

My Wife  
Caught Me  
Smelling Her  
Underwear



**Tom Longo**

# **MY WIFE CAUGHT ME SMELLING HER UNDERWEAR**

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TOM LONGO

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## THE RITUAL

**M**y entire life revolved around Wednesday nights. Most working adults refer to that day as “hump day,” but that’s not at all the reason for my excitement. It’s the day of the week that my beautiful wife, Susan, goes out with her friends. Conveniently, it’s also the day before she does the laundry and that means I’m left with a pile of my wife’s dirty underwear.

It’s hard to explain why I like it so much. Having sex with Susan is always good but we never were the type of couple that did much exploration in the bedroom. From the first time we had sex, I had longed for her to dominate me and use her beauty to have me fully submit to her. Sadly, I never had the courage to tell her my secret fantasies, and I feared that she would immediately reject them. On Wednesdays, however, I was left alone to live out those fantasies and I became seriously addicted to the rush.

Susan was in her mid-thirties and was starting to gain weight. Her increasing size never bothered me, in fact, it only made me want to worship her more. Something about her added weight made it so that her natural odor was more powerful and desirable to me. I often dreamed of the day where she would let me shove my face right between her massive ass and sniff and lick to my heart’s content. Inhaling her scent from her dirty laundry was unfortunately the only way that I could experience that fantasy.

With every passing Wednesday night, I began altering my strategy. Initially, I went straight for the dirty laundry and did my thing, but a few occasions where she came back in the house, after leaving, caused me to craft a system to mitigate the chances of her catching me in the act. I was terrified at the idea of her seeing my true nature, but it was also a factor that turned me on a great deal. As the system became more protective of my dirty laundry escapades, my desire to be humiliated grew.

It was like a circle. It started with me doing everything in the world to avoid being exposed to slowly making its way back towards situations where the odds of her walking in on me were high. I

couldn't resist the way it made my heart beat, and my cock had shown me a level of arousal that I never imagined to be possible.

At the height of my career, in terms of not getting caught, I would wait for her to leave the house and start her car up. Once I saw that she had pulled out of our driveway, I'd run down to the basement and grab a pair of her panties. After making a mental note of how they were positioned, I'd stuff them into my pocket and run back upstairs and go straight into the bathroom. In there, I could make sure that the door was locked and even run the shower to cover up any strange sounds that I would make as I did my thing.

As I degenerated into craving the full on humiliation of being discovered, I started to push the limits by remaining in the basement with her panties. This allowed me to use multiple pairs and even her other clothing. Sometimes the taste of her sweaty socks turned me on, other times I enjoyed the way it felt to wear her clothing.

Getting caught changed my life. I always knew that it could happen, but I existed in a mental space that didn't actually allow it. All of the risks I took led to my own demise, but also a sexual revolution. Susan became my femdom goddess, and she took great pride in humiliating her pathetic husband. I often wonder how our marriage would have been if I had just come out with the truth sooner.

I watched Susan get into her car and before she even turned the key, I shot straight down into the basement. My cock was already awake during the process and the simple sight of her underwear scrunched up on top of the pile turned me on. Unlike previous sessions, I stripped down to absolutely nothing. I was going for the most intense session of my life.

"Relax!" I said to myself. I realized that my cock was already in a position where it could cum without much stimulation. Blowing my load too soon would spoil the experience. "Complete the transformation first," I thought.

I found a black thong blending in with her work pants and I snatched it up. I sniffed it for a moment before putting it on. Susan, being a larger woman, made it so I could fit into her clothing, but it still felt tight. The string slipped between my butt and I felt good for some reason. With a smile on my face, I looked in the mirror and

turned around, my ass had swallowed the string and my cock was neatly packaged in the front.

Her bras never interested me in the past, but this time I wanted to put it on. Her tits were ample and I had nothing to even remotely fill the empty space. After thinking for a moment, I decided to stuff the bra with her dirty socks, and for the first time in my life, I had a vague idea of what it was like to have breasts. The weight was off, but I couldn't help looking at myself in the mirror as I touched my body. I really felt like a woman.

