breathing heavily. She moved one hand down to my organ, gripped it gently. Her other hand went to my chest, her fingers gently glided downward, towards my crotch. "You know you have such pretty skin, so soft" -- both her hands were now holding my flaccid organ. "So feminine."

I swallowed hard again.

"I told you not to be ashamed, I told you there is nothing wrong with it, there is nothing wrong with a pretty boy." She was twisting my penis, untwisting the stocking.

"There," she said, "go ahead."

I walked towards the master bath. "Feminine thoughts, Michael."

I looked back at her, my face wrinkled in question.

She grinned. "Men stand, women don't."

"Yes, Ma'am." I sat down, relieved myself, which took a minute given that it had been several hours.

When I walked back into the bedroom, Mrs. Stanton was too walking back in from the hall, holding something pink and flowing in her hands. "Done? Good. Let's get you tucked back up and dressed for bed." Yes, the something pink and flowing was meant for me.

"I don't usually wear anything to bed," I said.

"Hmmm," she said, ignoring me, setting down what was in her hands and picking up the stocking. "Come now, let's get this back on you."

"Mrs. Stanton, is this really necessary?"

"Necessary? I know little boys get erections at night and have nocturnal discharge, of course it is necessary."

"I'm not a little boy," I said, standing up straighter, folding my arms, trying to use my spine. Honestly, this was just about enough.

"Hmmm, no? Already thinking of yourself as a little girl, then? Perhaps you're learning quicker than I thought."

I just glared, picking the fight. I had to pick the fight. This was, really, too much.

She was prepared, I'll give her that, for she retorted hard and fast. She looked right at my soft penis, stared at it. "Because you're certainly not going to tell me you're a man, are you? I know otherwise from your wife. Who, by the way, would be most interested, would she not, to learn that her dear husband was such a disgusting panty sniffing pervert."

I dropped my arms, looked down. Susan. Serve Susan. Serve her mother. Serve Susan.

"I told you, Michael, you are going to be taught a lesson, taught what it is like to be a woman. Otherwise, you can explain yourself to Susan."

"Fine," I sighed.

She sat on the edge of the bed, stocking gathered again, held outward. "Step closer, there you go." Again she twisted the stocking over my soft penis, gathering it so it was taut over me, leaving me nowhere to move or grow.

"You may think me cruel, Michael, but before you do, consider, you were the one sniffing my panties. You were the one abusing yourself. You were the one disrespecting me, Susan and all women. You. Not me. Not Susan. Not any other woman. You. I will not sit here while my daughter's husband acts like this. I'm of a mind to simply tell her and let her deal with you, but I do not want to break her heart. You may not like my methods for dealing with a misbehaving little boy, but that's something you should have considered yesterday. Are we clear, Michael?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Excellent. Now, you're wearing that all night as I'm not going to have you spending the night thinking with that little thing. As for what you're wearing to bed, you may sleep naked, but a woman does not. A woman

covers herself, both to look pretty for her husband and for modesty's sake. It's a habit you may want to familiarize yourself with."

She picked up the pink garments from the bed. "This is a peignoir set. Appropriate for wearing to bed, for feeling feminine for a man, yet, modest enough that a woman could answer the door if need be."

She held out to me a pair of pink panties. "These first, dear." I took the panties, stepped into them. She held out the top. It was soft, semi-sheer, layered, made of the same material as the panties.

"I'm sure your Susan sleeps in something a bit more modern, but this is what women my age wore to bed when I was younger." She handed the top to me, watched me pull it over my arms and head. The soft layers dropped over my hips, over the panties, down to my legs, to just above mid thigh. "Very pretty," she commented.

Dressed, I stood in front of her, feelings of femininity washing over me again, feelings of inadequacy, feelings of emasculation.

"Many a husband in the fifties and sixties would look forward to seeing his wife dressed in something so pretty at the end of a day. Of course, there was a wife or two who'd similarly look forward to seeing her effeminate husband dressed just like this, looking so soft, so pretty."

"Mrs. Stanton, I...I don't like this."

"You don't have to like it, Michael. That really doesn't matter to me. You need only appreciate it. Don't try to deny how pretty you look. Even pretty boys have their uses, don't be ashamed of it."

Though ashamed I was, I could not help feeling it, all over me.

"Why don't you get to bed, Michael, you've had a long day, you must be tired."

I didn't want to tell her I was waiting for Susan to call. Something seemed wrong with that, probably my hesitation to explain to her mother why she had not called as late as it was. Instead I walked to my side of the bed, pulled back the covers. Mrs. Stanton walked to the door.

"Are you working from home again tomorrow?"

"No, I need to go to the office, why?" Which was true enough, though I was eager just to be away from her.

"Oh, no reason. Good night, Michael."

"Good night."

I got under the covers, the soft folds of the nightgown flowed over me, held me, touched me. I wanted to talk to Susan. I needed to talk to Susan. I

tried her cell phone. Voice mail.

I sighed. She must still be out. It was approaching eleven at night and she was still out. My wife was still out. Still out at dinner, or who knew what, with a guy. One who obviously wanted her.

Still out.

Right? Was she still out? I lay in the dark, mind racing. Sissy. Sissy.

Was she?

Her mother told me I didn't satisfy her. Was that true? Was I too small, to quick?

I reached down my front, let my hands run across my chest, over the soft fabric. It did feel pretty. I didn't want to admit it, but I felt pretty. The soft fabric of the peignoir felt so sexy, so pretty.

My hand went lower, to my crotch. The nightie had ridden up just enough to leave my panties exposed to my hand. I felt the lump, my shrunken penis, trapped in panties, wrapped in a stocking. I was small. I knew it, I couldn't help it, though. I was just small.

"Don't be ashamed," Mrs. Stanton told me. But I was ashamed.

Sissy.

Was Susan ashamed of it, too? Did she want more? Where was she? Where was she?

Was she out? Or wasn't she? Was she back in her hotel? Was she back, not answering, because she wasn't alone? Was she in her hotel room with Tom?

Did he bring her home?

I started rubbing myself through the panties, through the stocking. I couldn't get erect, I realized that immediately. I kept rubbing, just with my finger tips again. Rubbing myself like a woman.

Did Susan invite Tom back into her hotel room?

I was rubbing. Despite not being able to get an erection, it felt good. Very good. I rubbed. I thought of Susan.

He wanted her. Tom wanted her. Wanted my wife, my Susan.

She felt naughty. How naughty? How erotic?

I moved one of my hands up my stomach, touching myself through the nightie. To my chest, rubbing.

Was she just talking to a co-worker? Or was she flirting? He'd already seen her in her lingerie. My lingerie. Was he seducing her?

I was rubbing my nipple, rubbing my shrunken...organ...I was a girl. I was a sissy.

Was my wife a slut? Was she thinking of me? Was she thinking of her loving husband? Was she thinking of unsatisfying sex? Too small and too quick?

Was she fucking him???

I rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. I fell asleep rubbing, thinking of Susan.

Something startled me awake. What? Where was I?

Oh, in bed, in bed wearing, oh...oh yes.

Again. What was...

The phone. My cell phone.

I sleepily grabbed it. "Hello," I mumbled.

What time was it? Dark, very dark.

"Sweetie." Susan. Susan calling.

I looked at the bedside table, squinted. "12:40"

"Susan," I mumbled, still not quite processing. 12:40?

"I'm sorry."

"What?"

"Did I wake you?"

"No, I...I mean...yes...sorry? Sorry for what?" What did she do?

Suddenly my mind was alert, very alert. Was she confessing? Was my wife sorry for cheating on me?

"I'm sorry I called so late."

"Oh." That was it. But wait, it was late. Why was it so late?

"What...why..."

"We were out late, I am sorry, I just lost track of time."

"Susan, it is after midnight."

"I know honey, one thing led to another, you know..."

I know? I did not know. What is another?

"Where...where are you?"

"Oh...back in my room."

I swallowed. The tone was strange. So was my question. "Alone," I gulped?

"Alone? Of course, silly..."

"Oh, I..." We talked over one another.

"Tom just left."

I couldn't help it, help the thoughts. I didn't want to think them, but couldn't help them. He just left her hotel room? He was in her room, again? He just left because he just finished. They just finished. They just finished fucking.

"Oh," I mumbled. Angry. Excited. I felt my penis, swell, what little it could, in the stocking. I was touching myself again through the panties.

"Again, I'm sorry for calling so late. We had a terrible time getting a cab. Not easy to do in downtown Atlanta on a weeknight, I guess."

"Oh, you...you just got back to the hotel, he didn't..."

"We were going to have a drink, but the bar downstairs was closed, so we came up to my room for a quick drink and he just left."

I was relieved. Nothing happened. I think I was relieved. Yet I was still rubbing. Nothing happened, right?

"What...what did you do?"

"Hmmm? Oh, just ate dinner, stopped by a club next to the restaurant, not much. Danced a little. Talked. You know how it is, entertaining clients or co-workers."

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, I know it's late."

"It's okay..."

"Are you behaving?"

"Yes, yes," I answered quickly.

"Hmmm, serving mother?"

"Yes." If she only knew.

"And, did you, um, behave on the other thing?"

"The...the other thing?"

"What did I tell you not to do," she asked seductively.

"Susan!"

"Yes, my pet?"

"Nothing, I...nothing." She was quickly reverting back to the mood she was in earlier.

"What did I tell you not to do," she asked again.

"Not...not to masturbate," I answered, closing my eyes in embarrassment.

"And have you?"

"No, well..."

"What, Michael, well what?"

"I...I touched myself...but I didn't cum," I quickly explained.

"Well, I suppose that's okay. Good boy. I told you, I want you to be my bitch when I get home tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! I...I thought you were going to be gone till..."

"Wednesday. I know. We finished early. The problem wasn't as bad as we thought."

"That's great!"

"I know, lover, I know. The Atlanta people are glad to see us go. Most of them, anyway."

"Most?"

"Sure. They don't like corporate nosing around. I think they are all glad to see us leave. Well, maybe not Tom," she chuckled.

"What time will you be home?"

"I think my plane lands at four, so no later than five. Miss me?"

"God, yes, Susan."

"Eager?"

"To see you? Yes."

"Hmmm, I meant, eager to be my bitch," she purred.

"Yes, Susan, yes."

"Tell me, Michael, tell me again before I let you go back to sleep."

"I...I want to be your bitch."

"You're going to Michael, you're going to!"

"You're such a tease, Susan."

"I'm not teasing, lover. I miss you and I can't wait to see you."

We said our goodbyes and I fell back asleep, dreaming of Susan, of serving, of submitting, and thinking of Tom. And Susan.

I slept okay. I wasn't awake all night, but I had the conscious sense ever time I turned over of the lingerie, of my trapped penis, of feminization, of submission.

When I woke, I wasn't sure what do to. Was I allowed to dress? Could I take off the lingerie? The stocking around my penis. I assumed that Mrs. Stanton would make me wait, so I did. I remained afraid to cross her, afraid she'd tell Susan. Especially with Susan coming home today.

I didn't have to wait long after turning on the bedroom light. My mother-in-law came in shortly after, without knocking. "Ah, my pretty son-in-law is up."

"Yes." I looked at the floor. Pretty. The word was enough to humble me.

"Tell me, sissy, have you learned your lesson."

I opened my mouth to challenge her...I was not a sissy! But I thought better of it. Susan was coming home today, perhaps it was better to just play along, to go along, to keep things calm. This seemed like a way out of this mess. I was afraid to tell her I had, but also afraid to tell her I wasn't a sissy. To be honest, part of me was afraid I just might be a sissy.

"Yes, Ma'am," I finally answered.

"Well I'm not so certain, to be honest, but...I'm willing to give you the benefit of the doubt...for now. You may dress in your own things, but..."

"Thank you," I sighed with relief.

"But," she said, talking over me, "but, don't you doubt for a single second that I'm watching you. If you disappoint me in the least, trust me, your lessons thus far will pale in comparison. Are we clear on that...sissy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered, looking at the floor. Sissy. Again with that word.

"And if EVER you do something so disgusting with my lingerie again..."

"Yes, Ma'am, I understand."

Mrs. Stanton held out her hand. "Give me those things."

I quickly undressed, shedding the lingerie she'd forced on me. Shedding the feminine garments, the feminine feeling. Shedding the disgust at what I'd allowed to happen. Shedding all of it.

"Never again," she said, turning and walking out of the room, "never again."

Work sucked. I didn't have a great day at the office with any of the projects I was working on, any of the people I was dealing with, or any of the various emails or phone calls responded to.

I knew Susan was on the way home and missed her terribly, though I realized I also had some underlying apprehension about her return. I was concerned that Mrs. Stanton would say something to Susan about what had

happened. I was also struggling to understand my feelings about Susan's colleague, Tom.

Susan sent me a text when her plane took off but other than that, I had did not hear from her at all during the day.

When I got home from work late in the afternoon, my mother-in-law was out. Oddly, I felt a pull towards her room, towards her things, towards her lingerie. Something I had to resist. Disgusting.

I heard her voice. Disgusting.

Susan sent me another text when her plane landed. "Just landed. B home in an hour or so."

I thought about making dinner, but didn't know if she'd eaten on the plane, would want to eat when she got home, or just relax. I was certain what I wanted to do when she got home. I put a couple of bottles of wine to chill, hoping that she'd want that, if nothing else.

At six, I heard the garage door open. Was it Susan or her mother. Either way, either one, my heart raced a bit quicker.

"Michael?" Susan. It was Susan.

"In here, Susan," I practically yelled, heart quickening even more.

Susan walked quickly from the garage to the den, luggage trailing behind her. "God I'm glad to be home," she said.

I stood up to meet her, kiss her, but she took a step back. "Michael, believe me, I want a hug as much as you, but I'm just, yuck, from the plane and the airports. Let me take my things upstairs and take a shower first, okay?"

I frowned, though not for the reason she thought. "Ten minutes, that's all hon, then I'm yours for the night. Why don't you get us something to drink and come up in ten minutes, okay?"

I'd frowned only in small part because I wanted a hug. More disappointing was what I'd hoped to do. I was already fantasizing about undressing her, slowly peeling away her clothes to discovery the lingerie she was wearing, to see her, my beautiful wife, in the garter belt and stockings I knew she had to be wearing.

"Okay," I openly frowned.

"Ten minutes lover, just let me shower," she smiled, heading towards the stairs. "Ten minutes."

I frowned even more as she left the room, frowned as I watched her walk away, frowned as I admired her legs, looked at nylons, imagined her

in stockings.

Ten minutes later I walked upstairs into our bedroom carrying a bottle of white wine and two wine glasses. Susan's suitcase was on the bed, still closed. I sat on the bed, looked towards the bathroom, heard the shower still running. There was a pile of clothes just outside the bathroom door where Susan must have undressed. I looked at the pile of clothes, her skirt suit, blouse, but more important, saw a small pile behind the skirt suit, a small pile of lingerie.

Pink.

Susan had worn her pink bra, panties, and garter belt, nude stockings. I felt a stirring in my crotch. I felt a stirring from imagining her in them, yet, disappointment that I'd not seen it.

"Michael," I heard Susan snap. I looked up from the pile of clothes. Susan was standing in the bathroom doorway, towel wrapped around her, another drying her hair. "Welcome back." She must have called my name several times.

"Hmmm, oh...yes."

She looked down to her left, to the pile of clothes. "Oh, I see."

"What?"

"I'm sorry, hon. You wanted to see me wearing something you bought me, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted, frowning slightly.

"I'm sorry, sweetie."

I looked away shyly. "You could...get dressed again?"

"Michael, I smelled like airplane and sweat and the fat guy sitting next to me, yuck."

I looked towards her suitcase, rather desperately said, "what...what about one of the other ones."

"Well, they're soiled too, though I suppose at least they don't smell like airplane. Or fat man. I suppose I could dress in one of them...the black set or the white set?"

"Yes," I said, trying not to sound too pathetic. "I...I bet you looked very nice in both of them."

"I don't know, Michael. I wore the white set on Monday, it's at the bottom of my dirty bag, underneath my running stuff. I'm not sure running sweat is any better than airplane sweat."

"You could wear the black one," I suggested, voice quivering.

"But I wore that last night to..." She didn't say anything else, she just left her words hanging.

I looked up at her, my eyes speaking for me, the words only through thought.

"You want me to be naughty, don't you, Michael?"

I looked down again, blushing. Immediately I thought of her standing in her black lingerie in front of her co-worker. I thought of Tom staring at her, wanting to fuck her. Touching her.

"I told you how naughty I felt wearing that."

"Yes, Susan." I still would not look at her. Naughty. Naughty.

"Michael, why...why don't we just..."

"Please, Susan," I said, licking my lips.

Something clicked in both our minds. I was begging her, begging her to be naughty. She seemed to want to, but was holding back. She stopped rubbing her hair. "Michael," she whispered, "I..."

"Please Susan, I," I took a deep breath, shaking, spoke the words I was afraid to say. "I...I want to be your bitch."

Susan's eyes hardened. Click.

"How are you going to pour us wine, Michael?"

I frowned. "What?"

"You don't have a cork screw."

I realized she was right. Wine. Glasses. Nothing to open with. "I forgot," I actually blushed, "I was thinking..."

"Michael," she stopped me.

I looked at her.

"Michael, why don't you go back downstairs, open the bottle, and bring me a glass of wine." Me. Before she said bring us some wine. Now, bring her wine.

Serve her. Serve Susan. Serve my wife.

I served her. I served her mother. Serve. Serve.

I left the room, watching her as she watched me. Serve. Serve.

Opening the wine I felt my hands shaking. What was I doing? The fucking black outfit? Why? Why? She wore that to dinner with Tom. That was disgusting.

What was wrong with me?

She wore that to dinner with Tom. That disgusted me. That excited me.

I stayed downstairs for several minutes before opening the wine as I thought my wife would need time to change, to get dressed, to get naughty.

I poured Susan a glass of wine, left the second glass, my glass, on the counter. Serve her.

I brought the single glass of wine and the bottle upstairs, back into our bedroom.

I gasped when I walked into the room. Susan was standing in front of her dresser mirror, brushing her hair. She heard me come into the room, saw me in the mirror, but said nothing as she kept brushing.

She was wearing the black lingerie. The bra, panties, and garter belt. The black stockings. She'd put on black strappy heels, too. The effect was...amazing.

Seeing my wife dressed like this was everything I'd ever imagined, ever fantasized about. Susan had long, shapely legs, the kind of legs stockings were made for.

"Thank you," she finally said, looking at me in the mirror, seeing me holding the single glass of wine. For her. "Set it down there," she pointed to the night stand next to her side of the bed.

I put the wine down, never taking my eyes off her.

"Are you sure, Michael?"

"Susan?"

"Sure you want this? Really?"

"Yes," I said quietly, drinking in her body.

"I don't know if you understand what you're asking for, Michael," she said, turning to face me.

I looked at her with a puzzled look.

"I don't know if you understand what I mean when I say how naughty I feel dressed like this, Michael. If you know how I feel about you right now. I don't know if you can because I hardly understand it myself."

"I I want to serve you, Susan."

"I know, Michael. And I want you to serve me. I want you to pamper me. I want you to," she looked at me, looked me in the eyes. "I want you to be my bitch, Michael. That's how I feel dressed like this. I want you to forget about you, I want you to focus on me. Me."

"I know, Susan."

"Do you? Do you really?"

I looked down again.

"Do you know, really? Michael, look at me."

I did, I looked up.

Susan looked at me, gave me a final warning. "You wanted black, Michael, just remember. You wanted naughty. Remember that, Michael. You wanted it."

"Yes," I answered, not fully realizing what she meant.

"You wanted to be my bitch."

"Yes."

"I just wanted to make that clear."

"I know, Susan."

"Good. Remember on the phone, remember I told you black made me feel this way. Made me want you to serve me, to be my bitch?"

"Yes, Susan, yes," I said, somewhat annoyed. "I get it."

She chuckled. "You say you get it, but you don't get it. You're standing there, dressed, like you're my equal. A man standing dressed like that, in front of a woman dressed like I am...he's saying by his body language that he's an equal, if not a superior. Looking at me like you're a customer and I'm a stripper or a prostitute, or even your mistress."

"You, um, you want me to get undressed," I asked, smiling. Serving her wasn't that bad, was it? I'd gladly get naked.

"I do, Michael. But, and this is the part you won't like, but then, you're my bitch, so, well, it doesn't matter."

"What part?" What wasn't to like about getting naked with my wife?

"This is about me, remember, serving me."

"Yes," I grinned. I knew that, I liked that.

"I want you naked. But you forgot, didn't you. I want you naked, I want my...bitch...naked. But this is about me. I want you naked, Michael. I want you...I want your hands all over me. I want your mouth all over me. But it's about me. I want you pleasuring me. I want you naked because you're serving me and naked makes you more vulnerable. I want you naked, but it's about me." She looked me over from head to toe. "I want you naked, but, well, this is about me, I don't want you thinking with your penis. I don't want you thinking, two more minutes of licking and then I'm sticking. I want you serving me, not thinking about your own pleasure. This is about me, not you."

"I know, Susan, I...you know I want to serve you."

"Yes, Michael, but boys are boys. I want you naked but I don't want you thinking with your penis. In fact, I want you naked but I don't want to see, I don't even want to feel, your penis. You're my bitch, not my husband right now, my bitch."

"I know."

"But see, you don't know. I can already see what you're thinking. Whatever she wants. I'll agree to whatever she wants...because at the end, you think you're getting off, you think you're fucking me."

I looked at her. Duh? Of course.

"That's what you don't get, Michael. I'm naughty. I feel naughty. I'm going to be naughty. You're my bitch. You're serving me. That's what you don't get yet, Michael...you're not getting off. You're not going to fuck me, Michael."

"But I...we can..."

"You're not getting off. You're my bitch tonight. You're serving me. Your only pleasure is in pleasing me. I want you naked, Michael, NOW," she emphasized, "but I have no interest in your penis. None. I told you the other day, I'd just as soon hide that, hide your penis in a pair of my panties than anything else. I don't want to see it, I don't want you thinking about it, I don't want you using it. At all."

Panties. PANTIES!

"Susan..."

"It sounds foolish, doesn't it. That's what you think. I'm being selfish, crazy, silly even."

"No, I..."

"It doesn't matter, Michael. You're going to be my bitch. In fact, I have a better idea, Michael. I don't want to see or feel your penis. I don't want you thinking about it, either. Get undressed, Michael, get naked, now."

I started undressing, still thinking she wasn't serious. Still thinking I was going to lick her and kiss her and fuck her. I didn't care how naughty she was, how she felt. I wanted to drop to my knees and lick her for hours, but I wanted her, I wanted to feel her, to be inside her.

I finished undressing, looked up at Susan.

"What," I asked her. She was staring at my midsection, at my semi-erect penis.

"I don't want to see that," she said with tone of disgust.

"Susan," I protested. Her tone, for some reason, hurt. It wasn't sensual. It wasn't seductive. She continued to stare. I felt some humiliation creeping into my blood. Susan crossed her arms, staring.

"I want you to serve me, Michael. I don't want to see that. I don't want to feel that. I don't want to think about it."

"Susan, what do you want me to do." Her continued stare continued to humiliate me. The feeling reversed whatever sexual excitement I'd felt when I first saw her dressed like she was. I was quickly going from semi-erect so semi-soft, from semi-soft, to soft, to limp.

"What do I want you to do? I told you before, I should put you into a pair of my panties. I told you before, I don't want you thinking with that, even small like that."

Small? Her words were like a slap...to my face...to my flaccid penis.

"Susan..."

"But that wouldn't work, would it? But..." She paused, thought. "But that might..."

"What...what might?"

"What are you, Michael?"

"What?"

"What are you," she asked again, forcefully.

I knew what she meant. "I'm your bitch, Susan."

"Sit down, on the bed."

I sat. Susan went to her suitcase, still on the bed, opened it, took something out.

"Susan, what are you doing," I asked her, looking at what she was holding in her hands.

"Control top pantyhose, Michael. I don't think I'm going to need them anymore."

My mouth felt like cotton, dry, sticky. She didn't mean...

I felt dizzy. This wasn't happening. She didn't really mean for me to...

She cackled. "I was going to make you wear a pair of my panties, just to show me you were my bitch, to show me you were not going to think with...that. But that was just for symbolism sake. It dawned on me that I can combine functionality with the symbolism."

"You...you don't really expect me to...to..."

"Wear these? Hmmm, but you're my bitch, Michael, why not?"

"Pantyhose are for girls," I complained.

"That's the point...bitch...you're not my man tonight." She knelt down in front of me while gathering up one of the legs of the nude pantyhose.

"You're my bitch. You're not my man. I don't want you to think that you are." She put the pantyhose on one of my feet, gathered up the other leg, onto my other foot, started pulling them up my legs.

"Stand up." I did. She pulled the hosiery up my knees, my thighs, over my hips, ass, my crotch, pulling the elastic up, tight. Susan reached into the front of the control top, tugged, pushed, pulled my limp penis, my balls, pushing my balls inside me, pulling my limp cock down and back between my legs, pulled the hose tight, very tight.

"There, much better."

I looked down, winced. Everything was tight, constricted. There was no way my penis was going to move a millimeter, no way it could ever get hard.

"Hmmm, feel it, bitch? I told you, I don't want to see it or feel it."

How could she? I was held tight.

"Feel it? Get it?" Susan moved her fingers to my crotch, rubbed.

"Control top pantyhose work to hold everything a woman has in place. Funny, works just the same for something like this. Something small and tucked away."

She kept rubbing, gently, teasing. I felt, like yesterday with her mother's stocking, blood rushing to me, trying to fill me, but with nowhere to go. "I told you I felt naughty, didn't I? I told you, I don't want you thinking like a husband today, I want you thinking like a bitch...my bitch...in fact..."

Oh god, what, what?

"I'm disappointed; I can still see a tiny lump. I don't want to see anything. Anything."

"Please Susan, just...just let me..." Lick you. I just wanted to lick her. "Just let me...serve you let me "

"Small and hidden...I didn't use panties because I didn't want you growing. I don't even want to see this little lump." She quickly stood, went to her dresser, opened her lingerie drawer. As soon as she turned around, I knew what was in her hand. A pink satin pj set that consisted of loose tap panties, a satin top, part of a set I bought her last year for her birthday.

"Susan, no, please, I can't...I don't want to..."

"You already said you'd wear panties to be my bitch...didn't you? These would never have held you in place, but they will do the trick covering

things up. Put them on...they are boy shorts, after all, so what's wrong with my little boy wearing them?" She smirked at her pun. She set the top down on the dresser, held the panties towards me.

"Susan..." I couldn't. What was she possibly thinking? This wasn't just naughty...this was...

"Michael," she said softening, "please, oh god, please. I...I know, this is strange, but...I...I told you...I feel so...so naughty. I don't know why, I don't know what it is, but please. I...I felt like this since yesterday, please, I just want you to...to serve me, to...to pleasure me...to please me...please...just...just...please. I...I can't explain it, I just feel...

Her mother had forced me to wear panties to punish me. She was begging me to wear panties to please her, to serve her.

"Naughty?"

"Yes, oh god, yes."

I took the panties from her, hands shaking, slipped my nylon-covered legs into them, pulled them up, pulled them on, hiding my trapped penis in pantyhose, in panties.

"Please, be my bitch, Michael."

Uneasy, even shaking, I lowered my head, lowered myself to my knees, lower. I lowered myself to her feet, to her stocking covered feet, slowly, kissed each one, slowly, acknowledging my submission to her.

Susan sat down on the edge of the bed. "Worship me, Michael."

"Yes, Susan," I moaned, licking her feet.

"Serve me, Michael," she ordered me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I groaned.

"Be my bitch, Michael. Start with my feet, lick me, kiss me, worship every inch of my body."

"God, Susan."

"Start down there, Michael, take off my heels, be my bitch, worship my naughty feet, bitch."

Hands trembling, I slowly removed one of Susan's heels, gently planting kisses on her nylon-covered foot. I dropped her foot, switched to the other, looked up at her, into her eyes, saw the lust, the hunger, the passion on her face. I'd done no more than kiss her toes and already her eyes were fluttering with pleasure.

Kneeling before her, one of her feet in my hands, mouth open, sucking one of her toes, I gasped in my own pleasure.

"Hmmm," Susan giggled as I shook. The way I was kneeling, her other foot in front of me, she simply had to move her other foot forward ever so slightly and it came in direct contact with my crotch. Her foot, nylon stocking, in direct contact with the pink satin of the tap panties I was wearing, covering the pantyhose that so tightly held my penis folded back, trapped against my body.

Her foot felt amazing, so soft, so sensual, so exciting.

"Keep licking and don't move," she ordered quietly.

Move? Why would I want to move? The feeling of her stocking covered foot against my stocking covered limp organ was amazing, breathtaking.

"Don't move an inch," she said again, stroking me now through layers of nylon and satin.

I looked up at her. "Never, Susan," I smiled with my eyes, my mouth full of her toes.

I was swelling, swelling.

"Uugh," I grunted. In a few seconds, my swelling penis quickly switched. In mere seconds, pleasure began to fade.

It was replaced by tightness. "Susan," I moaned.

"Don't move."

It dawned on me. I thought Susan was telling me not to move, as in, not to press harder against her foot. It was just the opposite. She was telling me, in advance, not to back away. As she rubbed, blood flooded my penis, trying to make it swell. Bent back as it was, held tight by her control top pantyhose, there was nowhere for me to grow.

"Susan," I gasped.

"I told you I felt naughty, didn't I, Michael? You begged just the same." Her foot pressed into my bent shaft, daring it to grow, to swell more than it could.

I sensed just enough of her mood that I should not only stay still, pressed against her foot, but that I also should continue my kissing, licking, worship of her other foot.

"Ironic."

I looked up at her, puzzled, her foot half in my mouth.

"You wanted me to wear something like this for so long, didn't you? Dreamed about it, fantasized about it."

"Yes," I answered, continuing my tongue bath of her foot.

"Ironic, then."

"What," I grunted, the pain in my crotch increasing as she continued her massage of my trapped penis.

"Ironie, lover," she grinned, obviously enjoying my mouth on the sensitive skin of her foot. "Ironie," she pressed into my swollen organ, "that you weren't there to see me the first time I wore this."

I moaned loudly as some unseen store of erotically charged energy tried to flood into my trapped penis at the thought of her wearing this lingerie in front of Tom. I caught Susan's eyes, a wry smile, a twinkle. I waited for her to say something about Tom, to tell me, to confess. But she just watched, rubbed, enjoyed my mouth on her foot.

"Ironie, because after all that fantasizing about seeing me dressed like this, I would have thought you'd get an erection."

"I I can't, Susan," I moaned, balls in pain, penis in pain.

"I know. Ironie. A man would get hard seeing me dressed like this, Michael."

I just looked at her, eyes begging, hungry, needy.

"I want your tongue all over me, bitch," she growled, pulling back, moving her foot away from my crotch, pulling herself back onto the bed.

"Serve me, Michael, serve me."

I attacked her. I wanted to fuck her like a wild animal, but I couldn't. I couldn't even get hard. So instead I attacked her with my mouth. Fine, if I couldn't do what I really wanted to do, I could at least ravage her with my tongue, my lips. It was like every sexual neuron redirected from my penis to my mouth.

My attack wasn't hard. It wasn't fast. It was quiet, it was stealth. It was a release, really, a release from wanting to fuck her, to an instant later, wanting to lick her. Everywhere.

Her calves, her thighs, her knees, her stomach. Her wrists, her ass, her ankles. The inner skin of her legs. Her fingers. Her elbows.

Everywhere.

Everywhere but her pussy. I was saving that. I wanted to make her cum as many times as I could before I got near there, before I gave her that.

It was in kissing my way up her right arm that, looking back, everything changed in our marriage. Well, everything might have already changed, but that's when it really dawned on me, probably dawned on her just the same. Maybe I pretend to know more than I do. I don't know.

But it was while I was kissing my way up her arm. I'd been licking and kissing her everywhere for a half hour, an hour. I was kissing and biting my way up her arm, to her neck. Her arm was under me when I felt it, the dance of her fingers.

I realized my crotch was hovering over her hand. I'd purposely, for the last hour, done everything I could to avoid letting my penis touch her, for as turned on as I was, without the physical contact I was slightly, but not uncomfortably swollen.

I felt her fingers lift up, tease me. I was kissing her neck, could feel her hot breath in my ear. I started to move, but she licked my ear. Her wet tongue froze me in place, froze me directly over her hand. She teased me, danced her fingers over the satin panties while I nuzzled her neck.

"You can't get hard, can you," she whispered in my ear.

I responded non-verbally. I bit her neck gently, lover to lover.

"It's ironic," she whispered in my ear. I felt her fingers back, where the tip of my penis was trapped. Rubbing. Quickly. "You wanted to see me dressed in lingerie like this so badly and you can't even get hard."

I bit her neck again, harder, nuzzling, attacking, feeling her shudder in pleasure.

"It's ironic. You can't get hard. It's ironic. I thought you'd be so excited seeing me wearing this you'd have an instant erection. Any real man would. In fact, Tom didn't have any trouble getting hard when he saw me wearing this."

I gasped, I moaned, I kissed her harder still. Tom. Tom! TOM! Her words, the mention of his name, shot through me.

"Susan," I moaned, feeling the blood, the erotic energy that had been dispersed all over my body suddenly rushing to my crotch.

"What, lover, what?"

I was quivering, moaning, humping her hand.

"You're jumping, lover, why?"

"Susan," I moaned again.

She said nothing for several minutes, just let me kiss her neck, nuzzle her. She moved her hand away from my crotch, enjoyed my tongue on her.

I just kissed and kissed and kissed. She moaned, touched. I felt her tongue, her wet tongue, in my ear, her breath, hot, blowing. Wet matching my wet.

After several minutes in this position I felt her fingers ever so lightly on my trapped penis, teasing, toying, so lightly.

"His cock was so hard, Michael," she whispered in my ear.

"Oh god," I choked. I don't know why that instant things changed. Why that second I realized I was in bed with my wife, wearing pantyhose and panties. Why right then I felt my trapped penis. Why that was when it all flooded into my brain.

Why did she know his cock was hard? Why would she

Why?

WHY?

"Susan," I exclaimed, "how do you...

She seemed to be waiting for it, seemed to be reading my mind, seemed to have anticipated.

"Shhhh, Michael, shhhh." She licked me, continued teasing my penis.

His cock was so hard. His cock was so hard!

How did she know? She didn't didn't my brain could barely think it. She didn't fuck him???

"Susan," I said again, trying to sit up.

"Michael, shhhh, please, trust me "

Trust her. Trust her. Why wouldn't I trust her? She was my wife, my friend, my lover. Trust her. Trust her.

