

A Tale Of Feminization Sissification and Crossdressing

Shocked Wife Discovers Her Husband Wearing Her

PINK PANTIES

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female domination, pegging and more.....

Note that this work of fiction resembles a fantasy world, all events taking place are a result of a role play amongst all parties and all parties are fully consenting

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"Baron, get up, babe, you have court this morning," Audra says to me as she pats my ass.

I groan and roll over and grab her arm before she leaves me. "Me wants fucky fucky," I say and grin.

"No, sweetie, we don't have time. I'm opening too," she says. She's a cook at one of the restaurants in town.

I pull her down anyway and roll on top of her. I don't give a flying fuck about the court or cooking breakfast for a crowd. Right now, Mr. Peter is as hard as a brickbat and unless I get some pussy, my day will be shit. I need some poundage before I can be a true professional and Audra knows that. She giggles signaling she's giving in to her fucking fate. I pull her nightshirt up and place my mouth on her taut nipple, enjoying some gumdrop action. She moans as I slip my fingers below and into her panties. Not wanting a mess, she shimmies out of them like a good girl. Now I have full access to her sweet muff. My fingers drag through her moist slit and swirl over her stiffening knob. It never takes her long, she's a horny little lady and I relish in the ability to get her going so easily.

"Oh fuck, Baron," Audra says as she arches her back. Told you it wouldn't take long. As she thrashes about, her pelvis seizing, I move my body over hers and pierce through her soft warm folds, sinking all the way in with my hard cock.

My wife is such a good fuck, I groan as I plow into her. Nothing else in the world matters right now other than what I'm doing on top of her. She moans as she nears another orgasm. Good girl! My cock lengthens as she sits up so each time I thrust into her she can feel it rubbing against her clit. I smile and let out a huff as I plow on topping the great hill of pleasure. Suddenly, my cock explodes inside of her, pounding her and filling her tight juicy hole with my wonderful man juice. I yell out, like always, and she claws me, as her pussy tightens into her second orgasm. Together we rock through the pulses of pleasure until our bodies are spent with the morning fuck.

We rush into the shower together. Now we're concerned with time and work. I whistle while I wash off and get ready to go in. She slaps on some make-up even

though she doesn't need it. I tell her all the time what a gorgeous lady she is. She doesn't take my word for it though and wears the shit anyway.

Suit and tie and polished shoes and I'm ready for court. I work for businesses who are applying for permits and who need to be released from them. It's a nice job, cut and dry most of the time. I thought about criminal law for about two seconds. I shadowed a criminal attorney for a day and a half and decided it wasn't for me. I don't want work that I have to worry about once I've reached the end of the workday. Small claims are about as work-some as I get, but I specialize in business law and keep it nice and crisp and clean.

The day's events move along nicely. After court, I have time to drop by my wife's workplace and pick her up for an early lunch. Since she's a cook she needs to be available for the lunch rush. She giggles as we settle in a booth at the Italian restaurant across town. She cooks home cooking meals at the family restaurant, a place called Dallies. She shines a smile at me across the all you can eat pasta dish. We both choose lasagna and salad. The rolls here are to die for.

"I'm stuffed," Audra says.

I raise my finger for the server. "We'll have dessert, chocolate cake a la mode with two spoons, please," I say.

"I told you I'm stuffed," she says as she tries to stop me from ordering.

"Please," I say to the server.

"One moment," the server says and disappears back to the kitchen.

"Just a couple of bites. You know chocolate is your favorite," I tease.

After we enjoy the dessert, I take Audra back to Dallies. She rushes back in to help with the lunch rush and I go back to the law office.

My alarm wakes me, and I roll over to grab my wife. She's not there. I sit up and rub the sleep out of my eyes. Oh yeah, she had to be at the restaurant extra early for a delivery. Alone in the house isn't fun. I enjoy being with her and I miss her terribly when she's not here with me. I know that sounds like I'm being a baby but after being married for over two years, I feel we've grown quite close.

The shower pounds over me, I need it to wake up. Hot steam billows over the top, fogging the mirrors. I groan as I step out, I'm tired and cranky today. After towel drying, I make my way into the bedroom to dress. I walk around naked a lot because I can. I open my top drawer for a pair of underwear and find the spot empty. I slam my fist on top of the chest and glance around. That's right, Audra said she hasn't had time to do laundry because of having to be at work so early and staying late for inventory.