"You're so sexy!" I said as I bit down on my bottom lip. I found myself dancing to no music and playfully spanking my own ass as if I had an audience of adoring fans. My cock began to poke out of the thong, and I had no choice but to tuck it in the thong's waistband.

I spotted a skirt that she had worn previously when we went out for dinner, and I had to see how I looked with it on. For her it was a normal skirt, but for me it didn't even go half-way down to my knees. It was a bright white, and I could see the outline of the thong if I held it tight around my body and stuck my butt out a little.

The pink shirt she wore that night was next, and it fit like a belly shirt. It was slightly loose, so I tied a knot behind my back with it, and it fit me tight just like it would her.

"That's right," I said to myself in the mirror, "you're so fucking hot!" My voice was high pitched as I continued to compliment my body.

Things were progressing and I needed to finally get off. In the pile of dirty laundry, I spotted two pairs of her underwear that looked prime for my needs. The first pair was what she wore around the house. I knew she would wear that pair a little longer than the other ones, because its sole purpose was for inside the home. That pair was to be shoved in my mouth so that I could suck the juices from it. I used to never do that as I feared she would realize that her underwear was soggy for some strange reason.

The other one was a pair of standard underwear that I could put on my face, and use the part that covered her beautiful butt to cover my face. Something about the fabric used for women's underwear feels so good against the skin, and the scent of my wife was always a wonderful experience. I could no longer clearly see myself in the

mirror, but the world was visible, albeit in the same shade of red that was used to color her underwear.

“I’m such a loser!” I thought to myself as I dropped to my knees. Secretly, I wished to be displayed on international TV for the world to see. “Everyone already knows you’re pathetic!” I lifted the skirt up and began spanking my own butt as if I needed to be punished for my deviance.

My cock was extremely sensitive. As it rubbed against the fabric of my wife’s underwear, I sensed that it would come on its own if I did nothing about it. Spilling my load into her panties was a sure way to get caught, so I reached down pulled them down just enough to allow my cock to breathe the fresh air.

As I pumped my cock furiously, I took in all of my air through my nose. My wife’s dirty underwear acted as a filter, ensuring that every breath was tainted by her odor. My eyes were rolling into my skull and I was blinking rapidly. My cock was expanding with every tug, and my mind was full of thoughts of Susan catching me and punishing me for my strange behavior.

“Oh, fuck.” I mumbled through the panties in my mouth as my cock began shooting come all over the floor.

My entire body began to shake. My knees were wobbly and my asshole was opening and closing on its own around the small string wedged between my cheeks. The cool air only amplified the feeling of being caught, but then I heard the sound of my wife’s voice. I froze, yet my cock continued to spill, and I waited for confirmation.

“Well,” it was my wife’s voice, “that was interesting to watch.” I heard the sound of high heels approaching me and I closed my eyes tight wishing to teleport to another continent.

A shadowy figure appeared beside me and I considered turning around and avoiding eye contact.

“So,” Susan said as she reached for the pair of underwear covering my face. She pulled it off of me and looked right at me. “This is what you do when I go out with my friends, huh?” I nodded my head, but she didn’t seem happy with the response. “I asked you a question.”

Slowly, I reached for my mouth and pulled out her underwear. She burst into laughter when she saw that there was even more to it

than she initially thought. Her arms were crossed her smile was wicked. Susan's beautiful black hair was down to her shoulders and red lipstick only made her look more powerful.

"Yes," I answered, "I'm, I'm s-sorry." I said.

I had no idea what was going to happen. There was a lot to explain and I couldn't see how any of it was going to work out for me. I was still wearing her clothes and she had just caught me red-handed. It was something that I secretly wanted, but I never thought it would actually happen. My heart was racing and my hands shook like a vibrating cell phone.