"But "

She giggled. "Lick my breasts, Michael."

I looked down from her face, down towards her chest. Her breasts were inside her beautiful black bra. I felt hungry.

"Serve me, Michael, serve me." She said this while continuing to rub me, continuing to rub my soft, but throbbing penis through the panties and pantyhose.

"Susan," I moaned.

"Lick my breasts, Michael."

I submitted, moved slightly so my head, my face, my mouth, were on the top of her breasts, licking her, tasting her skin. Her hand was still pressed against my crotch, but she was no longer moving it, just letting it rest there.

I kissed her breasts, licked, touched. I listened to her moan as my tongue would flick near, but not quite touch, her nipples.

I once again got lost in pleasing her, serving her, submitting to her.

I once again focused on Susan, her skin, her breasts, licking, kissing, teasing, touching.

I once again forgot about my own pleasure. It was all about her. I forgot about my own orgasm. It was about her. I forgot about my trapped penis. It was about her.

I had her right breast mostly out of her bra as I kneaded it with my fingers while teasing her nipple with my tongue, licked it.

I had a game I played, imagination; her breast was an ice cream cone. I licked around her nipple, the swell of her breast, as I would a dripping cone, licking off each imaginary drop of melted ice cream. Slowly, circling, darting over her nipple as she moaned, closer and closer to orgasm.

I had her nipple in my mouth, holding it gently in my teeth, flicking her nipple with my tongue, as she shuddered, cumming.

"Oh, Michael," she moaned, shaking, "Michael Michael "

"Yes," I asked, as I flicked her nipple again, making her cum again.

"His cock was so hard, Michael." I moaned, suddenly aware, once again, of her hand on my crotch. Her hand had not moved at all, but as soon as she said those words, my penis felt tight, trapped again, sore.

"Susan," I moaned. Susan shook and shook and shook with her nipple pinched in between my teeth, her hand pressed against my twitching trapped cock.

"Susan," I gasped, "you you " I couldn't bring myself to say it, to accuse her. She couldn't have, wouldn't have!

Before I could try to ask again, Susan used her free hand, the hand not pressing against my penis, used the free hand to pull my head off her nipple, towards her face, and plant her mouth directly on mine.

"Susan," I tried to say, but couldn't, not with her tongue deep inside my mouth, probing, kissing, licking.

I felt her hand shift, her leg, her whole body move to one side. Suddenly I was moving, as Susan, mouth still attached to mine, shifted, flipped, our bodies traded position, and suddenly, Susan was on top of me, still kissing me.

Immediately I realized her panty covered pussy was pressed directly against I shook against my panty covered penis.

Oh god. The pain was all over me, sore, tight, pain. I was twitching, folded, trapped in the pantyhose, desperate, but unable to fully swell, to get hard. I wanted it so badly, couldn't have it, needed it, was denied it.

I tried not to focus on it, tried to ignore it, tried to think of anything else. Susan's legs were next to and touching mine. I kissed her, moved to kiss deeper, felt my leg slip against hers. "Ohhh," I groaned and heard her groan at the same time. Her legs were so soft, mine, so soft, nylon against nylon.

"That feels so good, Michael," Susan said as she kissed me deeply, as she rubbed her leg up and down mine. "So soft, Michael, so pretty."

We kissed for several tender minutes, our wet mouths pressed together in passion, amazingly, our nylon-covered legs rubbing against one another.

Slowly, seductively, Susan moved her legs upward so that she was straddling my midsection, her pussy once again pressed right against me, teasing me. "Do you trust me, Michael?"

"What," I asked, pulling my face away from hers. What kind of question was that?

Susan had a spark in her eyes. She started grinding herself back and forth across my penis, across the folded bump, across the spot that was hitting her right on the top of her pussy.

Susan slowly rocked back and forth on top of me while she kissed me, rocked back and forth pleasuring herself while doing nothing but teasing me.

Then she spoke again, spoke in between kisses, spoke in a desperate, hungry whisper. "Do you like the lingerie you bought me lover?"

"Oh my god, yes, Susan," I moaned, kissing her deeply to try to show just how much seeing her beautiful body dressed like this turned me on.

The evil laugh returned, the dominant laugh, the naughty laugh.

"What?"

"Irony, Michael," she kissed me deeply, rubbing her crotch, her panties, faster against mine. "It's ironic that..." She inhaled deeply. "...your little penis is so soft...but his cock was so hard..."

I jerked upward right into her pelvis, my folded, trapped penis, right into her clit. Susan stopped kissing me and simply took several quick, short breaths.

"Susan." I could not take this! Why did she keep saying this? What did she do? What had she done? "Susan, what..." I started to ask.

"Don't talk, Michael," she said. She commanded. Susan was moving as she said this, moving her body upward, off my crotch, scooting up, up my body. She tilted to one side, twisted, then the other. I realized as she moved upward again, she had deftly removed her panties. Her panties were in her

right hand. I watched them closely as she moved her hands to the sides of my head to give herself leverage to move up.

I realized this as she moved up and her scent hit me. The scent, the deep musky smell of her pussy, her damp, wet, pussy. The scent was all over her panties which were not even an inch from my face.

I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, taking in the smell, the sweet sexual smell of her, of Susan, of my wife. Susan must have seen what I was doing. I don't know for I could not, would not open my eyes. I just inhaled. She must have seen for the panties that were close to my face were now pressed against my face. I inhaled and inhaled and inhaled. I felt so humiliated in this instant.

Humiliated for what I was wearing.

Humiliated for my soft penis.

Humiliated for what I'd done to her mother's panties.

Humiliated for submitting to Susan.

Humiliated for whatever she'd done...what had she done?

Humiliated for sniffing my wife's panties right in front of her.

Humiliated for being her bitch.

I was her bitch. I was Susan's bitch. I was my wife's bitch.

Susan moved the panties slightly to my right. My head followed the movement so my nose never left the scent. "Open your mouth," she told me as, eyes closed in shame, I continued to inhale the scent of her sexual excitement. "Be my bitch."

I gulped and slowly opened my mouth. I expected Susan to take her panties from my nose and put them into my mouth. Instead, I felt Susan, wet, soaked, dripping, more than I'd ever felt her. Instead of her panties, which were still on my nose, Susan herself, my wife's dripping pussy, was pressed against and into my open mouth.

"Lick me," she said, commanded, ordered, insisted.

Immediately my tongue darted upward, guided on its own, easily finding and quickly flicking her swollen clit, sending her into an immediate and sudden orgasmic spasm. "Oh my god, Michael, that feels so..." She tilted herself forward to push her clit into my mouth, knocking her panties off my nose in the process.

I held her in my mouth, flicking and flicking, shocked how fast and how violently she was cumming. "Oh god, Michael, oh god, oh god, yes, I love that yes...oh god." Susan's hands were on my head, pulling me into her

pussy. This was so unlike her. Usually she wanted tender, gentle licking, slowly, over time, to make her orgasm. Now she was violent, harsh, demanding.

But even her orgasm was different, not the gentle washing of waves of pleasure, but now, a storm, violent, harsh, powerful.

And then I felt warm liquid all over my face, even in my mouth. Immediately I thought she was urinating on me! Oh, holy fuck, it was in my mouth! Susan was shaking so hard, cumming so hard, she...

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she was crying out.

I started to gag, disgusted at the thought of pee, I started to thrash, but she was too strong on my face, holding me to her.

Then it hit me. The smell, the taste. I thought I was going to vomit. But part of my brain was functioning and realized...

Susan wasn't urinating!

The taste. The smell.

The same smell from her panties.

The same taste as minutes ago.

She wasn't urinating.

Cum.

Susan was cumming in my mouth. She was cumming so violently and so hard that cum was quite literally pouring from her pussy.

It was not pee, it was cum. My wife was cumming so hard that the cum was everywhere.

I fought back another gag and realized I had no choice but to take it, to accept it...

To swallow it.

My wife was cumming in my mouth. It filled me. It dripped down my cheeks. It soaked my face.

And I swallowed it. Like a woman must when her lover unexpectedly cums in her mouth, when suddenly a cock explodes. I felt the way a woman must swallowing cum. Swallowing my wife's cum. Gag or swallow.

I swallowed.

Susan was now lifting and lowering herself to my mouth. Lifting up, taking the pressure off her pussy, her clit off my tongue. Then quickly lowering for a second or two so she could have a quick burst of pleasure, of orgasm.

Finally, Susan just shook. Without me touching her she just shook and shuddered as she surrendered to the pleasure. Normally, if we were fucking, I'd have my penis in her, shaking myself, but now, it was her, just her. I wasn't even hard! She had cum so much it was all over me.

Susan lowered her body, but not to my mouth. She scooted back down me, collapsed on top of me and burst out laughing. "Oh my fucking god, Michael."

"Susan," I moaned, my own crotch was sore, trapped, strained.

"Oh, Michael," she giggled, "you...you have cum all over your face." Yea. And in my mouth and down my throat.

"Susan, what the hell?"

"Michael," she giggled again. "Here." The panties had fallen right next to my mouth. Susan took them in one hand and wiped her cum off my face. They were soaked. I'd never, ever seen anything like that! Not from her, not from anyone. She wiped up enough cum that the panties were soaked.

"I'm so sorry sweetie," she laughed, "I...I should have said something." I felt like our roles were reversed, that she was like a man apologizing for cumming in a woman's mouth.

She was still wiping off my face so her scent was again pushed into my nose, even my mouth. She moved off me, next to me, wiping my face, doing little but spreading her cum all over me, finally leaving the panties laying on one of my shoulders where I could see them, and more, smell them.

"Michael, that was amazing," she sighed, her free hand now tracing circles on my chest. "You're fucking amazing!"

It was humorous in a way. Susan was in an after sex mood, I suppose, having had such an explosive, massive, overwhelming orgasm. She was cuddling me like we'd just made love. I, on the other hand, was as horny and excited as I could be. Disturbed, to certain, but horny just the same. Disturbed in so many ways. Not the least of which, disturbed by Susan's continued, but unexplained, teasing about Tom.

Susan's hand worked its way down my chest and stomach to the dual waistband of the pantyhose and panties. Her fingers traced circles around my stomach, right to the edge of the lingerie, dancing in a way that made me jump with each approach lower.

Her hand moved lower, onto the panties, onto where, if not for the pantyhose, my fully erect cock would be. Now, trapped as it was, my soft

penis wasn't there.

But she moved it lower, to my penis. "Hmmm, so soft," she cooed.

I was uncomfortable now. Confused. Humiliated. Hurt. I could still smell her, now could I not, with the panties right by my face. I was both hurt and, I realized, excited. A strange, unexpected combination. "Susan, you you "

"Michael, nothing happened," she said, reading my mind.

"But but you said I thought "

"I said his cock was so hard."

"Yes," I groaned. She was playing with my penis, now, the trapped lump, the bent, trapped, sore lump.

"It was, Michael, it was ironic, I said his cock was so hard your penis, so soft."

"But " I didn't know what to say. I knew what I wanted to say. I wanted to scream at her how the fuck did she know he was hard???

"You know what's also ironic, Michael," she asked.

"No," I answered, actually afraid.

"Every time I said it, every time I told you his cock was so hard, your soft little penis twitched. It was like," she almost blushed, "almost like you were turned on hearing how hard Tom's cock was seeing me in the lingerie you bought me."

Oh, fuck. Of fuck! I realized she was right. I must have turned red, how could I not? She was right. Hearing my wife talk about how hard some strange guy's cock was turned me on. It fucking turned me on!

"Susan, no, you "

"His cock was so hard, Michael," she smiled. I felt it. She felt it. Her hand was on me. I twitched. I know it. I felt it.

"You're so small, Michael but his cock was so hard."

"Susan," I moaned, as I twitched again.

"You want to know how I know, don't you how I know his cock was so hard seeing me in the lingerie you bought you want to know because it excites my little bitch, doesn't it."

I didn't say anything. Not because I didn't know what to say. I said nothing because I was afraid to talk, afraid to betray something afraid to betray the excitement I felt.

Susan started rubbing just my penis now. "He came into my room when I was on the phone with you, when I was wearing just this lingerie, this

black lingerie you wanted me to wear tonight, Michael. He saw me in it before you did."

I couldn't help but quickly inhale, gasp.

"He thought I was seducing him. I don't blame him. I was on the phone with you. He came up behind me, quietly. After I hung up with you, he was right behind me, all of the sudden, his arms were around me, he oh Michael, he was kissing my neck it was so so sudden."

I couldn't take it. If she had not been rubbing my sore, trapped penis, I would have run from the room screaming. Or told her to fuck off, or anything. As it was I just twitched. And twitched.

"I didn't know what to do at first, Michael. I mean, I'm a married woman. Totally in love with my husband but here I was and I " She swallowed. "Here I was, dressed like this so sexy and I'd felt so horny all day so naughty and here was this " She swallowed, almost embarrassed.

"Here was this strong, handsome man, arms around me, kissing my neck and and that's when I felt it, Michael, he was he was pressed against me and his his cock was was. His cock was pressed against the back of my leg, my ass and it was oh god, his his cock was so hard, Michael."

It was the rubbing. It had to be the rubbing. The rubbing she was doing to my own penis.

"I I he turned me around, Michael, and he he kissed me and I "

I don't know how I paid attention to her words. I really don't. I don't know how anything happened. How I was wearing lingerie. How my wife was TELLING ME ABOUT A MAN'S COCK. And worse, how I kept twitching, kept listening, how I was getting excited.

"I wasn't even going to tell you, Michael, but it it just slipped out when I felt your "

"What, Susan, my what?"

"No, Michael, it it's mean."

"What?"

The words just came rushing out of her mouth. "His cock was so big, Michael, so hard I you I mean compared to you he when I felt it I I for a minute I just wanted him to bend me over and "

I don't even know what she said. I assume she said fuck her. I didn't hear it because I started to get dizzy, to pass out.

"Michael," I heard Susan, my loving wife whisper in my ear.

"Susan," I moaned.

"You you you like hearing it Michael." Her fingers circled my penis, relentlessly, teasing me, toying with me.

No. No. I couldn't. Yuck. No. "Yes," I whispered. Yes.

"I wanted him to fuck me, Michael," she whispered in my ear. "I wanted his cock I felt it, through his pants, pressed against the front of my panties. I...I was so wet, and I felt his cock press against me, I...I started to shake, Michael, I started to cum."

"Ohhhhhhhhh."

"I felt so naughty, Michael I wanted a man's COCK."

I hurt. I actually hurt. I was so sore, so excited, so humiliated, so turned on. I didn't realize Susan had moved until I heard her voice from somewhere else.

"Michael," she said. She was down, now, her head, her mouth, directly above me, above my pelvis, above the burning soreness of my trapped

"Michael," she teased me, "all I could think was how bad I wanted his cock inside my pussy."

"Susan."

She took the waistband of the panties I was wearing as well as the waistband of the pantyhose, quickly pulled them down, over my penis, freeing it at last. It all happened so quickly, my penis was free, the blood rushed into it, all while she looked at me, spoke directly to me. "Bitch," she growled, "your penis is so small, but his COCK was so hard."

She lowered her head, her mouth open, and took my entire penis into her mouth. It was too much, the warmth, the wetness, the smell of her all over me, the taste of her in my mouth, the word cock, over and over.

Susan moved her head up, off my penis, now incredibly swollen, looked me right in the eyes. "I wanted his cock, Michael, I wanted it so badly..." She lowered her head again, took my penis into her mouth again, looked up again.

"I wanted him to fuck me, Michael." She lowered her head for a third time. My penis had been in her mouth for two seconds, no more, but I couldn't help it, couldn't stop if I wanted to.

I exploded, a return, her cum in my mouth, my cum in her mouth. I exploded inside her mouth, the first time I'd ever had an orgasm like this, the first time I'd ever cum in her mouth. She's warned me, I wasn't going to fuck her today, but I honestly never expected this! The feelings rushed

through me as quickly as the cum rushed out of me. Everything Susan had said, everything I had felt, the way I was dressed, everything.

The instant I was done, the very second the last drop left me, Susan moved her head, gently, but quickly, so my now spent penis dropped down to my stomach. Susan immediately lifted the waistband of the pantyhose and panties over my still twitching penis, trapping it once again under the layers of nylon. As she did so, she slithered back up my body, nuzzling me with her nose, running it up my skin, my stomach, my chest, my neck, up to my mouth.

As soon as her mouth was over mine, I smelled it. Her own cum soaked panties next to my face were suddenly overpowered by the smell of my cum, the smell on her mouth, her lips. I knew exactly what she was going to do.

She was going to kiss me.

Oh god. My pulse quickened.

She was going to kiss me!

I'd never cum in her mouth before. Never. Obviously I had inside her. Never in my life in her mouth, though.

There had been many times we'd made love twice in a night. Those were the only times we had sex that was not precluded by me going down on her. Before the second time. She'd said something a couple of times. I remember telling her that I loved licking her, but that, well, yuck, I wasn't licking her after I'd cum inside her.

Her lips, wet, were suddenly pressed to mine.

CUM. I cringed.

Her eyes said everything. I was her bitch.

Her eyes said everything. She knew exactly what she was doing.

I was her bitch.

Bitch.

Bitch.

I opened my mouth; Susan matched my movement. Her mouth was open, the taste, strong, bitter, immediate.

Cum.

Not the sweet, tender taste of Susan's cum.

No. Bitter, strong. Cum. Taste matching odor.

Then, suddenly, worse. Texture. Her tongue pushed into my mouth, followed immediately by

Stringy, wet, liquid.

Cum.

CUM.

CUM!

My own CUM!

Susan's tongue moved around my mouth, spreading. Spreading my own cum all over the inside of my mouth, my tongue, everywhere.

Susan had my own cum in her mouth, had held it, the strong tasting disgusting cum held it and forced it into my mouth.

Cum.

My own cum.

I was her bitch.

I was Susan's bitch.

I tasted my own cum.

I was Susan's bitch.

After several minutes of kissing, Susan gently moved to my side to cuddle. This was a tender gesture, almost out of place with the last hour. Her head rested on my shoulder, her arm wrapped over my chest. One of her legs lay on top of mine. After a minute Susan slowly moved her leg up and down mine, massaging.

I sighed. The softness of her leg on mine sent a jolt through me. Normally, her leg on mine, skin to skin, felt warm, reassuring. Now, with two layers of nylon in between our skin, the feeling was completely different. It was sensual, sexual.

"That feels good, doesn't it," she asked, speaking for the first time in several minutes.

"Yes," I answered, voice shaking. It did feel good, but, beyond the physical feeling of the immediate moment, I had an intense discomfort in my stomach. Now, in the after glow of sex, or, really, semi sex, I could not get a nagging feeling, a disturbed thought from my head.

Tom.

"Susan," I started to say, started to ask about this man, this man she kept mentioning.

But she had her own thoughts. "I never realized it before, Michael, but you really have such nice legs."

"Susan," I shifted towards her, to look at her. She was thinking about my legs? All I could think about was a tall, muscular man, his cock pressed into my wife's leg, his cock...

"Almost...pretty." Her hand had moved down my chest to my stomach, lower, even, to the top of the waist bands of the pantyhose and panties.

I'm not sure if it was the confluence of the two frames of mind. I'm not sure if that was really when things suddenly felt different. In that instant, I was thinking about a man fucking my wife while my wife was telling me how pretty I looked in pantyhose. Susan with a man suddenly, to me, did not mean Susan with me. I don't know if Susan understood what just happened, if she planned it, if she meant it. I know it happened, regardless.

Susan's had touched the tip of my penis. At that very instant I was about to ask her about Tom's cock. I realized something. She kept talking about Tom's cock and my penis.

Tom's hard cock.

My soft penis.

No, no, no, I couldn't let this thought stay in my head. No. NO!

A man's cock.

A sissy's penis.

No, no, no, no, no, NO!

Susan never called me a sissy. No. NO! That was her mother, not her. NO!

"Even your penis looks and feels so pretty," she said, touching me, nuzzling my neck again.

Tom's hard cock. My pretty penis.

"Susan," I said again, mouth dry, "did...did you..." I could not finish my question. I was afraid.

I couldn't see Susan's face, just the top of her head. She was looking down my body, to my penis, to my legs, I presumed. Her hand, her fingers, were still on top of my penis, tracing circles, lightly, dancing.

After a minute of silence, after a minute of her fingers toying, teasing me, Susan looked up at me. "No, Michael," she said, knowing what I was trying to ask.

I exhaled a quick breath, took in, and let go two more short ones. "But...but you...you said..." Again, I could not talk, could not finish, could not form the words.

"That his cock was so hard?"

I inhaled again, troubled, shaking, but in the distance, still, I felt, a jump, a twinge. Her fingers must have felt it too. At the word. Cock. "Yes," I groaned.

She looked me in the eye. "You jump every time I said that, Michael. Every time. You jumped and twitched. I felt your penis move every time. His cock WAS so hard, Michael."

I twitched again. I could not help it! I looked away, unable to continue to meet her gaze. I turned my head slightly, away, only, of course, to see her cum soaked panties next to my face. The panties she was wearing...oh my god, did...did his cock touch her panties?

"Michael, do you trust me?" Her eyes held real love in them. How could I not trust her. She was my wife. I loved her. She loved me.

"Yes," I swallowed.

"I didn't sleep with him Michael."

"But, you...you kept saying..."

"I know. Michael..."

She told me what happened. She had indeed worn the black lingerie, the garter belt, the bra and panties, the stockings, the very things she was wearing right now. She wore them yesterday.

"They did make me feel naughty, Michael," she said. "Just like they did today."

She wore them to her meeting, she said. Wore them, and, even though she knew the men couldn't have known how she was dressed, she felt powerful, naughty, horny. They all, Tom especially, were flirting with her. They all, Tom especially, were undressing her with their eyes.

"I was supposed to go to dinner with Tom that night. I thought we were going to meet in the hotel restaurant. So, when we were on the phone, I was only wearing my lingerie. I thought it was the other woman I was traveling with knocking at my door when we were talking. Michael, I was shocked when Tom walked in."

Tom apparently got the wrong idea. I suppose I couldn't blame him, could I? He walks into my wife's hotel room, sees her dressed just like she was now, just assumed she was responding to his advances.

"I know this is wrong, Michael, believe me, but all of the sudden he was behind me, kissing me. I couldn't very well scream at him, I mean, what was he supposed to think. He misunderstood, he wasn't being a creep. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, or, worse, come across like a total bitch. So

I tried to gently tell him that things were not as they seemed. That I was a happily married woman."

"I was telling him this, Michael, and the whole time his cock...his cock was pressed against me...and...and..."

"...it was so hard," I said for her.

She looked away, the guilt on her face was apparent. "I'm so sorry, Michael," she whispered.

"But nothing happened," I asked. Well, except she was wet and started to cum.

"No, Michael, no..."

I sensed something else in her. "But..."

"Michael, at...at dinner...I...all I could think about was...was...his cock." I felt it. I twitched. Again.

"Susan..."

"No, Michael, let me finish, please. All I could think about was his cock. How hard it had been, how it felt through his trousers pressed up against my leg, against my..." Her voice cracked. "What it would feel like," she swallowed, "inside me."

I realized I wasn't just stirring anymore. I was hard. My penis was still in pantyhose, but no longer bent. It was trapped in the nylon, but it was fully erect.

"All I could think about, Michael, was...if he had...if Tom had...had...if his trouser had not been between us, if he had taken two seconds to take off his pants...if he had done that, when he turned me so he was pressed against my back, his cock, his hard cock would have slipped right between my legs and would...would have been pressed right against my panties, right against my pussy. Not through his pants, just his naked cock, pressed against my panties, my pussy."

My eyes were closed now. Susan was rubbing my penis through the panties and pantyhose. Her leg was still on mine and it only took a slight shift of her body and the fingers of my hand were on her pussy. She was soaking wet. I could feel her. Her panties were still pressed against my face. I could smell her.

"All I could think about at dinner, Michael, was his cock." She let out a low moan as my fingers rubbed her wetness.

"Susan."

"All I could think about at dinner, Michael, was his hard cock inside me." Her eyes were closed now, enjoying her thoughts, my fingers.

"Susan," I moaned myself. What hell? What was going on? My wife was talking about some guy's cock and she, no, both of us were rubbing each other, moaning. What the fuck was going on? This was the same thing that happened to me the other day. I was fantasizing about my wife fucking another man.

"Oh, Michael, I wanted him to fuck me, as soon as I felt him pressed against me, all I could think about the rest of the night was how badly I wanted that hard cock inside me." As she said this she started shaking all over, shaking as a powerful orgasm washed over her, crashed over her. She lay there, pressed against my fingers for a good minute, riding it, enjoying it, breathing heavily, shaking.

Finally, her fingers started toying with my erect penis again and she spoke. "I'm sorry, Michael," she whispered.

I didn't say anything. I was still looking away from her. I was still turned away, my face in her panties, inhaling, eyes closed, lost in fantasy. Lost picturing my wife standing, her back to some strong, naked man, his cock between her legs.

"You're not soft anymore, Michael."

"Uuuggg," I moaned.

"Every time I said it, you twitched, Michael."

For effect, uncontrolled by thought, I shook.

"That...that excites you, doesn't it," she asked me softly?

"Ummmm," I moaned.

"It excites you, hearing that his cock was soooooo hard, Michael."

"Yes," I whispered.

"That excites my," she licked my neck, "my pretty husband, doesn't it?"

I was breathing heavily again, smelling her. I felt her shift, move. Her leg kept rubbing mine, her hand, teasing my penis.

"His cock was so hard, Michael. So hard, so much bigger." I felt Susan's arm over the top of my head. I felt her other hand flicking my penis. "So much bigger."

"Uhhnnmmm." I was moaning uncontrollably. Fuck. FUCK. My wife. Why? Why was she doing this?

"I wanted it inside me, Michael, I wanted him to fuck my wet pussy." Her arm was over my head in just the right position. She reached for,

touched, and pressed right against my nose her damp panties.

"I was so wet feeling his cock on my panties. All he had to do was undo his pants, pull my panties aside and slide his hard cock inside me, Michael."

I was humping upward, humping her hand, breathing. Fuck. FUCK!

"I should stop, Michael, this is too naughty."

"No, no," I begged.

"Michael," she teased, "are you sure? I should stop." She did stop. Stopped moving her hand. Stopped talking.

"Please, Susan," I begged again, wanting nothing more than to have her keep talking, keep rubbing.

"You're naughty, too, my pretty." She started massaging my erection again. "You know, Michael, he has no idea how weak I was the hotel room. How horny I felt, how naughty, now his hungry longing for me all day had effected me."

She was moving the panties with her left arm, moving them all around my face and nose, pressing them to me, forcing me to inhale her scent.

"I was so weak, Michael. If he had taken off his pants, when he first kissed me I would not have felt his cock through his pants. I would have felt his bare cock pressed up against my pussy with only these panties between my pussy and his cock."

"I was so weak, Michael, if that cock was pressed against my pussy, all he had to do was gently pull my panties to one side."

"I wanted it so badly, Michael. One rub. I was so wet, dripping wet. One rub. One rub backwards and his cock would have slid into me. I would have let him, Michael. I wanted a...a real cock so badly."

Real cock. Hard cock. Big cock.

"If he had pressed, if he had pushed me, just a little, I don't know if I would have, could have, stopped it."

"God, Susan!"

"Do you want him to fuck me, Michael?" She kept rubbing me, teasing me.

"Yes," I groaned, unbelieving the word came out of my mouth.

"Do you want his hard cock inside me?"

"Yesssss."

"Fucking me?"

It took me a minute to realize Susan's hand had stopped moving, stopped massaging me. Her hand was gone from my crotch. Only her other

hand was still there, still holding her wet panties to my face.

"Then his cum would be all over my panties, too."

I just kept breathing, breathing in her scent, smelling, loving.

"His cock. His cum. Smell them."

I just lay there, breathing.

"Smell them, Michael. My cum. Smell them, where his cum would be."

A minute, two, three.

"Michael," she whispered.

"What?"

"Are...are you okay?"

"Yes," I answered, which was certainly a lie. No I wasn't fucking okay. My wife just told me she wanted to fuck some guy. How the fuck could I be okay? I just told her I wanted her to fuck him! I wasn't fucking okay!

Worse, I wanted to cum. She stopped before I did a second time. I wanted to cum. I was full of hormones, libido. I wanted to cum! An image flashed in my mind, the mental picture of Tom with his cock between my wife's legs, pressed to her pussy. I shook. It didn't shame me, I was so excited, it just excited me even more!

"Are you sure?"

"No," I admitted.

"I'm sorry, Michael, I thought, well, you kept, I don't know, you seemed excited. Every time I said his cock was hard, you seemed to get more turned on."

I sucked in a quick breath. "I...I did, Susan, that's the problem, I did."

She bit her lip. "I know."

"Know what?"

"You're embarrassed? It's my fault."

"Your fault? Why's it your fault?"

She continued to bite her lip. "It...it's something my mother said. The other day, before I left. She said you were not much of a man, and, well, Tom was so...masculine...when I felt his cock, I thought about what she said and I just could not help but think of fucking a man and I...I don't even know why I asked you to wear these stupid pantyhose and panties and then talk to you like this..."

"Susan, stop," I said.

"I feel so guilty, Michael. I'm a happily married woman and there I was dressed like this, with a man's cock pressed into me and instead of thinking

of my tender, loving husband, all I can think about was his cock inside me."

I shuddered and inhaled. I was still dying to cum, dying to be inside her.

"I feel so guilty, Michael, because it doesn't matter what size your penis is, you're the most wonderful husband in the world. It doesn't matter, because you make love to me like the most tender person in the world."

"What's that supposed to mean? You don't like when I screw you?"

"Don't like? Honey, stop, of course I like it."

"I don't make you cum when I screw you."

"Michael, honey...you make me cum all the time when you lick me."

"But inside you?"

She didn't answer. "I love you, Michael."

We both drifted to sleep for awhile. I woke up when Susan did, moving.

"I'm going to get something to drink, Michael, I'll be back in a minute."

Half asleep, I watched my amazingly attractive wife slip into a robe, open the bedroom door and walk into the hallway.

Eyes slowly opening and closing, trying to wake up, I just stared. Wow. What had happened?

Eyes closes.

Eyes open.

Open to see Mrs. Stanton standing in the doorway, arms crossed, grinning at me.

I remembered. I was wearing lingerie. I froze. She took a step, then another into the room. "Hmm," she said simply, turning and walking out.

Eyes shut. Open. She was gone.

The next morning Susan was out of bed and on her way to the office before I even woke up. I knew she had to make a report on her trip at a budget meeting at 7:30, but I was hoping to say something to her before she left, to make sure she was okay, that I was okay.

I was in the kitchen making coffee when my mother-in-law walked in. I immediately turned away from her, face reddening.

"Good morning, Michael," she said.

"Morning," I mumbled.

"Oh, is someone grumpy this morning?"

I turned, angrily, glared at her, but her return glare was stronger, more humiliating than mine. I quickly broke gaze first.

"There is a pair of panties on your bed, Michael."

I sighed. "I have to go to the office, Mrs. Stanton, I don't have time to..."

Her mouth tightened. "Not to wash, Michael. To wear."

I opened my mouth to complain. "But...Susan's back and..."

"She did not seem to have a problem last night, Michael."

I reddened, looked away from her.

"Oh, now stop. It will be good for the two of you. You'll be wearing panties today, Michael. I suspect after Susan gets home tonight and sees you in panties, again, you'll be wearing panties every day. Besides, this will help her see things my way."

"Your way, what do you mean, your..."

"Do you know what a cuckold is, Michael," she asked, cutting me off.

"What?"

"A cuckold, Michael. Do you know what a cuckold is?"

"No." I'd never heard the word before.

She turned to walk out of the kitchen, then looked back at me. "A cuckold, Michael, is a man whose wife has sex with other men."

My eyes widened.

I just stared at her. What did Susan tell her?

"To tell you the truth, Michael, I don't know if I should be disgusted or relieved. Disgusted that my daughter's panty sniffing husband fantasized about her fucking a man, or relieved that he might realize that he is just a sissy."

"Mrs. Stanton, I...I never said..."

"Your panties are on your bed, sissy," she said, turning her back to me and leaving.

She was right. My panties were on the bed. Except they were not my panties. Well, Mrs. Stanton set them out for me. I recognized them immediately. They were not my mother-in-law's panties.

They were Susan's panties.

A pair of pink satin briefs.

I walked uneasily to the bed, hands trembling at the sight of Susan's panties, picked them up.

"You're so small, Michael," Susan's words rushed into my head.

"Sissy," Mrs. Stanton's verbal slap.

"His cock was so hard."

"Cuckold wife sleeps with other men."

"Sissy."

I could feel myself stirring, swelling, growing inside my pants. I was growing, I was getting an erection.

Sissy. Cuckold.

No. I shook my head, no. I was neither. I wasn't a sissy. I wasn't a cuckold. I was a man. I was Susan's husband.

But all I could think about was Susan, wearing black lingerie, a man behind her, pressed against her.

I was shaking. I undid my pants, took them off, took off my boxer shorts.

Susan told me now pretty my penis looked in panties. Was I pretty? I wondered as I stepped into the panties. Pretty. Pretty?

I touched my swollen cock through the satin. Pretty.

"Fuck me, Tom," I pictured Susan telling a man as he rubbed his erect cock against the outside of her pussy.

Stop. I had to stop. I was on the verge of masturbating to the image of my wife fucking some man. Stop. I was on the verge of cuckolding myself in my own mind. Stop. Stop.

All day at work, I thought about Susan. I don't know how I got a thing done. I thought about Susan. I thought about her fucking. I thought about her screaming with pleasure.

Every step I took, I thought about Susan. Every time I moved, I felt myself in her panties. I felt like she was touching me. I felt like she was looking at me, now soft, my small penis. "So pretty."

The worst thing was it made me want rush home and fuck her silly.

The thought of her fucking made me want to fuck.

Later afternoon I got an email from Susan. "I have a conference call at 5, so won't be home till late. Can't wait to see you though."

Knowing Susan would not be home till late, I too worked late, leaving the office after 7. I was still afraid what she'd think about the panties. I thought about changing out of them when I got home. I wasn't sure if I should be more afraid of Susan's reaction or her mother's.

Unfortunately, Susan was home when I got home. She was in the kitchen, glass of wine in hand, waiting for me the minute I walked in the door from the garage.

"Worked late too, huh, love?" She was at the table, still dressed in work clothes, a light colored skirt suit.

"Yea, I had a project to finish. How did your conference call go?"

"Um," she looked down sheepishly, "it was fine, I'll tell you about it later. Listen, why don't you grab a glass of wine and we can go upstairs and relax. I'm still so tired from the trip." She said it in a tone that said she was tired and not to expect sex.