"Well, fuck me," I say as I walk through the house to the laundry room and peer into the empty dryer. I glance at the time and realize I don't have enough of it to do a load of laundry. I can always go commando, but that's so uncomfortable. I like having my man goods secured to me.

I turn in desperation and eye my wife's dresser. Surely, she has something I can wear. I open her underwear drawer and grimace. The woman doesn't have many

pair in there. I pick them up, one, two, three pairs. I hold up each one, they are the same exact size. So, do I want white, black, or a pale green? I choose the white pair because that's the color of my jockeys.

I sit on the edge of the bed and gingerly step into the silk and lace panties. They stretch over my bulky thighs. I work out three days a week and have built quite a nice stack of muscles, of which I'm quite proud. When I stand I pull the panties over my midsection. They are tight and binding, but airy. Airier than my jockeys. The trousers slide over the pair and I'm good. I finish dressing and head to work thinking nothing more about it until I go to the restroom.

First, we have a men's room so there are two urinals and a stall. I never go into the stall unless I need to take a shit. When it's just a piss, I stand. I'm there at the urinal and realize as soon as I unzip, I have no fly from which to grab my cock. Fuck. I turn quickly and duck into the stall just as someone else walks in. That was close! After that, I'm reminded I'm wearing women's panties and it's nice. I notice it more now as I walk around. My cock is securely bound to my body, the silk fabric stretched across it. Each step I take I'm well aware of it. It's turning me on, my cock stiffens. I didn't get any num num this morning, so I had to go with a semi-erection. Now I'm full staff, but I like it. I find it strangely erotic that I'm wearing my wife's panties. Go me!

Once I'm home, I beat Audra to the laundry duty and wash our whites really quick. Finally, the load is dried, and I pluck up my jockeys and rush into the shower. Audra comes home while I'm in there and not a second too soon. I blow out a big breath as I step out dressed in shorts and a tee shirt. She's none the wiser on me wearing her panties to work. For some reason, I don't want her to know.

I pick up the hamper and do another load and wash the pair I wore today. She showers and by the time she's out, I'm sitting on the bed folding the laundry. I smile at her as I fold the pair I wore today and place it on the pile.

"Thank you, dearest," she says as she gives me a kiss and sits beside me helping me fold the rest of the laundry.

"I was in desperate need of underwear," I say but I say no more.

"Aw, I'm sorry, love," Audra says and pats my knee.

Whew! That was close! And now my drawer is full of my clean jockeys. I smile as I fill the drawer. Audra steps behind me and wraps her arms around me. I turn and pull her to me. Her body is warm and soft, just like I like. I tug on the light shirt she has on over her body. To my delight, there is no bra. I bend down and kiss her nipples. She squeals with giddiness. We stumble backward, and she lands on the bed, knocking off the pile of panties I had folded.

"Oh no! I'm sorry!" She glances down, losing her enthusiasm for what I'm about to do.

"It's okay. I'll refold and put away when we're done," I say as I wag my brow at her.

She scoots to the pillows and comes out of her shorts and panties, like a good girl. I didn't have her this morning and I'm ready. I come out of my tee shirt, shorts, and jockeys in a flash. She giggles enthusiastically when I crawl up and nuzzle my face between her thighs. She loves it when I eat her out and I love doing it. My tongue lands in the labia, jutting forth poking through the pleasure hole. I moan as I enjoy her taste and scent. No fucking wonder I enjoyed

wearing her panties, they stay smashed against this lovely spot all day long. My tongue laps through her slit. Her hands came to the top of my head, her fingers lacing through my hair, bearing down because she wants me there. I love it!

"Oh, fuck, Baron. Don't stop," Audra says.

I slide my tongue to the spot that will send her over the edge, her hard clit. It's poking out, full staff, and when I flick my tongue over it she moans louder. It won't take long. She groans and bucks her pelvis up and down as I swirl the tip of my tongue over the little head. It drives her wild, it drives me wild too. She's arching her back as I bear down with my tongue, and she seizes, the explosion on point. She thrashes about as I ride with her through the waves of pleasure.

