

Rich, the House Maid



**MAX
SWYET**



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Rich, the House Maid

By Max Swyft

1

I first noticed the changes in my attitude and behavior when I started smoking again. Alexandra was disappointed, attributed it to a lack of self esteem. It's hard to argue with my wife about these things. She's always been stubborn and headstrong.

I found it easier to go along to get along.

Hypnosis. Or subliminal suggestion. Auto suggestion. Perhaps more accurately described as post hypnotic suggestion. I went to an analyst at Alexandra's suggestion to overcome my nicotine addiction. Dr. Kerry Ashburn came highly recommended. It's amazing the advances the pharmaceutical industry has made helping us overcome our addictions. The psychoanalyst gave me pills to curb my revived appetite for cigarettes. And they seemed to work. Two a day everyday for two or three months should cure me. That an subliminal suggestion.

This psychotherapist informed me many people, after giving up cigarettes think they have beat the habit but after a period of months, which varies, the hunger comes back on them.

My lack of self-esteem surfaced with my dismissal at the university. That's the excuse I used to start smoking again (so I'm told). Alexandra stepped in there, too. We avoided a potentially damaging scandal with the university.

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The university wasn't nearly as understanding as my wife. I didn't have tenure but they made a handsome settlement with me, perhaps more than I should have hoped for, and everything was quietly settled.

It was Alexandra who suggested I stay at home, take it easy. If I really got bored I could always bring in extra money tutoring students.

After that . . . well, my life hit bottom. It was like I was thrown off a high cliff, or as the saying goes "I was thrown under the bus." I thought having been let go at the university was the worst of it. I was wrong.

Terribly wrong.

About being let go at the university: It was such a stupid mistake. She was so provocative and pretty. Young and seemingly innocent, but coy about her sexuality and curvaceous body. Yet she had to know the effects she was having on me. I was incredibly attracted to her, discovered she wasn't so innocent, and for several months we had a torrid affair. She was barely nineteen. I thought I was in love, but it wasn't that. Simple infatuation; that's what it was, which I later learned under psychoanalysis.

Then she became pregnant, wanted me to leave my wife. Of course I couldn't do anything like that. Alexandra and I had been together since college, married over ten years.

Alexandra later told me, since we hadn't produced children, I was unconsciously following a basic need to propagate. Alexandra even blamed herself. How could she blame herself, I wondered. Women, you could never figure them out, or their convoluted thinking. However, I knew better than to second guess my wife who is a practicing clinical psychologist, worked with the medical industry, currently with some of the area hospitals.

This "unconscious and basic need to father a child" business came from an old friend of hers, also an analyst. They had attended college together, and over the years had remained friends. I had stupidly suggested Alex counsel me herself. "Richard, you know I couldn't give objective psychological guidance. I'm too close to the situation."

After Alex found out about the affair from a member of the faculty, she confronted me. I broke down and cried, told her it was all a stupid mistake, that I was mesmerized by the young girl's sexual vigor, youth, and beauty.

I remember the way Alex looked at me, not saying a word for long moments. It was like a stranger seeing me naked — the look.

“You being a good deal older than this girl,” she said.

“I didn’t see it that way.”

Alexandra sadly shook her head. “Men, the old saying goes, have two heads but only enough blood in their system to make one function at a time.”

“It didn’t start out that way.”

“I suppose not. It never does, does it? But you ended up following the end of your penis. Instead of following your brain, doing what was moral and proper. You’re a professor, Richard, in a bastion of higher learning. You know better.”

Once the truth was out about my affair with the young student I thought she would leave me, file for divorce, but after seeing it for what it was — she calmed down in a matter of a few weeks — met with the student, talked her out of having an abortion, used her expertise as a clinician, convinced the girl to go back to Iowa to have the child. She reasoned with the student: “It will only make it worse, having an abortion. You may not see it like that now, but over time you’ll come to regret it. Two wrongs don’t make a right.”

I suggested to my wife we adopt the baby. After all, I was its father. Alex thought about it for days, sat me down, explained it to me as if I was a child. The baby would always be a reminder of my infidelity. Our marriage was built on trust and the baby’s presence in our home might undermine whatever harmony was left between us. She was right, of course. Women forgive but never forget.

It was Alex’s idea to have the child adopted and the girl was willing to give it up. But after returning home she was riding with a bunch of her friends, involved in a near fatal auto accident and lost the baby. After the accident we never heard from her again.

At least I didn’t. However, I suspect Alex stayed in touch with her parents behind my back. It wasn’t something I wanted to know or confront my wife about. Though I was tempted to ask, I couldn’t screw up enough courage. Better to leave well enough alone.

The night I broke down and cried she cradled my head in her lap, told me she understood. She also said our marriage would suffer because of what I’d done; doing it with a girl who was barely nineteen, somehow making it worse in Alex’s eyes. The

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girl was wise beyond her years, but I couldn't explain that to Alex.

Perhaps after a while our marriage would return to normal. Alex putting emphasis on the word "normal," inferring it would never be normal again.

"Maybe not normal but something close," she reasoned.

Until she got over it and found the strength to forgive me, I would sleep in the guest room and make no sexual advances toward her. She would give me the signal when her heart and mind were healed.

But a woman never forgets, especially about infidelity. It would always be there, lurking on a back burner of her mind.

I was such a lucky man I reasoned. Most women would file for divorce, especially considering the circumstances; a university professor taking advantage of a seemingly vulnerable student.

Word travel fast in Cyrenaica (Cer En A she-ah), a thriving metropolis, comparable to New York, Chicago or LA. As far as the university and other halls of academia were concerned, I was tainted merchandise, would probably never find a teaching position again.

Not in the foreseeable future, anyway.

One night nearly three months after "the incident," I was surfing the web for possible alternative careers and compiling information for a history project. It was a proposed study reflecting Puritan beliefs, how this affected the founding fathers and their Christian beliefs in relation to our modern society. It was then I saw her reflection in the monitor.

She'd been working late, stood behind me wearing only a garter belt, stockings and pumps, bra dangling from her hand. I could hardly believe the ghost-like reflection in the monitor.

Maybe her heart and sexual desire was on the mend, I thought, and blood immediately surged into my penis.

We made passionate love into the morning.

Afterward we lay in bed. Alex still wore her stockings and garter belt. She knew it excited me. I made a mistake, tried to tell her how sorry I was about what had happened. She shushed me with a forefinger over my lips, said we would not discuss it. As far as she was concerned it never happened.

Not for a minute did I believe she had forgotten my infidelity or the spreading of my seed.

But I realized you can't undo what's been done. I knew little about mental science except as a layman, and doubted, even as a practicing clinical psychologist, she could banish the indelible stain I'd left on our marriage.

Alex had started out working for Wausau Paper as a fledgling company psychologist, helping employees adapt to the many changes in the workplace, worked at one of the company's main hub's north of Cyrenaica, near the Ontario River.

As such, she formulated theories or hypotheses, possible explanations for what they observe. When she learned about clinical positions opening in the state funded medical industry, she made the jump from Wausau and never looked back. However, unlike other social science disciplines, she concentrated on individual behavior, specifically emotions or feelings that influence a person's actions. Observation, assessment, and experimentation are crucial in the workplace, she once told me. The independent team she joined sought to understand thought, emotions and feelings, how these mental attributes effected behavior in the workplace.

It was more information than I needed to know, but Alex seldom talked about her work and I was loathe to interrupt her.

It was shortly after her last promotion when she came home to the smell of cigarette smoke in the house. She frowned, gave me a withering look, those intense brown eyes boring into mine. It was *that* menacing glare she's always possessed, yet I've never gotten used to it. On the rare times she used "the look" I felt inadequate and vulnerable, often felt my heartbeat thumping against my chest, racing my blood pressure.

Yes, I knew better but the urge suddenly came upon me and I went out and bought a pack. We discussed it rationally like we did all things, and Alex said she'd help me give them up again.

I agreed with her as a means to pacification. Just to shut her up, really. She looked at me for a moment, asked me if I really meant it. I nodded, yes I meant it. As proof I stubbed out the cigarette I'd just lit.

But being at home, coasting, presented a lot of idle time.

During this time I reverted to tutoring, picked up a little money helping students who were desperate. Alex, through her friend at the university, pulled a few strings, steered students to me for tutoring. They were a mixed bag, most of them student athletes who needed better grades to keep up their academic eligibility and/or scholarship.

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Technically I had no affiliation with the university.

But I didn't stop smoking, thought of Alex at work. What she didn't know couldn't hurt. To hell with good intentions. I could damn well smoke if I wanted to, and that was that. Still, I tried to hide it and didn't smoke in my wife's presence.

It's said a woman can smell another woman's perfume or personal scent. Especially if the perfume or scent lingers on his collar or clothes. No amount of aerosol air fresheners could conceal the distinct stench of tobacco. As I later learned, the smell of cigarettes is not easily detected to the smoker. At first my dear wife pretended not to notice.

But one night while watching television I absently lit one — the pack hidden in my pocket — was puffing away, not a care in the world, when Alex abruptly left the den and went to bed. Her wooden expression brought me up short, those large brown eyes flaring in anger, making me want to hide.

I looked at the offending culprit burning away between my fingers: an object from an alien planet. As if by magic it had suddenly appeared. Totally relaxed, watching television with my wife, I had unconsciously lit up.

I resolved to quit smoking. But it was no use. I did succeed in not smoking in front of her but she *knew*. She'd wrinkle her nose, fix me with those dark brown eyes, and say *nothing*.

Sooner or later we'd have a row about this. I was sure of it.

During the following summer, while helping an athlete who was trying to raise his grades prior to the Fall term, I found myself in trouble again because of tutoring. It was indirectly connected to schooling this young football player, and in the end, as Alex patiently explained, "Richard, it is because of tutoring, that you find yourself in this position."

"But, I haven't done anything," was my lament.

Alex skewered me with large flinty eyes.

What happened was this kid's girlfriend came over to swim in our pool while I was instructing the athlete. It wasn't my fault this girl wore a string bikini, that her bosom overflowed the top, exposing large milky-white cleavage to the harmful ultraviolet rays of the relentless sun.

Working at home I usually dressed down, that day wore a faded old university tee shirt and thread-bare cutoffs — the shorts really too small for me since I'd been gaining weight.

It wasn't my fault I was trying to assist the young lass while her boyfriend was occupied, laboring in the study over a test which measured his retention of subject matter. Personally, I thought the kid's chances were hopeless. But his parents were willing to leave no stone unturned to give the dolt an education.

I was out on the patio offering this buxom girl a tube of sun block. She was openly flirting, slyly looking at the involuntary and noticeable rise in my tight cutoffs . . . when I sensed someone over my shoulder. I didn't know how long she'd been standing there watching this flirting and incongruous girl.

Why wasn't he in the study working on the test, I wondered, turned to ask him just that — when I was confronted not by the student but Alexandra: standing there, arms folded under her bosom, one foot jutting, laser-like eyes fixed on my bulging tumescence obviously displayed in tight, thread-bare cutoffs.

“Who is your friend, Richard?” she said evenly.

The way she calmly said it chilled me.

“Uhm, this is . . .” I looked at the open patio door, as if the answer might appear like a notice on a student bulletin board. “Steven's friend. She just came over a swim. You know how ungodly hot it's been.”

What I said sounded stupid — even to me — and my wife arched a questioning eyebrow.

“Yes, I know. It's terribly hot and getting hotter.” Alex looked at the girl who now affected a pose of innocence. “Young lady I want you out of the pool and out of my house as soon as possible. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma'am,” came the timid reply.

My wife's eyes glanced between my legs, I suppose noting the diminishing bulge, before catching my eye and shaking her head.

I followed Alex into the house and compounded my precarious position by saying, “It's not what you think.” She turned on me, nostrils flaring, wanting to know what I was doing at the edge of the pool wearing a tee shirt and faded cutoffs, sporting an obvious erection, and holding a tube of sun block.

“Were you going to rub the sun block into those huge melons of hers? Is that what you were going to do?”

“Of course not, dear. That wasn't it at all.”

“Or that cute ass hanging out the back of her bikini?”

I figured it a rhetorical question and prudently remained silent.

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I followed her into the kitchen where she poured a glass of pale wine from a refrigerated box we usually kept on hand. She didn't bother to offer me a glass.

Compounding my problem I blurted, "What are you doing home at this hour?"

Alex faced me: "Get rid of those kids, Richard. Finish with him. Make sure this is your last tutoring assignment." She shooed me away with her hand, finished the glass of wine in a couple of swallows. "And Richard, *dear*, if I catch her or any other girl in this house, you will need a very good divorce attorney. Do I make myself clear?"

A couple days later I tried to defend my behavior. I hadn't actually done anything, I was just going to give her the sunblock for protection. Her eyes went so icy I shivered, as if caught naked in a wintry storm. "Then why were you standing there in those ridiculously skimpy cutoffs with an obvious erection?"

And that wasn't all. She finally had enough of me sneaking around and smoking. It was obvious I needed help since I didn't have the will to help myself.

Dr. Kerry Ashburn scheduled me in the next week. She was very understanding about my renewed smoking habits, suggested weekly sessions at first, then taper them off to bi-monthly and then the occasional hour to monitor my progress. She thought, too, after hearing from Alex the history of my misfortunes at the university, and then recently at home, that I was burdened with tremendous guilt. It would be senseless to explain to the psychoanalyst I was just giving the melon-size breasted girl a tube of sunblock. The analyst went on to explain that guilt might have been the catalyst for my smoking relapse. The therapist would treat me for depression and guilt, help me overcome my bad habits.

2

It was about that time when I started doing things for Alex.

One night she came home and I greeted her at the door wearing nothing but an apron. We had done this before, both of us inebriated from too much wine. Since I was cooking Alex suggested I do it naked, then as an afterthought handed me a frilly apron for protection. We'd seen it while shopping and I thought she'd look good in it, especially while wearing heels and hosiery and a fetching garter belt. She bought the frilly apron on impulse but had never worn it.

Alex was delighted with my surprise and I slowly disrobed her and we made love right there in the living room on the carpet.

For several days my knees carried carpet burns from our fervent impromptu coupling.

As incongruous as it sounds, after that I think we entered into — for lack of better words — a honeymoon of sorts.

Since I was at home I started cooking most of the meals and did some housework, not a great deal at first, but doing more and more as I saw how much it pleased my wife.

Men are not nearly as perceptive as women. I didn't realize how delighted she was coming home to find me wearing nothing but that apron. I didn't repeat it and later wondered whatever possessed me to do such a thing. It might've been her earlier offhand suggestion I wear an apron while doing my household duties, especially while cooking.

Alex never mentioned it until one day about a month later a package arrived in the mail. In the package was an apron. It was powder blue with layered tiers and ruffles at the short sleeves, bodice and hem.

I read the card: "For my househusband with love and affection."

I greeted her that night wearing only my new gift and we had another tremendous night of lovemaking.

I have always considered myself an able lover, but that night was definitely not my best performance. I was too quick for her, left her unfulfilled. I knew it, too, and apologized, told her I'd make it up to her.

Alex said it was all right and fell asleep in my arms.

The next morning I made an attempt to make it up to my lovely wife, not by the act of coitus, but by showing my appreciation to her. She came out of the bathroom, wearing only a towel, the way women wrap it under the arms, just covering their breasts, buttocks and womanhood.

Alex is a beautiful woman. In college she modeled student apparel part-time. Now in her thirties, she still has a slender body with apple-sized breasts. Although her succulent nipples are not as upturned as they used to be.

She smiled at me as she sat at the vanity and sipped the coffee I'd thoughtfully brought her. Would I be a doll and get her panties and stockings out of her drawer? How could I refuse? I not only brought her the undergarments but dressed her in them, including the garter belt and pumps.

I knelt and held open her skirt while she stepped into it and tucked in her blouse. I zipped up the back zipper and she touched up her makeup and hair in the mirror while I stood by in admiration.

It didn't occur to me until later why she would wear garter belt and nylons to work.

She looked at me in the mirror and her eyes dropped to the bulge in my pajama shorts. A slow smile spread across lush red lips and she said, "We can't leave you in that condition this morning, now can we?"

"Oh, it's okay," I said. "I'll get over it when you leave."

"Richard, you don't have to take care of *that* by yourself when I'm gone."

"Alex, I won't do anything like that. I'm a grown man!"

"Come now Richard. You know what they say."

"What's that?"

"When asked, ninety percent of men admit they play with themselves and the other ten percent lie about it."

"Alex, I won't do that."

"You're blushing, dear," she said, looking at her watch. "Come on, I have just enough time."

"But you're fully dressed," I said.

"Come over here by the vanity."

I did as she suggested and she sat down, pulled my pajamas down, had me kneel. She took my hard penis in her hand and smiled, started masturbating me.

"I know this feels good," she said at my ear. "Remember how I used to do it for you when we were dating?"

"Yes," I said, releasing myself into the coaxing rhythm of her warm hand.

"I want you to kiss me when you're ready."

"Okay. It won't take long but I'll make a mess, might come all over your legs."

Eyes thoughtful, she looked at me for a long moment and finally said, "We can't have that." She stood and went into the bathroom, came back with a ball of pink nylon.

I recognized the panties she'd worn yesterday. She wrapped my stiff member in them and resumed. "Feel good?" she teased.

"You know it does."

"Real good?"

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to kiss you, Richard?”

“In just a moment . . . *oh, yes*. Kiss me now.” It happened that quick.

And she did. She put her free hand along the back of my neck and her hand between my legs increased its rhythm. She pushed her tongue inside my mouth and I climaxed into the panties. Her hand kept at it, making sure she got it all.

I sat back on my haunches, shuddered from the intensity of the moment.

Alex sniffed the soiled ball of pink, held it to my face, encouraged me to sniff my discharge, chuckled derisively when I turned my head, then – smeared the wet panties over my face, said it wouldn’t hurt me, was, in fact, beneficial, contained protein and other qualities. She bent and licked my moist cheeks, drilled me with those dark brown eyes.

She took the sodden panties and put them in the hamper in the adjoining bathroom.

I was still on my knees when she came back into the bedroom. She smiled at me, her head askew, bent and took the pad of her thumb and rubbed it over my lips. “There,” she said. “That looks better.”

She walked from the bedroom and I heard the kitchen door which led to the utility room close, stood on wobbly legs and looked in the vanity mirror. Alex had smoothed the lipstick from our kiss over my lips. My pink-hued lips looked almost sexy.

3

Once again that night I greeted her wearing the powder blue apron and nothing else. Alex seemed extremely pleased.

Dinner warmed in the oven. She suggested we relax, have a bottle of wine and I opened one of her fave Chardonnay’s, not the inexpensive brand from the handy bulk wine box in the fridge.

She sat in the armchair, legs tucked under her and watched me pour.

“How was your day?” I said.

“A royal mess.”

“Patients?”

“No. You remember Sydney Rowley?”

“Yes, he worked at Wausau with you if I remember, married to a cute little Texas gal with a southern drawl?”

“One in the same. I shouldn’t tell you this, I suppose . . .” Alex looked away for a moment.

“Tell me,” I said. “What is it?”

“Well, when you had your difficulty at the university I broke down, felt I had to tell someone, and that someone was Sydney. I ran into him at that old Italian restaurant in Old Town and we lingered over lunch, had a few drinks.”

“Oh,” I said in a small voice.

“He came on to me, knew I was vulnerable at the time. And well, I let him get too familiar and now he won’t leave me alone.”

“Did you . . . did you . . . ?”

“No, Richard, I didn’t let him screw me, if that’s what you’re thinking. I was vulnerable, all mixed up at the time.” She looked at me with level brown eyes. “We petted.”

“I’ll kill him!”

“Richard, he’s huge. He’d pound you mercilessly.”

I looked at her. “Is that how you got the runner in your hosiery?” I said, now noticing the unsightly runner in her hose.

“I’m sorry,” she said, sipped wine, eyes drifting away.

“I’ll talk to him,” I said firmly.

“No, you won’t. Let me handle it. I shouldn’t have told you, but I don’t like to hide things from you.”

“Well, thanks.” I looked at her, alarm in my chest. “Is there more?”

Alex shook her head and smiled. Changing the subject, she said, “No. You look cute.”

I blushed. “I thought you’d like it.”

“Richard?”

“Yes?”

Alex put down her wineglass, raised her skirt to the tops of her stockings. I couldn’t help but notice the runner went all the way to the welt of her stocking.

“*Kiss me.*” She cupped herself between the legs.

Alex unfolded her legs and I scooted to my knees before her. It wasn’t something I did that much. Not nearly as much as she did me. Of course, she knew how much I liked it and I’d always told myself she didn’t seem too fond of cunnilingus. The few times I had licked her she had impatiently whispered instructions to me.

I started to tug down her panties but she pushed my hands away, pulled my face to her privates. "Do it through my panties. Use your breath and tongue first, then I'll take them off."