## SUSAN'S REACTION

“I forgot to grab my purse,” Susan said as she stood over me. “I didn’t see you around, but the light was on.” She was shaking her head and silently laughing at me.

“Fuck me!” I thought to myself. I knew I should have kept doing my secret sessions in the bathroom. “Okay,” I said, not sure what to say.

It was a strange feeling. As a man, during the process of getting an erection and up until the point of ejaculation, I desire the craziest of things to happen, however, once I blow my load, I always want to run away from whatever it was that was turning me on. This situation was no different, and had I known she was literally going to catch me, I would have come even harder. I was simply dealing with the negative consequences of being caught without the sexual gratification.

“I have to admit,” she said, “that was entertaining. I had no idea that you were a little sissy laundry thief!” She laughed as I realized I was wearing her clothes. Even my chest looked like I had tits and she reached down to squeeze them. “Socks?” She laughed as she took one out of the bra I was wearing.

“I’m sorry,” I said, “I don’t know why I do it.”

“Don’t be sorry,” Susan said. “I was suspicious that something was happening with the laundry. At least that mystery has been solved.” She was still looking down at me and I wasn’t sure if I should remain on my knees or stand.

“I am sorry,” I said.

“Why are you sorry?” She asked, “are you sorry that you got caught?” I was silent and she waited a minute before pressing forward. “I mean, if you want to apologize and never do it again, and never experience what it’s like to be my little sissy then that’s okay.” She smirked. I felt a rush again. My wife was interested in humiliating me.

“What do you mean by that?” I asked. I knew exactly what was going on, but I had this compulsion to remain bashful. I wanted to

slap myself for actually thinking that she would feel like she had to convince me.

“I always knew you were a beta male!” She bit down on her lip, “I was just waiting for the day that you would finally beg me to dominate you.” She put her hand on my head and pulled me towards her crotch. “Sniff it.”

My nose was being pushed to her clothed pussy and I was finding myself getting turned on again. Usually, I needed a cool down period, but this time was different. There was no reason to hesitate, so I began sniffing her pussy like there was nothing left to do. She laughed and mocked me as I inhaled her scent. It was much better than trying to scrape up the tiny amount of odor that was left on her panties.

“My little Tommy,” she said condescendingly. “You know, I always wanted a little sissy maid to do all the work around the house. Do you want to be my good little sissy maid?”

“Yes,” I said as I tried to not waste precious time that could be better spent smelling her body.

“Lisa,” my wife said. I looked up to see her on the phone. “Hey, I won’t be coming out tonight. Something came up.” She paused, “no, no, everything is okay. Don’t worry!” She talked to her for a few minutes as I continued to smell her ripe pussy while she ignored my existence.

The thought of being transformed into my wife’s personal sissy maid was crazy enough cause me to pinch myself to make sure that I wasn’t dreaming. The idea that she would have me wear women’s clothes and do chores around the house made me uncontrollably hot.

“You know,” she said with her finger over her lips, “I’ve always wondered what it would be like to be worshiped.”

“Oh my god!” I thought to myself. She somehow seemed to know everything about me. “How?” I asked as if I was ignorant to the concept.

“I think you already know,” she said as she turned around and presented me with her bubble butt. “Smell my ass!” She began to laugh when she heard me take in a ton of air with my nose pressed against her ass. I was having the time of my life and she was just

enjoying the feeling of putting me beneath her. "I want you to bow to me, pray to me, cook for me, you know, do anything and everything I want." She paused, "And in return, I'll indulge your special needs! Oh! And one other thing."

"What?" I asked as I fantasized about licking her asshole.

"Call me goddess," she said, "even when we're out in public!"

"Ok-kay," I said nervously. "I'll d-do it, goddess." I felt a huge surge of lust enter my body just from uttering that word to my wife. After years of marriage, I was now put her on a pedestal and it was my duty to humiliate myself for her entertainment.

"That's what I thought!" She said as she turned around. She looked down with mischief in her eyes, "pray to me. I want you to actually pray to me like I am your god!" Her voice was stern and serious.