I got myself some wine and followed Susan upstairs, her ass practically in my face as I walked behind her. "You know, sweetie, you've got to get me more garter belts and stockings. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I hated wearing pantyhose today."

Like that didn't cause my penis to twitch, reminding me that I was still wearing panties. I figured I had only to use the bathroom and I could put on a pair of boxer shorts from the hamper.

When we got into the bedroom, Susan sat on the bed, crossed her pretty legs. "Michael," she started, a playful look on her face.

"Just a sec, hon, let me use " I pointed to the bathroom, turned.

"Michael, wait," she said again.

I turned back.

"I want to see."

I frowned. See? What was she talking about? She wanted to watch me pee? What the

"I want to see."

"See what, Susan?"

She looked down, almost as if embarrassed. "Mother said "

My eyes immediately widened.

" said that you that you asked her if, if you could wear a," she looked up at me, determined, "a pair of my panties today."

I was dumbfounded. I did nothing of the sort. It was her mother! Her mother!

"Susan, I "

"Are you wearing my panties, Michael."

"Susan, your mother said "

"Michael," she cut me off, "are you wearing my panties?"

I dawned on me that there was no way out of this. Her mother, by telling her, had taken the decision out of my hands. There was no way to sneak to the bathroom now. Nothing I could do. Nothing.

"Yes," I gulped.

"I want to see them, Michael. Please."

She said it in a voice so sweet, so tender, so needful, so loving. "Susan, she "

"Please, Michael."

I was shaking as my hands went to my belt, undid it.

"Wait, Michael, before you um take off your shirt and tie."

I did. And for the first time since I've known Susan, I was self-conscious. I felt ashamed about my body. I was never big, never strong. After yesterday, after her teasing me about Tom, I was self-conscious that I was so small, so un-muscular. So un-masculine.

"Your shoes and socks, too, sweetie."

All that was left was my pants. This was so strange, in that just yesterday I willingly wore panties and pantyhose for her. Now, though, I was shaking as I unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, lowered them, exposed myself.

I heard her gasp. "Oh god, Michael."

"Susan, I'm trying to tell you, she "

But she wasn't listening. "Michael, you look so pretty, so so good."

I looked up. I didn't know what to say.

"Turn around Michael." I did. "Michael, I just never thought about I mean, I never realized until I I never realized how feminine a body you have."

I should have been insulted. Perhaps I was, as I certainly felt humiliated. My wife just called me feminine! But, she was only voicing the very thoughts I had in my own mind.

"Susan, I I don't know."

"I know, Michael, I don't know either. I'm confused, too. All I could think about all day was seeing you in panties, Michael. Seeing you so soft. Seeing you looking so pretty."

I was breathing heavily, shaking.

"Come here, Michael." I walked towards her. "After last night, Michael, all I could think about today was seeing you wearing my pantyhose and

panties yesterday. Then, when mother called, I wanted to see you so badly." Her hand reached up, touched my swollen, but not erect, lump.

"All I could think about, Michael, was you in my panties." She was rubbing the front of my penis through the panties. "I'm so happy you asked her, Michael."

"Susan, please." I realized, that even not fully erect, I was on the verge of cumming.

"All I could think about, Michael, was you as a..." She lowered her hand. She must have sensed just how close I was. "My sissy."

"Ohhhh," I moaned, hips still moving to the air, to her hand that wasn't there. "Susan," I begged, "don't don't stop."

"Not tonight, Michael, not tonight."

"Oh, Susan, come on," I begged.

She actually giggled. "I know, Michael, I do, but I'm so tired, really. Please, just cuddle me, just, let's go to bed, snuggle, fall asleep."

I sighed, deflated. "Fine," I pouted.

"Michael."

"Yes?"

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Susan."

"Let's get ready for bed then," she said, standing, starting to undress.

"Okay," I answered, and began to lower my panties.

"What are you doing," she asked, pausing.

"Um, getting undressed for bed," I answered, "why?"

She stuck out her lower lip. "Don't you want to dress pretty for bed?"

I gulped. Of course.

"You wanted to wear my panties today. I guess I was hoping you'd wear them to bed, too."

I raised the panties back up over my hips; Susan grinned. "There's a matching babydoll," she said with the smile that she used to get me to do anything she wanted.

"Susan, I don't know."

"It's very pretty," she persisted. "I'll wear something pretty to bed, too."

Sissy. Sissy. SISSY.

"Fine," I agreed.

Susan beamed, quickly walked to her dresser, opened a drawer, and took out the pink matching babydoll. "Here, sweetie. You can figure out how to

put it on, it's nothing complicated, like the garter belts you got for me. I'm going to go freshen up and get dressed for bed myself."

Putting on the babydoll for Susan was in many ways, much more difficult than doing it for her mother. I loved Susan. I was her husband. I had these role and gender ideas in my head. I was, in essence, giving up, giving up my role as man, as husband, as provider, as protector.

I was submitting to her. How it was different than the past, I wasn't sure. Just yesterday I submitted to her. Really, I'd been submitting to her since I met her. But this was not subtle. This was overt.

I slipped the babydoll over my head, belatedly realized I'd bought this for her. I was self conscious that I, unlike presumably, Tom, had a figure that was actually flattered by my wife's lingerie. I certainly did not look as good as she did in this very outfit, but my frame, thin, delicate, was enhanced by the soft satin.

I looked, I felt feminine.

Some minutes later, Susan opened the bathroom door and walked out. Talk about feminine, my lovely bride, naturally, far overshadowed my appearance. She was wearing a silver satin teddy I'd never seen before. Her breasts were hardly contained by the satin and lace bodice. Her legs looked impossibly long in the tap panty style, high cut leg openings. She spun for me. Her ass was framed by the slippery satin.

"Susan," I shook.

"I'm not the only one who looks so pretty, sweetie."

"Susan," I grinned.

"I told you, lover, not tonight. I really am exhausted." She climbed into bed. She had to be kidding. Exhausted? We were both dressed to fuck, and she was too tired? I knew sometimes I could push things, but other times, she'd get angry if I tried to initiate sex.

She positioned herself so I was spooning her, my arms wrapped around her beautiful body, my limp, panty covered penis pressed into her own panty covered ass.

We talked for a few minutes. I tried to kiss her neck, but she would not surrender to my kisses. She asked me about my day. Idle chit chat.

"You know, I think it's so cute you asked mother if you could wear my panties. I was afraid I was too pushy last night. To be honest, I was afraid you might have found it too weird."

I just kissed her neck again, I didn't know what to say.

"Are you going to wear them again tomorrow?"

"I hadn't thought about it, Susan."

"I'd like you to, Michael. You do look so pretty in them, I'd like to know you're walking around tomorrow wearing something so pretty."

I kissed her neck again.

"So soft."

Kiss.

"So feminine. You like that thought, don't you, Michael?"

"I I don't know."

Susan moved her hips, rubbing her satin covered ass against my satin covered penis. "Feels to me like you like it, lover."

"I maybe."

She laughed.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"No, what?"

"Nothing, really. You know, I thought you'd beat me home today."

"Well, you said you had a conference call, so I worked late."

"Yea," she said.

"How was the call? You didn't want to talk about it earlier."

"Just a wrap up to my trip, presented the report to corporate with the natives on the phone."

"The natives?"

"The people from Atlanta."

I gulped. The natives were sure to include her friend from down there, sure to include Tom.

"Did did the locals include "

"Tom? Yes."

I was suddenly self-conscious again. I actually backed away from her every so slightly, trying to hide the twitch in my satin covered penis.

"Hhmm." A small moan escaped her lips. She felt it, felt me twitch. She knew. She felt it.

"I actually thought the call would go longer, but we ended early because there are some things corporate wants to talk to Atlanta about in person."

Oh my god, I knew exactly what she was about to say. I knew it. I knew it.

"So, they are having Tom fly up here to meet with us all next week."
Susan said this slowly, carefully, grinding her satin covered ass on my satin covered penis.

"Uugh," I croaked. "Do do you, um, do you have to meet with him?"

Susan said nothing for several seconds, said nothing, just breathed. "I'm his local host/contact person."

I sucked in another breath.

Susan snorted a small laugh. "What?"

"Nothing, I was just thinking, it's nothing."

"What, Susan?"

"Nothing, really," she said in a tone that said, "something."

"Susan."

"You're swollen, Michael?"

"Yes."

"I can feel your penis on my ass."

"Yes," I sighed, rubbing.

"You're swollen," she giggled.

"What, Susan, what?"

"Sweetie."

"Susan, what? Why are you giggling?"

"That that's exactly where Tom's cock was," she said, shaking.

"Susan!"

"I can't help it, Michael."

"You're thinking of him."

"Yes," she admitted.

"You wanted him," I managed to say.

"Yes, yes. He was so hard, Michael, so .so big."

"Bigger than me?" . "Oh god yes, Michael," she moaned, continuing to rub my penis with her ass.

I reached around the front of her, intending to play with her pussy, intending to unsnap the crotch of her teddy, intending to fuck her.

"No, Michael, no, don't. Don't. I don't want to, really, I'm sorry, I'm just so tired, Michael, so tired."

"Susan," I begged, "please."

"Tomorrow, lover, tomorrow."

I wanted her so badly, right now, I wanted to fuck her so badly. It had been at least a week since we'd had sex and, now, half humiliated, half

teased, my penis pressed against her ass, I wanted her so much. I reached from behind her instead, flicked my fingers across the crotch of her teddy, across her pussy.

"Michael, I'm tired," she complained.

"You felt his cock press against your ass, Susan," I growled in her ear. I thought, maybe, if I could keep her hot, keep her turned on, maybe she'd relent, maybe she'd get excited enough.

"Ohhhh," she moaned as I flicked her crotch again, "yes, yes."

"Right here," I said, pushing myself against her. "Right here, where my my little penis is that's where his cock was."

"Hmmm," she shook. I moved a finger against her satin covered pussy, rubbed, teased.

"His cock was so hard, Susan, wasn't it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"So big, Susan?"

"Nothing like yours sissy," she said, breathing heavily.

"Did you want him to fuck you?" As I said this I moved my panties to one side, freeing my own penis, pulling it so it was between her legs, replacing my finger

"Michael," she begged

"Did you want him to fuck you, Susan," I demanded, "did you want his cock inside your pussy?"

"Ohhhhhh."

I kept rubbing against her, pushing forward, rubbing my penis on the crotch of her teddy.

"Did you want him to fuck you, Susan," I asked again, moving my hips backwards, away from her.

"Please, Michael," she begged.

"Answer me, Susan. Did you want Tom's cock inside your pussy?"

"Yes," she yelled, "yes."

I rewarded her by unsnapping the crotch of her teddy, by placing my own penis on the outside of her pussy lips, rubbing, toying with her clit.

"Why didn't you, Susan? Why didn't you fuck him?" I thrust back and forth on the outside of her wet lips. If I could not make her cum inside her, I could sure do it this way.

"Because I'm "

"Don't you want a cock," I challenged her, ready, any second, to thrust into her.

"Yes, yes," she moaned.

"Why didn't you fuck him?"

"Because I'm married," she spat back at me. I felt her fingers on her pussy, on my penis, rubbing herself, wet, rubbing me. I was so close, so close to moving back and pushing into her. Almost, almost.

"What if I said yes," I whispered in her ear, "what if I said I wanted you to fuck a real man. As I said this, I pulled back from her clit, dragged my penis across her, shifted, knew it was on the edge of her lips, ready to go in.

"Ahhhhh," she moaned, "oh, fuck, oh fuck." She started shaking, breathing uncontrollably. She was cumming. Fuck, she was cumming so hard again.

"I want you to fuck him, Susan. I want you to fuck a real man. I want you to have a real cock."

I positioned my penis at the outside of her lips, was just about to thrust into her, when she turned slightly, turned onto her back just enough that I lost the angle. "No, Michael, no," she breathed, still shaking in orgasm.

"Susan," I begged at the sudden loss of her pussy. I was so close, so close to entering her. Suddenly, the power shifted, she was in control, not me.

"No, Michael, no, I want cock. I want cock! You said I could have cock."

"Susan, please, let me "

"Cock, I want cock. I want a man's cock," she moaned. "I want Tom's cock."

"Susan, please "

"NO! You're mean, Michael. You were mean! You're teasing me just so you can get what you want."

"Susan, I was just "

"Just what? Just pretending? Just teasing me? So you could try to fuck me? Fantasizing that I'm some slut, so you can get what you want?"

"No, Susan, no."

"Just acting like a naughty sissy?"

I recoiled at her accusation, at the word.

"Were you kidding or not, teasing or not?"

I didn't answer.

"Oh, then I can have cock? Tom will be here next week, Michael? I can fuck him? Is that it? You were not kidding?"

"Susan." She was twisting my words. Or was she? No, she was. I was teasing her.

"Were you teasing me?"

"Yes." What else could I say?

"Then why does your penis get so hard every time I mention his cock? Why did you get so excited talking about me fucking him? Why do you get so turned on thinking about being a cuckold?"

I involuntarily gasped at the word.

Cuckold.

She realized immediately.

"You've heard that word before, Michael? Cuckold," she said again?

"Yes," I quickly admitted.

"Cuckold," she whispered.

I yelped, driven by lust, but my own desire to fuck.

"You're just fantasizing, Michael, right?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Cuckold," she said again. "Sissy cuckold."

"Susan," I yelped, stunned at her words.

"Shhh, Michael, shhhh, I'm just teasing you, just teasing you."

I was shaking. Humiliation. Pleasure. Excitement. Shame. Teasing me? She had me wearing lingerie. She kept calling me a cuckold. Teasing me? Was that it? I just lay there quietly for a minute, trying to calm down.

"Susan," I finally asked, "did you really want to fuck him?"

She looked at me deeply, started to say something, changed her mind. She took a deep breath. "I'll answer, Michael, but I want you to tell me something, too."

"Okay," I said.

"Yes, Michael. Yes. When I felt his cock press against my ass, suddenly, I want him so badly, I wanted his cock inside me, I wanted him to fuck me. I I didn't, only because of you."

I was rapidly breathing, dizzy.

"My turn. What about you, Michael? Were you really fantasizing about me fucking a man? Were you really fantasizing about a real cock inside me?"

I grunted, just a little, hesitated. Did I really want a man to fuck my wife? Who the fuck knows. Did I really fantasize about a man fucking her? Yes, YES.

"Did you really fantasize about being cuckolded?" She turned, touched my still erect penis.

"Yes," I moaned. I couldn't help, I was too turned on, too erect, too dying to fuck, too dying to cum.

"Where you really fantasizing about Tom fucking me?"

"Yes!"

"Do you really want me to fuck him, Michael?"

"Yes," I gasped, "yes."

She turned back away from me, cuddled up against me, so my penis was pressed right back into her ass. "Cuddle me, Michael, I'm tired and I just want to fall asleep in your arms."

"Susan, I can't we "

"Tomorrow, Michael, tomorrow. Just hold me, please."

I sighed, still twitching, still erect, still needing to cum, thinking only about Susan fucking a man.

"Michael," I heard a voice. "Can I? Can I fuck him?"

"Hmmm," I groaned, in pain.

"Michael."

"Uugh, cock."

"Michael?"

"I'm going to fuck her, sissy."

"Isn't it so cute in panties? So pretty?" Susan was flicking my penis, looking at him.

"Michael." Something moved me. Shook me. "Michael, wake up, you're dreaming."

"Huh," I said groggily.

"Shhh, wake up, sweetie."

"Susan," I moaned. I was dreaming. Had been dreaming. What happened. Cock? What was

"Have you been hard all night, lover," she asked me, gently toying with me, touching me through the panties.

"What time is it?" It was light.

"Seven, honey, you need to get up."

"Okay," I said, still in a fog of sleep.

"Lover."

"Yes," I asked, eyes opening and closing slowly. Susan was standing over me, dressed for work.

"I I want to think of you today."

"Um, okay."

"You've been so good to me the last two days, I want to repay you."

I opened my eyes all the way at that. "You mean "

"Yes."

I reached over to touch her leg, to see if she was wearing

"No, no, not now, Michael, later, tonight."

"Uugh," I half moaned.

"I want to think of you, god, I'm embarrassed. I want you to to do something for me. I want you to, um, to serve me today. I want you to think of me all day."

"Fuck, Susan, you know I will."

"Michael, do you know how turned on I was last night, now, the night before, seeing you look so so pretty."

I moaned, already horny. "Yes."

"I want you to be pretty for me. I want you to think of me all day, I want you to be pretty for me all day. I want to think of you all day. I want you to serve me, Michael."

"Susan?"

"Serve me, Michael."

I just looked at her.

"I I want you to wear panties again, Michael," she finally blurt out.

"Yes Ma'am," I answered immediately.

We both looked at one another, at the same time, both looked away.

"Um, which which ones should I "

"Ask her."

"What?" I started to look back at Susan, but couldn't. Instead I looked at her dresser, at the floor, at the walls.

"Ask her, Michael."

"Susan, you don't mean for me to "

"You asked her yesterday, Michael. Ask her to pick them out for you. Ask her like you did yesterday."

She thought I actually did ask her mother yesterday. Of course. She assumed. She had no idea. No idea!

"Susan, why...why do I have to ask her?"

"You asked her yesterday. You asked her to wear them and to help you pick out what to wear."

"But Susan..." That was the thing. I didn't ask her!

"To tell you the truth, Michael, I got kind of excited hearing about you asking her."

"What do you mean? Excited?"

"Serving me, Michael." She looked away, almost embarrassed by her feelings.

"Serving?"

"Mother said you were so cute, so sheepish. It made me...well...thinking of you doing that for me. Wanting to wear panties for me is cute enough, but to ask mother to help you? That's so...so romantic, Michael."

"Romantic?" How the irony. I didn't ask! This was all her mother's idea. Her mother! This was all a mistake. This wasn't right. I looked at the lingerie I was wearing. This was not right! I was a man. I was her husband.

"Yes, Michael. I'll let you wear panties for me again, but I want you to ask mother again."

"Let..." I bit my lip so hard I almost drew blood. Let me? Let me? How was she letting me? She asked me to do this. Her mother asked me to do this. No one was "letting me" do this, they were making me do this. If anything, I was the one doing the "letting" of this. Not them. Didn't she just tell me not five minutes ago she wanted me to wear panties? She wanted me to be pretty for her? I NEVER asked her or her mother anything of the sort!

"Yes, I'll let you, but you have to ask mother. Don't worry, honey. I know it's kind of humiliating, but again, it's serving me. It really does make me, well, excited. I didn't realize it. The other night, yes, it was amazing, I know I felt naughty, I was just teasing, playing. But then, when mother told me you asked her and how ashamed you were, I...I...I got so excited...I don't know, Michael. I...I never imagined my husband was a," she swallowed and looked at me. "A sissy."

"Susan, I'm..."

"Ask her Michael. All you need to do is ask her." She leaned over, kissed me. "Just ask her, Michael. Ask her."

"Susan, I don't know."

"Shhh, you did it once already, Michael. Ask her. I can't wait to see you tonight." She walked to her dresser, picked up her keys. "She'll let me know if you asked, so I'll know, Michael. I'll know and I'll think about it all day."

She walked to the doorway. She was playing with me. Teasing me. What did she want? Did she know what she was doing to me?

She put her hand on the door, about to open it, back to me. "Ask her Michael, ask her," she turned to look at me, "ask her and when I talk to Tom in Atlanta this afternoon, all I'll be able to think about is my pretty husband wearing lingerie, waiting to serve me."

I inhaled loudly, loudly enough for her to hear it, to realize the excitement that just shot through my body.

"That's what you want, isn't it, Michael? If you do, ask her." She opened the door. "Ask her. Ask her."

Her pretty husband. Wearing lingerie. Serving her.

Cock.

Serving her, fantasizing about her serving another.

Cock.

My penis, pretty, trapped in lingerie.

Cock.

Her back to a man, his cock pressed against her.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

I didn't want to do this. I had to do this!

The first problem was the practical. Okay, I had to do this. The first problem was practical, though. I got out bed, still in the babydoll and panties I wore to bed. I didn't know what to wear. I probably had to go to my mother-in-law's room, but I had to wear something. Panties? A robe? Sweats?

I had to go ask her to wear panties but oddly, I did not want to do it wearing panties. So I took off the panties and the babydoll. I didn't know what to wear. I felt if I wore boxers and a tee shirt my mother-in-law would get pissed at me. The last thing I wanted was to piss her off.

The only alternative was a bathrobe, so I grabbed one of mine, wrapped it around me, tied it, and left the room.

I assumed from a lack of noise in the house that she was still in her room. Well, maybe in bed. Maybe sleeping. I padded down the hall to her door, but me ear close to it, listened for any sound that she was awake. I thought I heard sounds, maybe the television, maybe the phone. I wasn't sure, but I thought she was awake. Maybe not. Maybe I should not do this. Maybe I should wait.

I took a step back, but what was that going to accomplish? I had to go to the office this morning. So, I had to get dressed. I had to talk to her. Or not, and let Susan be disappointed.

There was no easy way to do this, was there? Not that there was any reason to even do this.

Susan wanted me to do this. Serve Susan. This is crazy.

I reached out and softly knocked on the door. Nothing. She was asleep. I felt relieved, actually. Okay, okay, decision made for me. She was asleep.

I started to back slowly down the hall. Then her door opened. My mother-in-law was suddenly standing in the doorway right in front of me. Mrs. Stanton, wearing pink satin pajamas of the very color of the lingerie I wore to bed, was standing there, looking at me.

"Yes, Michael," she said.

"I'm sorry, I..." I took another step back. This was wrong. This was a mistake. I couldn't do this. Seriously what was I doing?

"Michael," she snapped, her tone commanding me to stop. "What do you want?"

"Mrs. Stanton...I...I...want..."

"You want what, Michael," she asked, leaning against the door frame, folding her arms in front of her.

I looked down. I couldn't say this and face her. I had to say it, but I couldn't look her in the eye.

"I...I want to wear panties," I whispered.

"I'm up here, Michael. Look at me when you speak."

I looked up at her, at her smirk. She was enjoying this. Fuck, she liked this. She knew, whatever I was asking for, I was humiliated. She heard me. She had to have heard me. She wanted to humiliate me.

"I want to wear," I looked down, "panties."

"At me, Michael."

I looked up again. I asked again. "I want to wear panties today," I said, exhaling sharply.

She shifted, tilted her head. "You want to wear panties today? But Michael, you're not a woman, are you?"

"Nnnnoooo."

"You're not a woman but you want to wear panties? Now, now, why would that be, Michael?"

"I...I don't know," I mumbled.

"You don't know? Hmmm, I find that hard to believe. Let's see if we can figure this out. Women wear panties, don't they?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You're not a woman, are you?"

"No!"

"Certainly men don't wear panties, Michael, do they?"

"I...no, but..."

"Do you think any of the men you work with wear panties?"

"No, of course not."

"Think any of the men Susan works with wear panties, Michael?"

She knew what she was doing. She knew how to take my humiliation and push it and push it and push it.

"You ask me if you can wear panties, but you're not a woman. And men don't wear panties. See my confusion, Michael."

"I..."

"Why do you want to wear panties, Michael?"

She was a bitch. "Susan said..."

"Susan said? Susan isn't here, Michael. Why do you want to wear panties. You're not a woman. Men don't wear panties. Why, Michael, why?"

"Please, Mrs. Stanton."

"Why do you want to wear panties, Michael?"

"Because..."

"Because you're a sissy, Michael." She was standing with her arms crossed, smirking at the verbal slap.

"Mrs. Stanton, I'm not..."

"Are you a woman?"

"No!"

"Do you want to wear panties?"

I wanted to say no. No, no, I didn't want to wear panties. But Susan. Susan wanted me to. What could I say? "Yes," I admitted.

"Then admit you're a sissy, Michael."

"I...I can't," I almost cried. "Please, I'm not..."

"NO!" She interrupted me with a forceful voice.

"What?"

"No, Michael. You may not wear panties."

That was not a good thing. Susan asked me to. Told me to ask her mother. I had to. I had to get permission. Twisted as it sounded, I had to get her permission to wear panties.

"Please, Mrs. Stanton."

"For someone who won't admit he's a sissy, you're awfully insistent in wearing panties. Admit it then, Michael."

"But I'm not!"

"What did you wear in bed two nights ago?"

"Panties," I gulped.

"What did you wear yesterday, Michael?"

"Panties." I was blushing now.

"Are you a woman?"

"Nnno."

"Do men wear panties?"

"No, no."

"What are you, Michael? What are you then?"

"But I'm not," I begged.

"I told you before, Michael. Deny it if you wish. Pretend you're not. But MEN DON'T WEAR PANTIES."

"But " I couldn't. I wasn't. No. No.

"What did you wear to bed last night, Michael?"

"Panties," I whispered.

"What did you ask me to wear today, Michael?"

"Panties, panties, panties," I spat out.

"Who wears panties, Michael?" She glared at me, smirked, almost laughed.

"Women!"

"And?"

"Sissies," I said so quiet I'm surprised she could hear me.

"Sissies. And you want to wear panties, Michael?"

"Yes," I said, "Yes."

"And that makes you "

"Please." I couldn't bear to say it. I wasn't a sissy. I never thought of myself as a sissy. Never. Never.

"Men don't wear panties, Michael. Men NEVER wear panties. Women and sissies. I don't care if you like this conclusion or not, but the conclusion remains the same."

She was wrong. I never wanted to wear panties. She made me. Susan made me. I never wanted to. I told her this, I yelled this. "I'm not a sissy."

She laughed. A deep, cynical laugh. "Not a sissy? I told you, whether you're a sissy or not is certainly not an open question. The question is whether or not you admit it and whether or not you accept it. You're a panty wearing sissy. Do you want to wear panties today?"

Susan. Serving Susan. I was serving Susan. "Yes."

"What are you? What are you? You're not a woman, Michael, what are you?"

"I I'm " I couldn't. No, I wasn't.

"Say it, Michael. Say it."

"I'm a sissy," I finally said, exhaling, deflated.

"What are you," she asked again, staring at me, challenging me.

She said it was hard to admit? How could I admit it? How could I admit I was a sissy? Women wear panties, men do not. That was certainly the truth. Men don't wear panties. Men don't wear panties.

"I'm a sissy," I said for the second time.

"Yes, Michael, yes. Of course you're a sissy. Of course. Say it again. Tell me again."

"I'm a sissy."

"How many times have you worn panties in the past week, Michael? Men DO NOT wear panties. Do you want to wear panties, Michael? Isn't that what you asked? You want to wear panties?"

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Why?"

"Because I'm a sissy," I said again.

"Yes, Michael, yes. Take off your robe," she told me, motioning with her hands.

I hesitated, still ashamed to be naked in front of my mother-in-law.

"Take it off, Michael."

I did, let the robe fall to the floor, standing naked in front of her.

"What are you, Michael?"

Suddenly it just got much worse. Standing in front of her naked, ashamed. I felt weak, humiliated. I felt emasculated. I was emasculated. I was naked, in front of my wife's mother, admitting I was a sissy.

"I'm a sissy," I said quietly.

"But your hands behind your back, Michael," she ordered me. "Good, hold them there."

Mrs. Stanton had been standing against the door frame. She now stood up straight, took a step towards me. I don't know how I managed not to flinch. "Of course you're a sissy, Michael. Look at you." She reached out towards me, her hand, her fingers, reached for me, towards my naked chest.

I started breathing heavily. Terrified. Humiliated.

"Of course you're a sissy, Michael. Look at your body." She touched my chest and I shivered. "Your hairless, soft skin," she said, fingers lightly teasing me. "So pretty. So pretty."

A small moan escaped my lips.

She looked down. I was afraid she was going to touch me, grab me. She just looked. "Such a small penis, so pretty. Of course you're a sissy, Michael."

Her fingers just danced on my smooth chest, electric, her touch so soft it was almost painful.

"You're not a man, Michael. I've known that from the moment Susan introduced you to me. I immediately thought, my god, my daughter is dating a sissy."

"No, I..." How could she think something like that?

"Yes, Michael. You just didn't know it yet. You just didn't know. But I knew, I could tell. I saw you and knew immediately, that you were a sissy. Do you want me to let you wear panties today, Michael?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"You've always been a sissy, Michael, you just didn't know it. You're a sissy, always."

"But..."

"Always, Michael, always."

I looked up at her. "Always, Michael. You may not want to admit, but I know, deep inside, you feel it. You felt it every time you've worn panties the last few days. It brings up deep thoughts. You think on your life, you think of men you were friends with. You were never one of them, Michael. Friends, but never one of them."

"I..." I thought of my friends, then, now. I had men friends. I did. She was right, though, I wasn't one of them.

"You are a sissy, Michael. You didn't even know it, but that's why."

She turned, towards her room. "Come with me, Michael." I followed her into the cave, into her room, into what felt like a dungeon.

"You fantasized about it, Michael, didn't you?"

"What?"

"Being a pretty girl?"

"No...no!"

"A woman's lingerie...I know it always fascinated you, Michael. You beg Susan to wear pretty lingerie, why?"

"Because she's so beautiful."

"Because you secretly want to wear it, Michael. You didn't even know it, did you?"

"I...I want her to wear it because she is pretty."

"You want to be pretty like her. You want to wear panties, Michael?"

"Yes," I mumbled, not sure if I was agreeing for Susan's sake or my own.

"You know you're not a man, don't you," she asked, sitting on the edge of her bed.

Involuntarily, standing before her, I looked down at my crotch.

"Oh, please, Michael," she chuckled, seeing me look at my penis. "What do men have between their legs?"

"Er..."

"Cocks, Michael, they have cocks. Do you...have you ever, honestly thought of that as a cock? Do you call it your cock?"

"No," I blushed. She was right. It was my penis. It wasn't my cock.

"You know it, Michael. Susan knows it too."

My eyes went wide. "That's not..."

"Why do you think she got so excited feeling her co-workers cock pressed against her?"

My penis jumped. She was looking right at it, saw it, watched it jump. "And you can't admit you're a sissy. You get excited, too. Imagining your wife with a man. That's because YOU'RE A SISSY."

I was almost hyperventilating.

"She got so excited by a man, Michael, because she knows she's married to a sissy."

"Mrs. Stanton," I moaned, "please, she..."

"Do you want to wear panties, Michael," she asked, cutting me off.

"Yes," I gasped.

"Do you want to look pretty for Susan, again?"

"Yes, yes."

"Fine. You may wear them, then." She stood up, walked to her dresser. I watched as she opened it, took out something and turned back to me. "Let's get you dressed, then."

I looked at her confused. She was holding her lingerie from her dresser. Not just panties, either, but a small stack of garments. Her garments.

"That's...that's your lingerie," I stammered.

"Yes," she answered, a pleased look on her face.

"But I meant, I mean, I thought that..."

"I know what you thought, sissy. You thought you'd wear Susan's panties. You thought you'd please her by showing her how cute you looked in her panties."

My face gave me away. The hopeful look on my face.

"She expects to come home and find you in her panties, doesn't she?"

"Yes," I whispered. Of course she did. She expected to find me later, wearing a pair of her pretty panties.

"Sissy, sissy, sissy, she's going to come home tonight and find you dressed in lingerie, not just panties. She's going to come home and find you in MY lingerie."

Oh fuck. OH FUCK. She was such a bitch. Such a complete bitch. It flashed by me quickly. "Please, Mrs. Stanton, I can't wear..."

"You could handle panties, couldn't you? You got yourself mentally prepared for panties. You thought I'd let you pretend to be a man wearing panties. I've got news for you, Michael. You're not a man." She lowered her voice, almost to a whisper. "You're a sissy, Michael. You're a sissy. She's going to see you as a sissy, not a man in panties."

"Why," I moaned, "why?"

"What are you," she asked.

"A...a sissy," I said, shaking, voice cracking. My god, I was on the verge of tears. "But she's going to hate me," I said.

"Shhhh, no she won't Michael, no she won't. You're making a poor assumption, Michael. You're assuming she sees you as a man, now. Ask yourself, honestly. Do you really think she sees you as a man?"

I looked at her, eyes swelling.

"Do you question if she loves you, Michael?"

"No."

"She dressed you in panties, Michael. Do you think she sees you as a man?"

"I don't know, I don't know!"

"I know, Michael. I know. You're struggling to admit to yourself what you are. I know. You don't have to, Michael. Turn around. Leave my room. Go ahead. Go put on underwear for a man. Go ahead. Pretend. Pretend you're a man."

I stood there unmoving. I thought of Susan telling me over and over how hard Tom's cock was. I thought of my penis. Cock. Penis. Man. Sissy.

"If I'm wrong, Michael, go...go now. Go pretend to be a man."

I lowered my head. I could not look at her. She was making me face something I felt somewhere inside me, but never knew what it was. I wasn't a sissy, was I? Was I? I didn't move. I didn't leave. I just stood there.

"Put your arms up, Michael," she said. I looked up. She'd set the pile of lingerie down on her bed except for a garter belt that she held up towards me. It was silver. Satin. There was black lace trim on the front and back, beautiful lace trim, so pretty. The straps were black with silver ribbon on the tabs.

She walked towards me, gently now, walked behind me, wrapped it around my waist, carefully fastened it around my waist. "Panties are not enough, Michael. You need to feel pretty all over. You need to look pretty all over. And there is nothing more feminine than a garter belt and stockings."

My eyes were closed; a moan escaped my lips. I felt her lean into me, felt her breath near my ear. I felt her breasts push against my back through the satin of her pajama top.

"What are you Michael," she whispered in my ear.

"I'm a sissy," I exhaled.

"Yes, Michael, yes." She backed up, placed her hand on my back, on my bare skin. It felt electric, dangerous. She pushed me gently. "Sit down, Michael," she said, pushing me towards the bed.

"You know how to do this, don't you," she asked me, picking up a pair of dark tan stockings from the bed and handing one of them to me?

I took the stocking from her. "Yes, Ma'am," I answered. I carefully gathered up the delicate nylon in my hands, lifted my right leg up to the bed, pointed my toes, and slipped one of the nylons up my leg.

"Stand up, now," she told me. She instructed me on attaching the garters to my stocking, assisting me with all three. Sexual tension suddenly surrounded me. It was so strong, so powerful, that Mrs. Stanton couldn't help but take notice of it as she clasped the three garter straps to my right stockings.

"You see what pretty lingerie does? This feeling? This is how a woman feels, too, Michael. Do you see why you're a sissy? Do you see why even if

it is hard to comprehend, hard to admit, that it's true? No man, even if he would put on a stocking, would ever feel this way."

I wasn't. Or, I never thought I was. It never occurred to me. I'd never believe it. Maybe I was. Maybe I really was a sissy.