I titillated her through the veil of her panties for a long time before she pushed my face away and stripped off stockings and panties, standing over me, looking into my eyes. She snagged the damp panties on her heels and I helped remove them.

She pulled my face between her legs and I licked those plump pink lips tasting her day-old womanliness.

She tasted musky, the pungent flavor of her labia somewhat unpleasant. I ventured into her vagina with my tongue. Inside the taste was stronger and I almost withdrew but I knew she was excited by the infrequent intimacy. Determined to please her, I used my tongue as a pseudo penis, hopeful my inexperience might be enough to excite her.

Hands laced in my hair, she pulled my face hard against her. Even though I wasn't practiced at cunnilingus, I knew the key to an orgasm lay with her *button*. I took it in my mouth, gently licked and sucked, and, after a while was rewarded with Alex's soft mewls of longing.

Despite my extra martial affairs I had always been a bit shy around women. Other than my wife, the student was the only other woman I had gone down on. As I licked and sucked her clitoris, I subconsciously compared their clitorises and found Alex's to be thicker and longer than that of the student's.

Crazy thoughts kneeling between my wife's legs, nursing on her musky sex.

I felt guilty for having such thoughts while servicing her, quickly dismissed the girl from my mind. I renewed my effort on my wife's privates and finally she came.

Legs tensing, her clit hummed in my mouth as I sucked on it.

Alex was at her sexual zenith.

I licked and kissed her, tasting the slick discharge of her orgasm.

It is said every woman is different in sexual release and Alex is quite fluid at times. She held my head between her legs while I nursed on her vagina.

4

I went to my weekly appointments with Dr. Kerry Ashburn. I guessed her in the mid to late forties. Black horn-rim glasses ac-

cent striking hazel eyes. The glasses make her look a bit scholarly and compliment her stature as a medical practitioner, psychoanalyst and hypnotherapist, as well as being a sexologist. Long curly, rust-brown hair frames a tempting face. Her full lips hint of a vague sensuality, and large matronly breasts, which are usually hidden within business suits, augment her robust figure.

On occasion she'd take off her jacket. I liked it when she did, especially if wearing a blouse that outlined her slip and/or brassiere. I have had fantasies, ones she has no knowledge of; burying my face in her milky mountains, suckling at her distended nipples, and yes, sliding my turgid penis through the hillocks of that ample bosom.

Dr. Ashburn is a little thick in the waist, her legs solid but attractive, but calves that suggest she could possibly crush a melon. Her legs are not short, rather long for her Rubenesque figure that lends balance to wide womanly hips.

She has a way about her of putting her patients at ease, making them feel relaxed and comfortable, allowing for the free inter-course of conversation. On my first appointment with the psychotherapist I was apprehensive but after a bit she put me at ease.

A polished dark wooden desk, a leather sofa and matching plump armchairs at either end compliment the subdued décor of the softly lit office. She caught me looking skeptically at the couch, suggested we sit in the chairs, admitted most of her patients opted for the comfy armchairs.

At first we talked about my smoking habit and she explained subliminal suggestion, hypnosis and posthypnotic suggestion. Together with the pills she'd given me I should have confidence of overcoming the cigarettes.

As my treatment progressed she asked me to talk about my affair with the college student, suggesting my guilt was augmented when the girl was involved in the auto accident and consequently lost the baby. I blamed myself for these unfortunate events but she helped me see the accident as beyond my control.

I shouldn't fault myself for things I had no control over.

Was it possible, she wondered, my resurgent nicotine addiction was systematic of the guilt over cheating on my wife. Did the stress trigger the urge to smoke? What about my self esteem?

These were possibilities to consider. I asked her opinion. With a small smile she explained her opinion really didn't matter.

In addition to my assignation with the student I had lost my career, and perhaps turning again to cigarettes was a demonstration of frustration and remorse. However, she explained, Alex had eventually forgiven me, had struggled with my deceit and immoral behavior and come to terms with it.

Did I think I should make a substantial effort to make it up to her? Were my menial duties as a househusband a demonstration of my willingness to mend the emotional strain of our marriage?

All of these circumstances contributed to my rather compliant behavior.

I told her Alex was pleased I had settled into a household routine and our relationship was on the mend. She advised me some women could forgive, as my wife had demonstrated, but they seldom forget. I shouldn't be surprised by relapses of resentment, should do my best to reinforce my dedication to our marriage however it might manifest itself.

The first couple attempts at hypnosis were not altogether successful until I learned to let my mind and body relax, float into a subconscious fugue state.

After leaving Dr. Ashburn's office I always felt better, and the progress I was making at home augmented my rather happy emotions.

5

The next week after making coffee and bringing a cup to the vanity, I noticed my wife had selected a smart navy-blue pantsuit for that day. It was mannish in style as were some of today's trouser styles for women, had a wide tie to compliment it. She had brought out a pair of Oxford ankle boots, a pair she seldom wore but which complimented the outfit.

I decided to surprise her and went to her dresser for her underwear, laid it out for her on the bed. Sitting on the fabric-tufted trunk at the end of the bed I waited for her to emerge from the bathroom.

She came out in a cloud of steamy vapor, towel wrapped around her, a hint of curly pubic patch visible. She sipped the coffee, gave me an approving smile, and with a nod, noticed the underwear I had set out for her.

She looked at her butt in the mirror. "I'm going to start exercising. My butt's too big."

"No, it's just fine," I said.

“You’re humoring me, Richard.”

“No, I’m not. I like it, really. It’s just fine.”

Alex looked at me skeptically with those dark brown eyes.

“Richard, you’re such a dear to say so.”

I don’t know what came over me. At that moment an overpowering urge coursed through my body, sent shivers along my spine and I went to my knees, kissed each of her round firm buttocks.

Her neither cheeks were warm upon my lips.

“You do like my ass then?” she said diffidently.

I nodded, kissed each buttock again, felt an uncanny desire to gain her favor.

Alex looked over her shoulder at me, her face concealed in a stringy mess of wet brown hair. She bent and rested her hands on the vanity stool. It brought her buttocks nearer my face. “Really?” she said in a soft coaxing voice.

Teasing me with this unlikely scenario.

I looked at the darker cleft, saw her wrinkled anus and just below a hint of her pouting vulva.

With one hand she brushed hair from her face, looked at me.

I leaned forward on my knees and placed kisses inside her dark furrow, dangerously close to her rosebud. I heard her sigh, continued kissing her buttocks, wondered if she’d approve if I placed a kiss *on* her anus.

The strange thought of kissing her anus gave me a secret thrill and I went hard.

She smelled fresh and clean from the shower.

Suddenly I wanted to do it, wanted very much to kiss her *there*. Couldn’t logically explain the strange deed, but wanted perhaps to show her my devotion.

I kissed her anus, let my lips linger, heard her sigh.

A sigh of approval, I wondered.

“Yes,” she said in a quiet whisper.

I kissed it again and this time licked it with my tongue. She pushed her buttocks back and my hands held her hips.

What I was doing felt so wicked, but I knew she liked it, maybe even approved. I washed her crack with my tongue, lingered at her tight sphincter.

Alex didn’t pull away so I furlled my tongue, stabbed at this forbidden nether gate.

She sighed and I renewed my effort, pushed forth my tongue, licking this illicit place where I had never been.

Her buttocks wriggled against my face and I stabbed with my tongue.

Alex placed her hands on her buttocks, spread her cheeks. She wanted me to do this, wanted my tongue inside this dark place. I pushed and stabbed and she pushed back and the tip of my tongue slipped inside the wrinkled rosebud.

This is what I should do, make up for all the sorrow I'd caused her. It was punishment for my sins, prostrating myself, worshiping this secret, forbidden place.

I pushed harder advancing my tongue, tasting a hint of bitterness, wondering what had possessed me to do such a thing, feeling powerless to stop this unlikely behavior, yet spurred by the wickedness.

But she approved. She liked it and I wanted to please her. I did what I could to push my tongue further up her dark hole.

I wasn't very successful, or didn't think I was and then I realized my aching tongue was very much inside her now somewhat relaxed anus. I held the position, tried to wriggle my little invader. It was so tight there, the pungency assaulting my taste buds.

I don't know how long I stayed there on my knees with my face glued to her buttocks, my tongue up her rectum. It seemed a while and finally she pulled away.

I wouldn't look at her afterward and she waited for me to dress her.

The last thing were the Oxford ankle boots. I put them on and laced them up, looked at her, saw the smile on her oval face.

"That was so nice."

"Really? Then you liked it?"

"Yes. You're going to have to start dressing me earlier in the mornings. Look at you."

I glanced down at my tented pajamas.

She pulled down my pajamas and started to masturbate me, then stopped. "Go in the bathroom and get the panties I wore yesterday. I'll bring you off in them."

It would be better if we made love but she didn't have time for that.

I hurried into the bathroom and returned with her panties, knelt before her.

Alex enveloped my stiff member in the cool panties and masturbated me. When I climaxed she told me to look into her eyes so she might see into my mind.

I found it not an easy task, looking into her baleful brown eyes, noticing the rather stern expression on her face, but I erupted into the slick panties, emitting a squeal of . . . surrender (?).

All business now, she glanced at her watch, went to the closet for her spring coat, left me there on my knees at her vanity, the silken, cum-sodden panties dangling from my still stiff penis.

All day I wondered about our new and peculiar intimacy. I couldn't concentrate on my project, the history of early-day puritan beliefs and its effects on Christianity. About midday I abandoned the computer and started cleaning up around the house.

I did a curious thing that afternoon. While in the bathroom I reached into the small clothes hamper, picked out a couple pair of Alex's dirty panties, put them to my face and inhaled their odor. I had never done such a thing before, felt guilty about it, yet oddly exhilarated.

I put them back and started dinner. Try as I might I couldn't get the thought of her soiled panties out of my mind. I went back to the bathroom, retrieved the panties with the heaviest scent and lay on the bed.

Sniffing them, I pictured my tall lovely wife in the bedroom with me as she nodded approval. I couldn't stop myself, masturbated into her panties. It was quick, and immediately I felt guilty. Returning the panties to the hamper, I went about my housework and fixing dinner.

6

Alex sat in her favorite armchair, this late evening with a scotch on the rocks, the second one I'd fixed her while I busied myself in the kitchen. When she came through the door earlier I sensed disappointment and a desultory mood, didn't know why, thought it might be work related, knew better than to question her when she was apparently preoccupied.

Tonight I fixed a crab Alfredo with artichoke salad.

The house was immaculate. When I lost my job at the university and we decided I should stay home, work on my history project, we had more or less agreed the household chores would be mine.

I did everything but the laundry, a task we usually shared on the weekends.

Alex was particular about her clothes and usually chose to do them herself. That was fine with me. I had tried to solve the mysteries of ironing some of her clothes with little success.

I took the Alfredo sauce off the stove and went in the living room.

“Dinner’s about ready. Are you comfy?”

Alex looked at me, sipped her scotch.

“Is something the matter? I sense you’re in a bad mood. Did you meet Sydney Rowley and did he come on to you again today?”

“No, nothing like that.”

“Well, what’s the matter then?”

“Why aren’t you wearing your frilly powder-blue apron?”

“Huh. I felt a little chilly today and I don’t want to catch a cold just wearing that apron.”

“You could wear something underneath it.”

Something underneath it.

I instinctively knew she wasn’t talking about the jeans I wore.

“I thought you liked me being naked underneath it,” I said coming to her, kneeling and unlacing her ankle boots. I thought about pacifying her, stripping and donning the apron but I had delayed dinner too long already.

“I do. And think it’s sexy but if you’re cold you could always put on a pair of pantyhose.”

I looked up as I pried off one of her spiked Oxford boots. “Pantyhose? I think the apron’s enough.”

“You like the apron don’t you?”

She wasn’t exactly scowling but close enough to make me wary.

“Sort of. Yes. I know you get a kick out of it, and after all, it does give some protection in the kitchen. Especially since I’m usually naked underneath.”

“Yes, we don’t want any accidents, like you scalding your penis.” The inflection of her voice was a bit sardonic. “Besides, it’s our little game and . . .” she paused, looked in her drink, then added, “it turns me on.”

I thought about that for a moment, didn’t know what to say but her revelation made me happy. “I want to turn you on. I’m not

worried about scalding my penis, dear. Stains are what I'm talking about. Things like that."

"Stains on what, your body?"

"Foolish isn't it. I don't like to stain the apron."

"You've always been fastidious. You haven't any stains on your trousers or shirt. Are you naked underneath those clothes?"

What was getting into my distressed wife? This talk about the apron and pantyhose. Finally I said, "Just a pair of shorts."

"Those unimaginative white cotton underpants, I suppose."

"Yes."

"I'll get you some new sexier underwear."

"Oh?" I said, prying off her other boot, absently massaging her stocking feet, their musky attar being confined in the leather ankle boots all day tickling my nose. I smiled and kissed her knee, worked on her feet.

"What kind of sexy underwear?" I risked asking in a subdued voice.

"You like being masturbated into my panties." The intensity of her look made me avert my eyes and I renewed my effort massaging her feet. "It's become . . . sort of a ritual."

I looked away, thought guiltily of masturbating into her panties that day. "It feels good," I said, feeling a vague twinge of acquiescence, not sure where we were going with this.

"Yes, it is rather sensuous, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"That feels good. After being on my feet all day a nice foot massage is just what I need."

Impulsively I raised her foot to my face, kissed her toes.

"Hmm . . . but I bet they smell a little, being confined in the Oxford boots all day."

"Oh, it's not so bad," I said, kissing her foot again, turning my attention to her other foot.

Alex pulled her foot away, drained her glass. "I think I'll get into something more comfortable while you set the table."

I watched her go down the hall toward our bedroom. Even though I had masturbated that day — after she had done me — I was excited, wondered if we might make love tonight.

We seldom used the dining room, and in the kitchen I set the table and set out food. It smelled great.

I waited for her for several moments and when she didn't appear I went down the hallway into the bedroom.

She was just stepping into the bottoms of a pair of long silk pajamas. She stopped with the bottoms just below her buttocks, looked over her shoulder in the mirror. "I'm going to start jogging again. My ass is too broad."

"No, it isn't," I said. "It's just right." Alex was putting on a little weight in her backside but I knew better than to confirm what was nearly obvious.

Alex looked at me. "It must have been just right the other morning."

I blushed, didn't know what to say.

She looked from over her shoulder, our eyes meeting, the cottony silence ominous.

My arms tingled.

"I was very pleased with what you did," she said, offering the first smile of the evening. "Thought about it on and off today. It was sensuous, exciting."

"You liked what I did then?"

"Wicked might be a better description."

I felt my cheeks flush in a blush, looked away.

"Richard, you're such dear." She crooked her finger at me and bent over the vanity stool, the look in her brown eyes serious. "Do it again."

"Uhm, what about dinner?" I said, coming forward, standing behind her.

"You don't have to kiss it forever."

I went to my knees.

"Yes, of course."

With her hands she spread her cheeks.

The dark furrow of her buttocks beckoned me. Again I felt the urge to please her.

Her odor was stronger this evening. I kissed each buttock and trailed kisses in the crevice until I reached the wrinkled little passage. Placing a chaste kiss on her anus, I wondered of this ritual, what my tall wife was thinking as I moved a little closer and laved it with my tongue.

There was something about what I was doing that sent a secret little shiver down my back. It was perhaps a symbolic gesture, re-

flecting the hierarchy of our relationship. Ever since my “indiscretion” with that student, Alex had become more sure of herself.

Assertive

Just the act of staying at home, being a househusband, inferred the pecking order of our relationship. It seemed at first a subtle difference but as I became comfortable in my role as househusband, our relationship had also changed.

Subtly at first, then increasingly so.

I worked my furrowed tongue on her wrinkled rosebud, pushed forward at her stubborn nether gate, and finally gained entrance. At once my probing tongue became aware of an earthy, almost bitter taste.

But I heard her contented sigh, was aware of an overriding need to please my wife, bring her this dark pleasure. I put my hands on her hips for leverage and speared my tongue deeper in her tight tunnel.

Now her buttocks and crack were warm on my face and I heard Alex’s labored breathing, wondered if she might have some mysterious womanly climax from my tongue wriggling in her rectum.

An anal climax.

It seemed I had read something about anal climaxes somewhere.

Renewing my effort, I stabbed with my tongue as she pushed her ass back onto my face.

I had a sudden unsavory thought. What if my tongue encountered a bit of her waste? What would I do then? This act was certainly not hygienic, but I was not so much of a prude to know that anal stimulation was not such an uncommon act.

A degenerate act . . . perhaps.

That it had come along this late in our marriage was a mystery.

And what about my newfound enthusiasm for oral stimulation? That was something to think about. Before I had always been put off by such acts. Now, I seemed quite excited by doing such things, lavishing her with oral adoration. As if it was my destiny to bestow oral pleasure, perhaps in some convoluted way make up for my past transgressions. I wanted to show her my complete devotion.

And what of this thrill, this secret exhilaration that coursed through my body as I performed for her? I didn’t know what to make of it and wondered when my libido, or my sexual conscious

— if there was such a thing — had spurred me to please her in this way.

Again I thought of my affair with the student. She went down on me before we engaged in coitus. It had been our first intimacy beyond kissing and petting. I didn't have to prompt her. She just did it, seemed like she wanted to do it. After some weeks I decided to return the favor and my sweet student seemed aware of my awkwardness, guided my mouth and told me how to please her.

Thinking of her sent a jolt of guilt through me and I attacked my wife's anal cavity with vigor, pushing my tongue as far as possible, aware of my aching jaws and the little used muscles which aided in accomplishing this intimacy, saliva drooling on my chin.

I felt Alex shudder and kept at it with my tongue. For her sake I hoped she was having an anal orgasm and decided to ask her about it at the right time.

Alex stood and pulled up her pajamas, gave me an approving smile.

We ate dinner and later watched television.

7

We were sitting on the couch, snuggling, and she had wrapped her arms around my waist, my arm over her shoulder. I was aware of her warm breast against me, hoped we would make conventional love tonight.

That afternoon I had went to Dr. Ashburn for my now bi-monthly appointment. I enjoyed talking things out with the psychotherapist, and going into hypnosis was becoming routine. She didn't think my guilt so strange, and though I was loathe to talk about my increasingly submissive behavior at home, I did hint around about how Alex's personality was becoming more assertive, as well as her taking the upper hand in things sexual, telling her so without being specific.

"I wonder what's come over you," said Alex.

"Come over me? What do you mean?"

She kissed my cheek and her hand was high on my thigh. "About the way you've been kissing me," she said quietly.

"I thought you liked the way I kiss. Something about soft lingering lips, unhurried kisses."

"Yes, you've always been a great kisser." Her hand moved over my basket and she held my limp penis. "But I mean the *other* kisses . . . the ones between my legs."

“Oh, that,” I said, blushing. “Does it please you?”

“Oh yes! I’ve never been kissed on my bottom like that.”

“Then you like it?” I said, aware of her hand between my legs pressing its advantage.

“Definitely. I had an orgasm this evening while you did it.”

“I wanted to ask you about that. Then you did get off?”

“Yes. It was different. Illusive at first but very satisfying.”

With her free hand Alex turned my chin, kissed me, slipped her tongue inside my mouth. Her other hand freed my stiffening penis from my sweats. She bent her head and quickly took me in her mouth, licked my circumcised glans, swallowed more of it.

I leaned back on the couch enjoying her warm wet mouth as it completely engulfed me. Briefly I thought about the sexual things we’d been doing. It seemed quite strange in a way. Once I thought Alex to be a prude and now wondered about myself.

It was clear she liked my face on her backside. There was something forbidden about the act, yet it seemed to sensitize my excitement and libido. I didn’t understand it. The delicious secret shivers that coursed over my body as I knelt and kissed her *there* were troubling, but I wanted to do it.

If this secret act brought her so much pleasure I would do it again, even though I knew it to be somewhat taboo, something younger couples might engage in doing.

Suddenly I felt my balls churning with an imminent climax. One part of me wanted to shoot off in her mouth but it had been a while since we had engaged in actual coitus. I was torn between this quick release and being between her long exquisite legs, pumping my manhood deep inside the folds of her slippery vagina.

I must decide soon. The vision of me on top of her flashed through my sex-fogged brain and I tapped her shoulder, started to squirm away from that hot delicious mouth that so fully encompassed me. Yet she kept at it, so much so that I pushed her away with both hands.

My hard penis plopped out of her mouth into relatively coolness.

Alex came up, eyes misting in lust, yet questioning.

“I want to make love to you,” I said. “Let’s go to bed.”

“But I thought you liked being sucked?”

“I do but I want to be inside you tonight.”

“Well . . . , if you’re sure.”

I nodded and Alex kissed me, sent her tongue inside my mouth for the second time in the last five minutes.