Not entirely sure of what to do, I pressed my hands together like I had when I used to attend church. I silently bowed my head to her and remained still for what felt like hours.

"I said pray!" She snapped, her foot jabbing into my side.

"Uhh," I was so nervous but it was turning me on. I had no idea my wife had such cruelty inside of her. "Dear Goddess," I said, "thank you for allowing me to serve you. You are the most beautiful woman on Earth, and I am eternally in your debt. I will serve as your maid and do as you wish, as it is my duty to obey your every command. Please allow me the privilege of worshiping you every day for the rest of my life." I was trembling more and more with every word. I couldn't see her face, but I knew that she was looking down on me with a sinister smile.

"Now," Susan said, "kiss my foot!" She placed the top of her foot near my face and moved it down right as I lunged towards it. She placed it to the floor and I had to bow down completely to press my lips to her foot. "Good!" She said as she lifted her foot up and pinned my head to the floor with the bottom of her high-heels. "And you call yourself a man!" She mocked as she put more pressure on my head, "bowing to a woman and wearing her clothes. You. Are. A. Loser." She lifted her foot from my head and I looked up to see her with her making an "L" out of her fingers.

The two of us looked into one another's eyes and I could see the power dynamic of our relationship changing. She had mentioned that she always thought I was a beta male, and I couldn't help but wonder when and why she thought that. It didn't bother me at all and I found myself wanting more and more humiliation from her.

"Now," Susan said as she walked towards me. She pushed my forehead and I realized that she wanted me on my back. "I want you to lick my pussy!"

Standing over me, my wife began taking off all her clothes. Her body was perfect, and even after several years of marriage, I loved the sight of it. No other woman could compare to Susan, and I had the feeling that she already knew it.

"I didn't hear a thank you," she said as she looked down at me, my eyes fixed on her precious pussy.

"Thank you, goddess!" I said. "Thank you for letting me worship you!" I truly considered myself lucky to be in the position I was. I no longer had to hide who I really was, and I could live my life as my wife's personal pussy licker.

"Alright," she said as she squatted down on my face, "let's see what you can do!" I stuck my tongue out and waited for her to sit down on it. "Kiss my pussy!" She demanded.

Instead of speaking, I simply obeyed her command. I pressed my lips together and lifted my head from the floor, gently placing a soft kiss on her slightly wet pussy. She laughed and thrust her body downwards, pinning me to the floor. I had no option but to wait for her to relieve some of the pressure as my tongue was trapped inside of my mouth.

"Your life has changed in the blink of an eye," She said as she pushed some of her weight off of me so that I could lick. "Your entire existence is now for me. You work a job to pay for me. You do the work around the house so that I can relax. You lick my pussy because you're incapable of pleasing me with that little dick of yours!"

"Little?" I asked in between licks to her wonderful pussy.

"Shut up!" She put her weight over my mouth and began to grind. "You fucking know it already. Do you really think that you're enough to please me!?" Her words stung but my cock was growing. It

managed to slide out of the thong and was feeling the damp basement air.

I continued licking her pussy as her words sunk in. She used my face to get as much pleasure as she wanted out of me. Occasionally, she reached behind her back to touch my cock. She laughed at my erection.

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I’m still going to let you fuck me!” She moved her legs and pushed her body off of me. “But you’re going to have to lick up the mess!”

“Y-yes, goddess!” I said as I rolled over and got on all fours. I needed to fuck her as if to reclaim my masculinity, yet she was already one step ahead of me. By licking her come filled pussy, I would essentially revert back to being the pathetic man I truly was.

I tried my best to feel like a man again, but Susan continued to remind me of how “beautiful” I looked wearing her clothes.

“Your tits are bigger than mine!” She said while I was pulling down the thong, “but your cock is so tiny!” She held up her thumb and index finger to grossly exaggerate how small I was.