She watched me put on the second stocking myself, watched me clip the garters to the stocking top. "Very good, you're a natural," she commented. I saw her look down, look at my legs. I looked down too. "I don't mean this to be flippant, Michael, but you really do have very nice, very shapely legs, very feminine legs."

"Thank you," I forced myself to say.

"Although," she frowned, "while you're not naturally, um, hairy, you're really going to need to start shaving your legs or else you're going to get too many runs in your stockings."

That was what I was afraid of. No, not runs in my stockings. Afraid of her implication. That this was not something that was happening once. That she had bigger plans. This was not right. No, no, I needed to stop. I opened my mouth to speak. As the words were about to come out, as I was about to say no, as I was about to say stop, as I was about to rip off the garter belt and the stockings, Mrs. Stanton picked up something from the bed and held them out.

Panties.

Not just any panties, either.

The most beautiful pair of panties I'd ever laid eyes on.

Silver. Satin. Liquid. Black. I quivered. My heart raced.

"These are tap panties, Michael," she said, watching me stare at the panties she held before me.

They were silver. An exact match to the garter belt. The black lace trim matched the garter belt too. Whereas the lace on the front and back of the garter belt overlapped the silver satin, on the panties, the black lace that trimmed the leg openings began where the satin ended, leaving the lace semi-transparent. In a word, the panties were beautiful.

"Do you want to leave, Michael? Or do you want the panties?"

I gulped. I wanted the panties. Oh, god, I wanted the panties. I didn't want to want them, but I wanted them just the same. I wanted the panties.

"Here, Michael, let me help you." She sat down on the bed, turned the panties around in her hands, held them open. "Step into them Michael, let me help you."

Shaking, I took one step forward towards her, lifted one of my legs up, and placed my delicate, nylon covered foot into the opening. My mother-in-law slowly, sensuously, carefully, deliberately, began to slide the panties up my legs. As she did so, her fingers brushed me, her fingers rose slowly up my nylon covered skin, so hot, so dangerous.

"And you question whether or not you're a sissy, Michael? There's no question, no question at all," she told me as she pulled the panties over my hips, as she slowly pulled them over my front, over my penis.

"Look down, Michael," she told me. "You see? Do you see?"

"What? What," I sighed.

She reached out with three fingers, reached out, touched me, touched the front of my panties. "Such a pretty little mound. If I man wore panties, his cock would be obscene, disgusting, out of place in the soft satin. All you'd see is a big cock sticking out of a pair of woman's panties. It doesn't look right.

"But you see? You see how it is for a woman...or a sissy? Look," she told me, gently touching my penis.

"See, just a soft mound. So inviting. The hidden treasure. A cock is so obscene. Sticking out, thrusting out. A cock would look so out of place in panties. A woman's beautiful pussy covered in satin. It is hidden. That's what lingerie does for a woman. The illusion. The softness. The mystery. You know something is under there, but you can't see it. A woman's treasure is hidden. Teased. The same for a sissy. A sissy's pretty penis in satin folds. Soft and gentle." She continued to ever so lightly touch me, toy with me. "Do you see, Michael? Do you see it?"

"Yes," I moaned,

"A man's cock in panties would be obscene, harsh, thrust outward. A woman's folds are hidden. A sissy's penis is hidden, small, undiscovered. You're a sissy, don't you see? A woman's pussy is something soft and tender and seductive. Just like a sissy's penis. Just like your penis. Soft, tender, seductive. So pretty in panties, so small, so pretty. So soft, so pretty."

I don't know why her words were so powerful. Why they were so seductive. I was a sissy. I was a sissy. Small. Pretty. Soft. Sissy. Sissy.

"What are you, Michael?"

"I'm a sissy," I answered immediately. "I'm a sissy."

"Yes, yes. My sissy. Susan's sissy." She dropped her hand, looked up, smiled at me. "We're almost done, my pretty." Mrs. Stanton reached behind

her on the bed and picked up one more silver and black satin garment, unfolded it and held it up. "Just the matching camisole," she said.

It matched the panties perfectly. Silver satin with silver spaghetti straps. Transparent black lace around the top edges and all down the front held together with silver satin buttons. She stood up. "Lift your arms, Michael."

I froze. Wait a minute. I had to go to the office today. I could do some things from home, but I had to go in for a meeting at 11:00. I couldn't wear that. "Mrs. Stanton, I...I have to work today, I...I have to go to the office."

"I know, Michael, Susan told me. That's why just the camisole and not the bra, too."

My mouth was dry. "Bra? There's a bra?"

"I know, I'd prefer you wear the bra, too, but you're small chested, Michael, you can get away with just a camisole and not be indecent."

I tried to talk, my mouth was too dry. I licked my lips, trying to find some moisture, something to allow me to stop this, to stop her. "Arms up, Michael. Arms up," she repeated when I did not move. She put the camisole over my arms, my head and I felt it shimmer into place. "Stop worrying, Michael. Wear a tee shirt, it will hide your pretty camisole till you get home. We'll save the bra for then."

She stepped back, walked towards the dresser again. "You really are beautiful, Michael. You're lucky, you know. With little effort, with your hair done, a little makeup, you'd pass as a woman, a very pretty woman, in fact."

Hearing her said that shocked me. It seemed a slap in my face. "A woman?"

"You're not a man, Michael. That's my point. I've known all along, Michael. I've told Susan all along. It's so obvious, so obvious."

"What do you want from me," I demanded, shaken by her accusation.

She stared at me impassively. "In good time, sissy, in good time. Now, you're going to the office today?"

I glared. I was angry at her. What was she doing to me? "Yes," I answered.

"You're wearing a suit?"

"Um, yes, why?"

"What color?"

I furrowed my brow. "Blue, why?"

She didn't answer, instead opened a dresser drawer. "Here," she said handing me something dark blue, balled up.

"What's this?"

"A pair of my trouser socks. While you're wearing stockings and there is no reason to wear socks, I recognize you can't very well have your legs showing like that, so you may wear these."

I looked at the ball in my hand. Dark nylon. These were women's socks. Wait, Susan had socks like this.

"Don't worry, Michael, they are opaque, close enough to a thin pair of men's socks. But that's the point. I don't want you thinking like a man. You can wear a suit and tie, but you don't think like a man.

"In fact, there is a little exercise I want you to do at work today. Remember something. When a woman wears pretty lingerie, no one knows she's wearing it but her. It is her secret, how pretty she looks. That makes her feel so feminine, so pretty. Remember. So pretty. So feminine. That's what I want you to think, all day, how pretty, how feminine you are."

"Go get dressed, Michael. But remember, you're not a man. You're pretty. You're feminine. Sissy."

I dressed for work. I spent a good twenty minutes staring at myself in the mirror, looking at myself from every angle. Could anyone see anything? Lace? Satin? Anything through my shirt? A camisole strap? More lace?

I only had to get through one meeting. One meeting. No more than an hour.

Riding up the elevator to my office, I did not know how I'd do it. All I could think about was the lingerie I was wearing. Every step made me think about it. With every step my stockings tugged at my garter straps. With every step my panties swirled around my penis. With every step I could feel the camisole on my nipples.

Every step. Every step reminded me I was wearing lingerie. Reminded me my mother-in-law thought I was a sissy. Reminded me I wasn't a man.

"Hey, Mike," Paul Baron, one of my co-workers walked up to me as I wandered down the hall to my office.

"Paul," I managed to say, feeling the garter straps with every step. All I could think about was I wasn't a man. Paul was a man. I was a sissy.

"Catch the game last night?"

"Um, no, Susan and I just spent a night together."

"Nice," he said, raising an eyebrow in the way a man would, making that unspoken comment he understood...a night of fucking my wife. Oh, god. No. No.

I realized. Fuck, I wasn't one of them. I was walking down the hall with "one of the guys" except one of us, me, was dressed head to toe in lingerie!

Paul walked into my office with me. "You have that stuff ready for the meeting?"

"Um, yea."

"What's wrong, Mike, you okay?"

I looked up at Paul, standing a few feet in front of my desk. I couldn't help thinking. He was a man. My god, he was a man. He was a man much like Tom, the man my wife met in Atlanta, was a man. Paul was tall, handsome, strong. He was a man. Involuntarily I looked down at his crotch. Paul had a cock. A cock!

Much like the cock that just days earlier was pressed against my wife's ass. The hard cock.

"You sure you're okay, buddy?" He laughed. "Up too late with that hot wife of yours?"

Instantly I realized, that of course, Paul wanted to fuck my wife. Paul was a man and wanted to fuck my wife. Not that he was in love with her, infatuated with her, or anything inappropriate. Just that he was a man, found her attractive, and if not for being my co-worker and friend, would fuck my wife.

"Yea, that's it," I mumbled. The image shot into my brain, hurled there, violently. Susan. Susan.

The image in my brain.

Susan.

Over my desk. Susan bent over my desk.

Susan, my wife.

Susan, bent over my desk, wearing just her black lingerie.

Susan, my wife.

Susan, looking me in the eye. Susan, my wife.

And Paul. Paul standing behind my wife, naked.

Susan and Paul both looking at me. Susan, whispering, "his cock is so hard, Michael."

All I could picture as Susan, bent over my desk, and Paul, my friend, my co-worker, naked, fucking my wife. Fucking her. Fucking her hard. "His

cock is so hard, Michael. And it feels so good, so good."

All I could picture was my friend Paul fucking my wife. Oh god, oh god.

"You'll bring the stuff to the meeting," Paul asked me.

"His cock is so hard, Michael."

"Yea," I mumbled. I realized that my penis was hard. I felt it in my panties. It was hard. My penis was hard picturing Paul fuck my wife.

Hard. My penis was hard as I fantasized about Paul's hard cock.

Hard.

Cock.

Oh, god.

Oh, dear.

I was a sissy.

I was a cuckold.

I was a sissy cuckold.

I sat at one end of the conference room table during the meeting with the head of the product group and some of his support staff. I was not the main presenter, so there were times my mind could wander.

During one of those, when a question was asked of me, I barely heard it, though was able to answer appropriately, even though all eyes were turned my way. Just after answering that question, I thought of Susan, sitting in a room much like this one in Atlanta, all eyes on her. All eyes looking at her. Her thoughts of being naughty. Of sitting at the end of a table, secretly aware of the beautiful lingerie she was wearing.

I thought of it because that was just how I felt at that instant.

I was sitting in a room with several other men. Only I didn't think of myself as a man. I was the only sissy. I was the only one wearing lingerie. I was the only one who was pretty. I was the only one who wasn't a man!

My BlackBerry vibrated. I glanced at it. Susan. "You talk to mother."

Normally I would not answer an email or a text in a meeting, but the attention was again elsewhere.

"Yes," I responded.

"Hmmm. Proud of you."

A minute went by. "She say yes?"

I frowned. This was actually humiliating. "Yes, she said yes."

She responded. "I'm dying to ask you which pair of my panties she said you could wear but I want to save it for tonight."

If she only knew the half of it.

"Do you feel pretty, sweetie?"

Again, she didn't know the half of it! "Yes, I guess."

"Love you."

"Love u too, Susan."

"Get sushi for dinner?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I responded.

I ended up at the office until late afternoon working on a few minor details from the meeting. I probably could have gotten finished earlier if not for the constant thoughts of my lingerie, of Susan. She expected to come home to me in a pair of her panties. Hers. Not a full set of her mother's lingerie! I thought perhaps I'd talk to her mother, maybe she would change her mind, maybe I could just put on panties.

That thought was basically dashed when I got home and Susan was already there. I walked into the kitchen with our sushi and a bottle of wine and Susan was waiting for me. For the looks of things I'd only missed getting home first by minutes.

"Hey...ran late at the office?"

I explained about finishing up some things. I left out the distractions I kept having thinking of her fucking Paul. "You want to eat now?"

"Eat? Are you kidding me? I've been thinking of...well you know what I've been thinking of, Michael. Put that stuff in the fridge, I want to see now, I can't wait any more."

I put the food away and let Susan drag me upstairs. I felt like I was being taken to a death chamber. "I've been picturing you in different pairs of my panties all day Michael, I can't take the anticipation anymore. I've got to see which pair of them you're wearing."

In the bedroom, I took off my coat and tie, but then just stood in front of Susan, looking at her. "You're nervous, Michael?"

"Yes, of course," I said, in more ways than she knew.

"I thought you might be, so I have a little surprise for you. I've got something to show you. Maybe I should go first." Susan reached down to the hem of her skirt. "I really loved wearing the garter belts you bought

you...you've no idea how sensual they feel all say...so I thought maybe I'd get a few more."

Susan lifted the hem of her skirt slowly up her legs, up her things, showing more and more nylon covered leg. More until she reached her upper thighs and the nude nylon turned darker. She was wearing stockings! The dark fabric was the welt.

"Are you going to show me which pair of my panties you're wearing? Or should I show a little more, first?"

Susan lifted the hem of her skirt higher, to the tops of her stockings, slightly higher, revealing gold ribbon garter tabs, black garter straps and the milky skin of her bare upper thighs.

"Oh, god, Susan."

"More, lover? I could just do this?" She dropped the hem of her skirt, reached behind herself, moved and suddenly dropped the skirt to the floor revealing a black with mocha trim garter belt holding up her nude stocking, under which she wore sheer black panties.

"Your turn, lover. If you want to see the rest, I want to see which pair of panties you're wearing. Undo your pants, Michael, show me, show me how pretty your little penis looks in my panties. Show me."

"Susan...I...I don't know."

"You're wearing panties?"

"Yes." I answered, leaving out the full answer. That I was wearing more. That they were not hers.

"Show me, Michael, god, I want to see them, please, show me. Show me."

I undid my belt, the button to my pants, the zipper, spread my pants open slowly, exposing the silver satin of the tap panties I was wearing.

I heard her gasp. Susan knew right away. I froze. "Those...those aren't my panties," she exclaimed. "Where are those..." She started breathing heavily. "Oh, Michael, oh god, Michael, are you..."

We locked eyes.

"Are you wearing my mother's panties?"

I couldn't answer. I was terrified.

"Are you wearing my mother's panties," Susan asked again.

"Susan, she..."

"Are you wearing her panties, Michael," she asked impatiently.

"Yes," I whispered, looking up at her.

"Take of your pants, now," she said, furrowing her brow.

"Susan," I protested, "you told me to ask her if I could..."

"Now, Michael," she repeated.

I took a deep breath, dropped my trousers to my ankles, exposing the panties, the garter straps extending underneath and the stockings, too.

Susan gasped again at the sight of me. After staring for a minute, looking me up and down, ankles to waist, she reached down, pulled up her own skirt and re-fastened it around her waist.

"Susan, please," I begged.

"Don't you move," she snapped, walking to the bedroom door and opening it. "Mother," she called out into the hallway.

"Susan!"

She turned at me, eyes alone silencing me.

"Yes, darling," I heard Mrs. Stanton say, coming closer to the bedroom, appearing in the doorway.

"Oh," Mrs. Stanton smiled. "You've seen. Tell him to take off his shirt, too."

My wife looked at me. I turned away, unbuttoned my shirt, removed it, the tee shirt, revealing the matching camisole. "Your pants and my trouser socks, too, Michael," Mrs. Stanton said.

Now, finally, I was standing before both of them wearing only the lingerie, only the clothes my mother-in-law had dressed me in.

"Mother, he's wearing..."

"He's a sissy, Susan."

"But he's..."

"I told you, Susan, didn't I?"

"But I..."

"You've always known, Susan. I told you. I told you he wasn't much a man, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well here you have it. Do you want him to change? Do you want me to take back my things? Or do you want me to go get the bra that goes with that set and leave you two alone?"

Susan didn't answer. She just stared. She just stared at me.

"I'll be right back, Susan," her mother said, leaving. We just stared. I stared at the floor. She stared at me.

Walking back into the room, bra in hand, her mother walked towards me, speaking to Susan. "He doesn't really need a bra, of course, for support, but it is an important psychological tool. This one is a little padded to give the illusion of breasts, but you'd need silicone breastforms for the feel and weight. We'll talk about that later, of course."

She helped me remove the camisole, put on the bra, then back on with the camisole. "He's got lovely legs, I think, though they'd be much more shapely in heels. Would you like me to get a pair?"

"No, Mother, this will do. For now."

She stood next to my wife. "I told you, Susan. I told you. Michael," she looked at me. "Tell her what you are."

I looked down. "Tell her, Michael. She already knows, but you need to tell her."

"I'm a sissy," I whispered. "I'm a sissy."

"We'll talk later, Susan." Mrs. Stanton turned, left the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

We were alone. I was standing in front of my wife wearing incredibly pretty lingerie. Her mother's lingerie. I was mortified and humiliated. Susan was going to leave me, I knew it.

"Susan, she told me..."

"Enough, Michael, enough." Susan'd started undressing again. Starting with her skirt, she undressed, her blouse too. She was also wearing a sheer black bra, sheer enough that the outline of her breasts and her nipples were visible. Still in heels, she was dark and powerful. Naughty, nasty, scary.

Susan took a step, then another, towards me. She was menacing. "Susan, please," I said.

She took the last step to me. Her eyes were burning a hole through my skin. She moved a hand up towards my face; I thought she was going to strike me. I would have moved backward, but I was up against the edge of the bed already. But instead of hitting me, she put her hand behind my head and roughly pulled my face towards her.

"You're my sissy," she growled like a giant cat as she opened her mouth and roughly kissed me. "You're my bitch," she snarled, breaking the kiss, pushing me backwards so I fell on the bed.

"Susan," I cried out.

Susan climbed on top of my body. "You're my sissy, Michael, my sissy."

"Yes," I admitted, "yes."

Susan's crotch was pressed into mine, our mounds, our panty covered mounds, touched.

"You're not a man, Michael."

"No."

She started rubbing her pussy against my penis. "Panties, Michael."

I was quickly swelling. "Panties, Michael, your little penis feels so pretty in satin panties. It feels so...so pretty in my mother's satin panties."

I groaned and moaned. "You like that, don't you?"

"Yes, Susan, yes."

"Wearing panties?"

"Yes."

"Feeling pretty?"

"Oh god, yes, yes!"

"Wearing my mother's panties, like a sissy," she asked, raising her eye brows.

"Yes," I gulped.

"Having such a little penis?"

"God, Susan, yes!"

"That turns you on, doesn't it sissy? Having a small, sissy penis, trapped in satin."

"Ohhhhhhh," I moaned, from her words, the friction of her pussy.

She found my buttons, found them, pushed them, twisted them.

"You're so small, you know, Michael, so small."

"Hmmmmmm," I groaned as she rubbed her pussy on me.

"That's why Tom's cock felt so good, Michael."

"Oh, Susan, Susan."

"That's why all I can think about is a real man, Michael, a real man in me, you in panties."

"Susan, Susan!"

Susan leaned over, kissed me again, deeply, roughly. "I want you in panties, Michael."

"Yes, yes."

"Always, Michael, always."

"Ohhhh."

"You're never wearing men's underwear again, Michael. Why? Why?"

"Because I'm a sissy, Susan," I moaned.

"You're my sissy, Michael."

I was Susan's sissy. Susan's sissy!

"Ohhhhh, Susan," I almost yelled. I was about to lose it. This was entirely too much. The room was spinning, it was hot and cold at the same time. I was shaking. And then she stopped.

"You're not cumming, Michael," Susan snapped at me, "I am. You're my bitch, serve me."

Susan rolled us over and I attacked her immediately. My mouth and hands and tongue attacked her like I'd never been with her in my life. I ravaged her. I licked her everywhere, anywhere, all the while she touched me. My skin, both bare and through my lingerie. Her fingers were everywhere as I licked and kissed. On my nylon covered legs. On my satin covered stomach, ass, penis. Everywhere.

Everywhere as I licked her pussy, starving. Everywhere.

Finally, after twenty, thirty minutes of licking her pussy, her soaking wet pussy, she moaned to me. "I need to be fucked, Michael."

I almost came right then, just hearing those words. "Oh, Susan," I moaned. Finally, finally.

"I need to be fucked," she growled.

I licked my way up her stomach, over her garter belt, towards her bra. "Yes, Susan, yes."

"I need cock," she growled again.

My tongue on her bra, I paused. I had one hand down on my own panties, pulling them aside.

"Susan, I..."

"I need cock inside me, Michael," she growled, "I need to be fucked."

I had my panties over my penis, my erection out, pointed towards her.

She looked down her body, then back up at me. "What are you doing?"

"I...I was going to..." I felt a rush of guilt. Like I'd done something wrong. I just wanted to make love to my wife. I started to say I was going to fuck her, but that did not sound right, somehow, dressed as I was. "I...I was going...going...to make love to you."

"I want to be fucked, Michael. I don't want to make love. I need a cock, Michael, I don't want your small, sissy penis."

"But..."

Susan shifted her body so I rolled off to her side. She was playing with herself, rubbing herself. "I want cock, Michael, I need cock."

We just looked at one another. She looked at me, stared into my eyes as she masturbated herself. "I need cock, Michael. I want to be fucked. I need cock inside me, sissy, I don't need my bitch, I don't need that little thing." She knew she was humiliating me. She knew, but also knew how excited she was making me.

I didn't know what to do. What to say. I was...a sissy! I begged. "Susan, please, I...let me make love to you."

"I don't want to make love, Michael. I want to be fucked."

"What do you want me to do, Susan," I begged?

"Go to my dresser. To my lingerie drawer," she gasped, making herself cum.

I stood up. "Hurry, Michael. On the left, all the way in the back, behind my bras."

I opened her drawer and was quickly overwhelmed. I would have recognized most of her bra and panty sets, pretty, but nothing incredibly fancy. Not like what she was wearing right now. Opening her drawer, I recognized nothing. The drawer was full of things I'd never seen before. Bras. Panties. Garter belts. Satin. Silk. Pretty things. Not her basic lingerie, all fancy, all frilly, all wonderful.

"Quickly, Michael, quickly."

She'd completely redone her lingerie wardrobe to match every fantasy I'd ever had. Her lingerie was every thing I'd ever wanted to see her in. I was weak at the knees.

"Michael!"

I snapped out of my trance, put my hand into the drawer, felt the back, behind the bras and found...what...I didn't understand...part of my mind knew exactly what I'd found. I wasn't a prude. I wasn't naive. But part of me was confused, in part of my mind, it didn't make sense. Then, I suppose it made total sense. Completely.

I pulled it out and stared at it.

A cock.

No other way to describe it.

A cock.

Long, thick, hard, lifelike.

"Susan," I started to ask.

"Hurry, Michael, hurry, please."

Susan wanted to get fucked. She wanted cock. She wanted me. She wanted me to fuck her. But not with my penis. She wanted me to fuck her with a cock. This cock.

"Michael," she begged, "Michael."

I climbed back onto the bed, the life like dildo in my hand.

"I need it, Michael. I need cock. Ever since I felt Tom's cock, I've needed it."

"You...you want this cock, Susan," I asked tentatively.

"Yes Michael, yes."

It dawned on me what she wanted. I suddenly understood what she really wanted. I was afraid to ask it, though. Where was the line between fantasy and reality? Where was she? Did I want to know? I did, in fact, I had to know.

"Did you want Tom's cock, Susan?" As I asked this I touched the tip of the cock I was holding to the back of her fingers as she played with herself. I knew the answer. I knew what she'd say. She knew, too. But she said nothing, just rubbed her clit with two fingers, her other three stroking the cock I pressed against her.

I had to ask again, I had to hear her say it. I don't know why, but that seemed the most important thing in the world. So I pulled the cock back from her fingers, up, so she could not touch the cock and her pussy at the same time.

"Do you want Tom's cock," I asked, changing the question from whether she wanted it several days ago to whether she wanted it now.

"Yes," she moaned, "yes."

I admit that without the lingerie I was wearing, without the sexual frustration, pent up, built up, without seeing Susan playing with herself, without seeing her in lingerie, without her verbal and physical teasing, I'd never have done this. Any of this.

"Do you want his cock, Susan," I asked again.

"Yes, please, yes. Please Michael, please." She stopped touching herself, moved her hands away, so her bare pussy was staring me in the face, so there was nothing between her, between it, and the cock I was holding, hovering over her. "Please Michael. I want a cock...I want...I want his cock. I want Tom's cock, please Michael, I...I need it."

Susan's eyes were closed, her head tilted back, her mouth slightly open. I lowered the cock to her pussy, lightly, gently touched it to her, grazed her,

then moved away.

"Ohhh," she gasped. I wanted to shove it inside her. I wanted to slam it into her. Part of me was angry at her teasing. Part of me was furious at her, at her mother. Part of me wanted to fuck her with the cock in anger.

But more of me wanted to see her squirm. Not in pain. I loved her. Squirm in pleasure.

I wanted to make her cum. I wanted to make her wet. I wanted to make her cum.

I lowered the cock back to her pussy, longer this time. I let it linger on her. I used it to rub her, to tease her. I used it to make her want it.

She was so wet. Rubbing the cock over the outside of her pussy again and again made the cock wetter and wetter. It teased her and played with her and made her wetness completely cover the cock. She was all over it, now. It was shiny, wet, sticky, full of her.

Part of me wanted so much to throw the cock aside and fuck her silly. To slam fuck her.

But she wanted cock. She didn't want me. She wanted cock.

"Do you want him, Susan," I asked her, "Do you want Tom to fuck you?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Do you want him inside you."

"Yes, oh god, yes. Please. I want him to fuck me, please. Please..."

I rubbed her slowly.

"Please Michael, please. Please let him fuck me. Please." She found her own way to rub me. Her stocking covered foot found the front of my panties, rubbed slowly, carefully, against my penis. Not enough, not near enough to make me even approach orgasm, but enough, just teasing enough, to drive me insane.

She wanted cock. My wife wanted cock. She wanted a man. She wanted cock. She didn't want me. She wanted him. Tom!

I was her sissy. Her husband. But her sissy. And she wanted a man.

I put the head of the cock against the outside of her pussy lips. Soaked. She was literally soaked. "Do you want to fuck him, Susan?"

"Yes," she moaned, "yes, please, let him, Michael, help him. I want his cock."

I pushed the head of the cock into her, just the head, just an inch, maybe two, into her.

"Ohhhhhhhh," she groaned, shaking in orgasm. Her arms were drawn up now to her body, squeezing her breasts as she shook. She wasn't just playing. She wasn't just horny. She was suddenly drowning in an orgasm.

I'd seen her cum before, naturally. I'd seen her cum often. She'd cum so hard, her thighs wrapped around my face. She'd cum so hard with my fingers dancing on her. What I'd never seen was her cum like this. I'd never seen her cum like this from my own penis slowly slipping inside her. I'd never, ever made her cum like this, fucking her.

"Do you want him to fuck you, Susan," I demanded.

"Yes, Tom, yes, please, yes, fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me!"

I didn't though, not yet. I pulled the cock back, instead of pushing forward. I pulled it back and pushed it up, the wet bulb of the head up against her clit as the orgasm continued to wash over her, then, just the bulb, the large bulbous head, into her wetness.

"Ohhhhh," Susan moaned, eyes still closed, mouth open, gasping in pleasure, sucking in oxygen.

Seeing Susan's mouth open, feeling her nyloned foot touch me, I shook. I knew what to do. My own fantasies were exploding inside my head. Some known and fantasized about for ages, some new, fresh, barely touched. The thought of a man fucking my wife, the thought of being cuckolded was new, so new, not yet comfortable in my mind.

But the old rushed in, too. I loved seeing Susan masturbate. I loved seeing my wife touch herself. I loved the taste of Susan, I loved having my mouth, my tongue, my face, covered in her juices.

I always tried to get Susan to share that, to taste herself. I loved seeing her masturbate because I fantasized about her reaching up, touching her lips, tasting her own cum. She was never that interested. She rarely sucked my penis, but she certainly never did after it had been inside her. She kissed me after I went down on her, but only on rare, very rare, occasions, would she seem to really enjoy it. I wanted her to taste herself. I wanted her to suck her self.

I looked at the head of the cock in her pussy, wet. Wet with her juices. She was all over the head. She was all over the shaft from my rubbing it on the outside of her. She was so wet and it was everywhere. All over her. All over the fake cock.

I looked at the cock covered with her. I looked at her mouth. I felt her foot gently grazing my penis.

I slowly pulled the cock back out of her pussy. "Ohhh, you're teasing me Mic..." She caught her word. "Tom."

"You want Tom's cock, Susan?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Tell him," I said softly.

She turned her head from side to side eyes still closed, mouth still open.

I moved up her body slightly, carefully, trying not to touch her with my penis, but instead, dragged my satin covered hip over her pussy lips, as I moved slightly to one side.

"Tell him," I whispered again, this time into her ear.

"Please," she begged.

I bent my leg, so my nylon covered thigh was now pressed against her pussy, her drenched pussy.

"Tell him what you want, Susan."

Susan was shaking as I rubbed against her. "I...I want your cock, Tom," she whispered.

I brought the glistening cock up towards her face. It was covered with her. Covered with Susan. Covered with her wetness. Covered with her cum.

"Tell him, Susan."

"I want your cock, Tom," she moaned again.

"Open your mouth, Susan," I said, shaking, voice almost cracking. I wanted to see this so badly right now. I wanted to see her mouth open. I wanted to see cock in her mouth. I wanted to see her sucking a man. Tom. I wanted to see her tasting herself. Sucking her pussy juice off cock. I was DESPERATE to see it.

Susan didn't open her mouth. Instead she opened her eyes. She looked at the cock hovering inches from her face. Then she looked at me. Her eyes were so hungry. She looked back at the cock, Tom's imaginary cock. I could tell from the look in her eyes she saw it. She saw what I was doing. She saw herself all over it. She saw that the cock, Tom's cock, was covered with her pussy juices, her wetness.

She looked back at me. For several seconds I expected her to push me away. To tell me to fuck off. To tell me I was a pervert. A creep.

And then she closed her eyes again...

She said, "I want your cock, Tom..."

...and opened her mouth!

I shook, then moved the cock right there, right to her mouth, right there. I watched as my wife started sucking, licking, TASTING!

She wasn't just doing it, she was relishing it. She was sucking the head of the cock, more, sucking herself, tasting everything, licking everything. I held the cock for her as she licked and sucked, I held the cock for my wife as she whored herself out for cock. Licked and licked herself off it, tasted herself.

Finally, she let it slip out of her mouth, opened her eyes, and looked at me.

"Now fuck me, Tom, fuck me. I want cock. I want his cock, I want your cock. I want Tom's cock. Fuck me. Fuck me."

I wasted no time. I needed this as much as she did. I wasted no time. I took the cock, "Tom's cock", down, to her, to her pussy, to her wet lips, and in one, slow, steady motion, pushed it into her, deeper and deeper into her. Deeper than I'd ever been inside her.

"Oh, fuck, Tom," she moaned as it went in, filling her wider and deeper than I'd ever done.

For ten minutes I fucked her. Susan and I made love when we were intimate. Right now, I was fucking her. Fucking her for the first time in my life. Fucking her with a cock for the first time. Fucking her. And my own organ was still trapped under my own panties. Cock. She had cock inside her, not me.

And for the first time ever, Susan had orgasms unlike those I'd ever seen before. Powerful, shaking, orgasms.

She had her legs up and I was pushing it straight down into her. Her eyes were wide open, she was biting her lip, sucking in air. "Oh, fuck, OH FUCK, oh god, oh fuck!"

I was hitting her in a spot I'd never, ever hit her before. Deep inside her. Her eyes suddenly rolled back into her head and I was actually concerned I hurt her, I started to pull it out.

"No...NO!" She grabbed my hands and pushed them into her, holding the cock in her. "There, Tom, there, there," she moaned just holding for minute after minute. "Ohhhhhh, fuck, ohhhhhh."

"Susan," I whispered.

"Shhh," she said.

I was so turned on. Oh, fuck. "Susan." I started to pull it out from her.

"No, wait. NO. It feels, oh god, it feels so good to have a cock inside me."

I just held it for several minutes. Waiting.

"Lick me."

"What?"

"Lick me while he fucks me, lick me, lick me."

"Susan..."

"Lick me. I want your mouth on me while his cock is inside me."

"Susan," I said again, shocked at her language, her tone.

"Lick me, bitch," she sneered.

I tried to bend down, almost fell on top of her, till she held me. "Here, let me," she said, moving my hands away from the cock. "I'll guide Tom, you just lick, sissy, lick."

I got closer, eying the cock as I did so, got closer, tentatively, opened my mouth, touched my tongue to her, humiliated, scared, excited. Even though she was only fucking herself with a dildo, even though it wasn't a "real" cock, it was real enough, close enough.

"Ohhhhh," Susan groaned, moaned, pushing the cock in and out, lifting her pelvis, pushing herself onto my mouth, my tongue. "Ohhhh, Tom, oh god..." Susan fucked herself, I licked her, to an orgasm, then another, until she was shaking, laying on the bed shaking, the cock pressed deep into her, held there, like a man would cumming in her.

Finally, I stopped licking, she stopped shaking, just lay there, breathing. She slowly moved her hands, she slowly guided the cock out of her pussy, moaning in post orgasmic bliss the entire time it was coming out of her.

"Oh, god Michael, that...that was amazing. That was the most amazing..." My mouth was still hovering on her clit and I shook, jolted, when I felt the cock touch the underside of my jaw as it popped out of her.

"Susan," I moaned, experiencing the wonder of her pleasure, but needing, dying for, wanting my own. "Can I," I looked up at her, my eyes begging to fuck her.

"No, Michael," she said gently, "you're not going to fuck me. I told you that earlier. Besides, Tom took care of me," she smiled, moving the cock from under my chin, around my head, placing it on top of her, just at the top of her pussy, as if it was she that had a cock.

I just stared at it, could not help it, stared at the cock, obscenely sticking out from my wife's skin.

I saw her, saw her eyes looking at me, burning into my own, saw a harshness, a resolve. "Open your mouth, Michael," she said, an order, not a request.

Open my mouth? Why would I open my mouth? I looked at her, scrunched my eye brows. Open my mouth? That seemed...no...no...no, she didn't mean...she wasn't telling me to...she didn't think I'd...

My eye brows went up, shocked.

"You made me taste myself, Michael, you made me. Did you think I wouldn't do the same for you...bitch?"

"Please, Susan," I begged, eyeing the cock again, "you...you're a woman...you..."

"And you're a sissy, Michael...open your mouth and lick it, before I shove his cock down your throat."

I swallowed hard, swallowed, closed my eyes, tentatively stuck my tongue out, blindly, until it touched the shaft of the cock. "That's a good girl, Michael, that's it, lick it, taste me, lick me off of it."

For a minute, licking it was easy...I just tried to forget what it was, forget, focus on Susan's taste, not the plastic cock. She sensed, she must have sensed.

"Lick, Michael, lick, taste me, taste my pussy on his cock."

Again, cock, again, my eyes went wide.

"That's right, sissy, cock, you're licking cock."