She rose, took my hand and led me to the bedroom. I quickly mounted her and easily slipped my penis inside her pink womanly gates. She seemed very liquid. She wrapped her legs around my hips, crossed her feet above my buttocks.

“This will be my second orgasm tonight.”

“Yes, and my first,” I said, lunging deeply. “What’s come over us?”

Alex smiled. “I don’t know, but I like it very much. I want you to keep your cock hard for me all the time.”

“I’ll do my best,” I said, slamming into her, already nearing the precipice.

“You’ll do better than that, dear. I’ll use your sweet mouth if your cock doesn’t rise to the occasion.”

“It will.”

“Promise?”

“Yes, ” I said, feeling very near the zenith passion.

“Do you love me?”

“Yes, yes . . . yes,” I said breathlessly and . . . came.

Alex wasn’t ready and I knew it, but couldn’t help going over the edge without her. Her pussy felt so good, so tight and wet and warm.

I just couldn’t help myself.

I understand on occasion women can *feel* when a man ejaculates inside them. The warmth or something tells them so. As I shot my hot load into her, she slammed her hips to meet my deep thrusts.

Alex has a prominent pelvic bone, and in the past when she’s been very demonstrative, the pelvic area above my penis has been sore for days. She kept at it as I came and I bit my lip from the bunting of her pelvis against me.

I knew I would be sore in the morning. It was worth it.

8

I set coffee on the vanity and set out Alex’s clothes, ready to dress my beloved when she emerged from the bathroom. She either took a shower or a bath depending on her morning mood or how late she slept. This morning it was a shower.

I sat at her vanity, looked at the array of cosmetics, combs and brushes, waited for her to come into the bedroom. The water stopped and I looked at the bed. She had lain out a long, autumn brown front-split skirt, since it was getting colder, and long sleeve blouse of the same color. As were many of today's fashions for the business woman, the blouse was rather mannish and went with the severe cut of the matching suit jacket.

Accordingly, I had chosen warm cream-colored panties and taupe pantyhose, from the walk-in closet selected a pair of closed-toe, brown pumps with comfortable but rather chunky heels. I nodded at the color combination of her outfit, thought she'd be pleased.

I've always been good at color coordinating clothing and often shopped with my wife. More times than not the clerks agreed with me over my thoughtful suggestions to her wardrobe. She had told me once I should've been a fashion designer, that I must have inherited this particular trait from my long since deceased mother.

I looked at the closed bathroom door. It was very quiet. For some unfathomable reason I became alarmed, quickly went to the door and went in.

To my embarrassment I found Alex naked on the commode. I blushed and started to back out, but she stopped me. I looked at her, breasts a sight to behold, nipples pointing downward. My mouth watered and I tried to think of the last time I had sucked on the rubbery raspberry mammilla.

"Wait. Don't go."

"I'm sorry. You were so quiet I became alarmed."

"You didn't put fresh toilet paper on the roll, dear. Fetch me a roll from the cabinet."

I went to the cabinet, stealing a glance at her firm milky breasts.

I handed her the roll and went for the door.

Alex's hand caught me.

Caught me in the new silk boxers she'd given me several days before.

"You're hard," she said, squeezing it.

"I, well, yes . . ."

"Why?"

"Uhm, I don't know," I said petulantly, felt foolish and started for the door but her hand kept its purchase.

“Richard, you’re such a dear. What are you trying to hide from me?”

I looked away from those inquisitive and penetrating eyes. “Nothing.”

Her hand stayed on me, squeezing me through the silky material.

Looking at her, my knees went weak, and I knelt on the bathroom tiles.

“You’ve seen me pee before,” she softly said.

“No, it’s not that. It’s seeing you naked. Your breasts.”

“Seeing me naked on the stool,” she said, a strange gleam coming into her dark brown eyes.

It was very quiet in the bathroom and my eyes were inadvertently focused on the dark brown curly pubic patch between her legs.

“Did you set out my underwear?”

“Yes. I’ll wait for you in the bedroom. You’re coffee’s getting cold.”

“It’s your fault.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll bring you a fresh cup.”

“No, that’s not what I mean.”

“Oh? ”

“It’s your fault I’m peeing. Sometimes you bring that first cup before I even get out of bed.”

“Rich? ”

Rich! She called me Rich, this the first time since the unfortunate affair with my student.

“Yes? ” My heart soared. If my wife was using that name then all must surely be forgiven. I felt so happy.

“Do you want to watch me pee? ”

My eyes went wide at the blunt question. I couldn’t hold hers, glanced at her now turgid nipples, then at the hint of brown womanly thatch.

“Uhm, no, ” I finally said.

“Then why did you come in here? ”

“I told you. It was so quiet I thought maybe you had . . . ”

“Had what, hmm?”

“Oh, I don’t know. I’ll wait in the bedroom. You’re going to be late if you don’t hurry.”

“It’s okay if you want to.”

I looked at her, aware of my rock hard condition. Interminable unspoken moments passed and I shook my head.

She peered at my tented boxer shorts. “I think it wants to watch.”

“Alex, what’s gotten into you?”

She strummed my hard penis with a bare foot, slowly spread her legs.

I couldn’t help but look. Her lips looked wet, inviting.

Alex leaned forward, took my face in her hands. “Put your head on my thigh.”

“*What?*”

“You heard me. I feel positively wicked. Do it. I want you to see.”

“Uhm, are you sure?”

“Yes. Now hurry. I really have to finish.”

Alex’ hand slipped under my hair, reminding me I needed a haircut, pulled until my face was high on her leg. I smelt her freshness from her morning shower. She raked her hand through my hair.

“Be still, dear.”

It was very quiet, her shin fast between my legs, pressing on my tumescence.

It started as a trickle and I didn’t actually see it.

But I did smell it.

Then both her hands were in my hair and her legs shifted. Suddenly my face was between her legs and I glimpsed a stream of urine spray from the her vulva. So close my face was to the pale yellow stream. Too close for comfort.

Finally it was over and I tried to rise but she held my head between her legs.

“You’re very hard, dear,” she said.

“Well, stop with your leg and foot already.”

“Is that’s what’s doing it, my foot?”

“Yes.”

“I can’t hear you.”

“I said, yes, your foot is making me hard.”

“Ahm, I see.”

Again I tried to raise my head from her naked lap.

“Do you want to kiss it? ”

I stiffened, managed a muffled no.

“Alex said. ”I mean I’ll let you do it if you want to.”

“No.”

“This is so wicked,” she said. “I feel . . . oh, I’m not sure . . . empowered.”

I knelt very still, my face near her sex, said nothing but was acutely aware of my own dark excitement, the smell of her urine.

Then she abruptly pushed me away and wiped herself, stood up, smiled down at me, placed her bare foot over my hard penis. “Flush it on your way out.”

I lingered in the bathroom for a while to regain my composure, picked up her soiled underwear which she had started leaving scattered around the bedroom and bathroom, put the scanty in the small clothes hamper.

Alex was dressed and in the kitchen.

“I told you you’d be late.”

She grabbed her keys off the counter, smiled at me. “You can use a pair of my soiled panties.”

“For what?”

A stupid question, I realized.

“To do your business. I’ m sorry I didn’t have time to masturbate you.”

“I can wait until you get home this evening.”

“Can you?” Alex said with raised eyebrow.

She stared at me, face blank. I could think of nothing to say, looked up, saw the wry smile, felt my cheeks flush.

I smoked a cigarette later that morning, felt guilty about it all day.

That afternoon while gathering information, working on my history project, my PC chimed, signaling a new email. It was from Alex. I opened it, was greeted with a black and white photo of a naked woman in high heels with her back to the camera, her buttocks firm and round.

On either side of the photo were arrows. I clicked on the right one, was greeted with a new photo; the same woman, only bent forward, hands on knees, her rear end somewhat parted, the crevice shadowy.

A secret thrill made me shiver as I clicked forward.

The same woman, long black hair masking her turned face, had her hands on a wooden chair, her plump derriere completely exposed, wrinkled anus visible.

The next photo showed a kneeling naked man behind her, his back also to the camera. I clicked forward and my breath caught in my throat. His face was snuggled between the woman's succulent buttocks.

A caption under the black and white photo read: "My sweet and obedient husband showing me respect."

I clicked forward but that's all there was.

9

Strangely, that evening Alex didn't mention the email, and for reasons I cannot explain, I didn't bring it up. Perhaps some subjects, those of a dark sexual nature, are better left unsaid. I was on a sexual edge, favored my wife with a customary foot massage, even kissed her feet. But when I tried to kiss her intimately she pushed me away. She'd gotten her period.

Women know things. Know things about men. They may not say so. Just the same, they know. I had fought off the impulse to do it in her panties, didn't want to think about why I wanted to use her soiled panties, though I did sneak in the bathroom and brought a pair to my face, sniffed the earthy scent.

When she first did me in her soiled panties I thought nothing of it. Now it was a ritual, doing it in her panties, going off like some sneaky adolescent.

She called about noon the next day, asked me what I was doing. At the time I was at the computer but hadn't advanced my history project beyond a few paragraphs. I had spent some time clicking through the strange email and became excited.

It was one of those unproductive days that writers often face.

I told Alex it wasn't going well. She suggested I take a nice warm bath, use some of her bath beads. That sounded like a good idea. Just before she hung up she asked me if I would greet her at the door with a fresh drink and be wearing my *maid's* apron.

My *maid's apron*. Goosebumps tickled my flesh and I felt a little unwarranted tingle in my lap. Yes, I finally allowed, I could do that since it often led to our bizarre sexual games.

"Did you like the email I sent you yesterday?" she casually asked.

"Hmm, yes. Why did you send it, may I ask?" I said hesitantly.

“Good question. I suppose I didn’t want you to think your little performance so strange.”

“Well, it is rather bizarre, don’t you think?”

“It shows your devotion and makes me wet,” she said, whispering. “You gave me a mild orgasm, you know.”

“I’m glad, then.”

“It’s ass worship, that’s what it’s called on the Internet. It really makes me feel good, you showing your devotion and adoration like that.”

“Somehow our sex life is becoming, uhm, I don’t know . . . different.”

“Rich,” she said, her voice barely audible. “I like *different*.”

“As you wish, dear,” I contritely said.

Then she said something unexpected.

Alex wanted me to wear pantyhose under the apron. Shoes too if I liked. She thought it a sensuous and wicked idea.

Crazy as the idea was, I wondered what kind of shoes. Did she mean a pair of her shoes? I thought about it, shook my head. My feet were bigger than hers by at least one or two sizes.

Crazy, even considering such a demonstration. From the apron to pantyhose, to say nothing of the deliciously devilish scenarios in which we engaged.

And now shoes. Her shoes. Probably heels.

Preposterous was not too severe a word.

“Huh,” I said and heard her soft sexy chuckle.

Thinking about it all tingles rippled my arms and legs.

She quietly said, “I have to go, dear.” And broke the connection. I sat at the computer with the dead phone in my hand, realized I’d been unconsciously groping myself.

I didn’t dwell on her suggestion, didn’t want to think about it at all. Yet it was there the rest of the day, lurking in the back of my mind.

By mid-afternoon I was in the tub luxuriating in a fragrant scented bath. It was soothing and I remembered there had been a time in our marriage when we had shared the tub together.

I looked at the clothes hamper, knew it contained several pairs of her soiled panties. I could do it. She wouldn’t know.

That’s what I did, too, and afterward was consumed by guilt, thinking I had become quite perverted, masturbating into her dirty and womanly fragrant panties.

I met her at the door as she had asked, with drink in hand, felt foolish wearing a pair of her pantyhose. Her suggestion had flitted around in my head all afternoon. In the bedroom I took my time putting on the pantyhose, slowly tugged them up my legs. After donning the apron I looked at my image in the mirror, could barely see the hair on my legs. From the apron's hem they almost looked presentable. I felt foolish but invigorated, aware of a pressing need to please her.

This powerful feeling, a burning need to please my wife, arose from a guilty conscious over my unfaithfulness and sneaking around smoking cigarettes, though I hadn't had a smoke for some time now, except for the one relapse. Dr. Ashburn had discussed this with me, hinted I should go along with my wife's wishes in an effort to please and appease.

I reasoned that what I was doing, trying to please my wife, was making up for my earlier transgressions.

Amazingly the pantyhose fit rather well, albeit a bit snug. Alex is just taller than me, maybe that's why they fit so well. I'd chosen an off-black pair with a darker welt high on the leg, from just below the crotch to the waist.

At the door Alex kissed me, slopping a little of her drink on her skirt.

"It'll wash out," I said.

Her eyes traveled over my body and she smiled. "You look nice."

"I feel ridiculous."

"You shouldn't. The apron goes around almost like a skirt and the pantyhose are dark enough, but don't quite hide your leg hair. But *really*, dear, black doesn't go good with that powder-blue shade. The ruffled bib and tiers down the front look nice, though."

"This is crazy," I said. "I'm going to take them off."

"No, don't."

I pleaded with my eyes, felt uncomfortable with the scenario and somehow energized.

"Please?"

"This is the last time," I allowed, her intense brown eyes making me look away.

"But don't they feel good on your legs?"



“Uhm, I don’t know. I guess. At least my legs are warmer.”

She gazed into my eyes, sipped scotch. “Isn’t it a bit sensuous the way the nylon sort of whispers as you scissor your legs back and forth?”

I nodded, swallowed the lump in my throat.

But she was right, they did feel good on my legs, swishing sexily when I walked.

“It’d feel even better if you were wearing the proper shoes.”

“This is quite enough.”

“Richard, sometimes I think you are too puritan.”

Alex followed me to the kitchen. “Cute butt.”

I ignored the remark.

We ate at the small kitchen nook. It seemed we always took our meals there since it was only the two of us.

After dinner my wife stripped down to her dress shirt and pantyhose. Most of the time she’d wear something short or long pajamas. Her legs looked sexy. We watched a little TV but I was distracted. She kept rubbing my leg with hers.

“What are you doing?”

“Why are you so irritable?”

Reprimanding me as if I was a child.

“I’m not, but this isn’t what I should be wearing.”

“Humph. Who’s to know?”

“I know. That’s enough.”

“You couldn’t find a pair of shoes?” she said, rubbing her foot seductively along my calve and above my knee.

“Absolutely not! I went along with the apron thing because I knew it pleased you. And now look at me — I’m wearing pantyhose for goodness sake!”

“You’re legs would look better with the proper shoes.”

“Listen to what you’re saying, Alex.”

“Oh, stop being such a prude. You can be so anal at times.”

“Next, you’ll have me shaving my legs!” I immediately regretted saying it.

“No, that’d be too much.”

“What does *that* mean?”

“If you shaved your legs you’d wear hosiery all the time.”

“Would I now?”

“Yes, the feeling is beguiling against cleanly shaven legs. Women take it for granted unless we’re in a sexy mood or want to feel sexy. Especially if the hose are extra silky and expensive and of a good denier. It is a sensuous feeling especially if — like I say — you’re feeling amorous. I like to look nice for you, why shouldn’t it be the other way around?”

“Well, that does it! I’m done with this business.”

Her foot had crept under the front of my apron. It was warm on my thigh and I waited for her to put it on my penis which was shrouded in pantyhose.

“Plenty of men enjoy dressing up.”

“Yes, but not in women’s clothes!”

“Sure they do.”

“They’re all gay then!” I said, regretting that remark, too.

“Lots of men crossdress, especially if they have an understanding wife or girlfriend.”

“I’m not one of them,” I snapped.

“You’re not comfortable with your maleness.”

“Spoken like a true shrink,” I said, depreciatingly.

“Richard, you know better. Don’t act so guilty. It makes me wonder what you’ve been up to,” she said, gazing at me, causing my eyes to skitter from hers.

The bottom of her foot now rested along my shaft which was trapped inside the pantyhose against my belly.

“Ask your analyst. You’re very much a prude. Men are exposing their softer nature all the time. Some anal retentive wives feel threatened by such behavior but it’s very common. Widely acceptable in today’s haute couture culture.”

“Anal retentive,” I scoffed, “coming from a clinician.” She chuckled and I added, “Funny you should mention Dr. Kerry. I think I should schedule an early appointment.”

Alex looked at me. “Getting the urge to light up again?” I nodded and my eyes slid away.

“While you’re at it ask her about husband’s exploring and expressing their inner feelings. Metrosexual males are all the rage now.”

“You mean like that soccer star — what’s-his-name?”

“Yes, him. And others we’ve seen on television and in those glossy celebrity magazines. Just look at the male models who grace the catwalks of fashion.”

“You’re trying to tell me men dressing up in women’s clothing is natural?” I said incredulously.

“Yes, dear,” she said patiently. “It’s much more prevalent than you think. And today women are much more understanding of man’s softer nature. Society’s awareness of the new male is commonplace today.”

“Yes, I know there are such relationships but I don’t have the desire to dress in women’s clothing.”

“You’re mother — now don’t get angry — I’m not criticizing the dearly departed. She was too strict on you. Too straight-laced. You’re the same way. You should let yourself go . . . experiment.”

“Alex, just think of the things we’ve done. You’re saying I’m too *straight-laced*?”

“You mean the little sexual games we’ve discovered and seem to enjoy?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t you like it, our little perversions?”

There it was, coming out of the darkness — *perversions*!

I looked at the gleam in her eye, thought she was getting a little turned on. “Of course I like it. Especially if it pleases you — will you stop with your foot already! I can’t concentrate.”

“Sorry, dear.” She withdrew her foot from my hard penis.

“It’s just not natural. That’s all I’m saying.”

“Natural! Now there’s a word psychologists abhor. There is no such thing as *natural*.”

I conceded the point.

“You should watch some of the fashion shows, from here in Cyrenaica to New York, even Paris. You’re at home and maintaining our home. Give yourself some leisure time, record some of those events, see how our modern culture looks today.”

“Well, if you don’t want to do these lusciously wicked things I’ll understand.”

“It’s not that I don’t want to do them, Alex. That’s not it at all. It’s just that . . . well, I don’t feel comfortable with it.”

“Okay, we’ll stop. I can live with it.” She unwound her long legs from our cuddly position on the sofa, stood and went down the hall to the bedroom.

Me and my big mouth. Would I ever learn?

I had managed to piss her off, perhaps end those odd erotic sexual games we'd been playing, the scintillating forbidden situations that left me breathless and panting, feeling helpless yet sexually exhilarated.

I sighed, turned off the TV with the remote and followed after her. She was already under the covers, her discarded shirt, pantyhose and panties carelessly strewn on the floor.

"Let's talk," I said.

"I'm sleepy. Come to bed."

"It's okay. I guess I can —"

"— Just be quiet, Richard. Either come to bed or sleep in the guestroom."

Uh-oh!, worse than I expected. Banished to the guestroom.

"I'll call Dr. Ashburn for you tomorrow," she said, her back to me. "And while you're at it get some more of those anti-smoking pills. You've really done well kicking the habit. I don't want you regressing. If I find out you've been smoking behind my back we'll have to take drastic measures," she said, turning, looking at me over her shoulder, fixing me with flinty eyes.

I slipped into bed beside her. "Alex?"

"What, Richard?"

"I'm sorry."

"You should be."

"If you want me to —"

"— Don't finish it, Richard. You've spoiled my mood. Go to sleep."

After a while I lay there listening to her somnolent breathing. It wasn't a very good night for me. I tossed and turned, wondered of our new and strange intimacies, how pleased she seemed and how willing I was to accommodate her.

10

I stood over the clothes hamper in the bathroom late the next morning, denying my intentions, resisted opening the lid and delving inside for my wife's soiled undergarments. I wanted a cigarette, too, the craving so strong I didn't know what I wanted most: sniff Alexandra's panties, stroke myself in slick nylon, or steal into the backyard and light one up.

The phone rang and I answered it in the bedroom, glancing back at the open bathroom door, thinking about her malodorous pant-

ies. It was Alex. I was in luck. Dr Ashburn had a cancellation that afternoon and she could see me today. That's what I needed, to see my analyst, get more of those pills that curbed my appetite for smokes, and maybe get a little mental reinforcement.

About to hang up, Alex suggested I ask Dr. Ashburn about aspects of the new, softer image of today's modern male, the way husbands were getting in tune with their inner feelings, see what she had to say about it.

It wasn't easy telling my analyst about the pantyhose, what Alex wanted of me, some of the other aspects of our unusual bedroom games. Dr. Ashburn waited, listening to me hem-hawing, sighed and kicked off her shoes, bringing her legs under her in the armchair, giving me a good glimpse of her stout legs under her skirt.

"Just tell me, Richard. I've heard it all before."

"Hmm, well, I think I told you about greeting her at the door, wearing an apron and nothing underneath." My eyes darted around the dimly lit office.

"Romantic interlude, is that what transpired?"

I nodded, gazed at her knees, how her legs were exposed above them.