It became my mission to hear her moan. Without hesitation, I slid my cock in her moist hole and began thrusting. I wanted to go harder, but I realized that I was about to come, so I had to slow it down. That only brought on more insults, and I was thrusting into a woman that only reacted when she felt it was necessary to remind me of my tiny cock.

“It makes sense that you’d want to be a woman,” she said as I grunted and groaned. “Your cock is more like a clit than anything a real man would have!” She laughed as I continued to thrust.

I was silent as I tried to do everything in my power to just hear her moan one time. It never happened and it seemed like she wasn’t even trying to hold it in. I thought about all the times we had fucked over the years, and the sounds she made. It made me feel like she only did that to make me feel better about myself.

“Hurry up,” she said, “I’m not going to feel anything until you’re licking it again.”

As if she knew exactly how to push my buttons, she lifted her legs up high. I had no idea what she was doing at first until she put the bottoms of her shoes against my face. With every thrust forward,

my face was smashed against the bottoms of her heels, and it drove me wild. My cock began to twitch, and she started to laugh as my second round of hot come started to shoot inside of her.

I kept pumping until I wasn't able to produce anymore. Out of breath and trying to come down from the rush that I had just experienced, I nearly forgot about the agreement I had made. Susan just looked at me with cold eyes until something clicked inside my brain.

"Yup," she said, "you know what you need to do."

"Y-yes, goddess." This time referring to her as my goddess was massively humiliating. I had just failed at bringing her to orgasm and now I was expected to lick my own semen from her pussy.

Susan just smiled as she spread her legs wide. I was hesitant at first as I brought my face near her messy hole, but I knew in my heart that I had to get it done, or else it would only feel more humiliating. Unsure if the same rules applied, I kissed her pussy first to show my respect and she nodded as if I had done the right thing.

"Very good," she said, "now you may feast!" She burst into laughter as I started to lick her pussy.

At first, it tasted like normal, but once I pressed my tongue inside of her hole I got to taste my own sperm. It wasn't as bad as I thought it was, but I wished there was a way in which I could do it while having an erection. Sadly, there was no work around that I was aware of, and I persisted and continued cleaning her pussy.

"See," she said, "you are a maid, and maids like to clean!" She still wasn't experiencing pleasure from my tongue, and it was starting to make me feel as if I was a failure at that. "I never told you this, but it doesn't really feel good if you try to fuck me with your tongue. It's pretty much the same as using your little cock, but smaller and less hard."

She directed my mouth to her clit and ordered me to suck. She told me to flick my tongue against it as fast as I could, and I followed her instructions. Amazingly, she began to arch her back and I could see the pleasure I was giving her. Suddenly, I didn't feel pathetic for licking my own come. I felt like a man that was pleasing his wife, and I was so happy that I had such a wonderful goddess that was willing to indulge my crazy desires.

It had been years of the two of us living a lie. Deep down, she knew that there was something off about me, and I did everything in my power to hide it from her. In the end, it was my own selfish need to be humiliated that eventually led to her discovering my fantasies.

“Fuck!” She cried out, “there. You. Go!” Her legs were shaking and I watched her squeeze her breasts as hard as she could. “Now,” she said as she tried to catch her breath, “finish cleaning!”

“Yes, goddess.” I said as I let go of her clit. I resumed licking up and down and using my tongue like a spoon to get my semen out of her.

“And when you’re done with that,” she said, “you get to do the laundry.” She was resting her weight on her elbows and looking down at me with a dominant grin. “We’ll have to get you a nice little maid uniform,” she said.

From an outsider’s perspective, I could only imagine what would be said about my wife and I. The thing is, that day changed our relationship for the better. It allowed us to see one another as we were meant to be seen, and it increased our level of communication. My wife was the only reason I wanted to exist, and I got to actually experience what that was like in full.

“I love you Tommy,” Susan said when I was finished cleaning her pussy, “I wish you would have told me sooner.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, “I love you too.” I wrapped my arms around her and I felt her love flow right through me.



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