I gasped, humiliated, desperate to stop, afraid to stop.

"Lick the cock that fucked me, Michael. Taste it, Michael, taste me on his cock."

I was dizzy, I felt the room spin. Cock. Cock. "Ohhhh," I groaned as I licked, realizing that my penis was on her, resting, trapped against her nylon covered foot. She could obviously tell I was hard, throbbing, jumping. She knew, knew her humiliating words were exciting me as they tormented me.

"Cock, Michael, taste his cock. Open your mouth, Michael, open," she said, "open."

I couldn't help it, not with her taste, not with the smell, not with her all over it.

"Taste his cock, Michael," she said, "taste his cock." She shifted, bent herself, bent the cock, so the head of it was on my lips, on my tongue, on the opening of my mouth. "Taste it, Michael, taste his cock, taste...suck...suck it, Michael, suck his cock," she hissed, pushing her hips

upward, pushing the head of the cock into my mouth. "Suck it, Michael, suck his cock. Suck cock, Michael, suck cock."

I opened my mouth, allowed it into me, allowed the head of the cock into my mouth.

"Suck his cock, Michael, suck his cock."

For minute after minute, I was lost in a haze, most, tasting Susan, the cock filling my mouth. "Be my cock sucker," Susan was encouraging me, "be my cock sucker," she said, over and over, thrusting the cock into my mouth, gently rubbing my own penis with her leg.

"HMMMMMMM," I groaned as pressure built up in me.

"Cock sucker, cock sucker, cock sucker," she said until I finally started to hump her leg.

"Get off me, Michael, turn over," she said quickly, pushing me moments before I exploded. I was breathing heavily. I wanted her. I needed her.

"Susan, please," I begged to no avail as she turned me on my back while she climbed onto of me, sat on my thighs.

The cock was still in her hands. For leverage, to adjust herself, she put her hand on my hips, cock in one hand, twisted herself on me. The cock came to rest just to the right of my crotch, just to the right of my penis.

We both looked down at it. "That looks strange, doesn't it?"

"What," I asked moaned, twitching, trying to hump the air even as she was holding me down.

"Seeing a cock down there. When you're used to a pretty little penis."

I don't know how many shades of red I blushed. "Susan!"

"What, lover," she laughed in a post-coital laugh, a light mood, one not shred by me. "I'm just saying, I don't expect to look down at you and see a cock staring back at me." She kept the cock in one hand, touched my penis through my panties with the other. "Don't worry, lover, you've got exactly what I want, a soft, pretty little penis. Don't worry, leave the cock to real men."

"Oh, Susan," I moaned at her touch.

"See, lover, that's it, just relax, enjoy having such a pretty little penis. Don't worry about cock. Just relax, be a sissy, don't worry, don't worry." All the while she was rubbing me with two fingers through the satin tap panties. "That's it, relax, let me touch you like a girl, just relax, breathe, be my girl, be my sissy, be my girl."

"So much less pressure than being a man, sweetie. Let the man worry about fucking me, you just worry about other things, more feminine things."

Susan leaned towards me, dropped the cock to side of my head, kissed me. "Forget about the cock, sissy, take of your panties, let's play with you," she said.

She helped me. We wasted not time peeling the satin off me. She was back on top of me, sitting on me, letting her wet pussy touch me all over, rubbing on me, up and down me.

"God, I'm so wet, lover, so wet," she cooed, kissing. "Tom...Tom made me so wet. So excited. I got so wet when I felt his cock, honey, so wet."

I jumped, shook at both her words, at being touched by her. She was rubbing her wetness all over me, everywhere, all over my penis, talking at the same time. Whereas I was teasing her before, it was her turn now, to tease me, to torment me.

"He made me so wet, Michael. Touching him felt so good." She licked me, neck to ear, lifting herself off my penis. "I got so wet feeling a real cock after all these years of this little penis." Back down on me, sliding on me.

"You're so excited, I can tell, Michael. Does it excite you knowing your wife fucked a man?"

"Yes," I moaned as much from her pussy on my penis as her words.

"Does it excite you to be cuckolded, Michael."

I couldn't answer, verbally, though physically, there was no doubt as to the answer to the question.

"A man's cock inside me, Michael."

"Hhhh, hmmm," I moaned again.

Susan put her lips to my ear. "Do you want him to fuck me, Michael? Do you want Tom to really fuck me?"

"Yes." The word escaped my lips before I could hold it down. Her wet pussy rubbing along my shaft froze my brain, froze it so that I couldn't stop the words from coming out.

"Do you want his cock inside me, Michael?"

"Yes, yes!"

"He's coming here next week, Michael, do you want me to fuck him?"

I hesitated, the image in my mind, burning. "Yes," I whimpered.

"His cock wet, so wet with my pussy juice?" She lifted herself off me yet again. I was dying for her touch, her warmth.

"Please, Susan, yes, please."

In response, she rubbed me again, stopped again.

"Do you want him to cum inside me, Michael? Do you want Tom to fuck me and cum inside me?"

It was my turn to buck in tremendous pleasure. She had stopped moving so I was on the verge of entering her. My penis was pressed against her lips. I shifted my hips forward, trying to enter her but she matched my movement, moved her own hips forward so I could not.

"Answer my question, sissy. Do you want him to cum inside me?"

"Yes," I whimpered quietly, shaking. She shifted again, shifted, so the head of my penis was on her lips, surrounded by them.

"You want him inside your wife? Fucking, cuming?"

"Yes, Susan, yes!" She lowered herself slightly again, so the head of my penis was inside her, warm, wet.

"You want Tom's cock in my pussy, my pussy filled with his cum?"

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned.

"His cock is covered with my juices, Michael. My juices and his cum."

She lowered more, allowing more of me inside her.

"Hmmmmmmmm," I whimpered.

"Do you want to lick it, Michael, lick him clean? Are you a cock sucker, Michael?"

In and out, in and out I breathed, heavily, shaking. Susan bent down, all of my penis was inside her, but she did not move, just allowed me to bask in the warmth of her, the wetness, while taunting me.

"I want Tom's cock, sissy, I want his cock inside me. I...I want it so badly," she moaned, confessed.

Suddenly, without warning, without her moving, without anything, I shook violently, more violently than I'd ever felt. I shook and just exploded into her. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," I moaned through the cock filling my mouth. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

"Cum in my, Michael, cum in me just like Tom will."

"Ohmmmmmmmmmm," I moaned and moaned.

For a minute, two, finally, three, we lay there. My penis inside her quivering, Susan whispering. Cock sucker. Sissy.

"Susan," I started to say.

"Shhh, don't talk, Michael."

"Susan, please."

"Shhh, just relax, Michael, just relax."

"But Susan..." I was scared about what just happened. Terrified, actually.

"Michael, just relax. Not yet. Just relax. Not yet."

I knew what she was trying to say. Having just cum, my libido was destroyed. I felt guilty, hurt, confused. My sexual frustrations were gone, shot inside her. I was scared. Confused.

We drifted off to sleep. At least I did. Maybe only for a few minutes, I don't know. I fell asleep, inside her.

I woke feeling the same warmth, the wet warmth, I fell asleep to. It was darker. Hard to see. I opened my eyes. Couldn't see. Later. I felt the wet warmth. Then I realized something was different. The weight. Susan's weight wasn't on me. But I was still inside her.

I realized it. I was inside her. I wasn't inside her pussy. I was inside her, just not her pussy. No weight because she wasn't on me.

I couldn't see, just sense. Susan was on her side, next to me. I felt her warmth, not of her pussy, but of her mouth. Susan was laying on her side, next to me, sucking me. I wasn't even hard, but she was laying on her side, my limp penis in her mouth.

"Susan," I moaned in pleasure. I wasn't hard. I couldn't get hard. Not this soon, not ever soon after.

"Oh god," I moaned again as I realized what she was doing. My wife, who would never give me a real blow job, who would never taste herself, was on her side sucking my limp penis. Sucking it, covered as it was with her cum, with my cum.

"Hmmm," Susan moaned, running her tongue all over me. "It's so soft, Michael," she whispered. "So limp, so soft. I like it this way, I like the way it feels, soft, feminine, pretty. The opposite of a man's cock."

It was the oddest feeling. My wife, licking my limp penis, telling me how much she liked it soft, was exciting me like crazy, but I couldn't get hard.

"It's like a pussy, Michael. Soft, wet. It even tastes like a pussy." Susan shifted her body again so she was straddling my face in a sixty-nine position. "Share, Michael, try it with me."

I opened my mouth a few seconds before my brain caught up to the consequences of my action. I opened my mouth and started licking her, so excited was I by what she was doing to me, licking her cum and my cum, that I forgot that I was about to do the same.

It dawned on me that I was licking cum, too. Licking my cum, too. It dawned on me but I kept licking just the same. Slowly, enjoying, feeling the sexual energy fill my body slightly.

Slowly, too, we stopped until we just lay there, until finally, Susan climbed off, turned, and lay next to me.

"I love you, Michael," she said, kissing me. "I love you so much."

We lay there for several minutes, just cuddling, our bodies entwined. The most erotic part was our legs, our nylon covered legs gently gliding and rubbing against each other. It felt so soft, so sensual, so feminine. "That feels so nice, Michael."

"Hmmm." My mind understood it did, though was drifting, confused.

"What," Susan asked.

I wasn't sure how to ask, how to phrase. Even if I should say something.

Finally, I worked up the nerve. "Susan, were...were you serious...do you...do you really want to, er, fuck," I swallowed, "fuck Tom?"

Through the pale light of evening coming through the sheer curtains, I could see her face, saw her bite her lip, look at me. She opened her mouth to respond, but didn't answer. For several minutes, she just looked at me.

"Susan?"

"Michael," she finally spoke. "Were YOU serious? Do YOU really want ME to fuck Tom?"

I opened my mouth to tell her no, but no words came out. As with her, I just stared at her. Finally, I started to speak. "Susan..." No more words formed.

"Say no, Michael, and I'll never think of it again. Say no, tell me you don't really want me to fuck a man. Tell me no. Tell me you don't want me to cuckold you and I swear, I'll never think of cuckolding you again."

"Susan...I..."

"Say no, Michael, and I'll be happy with you forever, with your little penis forever. Say no."

I swallowed hard, but said nothing. My brain was screaming. No. NO. NO! But no words would form. No words would come out of my mouth. Of course no. She was my wife! Of course no. No. No. NO.

But that part was too small. I couldn't form the words. Cuckold. Cuckold. That word was all I could think of. I wanted to say no, but that word was trapped by the other word. Cuckold.

"Susan," I started again and stopped.

"Say no, Michael. If it's no, say no."

I said nothing. As much as I wanted to say no, I couldn't form the word. Nothing came out of my mouth.

"Say no, if you don't want this, Michael, say no."

I closed my eyes, swallowed, remained silent.

Susan said nothing in return. She lay her head back on my shoulder, nuzzled me, kissed me.

After a few more minutes, Susan moved over towards the side of the bed, turned on the light. "I'm hungry, you?"

"Yea," I answered, realizing my stomach was grumbling. "You want to go down and eat?"

"I'd rather eat in bed, why don't you go down to the kitchen and get the sushi and a bottle of wine."

I looked down at myself, the uncomfortable look obviously was apparent on my face. I had to change clothes.

"No, Michael, take a breath," she said, knowing what I was thinking. "Get up, put your panties back on to start with."

I looked at the panties sitting on the edge of the bed with some trepidation.

"Michael, I know what you're thinking. This is important to me. Especially now, after sex. Not before, after. I don't want you wearing men's underwear again."

I continued to stare at the panties, unmoving.

"Put your panties on, Michael, go ahead."

I took the panties in my hands, stood, gingerly slid them up my legs.

"There you go. Better. Now, even though mother dressed you, it's still not very lady like to walk around the house dressed just like that. Why don't you...um...at least put a chemise or a slip on. Here," she got out of bed, went to her dresser, opened a different drawer than contained her bra and panty sets, took out something. "Here, this will do," she said, handing me something black and satin.

I opened up what she handed me. A black satin slip. Black satin with lace edging, similar to the other lingerie I was wearing. "Put that on, sweetie," she encouraged me, "it will cover you up a little and it coordinates with your other lingerie."

I hesitated.

"Michael," Susan said softly, "it's okay. Really. I want to see you in it, I really, I do. Please."

I inhaled, lifted the slip over my head and pulled it down over my frame, over the other lingerie.

"You're so pretty, Michael," Susan said, "it's really amazing."

I actually felt myself blush.

"I'm serious, Michael, you're really very pretty, I mean it."

We just looked at one another.

"One more thing. I don't want you snagging your nylons on the floor, you should put on some slippers." Susan went to her closet and brought back a pair of heeled mules. Slippers, I suppose, but certainly not like my men's corduroy slippers. "Here, slip these on, they should fit. There, perfect. Now run along and get me my dinner, bitch," she said, tilting her head with a playful smile.

I went down to the kitchen quietly, hoping, praying, I did not run into Susan's mother, but the house was quiet. She was either in her room or out enjoying her Friday evening.

I got out dinner and arranged the sushi, wine, wine glasses, plates and everything we needed onto a tray. Walking in heels, especially carrying something, was difficult, to say the least, though I managed to make it back upstairs. Slowly. But I did it without spilling.

I almost spilled, though. I almost spilled when I dropped the whole tray walking into the master bedroom and found Susan not alone, but sitting on the bed with her mother, talking about something. I almost spilled the tray because between them was the silicone cock that had so recently been inside Susan's pussy, inside my mouth.

They stopped talking when I walked into the room as if what ever conspiracy they were engaged in was not for my ears.

Mrs. Stanton looked at me carrying the tray, her eyes conveying some degree of pleasure in seeing me this way, in seeing me serving Susan. She looked down on the bed, at the cock, finally stood. "I'll leave you two alone."

"Mother," my wife said.

"Of course, Susan." She started for the door, paused, looked at me. "Of course I will."

"She will what, Susan?"

"Um, nothing, Michael, nothing," Susan said, looking away from me.

I crossed my brows but let it go. We enjoyed dinner, enjoyed the relaxation, enjoyed the bottle of wine. We did not speak during the meal of the evening activities, of her mother, of Tom, of anything. We just enjoyed.

After I cleaned up, we both realized that the sex, the meal, and the wine, even the week, had tired us out. Susan, of course, insisted I sleep in lingerie, and asked me to simply take off the garter belt, stockings, and bra, leaving me to sleep in the tap panties and camisole.

"I think you look just adorable in mother's lingerie," she told me watching me get ready for bed.

I looked down, somewhat crestfallen.

"Michael, it's okay, really."

I was a sissy. I was a sissy. I was having trouble admitting it. But I was, without a doubt, a sissy.

In bed, cuddling, she started rubbing my stomach, my chest, my nipples, through the satin camisole. "Are you okay, Michael," she asked me.

"I guess."

"I love you Michael."

"I know, its just that, I don't know how to say it."

"What? Say what?"

"I'm your husband, Susan!"

"And I love you totally, sweetie."

"But...I'm your husband and...I'm wearing..."

"And a husband should be a man and men don't wear lingerie?"

"YES!"

"Michael, mother was right, she was right all along, don't you see? It doesn't matter. Don't worry about trying to be a man, just worry about being what you are."

"But you...you want a man!"

"Sweetie, sweetie. I love you. I want to be married to you. Michael. You."

"You want to fuck a man."

"So? That's different. I don't want a man. I don't want to fall in love with a man. I'm not ever going to leave you for a man. I want you. I want you."

"But you still want to fuck a man. You still want to fuck Tom," I accused her.

"And you still want me to fuck him, Michael. Tell me no, tell me you don't. You didn't say no before, Michael. Are you saying no now?"

I didn't answer. I still kept hearing her voice tell me how hard his cock was. I could feel it, the silicone cock. In my hands. In her. In my mouth.

Susan leaned over and kissed me, deeply. "You didn't say no, Michael. Remember, you didn't say no."

We lay together for a few more minutes, all the while she kept toying with my chest. "Michael?"

"Yes?"

"I...um, tomorrow...I wasn't just playing, I really don't want you wearing men's underwear. Tomorrow. Sunday. Ever."

"Okay," I said softly. "But I...do I have to ask you mother again?"

"I wanted to talk to you about that before we went to sleep."

"Tomorrow when I go into the office, I want..."

"You're going in tomorrow?" She didn't usually work on Saturdays.

"I know, I don't really want to, but, well, Tom's flying in Sunday night and I need to get some things ready."

"Oh," I said, with a mixture of both disappointment and some excitement.

"We'll talk about that tomorrow. My point was that when I'm at work, mother wants to talk to you about a few things."

"What kind of things," I warily asked.

"Things. I...I don't know, really. I...I admit I don't know everything about...well...as it may be obvious to you, she has some experience with...things, and, well, there are some things she wants to...talk about."

"What kind of things, Susan?"

"Honestly, Michael, she said she'd rather discuss them with you, okay?"

"I suppose."

"Trust me, Michael...trust me."

The next morning Susan was ready to go to the office by eight. "Mother said to bring her coffee at 9:00."

I looked away from Susan, face blushing already. "What am I supposed to wear?"

"Well, I wondered the same thing, Michael, so I asked her, she said just this is fine." The camisole and tap panty set.

"Okay."

"Coffee, and she also said to bring a zip lock bag of ice, of all things."

"Ice? Why?"

"I don't know

"It's okay, trust me, sweetie," she said, kissing me. "Listen, I'll be home by 1. I want to go to the mall this afternoon, so we can eat when I get home, then go, okay?"

"Sure," I said, not really paying much attention to the mall plan, just the "mother-in-law" plan.

At nine, I was standing in front of Mrs. Stanton's door, wearing the camisole and tap panty set, coffee in one hand, a bag of ice in the other, knocking, shaking, trying not to spill.

My mother-in-law opened the door, reached out, took the coffee, thanked me, and told me to come in. "Just put the ice there," she said, pointing to a towel on the night stand. "Thank you."

I set the ice down on the towel. There was already something there that caught my eye. Some pink plastic thing I did not recognize. But it was on the towel. And clearly had something to do with the ice.

"It's a chastity cage, Michael," Mrs. Stanton said, obviously watching me stare at what ever it was.

My brow creased. What was...

She laughed. "A chastity cage. I take it you're familiar with neither the term nor the concept."

"Um, no," I said.

"Not surprising, but no matter. After we get it in place, I'll explain it to you. I want you to remove your panties and lie down on the bed there, next to the table."

Hesitantly, I did as ordered. For it was an order. I had no doubt that now, if ever, should I question my mother-in-law. On the bed, I watched her walk over to me, pick up the ice and the pink contraption, sit down next to me, facing away from me.

"What are you going to do," I asked.

"Just hold still, this will be a little cold." She took the bag of ice, placed it against my penis.

"Ohhh," I yelped.

"Hold still Michael, this will only take a minute." She held the bag of ice on me tightly, finally removed it. "There, much better." I sensed that she had my penis in her hands, but could just barely feel it given the ice,

couldn't really see it given the way she was sitting. I felt her manipulate my penis and my balls.

"Mrs. Stanton?"

"One second sweetie." I heard a small click. "There, all done," she said standing up. "You can put your panties back on for now until we get you dressed."

I immediately looked down at my crotch. The pink plastic device that had been sitting on the table was now wrapped around me. There was a ring around the back of my ball sack and a small pink cage encasing my penis. I furrowed my brow. What was this? The click I'd heard could only have come from one thing, the small brass padlock on the front of whatever this was.

I looked up at my mother-in-law. Without explanation from her, it dawned on me what a chastity cage must be, for she'd locked this small pink plastic cage around my penis. I emphasize small, for the plastic surrounding my shrunken penis could have been no more than two or three inches.

It was small, almost too small to...oh my god, I thought. Chastity. Cage. The lock. It was too small for me to swell, too small to get an erection. It was so small that I couldn't...and it locked!

"Mrs. Stanton," I suddenly exclaimed, quite nervous about what just happened.

"Yes, as you're surmising, Michael, a chastity cage is a simple little device that prevents a male, or in this case, a sissy, from getting an erection, from achieving an orgasm."

"Wait a minute, I can't..."

"No, Michael, not unless you're unlocked."

"But you...how can I..."

"Michael. Please get up and put your panties back on, then we'll discuss this."

I did as she asked. Not because I wanted panties back on, but because I wanted to know what the fuck she was doing.

"Why are...why did Susan...how are Susan and I..." Words and questions tumbled out jumbled together.

"Michael, slow down, please," she said, holding up her hand. "Sit down, please," she pointed to the bed.

I sat.

"Now, take a breath. There. Okay. Now, first things first. Susan does not know about this."

My eyes went wide.

"Yet, obviously, Michael. She doesn't know about it yet. Not that she's going to have much problem with you in chastity, given what you two have been discussing."

I was surprised again. But then, Susan had told me she told her mother things. Most things.

"Yes, Michael, I know what you and my daughter have been talking about. That's not my concern, though that may surprise you. What Susan does is her business. My concern is that she's happy and, just as important, that her marriage is happy. I've been unhappily married and I don't and wouldn't wish that on anyone. Anyone at all."

"But what's that got to do with," I looked down, "with this?"

"Everything, Michael, everything. I don't know if you really appreciate yourself yet, Michael. You're a sissy. Moreover, you're a submissive. I realize I've been slightly harsh with you, Michael," she said, reaching over and touching my hand, "but it's nothing to do with my thoughts about you. I like you, Michael. If for no other reason than you make Susan happy and you dote on her. You treat my baby like a princess and make her happy. I don't care if you're a sissy or not. But you are. And I'm trying to help you and Susan understand what that means so you can be happy with one another."

"But she wants a man," I looked down, feeling hope slipping. "She wants a man. She doesn't want me."

"No, Michael, that's where you're wrong. She doesn't want a man. She wants you. She wants Michael. She loves you."

"But she said she wants to...to..."

"To fuck a man?"

"Yes!"

"Which is completely different than what she wants and feels for you."

"But she want to..."

"Michael," she said sharply, "YOU want the SAME THING."

I looked up at her.

"You want the same thing, don't you? You, Michael, YOU want her to fuck a man, don't you? You practically begged her, didn't you?"

"Yes," I whispered, starting to shake.

"Michael, there is nothing wrong with that, nothing. As long as you and Susan are honest with each other, communicate, talk, there is NOTHING wrong with that."

"But I...I'm her husband."

"Yes. Her sissy husband who gets sexually excited serving her, pleasing her, even thinking of her getting fucked."

I blushed, looked away. God, she was right. She was right.

"Michael, you devote yourself to Susan. I know. She tells me. You submit yourself to her. You want to, don't you, that makes you happy?"

"Yes."

"That's what's so beautiful about cuckolding, Michael. You're doing it to please her. She's doing it to please you. Please trust me when I tell you that you're feelings are okay."

"But it's not normal."

"Not normal? What's normal? Who cares? What's important is that you two are happy. Let me ask you something, how is your sex life? Is it normal?"

I didn't know what to say to that.

"Michael, Susan thinks you're the most tender and wonderful lover a woman could have. Do you know why? Because you devote yourself to her and her pleasure. It works so well because she NEEDS to be pampered and you NEED to pamper. Not every woman would be happy married to a sissy, but for a woman like Susan, nothing could make her happier."

"What's any of this have to do with this," I asked, pointing to my panties, to my locked penis.

"Chastity, Michael, reminds you to serve Susan. This is about Susan. This is not about you fantasizing about Susan and masturbating yourself."

I blushed. "I don't do that."

"Michael, please, you don't insult me. I know more about sissies than you do. Of course you do that, and will do that. Part of the reason you need to be locked up is to prevent that. I know you want to serve Susan. I know you need to serve Susan. This," she pointed to me, "will make sure that you remember that. You serve Susan."

"But how I supposed to, you know..."

"Fuck her?"

I looked away again, suddenly embarrassed and humiliated to talk to my wife's mother about this, despite everything.

"That's what you're asking, right? How do you fuck your wife?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"You don't, Michael. That's kind of the point, you're not going to. Not on a regular basis, anyway. That's the other half of the reason for chastity. You can neither masturbate without permission, nor fuck whenever you want. You're a sissy, Michael, you need permission to cum."

"Permission? I have to ask her permission to cum."

Mrs. Stanton laughed. "Well, you can ask Susan for permission, too, if you'd like, but what you really need to do is to need to ask the keyholder's permission to cum."

"Keyholder?"

"Keyholder, Michael, the one who holds the key to that lock." She held up a small key.

I looked at her hands, the key. I opened my eyes, literally and figuratively.

"A keyholder is usually the wife, but that doesn't have to be the case. A wife can give the key, give that power to someone else. Her mother, for instance, or maybe her father. Or maybe her lover. Obviously, Susan is going to get the key, eventually, but for now, for now, at least, I will be holding on to this, so I'll be the one granting, or more likely denying, permission to cum."

I threw my head back, let out a groan, "why? Why?"

"Michael, you may think me cruel, I understand, but I'm not, I'm really not. I'm doing this FOR YOU, FOR HER."

"You're making me a sissy for her?"

"Michael, please, don't. I'm not making you a sissy. That's the point...YOU ARE A SISSY. All I'm making this easier for you to accept that and easier for her to understand that. Do you really think I am making you a sissy? Do you really think that?"

I frowned. No. No she wasn't. "No."

"Of course not, Michael, you are a sissy. You know that. I know it is hard to ACCEPT, but you are and you know you are. And like most sissies, you're also submissive. That's okay. That's good, actually. Especially if, well, if a sissy and his wife are thinking about cuckolding."

I looked away again. That word. That word just tore at me.

"It's okay, Michael. The chastity cage is going to help with that, too. It's going to add some clarity to things. You can't cum, thus you can't have a

sexual letdown. That is going to help you focus. Do you really want Susan to fuck a man? I think you do. I think you couldn't tell Susan no because you do, you really want her to. But Michael, again, that's OKAY. You're a submissive sissy, you want to submit to Susan. You need to submit to Susan. Cuckolding is the ultimate submission, if both partners want that. For many men, especially for sissies, cuckolding is the ultimate submission. You're admitting to your partner that you're not a man. That you can't satisfy her the way a man can. There is NOTHING wrong with that, not when you satisfy her in so many other ways.

"Sometimes it is liberating, Michael. It is hard for you to admit to yourself that you're a sissy because you're trying to be a man. Don't try, Michael. Don't be her man. You can't anyway. Let a man be her man, you be her sissy.

"Do you want to be Susan's sissy, Michael?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Do you want to be her man?"

I just looked down at the ground.

"Michael, do you want to be her man?"

"No. No."

"This is important. Please tell me, Michael, honestly. Do you want her to fuck a man."

I looked up at my mother-in-law. "Yes...yes," I gasped, "but I don't want to lose her!"

"That's why I'm here for both of you, Michael. You're not going to lose her. If anything, you're going to be even closer to her, closer."

I almost cried. I really almost cried. I didn't want to lose Susan. I loved her. I loved her more than any woman in the world. As my friend, my wife, my lover. I loved her.

"Michael, trying to be her man isn't going to make you closer, it is only going to drive a wedge between you. You can't be her man. You know it. She knows it. She especially knows it now that a man, a real man, has caught her eye. If you keep trying to be her man, you're only going to further show her the difference between you and him. The only thing you can do, the only thing, to stay close to her, to grow closer, is to be the complete opposite. Be her sissy. Be that, Michael, be her sissy, accept it. You want to, I know you want to, don't you."

"Yes."

"You want to be her sissy."

"Yes," I whispered.

"Not her man, Michael. You have to accept that you can't be her man. You can be a male, sometimes, but you can't be her man."

"Yes."

"Then be her sissy, Michael, be that for her."

"What do you want me to do," I asked.

"You're very pretty, you have a cute body, and, while it is important for a sissy to remember that she's still a male, though not a man, there are some things you can do to de-emphasize some of your male traits. I told you the other day, Michael, while you're not naturally hairy, you need to get rid of what little body hair you have. You'll feel, and Susan will see you as much more feminine if you're smooth all over."

"You want me to shave my legs?"

She chuckled. "Well, yes and no. First, you can't shave...you don't know how to shave your legs, all you'll do is cut them to ribbons. I want you to take a shower," she looked towards her bathroom, "and use the hair removal cream I've set in there. Next, not just your legs, Michael. Your legs, yes, but, trim your pubic hair, under your arms, in between, well, your bottom. Look at it this way...where does Susan trim or shave? All those places."

"Hairless? All my hair?" This seemed a bit extreme, over the top. All my hair? "Of course, Michael. You're a sissy. I'll keep saying it, but you're a sissy. You have no need for masculine things. You're not a man. Why confuse Susan? Or yourself? Remove what's holding you back, those things that confuse you, that make you think you're a man. I'm not telling you anything that's secretive, really, but I'm going to deprive you of masculinity, Michael, to help you accept being a sissy. I'm going to strip away anything and everything that you could use to cling onto the thought that you're a man." I swallowed. Her words, her intentions, were a slap. "Michael, you're a sissy. Remind yourself of that constantly. You're a sissy. Now, please, the shower."

I stood, walked to the bathroom, followed by Mrs. Stanton who walked right in with me.

"Um..."

"Modesty, now? I think not, Michael. Get undressed." She started and warmed the shower water and after undressing I got in.

"Wash first, then the cream. It takes about two minutes. Rinse it off, then wash again."

The only thing to wash with was the Sensual Amber body wash from Bath & Body Works. The smell, which floated to my nose as I lathered the wash over my body was purely feminine, purely womanly, purely erotic. After washing and rinsing, I applied the hair removing lotion carefully over my legs, parts of my pubes around the chastity cage, the crack of my ass, and under my arms. The lotion tingled at first, then stung slightly. I counted to 120 in my head, waited, then move the shower head to rinse off.

I watched, wistfully, as what little body hair I had slid off my body, slid down into the tub, towards the drain. I watched, seemingly, as what little masculinity I had, was washed from me, as what little maleness I had gathered around the drain.

Washing the second time, was, if possible, more sensual than the first. More erotic. I was smooth. I felt my skin, closer to a woman's skin than a man's skin. I felt pretty. I smelled pretty. Honestly, I was pretty. It was disturbing to me, as I still thought of myself as a male, but I was pretty. As a sissy, I was pretty. I was prettier as a girl than I was handsome as a man.

Pretty.

A pretty sissy.

The thought struck me again. In comparison, I was a prettier girl than I was handsome as a man.

When I finished showering, I turned off the water, opened the shower door to see Mrs. Stanton standing, waiting, holding a towel, which she handed to me.

"There, that's so much better, Michael."

After I dried, she handed me a bottle of scented lotion. "Rub this onto your skin, Michael. It will help alleviate any irritation from the hair removal cream. Taking care of your skin is important for a woman...or a sissy."

I took the lotion from her. It too was from Bath and Body Works, the same Sensual Amber I washed off with in the shower. Following her directions, I rubbed a bit of lotion all over me, all over my skin. The feeling was strange, not just physically, but mentally. The act was one of submission. Each inch of my smooth skin I touched with the lotion felt electric, alive. But mentally, each inch of my skin I touched felt...feminine. I was rubbing femininity into my skin, into me, into my mind, all over me.

The lotion represented something feminine. The smoothness, the smell. I smelled feminine. I felt feminine. I was feminine.

"Very nice, Michael, very nice. Now I want to ask you something. Just answer, don't think about it, just answer. How do you feel?"

"Feminine," I quickly answered.

"Yes, that's good. Do you feel masculine at all?"

"No."

"At all? Even a little bit?"

"No." How could I possibly feel masculine. I was basically hairless, my skin was so smooth. I smelled like a woman. I felt like a woman. I probably looked a little like a woman, save for my penis, though that was small and caged, and my lack of breasts.

"Good, that's good, excellent really. Okay, now I want to test that. Because it's important for you to feel feminine, to reject any masculine feelings. You don't want to confuse Susan. Or yourself. Please put those on," she pointed to a small pile of satin lilac lingerie on the counter, "and then come into the bedroom."

I picked up the lingerie, similar to what I'd already been wearing, a satin camisole and tap panty set. Oddly, it almost seemed normal.

It was not nearly so normal when I walked into the bedroom. There, Mrs. Stanton was sitting on the bed with several items next to her. The first that caught my eye, that my eye was drawn to, had to look at, was the very cock Susan and I had in bed last night.

The cock.

The long, hard cock.

Sitting there, next to Susan's mother, who acted as if this was a normal and every day event.

Next to the cock were...well...how to describe? Breasts. Two mounds that looked exactly like female breasts. Obviously fake, not being attached to a woman, but breasts just the same in color, shape, even texture.

Cock.

Breasts.

My eyes went back to the cock.

"What is that, Michael," she asked me.

I gulped.

"Now, now, it's okay. Normally, I'd do this a bit differently, but given your, um, activities last night, this may be the best way."

I looked up at her. Normally? What did she mean by that. Normally? What was normal about any of this?

"Michael, first, please answer my question. What is this," she asked again.

"A...a cock," I answered, almost choking on the word.

"A cock, Michael, yes, of course, no mystery there. And who has cocks, Michael?"

"Men," I answered tentatively.

"Of course," she smiled as if teaching a slow child. "And you, do you have a cock?"

I looked down at my crotch, at the slight bump caused by the chastity cage in my panties. "No, no I don't."

"No, of course not. Sissies don't have cock, do they?"

"No."

"What do they have?"

"Um, a...a penis?"

"Well, some may call it a penis. That's the correct anatomical term, certainly, but there's another term that a sissy can use to refer to it. Do you know what that is?"

I looked down. It wasn't a cock. Not a penis. A dick? That didn't seem right. Too harsh. I looked up at her again, questioning.

"What is a woman's sexual organ called, Michael, not her pussy or vagina, but the part of a woman that swells?"

"A...a clit?"

"Exactly, a clit. Excellent. Now, a sissy could call her little thing a penis, but there's a much better term, one that pays homage to the feminine, Michael. So, a man has a cock. A woman has a clit. A sissy has..."

I leaned forward, almost anxious.

"...a clitty, Michael. A sissy...you...have a clitty. I want you to think of yours that way, think of that little thing locked up in that cage as a clitty. Not a cock, obviously, no longer a penis, but a clitty. Say it, clitty."

"Clitty," I obediently repeated.

"Good, good, again, say I have..."

"I have a clitty," I said.

"There you go, Michael. A pretty little clitty. And like a clit, it can swell and grow when you're excited, it can be fun to rub together with a woman's clit, some women even like to lick them, but remember, it's not a cock, it's

not a penis, Michael. It's not for fucking. Cocks," she held up the dildo, "cocks are for fucking and sucking. A clitty is for rubbing and licking."

I just stared at the cock in her hands. Stared.

"You've never seen a cock up close before last night, have you?" Her voice had a note of sympathy, understanding.