"I mentioned being chilled, ah, you know, just wearing the apron, and Alex suggested I wear a pair of her pantyhose under the apron."

"And?" Saying it like it was common for men to go around naked, wearing a frilly aprons and pantyhose.

"Well, she hinted I should shave my legs, that with sleek legs the experience of wearing hosiery would be more sensuous."

I looked at Dr. Kerry's blank face, shook my head.

"Did you shave your legs, Richard?"

"Uhm, no, I didn't. It's a preposterous idea."

"A lot of men completely denude their body of hair in these enlightened times. It's quite common."

"She suggested I wear women's shoes, too." I waited for an objection but none was forthcoming.

What Dr. Ashburn said was, "Men wear increasingly feminine-looking shoes, to say nothing of their clothes. Look at some of today's models, parading in low-heel peep-toes, even wearing nail polish."

"It seems a bit strange to me and . . . humiliating."

“You need look no further than Fashion TV, Richard. Cyrenaica’s own Ashton Patric, Andreja Pejic, who took the fashion industry by storm, and Hari Nef, a convincing androgynous model who has small but realistic breasts.”

“It seems strange . . .” I glanced off into a dark corner, felt uncomfortable.

“As a member of academia, you’re not aware of what’s going on in our modern culture.”

“No longer . . .” I said, disheartened.

An interminable silence ensued. I gazed at her blank face, substantial legs folded under her in the matching leather arm chair, the two of us separated by the length of the leather couch which I’d never reclined on.

“Well,” I said, feeling uncomfortable. Alexandra suggested that very thing, that I should watch fashion shows on TV, see part of today’s culture.

A faint smile from my psychoanalyst. “Bring yourself into the 21st century with the rest of us. Our society is increasingly influenced by feminists, which most males find advantageous: you and your wife’s situation, for example.” She flashed a brighter smile.

“Of course, there’s another aspect of your new domestic relationship with Alexandra.”

“Oh?”

“You have taken on a supporting role, em, to your wife, who is now the sole breadwinner. Taken over —let’s say — the wifely duties. It’s a predictable development, and more than suggests you now defer to Alexandra.”

“I never saw it in that light.”

“Your role has become more . . . submissive, do you think?”

“Yes, I suppose you’re right.”

Dr. Ashburn swung her legs from under her, fumbled her feet into her pumps, glanced at her watch. Our sessions pass quickly and this one was about over.

“These suggestions by your wife, are something you should consider.”

Not really suggestions . . .

“Perhaps your wife wants you to display a more submissive nature. For a male, humiliation is often part of it.” She stood, fixed me with a stare, the subdued office light reflecting on her horn

rim glasses so I couldn't see her eyes. "It can be quite stimulating for someone who wants to experiment, feels or is submissively inclined."

Following her lead, I stood up, watched her go behind her desk, her plump derriere snugly revealed in her skirt. I flashed back to what I've been doing for Alexandra, came up to the desk.

"You look a little flushed, Richard. Are you coming down with something?"

"Ah, no," I said, looking off, feeling uneasy.

"You should realize how things have changed in your relationship." She took off her glasses, rubbed her eyes, put them back on, went through her appointment calendar, scheduling our next session, then fixed me those hazel orbs. "More or less, you've assumed the housewife's role. Your wife is the breadwinner now, makes all the major decisions. Obviously she wants you in an effeminate role. You should be open to her progressive ideas."

My psychoanalyst made it all seem so *natural*.

"I've suggested before you should go along with your wife's wishes. Effeminacy, Feminine males, are part of our liberal culture today. It's ultimately yours and your wife's decision. As far as her suggestions go, I see nothing wrong with it."

They weren't *suggestions*, but I didn't correct the shrink. Alex had turned a cold shoulder to my reticence.

Not at all what I wanted to hear.

11

"I thought we'd do lunch."

"You should have called." Behind her desk sat Alex, illuminated in the dim light of a desk lamp. The floor to ceiling drapes were drawn over the wall windows, shrouding the rest of the office in shadowy darkness. She had discarded her jacket and tie and her hair was a little disheveled. It was several days later. Impulsively, I came to see her, possibly ingratiate myself into her good graces. The chilly atmosphere around the house had little to do with the colder weather.

I sensed she was out of sorts, maybe because I had arrived at her office unexpectedly. The secretary was absent, probably to lunch, so I had barged in without knocking, hoping to surprise her. I did just that, felt foolish, gazed at the carpet under her flinty stare.

"I'm really busy," she said, frowning.

“If you’re still mad at me about the other night — ”

“ — Uh-hmm,” she said standing. “Richard I want you to meet my new associate.” She unfurled her arm indicating the cozy furniture arrangement in the corner of the room, not that much unlike Dr. Ashburn’s inner office where her patients usually reposed. There sat a woman, working one foot into a shoe, then the other.

In the darkness I hadn’t noticed her. She stood, smoothing her skirt, came forward and offered me her hand. She was about my height, neither of us as tall as Alex, and very pretty. Long auburn hair fell about an angelic face that had the complexion of fine porcelain. I was aware of a certain sexual aura about her.

“Richard, your wife has told me so much about you,” she said softly. “Only she forgot to mention how handsome you are.”

I blushed in the warmth of a lush smile, skin prickling my forearms.

“Richard, this is Katherine. Katherine, my husband.”

“How do you do,” I said, trying not to grope her with my eyes. “You’re Alex’s associate?”

Alex came around the desk. She had kicked off her shoes, too, as women are wont to do. “Yes, I hadn’t really decided until this morning. I just finished interviewing Ms. Boggs. My workload is mounting, and, well, I need someone to take on some of the newer clients. We’ve picked up another hospital account.”

“Oh,” I said, looking at Alex. She hadn’t mentioned a thing about hiring another associate. Why hadn’t she told me? But then why should she, especially since just making the final decision this morning.

“I wasn’t sure I wanted help but Katherine comes highly recommended, has excellent credentials, her shingle coming from the University Of Michigan. She’s had some experience within the private sector and I thought she’d be very helpful.”

“Oh.”

“Richard?”

“Yes, Alex? ”

“Will you release her hand before you shake her arm off?”

“Oh! I’m sorry.”

“Katherine do you mind if my husband comes along for lunch?”

“I’d be delighted,” she said, glancing at my wife, flashing me a big toothsome smile.

Alex went over to an armchair adjacent to the patient's couch. By the chair were her shoes. She looked from them to me. She was inferring my help, like was our ritual at home. I glanced at the young woman, then at my wife, watched as she stood, legs stretching the darts of her skirt, flat-footed in stocking feet.

She raised an eyebrow. "Richard," she prompted.

What was I to do? Katherine Boggs stood nearby, looking at me, the hint of a bemused expression on her pretty face.

The room was quiet, both women now looking expectantly (?) at me.

I moved in front of her and knelt, held her shoes while she wriggled her feet into them.

Alex looked at Katherine, a smile on her face.

"Richard, you're such a dear," said my wife insincerely.

They grabbed their coats and we rode down in the elevator. I kept glancing at the young woman, her face vaguely familiar and wondered where I'd seen her before.

12

"A lot of people say that," said Katherine. I guess I do look like Diana Lane a little."

"The resemblance is remarkable," I said.

"Richard, Diana Lane is an older actress."

"I didn't mean it like that," I said, blushing. "Diane Lane, older or not, is a beautiful woman."

"He has dimples when he blushes," said Katherine, which made me blush all the more.

The women were having avocado salad. I hated avocados and opted for a Caesar's salad. I tried not to look at the young woman my wife had hired to help handle the accounts of the bustling medical industry.

I hadn't realized Alex was so busy. I was contributing very little or nothing.

"Katherine's come along at just the right time. With today's hectic pace, men and women in the medical field are having a hard time adjusting. The pressure is immense," said Alex.

I nodded as the two of them discussed the changing relationships between men and women, especially since women today, over time, have risen into executive positions. Some men, but not all, had difficulty working under female authority.

Their discussion led to everyday relationships between the sexes and I started to feel anxious.

“Men are so confused with women’s modern image. More and more of them are seeking counseling. If their wives, girlfriends and superiors weren’t so understanding, a lot of men would be lost.”

“And what is woman’s modern image, dear?” I asked without too much sarcasm.

“It’s quite involved but you’re a prime example.”

“Me?” I said.

“Yes, Rich. You. Don’t be so obtuse.”

“How am I a prime example?”

“Well, you’re a stay-at-home husband and have somewhat assumed the woman’s role,” she said looking at Katherine, her new assistant. “You’re having trouble with this,” she continued, looking at me with knowing brown eyes. “You feel threatened by your new role in our relationship. This reflects insecurity.”

Katherine was silent, looked from Alex to me.

“*Really!*” I didn’t want to discuss this in front of the young woman. It was too personal, not something I wanted to share even with a beautiful woman I’d just met.

I glanced at Katherine Boggs, shook my head. “We don’t need to discuss this *now*, Alexandra.”

My wife, obviously still upset with me – more than upset – was putting me on the spot.

Alex fixed me with flinty brown eyes. “Perhaps we do, *dear*. That’s why I felt a need to send you to someone whose specializes in modern martial conflicts. The old rules no longer apply. For example, Katherine has few preconceived ideas about the old status quo. She’ll be a valuable asset dealing with male nurses and the modern attitudes of a more understanding society where it concerns the male psyche. Although young, she has had some exposure to today’s changing attitudes and the evolving new male identity.”

“Oh?” I said, looking at the captivating beauty. This was sounding like a lecture.

She smiled and swallowed a bite of salad. “Yes. The gender lines have been blurred and some men aren’t coping well. They feel threatened by today’s modern woman rising and taking more control in the workplace, as well as at home.”

“Sounds like you two have adjusted well to man’s new place in this enlightened society.”

“Richard, why be so sarcastic?” said Alex.

I looked at my salad, mumbled an insincere apology.

“Today’s modern woman is often a wife who takes on a more controlling role in their partnership.” Katherine looked at me, face neutral.

It occurred to me that my wife might have discussed with her protégé my role as househusband. My stomach roiled.

“You for example, Richard,” said my wife with a wicked little smile. “You seem to have an aversion to anything feminine.”

“I do not!”

Alex touched Katherine’s arm. “I got him an apron and he wore it without thinking. When I suggested something more — something in line with his new image — he jumped like a scalded cat. I think it reflects doubts about his masculinity.”

Katherine looked at me. “It’s classic isn’t it? ”

Alex nodded.

“I hardly think we should be discussing our marriage,” I said.

“Of course, dear,” Alex sweetly said. “Whatever you say. Will you be coming back to the office with us. We could put you on the couch as Katherine’s first patient.” She looked at me, her smile cold. “I’m sure you’d like that.”

“No, I have a lot of work to do at home. If you’ll drop me off at my car . . . ”

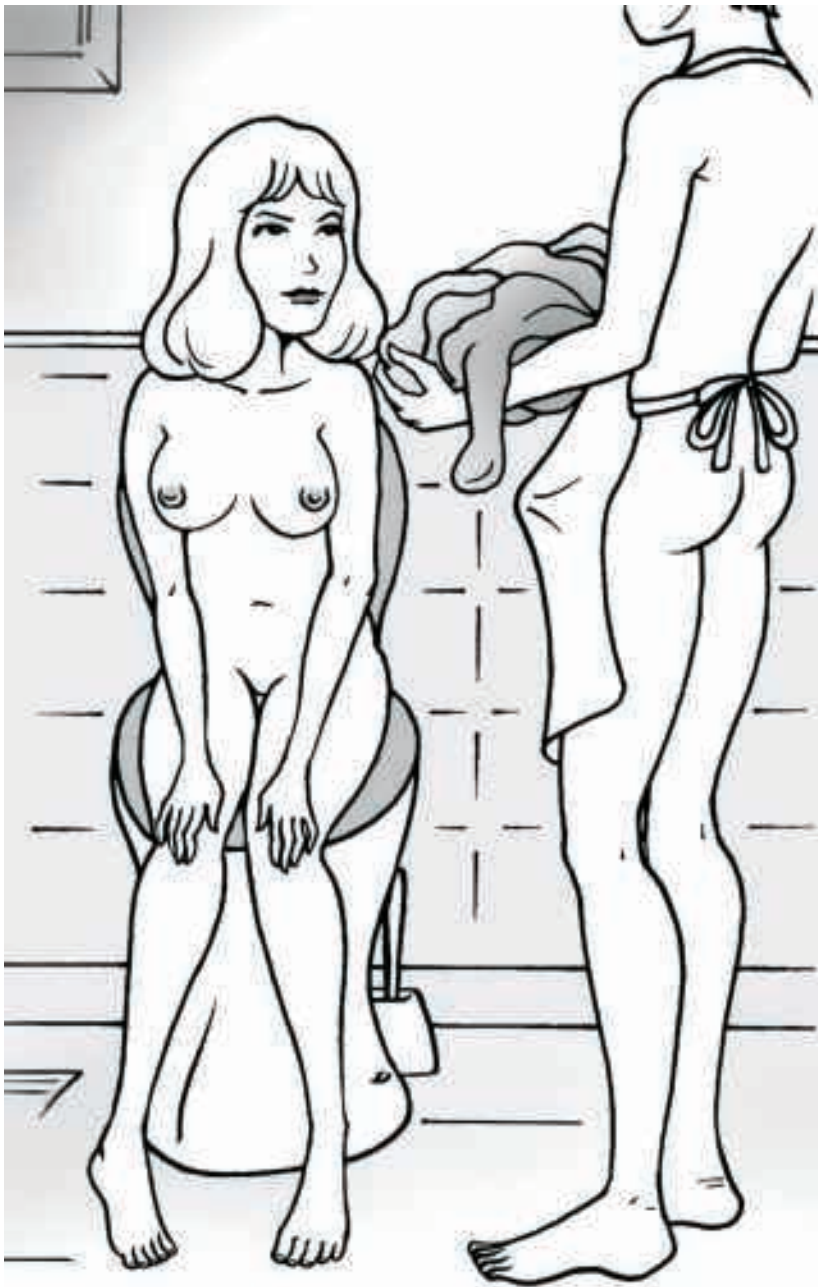
“Oh, really? Why did you come downtown if you had work at home?”

“Now who’s being sarcastic?” I retorted.

“Touché,” said Alex. “My sweetie has become so defensive since I’ve suggested changes in his stay-at-home demeanor.”

“I just thought I’d surprise you. I’m sorry you’re so busy, but you never share your work with me. Not anymore.”

Alex glanced at her new associate, and then at me, pausing for a long moment, finally saying, “Some years ago while shopping he saw this cute frilly apron, thought I’d look good in it. I never got around to wearing it. I suggested one evening, the two of us, emboldened by wine, he don the powder blue confection sans clothing and — “hard brown eyes fixed on me — ”we had an intimate interlude, something I thought we both thoroughly enjoyed.”



“Did you enjoy it?” inquired Katherine, her voice inquisitive and a bit husky.

“Hmm, yes, it was a crazy but romantic night.”

“I bet you looked cute,” she said without a hint of sarcasm.

I looked at Katherine. “It was just the moment,” I said, my cheeks going red.

And then my wife, exacting a pound a flesh, made it worse: “But to keep warm when he wears nothing under his cute apron, I suggested pantyhose, and by his reaction you would’ve thought someone had goosed him.”

I wanted to crawl under the table.

“Is that all?” said my wife’s associate. Looking at me and smiling she said, “Men’s fashions include pantyhose, Richard. Even skirts. I’m referring to the Givenchy line of lovely men’s attire. Other designers have joined in the trend, have designed lines of cute clothing for today’s modern male. It’s not a new thing, really.”

“Huh,” I said, averting my eyes and squirming on my chair.

“Don’t worry your pretty little head,” Alex said condescendingly, glancing at her new associate. “You’ve indicated to me your aversion for such pleasing accouterments.”

13

That night Alex breezed past me. I had made her a drink and was wearing the apron, nothing underneath. I thought this would please her, but I was wrong.

I checked dinner and went down the hall into the bedroom. Her clothes were scattered carelessly so I picked them up, went into the bathroom — found her naked and on the commode. She looked at me, a slow mirthless smile etching her face.

“I didn’t mean to interrupt,” I said, her clothes in my arms, backing up.

“Yes, you probably did mean to interrupt . . . perhaps in your subconscious. Where did you think I was?”

“Must psychologists always think in those terms. I’m sorry,” I said contritely.

It must have been an unlikely sight, Alex naked on the pot, me standing there, holding her clothes, clad only in a frilly apron and starting to sport an erection. It was hidden by her discarded clothes, yet my flesh tingled.

She gazed at me and she said, "Well?"

"I'll just put these in the hamper," I said, crossing in front of her and lifting the lid.

"You could have just as easily put my clothes in the utility room."

"Alex, I said I was sorry."

"You wandered in here on purpose." Her brown eyes bore into mine. "I don't mind, really." Those stern eyes softened and the hint of a wicked smile played at the corner of her lips.

"You don't?"

"Perhaps you subconsciously seek an encore performance?"

"What?"

The vague sensation of something sexual dissipated rapidly.

"Nothing," she said, putting her knees primly together. "And get out of that ridiculous looking apron."

"I thought you liked for me to wear it."

"Not anymore. I think you feel threatened by the garment. The idea of a fully grown man and a professor of higher learning to boot . . ."

"Not anymore, a professor. I really don't mind wearing it," I said, voice beseeching, seeking her favor.

My wife gazed at me for several moments and I was afraid to speak or make her more upset.

"Come here," she said.

I stepped closer.

"Get on your knees."

I obeyed, was afraid not to, her clothes rustling to the floor. My hard penis tented the tiered apron, was obvious.

Alex put her hands on either side of my face, softly kissed me.

The floor tiles were hard on my knees, almost as hard as my penis.

She broke the kiss, gazed at the tented apron, engulfing my excitement in the slippery material.

She looked into my eyes, said, "Isn't this terribly decadent?"

I nodded and her hand slid under the front of the apron, massaged my shaft.

"Perverted," she said.

I nodded while her hand caressed me.

"Forbidden," she added huskily.

I looked at her breasts, saw her engorged nipples.

“We’re both excited,” she whispered.

I nodded, dropped my eyes to those long bare legs.

She pulled my face to her lap. “I want you to see what you’ll be missing. But I’m sure I smell after a long day’s work.”

“What’s gotten into you?” I said, allowing her to hold my face close to her sex.

“Just keep still and be thankful I’m sharing this intimate, albeit perverted, moment with you.”

I did smell the muskiness of her sex.

Calling it intimate and perverted, which it was.

“I read about this aberration in a journal on human sexuality, where some dominant women demonstrate their superiority by doing this *and more* to their submissive charges.”

I thought about the email she’d sent about ass worship.

She spread her legs slightly and held my head, laced her fingers in my longer unkempt hair.

I knew what was coming but didn’t dare move, the awkwardness of the moment prickling my skin, somehow exciting me in ways I didn’t understand, my knees on the hard tile floor forgotten.

All was quiet for a few moments and then it started.

Her urinating into the toilet bowl. The smell was pervasive yet strangely stimulating. I didn’t understand it, but was aware of an acute euphoria. It seemed she sat and peed for a long time, holding my face on her warm bare thighs.

Finally it stopped, but I knelt there, still as a statue.

Her hand slipped under the front of the apron.

“Just as I thought. You’re hard. You’re as excited by this as I am.”

“What do you expect?” I said. “You’re sitting here naked. It’s quite stimulating.”

She tore off several sheets of toilet paper, wiped herself and stood up, sparse pubic hair at eye level. Maybe I should kiss her between the legs, let her know of my lust and love for her.

“Maybe this is the key to getting it up for you,” she said, voice hard.

“What do you mean by that?”

“You’ve had some trouble with erections. Don’t deny it. You don’t seem to have any trouble getting hard with your head between my legs or when I’m peeing.”

“That’s not fair,” I whined.

“I suppose you’re right. Though I must admit this makes me wet, you here in the bathroom with me.”

“Oh?” My single word had a noticeable tremor.

“You can’t deny a sexual response, Richard. Your penis is standing at attention.”

“I told you it was seeing you naked. That makes me hard.”

“Do you want to kiss me here *now*?”

“Is that what you want?”

In answer Alex raised her leg, propped her foot on the toilet. “Scoot in her and kiss it real good. Don’t worry I wiped myself.”

I put my trembling lips on her vulva, tasted some acerbic residue. My penis ached to be touched. My tongue ventured into the moist folds of her tangy vagina, licking, tasting her salty, stale and pungent sex.

“Oh, yes,” she said, grinding herself on my face. “You’ve become quite the pussy licker.”

14

“You’re putting on weight, Richard,” said Dr. Kerry Ashburn.

“Yes. Since giving up the cigarettes I can’t seem to stop eating. And because I’m home all the time the refrigerator is very handy.”

“I’ll give you some new pills. I have a few sample bubble-packs left. They’re new and will soon be in pharmacies, are prescription only.”

“Thank you.”

I looked at the hypnotherapist. Rust brown hair framed her oval face and her horn-rim glasses made her eyes look bigger. She was a stout woman, heavy of breast with long athletic legs, and somehow my interest in her had taken on aspects beyond her analyst role.

I couldn’t explain it.

“Alex has taken on another doctor in her practice.”

“She is doing well then.”

“Yes. She didn’t tell me about Katherine Boggs. She rented adjoining office space and will put her in there. It’s funny, you know, my wife being a psychologist and me coming to you.”

“You wouldn’t want your wife treating you for your mental health.”

“No, I suppose not.”

“How are things going for you at home?”

“Okay. I’ve, hmm, become quite domesticated. I’m doing all the housework and cooking.” “Does that bother you?”

“Not really. But our roles have changed, just as you suggested. Alex has become more aggressive.”

“Do you feel threatened?”

“Not exactly, but some of the things we’re doing are a little odd.”

“Such as?”

“Well, for one thing, the apron I told you about. She likes for me to greet her wearing it.”

“That’s unusual to you?” Her voice carried a hint of skepticism.

“No. However, being naked underneath it. That’s a little odd.”

“But titillating,” she suggested.

“Yes.”

“The two of you are playing sexual games, then. Is that what you mean?”

“Yes. But just recently, as I told you on my last visit, she suggested I wear pantyhose with the apron.”

She consulted her notepad on her lap. “You stated you were cold and she suggested pantyhose. The domesticated husband in ruffled garb. It’s a game, perhaps a little more so. Reflecting the changing roles of your relationship.”

“Yes,” I said and watched her scratch a few notes on her notepad. I wondered again if she recorded our sessions, and if so, why she needed notes.

“This is not unusual, Richard. I’ve told you that before.”

“Wearing a frilly apron and pantyhose is not unusual?”

“Not today.”

“Humph. Well, she wants me to shave my legs and I find that more than a bit unusual.”

“Do you feel threatened?”

I did, but said, "I'm not sure how I feel about it." Which was a lie. I didn't like the idea, feared the consequences.

"I wouldn't be too concerned. Many men today are into the sleek model look. Women find such men very attractive. Males today enjoy exploring a softer image."

"Alex seems to be quite taken with it."

"Did you peruse fashion television like suggested?"

"Not yet, but I've recorded some of it, will have time this afternoon, watch some of it."

"Do you feel your masculinity threatened?"

"Ahm, not really." A lie of course. "But you must admit it is a bit odd."

"Not that unusual. You'd be surprised at the number of husbands who wear suggestive underclothes. Men's fashions have changed dramatically over the years. Male models are occasionally seen wearing skirts on runways and in public today. Men's briefs resemble panties, are all the rage, actually. It is not so strange to see male models wearing shoes with heels, Men wear makeup now. Guyliner is becoming popular."

"You think I should go along with her, then?"

"That's up to you. It couldn't hurt. Unless of course you feel your masculinity is threatened."

"Well, I want to keep her happy. We've come a long way since my indiscretion at the university."

"She has forgiven you."

"I think so, yes."

"Do you forgive yourself?"

"I still have guilty feelings about it. She'll never be able to trust me around other women."

"It will take time. Be patient."

"Our sex life is different, too."

"Oh?"

"Well, I don't know if I want to get into *that*."

"Nothing you say I haven't heard before."

"Some of it is rather perverted."

"Can you give me an example?"

I sat in the twin leather armchair in silence, gazed past the length of the leather couch that I'd never used, felt acutely embar-

rapped by what I was about to tell my analyst. But all this was confidential, so I told her.

“An example,” I said sighing. “She likes for me to, ah, give her buttocks oral attention. You know, ah, like on her anus. Isn’t that over the top?”

“Not really. At least not between consenting adults. Especially if you derive some pleasure from it. Oral attention of the anus is another erogenous zone: anilingus, the stimulation of the anus by oral attention or penetration. It’s come into popularity over the years. Anal sex is quite common. You find this act perverted?”

“Yes. Don’t you?”

“Not in the least. By doing it you have demonstrated a certain submission to your wife.”

“Yes, I sort of realize that. It’s a little scary, that’s all.”

“If your wife likes it, humor her. Both of you seem to enjoy it.”

“What about the other, wearing aprons and pantyhose?”

“Nothing wrong with that. Maybe you should surprise her, shave your legs. It will please her, don’t you think?”

“I suppose.”

“Don’t feel threatened by it. Go along and explore this new sensuality. Many couples blur the gender lines today. It is a sign of our modern culture.”

“It would make Alex happy, so I’ll consider it.”

“Do you want me to put you under, use posthypnotic suggestion to help you with nicotine addiction?”

“Yes, I’ve had the urge to start smoking again.”

“I could also suggest you go along with some of your wife ideas. It might help get you over these feelings of threatened masculinity.”

“Yes, if it will help. That sounds good.”

15

At home I had a couple of hours before Alex would be home, punched up the fashion recordings on the DVR, women parading on the catwalk in winter fashions. I fast forwarded to the coming Spring fashions: Ashton Patric and Nari Nef in revealing outfits, showing off lots of comely leg, Ashton in a pair of peep-toe pumps, wearing a high split-front ankle skirt, her legs flashing as the skirt swirled around her stunning, show-stopping legs. If you didn’t know, you wouldn’t suspect she was anything but a real

woman . . . except for the flat chest, glimpsed in the deep vee-neck of the top of the gown.

Nari Nef came back out in a pair of tight thigh-high shorts and an open top that barely concealed modest breasts, nipples notching the filmy material. Short black hair framed a pretty face that was accented in full makeup. Gold lamé sandals with straps wound around her feet ankles and shins.

Who would guess either of these stunning models were anything but female?

To my chagrin my penis throbbed to life in pair of blowsy lemon shorts my wife had given me. Squeezing my basket, I watched as Ashton Patric came back out in a slinky sarong dress and strappy high heel sandals, showing off her long slender legs.

I recalled my analyst's reference to these models, could hardly believe they were actually males, absently massaging my unit through the slick lemon shorts.

Being excited by these two gorgeous models was disturbing, but they looked so convincingly feminine.

I clicked out of the recordings, traipsed down the hall, into the bedroom and our adjoining bathroom, dipped into the hamper, fingers grazing my wife's unmentionables. My hand came away with a pink pair of Alex's bikini panties. I sniffed them, my hand inside the elastic waistband of the shorts, caressing my hard penis. I wanted to complete the act, however, at the last moment, I dropped her panties back into the hamper, the odor lingering on my face, decided I could never convincingly imitate either of the lovely models.

Just the thought of it though sent shivers down my back.

A couple of nights later I wanted to make love to Alex in a conventional manner. She considered me with bold brown eyes, thoughtfully regarding my request. Finally she nodded, said if that's what I wanted. I followed her into the bedroom, watched her disrobe.

She lay on the bed spreading her legs, gave me another odd look and beckoned with her finger. I mounted her. She cocked her legs, but my dick wouldn't cooperate. I sucked her breasts and squirmed around, tried to insert my limp penis.

It didn't work.

Finally I rolled to one side, said I didn't know what was wrong. She understood. These things happen.

Getting out of bed she went to one of her drawers, came back with an ivory-colored vibrator shaped like a small penis, trailed it over the top of her vagina, her eyes watching mine as she pleased herself, eventually pushing the little hummer into the pink folds of her vagina.

Eyes never leaving mine, she withdrew the vibrator, brought it to her face, inhaled the bouquet of her sex . . . and licked the womanly dew off it.

"Lick me, Richard. Use my "little friend" on my anus. Slowly insert it while sucking my pussy."

I looked at her for a moment, felt my skin prickle.

She held the vibrator to my face, told me to kiss it first. I dropped my eyes . . . , finally kissed it and she put it in my hand. "Get your face between my legs."

Her vagina, already wet, I pleased her with my mouth and tongue, slowly inserted the phallus shaped vibrator into her rectum.

She squirmed beneath me as I licked and sucked and used her "little friend" on her ass.

Soon her heavy breathing signaled the zenith of her desire and my tongue and mouth were flooded with intimate secretions, her clitoris humming in my lips, hands painfully clutched in my unkempt shaggy hair.

She laid back. On my knees I saw her slowly expel the vibrator from between her buttocks. It fell on the sheet, the sound of it softly humming.

The next night, after another failed attempt at coitus, Alex had me lay back, took me in her mouth. After a while I went hard and I watched her hand find her nightstand drawer, reach inside and retrieve the vibrator. She put the phallus in her mouth, made it wet with saliva. Using her fingers she twisted the base and it came to life. She slid it between my legs and teased my sphincter with the blunt, penis-shaped end, worked it ever so slowly into my rectum while she sucked my dick.

After several moments I became accustomed to the strange invasion, wondered of this new twist. As her head bobbed on my unit she pushed the vibrator deeper, wiggled it and suddenly I lost it, shot unceremoniously into her mouth.

The climax was different, my anus pulsating on the invader, unfulfilling to some extent.

Sitting up, Alex grinned, my discharge wetting her lips, dripping over her chin. Locking onto my eyes, she licked her lips, scooped semen on her fingers and sucked them, then pushed two sloppy digits into my mouth.

“Suck it off, baby. It turns me on.”

Her cum-laden fingers were already in my mouth, making my tummy do flip-flops. I had no choice, sucked my semen from her insistent fingers.

Later while we lay in bed, she told me, “Like a woman, that’s your G-spot. Your prostrate is very sensitive and my *little friend* spurred you to climax.”

“It happened very quickly,” I said.

“Haven’t you ever been milked by a doctor?”

“What?” Preposterous. “No, never.”

“Doctors sometimes do it to their patients to get a semen sample.”

“Huh. I didn’t know.”

“Having a woman do it to you can be sexual,” she suggested. “Especially if another nurse is present, watching your helpless little unit spurt its precious seed.”

Her eyes were aglow as she looked at me.

“And embarrassing,” I added.

“Being exposed like that to a strange woman, having her milk you will make you feel helpless. It’s something to do with women being in total control. Once you’re used to it, it can be quite invigorating.”

“Oh?”

“Yes,” she continued, “she has all the control, determines when you climax. I’d like to see it being done to you on an examining table with legs spread and feet in stirrups. You’d look and feel so helpless.”

“You mean like when a doctor gives a woman a pelvic exam, that kind of table?” She nodded. “I wouldn’t like that,” I said, wondering of this new kinky revelation.

“Richard, it’s not always about what you like, but about what I like.”

“I don’t think so.”

“If you submitted it would excite me, show your devotion to my wants and desires.”

I didn't want to pursue this new distorted twist, turned away from her and pretended sleep.

But the next night after dinner and a little television, I found my face glued to Alex' buttocks, licking, lubricating her anus, then inserting the phallus-shaped vibrator into it while her fingers diddled her sex, my penis limp and uncooperative.

After some moments her body shook in release. She swiveled to her back, drew my head to her pussy where I lapped her slippery secretions.

She handed me the vibrator, told me to wash it off in the bathroom sink. Or, if I really wanted to, I could lick it clean. I took it into the bathroom and washed it.

I had started wearing pantyhose with the powder blue apron, but Alex didn't make comment. Crestfallen, I wondered how to get back in her good graces.

"A few days later she commented about me wearing pantyhose and the apron, said I didn't have to wear hosiery if I didn't want. It was okay with her.

She sounded very understanding and I was wary, said if it turned her on I was glad to do it.

She looked doubtful.

I kept wearing pantyhose, discovered packages of hose in my underwear drawer and put them on, greeted her at the door in them and the apron. She was delighted.

Days later during our morning routine she told me how sweet I looked wearing the frilly apron with pantyhose adoring my legs.

I thought back to what my analyst had said, shaving my legs to humor my wife. What could it hurt?

After seeing Alex off I used a razor and some of Alex' depilatory on my legs, removed all the hair and took a nice bath, adding her fragrant oily bath beads and lotions. I hoped she would be delightfully surprised, planned on greeting her at the door wearing the apron and pantyhose.

While soaking in the tub I reflected on my wife's eccentric behavior and my acquiescence. This business had transpired over a period of many months, happened gradually. Like a guy sinking exorbitantly into quicksand. This behavior, my compliance and her assertiveness, went almost unnoticed at first. But now there was no denying the deviance, the hierarchy of our relationship.

Alex had led me along, somewhat unwillingly at first but now, especially when she denied me her attentions, I quickly suc-

cumbed to her strange *requests*. I didn't want to look closely at my reluctant participation, wanted to blame her, knew, however, in the darker resources of my consciousness, it was also what I wanted.

Moving about that day I did notice an increased awareness of my newly shaved legs, how the pantyhose whispered seductively as I walked. It felt nice, too, and I felt foolish for balking at her idea.

After all, Dr. Ashburn and my wife's associate had told me all about modern males, their new, softer image.

The problem was I was walking around most of the day with an erection.

I didn't hear Alex come in but felt her eyes on me, turned from the stove, found her standing in the doorway, gazing at me.

"Hi, dear. How was your day?"

She looked me over. "You shaved your legs."

I smiled. "Do you like?"

"You have really nice legs, Rich. Smooth and womanly. Why did you do it?"

"It's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, but I wasn't really that serious about it."

"Oh? Sounded to me like you were serious."

"I like it."

She dropped her purse on the counter came up to me and wrapped her arms around my waist, kissed the back of my neck and then sent her tongue inside my mouth.

"I could just eat you up," she said.

"By all means. That sounds good to me."

"Will supper wait?"

"Of course."

We went off to the bedroom, hand in hand.

I flopped on the bed, watched her strip off her clothes except for panties. She ran a hand along my stocking legs, soon had the pantyhose peeled to the tops of my thighs. She knelt between my spread legs, stroked my cock and took me in her mouth.

It felt great and I thought about all the times I had serviced her like this. Now I was getting my turn, and soon I was on the edge, ready to explode.

She sensed my nearness, fisted my shaft, swirled her tongue around my glans and I spurted in her mouth.

She coaxed all of it out of me, fisting my cock and slurping my helmet.

She crawled up beside me, kissed me with her oily lips. I turned my head at her derisive chuckle, but she found my lips with hers, spit my own semen into my mouth. My stomach roiled. I struggled to get up, spit it out in the bathroom and she held me on my back, sat on my chest. I had no choice but to swallow.

She laid her head on my chest. "Did you like that?"

"Not the last part."

"Semen is full of protein, has nutrients in it, is beneficial. Modern males are getting into it."

"I don't like it."

"I do," she said. "It turns me on. I think it will turn you on too . . . if you give it a chance."

"This is crazy. What's happening to us?"

"Didn't you like me sucking you, baby?"

"Yes, you know I did. But the other . . ."

"You need to get over it. When you eat my pussy I kiss you. It's sharing, that's all."

Alexandra made it sound so reasonable, I thought, as I tasted the tang of my discharge.

After a few moments of silence, I said, I didn't last very long."

"That's okay. Maybe we'll try intercourse later. Maybe you'll last a little longer. Enough so that I can enjoy it too . . . that is if you can get it up."

"I'm sorry, Alex. I haven't had much staying power lately and I don't know why my penis stays limp. I'll try to improve."

Later in bed she feathered my penis, asked me if I was up to it.

Soon I was between her legs. She seemed very wet and I plunged deeply into her.

I lasted longer and I think she had an orgasm before I climaxed. I asked her if she was satisfied and she allowed that she was.

She pushed my face between her legs. I knew what she wanted, licked her out, tasting the excess of our combined climaxes.

We slept.

The next morning I laid out her clothes as was our custom.

Alex came from the bathroom, a thick towel wrapped around her from breast to buttock. She went over to her vanity and bent over, flashing that firm round ass.

“Do me, honey,” she said.

“You mean your rear?”

“Yes, I want to feel your tongue in there. I really like it, want you to like it too.”

I knelt behind her, lavished kisses on her cheeks and told her I loved her, licked the darker furrow between them, found her wrinkled sphincter and teased it with the tip of my tongue.

“I’m all clean back there so get your tongue deep.”

“As you wish.”

“Remember the email I sent you?” she said in a husky voice.

“Yes.”

“You want to be my ass-licker, don’t you, dear?” Male ass worship to his female shows devotion, the hierarchy of their relationship.”

I did it to please her, felt very humiliated, remembered my analyst saying something about how exciting it was for the male.

“You want me to do it, then?”

“Oh, yes, I want it . . . and more. You’re very hard.”

“Yes.”

“Get your tongue in there where it counts, baby.”

I did and noticed my tongue found easier purchase in her anus. Maybe she had learned how to relax her anus. A secret thrill sent goosebumps along my arms, and my penis dripped seminal fluid. I wondered how many husbands did this for their wives. Also, what it would feel like if she tongued my anus.

I knelt and worshiped her sphincter for a long time while she snuggled her cheeks on my face. I was aware of a sense of humiliation. For some reason it heightened the moment and I couldn’t deny my hard readiness.

“I hope you have enough gratitude for what I’m allowing you to do,” Alex whispered, her voice harsh, almost like a reprimand.

I heard her fingers squishing, probably inside her vagina and soon felt her sphincter contract on my tongue, purr in a dance similar to her clitoris.

She stood and turned, held my face against her curly pubes.

“I liked that,” she said. I think I should keep my private parts all smooth for you. No hair will allow you to really please me with your mouth. What do you think?

“Yes, of course.”

“And you shall keep your privates free of hair. I want you to take care of that today while I’m at work. In fact, when I get home tonight, I don’t expect to find any hair on your body below your neck. Make sure you do your underarms.”

Going this far, what could it hurt? “Yes, whatever you say.”

“I can’t leave you in such a state of excitement. While I get dressed fetch a pair of my soiled panties and I’ll toss you off.”

As a reward I knelt in front of my fully clothed wife while she wrapped the panties from the wicker basket around my penis and masturbated me.

She pushed the panties into my mouth. “Suck them clean, dear.”

She sat at her vanity, watched me as I sucked my cum from her soiled panties. “That’s a good boy,” she whispered at my ear. “I love you, Rich.”

She stood, tugged the wet panties from my mouth, said, “We’ll have to get you some proper shoes.”

“Shoes?”

“Yes, you can’t run around all day in just pantyhose. You need proper shoes. Smaller heels at first and then taller ones once you get used to them.”

“You want me to wear heels?”

“Of course. It will accent your legs, give them some dimension, dear.”

“Isn’t this enough?”

“No, I want to see how your legs look in the right shoes. You want it, don’t you?”

I didn’t answer, averted my eyes from her gleaming brown lamps.

What was going on made it hard to concentrate, hard to say no. “Ahm, if you say so.” I didn’t want to argue with her now, during this fervent moment, but what she said was almost enough to cause me to lose my growing hardness, which appeared mysteriously.

“I say so. It will make me hot picturing you at home wearing heels.”

“I thought this might be enough.”

“I’ll determine when it’s enough.”

And she tweaked my nipple, grabbed my hardening penis, quickened her pace and I was soon climaxing again, spilling



weak splotches on her shins. She looked at the smear of my semen, at me, pointed.

I knew what I had to do, bent and licked up the splotches from her shins.

“Yes, that’s it, baby. Get it all.”

She stood over me. “Maybe that will hold you for the day. You think?”

“Yes.”

I sat in the bedroom for long moments after she’d left, wondered how our strange sex life had come to this.

I made the bed, had a cup of coffee in the kitchen and read the paper. I couldn’t help looking at my legs encased in pantyhose, how nice they looked and wondered about all this business, thought about what Dr. Kerry and I had discussed.

It was almost as if we were on our second honeymoon. Yes, different for sure. The sex was more than a bit strange, yet mysteriously euphoric.

Perverted wasn’t too strong a word.

I went into the bathroom, used electric clippers then carefully shaved my pubic area. Doing my ball sac was not so easy but finally with the help of depilatory, they were free of hair. Doing my chest was easier and I managed to get rid of all the underarm hair.

Slick as a baby’s bottom, I was.

The slick white camisole she gave me was new. Holding my eye, she insisted I wear it. It slid against my nipples, made them hard and I was soon sporting a woody.

By now I knew to use the herbal creams and lotions she bought. Though smelling a bit frou-frou, the emollients would reduce itching, make my legs and shins more pleasing to the touch. She wanted my skin smooth and sleek.

In the bedroom I went into the walk-in closet, turned on the overhead fluorescent light, peered at my nipples. They were darker in color as was my areola, where tiny bumps had mysteriously appeared. The darker areola looked puffy, too.

My nipples had become somewhat pronounced. I wondered if it was from all the nipple play Alex seemed to enjoy, something she had introduced me to a couple months ago. She’d started out tweaking them while I knelt before her and masturbated to her amusement.