"Just my" I stopped myself from saying, 'mine' as she glared at me.

"No," I said, staring at her hands, at the organ.

"I'm sure it must have surprised you? How much pleasure a woman can feel with a cock."

I gulped, thinking of Susan's explosive orgasm.

"I'm sure you saw Susan experience something you've never seen her experience before.

"I want you to understand something, Michael. That's okay. What you feel is normal. But, remember, you're a sissy. You're not supposed to please a woman the same way a man does. What's important is that you please a woman, you please Susan, the way you can, in ways a man never can. Please, understand, just because you can't fuck Susan doesn't mean you can't please her. You can, you can please her in ways a man never could. You just can't please her in the ways a man can."

"But I..."

"Michael, please, I know you may feel that I'm being mean, even harsh with you, but I'm not. I'm here to help you, and more importantly, to help Susan. Trust me, Michael. Susan loves you very much. Seeing you as a sissy, not a man, is good for both of you. It really is. It's good for you to understand and accept who you are. It's good for Susan to understand the same, so she's not conflicted either. More sissies are in unhappy marriages because one or both of them don't accept that, don't accept the sissy. It is easier for both of you, it will make you closer, the more you both accept what you are and what she wants and needs. Trust me, Susan could no more be happy married to a man than you could continuing to pretend you're a man."

"But she says that she wants to, you know, to..."

"Yes, Michael, but you say the same thing. You both seem to want that. But that has nothing to do with your love for one another. Cuckolding...yes, that word that seems to affect you so much, cuckolding is about love and submission. And trust. If one of you ever thinks something is going too far, you must communicate that feeling and slow things down."

"I suppose."

"Michael, she asked you. I'm asking you. Do you want Susan to fuck a man? Yes or no? Because if it is no, she shouldn't. She won't. You can say no. You can't change the fact that you're a sissy. Or that you must submit to your wife. Those things are hard wired into your brain. But you can say no to this."

I bit my lip. I could say no. I knew I could. I knew Susan wouldn't do anything I was absolutely uncomfortable with. But I didn't say no. I didn't want to. I wanted to, but I didn't want to.

"Michael."

"Yes?" I looked at her.

"Michael, this is your choice too."

We just looked at one another. I looked at her, then the cock, then her again. Finally, Mrs. Stanton put the cock on the bed next to the breasts, which I'd really forgotten were even there. "Michael, there is something else that makes a woman different from a man."

I looked at them closer. Breasts. I tilted my head slightly. I wasn't sure what she was going to say, but somewhere, I sensed what she wanted to do.

"Yes, Michael, breasts. A woman has breasts. Obviously, a man doesn't. Nor does a sissy."

"Those are fake breasts."

"Breastforms. They are for a woman who has had a mastectomy and want to have her femininity back, who wants her curves, her breasts, to make her feel feminine. It's ironic, really, many women who have had a mastectomy feel like they are not feminine without a breast or breasts. Breastforms make a woman feel like a woman again."

"But what's that have to do with me?"

"The same as it does with any sissy, Michael. Breasts make you feel feminine. Breasts reinforce the idea that you're not a man. That you're more woman, than you ever were man."

"I...you want me to have breasts," I asked her incredulously, as I looked at them again. Breasts. Breasts. I'd worn a bra yesterday, but this was different. Those were, well, breasts!

"Michael, I don't want you to have anything. I want you to accept what you are and what flows naturally from that. You're a sissy, Michael. You're not a man. Obviously, you're a male, you're not a woman, but I suspect,

when presented with what you can have, such as breasts, you'll want to have them, to experience them."

"I can't walk around with breasts," I protested.

"Well, the issue is the practical, then, not the concept?"

I frowned.

"You're not telling me you don't want to have breasts, Michael, you're telling me you're concerned about hiding your breasts. I agree, at this stage, you can't walk around the mall with Susan with lovely breasts, even if you wanted to. But that doesn't mean you can't experience breasts. Michael, I have a lovely bra that matches that lingerie. In fact, there is an entire set, bra and garter belt, too. You're right, you can't have breasts now. In fact I won't let you. I don't want to ruin the experience for you. I just want you to know what I can do for you."

I felt oddly disappointed. There was no way I wanted breasts. Yet, I felt disappointed that I couldn't have them.

"Michael, we've talked about a lot this morning. Susan is going to be home soon and I understand she wants to go shopping with you this afternoon. Why don't you go get dressed and we'll have another lesson later."

After lunch, after Susan got home, I was dressed in slacks, a loose shirt, so as to hide my camisole, and ready to go shopping. Susan wanted to go to an upscale mall.

"Are you looking for anything in particular," I asked her in car driving.

"A few things. There is a sale at Banana and I wanted to see if they had any sweaters on sale. I'm looking for a dress, too. I need something nice to wear tomorrow."

I tightened my grip on the steering wheel, barely noticing that there was another tightening starting. "Tomorrow," I asked as calmly as I could.

"I told you Tom's flying in this week from Atlanta. I wanted something nice to wear to dinner tomorrow night." There was the other tightening. The one in my satin tap panties. The tightening, the swelling, I was feeling in the chastity cage. Merely hearing Susan talk about Tom, say the name, was causing me to swell.

"You're having dinner tomorrow, then?"

"Yes, hon. I told you, I was assigned to chaperone him. It's kind of expected that I'd take him to dinner, you know that." To some extent, I did. She was right, when clients or employees of regional branches came to down, they did get assigned someone local to help take care of them, and she'd done that on a number of occasions. Of course, none of those were with men who wanted to fuck her.

None were with men she wanted to fuck.

None were with men who'd seen her practically naked.

We started looking for sweaters, then wandered down to a dress shop. There, Susan told the saleswoman she was looking for a little black dress, pretty, but not too fancy.

"Are you looking for something for a specific event, or just in general?"

"A special dinner," Susan told her, looking over and smiling at me.

The saleswoman looked at me, smiled back, imaging I'm sure, a romantic dinner for Susan and I. Based on the assumption, left uncorrected by Susan or I, she showed her several sexy, yet conservative dresses. Romantic, but not slutty. Susan tried several on, rejecting as wrong two strapless dresses and two with full sleeves.

After some time of trying on a number of selections, she seemed to find happiness with black v-neck sleeveless dress that ended above her knees, though not so short as to be improper for a business meeting. "What do you think, Michael? Pretty, but not too over the top?"

She was trying it on without her hair done, without hose or proper heels, but still, the dress, cut in at her waist, flattered both her bust and her body without overtly exposing her. She looked sexy. She'd look more so made up. She was amazing.

"Um, it...you look very nice."

"I think we'll take it," Susan told the smiling saleswoman.

"Excellent."

Completing the transaction, the saleswoman made small talk with Susan. "When is your special dinner?"

"Tomorrow evening," Susan answered.

"He's very lucky," she said, smiling my way.

Susan looked towards me. "You've no idea how lucky he is, does she?"

I almost shook. Susan was talking about Tom, how lucky he was, but also about me, how lucky I was to be her sissy.

We left the store. "Home now?"

"No, I want to stop at one more place."

"What else do you need?"

"Hmm, I want to go down to Sophie's," she said. Sophie's was an upscale lingerie boutique outside the mall.

"What do you need there," I asked foolishly.

"Something pretty to wear under my dress, silly," she said, picking up her pace, leaving me behind to digest her obvious meaning.

At Sophie's I allowed Susan to drag me into the store. I almost just sat in the car, but part of me wanted to go inside. It was humiliating, to be sure, but I felt the tightening again, inside my cage. I couldn't deny the sexual frustration, the excitement.

Susan casually looked at a few things, fingered this and that. She touched the hem of a satin cream chemise with lace trim. "Pretty, no? I wonder if they have it in your size?"

"May I help you find that in your size," a pretty young woman asked Susan walking up to us. "You're a small?"

"I am," Susan answered. "But I was looking for it in a large. A gift."

The saleswoman looked at me. She couldn't possibly understand, could she? "Of course. Here we go," she said, handing it to Susan.

Susan in turned handed it to me. "Do you mind, Michael," she asked, grinning as I took the satin garment in my hands. "Can you help me find something else?"

"Of course. What are you looking for? Seductive, sexy, flirty?"

"Well, I have a special, um, dinner tomorrow and I'd like something, um, pretty, I guess, to wear under my dress."

"What kind of dress are you wearing on your date?"

"A black v-neck sleeveless dress that ends a little above my knees," Susan answered, not bothering to correct the saleswoman's assumption that she had a date.

"Classic, then," the saleswoman said, "so you'll want classic lingerie, too, something practical for the evening, but sexy for later?" The saleswoman looked at me again.

"Yes," Susan answered, blushing slightly. "I suppose."

Lowering her voice, the saleswoman asked Susan, "Are you sure you want him to see now instead of later as a surprise?"

Susan looked over at me, spoke in a normal voice. "No, no, I don't mind if he sees now, I think the anticipation is kind of a turn-on, if you know what I mean." She tilted her head, spoke more to me, than the saleswoman. "He can just imagine it during the whole evening."

The saleswoman chuckled. "Of course. Well, if you're wearing a classic dress and want both practical and sexy, I might suggest a light corset with garters, or a garter belt, matching panties, and stockings. Have you worn stockings before? They really make a woman feel incredibly sexy."

"Actually, yes, I just started recently."

"Well then, you know what I mean. I've actually got something really special that's new, maybe instead of a corset. It's a bit retro, and, well, let me show you. Normally I'd recommend black under a black dress, but this set is something special that really works too."

She led Susan and I towards a wall display that contained a number of things.

"Here, this is what I wanted to show you." She stopped in front of a table covered in pink. "As I said, it is very retro." She held up a pink bra with black strap and some black edging. "This is a bullet bra, I'm sure you remember women wearing these years ago. The fit is really amazing and gives the bust an exciting look. I know, pink under a black dress, but that's the beauty of the black bra straps."

"Wow, it's gorgeous," Susan said.

"Just wait. Take a look at the matching panties and the garter belt." She picked up the garter belt first. "See, the six garter straps are also black, so compliment the bra. The panties are full cut, so again, a bit old fashioned, but they are sheer nylon, so incredibly sexy, too."

"No, no, I love them," Susan exclaimed.

"I thought you might. What size? 36C? Small panties?"

Susan nodded and the saleswoman picked out the appropriate sizes of lingerie. "Trust me," she looked quickly at me, "he's going to be thinking about this set all during your date."

"Hmmm, I'm counting on it," Susan giggled.

"Can I suggest one more thing? This may be a bit extravagant, but we have some magnificent silk stockings. You'd never want them for everyday, but for a special evening, they are perfect."

"Please, that would be very nice," Susan agreed, "I know he's got quite a thing for my legs."

In the car on the way home, Susan reached over to me, put her hand on my thigh. "Honey, I didn't mean to make you upset."

"Upset?"

"Well, letting that saleswoman think my dinner tomorrow night was a date."

"Um, okay."

"I mean, I suppose it feels like a date and all, buying a new dress, pretty lingerie, but..." She laughed.

"What?"

"Actually, it's funny, to Tom, I suppose it is like a date. Dinner somewhere nice, wondering if he's going to get lucky."

"Is he?" I felt my penis swelling in the cage.

"Is he what?"

"Going to get lucky," I asked, relieved I had to focus on driving and not looking at her.

"I don't know," she giggled with more levity than she probably wanted. "I mean, Michael, I..."

I looked over at her. She was blushing. She was blushing thinking about whether or not she was going to fuck him. On her date.

"Michael, can we just talk about this later."

Was she having second thoughts? About all of this? I certainly was. Did I really want my wife doing this? I mean, for goodness sake, she was going on a date!

Her hand was still on my thigh, started moving slightly, upward.

"Susan," I said, shifting in my seat. I didn't want her touching me like that for she was making me swell more, and worse, was coming close to

touching the cage. I wasn't sure, but I didn't want her finding it now, here, in the car.

"Sorry, you're right, focus on driving."

That was a short lived hope, for when we got home Susan's mother was waiting for us.

"How was the shopping?"

"Wonderful, mother, I found a nice dress and some very sexy lingerie to wear on my date...I mean, to dinner tomorrow."

"That's nice Susan. Michael and I have another surprise for you."

"You do? Michael, didn't mention anything," she said, smiling, touching my arm, sending shivers through my skin.

"I'm sure he wasn't too keen on sharing this with you."

"What is it, what is it?"

"I think we'd best go upstairs to your room so we can show you. Michael," she said pointing the way.

"Um, Mrs. Stanton, can't we..."

"Upstairs, Michael," she insisted.

When we got to the top of the stairs, Mrs. Stanton turned to me. "You go into your room and get undressed...well, undressed down to your pretty things, anyway. I want to show Susan a couple of things, we'll be right in."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Actually, remove your panties, too."

Several minutes later I sat on my bed, nervous, almost shaking, a pillow covering my midsection. I was so nervous, of what Susan would think of her hairless husband, penis firmly trapped in some strange pink chastity device. They walked in and immediately Mrs. Stanton frowned.

"Stand up, Michael, and put that pillow back on the bed."

"Mrs. Stanton," I started to complain, "I'm not sure about..."

She raised an eyebrow. "Now, Michael," she said rather sharply. She turned to Susan as I stood. "You see where it might be necessary?"

"Yes, Mother," Susan said somewhat shyly.

"It will do some good, really," her mother replied, cryptically.

"Mother, what is that," Susan asked, turning back to me, now standing before them, feeling about two feet tall, humiliated, ashamed, even hurt.

"Hmmm, the surprise."

"He's...I mean...what's that...is that a lock?"

"It is, Susan. That, dear, is a chastity cage."

"I almost hate to ask, Mother, but what's a chastity cage?"

"Oh, I'm sure you have figured out what it is. Look at it. When a man, or in this case, a sissy, is wearing a device like that, an erection is impossible. An orgasm as a male is impossible. No matter how much a sissy plays with her trapped little clitty," she smirked at her use of the word.

"But, how can we..."

"Like you always do, Susan. He must forget that he ever had a free penis that he penetrated you with and focus on making love to you in other ways."

"Other ways?" Susan took a few steps towards me, looked at me closer, tilted her head. "Something's different."

"He's smooth, Susan."

"Other ways?"

"As we discussed, Susan. If you don't want your husband pretending to be a man, you focus him elsewhere. He's a sissy, Susan. You focus his attentions that way, to pleasing you in other ways. Susan, I know it's strange, but as we discussed, he's all confused trying to please you the way a man would. He knows he can't, yet he struggles to do so anyway, ruining things for both of you. Take away his utter ability to stick his little clitty inside you and both of you will focus on what matters. He needs to think like a sissy. Being a sissy, being a sissy for you. Locked up, all he can do is please you in the only way he really can, as a sissy, as a woman, really."

"He can't try to fuck me?"

"No, Susan, he can't, not locked up."

"And he can't have an orgasm."

"Well, that's complicated, but for now, the simple answer is no, again, locked up."

"Complicated how?"

"That's for later, Susan. For now, unless he's unlocked, he can't have an orgasm."

"Unlocked?"

"Yes. But, this is important. When using a chastity device for the first time on a sissy, you must not be tempted to unlock him. You're going to want to train him to pamper you, serve you, make love to you as a woman would. A sissy's orgasm is to be earned, not expected."

"How should he earn them? How should I decide?"

"Decide? Well, for now, you might not know or really understand how, so I might suggest letting me hold the key. You'll want to have it, eventually, but for now, it may be best that I hold it. If you want to reward him, you can ask me to unlock him. Kind of a safe way not to surrender in the spur of the moment, as it were. You don't want to confuse either of you, Susan. He's not a man. He's not going to become a man. Ever."

I wanted to yell at them. I was fucking standing right there. They were talking as if I didn't exist, as if I couldn't hear them.

Susan looked at me, then her mother.

"Susan, I know this isn't easy for you, either. He's a sissy. He always has been and always will. Deny it and you'll have problems, I guarantee it. Accept it, let me teach him, teach you, embrace it, and you'll find happiness."

"I suppose," my wife said.

"You suppose. Susan, you told me the other day, the only pleasure you found in your sex life with him was from foreplay."

"Yes."

"Have you ever, even once, ever had an orgasm from him fucking you?"

Susan looked down, obviously embarrassed to discuss something so intimate with her mother in front of me. "No," she said softly.

"Never?"

"Never," she whispered.

"And you never will, Susan, never. You know that. Why else would you even contemplate going on a date? Why else would you fantasize about fucking a man?"

"It's just that..."

"I know exactly what it is, Susan. Look up...look at your husband. He's a sissy. You're married to a sissy. You know it. Look at him. Look at his body, his smooth skin, his features, his figure, even his small penis, or, clitty, as it should be called. He's not a man, will never be a man, never. You know it. You've always known it. What makes it special, Susan, is that you accept it, more, you love him. You love Michael. You love your sissy. Embrace it. Embrace it."

"I...I know."

"Yes, Susan. Embrace making love to him like a woman. That's almost what he is. And if you want more, if you want a man from time to time,

embrace that, too. He'll let you, Susan. He wants you to. You know that, don't you? You want to fuck a man. He wants you to do the same."

Susan and I just looked at one another. I was afraid to say anything, but with my eyes, I said it all. I love you. I love you.

And she looked back at me with the same look in her eyes.

Mrs. Stanton left Susan and I alone. It was strange. Susan just stared at me. Stared at my penis, locked in the cage. Reflexively, I started to cover myself again, ashamed.

"Don't," Susan said. "Move your hands away."

I dropped my hands back to my side and she continued to stare. "Susan, can't we..."

"Shhh." She walked to me, turned me around by my shoulders so I was facing the bed, and sat down, now eye level with the cage.

Again, I started to move my hands in front of me, so ashamed at myself.

"I said don't Michael," she chastised me again, "or must I tie your hands behind you?"

I gulped. Tied? Bound? My penis jumped. She saw. "Hmmm, you'd like that, wouldn't you? Hold them behind you anyway."

I put my hands behind me. My penis was left, to her, unprotected. I felt vulnerable. Small. Shy. Afraid. Susan reached out, touched the cage with two of her fingers. "I like you this way, Michael. Small, shrunken, trapped."

"Uugh, Susan" I exhaled, my penis...my clitty, jumping.

"I could get used to this. I like it. Little, not at all masculine, quite feminine."

I started swelling. There was no room, of course, but I swelled to the confines of the cage.

"I never believed her, Michael, every time she said something, every time she insisted, but she was right, she was right all along. You're a sissy. She's right. She's right, isn't she?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Michael, do you want me to go on a date tomorrow? No just dinner, but on a date? Do you?"

"Yes," I said, almost moved to tears.

"A date, Michael, a date. With a man? Do you want me to go on a date with him?"

"Yes," I whispered, "yes."

"I love you, Michael."

"I love you, too, Susan."

Love. Love.

We lay in bed that night. Susan was naked, I wearing a satin chemise. I lay in Susan's arms, our roles reversed. I was the pretty one, the woman, dressed in lingerie, the submissive one. Susan was naked, dominant, cuddling me, running her fingers over my stomach, up to my chest, over my nipples.

"Michael?"

"Yes?"

"Mother...mother told me she has something to give you some shape up here."

"Yes, she showed me."

"I...I want you to wear them, I want to see you with them...with...with breasts, okay?"

"Okay," I answered, feeling her hold me tighter as I agreed to allow her mother to change me more.

"Are you okay, Michael?"

"Yes. Are you?" I was worried about her, not just myself. I loved Susan. Was she okay? Her world was as much turned upside down as mine.

She didn't say anything for a minute. "Susan?"

"I'm fine Michael, it's you I'm worried about."

"I think I'm okay, really, I do," I told her, mostly sure of myself.

"Michael, if anything I do, you do, mother does, if anything is too much, tell me, you'll promise to tell me?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Anything, Michael. Even tomorrow."

"Yes," I said again, thinking briefly of her tomorrow, out, with Tom, thinking of her in Atlanta, mostly naked, his cock pressing against her.

I felt Susan's hand touch my penis, or rather, the cage. "It's too bad...or maybe a good thing, mother has the key."

"Susan," I groaned, "you're teasing me."

"Yes," she giggled, letting go of me, "I can stop...but I really think I'd try to fuck you if I had that key."

"No," I begged, dying for her touch, even if through the cage.

"Bend your leg up," she said, moving her hand off my side, reaching around my leg, to touch the cage from under me, then, taking my balls, which were not confined inside the cage, into her hand.

"Ohhhh," I moaned.

"Hmmm, you like that, don't you?"

"Yes, yes," I groaned, feeling the tightening of my organ in the cage.

"It's too bad your little clitty is locked up in that cage, lover," she whispered to me, massaging my balls, emphasizing the word 'little.'

"Uuugh," I moaned again, jerking.

"Does that really excite you, Michael? Hearing me tell you how little you are? Isn't that humiliating?" She sounded genuinely interested.

I didn't say anything, ashamed that I was excited. I was glad she couldn't see me, that my back was to her, as my eyes were closed, rolled back in my head. She took that for assent.

"It's so small, Michael, so small," she whispered.

"Ohhh, Susan," I moaned again.

She moved her fingers lower, was running them back and forth, from the base of my balls downward, towards my ass, lightly, teasing, gently.

"You like the humiliation, don't you," she whispered in my ear. "You like hearing it. It's true, you know, it's true that it's sooo small, sissy, so small, isn't it?" She kept rubbing my ball, running her fingers from my balls towards my ass.

"Answer me, Michael. You like the humiliation?"

"Yes," I groaned, both from her touch and her words.

"You like hearing how small you are, don't you?"

"Yes, Susan, yes." I was starting to shake, to get dizzy.

"You know, sissy, you've never made me cum when you've been inside me."

"Ohhhh," I gurgled.

"But how could you, with that tiny little thing of yours, that little clit of yours. How could you ever make me cum like a man would."

I was breathing heavily, breathing in and out. I felt her fingers move lower and lower, move from my balls, down towards my ass. She ran her fingers around it, over the edge, lightly teasing me. She said nothing for a minute, two, three, just used her fingers to gently rub me.

"You know I mean it, Michael," she whispered, "you make me cum with your mouth every time you lick me, but you've never made me cum when you tried to fuck me. Ever."

"Yes," I said, pressing into her fingers as they rubbed me.

"That's why I want a cock, Michael, a man's cock." Her fingers still circled my ass. "That's why I want a cock inside me, filling me." She had a finger on the very outside of my ass, just touching the pucker. "That's why I can think of nothing else, Michael. A cock, Tom's cock, touching the outside of my pussy as I silently beg him to push it into me."

I was shaking as she spoke and touched me.

"Can you imagine it, Michael, cock, pressed up against my opening." She was talking about herself, clearly, about Tom's cock, her pussy, her opening. But...but...

"Oh god, Susan."

"Yes, that's it, lover, that's it. Imagine it, pretty girl. Cock. Imagine a man's cock," she stopped moving her fingers, left one just on the outside of me. "Imagine a man's cock touching the outside of my pussy, rubbing on me. Do you know how badly I'd want it inside me?"

"Ohhh," I moaned, thinking of it, thinking of cock touching her, touching her pussy.

"Cock, Michael, think of cock pressed up against the opening."

"Can you imagine it, Michael? Think of cock, think of a man's cock, ready to push inside."

Her fingers pressed on me, touching me. I thought of cock. I thought of cock pressing against Susan, but as she kept slight pressure with her finger, I also thought of cock pressing against me.

"Yes," I moaned, pushing slightly against her finger.

"Hungry for cock. Needing cock. Can you imagine it? Needing cock so badly? Can you possibly imagine needing cock so much?"

I was breathing heavily, my trapped penis in pain, but my skin alive, the spot where Susan touched me, electric.

Her finger was a slight pressure against me, against my ass. It terrified me. Cock. I was thinking of cock. "That moment, that pause, waiting for it, waiting for a man's cock to push into me." Susan pressed her finger just slightly forward. "Imagine it, sissy, that moment, waiting for cock to press into you."

YOU? Oh, god, oh GOD! You? She meant me. ME! "Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm," I moaned.

"You're thinking about it, I know it, just like me," she whispered in my ear. "You're thinking about cock, Michael, cock, sissy. Cock." She pressed her finger slightly into me, slightly, ever so slightly. "I know what you want, Michael, I know what you want."

"No, Susan, please," I said, mouth dry. This was wrong. Cock? I was thinking about cock. I was thinking about cock, a man's cock, pressed against me. This was so wrong.

Slowly she moved her fingers away from my ass. I was shaking, uncontrollably.

"I know what you want, Michael," she said again, pushing her finger back to me, at the opening, flicking, teasing, "the same thing I want. Cock. I know you're imaging it, a man's cock."

"Ohhhhhh," I groaned, basically confirming her accusation to my horror. I wanted to scream, to yell, to deny. I tried to form the words, but my mouth would not speak them.

"Shhhh, it's okay, Michael, you're secret is safe with me," Susan assured me, pressing her finger just slightly deeper into me.

"Susan," I protested, shaking.

"Shhhh, I won't tell anyone you want cock, too...besides Mother."

"Susan!"

Susan giggled. Was she serious? Her mother? She wouldn't. Right? "I'm tired Michael," she said, shifting, cuddling me again.

I dreamt that night. I remembered little about my dreams, the details, anything, except for one thing:

Cock.

Cock!

COCK!

Susan decided to go on her long run late Sunday morning so from about 11 till 1 or 2 just her mother and I would be home. I dreaded it. I was terrified of it. Of her mother. Of myself. Of everything.

"Susan, please, don't leave me home with her," I begged my wife.

"Oh, stop, Michael," she dismissed me. "It's fine. Remember, serving her is serving me, right? Besides she said she wanted to help you with

something."

"Help me with what," I asked, feeling even more dread creep into me.

"Don't know," she shrugged her shoulders.

"Susan."

"Michael," she looked right back at me. "Don't you like being pretty? Honestly?"

"Yes," I blushed.

"Then quit worrying and go see her, she's in her room. I'm going running, I'll see you later...and behave."

"Yes, Ma'am," I mustered an answer.

I found Mrs. Stanton in her room, entered with some trepidation.

"Ahhh, Michael," Mrs. Stanton said, opening her door, motioning me into her chamber. "So, your darling wife has a date tonight, I understand."

"She, she has a meeting, a dinner meeting, for work," I said meekly, a weak attempt at downplaying what I both feared and fantasized about.

"A meeting," she tsked. "Of course, for work. Perfectly natural for a married woman to meet a colleague at a hotel, happens all the time."

I blushed, of course, knowing that very fact, terrified of that very fact, so excited by just the fantasy of that very fact.

"Perfectly natural, really, perfectly natural. Just generally, that's called a date, not a business meeting. After all, most business meetings don't end with a good fucking. Put you know that, don't you sissy? You know she isn't going on just a business meeting, you know she's going on a date, you know your pretty wife is looking forward to an evening with a man...don't you," she asked softly.

"Yes," I said looking at the floor.

"Of course you do, and that's what you want, you don't need to deny it to me or to yourself. I know you love Susan, sissy, and like any husband you want her to be happy, satisfied, in many ways. Including sexually. And since you can't do that, naturally you want Susan to find someone who can. Believe me, sissy, I know, I know, you CAN deny it, but I know how badly you want to be cuckolded."

I said nothing. What, was I supposed to tell her that she was wrong? That I did not dream of my wife fucking a man? That the fantasy was so

powerful that it was present in my mind at every waking moment, that it invaded every dream?

But it was wrong. I could not deny it, but how could I admit it. It was wrong, so fucking wrong. It was perverted for god's sake. Dreaming and fantasizing about my wife FUCKING A MAN!

Worse, actually wanting it! I was her husband, her lover, her confidant, her friend. We took vows, for crying out loud. Vows to forsake all others and not only did I not get mad at her for dreaming of fucking Tom, I actually got excited by it?

"You know what you're going to do later today, sissy?" She actually laughed. "You're going to help her get ready for her date!"

"I'm what," I asked?

"Oh, sissy, it's what every little cuckold dreams about, helping mistress prepare for a date with a real man. I know Susan is a wreck, all guilt ridden, that poor thing. All she wants is a good fuck and she's worried about what you. What better way to reassure her that she is doing nothing wrong than to participate. Now go shower, my little sissy, so we can get you dressed in something proper."

I showered, again using scented products, feeling more feminine, softer, more like a sissy, the feelings of inadequacy reinforced, serving only to heighten my awareness of Susan's potential infidelity, to increase my desire, even need for just that.

"Here," Mrs. Stanton said, handing me a white bra, "start with the basics, like I've shown you." I took bra from her, wrapped it around my chest, fasteners in front, hooked it closed, slid it around my chest, put my arms through the straps.

"Excellent," she encouraged me, "like you've been doing it for years. And to think, you ever wondered whether or not you were feminine. You're a natural, it's hard for me to believe you ever thought you were masculine!"

She picked another garment up off her bed, held it out to me, a garter belt in the same style as the bra. "Something else to wrap around you, my pretty," she winked, watching me gently take the garter belt from her hand and wrap it around my trim waist.

"Here, a pair of nude stockings, a bit plain, I know, but you're working this afternoon, not a time to show off." I took the stockings from her, sat on the edge of the bed, pulled them on, clipped them to the garter straps, then stood.

"I want you to lie back on the bed," she said, gently pushing me backwards. "It's easier to correctly fit the breastforms if you are on your back."

I shook just slightly sitting back down on the bed, scooting backwards. Breasts. I don't know if I had actual breast envy, but the image, thought, fantasy of having breasts was stirring. Breasts.

Why not? My penis locked up, dressed in lingerie, why not? What was more natural? What could be more appropriate? Breasts. Breasts to fill my bra, to give me shape, to remind me that I, Michael, was most definitely, not a man.

I just lay there, allowed Mrs. Stanton to carefully, one side at a time, insert the forms into my bra, fit them into place, adjust them, then push them carefully, firmly, against my chest, to 'make them stick.'

"Okay, that should do it," she pulled me up, reached down, picked up and tossed a pair of panties to me. "Not really needed to keep things in place, what with the cage, but what kind of sissy would you be without panties?"

As I stepped into the tight, high-waisted panties, Mrs. Stanton got out a large case, opened it, started pulling out various types of makeup and set them at the desk in her room. "Yes, of course for you," she said barely looking up at me. "No sense having my daughter have a half made up sissy helping her get ready for her date, only the best, my dear, only the best."

She sat me down, opened some things, got out some brushes, began applying a light foundation to my face. "It doesn't take much, smooth out your skin, a little help around the eyes, the lashes, lips. You're just a natural, Michael, it isn't turning a man into a woman, it's simply enhancing the woman inside you."

I watched in the mirror, each stroke of a brush, each fluff of a lash. Each movement took away a little bit of self-awareness I had as a man, a bit of what little masculinity I had, replaced it with ten times as much feminine.

"You're going to have to grow your hair out, nails, too. We'll use a wig now, for the time being, but there is no reason, other than personality change, that you shouldn't have your own natural, feminine hair."

I wanted to protest. Feminine hair? I was not a woman; the thought, any inkling of saying something, all words, died on my lips as she lowered a shoulder length wig onto my head. The image, the reflection in the mirror.

There was not a hint, not a glimpse, of a man staring back at me. It was a woman. Not a sissy. Not a transvestite. Not a boy dressing, playing a part. It was a woman. As if my soul, my life, my essence, everything, all I ever knew, was not the same. I was a woman? Not a man? All of it, upside down, changed, different.

"I can see it in your eyes, Michael, you realize, don't you?"

"What," I pretended.

"She'll never see you as a man again. She never did, of course, but she won't even try anymore. You're a sissy, you're a girl, you're something soft, something feminine. She will never, ever, look at you and see anything but something feminine."

"But she..."

"Never, Michael."

"I want to..."

"Ever, Michael."

"How can..."

"You see it, too, sissy, you see it, too. Now stand up, let's finish dressing you."

That afternoon, when Susan came home, I was standing in the living room, waiting patiently for Susan. I was dressed in a mint green dress, very fifties, very homemaker. The dress had crinoline under the skirt, making it flow as I walked, strange to sit when I could. The dress was very June Cleaver, very Betty Draper. With it, the lingerie, the heels, the wig, the makeup, I was a housewife, domesticated.

With the simple white apron wrapped around my waist, the image was even more stark, more reinforced.

I was an object.

And I was standing, because that's all I could do. An object, made to be just so.

I was standing because Susan's mother would not allow me to sit. She made sure before we left her room, taking a thin leather strap, a leash, it was apparent, and clipping one end to my chastity cage.

The leash was short; Mrs. Stanton took the other end and led me from the room. It wasn't until Susan was about fifteen minutes from coming home that Mrs. Stanton found me, took the leash in hand again, and led me to the living room. There she led me to a corner of the room, ran the leash

between my legs, took it from behind and clipped it to something in the wall.

"A housewife must learn to wait patiently, quietly, don't you agree Michelle?" She feminized my name. Michelle, not Michael.

"Yes, Ma'am, I suppose," I groaned, immediately aware that the leash tugged gently, but solidly, at my aching, sore penis and balls.

Finally, after fifteen minutes that felt like hours, I heard the garage door, knew Susan was home. After a minute, I heard Susan's voice call out.

"Michael? Mother?" Susan walked into the living room, saw me standing quietly in the corner.

"Oh," she said, surprise on her face. "I'm sorry, I'm looking for my husband or my..." A look came over her face, at first confusion, then recognition. She clearly did not recognize me at first, realized that the "woman" she was looking at was her husband.

"I see you've found Michelle," Mrs. Stanton said, coming up from behind her.

"Michelle," Susan repeated.

"Yes, darling. You're got a big night tonight, dear, I thought you'd appreciate someone to help you dress for your date."

"Oh," Susan said, quickly adapting to the odd, but, given the time her mother had been here, not completely out of the ordinary scene before her. "That's very kind of you, Mother, I suppose I could use the pampering; I'm a little nervous, maybe this will calm me."

"Nervous? Whatever are you nervous about, Susan?"

"Well," she started looking around, then lowered her voice. "Where is Michael," she asked, then looked at me. "Michael is my husband," she explained. "He thinks I'm having dinner with a work colleague, which I am, but, well, he is a colleague, but he doesn't know it's really more a date."

Her mother snorted. "Susan, you've got a date with a man tonight, I hardly think you need to have your husband around. Don't worry, I've taken care of him, he won't be back until after you leave."

"Well, that's just it, Mother," Susan said, her voice normal again. "I haven't been on a date with a man in years, I'm nervous about how to act, what to do..."

"You've met him before, haven't you, you're date?"

"Yes?"

"And he was pleasant? Nice? Handsome? All that?"

"Yes, Mother, and he was, it's just that, well, he was quite forward."

"Imagine, a man that wanted to sleep with you," Mrs. Stanton said in a mocking tone. "Whatever has the world come to when a handsome man wants to bed a pretty woman?"