It was maddening the way she’d roll my nipples in her fingers, tug on them, often suck them while I played with my pecker. Dur-

ing this nipple play I would find myself almost on the verge of a climax and my dear wife would back off, still my hand with her own.

These nipple-play sessions seldom resulted in satisfaction for me. She would stop abruptly, tell me in no uncertain terms that I better not squirt. I don't know how she knew I was about to, but she did. I'd beg for release and she'd deny it, explaining she wanted me on a constant sexual plateau.

This was a relatively new kink and I hated it.

She forewarned me from masturbating, ridiculed me for squirting in her dirty panties after she had gone to work. I denied it and she chuckled derisively, said she'd found her soiled panties with the telltales stains of my discharge.

I never figured on that.

Women are so damn devious!

To insure my abstinence she threatened a chastity device that would prevent self abuse.

So humiliating, being talked down to like some sneaky adolescent who'd just discovered that his penis was good for something other than peeing out of.

And . . . not only were my nipples and areola inflamed but my chest looked a little fleshy. I'd brought it to Alexandra's attention. She told me it was the weight I was gaining, not to worry.

I've never had much muscle definition, but now my pectorals looked rounder, nipples jutting, darker in color.

It was almost like I was sprouting . . .

I would ask Alex if this might be the result of our nipple play.

On one side of the closet were arranged her shoes. So many pairs they were hard to count. "A woman never has enough shoes" came to mind.

"A pair of white high heel sandals beckoned me. Before I realized what I was doing, I slid my feet into them. They were too small and my heels hung over the back, my toes scrunched into the strappy open-toe front.

I hobbled to the mirror and looked at my legs. In the shoes they looked very nice. Womanly. In the bedroom I tried walking in them, snagged a heel on the carpet and turned my ankle, caught myself on the edge of the bed and sat down. Walking in women's heels would not be easily accomplished. Yet I knew Alex seeing me in them would please her dark and distorted sexuality.

How did women walk in these darned things?

Could I ever get used to walking in heels?

I kept coming back to the high heel sandals, testing my feet in them, taking smaller steps, trying to keep my balance. Maybe if I had shoes in my size it would be easier.

I thought about my therapist, wondered if our sessions of posthypnotic suggestion had anything to do with my compliance with my wife's wishes, which were really demands.

I realized I was sliding down a slippery path. Did Alex want to feminize me? It appeared so. It was a scary thought, yet sent a delicious euphoric shiver down my back.

Looking at myself in the mirror, wearing the camisole and pantyhose and sandals, I realized it was a stupid question.

The thought caused me to kick off the shoes and put them back in the closet. I would discuss these strange events with Dr. Ashburn on my next appointment.

That evening Alex came through the door carrying packages. She crooked her finger at me and I followed into the bedroom.

She opened the boxy packages: several shoe boxes and cellophane packages of pantyhose, and several pairs of panties. I knew it was all for me. Had she read my mind?

She held up a pair of white substantial underwear.

"These will help hold you in during the day. You'll have to tuck your penis."

"This stuff is for me?" I stupidly said.

Head askew, she said, "Yes, dear. Put on the full-cut support panty and try on these flats, see if they fit."

I stepped into the white stretchy support panty. She came up to me, her hand sliding into the front, arranging my penis between my legs. "That's better. You should look smooth down there, no telltale bulge of your privates. It'll be uncomfortable until you get used to it."

I sat on the bed and slipped my feet into the low-cut shoes, stood and walked back and forth. "These are comfortable," I said, blushing.

"Use them around the house. You can even wear them out. Nobody will notice they're women's."

"I don't want to wear them outside the house."

"We'll see," she said. "Now try on the heels, the short ones first."

I tucked my feet into them. They were snug in the toe but fit.

She had me parade around the bedroom and I kind of got the hang of it.

“Your legs look lovely.”

“Alex, aren’t we taking this too far?”

A stupid question, really.

“Of course we are, silly. But I want you to have the proper image.”

“You mean a womanly image,” I accused.

She nodded and smiled. “Girly. You’re my sweet little housewife now.”

What she said sent a secret thrill down my spine.

“Is that what you want?”

“I think so, yes.”

“This is crazy.”

“Oh, stop being so uptight about it. Lots of men dress for their wives. It’s not so strange.”

“You think I’d be convincing?”

“Yes. Don’t you?”

“This scares me.”

“We’ll go out this weekend to one of those special bars and you will see it’s not so strange.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Nothing overt at first. You can wear those flats and a pair of slacks. Perhaps a blouse.”

“You want me to go out in public dressed like a woman?”
Incredulous.

“Nothing flamboyant, dear. We’ll fem you up just a little.”

“I won’t do it!”

She looked at me for a long moment. “You don’t have to, but it would please me.”

In other words, Alexandra implied the choice was hers.

“Doing this at home is enough.”

“Whatever you say.”

We ate in silence for a while. I asked about her day. Okay. And how is Katherine Boggs?” I wondered.

“She asked about you.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, I told her you were coming along, albeit reluctantly.

“You didn’t tell her about the things we do?”

“She a psychoanalyst, dear. She’s heard most of it before.”

“I’ll never be able to face her again.”

Alexandra patted my hand. “It’ll work out, you’ll see.”

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“She wants to take me to one of those alternative lifestyle bars tomorrow night.”

“You’re reluctant?” said Dr. Ashburn.

We sat across from each other in the comfy leather armchairs which flanked the couch that I had never used.

“Yes. I don’t want to go out in public dressed as a woman.”

“But you said she wouldn’t overdo it.”

“Still, I don’t like it. Doing it at home is one thing but not out where others can see me.”

“Going out dressed to a special bar will not be out of place. It might do you some good to see other men who enjoy dressing in public.”

“Do you know what I’m wearing under these jeans?”

Dr. Ashburn shook her head.

“I’m wearing pantyhose and a spandex panty girdle.”

My voice skeptical, Dr. Ashburn arched one eyebrow behind horn-rim glasses. “Show me.”

“What?”

“Lower your jeans. I want to see.”

“Isn’t this a bit unusual?”

“Is it?”

“It was Alex’s suggestion I come today wearing pantyhose and this control panty girdle.”

“And you did. This is about what you should expect.”

“I’m a man,” I said stubbornly.

“Lots of men wear hosiery and panties, Richard. I’ve told you before.”

She shifted in her chair, crossed her legs revealing a generous slice of outer thigh, gazed at me.

Was that a bemused smile on her face?

“Well?” she asked.

“Well what?”

“Show me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Richard, I’m your analyst. It will be alright.”

I had the sense that my therapist relished the idea of seeing me in women’s underwear.

Hesitantly I stood and lowered my jeans, revealed the pantyhose and panty girdle. Doing this in front of my analyst was awkward, yet stimulating in some bizarre way.

She uncrossed her legs, sat forward, looked at me standing in the subdued lighting of her office.

“Very nice,” she said. “You’ve shaved your legs.”

“Yes, Alex wanted me to.”

“You may pull your pants back up, Richard.”

“Thank you.”

Talking to me as if I was a rebellious child called into the principal’s office. Actually . . . well, actually making me feel naughty.

“Now that wasn’t so bad, was it?”

“I guess not. But like you said, you’re my analyst.”

“That’s right. There’s nothing you can say that I haven’t heard before.”

“The posthypnotic suggestion you gave me on my last appointment. Ah, I was wondering if, ah . . .”

“Yes?”

“If you, uhm, while I was under, you suggested I go along with my wife’s wishes?”

“That’s correct. It was easier for you, wasn’t it? Going along with her wishes, I mean?”

“Yes. Only I’m not so sure I want to go further down this path.”

“What path?”

“Ah, you know, wearing all this stuff and shaving my body. I’ve shaved off all my hair from the neck down. And Alex insists, along with her, I use these herbal creams and lotions. The stuff makes my skin soft and fragrant, like a . . .”

My analyst nodded, a wry smile on her face. “But you’re doing it under your wife’s direction.”

“Yes, of course.”

“You realize now that you’ve conceded to her what little authority you might have had, yes?”

“I didn’t realize what I was doing.”

“I think you did realize it. Perhaps don’t want to admit it. In your subconscious mind you know what is happening.”

“Humph,” I said. “Wearing the clothes and everything else — I’m wearing women’s shoes at home now. It makes me feel, I don’t know . . .”

“A little naughty, perhaps wicked, maybe?”

“Yes, that too.” I looked away and a long moment of silence passed. “I feel humiliated.”

“Humiliation is rewarding to someone of a subservient nature. Exciting too.”

“What?”

“Feeling humiliated by what you’re doing can be very stimulating.”

“Yes. Alex has taken over our marriage. It’s like I’ve become the housewife in our relationship. It seems I have no control — no say so in our marriage anymore.”

“You feel helpless, is that it?”

I nodded. “I’m losing my masculinity.”

“But your wife enjoys these changes, doesn’t she? You’re really not losing anything.”

I looked at her, searching for a rejoinder, didn’t come up with one.

“You’ve gone along with it. It’s not like she’s forcing you to wear women’s clothing and keep your body soft and free of hair. She’s helping you do what you secretly want to do.”

“She *is* forcing me.”

“There must be some aspects of her wishes you enjoy. I would suggest you give into her directives. It seems to have helped your relationship. Also, I’m sure you still feel guilty about your sexual encounters with that student. And smoking behind your wife’s back, sneaking around like a kid trying to fool his parents.”

“Yes, but I think Alex has forgiven me.”

“You’re doing these things to appease your guilt and get along with your wife. Did it ever occur to you she might be doing this to insure you don’t cheat on her?”

“I, well . . . , I’m not sure. What do you mean?”

“If your body is sleek and smooth, without hair, it will make it more difficult for you to cheat on her. Even though males with smooth sleek skin is a common trend today. Of course, you could find a woman who enjoys such a mate.”

“Hmm.”

“Then go along with her. Go to that alternative lifestyle bar and enjoy yourself. You’ll see what you’re doing is not as strange as you may think.”

“Uhm, if you say so,” I said doubtfully.

“Now, since you’ve denuded your body of hair, I’ll prescribe a lotion which will keep down the itching and give your skin a healthy glow.”

“I do have some itching, especially around my privates.”

17

Saturday night we dressed for our night out. That afternoon we went shopping and Alex selected slacks and bra, along with other garments. The bra really scared me. She’d held a pair of slacks to my waist and I blushed in embarrassment.

While dressing we had several glasses of wine to put me at ease. She helped me into a pair of bikini panties that were stretchy and scandalously short of material. Around my middle and just above my hips she wrapped a corset, putting her knee on my back for leverage as she tightened the laces. I struggled into the slacks after donning sheer pantyhose. The slacks had no back pockets, a side zipper, were stretchy, snug in the butt. The pant held in my tucked penis, and in back rode inside my buttocks.

I zipped them up and we stood in front of the mirror in the closet. She showed me how pleasing my buttocks looked and the skimpy panties didn’t show through the springy microfiber material.

It was disturbing how my buttocks filled out the slacks. I hadn’t noticed before. Or pretended I hadn’t noticed, I’m not sure which. I was putting on a little weight back there and my butt felt fleshy and soft.

The waist cincher narrowed my waist, gave me a certain hippy look.

I didn’t like the long-sleeve blouse. It had frilly cuffs and a batwing collar, the front open, sort of plunging, barely covering the small pushup bra that forced together my fleshy chest. With the top buttons open it revealed a hint of cleavage.

We sat at the vanity and she applied subtle makeup to my face: a neutral foundation, some rouge which made my cheeks appear higher. I balked at the eyeliner and mascara but she said nobody would notice since the bar would be dark. How did she know the

bar would be dark? All bars were dark, she reasoned. My shaggy hair which needed a trim, she brushed out as femininely as possible. She clipped on pearl-drop earrings to my earlobes and put a matching strand of pearls around my neck.

The bolero jacket was definitely styled for a woman but it did compliment my outfit.

She sprayed me with a burst of her perfume, told me I looked lovely.

She held out two pairs of shoes, the flats or the smaller heels; my choice. I chose the flats and she grinned, said with either pair I'd look nice.

When I looked in the vanity mirror I was surprised at how well the make-up worked, how girly I looked.

The last touch was soft pink lipstick which she over-painted, making my lips look fuller than they were, then added a transparent lip gloss.

Alex sat and slowly slid her long legs into suspender pantyhose under skimpy bikini panties. Watching her do this was sensuous and I felt my organ spasm in the tight confines of the snug panties and the microfiber pant. She put on a nearly transparent long sleeve blouse, her pert breasts and nipples imprinting the thin material.

I knelt, held open a short black leather skirt, watched her wiggle her feet into skyscraper heels. She sat, looked at me, crossed her legs, giving me a generous view.

“You’re worked up,” she said, “I can see it in your eyes.”

“You look really sexy,” I said, impulsively kissed her crossed knee.

“As do you,” she said, cupping me through the frilly blouse, running her thumbs over my bra-encased nipples.

She had denied me any release all week and I was really worked up.

From the closet she slipped into a black leather motorcycle jacket which hid her bare breasts.

She looked great, more than a bit dominant.

I thought it ironic that I was wearing a bra and she was not.

She gave me a white sequin clutch purse which held my driver’s license and a couple of credit cards, a pink lipstick and compact.

She drove us to the Barrows. I was very apprehensive. What if I have to use the bathroom, I wondered. We would go the ladies together, she explained.

Though I'd peed before we left my bladder felt full and I'd have to soon use it again.

Rush is the Barrows, that section of Cyrenaica that caters to all lifestyles. The barroom was crowded and I noticed several mixed couples along with same-sex couples at the large squared-shaped bar.

As we moved inward I was aware of eyes following us.

On either of the four cornered-bar were elevated stages lit by spots, patrons sitting around the platforms. On these platforms were dancers; young men with gleaming sleek skin, wearing g-strings which barely covered their private parts. Some of them had tattoos and nipple piercings.

Alex tugged me along, stopped near one stage where the go-go boy gyrated to the rhythms of loud beating music. He wore a sequined string bikini that obscenely outlined a pronounced package. His face was exaggerated with black and silver makeup and mascara, his lush-looking lips a deep red, so red, in fact, they looked almost black.

In another cage was a young man, slender with flat abs and pectorals, his small nipples seemingly bloated by nipple rings attached to a small silver chain. His close-cropped white hair contrasted with gothic makeup and his entire body shone of oil and was free of hair.

At the two other elevated stages were similar dancers, all of them wearing ridiculous tiny swatches of stretchy material over their privates. Men and women sat around these elevated round stages, drinking and watching the pretty boys entertain them.

Women and men cheered on these dancing boys menageries', some of them standing and tucking money inside their g-strings.

The dancing young man saw us standing near and smiled, blew us a kiss.

Alex smiled at me, whispered at my ear he was flirting, wondered if we should take two empty chairs fronting the small round stage. I shook my head, wanted to move on. Before we did, my wife pointed out several couples among the onlookers at the platform aprons, all of them rooting on the skimpily-clad male dancers.

A strange nightclub indeed.

Past the square bar and cages, iron-rimmed cement steps led upstairs to another floor that overlooked the huge dance floor. Upstairs patrons were leaning on the square railings, watching people cavort on the dance floor and the writhing boys in the cages.

Moving deeper we came upon large black double-doors, a young doorman standing in skin-tight shorts and muscle shirt, his package clearly outlined in the scandalous shorts. He wore incongruous pink ankle boots and his legs were free of hair.

After paying a cover charge, which Alex made me pay from my clutch purse, we were admitted into the main showroom

We went through the double swinging doors, the music changing, becoming softer, a different in rhythm, the room expanding wider and deeper, the interior darker.

The showroom was huge, included a dance floor and stage separated by a hallway which led to the back. The tables were covered with white linen tablecloths and nearly all of them were occupied.

The music switched to a Frank Sinatra ballad. I noticed several same sex couples dancing together as well as mixed couples.

Though apprehensive, I noticed nobody seemed to pay us much attention.

Alex found an empty table near the back and I was grateful.

The wine we drank at home helped me relax but I was still anxious. Alex was exuberant.

A waiter came by our table, took our drink order for a carafe of wine.

He wore subtle makeup, eyeliner and mascara, was dressed in tight slacks. His shoes resembled mine and he sort of swished when he walked. I felt uncomfortable under his gaze.

Several beautifully coiffed women mingled amongst the tables. They were really decked out, wearing heels and dresses, some in blouses and skirts, and a couple in tight sequined gowns. When Alex told me they were men I paid more attention. Drag queens, but unless told, I wouldn't have believed them to be anything other than real women.

I felt better, relaxed a little.

Halfway through the carafe of wine the drag queens started moving down the hallway which skirted one side of the stage.

The juke box stopped and the lights went low.

Spots soon highlighted the stage. A woman (?) slipped between the drawn curtains. She was very attractive, welcomed the patrons to the show.

We sat through several acts, the stage performances very convincing.

The show lasted about an hour before the lights dimmed again.

In a few minutes the juke box started again and I saw the performers coming from the back, stopping at tables, some of them sitting with couples, chatting, having drinks with customers.

It was inevitable that one of these queens would stop at our table. She wore a long sleeved gown with split-front, one comely leg on display in the slit, spiked heels making her appear taller than she actually was.

To my chagrin Alex asked her to join us. She sat near me; gazed until I had to look away, asked if this was my first time. I nodded, didn't know what to say. A waiter stopped by, and at her simple nod, went off, his cute butt sashaying between the tables.

She introduced herself as Olivia, complimented me on my appearance. I blushed and smiled; saw the bodice of her plunging gown suggesting a slim bosom, apparently large nipples imprinting the fabric.

Olivia chuckled and said, "They're real, honey. I paid good money for the twins."

Alex patted my knee under the table, told me to relax.

"Are you guys friends or lovers or both?" she asked my wife.

"We're married. And you're right, this is his first time out."

"Ah, married. That's even better. It's common enough today finding understanding wives," Olivia said.

"He's been a bit reluctant and it's taken many, many months to get him this far."

Olivia chuckled, told me I looked convincing.

The waiter dropped off her drink.

Looking at me she said, "You might be surprised at how many men come out dressed. It's more popular than what you think. Especially in today's modern culture."

"Err," I said.

Leaning over the table she said to Alex, "It's always helpful to have an understanding woman behind a guy exploring his softer side."

I wanted to correct her but was distracted, caught sight of the gap in the plunging vee-shaped bodice of her gown that left her shoulders bare and gathered around her neck, saw most of a pert breast peeking, the hint of one large nipple.

Alex glanced at me with a wicked smile and I averted my eyes. “Have you been in the life long?”

“Most of my life. My parents didn’t understand. Thankfully my older sister was more understanding, brought me along, encouraged my fem nature.”

“And you, dear?” Olivia said to me. “How long have you been in the closet?”

“It isn’t like that,” I blushing said, sipped wine just to be doing something.

“I started him out with an apron,” said my wife, “introduced him to undergarments and keeping his skin free of hair, treated his skin so it’d be softer, more like a woman’s.”

“You’re a top then?”

Alex nodded. “It wasn’t always so but I’ve overcome Richard’s reluctance. It’s a sexual thing with us.” She glanced at me for a moment. “I love it.”

Olivia batted her eyelashes, smiled and said, “I do adore submissive men. The possibilities are endless.”

Goosebumps sprouted on my arms.

“Yes,” agreed Alex. “We’re finding that out and he’s become so . . . sweetly submissive. I didn’t know how much I liked being in control.”

“There’s nothing like a meek girly male to get your blood flowing,” she said, staring at me. “I absolutely love to put girly males in their place.”

“I’m not that way,” I said, my voice nearly a whisper, catching in my throat.

“You are, dear. You’re just having trouble coping.”

“Alex! This woman is a complete stranger. We shouldn’t be talking —”

“— It doesn’t have to be that way,” Olivia said to me, glanced at my wife, a wry smile on her face.

The queen’s provocative interruption silenced me.

“As tall as you are I can see where you might fit the role of a dominatrix,” Alex said.

Olivia nodded. "Six-two. Though my height turns some men off."

"Are you in a relationship?" wondered Alex.

Olivia smiled, winked at me. "Several."

I wanted to hide my face or crawl under the table, the conversation getting suggestive, risqué.

"I have to use the bathroom," I blurted.

Olivia pointed to the hall that skirted one side of the stage. "The way you're dressed, honey, I wouldn't recommend using the men's. I could take you to the ladies powder room. Maybe we should get better acquainted."

Alex thought her remark very funny. Her chortle turned my face hot in embarrassment. "Oh my, yes, take my sweetie to the potty."

Olivia stood, held out her hand. "Bring your purse, honey. We'll touch up our makeup."

"Uhm, no, I don't think so." My eyes pleaded with Alex.

Her cold sarcastic smile made my shoulders droop. "Go, dear."

"Please . . ." I begged.

The tall drag queen took my hand. "Don't worry, honey. Nothing will happen in the loo." She glanced quickly at Alex. "Unless you want it to."

"Go, Richard. You're in good hands," Alex insisted, her voice steely.

Reluctantly I followed, Olivia going first, tugging my hand.

In the bathroom were two women, one of them just emerging from a stall. Seeing Olivia she greeted her, gave me the onceover, the two of them familiar with each other. I stood near, needed desperately to void my bladder, wanted to flee, yet really needed to go.

Olivia touched up her makeup in the mirror until it was only the two of us.

She caught my reflection in the mirror, motioned at an empty stall.

I hurried into the stall, flipped the privacy latch, and after some difficulty managed to lower the tight slacks, pantyhose and spandex panty, sat down. Amazingly, I couldn't pee, sat there, wondered how I'd ever gotten myself into such a mess, waited and waited.

"Are you okay in there?"

“Yes, it’s just taking me a while. Nervous I guess.”

“Don’t take too long, dear. I have to go backstage soon.”

“Go on without me, I’ll be alright.”

I was greeted by silence, willed myself to urinate and finally did, sighing in relief, peeing a heavy stream.

I struggled back into my clothes, listened to the quiet room. Maybe Olivia had gone along without me.

Exiting the stall I looked around, didn’t see her, sighed, decided to go back to our table and tell Alex I had enough.

Then I heard it, someone voiding loudly into a toilet.

Turning I saw her standing in an open stall two doors down. She craned her neck, looked at me, said in a gruff voice, “Come here.”

A shiver of dread shook my body, as against my will, my feet carried me to the open stall.

Olivia smiled down on me, put an arm around my shoulder, yanked me into the narrow stall.

“Look,” she said.

What she wanted me see wasn’t the powerful stream of urine splashing into the bowl, but what she held in her hand. Over the top of her hose and pantybriefer was a large circumcised penis.

The size of it took me by surprise and for a moment I just stared at it.

“Isn’t it a dandy?”

I swallowed hard, nodded in awe.

Smiling at me, she shook it. “Want to touch it? I don’t mind.”

I shook my head, tried to back out of the stall but her arm around my shoulder held me firmly in place.

“Well?” was her query.

“N-n-no.”

“I bet your wife would like it. I swing both ways.”

I broke free of her grip, bolted from the bathroom, hurried along the dark hall, so upset that it took me awhile to find our table.

“Where is Olivia?”

I shook my head, gulped wine. “Let’s go.”

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” said Alex. “She didn’t do anything to you?”

I shook my head, looked around as the light dimmed, saw the performers moving backstage. Then I caught sight of the tall Olivia moving toward our table.

For a minute I thought she was going to sit down but she picked up her drink, grinned at me and knocked it back.

Looking at my wife she said, "I just showed it to him. Nothing more. Guess he got a little upset."

"Showed him your . . . ?"

Olivia nodded, winked at Alex. "It's quite impressive."

18

"You didn't have to exchange phone numbers with her."

Alex smiled. "I like her."

"Him I mean. It's so confusing." Frustrated, I said, "You shouldn't have gone to the bathroom with her. Why did you do it?"

Alexandra flashed a wry smile: "I wanted to see it, Rich. You can't blame me for that."

"Yes, I can. I was never so embarrassed in all my life."

We were in bed, both of us still a little tipsy from all the wine.

"Didn't it impress you?"

"Alex, enough of this talk."

"Weren't you just a little excited?"

I turned away from her. "No."

"Did you touch it," she persisted. "Maybe give it a few wanks?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Damn, I'd like to ride that thing."

What she said didn't register.

I covered my ears with my hands.

"At least tell me this," she persisted. "The size of that thing. Weren't you just a little jealous?"

"I never want to go back there."

"You're overreacting, baby. You looked really good. Very fem. Even Olivia said how nice you —"

"— I don't care what that Amazon drag queen said. Don't you get it?"

"She is tall isn't she? A little broad in the shoulder. Still, you wouldn't know."

My wife rolled over, spooned into my back, whispered in my ear, "Can I tell you something?"

"No!"

“You have to get over this, Rich. As good as you looked tonight you could have been on stage with the other girls.”

“They’re *not* girls.” Her arm wound around my middle, hand lightly resting below my waist. “Is that what you were going to tell me, that I could’ve been on stage?”

“No. I better not tell you,” she said, her breath tickling my ear. “You’ll get mad.”

“I won’t get mad,” I said, apprehensive, feeling the points her breasts harden against my back. She was turned on. “Tell me so I can get some sleep,” I ventured.

“You won’t get mad, promise?”

“I won’t get mad.”

She snuggled her hand between my legs. “I guess I owe you for going out in fem tonight.”

“Yes, you do.”

Alex slipped her arm under the covers, her hand sliding into the waistband of my bottoms, cupped my flaccid member. We fell silent for long moments while her hand worked between my legs, eventually coaxing my unit to some life, not fully hard.

“Didn’t you find Olivia good looking?” I admitted that was so. “Uh-huh, I saw you peeking into her plunging bodice. She has nice breasts, don’t you think?” she said, slowly stroking my shaft.

“Yes, that’s true.”

“And a really big instrument to go with those slim breasts, right?”

“You want me to tell you Olivia has an impressive organ, is that it?”

“Hmm, I really want you to tell me you played with it while the two of you . . .”

Her pesky hand made me fully hard.

“Well, I didn’t.”

She squeezed my blood infused shaft, rubbed her thumb over the slit, made it spasm.

“Ahm, I did,” she whispered into my ear.

I rolled onto my back, squirmed in her embrace, now fully erect. “You played with Olivia’s penis! Is that what you’re saying?”

“Yes,” Alex confessed. “I couldn’t help it.”

My unit started to wilt and she renewed her effort, thumb grazing my glans, making my penis throb.

“We were alone. By then the show had started and I asked her if she didn’t need to hurry backstage and she said in a minute. It would be okay if she was a few minutes late. We were at the mirror, touching up our makeup and she turned to me, wrapped her arms around my waist and before I knew it was kissing me. I sort of wilted in her arms and then she asked me if I wanted to see it.”

“And you said yes. *I can’t believe it.*”

“That’s what I mean about you, Richard. You’re so anal.”

Alex kissed me, pulled my penis over the waistband of the silky bottoms. After a long lingering kiss, she mouthed my nipples through my top, whispered for me to raise it and started in on my nips, kissing, sucking, making them hard.

“So what happened?” I said, holding her head to my chest, my penis leaking seminal fluid over her slowly stroking fingers.

“Raising her face over mine she said, ”I want you to picture it. The two of us alone in the ladies. Olivia backed me into a stall, closed the door, pushed me down so I was sitting. It must have been like when you were in there with her, parting the high slit of her dress, pushing down her hose and pantybrieger. Is that how she did it with you?”

“No! *Nothing like that.* I was in a stall alone and it grew real quiet while I tried to pee, didn’t know why it was so quiet. I had such a hard time because I felt really full and couldn’t seem to pee. I thought she’d left, and when I finished my business I came out of the stall, saw I was alone. Only I wasn’t alone. I heard some splashing a couple of stalls down. She ducked her head outside the stall, motioned me over. I don’t know why I didn’t notice her head above the stall walls.”

“Baby, you’re all wet, leaking,” Alex said, stopped wanking me and licked her glistening fingers in the near darkness, kissed me, smiled. “You’re excited.”

I couldn’t deny it. My penis was at the ready and I hoped we might make love.

“Play with your nipples and tell me what happened.”

I cupped my fleshy chest, thumbed my thicker, dark brown nipples as she masturbated me.

“So you went over to the stall where she was, ah, peeing, I think you said.”

“Yes, standing there and urinating like a man would, which of course is what she is — ”

“ — Not really a man, sweetie. Or a drag queen, either. I think the correct term is transsexual. After all she has breasts.”

“Whatever! Anyway, I started off but she pulled me by the shoulder into the stall, told me to look at it. I didn’t have a choice. She’s deceptively strong.”

“Hmm,” said Alex, quickening her pace on my throbbing unit. “She could have had her way with you and you couldn’t have stopped her . . .”

The bedroom quiet, only the slight rustling of her hand, coaxing me back to hardness.

“I’m all wet, picturing you in the crowded stall, admiring her hard cock. I bet your eyes went wide in wonder . . . just like mine did. You really wanted to touch it, feel what it was like. Maybe do more . . .”

“No. That wouldn’t — didn’t — happen.”

“Damn, I’m getting all excited. Picturing the two of you in the stall while she’s peeing. You know, sort of like you getting worked up when you’re in the bathroom with me and on your knees. Making you look at her cock. Tell the truth, honey, did she put your hand on that monster, make you play with it a little?”

“No. She wanted me to but I shook my head. For a moment I was frozen there, you know, like an animal in car headlights.”

“She could have forced you to your knees . . .”

“That didn’t happen,” I said emphatically, feeling weak and humiliated by Alex’ dirty talk.

“Damn, I’m all worked up,” said my wife. “You’re dripping like a leaky faucet.”

My nipples were erect, hard and nearly as big as pencil erasers, rolling them in my fingers.

“I wouldn’t blame you if you did play with it. I mean, you know, she’s so impressive between the legs. Maybe she did force you to your knees, made you suck it and you don’t want to tell me.”

I looked into her gleaming vibrant eyes, saw the excitement even in the semidarkness. “I wish she had of . . .”

I shook my head, saw what my wife was seeing. “No, it didn’t happen.”

“Well, yes it did,” Alex candidly said.

“No, you’re not listening. I didn’t — *what do you mean?*”

“You said you wouldn’t get mad,” Alex reminded me. “I was sitting on the commode in front of her and she flopped it out, grinned at me, stroked it a little, said nobody would know.”

“*What are you saying, Alex?*” My skin tingled, butterflies floating in my stomach

“I took it in my hands, cupped her balls. It only seemed natural to take it in my mouth.”

I couldn’t believe it. “*You sucked her cock?*”

“I couldn’t help myself. It was in my face. I stretched my lips over the crown, swallowed as much as I could.”

Her hand increased the tempo and she lay her face next to mine on the pillow, her soft husky voice driving me crazy. “It’s so big, baby. There’s enough for both of us. We could suck it together. I can see it,” she said breathlessly. “I want you to see it, too. See it in your mind and cum for me now.”

A moan of surrender slipped from my lips as I tugged on my nipples and climaxed.

“Yes, yes, that’s it. Squirt a heavy load for me. Think of the fun we’ll have with Olivia.”

She pushed cum besmirched fingers into my gasping mouth, told me to lick them clean.

19

Sunday we went shopping. I didn’t want to bring up the night before, was relieved when Alex didn’t mention our night out or what happened.

We, or rather Alex, spent a lot on clothes and undergarments. In a shoe store she tried on several pairs of shoes, had an array of them on the floor before us, sent the clerk into the back for more. With a sly grin she pushed a pair of heels at me that were too big for her, told me to hurry and try them on before the clerk came back. I shook my head, like a thief looked around. Alex told me we weren’t leaving until I tried them on. I was wearing thin lace ankle socks, pushed me feet out of the flats, hurriedly wiggled my feet into the heels. She made me stand, walk a few steps, asked how they felt. I said fine, would’ve said anything to get us out of the store.

I wasn’t quick enough taking off the heels, saw the clerk pausing in back near the stockroom door, looking at us, taking his time getting back. When Alex told him we’d take the heels he pointed out they were too big for her, glanced at me. Alex said

we'd take them anyway, and looking at me, told the clerk they were for me.

He smiled at my acute discomfort, gathered the shoes and we followed him to the front counter where Alex used a credit card. I couldn't look at him, knew he was staring, silently cursed my wife.

Over the next couple of months I continued to gain weight, mostly in the wrong places: my chest and backside, could no longer get into regular jeans or slacks. My tummy was showing a few extra pounds too. Alex bought me new jeans — girls jeans and slacks — explaining I couldn't get into my regular clothes. When I balked she pointed out you could hardly tell the difference.

My drawers were filling with feminine clothing, undergarments, hosiery, panties, a couple of waist cinchers and camisoles. On my side of the walk-in closet were blouses, several skirts and four pair of shoes.

She bought me some shapewear. To hide my extra pounds is how she explained it. One in black she called a corselet bodybriefer made of nylon and Lycra, had thin shoulder straps, the front open just below my chest, said I could wear my own bra with it. What it did was slim my waist and define my hips and buttocks in a feminine fashion. Another flesh-colored briefer cut tightly across and below the chest, compressed my fleshy chest, gave me added cleavage without needing a bra. Another thing she called a waist-nipper, was very similar to the waist cinchers I had. It constricted my waist, hugged me just below my flabby pectorals, sort of pushed them out.

Too, she gave me a cup-less underwire bra that accented my chest, pushed my pecs together and forward into small round mounds, giving the illusion of slim, yet real looking breasts.

When going out, beside wearing the now ever-present panties or spandex briefers, Alex insisted I wear at least one other feminine garment.

She cajoled me into having my hair set and colored, put darker highlights in my auburn hair, now trimmed to chin length with a terribly suggestive inward flip. In a small earring shop I submitted to having my ears pierced, Alex pointing out that plenty of men had both ears pierced.

But the earrings she chose had a definite androgynous design.

Alex kept hinting about going back to the alternative lifestyle club, Rush, where in the Barrows, Olivia worked. I think she did it to upset me, telling me how cute the slim go-go boys looked, their smooth, hair-denuded bodies slicked with oil and wearing skimpy thongs that advertised their packages.

My appointments with my psychoanalyst decreased to once a month, for which I was grateful. Alex insisted I dress stylishly for these appointments, which meant in a feminine manner.

“Metrosexuals are the rage, dear,” she told me.

Dr. Ashburn took it in stride, always complimentary, said I was making great progress, gave me some new diet pills for my added weight gain.

Taking off early, Alex came with me one afternoon. It was a week or so after our night out, when we met the tall exotic Olivia. It took me by surprise when my wife recalled that night to the analyst. I shot her a couple of warning looks, but she told Dr. Kerry all about the vivacious Olivia, especially the size of her organ, what happened.

All of it.

I sat stiffly in the chair facing the desk, my wife sitting close, Dr. Kerry behind her desk, hands on the blotter, listening attentively to Alex’s vivid description of what transpired in the ladies.

For a long moment my analyst was silent, finally looked at me and said, “Richard, you can be honest with us. Your wife seems very open-minded, even encouraging you to experiment with this Olivia. It seems just a bit risqué but that’s expected in places like that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Tell us the truth. Didn’t you play with *her* organ?”

“N-n-no, I didn’t.”

“We won’t think less of you if you tell the truth,” reasoned the psychotherapist.

“I am telling the truth!”

“Your wife has expressed a desire to interact sexually with this Olivia. You should keep an open mind.”

“That’s ridiculous.” I said in a small, shaking voice.

“Not really,” said Dr. Kerry patiently. “I think I discussed with you a woman’s need to be fulfilled by a well-endowed mate. You should consider her wants and desires. Her pleasure, don’t you think?”

Alex rested her hand on my knee, told me to relax.

I looked at my hands folded in my lap, legs crossed primly at the knee, the slacks I wore emphasizing my backside in an uplifting pantybraier, the low-cut loafers, the lace ankle socks visible beneath the cuff. Under a sports coat I wore a nylon blouse and bra.

And of course my hair, which Dr. Kerry said looked lovely.

I shook my head, felt my lower lip tremble, thought I might cry.

“Especially considering your sexual difficulties,” continued my analyst.

“Olivia is really huge,” added my wife in a soft voice.

“You’ve said that already!” I barked.

“Now, now,” chided Dr. Kerry gently, “no need getting upset. Approach it with an open mind, give yourself time to consider the possibilities. Uhm, the sensual benefit of such an encounter with the three of you.”

So it went. I thought our hour would never end. During the last twenty minutes or so, Dr. Ashburn put me under, reinforced post-hypnotically my desire to avoid cigarettes and lose weight. Though she didn’t mention it, I suspect she tried to adjust my attitude about my wife’s desires to be sexually fulfilled by another *man*.

20

By now I was dressing like a woman at home, had somewhat conquered walking in heels, which I usually wore on the weekends.

As much as I hated it, I did look convincingly feminine and Alex loved it.

To say the least, our sex life was strange. At night I often found myself on my knees, orally pleasing my demanding wife.

We seldom made love like man and wife. Having normal sexual intercourse was almost nonexistent. I couldn’t seem to maintain an erection when I was allowed to penetrate her vagina. She seemed very understanding of my difficulty.

When we did attempt normal sex, Alex would usually be on top. To keep me erect she’d play with my burgeoning breasts, which were more noticeable, the areola larger, as well as my once pebble size nipples being thicker and longer.

She liked to play with my small breasts, suck on them while sitting over me.

If she didn't give my fleshy chest and engorged nipples special attention, my penis would often wilt and slip out of her vagina.

When I did climax inside her it often felt unsatisfactory. And she always made me push my head between her legs and lick her out. I was getting used to consuming my own semen, the faint bleach-like odor familiar, the consistency thick at times, at others thin.

But having me kneel between her legs, her hand flogging my penis produced more satisfying orgasms for me. Compared to coitus, being masturbated while I cupped and tweaked my nipples, seemed oddly more rewarding.

She hold her cupped hand under my dick and feed me the gelatinous puddles of it.

One night, Alex sitting on top while tweaking my nipples, I achieved a rewarding climax. Of course I came quickly, didn't get her off. She crawled over me, her hand cupped between her legs. Knees pinning my shoulders, said I'd have to finish her with my mouth.

"Yes, that's it, darling. Lick up all your goo, get me off."

Our morning ritual of her taking me in hand while fully dressed became less frequent but I dared not complain.

The perverted games we played became more intense. It was as if she was pushing me to the endurance of my sexual limits.

A new twist to her perversions, had me on all fours on the bed, wearing garter belt and stockings, feet in pumps. She wore a strap-on lubed with oil, told me to cup my burgeoning breasts and tweak the nipples, while she entered me from behind.

"A pretty girly-boy like you should experience what it's like."

Under me was a saucer.

She slowly pushed the lifelike strap-on into my "pussy-ass", whispered dirty things, wanted me to enjoy this new humiliation, said it was good for me.

Establishing a rhythm in my rectum, she somehow released the strap-on from around her hips, leaned over, her engorged nipples pressing into my back.

"Imagine its real, baby," she said, her hot breath at my ear, one hand snaking under me and stroking my dick, which wasn't always hard. However, her hand somewhat revived it. "Think of pleasing your partner."

I cupped my fleshy chest, cupped my fleshy chest and tweaked my larger nipples, felt blood surge into my penis.

“Think of Olivia, sweetie, how much you want to please her, be her bitch.”

I whimpered, felt the phallic invader in my rectum.

“I’m so wet and excited. I want this for you, honeypot.”

“*N-o-o-o . . .*”

“Have an orgasm. I think you know what you have to do.”

I did know. Her insistent hand on my dick brought me over the edge.

Alex squealed in delight, pushed the saucer to my face. “Lick it up, honey.”

Dollops of semen streaked the saucer and I detected the faint, bleach-like odor.

“Do it!”

I had no choice, laved the runnels of semen, tasted it, all the while Alex cooing in my ear, telling me I was a good girl.

One morning she called me through the open bathroom door.

She sat naked on the throne, told me to kneel, smiled devilishly and spread her legs as she urinated into the toilet.

When finished she stood up, long legs slightly spread, told me to lick her clean.

It should have but didn’t occur to me to say no. Kneeling I pushed my face between her legs, licked the salty residue of urine from her labia.

She seemed pleased, told me how good it felt, what a nice demonstration it was of my devotion and admiration.

At night when she came through the door, I’d greet her with a glass of wine. I seldom wore the apron, was usually clothed in skirts or slacks, always wore panties and a bra. She would compliment my dress, tell me what a good little maid I had become, and while she read the mail I’d massage her feet.

If in the mood, she’d lead me into the bedroom, disrobe and bend over the vanity stool, wiggle her backside at me, tell me she needed special attention.

Going to my knees, I’d kiss her alabaster cheeks, lick her dark crevice, coax my tongue inside her anus. I was getting used to this special attention, knew it pleased her, me prostrating myself to her sick whims.

Often she would finger her pussy while I paid homage to her anus, and in this way she would achieve a mysterious orgasm.

My sexual relief became secondary. I would often go a week or weeks before she would grant my release. Often she caught my discharge in the palm of her hand while I knelt and tweaked my nipples. Her dark brown orbs gleamed as she raised her cupped hand to my face, nodded, watched me lick my goo from her palm.

She forbid me any solitary masturbatory sessions, in no uncertain terms told me not to jack myself off. If I didn't obey her she'd put me in a male chastity device, even brought home a catalog showing the various restraints that kept males chaste.

The very threat of wearing one of these devices kept me from masturbating and I often found myself on a keen sexual edge.