"I know, Mother, I know, but...I'm a married woman and I...I don't know if..."

"He was attractive?"

"Yes," Susan blushed, glancing quickly at me, which, unknown to her, I was sure, immediately caused my locked penis to swell.

"Susan, I know you love your husband, but as you said, you've not been with a man for years, there is nothing unusual about being attracted to him."

"But mother, I think he wants to...to..."

"Well of course he does, Susan, that's what men always want. I'm not telling you that you should ever leave Michael, whatever I think of such a mouse, I know you adore him and he you."

"What are you saying, Mother?"

Mrs. Stanton looked around the room, me, directly in the eye. "Since he's not here, and since Michelle would never betray your confidence, trust me, I suppose I can speak freely. If you have a nice time this evening, if the mood is right, go with it. I understand how you feel about Michael, but," she looked around again, "sometimes a woman needs a nice hard cock and a good fucking!"

"Mother," Susan said, laughing.

"Well?"

"We'll see, Mother, we'll see."

"Just keep an open mind, Susan, nothing more. I'm sure Michael would understand. Wouldn't he, Michelle," she asked, turn back to me.

"How would she know," Susan asked, looking to me.

Mrs. Stanton chuckled. "Oh, I suppose I did neglect to mention, didn't I? I'm sorry, Susan. Michelle here isn't quite a lady herself."

"What do you mean, Mother," Susan asked, wondering, I'm sure, as I did, what her mother was thinking or implying. "She seems nice."

"Well, Susan, much like that mousy husband of yours, Michelle is a budding sissy."

"Mother, you now I don't like..."

Mrs. Stanton held up her hand to quiet her daughter. "Susan, you need not like the label, but that doesn't change the fact that your husband is a

sissy."

Susan crossed her arms. "Fine."

"It isn't like you are opposed, are you?"

"To sissies? No," she said, looking at me.

"And to Michael being one?"

"No, no."

"I suspect you rather prefer it, don't you?"

"Yes," Susan sighed softly.

"I know it was quite a surprise, Susan, but that does not change the fact that Michael is a sissy, nor that you much prefer him that way."

"No," Susan admitted.

"Nor does it change that you've been fantasizing about a man," her mother said, grinning, "and that brings us to Michelle. I only thought it fitting that you have a sissy help you get ready for your big night. I thought it might be reassuring."

"I suppose."

"Let me show you. Michelle, you're a sissy?"

"Yes Ma'am," I said softly, both their attention now turned to me. It was clear Mrs. Stanton wanted me to play a role, to be Michelle, not Michael, and I thought I'd try, as best I could.

"And I understand you're married?"

"Yes," I said, feeling the stress, the strain, in my crotch, my penis swollen to the sides of the cage, pulled backwards, tugged, by the leash, unseen, under my dress, connected to the wall.

"Susan seems to be conflicted, even ashamed at what she's been thinking about, fantasizing about a man. I've been trying to tell her that there is nothing unusual about that, not odd about a woman married to a sissy going on a date with a man now and then, even contemplating, wanting, er, an intimate evening. Michelle, does your wife fantasize about, um, no sense being too polite about it, fucking a man?"

I groaned. I groaned from excitement. I groaned from pain.

"No need to be embarrassed, Michelle, she's not here."

"Yes," I whispered.

"Does that bother you, Michelle? You're a sissy, does it bother you that she craves a man? Craves a cock, to be blunt about it?"

"No," I answered, even softer.

"In fact, Michelle, if you're like most sissies, you get rather excited by it, don't you?"

I was red faced, silent.

"Michelle?"

"Yes!"

"It excites you right now, doesn't it? Talking to me about your wife fucking a man. Hearing Susan as she thinks aloud about it? Knowing she craves a man, craves a cock."

"Yes Ma'am, yes."

"What would you tell Susan, sissy? If she were you're wife? What would you tell my daughter? Would you tell her to fuck him? Would you even beg her to? Would you beg your wife to fuck a man?"

"Yes," I breathed heavily, looking downward, at Susan's feet. I sensed her watching me, finally, I looked up, met her gaze.

"You see, Susan," Mrs. Stanton said, clapping her hands. "Michael would tell you the same."

"Maybe you're right, Mother, maybe you're right."

"I am right, dear, mothers are always right. Now," she looked at her watch, "you'd best start getting ready, no?"

"Yes, I suppose I should."

"Come now, Michelle."

I just stood there, a helpless look on my face.

"Oh, silly me, I forgot. You see, Susan, Michelle, like you're sissy husband, wears a chastity cage. I told you, sissies are not in control of their orgasm. Anyway, Michelle did not have anything to do until you got home, so she's been tied to the wall with a little leash connected to her cage."

"Mother," Susan said.

"Don't 'Mother' me, Susan. Sissies must be dealt with differently than men. It isn't cruel at all, it's much securing a horse on a hitching post, I'd say. You may love a horse, but you'd still restrain a horse to keep it from getting in trouble."

"Mother, you're impossible."

"Maybe, Susan, but you'll thank me when you know how to train and treat your sissy."

Mrs. Stanton walked over to me, unclipped the leash from the wall, held it up towards Susan.

"Fine, Mother, lead her upstairs, but I don't think I'll need it for now."

Mrs. Stanton tugged at me, pulling me away from the wall by my trapped, swollen penis.

Upstairs we went, Susan first, her mother next, me, third, led by the leash.

In the bedroom, Susan's mother gestured to the leash again. "Are you sure, Susan? I could just un-clip it and leave it here."

"I suppose that's fine, Mother."

"Great, well, I'll leave you alone now."

"Um, Mother, what does Michelle do?"

"Do? Oh, silly me, you've never had someone like her before, have you? Well, it's quite simple, really," she started.

In a way, I was glad for the "tutorial" as I too had no idea what to do. All I knew was that I was dressed up like a housewife, I was named Michelle, and I was to help my wife, who was not my wife, get ready for a date. My brain was so clouded with emotions, sexual and otherwise, I was on the verge of collapse.

"A sissy like Michelle, or your own sissy if Michael was here, should do most of the work on preparing her Mistress. For example, if you shower, Michelle would dry you. She'll help dress you, fetch things for you, give suggestions if asked. Even be a confidant, if need be. Kind of like when a bridesmaid helps a bride get ready for her wedding, or if a sorority sister was there helping you get ready for a date. Everything else, Michelle will help you with."

"Oh, and dear, I know it may be strange undressing and getting dressed in front of Michelle, but remember, she's a sissy, just like Michael. Harmless. Do this in front of a man, he's likely to throw you down and fuck you. A sissy, though, gives you nothing to worry about. Besides, she's in chastity, she couldn't do anything even if she wanted, not that any woman would want her little clitty, even if unlocked."

"Thank you Mother," Susan said earnestly.

"I'd suggest Michelle start by drawing you a bath, to relax you, and I'll leave you alone to get ready." Mrs. Stanton smiled at Susan, grinned at me, set the leash on the bed and took her leave.

I took Mrs. Stanton's suggestion and went to the bathroom while she was exiting and started a bath for Susan. I tried to think of myself as a girlfriend, as Susan's helper, not her husband. I tried to think, what would she want, what would help someone like her, in this situation.

Unfortunately, for me at least, those thoughts did more than put me in a frame of mind to help her. They cause me to continue to swell, to continue to throb. The thoughts caused sexual feelings, excitement, frustration, to flow through my body, through every fiber of my skin covered by satin, nylon, lace.

Shuffling around, from the bedroom to the bathroom, focused my mind on the attire I was dressed in. Heels were not easy to walk in. A dress, with petticoats, was much more bulky than anything a man ever would wear. On top of that, I had breasts. Gloriously, large, bouncing, heavy breasts. While not overly big, their bulk was there, a reminder, that I was not a man, that I was something different, something feminine, soft, delicate.

I thought of this while running the bath water. I thought of this while pouring scented oil into the tub. I thought of my feminine wife. I looked at my feminine self.

"You're really beautiful...Michelle," Susan said from behind me, pausing at my feminine name.

I jumped; she'd startled me. "Thank you, Ma'am," I whispered, turning towards her standing in the doorway wearing a satin robe.

"I mean that, Michelle, I guess I never really thought how pretty someone like you could be."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Your wife is very lucky to be married to such a pretty thing. I imagine she's quite pleased with you."

"Thank you, Ma'am," I said, almost choking up.

"Really, Michelle. I don't know if my mother told you, but she's been feminizing my husband. I think he's still ashamed, afraid what I'll think, but I wish he knew how happy it would make me to see him as pretty as you."

"Sus...Ma'am," I stammered, trying to stay in character.

"Is the water ready," she asked, ignoring my implication, my gasp.

"Yes, yes, Ma'am."

"Well then," she said, reaching for the tie to her robe, pausing. "I'm sorry, you're a...a housewife, married, one of the girls. I'm sure seeing a woman naked is par for the course for you. Besides, you're a sissy, it's not like I'm getting naked in front of a man."

Slowly, she undid her robe, slowly, she let it drop to the ground. I could not help but gawk. I could not help but drink in her beauty. It was as if I'd

never seen her this way before, as if I'd not spent countless hours seeing her naked.

"I'm sure I'm not as pretty as your wife, am I?"

"You...you're the most beautiful woman I've even seen," I managed to say.

Susan looked away shyly as she walked to and stepped into the tub and let the water overtake her.

I stood, watching her relax in the water, watching every bit of tension wash away from her face, from her body. I stood, staring at her trim body, her soft skin, her every curve. I looked at my wife's body, wanted it, desired it. Yet, I knew she was going out tonight. I knew she was going out with Tom. I knew, I realized, that it was possible that in mere hours, Tom would be looking at her, Tom would be fantasizing over her, Tom would be touching her.

She knew. She had to know what her husband, what her sissy was thinking of, fantasizing of.

"Michelle, can I ask you a question," Susan said, eyes closed, breathing slowly in the scented water.

"Ma'am?"

"It really doesn't bother you that your wife fantasizes about fucking a man? It really excites you?"

"Yes," I said so quietly, so softly.

"I fantasize about it, too, I'm just so...so unsure."

"Why," I asked.

"I...I don't know. I love my husband, I really do, with all my heart. I would never cheat on him, I don't want him to think that I'd...do anything he...he wasn't okay with."

"Should I think about it? Should I fuck him, Michelle?"

"It...it's not my place to...to say," I said, trying to keep my composure, "you...you're not my wife."

"I suppose not, Michelle, but, let me ask you this way. If it was your wife, going on a date tonight, if some other sissy was helping her get ready, if she was fantasizing about fucking a man, would...would you get excited thinking about it? Would it make your clitty swell?"

"Yes," I answered.

"That makes you swell in your little cage thing, doesn't it?"

"Yes," I said, a mild groan, feeling the pain, the soreness from the swelling.

"Would you want her to fuck him, Michelle, to actually do it?"

"Yes," I admitted freely now.

"Would you want her to fuck him? You'd want your wife to have a real cock inside her?"

"Yes, yes, Ma'am, yes."

"Should I fuck him, Michelle? Should I just surrender to what I want? Should I fuck him? I want it so badly, Michelle, I want a cock inside me."

"I...I don't know, Ma'am," I stammered.

"I want to, Michelle. I know you're not supposed to tell anyone, that's what mother said, so don't tell my husband if you happen to see him, but I want to. God, how I want to. I...I need it. I've been dreaming about it, I...I need it."

Susan finished bathing herself while I stood there, mouth open, shaking, hard as the chastity cage would allow. She couldn't could she? Would she? Did she really want to so badly? Did I really want her, want my wife, to do that?

"Towel?"

"What," I asked, mind snapping back to the here and now.

"I'm done, Michelle, I need a towel."

"I'm sorry," I said, reaching for a fresh white bath towel, handing it out to her.

"No, no, I doubt that's what you've been taught. I'll admit I'm a little hesitant to allow you, a little shy, too, but given this evening, why not? So, you may dry me, Michelle," she said, regally standing and stepping out of the tub.

It was almost too much for me, spreading the towel open, gently, carefully, patting my wife dry. Only she did not feel completely like my wife. Though she was. I was serving her, her sissy, almost her maid, serving her by drying her, tenderly, serving her, doing this, as she prepared for a date with a man she admitted she wanted to fuck.

I hesitated when I touched her breasts through the towel, hesitated, left my hands on them for a moment, two, three, longer than needed.

"Michelle," she said gently.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," I answered immediately removing my hands.

Almost as if to torment me further, my wife wrapped the towel around her. Unlike she normally would, she wrapped it around her waist, rather than up under her arms. Wrapped as such, her breasts were bare, the towel only covering her from her trim waist to her knees. She looked heavenly, divine, Venus, a goddess.

She sat this way in the bedroom as she did her hair and makeup at her dressing table. Sat this way, occasionally looking to me in the mirror, knowing I could not pull my eyes away from my body, knowing her beauty was captivating, tormenting.

"Michelle, there is a bag over there in the closet, please get it."

"Ma'am," I said, going to the closet, realizing as soon as I saw the bag that it was the lingerie she'd bought to wear on her date, the pink and black lingerie, the garter belt, bra, panties, stockings. My goddess. She was to be my goddess in pink. I was shaking again, shaking as I reached for and picked up the bag of lingerie. I had been the one to encourage my wife to wear stockings. I had begged her, over and over. I had pictured myself kissing her stocking covered legs, touching them, feeling the soft nylon. I had fantasized about the sight, the vision of beauty she would be, fantasized about how turned on I would be, how excited. Maybe I was selfish, begging her to dress this way, begging her, knowing it was for me, my fantasy.

Yet, now, somehow, all was turned around, distorted. I was going to see her dressed in the most exquisite lingerie. I was going to see her wrapped like the best, most adult present a husband could ask for. I was excited, so terribly excited, to see her dressed this way.

I was going to touch her, caress her.

But none, none in the way I had envisioned.

No, not at all.

I was wearing lingerie.

I was in chastity.

I was not going to kiss her.

I was not going to lick her.

I was most certainly not going to fuck her.

Worse, far worse, someone else was.

Tom.

Tom was going to see her wearing lingerie.

Again.

Tom was going to touch her?

Tom was going to kiss her?

Tom was going to fuck her?

Tom...the thought of him, the thought of Tom, his hands, on my wife, touching her body.

Tom...the thought of his...his cock, out, hard, dripping.

Tom...the thought of his excited glances, gazes, AT MY WIFE.

Tom...his cock hard, wanting her...

I held the bag in my hand, shaking, all these thoughts racing through my head.

And it hurt. Mentally. But physically, too. In my stomach.

And...in my groin.

It hurt because I was as swollen as I could possibly be in the chastity cage.

Swollen because all those thoughts did more than just same me, make me jealous, they made me excited. Fucking sexually excited.

I wanted none of this, yet, how could I possibly deny the one thing no male could every deny, the betrayal of the penis.

All these thoughts, of Susan, in lingerie, fucking Tom, excited me as I had never, ever been excited before.

"Michelle," Susan's voice interrupted my drifting thoughts. "I need to get dressed sometime this afternoon..."

I snapped back, my thoughts as her husband, her lover, her friend, mixed once again with Michelle, a woman, a sissy. "Ma'am," I said softly, turning back to her, with the lingerie. She was standing, now naked, the towel on the bed, face flush, appearing to me as conflicted as I was, nervous, yet excited.

Our eyes me, held, watched one another. "I want this," she said softly, tenderly, to me, her husband, not to Michelle. "But only, only, if you do to."

Why was she asking me, now? Why now? Wasn't it too late? Her date was set, the die was cast. Wasn't it? No, no, I had to tell her it was okay. Of course, of course I did. It was us, our marriage, our love, our lives. Yes or no, she made her decision, now it was up to me.

I started to speak, but found no voice, instead, broke the gaze and walked to the bed. "May I have the honor of dressing you, Ma'am," I asked, my response, as Michelle, the best I could do right now as her husband.

She accepted it as so. "Yes, I'd like that," she said, softly again.

I set the bag on the bed, carefully, reverently, removed the contents one at a time, laying the bra, panties, garter belt, and stockings on the bed, picking the bra back up, the first garment I would dress my lovely wife in.

"What do you think, Michelle? Something a man would like?"

I looked at her, her face, her body, back to the bra, the lingerie. Both were beautiful. Her, naked, the bra, the lingerie.

"Yes," I said, meaning both, holding up the bra so she could slip her arms into the straps. The act was erotic, more so as Susan stood still, let me, had me, do everything.

Slide the straps up her arms.

Fasten the clasp.

Arrange it properly, so her breasts fit just so, pushed up ever so slightly, full, inviting.

"It's wonderful, isn't it, having breasts," she asked, looking at my chest, swelling with each breath, under the dress I was wearing.

"Yes," I answered, letting my mind drift for an instant to the weight of the breastforms, the sway, the movement.

Susan chuckled.

"What?"

"I'm not sure how your wife keeps her hands off you, if she does," she said. "If my husband had breasts, even forms, I'd have to struggle to keep from attacking them with my hands and mouth at all hours of the day. God, how I fantasize about him as a woman, him with breasts."

I blushed. Michelle. Her husband. Michelle's breasts. The breasts she was telling me she wanted me to have. The breasts I wanted.

"It makes no sense, does it? Here I am getting dressed to go on a date with a man, fantasizing about my feminized husband, unsure which is more of a turn on, a man's cock, my sissy's breasts."

I swallowed, finished with the bra, picked up the panties.

"No, no, Michelle, panties over, not under the garter belt. Easier to take off, if the mood strikes."

I grimaced, the chastity cage, pinching me, at the thought. Susan, in lingerie. Tom, naked. Erect, watching, as she took off her panties.

"I know, Michelle, I have a feeling I may need to take them off quickly," she giggled.

I set the panties down, picked up the garter belt, wrapped it around her trim waist, fastened it, eyes glued to the garter straps dangling loosely on

her legs.

Susan sat on her vanity chair, started talking. "You know, it's ironic, my husband had always begged me to wear stockings, finally I did, yet it was Tom, the man I'm seeing tonight, that first saw me in stockings."

I was kneeling, stocking in hand, helping her glide her foot into the soft nylon, her words paused me ever so slightly.

"It's true. If it wasn't for Michael begging me to wear stockings, I wouldn't have, would not have felt so sexy, so...naughty. Tom would never have seen me wearing them, wouldn't have tried to fuck me, I'd never have thought about fucking him. Ironic, no? It's all his fault," she laughed.

I had stopped, the stocking just over her knee.

"And now, all I can think about, all I can fantasize about, Michelle, is cuckolding my sissy husband."

I felt a tap against the skirt of my dress. It was her foot, the foot that now encased with the stocking that was half up her leg. Her foot, bouncing at the knees, every so gently, slightly, tapping against the folds of my dress, against my trapped, swollen penis.

"All I can think about are total opposites. My husband, completely feminized, a woman, a sissy and Tom, a man, taking me, fucking me."

I caught myself, finally, snapped, once again, back to Michelle, back to her servant. Somehow, I was able to finish the stocking, connect the garter straps, do the same with her other leg.

"I'm sorry, Michelle, all this talk of mine must make you uncomfortable."

"Not really, Ma'am," I lied, mind back to the swelling, the pain, the uncomfortableness in my groin, the unease in my stomach.

"No, I suppose you're used to it, being feminized, being cuckolded."

"Well," I gulped, "my wife's never actually...actually been with a man. At least, at least not since we were married."

"Oh," she said, raising an eyebrow as I helped her step into her panties. "I thought she had. You want her to, don't you? I mean, that's something you're okay with?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"More than okay with? You want her to cuckold you, yes?"

"Yes." I was telling her, admitting again, yes, that yes, yes, yes.

She smiled. "I'm still nervous, though, still not sure if I should." She pointed to the closet. "My shoes and dress are in there, Michelle, start with

the shoes, I want to see what I look like half naked, I want to see what he'll see, to make sure I look good."

I went to the closet, got out a pair of black strappy sandals, knelt down, gently, reverently, helped my wife slip her dainty feet into her heels, carefully buckled the straps around her ankles.

"Well," she asked as I stood, took a step back. "Do you think Tom will like?"

She was so pretty, so fucking amazing, so beautiful, so sexy, I almost had trouble looking at her body. I hurt, in my stomach. It hurt, in my chastity cage. I don't think I ever wanted her as much as I did at that moment, staring at her, looking at her. I never wanted her more, yet I could not have her. I was locked in chastity. She was leaving to go on a date with a man. I wanted her; I could not have her.

"I take that as a yes, sissy?"

I nodded.

"Oh, I almost forgot," she smiled.

"Ma'am?"

"Perfume, silly. Over there, by the makeup. Yes, that one, the tall one," she pointed to a bottle of perfume I'd gotten her as a gift. "My husband got that for me; it drives him crazy. It works on a sissy; I'm curious what it does to a man."

I picked up the bottle, the scent racing through my brain, the memory of it, handed it to her.

"No, sweetie, you do that for me. Here," she pointed to her wrists, "just a light spray."

"Now here," she pointed to her neck.

"And here," she pointed to the back of her knees.

I stood, thinking that was all.

"One more spot, Michelle, here," she instructed me, pulling the waist band of her panties away from her stomach, a sparkle in her eyes, her mouth pulled into a tight grin.

After I helped her into her dress, we walked down stairs, found her mother waiting for her, or us, in the foyer.

"My goodness, Susan, you look absolutely divine."

"Thank you, Mother."

"And Michelle, you should be proud, helping her look so beautiful for her date tonight...he should thank you for the feast his eyes...maybe more...will enjoy later."

I blushed, feeling again, the rush of apprehension in my stomach, the rush of anticipation in my groin. Susan was going on a date.

My wife was going on a date.

The duality. The fear. The excitement.

My wife was going on a date.

I looked at her, realized she was staring back at me, thinking, I presumed, the same thing.

She was going on a date.

Her body shook, ever so slightly, a nervous anticipation? I felt mine do the same, at the same time.

She was going on a date.

"Where are you meeting Tom," her mother asked, cutting through, though somehow increasing the tension.

"He's staying at the Hyatt."

"Oh, meeting him at the bar," her mother looked towards me, "or picking him up in his room?"

"The bar, I suppose," Susan said softly, looking down, as if embarrassed.

"Hmfff," Mrs. Stanton chuckled. "A drink before dinner? Before he takes you upstairs?"

I saw Susan's face color. "Mother, I don't know that I'm..."

"Of course you do," she cut her off. "And there's nothing wrong with that, Susan, you deserve it."

We stood, awkwardly, the sounds of my quickened breath the only noise in the hallway.

"Well, you best get going, darling. Michelle here is going to help me pack my things for my flight while I have her here, but she'll be gone before you get home."

I opened my mouth to speak, thought better of it. She was leaving? Wait, where was I going?

"Mother," Susan asked for me.

"Michelle must get back to her mistress, Susan. I know you must have enjoyed the pampering, not to worry. Michael will be home soon. And don't

worry, his feminization is coming along nicely, just as I told you it would when you called me and asked me to come for a visit."

"I..." I gasped, unable to form any thought. When she asked her to come out here? What the hell was she talking about. Asked her? I felt dizzy, suddenly, almost ill.

"Mother," Susan exclaimed, "you...you said..."

"...that I wouldn't say anything to Michael. I know, Susan, and I didn't. Honestly. Michelle isn't going to say anything to Michael, she'll be gone before he gets back, and would no better anyway, isn't that right, Michelle."

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

"Oh, don't worry about it Michelle. Susan's just worried that I'd break my promise and tell her dear husband that she asked me to come visit and that she asked me to feminize her husband."

"Mother!"

"Oh, Susan, not that he'll find out, but so what if he does? What's it matter whether it was you or I that wanted to feminize him? He's femmed, just the same."

She turned to me. "It's a shame you won't meet her husband, Michelle, you'd see, he's really quite the sissy, as pretty as you, I'd guess.

"She wanted..."

"Of course she did, Michelle. What woman wouldn't? Married to such a mouse, of course Susan wanted her husband feminized. Remember, Susan? You should have heard her, calling me, begging me to come out here. She knew he was a sissy, of course, a wife always knows, even if he didn't, but she wanted help, Michelle, help making her husband realize what a sissy he was, making him the girl of her dreams, the feminized husband she always wanted."

"I thought..."

"Well, it doesn't matter, Michelle, does it? Who cares if he knows it was her idea, right? The thing remains the same, he was a sissy, he is a sissy, and they will both be happier. But enough talk, Susan, you've got a date to keep, and Michelle, you need to help me pack before you leave."

"Michael," Susan spoke.

"He'll be here when you get back, Susan, femmed, waiting for you. Trust me, he'll be waiting."

Of course, what difference was there between Michelle and Michael? It was a fiction, I was both. No, more, Michael was Michelle. Michael, me,

was a sissy, was feminized, was in chastity, was subservient, was waiting to be cuckolded.

Susan's mother was right about one thing. What did it matter if it was her or Susan that wanted me femmed? The result was the same; I was femmed. I was a sissy, regardless. I was what I was, brought on by Susan or her mother. It made no difference in the world.

I looked at Susan, eye to eye, found her there, her, Susan, in the beauty of the creature in front of me. "She's right, Ma'am," I said softly, "you should go, you'll be late."

"But I..."

"It's okay, Ma'am," I reassured her again, Michelle telling her, more so, Michael telling her.

The evening went on and on. Minute after minute, hour after hour, I waited for Susan.

Mrs. Stanton would see me pacing, chuckle. "She won't be home for hours, sissy," she'd tell me. "She hasn't been with a man for years, I'm sure she wants to savor every minute of it, every inch of his cock inside her."

I was in her room, Michelle, the good little wife, helping her pack. The handmaiden, a last charge, an end, but a beginning, too.

She had made me over once again, no longer a perfect little housewife, now a lady, a nymph, a lingerie clad waif, waiting, on edge, thinking of the life of a sissy, thinking of the life of a cuckold.

She watched me dress in a lingerie set, a light purple, an eggplant color. A garter belt to hold up nude stockings. A bra to match, holding the breastforms to my body, warming them, making them real. Covering both were a matching satin camisole and tap panty set trimmed in delicate lace. Heels, of course, giving my legs shape.

There was nothing masculine about me. How could there be? I was a sissy. That was reinforced over and over by Mrs. Stanton, Susan, too.

Sissy.

I expected Susan's mother to taunt me, but she said very little, save for the first comment, and directions on how to help her back.

Sissy, do this.

Sissy, do that.

And I did as I was told, all the while, thinking of Susan, thinking of Tom, thinking of my wife, thinking of her potential lover, pacing, twisting, turning.

"Okay, that's enough of that," she said.

"Mrs. Stanton?" I realized I was standing over a suitcase, open, a garment in my hand, not moving, doing nothing.

"I can tell I'm going to get no more help from you, mind wandering off into whatever hotel room you're wife is in, whatever she's doing. Come with me, sissy, if that's what you'd rather do, fantasize about Susan on her date, I've got a much better way to facilitate that."

She walked out of the guestroom, went down the hall to Susan and my room. I followed, our heels both clacking on the hardwood floor of the hallway, the master bedroom.

"Stand there, sissy," she said, pointing to the corner of the four poster bed that dominated the center of the bedroom.

I swallowed, walked to the bed.

"Turn around, face me," she ordered, a sharp tone in her voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said quietly, eyes downcast.

"Don't move," she said, leaving the room, her heels again sounding ominous on the floor.

I obeyed, standing still, eyes still lowered. She said she had a better way for me to fantasize about Susan on her date, and my mind immediately did just that, immediately went to Susan, to Tom, the image of my incredibly beautiful wife, her unseen lover.

I was surprised minutes later when Mrs. Stanton walked back in. My mind had wandered sufficiently that I did not hear her at first. "Oh, I'm not done with you yet, sissy," she chuckled, walking by me. She had something in her hand; I knew better than to turn to look to see what she carried, not that I had to wait to understand the implications, the purpose.

"Clasp your hands behind you, sissy," she ordered me, fastening something around my wrists, attaching them together behind the bed post, immobilizing me in place. "Obviously you're not going anywhere, sweetie," she laughed.

Next was the blindfold. I had no time to react, other than to be startled, as she quickly reached around the front of my face, set it over my eyes, began to wrap around my face. The blindfold was black, soft, dark,

enveloping. Fastened behind my head, I could see nothing. No light. No shapes. No detail. Nothing. Nothing but dark, black. Nothing.

"This will focus your mind...nothing to distract you...you can just let your mind wander," she said. Then I felt her close to me, her warm breath next to my ear. She whispered. "You can think about Susan feeling the touch of a man, sissy, a man, filling her."

"Ohhh," I groaned, "She..."

"Yes, we'll take care of that, help you remember that, silence you, focus you at the same time."

I did not know what she meant, not that I would not wait long for that answer.

Again, her breath, quite, sinister, in my ear. "You see...well, you can't see, but, anyway, what separates you from the man she is with, what she wants, what you can't give her, is cock. Not with this little thing," she said, tapping my encased penis. "Small, useless."

I felt her grab me, tug backwards, between my legs. I knew what she was doing as she did it, as she somehow fastened my chastity cage between my legs, as before, tightened it, connected it to the bedpost. I was now awkwardly connected, bound, by my wrists, by my penis, to the bed. I felt the bedpost against my backside, forced as I was at a strange angle by the chastity bondage.

"Imagine this, sissy," she whispered again, "how Susan will be, Tom, behind her, pressing his body into her." She planted the seed, the mental image in my brain, the bedpost, Tom, me, Susan, the mental image, reinforced from before, from Susan's description of Tom's cock touching her ass, behind her, wanting her.

"Please, Mrs. Stanton," I begged, trying to shift on my heels, her words making me swell just slightly more in the tight cage.

"Interesting you should beg, for that's the last thing I'll take care of. You can't move. You can't see. You can't think of anything without a reminder of your chastity. I don't want you talking, either, sissy."

I sighed, realizing she meant to gag me. She laughed at my understanding. "Of course I'm going to gag you, Michael, you understand that, don't you. Open your mouth, sissy."

I did, feeling every part like the baby bird, mouth open, waiting.

And waiting.

The gag did not come, not right away. "It is his cock, sissy, the thing he has that you don't have. That's what Susan want. To touch. To feel. To taste. On her. In her. Cock. That's what I want you to think about. Cock. Tom's cock. Hard. In her. Her mouth. Her pussy. How much she wants it. Cock."

I felt the gag being pushed into my open mouth. I expected what I had seen in bondage movies, pictures, a ball gag of some sort, fit around my gloss colored lips.

Instead of a ball, though, which would only have spread my lips, the gag went deeper, into my mouth, filling it, deeper as if it were...

I started to shake.

"Yes, sissy, yes, it's called a cock gag," Mrs. Stanton teased me. "A cock gag, meant to simulate a cock inside one's mouth, a cock to keep you quiet, a cock to taste, a cock to suck. That's what you're going to have in your mouth tonight while you think of Susan. Think of the cock she'll be enjoying, think of it while your mouth is filled with this gag. Filled with cock. Just like Susan."

"Mmggfff," I moaned, shaking at the thought of cock in Susan, shaking worse at the thought of cock inside my own mouth.

"Cock, sissy, think of cock. Pressed against Susan, touching her, in her. Cock, sissy, think of cock."

With that I heard Mrs. Stanton leave the room. She left me with that singular thought on my mind.

Cock.

Touching Susan.

Cock.

Inside Susan.

Cock.

In my mouth!

The worst combination of events was taking place in the bedroom.

I thought of Susan, how beautiful she looked before she left for her date and I'd swell in the chastity cage.

I would press backwards against the bedpost to ease the discomfort in my groin, only to feel the bedpost press against the panties covering my ass.

Which made me think of Tom, standing behind my wife, pressing his cock against her.

Which made me think of cock.

Which made me think of the cock gag in my mouth.

Which made me think of Susan sucking Tom's cock.

Which made me breath quicker, horrified that there was a cock in my mouth.

Which made me breath quicker.

Which made me drool, serving only to actually suck the cock in my mouth.

Which made me fantasize about sucking Tom's cock, dripping wet from being inside Susan.

Which made me swell even more in the cage.

Which made me press backwards against the bedpost.

And over.

And over.

And over.

And over.

Some time later, after this cycle had repeated itself dozens of times, I heard Mrs. Stanton's heels clicking into the room, approach me. "I just wanted to see how my little sissy was doing," she said, touching my chest, my stomach, my swollen, trapped, penis. "Enjoying cock as much as Susan?"

"Nnnnmnmffff." I shook my head.

"Jealous then?"

I nodded. Of course I was jealous!

"Oh, honey," she said softly, touching the side of my head, "there's no reason to be jealous. I'm sure if Susan asks him really, really nicely, after tonight, he'd think about letting you suck his cock, too."

I shook again, that's not what I mean! I did not want to suck Tom's cock, anyone's cock, for that matter.

"Don't worry, dear, I'll be sure to tell Susan that we talked about this. Maybe she'll ask Tom if he wouldn't mind a pretty little sissy think licking his cock."

No. NO!

That's not what I meant. I did not, had not, the desire to suck cock!

I shook my head no, at the same time, sucking, as she walked out of the room again.

Over.

And over.

And over.

And over.

The heels, again, the click clack of Mrs. Stanton's heels as she approached me later, the same as I was, bound, tortured, trussed, teased, thinking of Susan, thinking of cock.

She was behind me, tugging at whatever connected my penis to the bedpost, making me breath, hence suck, faster. "Do you know what they call a cuckolded sissy like you who wants to suck cock, Michael," she asked softly.

"HMMMMFFF," I groaned, aching.

"Faggot," she whispered in my ear. "Is that what we should tell Susan you are? A sissy? A cuckolded sissy? A sissy faggot?"

"Nnnffff," I moaned through the cock gag.

"Sissy faggot," she sang leaving the room, "sissy faggot. Cock sucking sissy faggot."

I could not help it.

Over and over.

All I could think about was Susan, my wife, sucking a cock.

Susan, my wife, getting fucked.

Moaning in pleasure.

Begging.

All while I stood there, legs getting sore, jaw getting sore, sucking.

Some time later, I heard the heels again, approaching me, stopping, as if looking at me.

After a minute, she reached out, touched my sore groin, then my gag, grunted in laughter.

"Mffffggghhh."

I sensed Mrs. Stanton move closer to me, felt her hand reach back down to my groin, this time, taking my swollen balls into her hand, felt shamed by the pleasure that rushed through me by the contact.

And then I smelled it.

The perfume.

Susan's perfume.

Under the blindfold my eyes flew open, to nothing but blackness, of course.

"Look what I found," Susan's voice sang out.

"GGGGFMMMM."

"Mother told me I'd find you in here, lover," she said, joy in her voice.

"Look at you, patiently waiting up for me."

"Mffffff!"

"Oh, you poor thing, but you look so adorable all tied up waiting for me to come home from my date."