The night it all came to a head was on a Friday. Alex called in the afternoon, told me how she wanted me dressed when she got home, that she'd be late and not to expect her until after seven and not to fix supper. We would order a pizza when she got home.

That night my outfit was all in pink. I put on a pair of French-cut panties which I wore outside a frilly garter belt and gossamer pink nylons.

I slipped the short empire waist dress over my head. My breasts were free, looked larger in the empire dress. Sitting at the vanity I carefully applied foundation and makeup, brushed out my hair, smiled at the girl who peered back from the mirror.

I put on three-inch patent leather pumps, waited for my wife.

I was in the bathroom, sitting and peeing as I'd been taught, my knees primly together and ladylike.

I heard laughter and voices, hurried from the bathroom, stopped midway in the bedroom as Alex and her young assistant who looked like Diane Lane, the lovely Katherine Boggs entered the bedroom.

I was devastated, totally embarrassed, acutely humiliated.

"Look at this lovely creature," said Katherine, coming up to me, taking both my hands in hers. "I wouldn't have believed you'd make such a stunning transition."

Stunned speechless, I dropped my eyes.

"As the saying goes," she said. "Baby, you've come a long way."

Finding some courage, I glared at my wife, said, "Alex, what is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning of what, dear?" Alex said innocently.

"Bringing Katherine here to see me like this?"

Alex came up beside Katherine, wrapped an arm around her waist. "But she knows all about you, hon. I'm proud of you, wanted her to see how lovely you've become."

"You have pretty legs, Rich," said Katherine.

"It's just a game we play," I blubbered.

"And you play it so convincingly," she said. "You're blushing."

She was enjoying my acute embarrassment.

"Alex shouldn't have told you."

"It's too late for that," said my wife.

She went to her nightstand, picked up the phone and ordered a pizza. "I'm famished," she said.

"I'm going to get out of these clothes," I said.

"No, you are not," insisted my wife. "Katherine is staying the night and the three of us are going to play."

I looked at my wife, watched as she slipped her arms around Katherine's waist and kissed her on the lips.

Katherine kissed her back. It was a long kiss, and despite my attire and acute mortification, I felt my penis harden in the pink panties under the empire waist dress.

Finally they broke the sapphic kiss.

Katherine turned to me. "I want to kiss you."

My secret was out and I was trapped. There was nothing I could do.

The lovely brunette wrapped her arms around my waist, drew me to her and kissed my glistening pink lips. Her tongue invaded my mouth, fluttered inside and I tasted a hint of sweet wine.

Her large breasts pushed into mine and I kissed her back, felt my penis poke her tummy.

She broke the kiss, looked at my wife and said, "He's excited."

"Rich, are you hard?" my wife asked, a bemused expression on her face.

"What if I am?"

"You must like my associate," she said. "But we can do more later. Let's have some more wine."

Katherine took my hand and we followed Alex down the hall, through the dining room and into the kitchen.

"This is a special occasion," announced my wife.

From the fridge she took out a bottle of wine, uncorked it and poured three generous glasses.



“To the three of us,” said Alex. We toasted, sipped wine.

We went into the living room, Alex and Katherine sitting close on the couch while I sat across from them in my wife’s fave arm-chair.

“Richard, I’m curious,” said Katherine.

“Curious about what?” I wanted to know.

“When you’re all dressed up like this do you think about men?”

“Men?” Absurd. “Of course not.”

“But you should wonder what it would feel like to be in the arms of some virile male.”

“I’m not gay,” I said adamantly.

Alex chuckled, put her hand on Katherine’s crossed knee.

“It’s not a question of being gay, honey,” said Katherine. “It’s about feeling feminine.”

“I feel feminine enough without thinking about some man pawing me.”

“Just think how complete you’d feel if you were in a man’s arms, being kissed, fondled . . . and fondling back.” I couldn’t look into Katherine’s amused face.

“I don’t want to think about it.”

“He’s afraid,” said Katherine.

“Yes, I think so.”

“What are you afraid of, Richard?” prompted Katherine.

“I’m not afraid of anything,” I blurted.

“He’s afraid that as a woman he might like it,” said Alex.

I looked at Alex, the lazy smile on her face. “Is that what you want, me to have sex with some man?”

“Only if you want it too, dear,” answered my wife.

“Well, I don’t want anything of the kind.”

“You might enjoy it, Richard — as a woman, I mean.”

I looked at the two of them sitting so close on the couch. “I didn’t know you were a lesbian.”

“Me, a lesbian?” said my wife.

“Yes. You two were kissing like lovers.”

“We are lovers,” said my wife.

“*Lesbians!*”

Katherine chortled, sipped wine. “Today it’s expected for women to be affectionate toward one another.”

“Lovers you mean.”

“Yes, lovers,” said my wife. “Aren’t you excited by such an image, two women making love to each other?”

“I didn’t know you were that way,” I said.

“There’s a lot of things I didn’t know about myself after I found out about your infidelities.”

“What I did was a horrible mistake. I’ve told you that. But you being attracted to other women is unbelievable.”

“Well, now you know, dear.”

“That’s why you’ve feminized me,” I said.

Alex nodded. “You’ve never been much of a manly lover. You make a better lover as a girly male.”

“An oxymoron if I’ve heard one,” said Katherine. “But I like girly, especially in someone who’s so convincing as you.”

The doorbell rang.

They looked at me and after it rang again, Alex said I better answer the door.

“I’m not answering the door looking like this.”

“It’s the pizza,” said Alex. “He won’t know you’re not a real girl. Go answer it and pay him. Do it now,” she said, reaching for her purse and pulling out a bill.

I took the proffered money and went to the door. A young guy stood there, looked me over and said, “Your pizza ma’am.”

I took the flat box and paid him.

Alex told him to keep the change. He looked at them sitting on the couch and then back at me and said thanks, his eyes roaming over my body.

I didn’t dare speak, lest I be given away, started to push the door closed. He thanked me and was gone.

We ate pizza in the dining room.

21

In the bedroom, Katherine was naked save for her stockings and high heels. She was bent over holding the vanity stool, looking over her shoulder at me.

Beside her, Alex ran one hand up and down her stocking leg.

“You know what to do, Rich,” said my wife.

The two of them had stripped me down to garter belt, stockings, and panties, my erection poking immodestly in the panties.

I kissed one round cheek of her buttocks and then the other, watched my wife's hand move between Katherine's legs, cup her there.

I pushed my face into her crack, inhaled the musky scent, licked the furrow of her buttocks.

My lips kissed her wrinkled sphincter and I stabbed forth with my tongue.

I felt her relax and pushed my tongue into her nether hole like I had done so many times for my wife.

"That feels good, honey," murmured Katherine. "Push your tongue inside."

My tongue invaded her anus, I pushed forth, aware my wife was frigging the other woman's pussy.

What I was doing was humiliating but my nipples were hard and my penis throbbed.

I knelt behind Katherine, my face glued to her backside, my tongue inserted in her cloying anal cavity.

Salvia leaked down my chin. I felt Katherine's sphincter relax as my tongue slipped deeper inside this forbidden place.

I don't know how long I prostrated myself on my knees worshipping the woman's anus but it seemed a long time.

Finally her tight little ring rippled around my tongue and I knew she was having an anal orgasm.

She turned and sat beside my wife and I watched as the two of them kissed.

Breaking the kiss they looked down on me.

"You've done well, dear," said Alex. "Take out your little clitty and play with it."

I released my turgid member over the waistband of my pink panties, stroked it.

Alex came forward, cupped my small breasts, thumbing the nipples.

"Come on her legs and feet, sweetie. We want to see your contribution."

It had been too long since I'd last had any release. It didn't take long to reach the edge.

Kneeling, I masturbated for them, was soon lost in a gut wrenching climax, spewing her lower legs and feet with an abundant offering.

Katherine looked pleased. She raised her besmirched legs and feet to my face.

“Lick it up,” said Alex in a firm voice.

“Please,” I begged.

“Good girls love the taste of cum,” said Katherine mockingly.

What was I to do? It wasn't like I hadn't done this before. Yet this was her associate, the attractive woman she worked with who resembled Diane Lane. I bent my head, licked a runnel of semen from her stocking shin.

“Lick it all up, dear,” coaxed my wife.

I looked into her dark gleaming eyes, wondered of her excitement, wondered of my own degenerate behavior, licked up more of my cum, licked it off the tops of her feet.

Licked until it was all gone, and her legs shimmering from my oral devotion.

Later I sat on the vanity stool, watched the two of them make love to each other in the classic sixty-nine position.

I was hard again, slowly stroked myself, completely enthralled by the spectacle of these two women in sapphic embrace.

Finally when they achieved mutual orgasms, they pulled me into bed between them.

The three of us shared long kisses and I tasted their pussies on their mouths.

Both of them sucked my breasts and stroked my hard penis.

Soon I was shooting again, this time on my smooth, hair-denuded tummy.

Katherine scooped my offering on her tongue and kissed my wife, then the two of them kissed me, as I tasted the remnants of my excitement.

We slept.

22

When I awoke in the morning I found them sharing a bath, bathing each other with a loofah sponge.

Alex looked at me and said, “Did you like it last night?”

“You know I did.”

“We did too,” said Katherine.

I left them alone and went down the hall to use the guest bathroom.

When I returned I saw Katherine sitting on the pot through the open door.

Alex crooked her finger at me and said, "Show Katherine what a good little pussy licker you are."

I couldn't deny her, went to my knees, shivered at Katherine's dark smile while she voided into the toilet.

She stood over me and I licked the residue of urine off her pink puffy lips.

To my chagrin I became hard and the two of them laughed.

"I would very much like to have my own personal toilet slave," said Katherine.

"Richard will be only too happy to serve you," said Alex.

Katherine looked at me kneeling on the floor beneath her. "You can be my toilet slave, Richie. If I ever marry I shall want a sweet little submissive wench like you."

"Fix us breakfast, dear," said my wife. "Katherine and I are going shopping. You can come along if you wish."

"I better not. I have a lot of work to do here."

"Spoken like a good little house maid," said Katherine.

23

While they were out I thought I had experienced the worst of it.

But I was wrong.

My feminization was now exposed to my wife's associate and I had discovered they were lovers. I was the last to know about my wife's strange new twisted sexuality. I wondered what my shrink would think of all this but wasn't about to tell her.

That night, being a Saturday, they dragged me off to Rush, that alternative lifestyles bar in the Barrows.

They dressed me in a knee-length skirt and gauzy blouse, my small breasts highlighted in a lacy bra. I wore three inch heels, and even I had to admit I looked very much like a girl.

Alex and Katherine both wore tight leather britches and skyscraper heels, their bare breasts visible under diaphanous blouses, my wife's lush and proud, Katherine's large and firm, showing no sign of sag.

Olivia was there and she joined us between shows.

She asked me to dance and I shook my head, but Alex insisted I dance with the tall transsexual.

Dancing in her arms, I was embarrassed. I had become hard, was thankful my penis was tucked securely between my legs. She said I looked very pretty. Blushing at her praise, she said I was lucky to have such an understanding wife.

I wanted to explain all this was Alex's doing, that she had tricked me into this outrageous feminine image but I couldn't find the words to explain it.

The three of us drank a lot of wine and during the break before the last show, a handsome young guy came up to our table and asked me to dance. My wife and Katherine encouraged me to dance with him. I refused. I could tell Alex wasn't very happy about it.

Finally the last show was over and we were going to have to leave.

Olivia came over, a short faux fur wrap over her shoulders. She drilled me with her large eyes, said she was ready to go.

Looking from Olivia to my two companions, I was at a loss for words.

The four of us left together, Katherine riding with Olivia, me with Alex.

"I can't believe you invited her to our house."

"Relax, sweetie. This morning will be your awakening."

"Whatever you have in mind, I won't do it."

"You'll do exactly as your told," she said firmly.

Events were spinning out of control and there was no place for me to hide.

24

The four of us were in the bedroom.

Katherine sat behind me while I knelt between her legs. Her bare breasts pushed into my back, nipples hard. She cupped and tweaked my bare breasts. My hard penis pointed at the bed and Alex and Olivia.

When Olivia took off her clothes she kept her heels on. Being so tall complimented her impossibly long legs and her slim breasts were firm, nipples pointy. Her penis drooped between powerful thighs and it was as big as I remembered it.

Looking me in the eyes, my wife flogged Olivia's large penis, brought it to its full measure and the tall transsexual pushed her back on the bed.

“Fuck me,” said my wife.

Olivia pushed her gargantuan into my wife’s pink lips and the two of them soon established a frenzied rhythm.

At my ear Katherine whispered, “You’ll never be able to satisfy your wife in a manly way again, Richie. Not after she’s had that impressive instrument inside her. The only possible satisfaction you can give her will be with your mouth and tongue. I’ll teach you how to properly worship a woman’s pussy.”

I watched as Olivia plowed between my wife’s spread legs.

“At times, when we’re feeling really slutty, we need a large cock between our legs,” said Katherine, her hands cupping and tweaking my soft flesh. You’ll learn to enjoy your wife’s trysts with real men, and like the sissy that you are, you’ll secretly wish these virile men were fucking your little pussy-ass.”

Alex tortured moan of pleasure sent goosebumps over my flesh. My penis dripped strings of seminal fluid that fell to the carpet. Katherine’s hands were relentless on my supple chest and I thought I might cum.

We watched from our vantage point, Katherine sitting on the fabric tufted trunk by the foot of the bed. Olivia’s large balls slapped against my wife. I caught a glimpse of her hard penis as it pistoned in and out of my wife’s pussy.

How could she take such a large penis, I wondered.

Alex slammed her hips to meet Olivia’s deep thrusts and her moans were a mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Fuck! Oh, fuck!” cried my wife. I had never heard her being so demonstrative when I was fucking her. I had to conclude Katherine was right, my wife could never again be satisfied with my smaller penis.

Alex twisted her fists in the sheets and she said, “I’m cumming. I’m cumming like I’ve never cum before!”

Finally the filthy debauchery of their raw coupling was over.

Olivia slowly withdrew his cock from my wife’s pussy. It glistered in the darkness and I watched it slowly diminish in size. It looked less threatening yet still powerful laying on her thigh.

Alex swung her closed legs to the side of the bed, stood up and came over to Katherine and me. Her eyes gleamed with a strange light and her face was flushed.

“Lick me, Rich,” she said in a hushed yet excited voice.

“I — I — can’t,” I whined. All the while Katherine’s hands were busy at my breasts, cupping and tweaking, driving my lust.

“You can and you will, dear,” said my wife, stepping closer, her pussy now at eye level.

Her pink vulva gleamed with the opaque syrup of Olivia’s semen and I watched her gaping hole congeal with the transsexual’s sperm.

Katherine’s hand pushed the back of my head forward and my face went against my wife’s pussy.

I had no choice. No choice at all.

I stabbed my tongue into the creamy vulva, scooped Olivia’s discharge into my mouth. It was thick and pungent, tasted a bit salty, was somewhat different from the oily flavor of my own semen.

I licked and sucked Alex’s pussy, swallowed the viscid evidence of Olivia’s essence, shuddered at my own excitement.

There could be no greater humiliation.

But I was wrong.

Later after everyone had rested, I knelt naked except for my heels, Olivia naked and towering over me, also in heels.

On either side of her were my wife and her associate.

The two of them were stroking her large penis, their fists having room enough on Olivia’s engorged shaft.

“You know what you’re going to do,” said my wife, her dark eyes gleaming with lust.

“No, I can’t. I won’t.”

“Come now, Richie,” said Katherine. “It can’t be all that bad. Just give it a little kiss. It’s what sissies do. And you’ve certainly become your wife’s sissy.”

“Tell me you want to suck her cock!” demanded my wife.

I shook my head and Alex fisted my hair, pushed my face against Olivia’s hardening penis. “Suck it, bitch!”

There was no way out.

I parted my lips and Olivia’s crown stretched my lips, slipped into my mouth. It was smooth and velvety and tasted of their rutting.

Katherine put my hands on the thick shaft as I worked more of it into my mouth.

Lips stretched wide, I tried to suck the thick meat.

I wanked my hands along the shaft, coaxed a bit more of the blunt head into my mouth.

Katherine fisted my inadequate clit, said I should cum with Olivia, that I would enjoy it more.

Kneeling between Olivia's tall legs, I stroked and sucked her cock.

My mouth was full of her impressive tool and I was near a climax.

Olivia flexed her hips and I thought I might gag, but I withdrew until just the impressive heart-shaped glans were in my mouth.

I felt the blunt tip hum and she shot off into my slobbering mouth.

I swallowed her load and Katherine fisted my penis faster, brought me over the edge.

I shot my load on Olivia's shins and feet while I sucked down her semen.

Alex's gleaming eyes found mine and she said, "There now, dear, don't you feel better?"

I dropped my head, and knee-walked away from the three of them, felt my lips quiver, thought I might cry.

I was sent to sleep in a spare bedroom down the hall, while Olivia shared my bed with my wife and her lover.

Katherine came to me in the morning and woke me up, told me how sore was her vagina.

"Olivia has so much stamina," she said. "Her balls are remarkable, quickly fill up with a reservoir of cum."

She crawled over me, looked into my eyes. "Lick," she said, clean me."

The young woman who resembled Diane Lane settled her pussy on my face and I licked and sucked her cum-befouled pussy.

Later that morning, after everyone showered, I was made to kneel behind Olivia and lick her ass, push my tongue up her rectum. It felt remarkably the same as when I serviced Alex and Katherine's anuses.

25

I go on infrequent appointments to see my psychotherapist, Dr. Kerry Ashburn. I am always dressed in a feminine manner and Dr. Kerry is helping me to see myself as I really am.

"This is what you've wanted all along, Richard," she explains.

"I am no longer a man."

“You need to understand your new persona. Though you might not want to admit it, you enjoy your femininity. As does your understanding wife.”

I look at her sitting across from me in the leather armchair. Her shoes are off and she sits on her legs, skirt about stout thighs.

“You’ve been a part of this all along, haven’t you?”

She nods. “It is what you and your wife wanted,” she says. “What you’ve secretly desired.”

“I have breasts.”

“The pills I’ve given you over the past year have helped augment your pleasing figure.”

“My hips are wider and my buttocks fleshy.”

“Admit it, you like the new you.”

“I have trouble maintaining an erection.”

“But you have to admit, the sex is invigorating.”

“I can only orgasm when my breasts are fondled.”

“You like your breasts, don’t you?”

I nod. “Will they get much bigger?”

Dr. Kerry shakes her head. “No, I’d say your figure is at an optimum now.”

“Can I go back to the way I was before you and Alex tricked me?”

Dr Kerry sighs. “Well, you’ve stopped taking hormone pills and you might lose some of your girlish dimensions. But you don’t really want to go back to your plain existence as an ineffectual male, do you?”

I thought about for several moments. “I guess not. I’ve never been manly. But I’m still having difficulty coming to terms with my homosexuality.”

“You are not homosexual, Richard. As a woman you enjoy the occasional encounters your wife arranges with other girly boys.”

“I’m not so sure about that.”

“But you want to please your wife.”

“Yes, I want to make her happy.”

“You are what you are, honey. If I might say, you’ve turned out very well. Your voice lessons are working well. Having Olivia as your coach has made you more complete. And I’ve been told you do well on stage at the club, have many male and female admirers.”

“It’s funny. My wife has her occasional trysts with men and I am pleased that she is being fulfilled sexually. I was the one who initially cheated on her but now the tables have turned.”

“She’s not cheating, dear. You are a part of it and I think you are happy for her, as you are happy for yourself.”

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On occasion Alex sends me to stay with Katherine Boggs. The young associate often takes me into the shower with her, where I kneel between her legs and am anointed with a golden shower. She seems to thoroughly enjoy this dark depravity and I’ve learned the sometimes sweet — after she’s drunk wine — nectar is acceptable to my palette.

Katherine, I’ve discovered, is very oral. She likes to fellate me and then feed me my fresh discharge. When her and my wife engage in sapphic love, it is usually Katherine’s face that is between my wife’s legs.

I’ve come to relax at the club, secretly bask in the spotlight and attention when I’m on stage and lip syncing songs. Alex and Katherine are always in attendance and I feel my wife is proud of me.

Alex, Katherine, Olivia and I often go out on the town now. We enjoy teasing straight men in nightclubs and my secret has never been discovered.

When some young stud gets frisky with me, I usually pacify him with oral sex.

I have almost come to enjoy sucking cock and swallowing semen.

Alex will often suck my modest breasts and make me tell her about sucking another man’s penis.

And so it goes.

I cannot really complain about our unorthodox sex life. Alex, Katherine and I enjoy our private threesomes and the sex is highly addictive.

I cannot imagine going back to the shy man I once was.

It is like Dr. Kerry Ashburn has explained: I am a reluctant participant in this tableau of illicit sex, have come to accept who and what I’ve become.

It is subconsciously what I really want.

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