I was shaking, the tremors of sexual energy were making every inch of my skin come alive, making the stockings, the lingerie, the breasts, everything, excite me more and more.

"Well, I'm home love, I suppose I'll go wash up and get to bed," she said, starting to walk away from me.

"SMMMFFFNN," I yelled into the gag.

"What, love? Did you need something?"

I struggled with bondage.

"You want me to release you?"

I nodded my head violently.

"I suppose I could stay up for a few...what do you want to do, sweetie? I suppose you're dying to know about my evening, no?"

Fuck no! I wanted to know nothing about it. Like I wanted to know if my wife fucked a man. What the fuck? But I felt myself nodding my head, yes, yes, yes.

"Hmmm, I've been thinking about that the entire time I drove home, sissy. I knew you'd want to hear everything."

Suddenly, the tension was released from my crotch. Not the chastity cage itself, but the bond to the bedpost. My midsection lurched, free, if only partially.

"I don't have the key for that," she said, almost sad, "she wouldn't give that to me. I'm going to undo your hands now, for a second, anyway. I don't want you attached to the bed, but I don't want you free yet, either."

Susan released my hands, released me from the bedpost, but true to her word, immediately bound my hands back together, behind my back, making my release limited.

"Don't move yet," she ordered me, "not yet." I felt her fingers touching me lightly, my skin where exposed, through my stockings, through the lingerie everywhere else.

I trembled with every touch, every movement. Every time her fingers, even lightly, touched me, flames shot through me, shaking me.

"You want to know what happen, don't you," she asked seductively.

I shook my head, mumbled through the gag.

"Whether your wife was naughty," she flicked my swollen, sore balls causing me to yelp, "or nice," she finished, gently touching them.

I felt her trace her fingers upward, over my stomach. "Most husband would want to hear one thing, one thing only, that NOTHING happened."

I was breathing quickly, panting, feeling drool leak out of my mouth.

"But then most husbands don't have breasts," she said, raising her hands to my chest, "don't wear pretty lingerie, and don't spend all evening sucking on cock, do they?"

"Ggggmmmmfff," I slurped.

"Don't worry, sissy. She told me, sissy, she told me what you've got in your mouth and I love it." She lowered her voice, whispered in my ear. "I love it because I can tell you something, something to do. Every time I say his name, every time sissy, think of what's in your mouth. Think about it. Cock. Hmmmmm, cock. Tom's cock."

"Ghhhhhhhhhhh," I groaned.

"I know, I know, sweetie, it gets you so excited hearing me talk like that," she says, rubbing me, my waist, my ass. "It's so ironic, too. I think I should be a little mad at you."

"Hmmmm?"

"Yes, mad. Husbands are supposed to look out for their wives' chastity, not fantasize about them getting fucked by a strange man."

"Sssnnnn."

"Well that's what you fantasize about, isn't it? A man, a big, strong, masculine man, an alpha man, taking me, fucking me? Isn't that what you've fantasized about all night?"

I shake my head no, deny it, deny the very thoughts that have run through my brain, over and over and over.

"No? Well, maybe I should just go shower then, change out of my lingerie, wash up, freshen up. Maybe you're right, maybe I should just get ready for bed."

I kept quite, struggled not to move, grunt, shake. For the most part, I stood still, stood, not betraying how I really felt.

For the most part.

"You're twitching, sissy," she giggled.

"Nnnnn," I slurped again, sucking my own spit, the cock gag.

"It's funny, maybe you worried for nothing, my dear husband. On the way over there, Tom texted me.

-Meet me in the hotel bar where we can get something to eat.

I sighed, an audible relief, an audible gasp of disappointment. And thought of Tom. Of cock. I sucked. Tom. Cock.

"I know, love, I know. That's how I felt, too. Here I was fantasizing for weeks, thinking about it, struggling with it, and what, even after the last time I saw him, that's it? Just dinner? Like any other company guy I have to entertain?"

"Well, that's it, I suppose. Disappointed? I'm sure. So, I might as well tell you, I valet parked, walked into the hotel bar and looked for Tom. No where to be found, unfortunately. So, the bar tender asks me if he can help me. I told him I was meeting someone, a hotel guest. You should have seen it, love. He looked me up and down like I was...a hooker!"

I pictured Susan's outfit. The sheer hose. The heels. The dress. Discrete, maybe, high class, but yes, under the right circumstances, she could easily be mistaken for a hooker, easily.

"Tom Sampson he asked me. I told him yes. Well, he told me that Mr. Sampson was running late and asked if I could pick him up in his room, room 518, that our dinner table would be ready shortly."

Did nothing happen? I don't know if this made me feel relieved or disappointed. Fuck, was I disappointed that my wife did not fuck someone?

"So I go upstairs, lover, to tell you the truth, feeling a little hurt that he's rejecting me, even though I'm not sure I want to do anything anyway. I knocked on his door.

-Come in.

"I walked in, nervously; he was in the bathroom."

-I'll be right out, Susan. There is a bottle of wine there, pour us each a glass before we go to dinner.

It figured, well, this was it, it was just dinner. I know, lover, I know, you're disappointed."

"Nnnnn," I shook my head, not sure if I was or not. Had I really wanted this? Really? Had I really wanted my wife to fuck a man? What the hell, that was crazy!

"So I found and poured the wine, disappointed, just like you, lover, a little relieved, too, to tell you the truth." She had my balls in her hand, gently, almost absent minded, massaging them. "You know you're

twitching. Your little balls are twitching, sweetie. Like you wanted more. Like you were anticipating what happened and wanted more."

I realized she was right. Not just my balls, my incredibly sore balls, but everything, all over, I was twitching.

"Well, not much more to tell, I'm sorry to say," she said, continuing to rub. "Tom..." She paused, must have heard me suck the cock in my mouth, suck the gag. "Yes, Tom," she said again, squeezing slightly. "He came out of the bathroom, while I was pouring. I guess he startled me. I guess I was staring. He was behind me; I saw him in the mirror. He was drying his hair with a towel. But that isn't what caught my eye. What caught my eye, lover, what caught my wandering eye, my needy eye, was that he was standing there, behind me, toweling his hair dry, wearing only boxer shorts."

"Ohhhhhggggddddd," I gagged into the cock gag in my mouth.

"Oh god was right, lover. He looked as much a man as you do a sissy. Tan. Strong. Beautiful. Masculine. I have no idea how I managed to hold onto the wine glass in my hand. I don't mean to offend you, lover, but I've never seen a hotter man in my life."

-I just need to get dressed, then we can go downstairs.

"He came up behind me, taking a glass of wine from my hand.

-Unless you'd rather just stay in, Susan.

"He was just like this, sissy, right behind me." Susan had me turned around; she was close, close. I felt the heat from her body, close, but not touching me.

-I'm married, Tom.

-Yes.

"He moved , so close, I felt him brush my back." Susan mimicked what he must have done, moved closer yet to me, brushed my back. It felt like she was wearing just her lingerie, like me, had disrobed, like him.

-I love my husband very much, Tom.

"I told him. I told him, lover, I told him I was married."

I exhaled, loudly, felt drool fall from my mouth. I felt suddenly relieved, yet suddenly deflated.

"I thought you'd be proud of me, sweetie, right? I mean, fending off the advances of a man?"

I felt my head hang, mixed emotions running through me. Nothing. The anticipation for nothing. Relief, yes, but all that fantasizing, all that thinking, the mental preparation, agreeing, nothing.

"I know he wanted to fuck me, lover. But I told him I was married."
I was panting now, shaking, suffering.

"I know, he said, I know," Susan whispered in my ear. "He tossed the towel on the bed, but a hand on my hip, the other, on my other hip, lower, my outer thigh."

Susan duplicated the actions she described, duplicated, one hand on my right hip, the other on my left thigh.

"I was shaking, Michael, just like you are right now. The sexual tension was so thick, just like right now.

-I love my husband, Tom.

"My eyes closed. I wanted him to move his hands, to step back, to get dressed. He didn't. He moved closer still, his chest pushed up against my back, his hands started to massage me."

Susan moved, her breasts pressed into me. She massaged my right hip, my left thigh.

-I'm sure you do love him Susan. But you're in a hotel room with me for the second time when one of us is half dressed.

"He said this, love, said this slowly, seductively, lifting the hem of my dress."

-You're in my room, Susan, wearing a garter belt, stockings. It doesn't matter if you are married. It doesn't matter if you love him. It doesn't matter. I know what you want, I know why you're here.

Susan kept massaging me, kept rubbing her breasts into my back through the satin camisole. I was on fire now, burning, heat, pain, in my crotch, heat, pain, in my stomach.

-Tell me to stop, Susan.

"He whispered in my ear," she said, whispering in my ear.

-Tell me to stop. Now. Because if you don't I'm going to take your dress off. I'm going to pick up where we left off last time. Tell me to stop, because if you don't now, right now, this instant, I'm not stopping, I won't stop. I won't stop.

I knew what she was doing. She was telling me what he said, his command to her; she was giving me the same command. Telling me to tell her to stop just the same as he told her to tell him to stop.

And I couldn't.

I could not tell her to stop.

I wanted more. I wanted to hear more.

I desperately wanted more.

I was too far gone, too far sissified, too far into fantasy.

I wanted more.

"He reached up and unzipped my dress, honey. I tried to tell him to stop. I tried. But I could not. The words, they, they would not come out. I was screaming them in my head, but no sounds came out. Nothing. He dropped my dress to the floor, let it glide between us, then..."

She said nothing. I felt her breath, felt her heat, felt her shaking.

Then I felt her pelvis move forward, touch my rear, felt her press upward, her panties, her mound, pressed up into my pantied ass.

"I felt him, Michael, I felt him closer, I felt him press against me. Him. I felt Tom. I felt his...his...I felt his cock press up against me, against my ass, for the second time. Through his boxers, I felt it. And all I could think about was I wanted it. I wanted to feel it. Not just against me through clothes, like before, I wanted to feel it out, naked, hard, hot, touching me. I couldn't tell him to stop because I wanted him, Michael, I wanted him so badly. And he bit my ear, then spoke..."

She paused, ground gently into me, simulating a man, simulating a cock, touching me. I was so swollen, so engorged, I thought my penis would burst the chastity cage open.

-If you don't say no, now, right now, you know what I'm going to do to you Susan, don't you? I'm going to fuck you, Susan. I don't care that you're married, I don't care that you're in love. I'm going to fuck you, do you understand? I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before, Susan.

"Gggfmmfff," I moaned as Susan pressed into me, as I pictured her, like this, a man, Tom, pressed against her.

"He took a step back, for not more than a second or two, then he pressed against me harder. He was naked now, his cock, erect, free, was pressed against my ass, twitching, throbbing, touching me."

-Do you understand, Susan?

Susan was breathing heavier, matching me, matching my level of stress, of excitement.

-Tom, please.

-Do you understand me?

"He was pressing against me, harder."

-Tom, please.

"I begged."

-I'm going to fuck you, Susan. Tell me to stop, now, or I'm going to fuck you. Do you understand?

"Sssnnn!"

-Yes.

"I whispered it, so quietly, I knew he could not hear, but I could not bring myself to say it louder, to admit."

-What?

-Yes.

-Louder.

-Yes, Tom, yes!

-Do you want me to stop, Susan?

It hit me, I was about to find out, if my wife fucked a man. I was about to find out if I was cuckolded. If my wife, with my full knowledge, cuckolded me. Fucked a man while I was home, feminized, womanized.

"No," Susan whispered in my ear. "No, I...I told him no, Michael, I told him no. I wanted him, I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted it so badly, I needed it. I wasn't sure up until that minute, but feeling him, his cock, hard, thick, pressed into me, a man's cock, I wanted it, I wanted him so badly."

-No, Tom, no, please, no, don't stop, please.

"He moved backwards, ever so slightly, backwards, then forward, quickly, and suddenly it was between my legs, touching me, sticking out. His height made it push upwards, pressured upwards, up against me. He moved his hips back and forth, Michael, the friction, the heat, the hardness."

As Susan said this, I felt her hand come between us, first on my ass, then lower, between my legs. Her hand, a surrogate for his cock, she was him, I was her. Her hand between my legs like his cock was between her legs. A man's cock, between my wife's legs, touching her.

-Are you wet, Susan?

"He asked me. Wet, Michael? Was I wet? I barely knew him, this man, and he had his cock, his naked cock, between my legs, asking me if I was wet. I'm married, Michael, I'm married, and a man was touching me, asking me if I was wet. Wet? Was I wet?"

Was she? How the fuck could she not be wet? If she wasn't excited, if she did not want this, maybe, but like this?

"I felt a sharp pain on my ass, sissy, suddenly, a snap, pain. He had slapped my ass. Not too hard, but hard enough."

-I asked you if you're wet?

"His voice was firm, but not...not meanly. I answered, softly."

-Yes.

"Fuck, of course I was wet. I was fucking soaked, Michael, soaking wet. A fucking man's cock was fucking rubbing on my panties, rubbing on my pussy. Of course I was fucking wet."

"And then he stepped back, his cock pulled from between my legs. I didn't mean to, but I groaned. I didn't mean to show him how excited I was. I felt him peel my panties down, slightly, over my ass, not all the way down, though. And then, his cock, his cock, he pushed it back between my legs, and...and right up against me, against my pussy, lover, touching me, rubbing me, wet now, like me."

Susan's hand was between my legs, rubbing, my ass, touching my balls, flicking my trapped penis. His cock on her, her hands on me. I was breathing so heavy, breathing and sucking, sucking and swallowing, his cock, the cock gag. Cock.

Cock.

Susan's other hand was moving now, on my chest, my stomach, my crotch. "His hands were everywhere, his mouth was biting my neck, my ear. I felt him reach lower, down my stomach, then...he touched me, Michael, he touched me, sissy, his fingers found my pussy."

I was breathing so heavily, I thought I was going to pass out from too much oxygen. I pictured him, behind my wife, naked, his cock touching her, his fingers touching her.

"He was moving his hips back and forth, rubbing me with his cock. I was fucking moaning, delirious, dizzy. And then, oh god, Michael, then..."

"Snnnn," I started to moan into the gag, "Susan," I blurted out, realizing she had undone the gag, pulled it from my mouth, pulled the cock out, "oh Susan!"

"Wait, lover, wait," she said, unbuckling my hands, removing my blindfold, spinning me around to face her. "Then," she said, stopping, pulling me to her, kissing me, hard, deep, wet, insistent.

"I felt it, felt it like I've never, ever felt it before. I was wet, soaked, like...like you'd been licking me for hours. His cock, just his cock rubbing me, got me wetter than I've ever been. I felt it, press against me. The head

of his cock, his large bulb. He pushed, ever so gently, ever so slightly. It was like a ball, a hammer, so thick. My legs got weak, I almost fell, but he held me."

I looked at her, standing right against me, wearing just her lingerie, her body, her soft skin, pressed against me, against my lingerie. I looked into my wife's eyes, looked at her as she told me about a man, about a cock, inside her, touching her.

I was listening to my wife tell me about a man's cock inside her!

-Are you on the pill, Susan?

"He asked me, just standing there, the head of his cock inside me. I was confused."

-What? The pill?

-Are you on the pill?

"He asked me again, pushing an inch deeper into me. I moaned. Oh, fuck, Michael, fuck, oh fuck."

His cock was inside her? Tom's cock. A man's cock. Inside her, inside my wife! Fucking her. And he wanted to know if she was on the pill? Why would that matter? He wasn't planning on...on...fuck, oh fuck!

-Tom...fuck...ohhh...yes, but, Tom, I...

Susan kissed me again, kissed me, pushed me backwards, right onto the bed.

"He pushed, Michael, slowly, steadily, pushed, and it went deeper, and deeper, and deeper. Oh, god, Michael, I...I never felt...never felt anything like that inside me before. I...I never knew a cock fit inside a woman like that, filling her, filling me, everywhere, touching, everything; I was on fire, I was shaking, I was so...I started cumming right away, I started cumming and I didn't stop, every second he was in me, every second, every stroke, I came and came and came."

I was so swollen, I might as well have been erect. If not for the cage, I would have exploded just with Susan's body touching mine. MY WIFE WAS GETTING FUCKED BY A MAN!

"Oh god, honey, there was a man inside me. I had a man's cock inside me. His bare cock! I started to say something."

-Tom, you need to wear...

"But he cut me off. He pushed his cock inside me and cut me off."

-The results of my STD test are over there on the night stand. You're on the pill, Susan. I'm going to fuck you, just like this. No condom.

"I just moaned, Michael, I just moaned and moaned and moaned every time his cock pushed into me, split me open. I didn't care. I didn't care about anything but his cock, inside me. I didn't care, I just wanted him to fuck me."

On the bed, Susan was now next to me, squeezing, kneading my balls. It didn't matter that I could not get fully erect, her words, her touch, her lingerie, my lingerie, everything, pushed me so far into a zone of sexual excitement, nothing mattered, nothing.

"And Michael, honey, I wanted him to cum inside me."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck."

"You're thinking of his cock, sissy," she said, a statement more than a question.

I just shook, her words true, reading the image in my mind, his cock, entering her, sliding in, sliding out, pushing, wet, thick, throbbing.

"I know, sissy, I know. A man's cock, Tom's cock, inside me, inside your wife, a cock inside me for the first time in so long."

"Oh, Susan," I moaned, trying to bite my lip, trying to keep it together, trying not to betray what I was feeling.

She licked the side of my neck, up to my ear, blew softly, whispered. "Just like the sissy you are, just like a woman, getting excited thinking of cock. Getting excited thinking of your wife getting fucked by a man. Getting excited by getting emasculated. Mother told me, she was right, how excited you'd get, how you really are a sissy, how hearing that a man can do something to me that you never could would make you feel. I want you to cum, sissy, I want you to cum. I want to see that it's true, that you like it, that you like being a sissy, that you like being a cuckold."

"I can't Susan, I can't," I groaned, cursing the cage, cursing her mother, cursing everything.

Susan kissed me, full on, mouth, all over mine, her tongue, deep inside me, wet, like everything, passionate, hard, long. "Have you ever tasted cock, sissy?"

"What," I asked, stunned. No, no! Of course not.

She kissed me again, just as hard, just as passionate, longer still.

"Have you ever tasted cock?"

"No!"

She kissed me again. "He pushed deep into me, deeper, the deepest yet, held it. Oh fuck, I was shaking so hard, he was touching me, deep inside

me, touching me somewhere you've never touched me. God, sissy, never have you done that inside me. He held it, then pulled back, back, and out. I was moving my ass, my pussy, searching for him. Tom, I groaned, begging. He laughed. Tom, I begged again.

-Get on the bed, Susan.

-Tom, fuck, please!

-On the bed and I'll make you feel like that again. On the bed, on your hands and knees.

"I turned around, took my hands off the wall where I'd been holding myself, felt my knees start to buckle."

-That's what a man does to a woman, Susan. I'm guessing the husband you love so much never made you feel like that, did he?.

"I lowered my head, blushed."

-Did he, Susan? Answer me.

-No.

"I turned, stopped, stared, Michael, I just stared."

I knew what she was talking about even before she said it. I felt it, saw it too, felt it in my mind, my insides, all over.

"His cock, Michael, oh fuck his cock." Susan said this, her eyes closed, rolling into her head. "Thick, hard, wet, glistening, that thing, that thing that was inside me, filling me, touching me."

-Susan.

-What, Tom?

-Is it polite to stare?

-I...

-I know, Susan. You love your husband, but he doesn't have a cock, does he?

-No.

Susan squeezed my balls, hard, when she said this, reminding me that I did not have a cock. A not so subtle jab, telling me, that I was not a man, that I was a sissy.

-I don't want you on your hands and knees, yes. Sit, Susan, sit on the edge of the bed.

"I knew right away what he wanted, sissy. I wanted his cock in my pussy, fucking me. He had other ideas. I was still staring at him, at his cock. I knew what he wanted, but paused. He was covered with...with me, with my juices."

Susan had a thing. She did not like kissing me after I went down on her, and certainly did not like licking her juices off me.

"I sat, but looked up at him, made a face, gross."

-You're...covered with...

"He walked towards me, looked down at me."

-Open your mouth, Susan.

-I don't like to taste myself, Tom.

-I didn't ask what you liked, Susan.

I NEVER spoke to Susan that way. NEVER. EVER.

"Susan..."

She kissed me again. "I opened my mouth..."

She kissed me again.

"And tasted him."

Another kiss.

"His cock, myself."

Kiss.

"Just like you are, right now, sissy."

Cock. Cock. Cock.

I kissed back, deeper than her, hungrier than her, disgusted, unable to stop, deep desire, tasting her, moving that aside in my brain, finding it, him, tasting, wanting, needing.

"I tasted him, tasted his cock. Just. Like. You. Are."

I kissed her again, deeper still.

-More, Susan, that's it, suck, Susan, suck my cock.

"More, Sissy, that's it, suck, sissy, taste his cock."

"Ohhhhhhhhhh," I moaned.

"Yes, sissy, cock, cock."

-Now, on your hands and knees, Susan.

"I did as he said, as he ordered. I scooted back on the bed, turned over, offered myself to him, to Tom, to his cock. I felt...a longing, Michael, I wanted him, back in me. But I felt vulnerable, too. I was willingly offering myself to him, willingly, begging to be fucked. Part of me felt like an animal, a dog."

"Oh god, Susan, Susan," I whimpered.

"Turn over, sissy, on your hands and knees like I was, offer yourself, sissy, like I did. Offer yourself to a man, to his cock.."

I turned over, dizzy with sexual desire, the image of Susan in my mind, Susan, half naked, begging a man to fuck her, Susan, my wife, needing, wanting, a man. I pictured a man, Tom, behind me, behind us, Susan begging to be fucked, me begging to be fucked.

"I was an animal, rubbing myself, offering myself. I wanted to be mounted. I was in heat, Michael, and all I wanted was to be taken, by a man, by the strongest, the biggest, the toughest man, the alpha man. I wanted him to take me.

I was panting, an animal myself, the beta, the loser, the submissive.

"He knew, too, Michael, he knew he was taking me, he wanted me to know, you to know, Michael. He wanted us both to know that I was his. Married or not, I was his.

-You love your husband, Susan?

-Yes, yes!

"I felt him get on the bed, felt his warm body near mine."

-He makes love to you, tenderly, softly?

-Yes, Tom, please.

-I'm not going to make love to you, Susan.

-Tom, please, I need it.

Cock, she needed his cock.

"I was begging, Michael. I was begging him to fuck me. Begging him to mount me. I was in heat, Michael, in heat."

-I'm not going to make love to you, Susan.

"I felt the head of his cock, wet from me, from my mouth, touch my lips, soaked. I begged him. I was afraid he was going to stop, that he was teasing me."

-Susan?

-What, please, please, Tom, please.

"He stopped, right on the edge. I tried to push back, but he pulled back to match me, keeping his cock head on my lips, not allowing it inside me.

-Susan?

-Tom, please.

-I'm not going to make love to you Susan.

"Please Tom, fuck, please, please, I want you.

"Oh Michael, Michael, it was so...forceful, oh fuck."

-I'm not going to make love to you, Susan, like your pussy husband. I'm a man, Susan, I'm going to fuck you!

"He was inside me, so quickly, so violently, so totally." Susan had moved around, was on her side, her back to me, her mouth near my stomach. She looked back up towards me. "In me a way I've never, ever felt before, sissy, ever."

"Susan, Susan."

-Tom, tom!

"Turn back over, lover, I want to show you something."

I did, on my back again. Susan turned her head back to my stomach, licked, wet. "Do you know how two women make love, Michael? Do you know how a woman and a sissy make love? The same. Soft, touching, licking."

She licked my stomach again. "You make love to me like a woman, Michael. So soft, so tender, so gentle. And I love it so much. So unlike Tom. He fucked me, Michael. Hard. Deep. Like an animal, and I loved it soooo much!"

Susan climbed on top of me, her ass facing me, licking my legs, my stockings, her breasts, covered by her bra, resting on my thighs.

"I was like this, Michael, on my hands and knees, I'm doing for you the same thing I did for him. I'm on my hands and knees for you, Michael, but you're making love to me like a woman. He was fucking me!"

"Oh, fuck, Susan," shook as I felt her licking my balls.

-Oh, fuck, Tom.

"His balls were slapping against my pussy every time he pushed into me, seemingly deeper each time. When I offered myself to him like this, all I wanted was his cock. Deep. In me. All I wanted was cock. All I want from you is your tongue, sissy, your tongue, your mouth, your fingers. I want what a woman has from you, all that you have to offer."

She turned her head back towards me. "Are you my sissy?"

"Oh, fuck, Susan," I shook again, moaning louder.

She took my balls in her hand. They were heavy, sore, full. She massaged them; it hurt; it felt wonderful.

"Are you my sissy," she asked again, looking me right in the eye.

"Yes, Susan, yes," I answered, my mind collapsing into her, into her body, into her slave, into her pet. "Yes, I'm your sissy!"

"I offered Tom this and he took it, took me, fucked me, like a man. I'm offering you that and you're just accepting, sissy."

She looked back down; her head bobbed as she kissed the plastic chastity cage, licked my swollen shaft through the sides. She slid back, her panty covered ass moved towards my face, the satin crotch covering her pussy.

"He was fucking me harder, Michael, harder. I can't believe the feeling, I was getting so dizzy."

Her pussy was slowly moving back towards my face, slowly. I smelled her; she was clearly wet, soaked, remembering it. I could see, her panties were damp, moist. She was excited, charged. But the scent was stronger than she usually was, strong, musk.

"He was pushing, deeper, holding, pushing, holding, shaking. It hit me, Michael, he was getting close to...

Her pussy was right over me now, just out of reach of my nose, my tongue.

I wanted her.

I wanted her!

No, the scent. No.

"He wasn't wearing a condom, sissy," she said softly, gently brushing my face with her satin covered pussy.

-Fuck me, Tom, fuck me.

-Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Susan's fingers were on the outside of her panties, touching herself, touching my mouth. Fingers dancing over the satin, the moist spot, the dampness, over her clit, over my lips, over my tongue. Skin. Satin.

-Tom, Tom!

Susan lifted her hips up, her fingers moved her panties to the side, exposing her swollen pussy, red, wet, musky, beautiful.

No, no, no, no, no. My brain was screaming. No. No. NO. NO! NOOOOOO! I knew what was there, what she was telling me, what she wanted me to know, what she wanted to shove in my face, literally, figuratively.

-Cum in me Tom!

"Cum, sissy."

-CUM IN ME TOM!

"CUM, SISSY."

-Yes, Susan, yes!

"No, Susan, no!" I shifted, lifted my legs up, my knees into the air, my feet firmly on the bed, as if to scoot away from Susan's pussy.

Two things happened at the same time, both terrifying me, revolting me, sending me to a place of pleasure I'd never been.

As soon as my legs moved up, I felt Susan's hand, fingers, wet, leave my balls, run downward. At the same time, Susan lowered her hips, lowered herself to my mouth, open, yelling, protesting. Her pussy spread open by her one hand dropped right onto my mouth, my tongue forced into her. While part of me screamed inside, another part, involuntarily, opened my mouth wider, opened at the touch of her softness, wetness.

At the same time, her other fingers, the other wet fingers, found something, me, something new, an opening, circled, touched, pressed.

I knew the smell, Susan, intimately. I knew the other smell, the musk, without being told. Cum.

I knew the taste, Susan, lovingly. The other taste, deeper, stronger. Cum. Cum.

I was tasting cum. She was feeding it to me, forcing it into me, the substance, the image, Tom, fucking her, cumming inside her.

Susan's fingers pressed, opened, pressed into me. I was not sure which to push away from. Moving from her fingers pushed my open mouth deeper into her pussy, my tongue deeper, touching, tasting, her, him, the wetness, her, his cum. Moving away from her pussy pushed me deeper onto her fingers, pressing into me, fucking me.

Tom's cum.

Susan's fingers

Both horrible.

I wanted to run from both, but could not, physically or mentally. I wanted to run from the cum, run from her fingers. All I could think about was cock, now. Tom's cock. Inside my wife, inside me.

I licked, heard her moaning, immediately a wave of orgasm making her spasm. She jerked, her fingers pushed into me, found the spot, a spot somehow connected to my penis, a spot inside me.

I started shaking, no, a spasm, just like her. I'd never felt this before, ever. The feeling built up, higher, higher, the pressure of her fingers, the taste of him, of her.

I felt her ride the wave of orgasm, what she did, a surfer, on the ocean, going, the power, under, around, all over. I felt her, felt the same thing, a

wave, not an explosion, an unending wave.

I felt a wetness along with the wave, a dribbling. Oh, fuck, I was cumming, too. There was no explosion, just a wave, along a wave, cresting, then continuing as she fingered me, continuing as I licked.

"That's it, be a woman, be a woman!"

Everything finally receded, the wave washed away, my orgasm, hers. I felt her licking me, licking up what had dribbled out, the wetness, cum that has fallen, rather than exploded, out of me. She licked it up as she continued to move her pussy on my face, as I continued to lick her, the cum from her, the cum that Tom had pushed into her.

I drifted back to earth some time later. Minutes, maybe hours, time lost meaning to me. Femininity danced over my skin, inside me, throughout me.

"You can't go back."

"Ugh."

"You can't go back, Michael."

Another wave, subtle, small, an aftershock. "Susan," I gasped.

"You can't go back, Michael," she whispered in my ear again.

"Susan, I..."

"She was right, Michael, she was right."

"Who," I asked, knowing who, not knowing what.

"Mother, sweetie."

"What do you mean," I asked, eyes heavy, lazily looking over at Susan, who was next to me, gently rubbing her fingers over my stomach, my breasts.

"Oh, nothing, nothing."

"Susan," I asked again, opening my eyes, focusing.

"She said if she did this for me, I'd better be sure, that I'd never be able to go back to the way things were."

"Did this for you? I'm confused. Did what for you?"

"Feminized you, silly."

My brain was seizing onto something, wait, was she seriously, yesterday, but I could not grasp it, did not want to grasp it. "For you?"

She looked at me, just stared at me.

"You knew?"

Her lips twitched.

"You knew."

"I knew, Michael. I knew you were a sissy. Even if you didn't know. I knew. She knew. She's been telling me, she was right, it was obvious."

"You knew," I repeated again, feeling betrayed.

"She was right, Michael."

"You asked her."

"No, she asked, I acquiesced. No, that's not quite right. I wanted it, too. I allowed it because I wanted it. But that's not all, Michael."

She sat up on her elbows.

"I allowed it because she was right, she was right that you wanted it; that it would make YOU happy."

"I wanted it," I repeated, again, a stab of betrayal.

As if dealing with a child, patiently, she looked me in the eye, spoke sincerely.

"You're a sissy, my dear husband. A sissy. Look at you, in bed with me, wearing lingerie, with breasts. You're a sissy. No man I know would ever do this just to do it."

Tom's name flashed in my mind.

"No man does this just because. You allowed it to happen because of what you are, your nature. You may not have known it, but you're a sissy, you can't change that. Mother simply opened a door. You embraced it."

"But I didn't..."

"Are you a sissy," she interrupted me, looking me right in the eyes.

"Susan," I blushed.

"Answer me."

"Yes," I sighed, feeling a wave of relief wash over me, relief that overcame the betrayal, overcame the anger, the self doubt.

"Yes," she agreed.

"But Tom..."

"I love you Michael," she said, kissing me.

"But," I said, tried to say.

"Only you, Michael, only you."

The next morning, Susan's mother stood in the foyer, bags gathered around her, a uniformed driver at the door, waiting to carry her things to the car, carry her to the airport, to home.

Susan was, like I, was still wearing the lingerie she wore out last night, to bed with me, a satin robe covering her, giving her a modest amount of modesty in front of the driver.

Susan hugged her mother. "Thank you, Mother," she said simply, softly, "thank you."

Her mother was not her normal frozen self, was more relaxed, emotional. "No, thank you, Susan, this is best, for both of you."

She stepped back from the embrace, looked to me. "You understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, conscious that the driver was staring at me, saying nothing, speaking volumes with his eyes.

"Good. I mean that, I do." She reached out to me, ran her gloved hand over my face, almost tenderly. "Shall we," she broke off, to her driver.

"Um, Mother?"

"Yes," she said, turning back to Susan.

"I...um," Susan stuttered, almost blushed. "The key?"

I felt my pelvis lurch. The key!

"The key, Susan?"

Yes, the fucking key!

"The key, the key for..."

Mrs. Stanton laughed. "One moment, driver," she said, turning to the door where the driver set down the bags, stood, watching the entire interaction.

"I know dear. I'm sorry, you're still a little nervous, I know. We didn't discuss that, did we. A plan, anyway. See, that's the thing about a new mistress, she can be a bit lax in dealing with her new sissy, giving into the inevitable begging for release. That would put you in an awkward situation, a situation I'd rather you not worry about just yet."

Oh, fuck, she wasn't going to!

"Mother, I don't think..."

"I know you don't Susan, I know. But then what's it matter. You're not going to, nor should you, for a least the first month or two. So why tempt fate? Why let him hold any illusion, any hope? No, for now I'll hold onto the key," she said, patting her neck where the key hung on a gold chain.

Susan sighed. "When?"

Mrs. Stanton laughed. "That's the ironic thing, dear. In a month, maybe two, it won't matter. When he accepts his status, accepts being a sissy.

Because when he does, he will have been broken of any desire to use it anyway."

"But Mother, I..."

"Of course, Susan, of course. I left the dildo...and there is always Tom, if the mood strikes."

I looked to Susan. Tom? If the mood strikes? Again?

"Look at your sissy, Susan, quickly. That look on her face is priceless. Of course, Tom, sissy, of course. She isn't going to fuck you, well, except to milk you like she did last night."

I blushed, how could I not, knowing she knew.

"Oh, sissy, don't you realize? See, Susan, why I'm holding the key. Sissy, the only way you're going to orgasm is when she milks you. That's the only kind of orgasm you can have with the cage on. That's the beauty, sissy, you'll beg her to do it, and she will, won't you Susan? Every time you fuck Tom, every time, you're going to fuck your sissy, like a girl, and make him dribble and moan."

Mrs. Stanton came closer to me, touched my face. "Every time, sissy, every time she comes home full of a man's cum, you can look forward to cleaning up the mess and to a sweet, feminine orgasm. Every time, sissy, every time."

With that, she left, taking her wild-eyed driver, leaving me, Susan, us, much different than when she arrived.

When the door closed, Susan turned, looked to me.

"You want to do it again, Susan," I blurted out.

"Yes," she said softly, looking away.

"I love you, Susan," I said, thinking again of Tom, the taste of his cum still in my mouth, the feeling of being milked still in my mind.

"I love you, sissy, I love you more than you can ever know."