I'm a patient man, waiting for her to hit the perfect point for me to enter. She finally ebbs and relaxes back on the pillows, her face skewed in euphoria. I pull up and bring her feet to my face. Each toe receives a kiss from my lips until I settle them on my shoulders. She hoists her pelvis upward to greet my pre-cum dripping cock as I approach her. I press in, penetrating through the soft warm folds and piercing through deep within her pussy. Ah, her pussy is soft and warm and tight. I groan deeply, all the day's pent-up angst swirling to the surface with each thrust. Audra moans as her pussy shivers, the small squeezes showing me she's nearing orgasm number two. I love that my wife comes in doubles, every time. She bends forward toward me, we're both watching my cock scrub against her clit. Suddenly, her pussy squeezes hard as she thrashes about, the orgasm hit with fervor. I pump harder, getting closer and closer until finally, I heave and fill her pussy full of my cum. Together we rock through the undulating waves of pleasure until at last, we're both spent. My favorite time comes as I collapse beside her and pull her into my arms as we bask in the afterglow of our lovemaking.

The next morning, I've showered and come out in search of clothing. Audra is in the kitchen making coffee. I hear her on the phone with her boss, chatting about

the day's delivery. I pluck up a pair of my jockeys and my eyes fall to the dresser. Before I give it a second thought, I shove it back into the drawer and go to my wife's drawer. I pluck up a pair of silk and lace panties, the ones under the top pair. These are a pale blue color. I pull them on and pull on my trousers and shirt. I carry my socks and shoes into the kitchen, loving the feeling of my package bound in the panties. Audra doesn't have a clue. I do this all week and take up washing so she's none the wiser to her missing panties. I grab the pairs from the bottom in the drawer, so she hopefully won't notice. I'm one sick dude with a new panty obsession.

I walk around work strutting like a rooster. I want to tell everyone about my secret obsession. I've taken to using the stall now in the restroom. It's a trade-off because there's no way I can stand at the urinal and whip out my cock over the panties. I mean most men don't look, but a few do. We sneak peek each other's goods. No one would admit to it, but we do it. I can't risk another man seeing that I'm wearing my wife's silk lacy panties. I'd never live it down. I don't want them thinking of me as a sissy either because I like it so much.

At home, I have to be creative. I'm a double person now because I sneak into the bathroom and come out of Audra's panties and slip on my jockeys so she's none-the-wiser about it. I've toyed with telling her but I'm not sure how she'd take it. I don't want her thinking of me as a sissy either. That's a big fear. To Audra, I'm this tough testosterone dripping male. I fuck her like there's no tomorrow and she loves that. I fear if she knew she'd certainly look at me as a sissy incapable of living up to my manliness. So, I wear her underwear in secret. I do a lot of underwear changing to keep from being caught. The thing is, she'll come at me with her hand on my belt undoing my pants so fast. I have to make sure I'm keeping up with wearing the right underwear at the right time.

After another week of wearing my wife's panties on the sly, she starts complaining. "I don't get it, this brand always held up better than this. Look at these," she says as she holds up a pair of panties I've obviously worn. The waistband and legs are a bit stretched and puckered. I immediately blush, in fact,

I have on a pair of her panties right now because when I came home she was home before me from having the afternoon off. I suppose she decided to catch up on the laundry. She's not puzzled by the fact that there are twice as many of her panties in the pile as there are of my jockeys. I make a mental note to throw an extra pair of my jockeys into the dirty clothes hamper each day just to match how many she has. I blush and clear my throat.

"Hey, beautiful, let's go buy you some new panties," I say cheerfully.

Audra is always up for shopping as she gives me a nice smile. "Okay, you talked me into it," she says brightly.

She disappears inside her walk-in closet as I slip to my chest of drawers and pluck out a pair of jockeys. "Nature calls," I say as I go into the bathroom and shut the door. Whew, damn I'm nearly boned over wearing her panties. I pull off the pair and look at them and see how I've stretched them out. Perhaps I'll wear her old ones while she works in the new ones, she'll be none-the-wiser. I hope.

At the mall we head to Audra's favorite department store. It's a huge place with a maze of paths to easily get lost. She knows exactly the department and we head there. I'm dizzy with excitement when we enter the lingerie department. All the silk and satin and soft materials. I groan inwardly wishing I still had the panties on my body just so I could enjoy this experience better.

Audra giggles as she picks up a pair and holds it to her. "This is my favorite brand, but they've stretched out so badly," she says.

The sales clerk steps up asking if we need help. Audra nods.

"Yes, I buy this brand and have for a couple of years now but lately, every pair I have has stretched out in the wash and puckered. Like I've gained weight and then lost it. The underwear doesn't fit well anymore like it's too big."

"Perhaps you've gained or lost a few pounds? Just a few can make a big difference in how the clothes fit," the sales clerk says.

"No, I have maintained my weight. Have you had any complaints about this before?"

"No. We only sell the best here. Maybe you should hand wash and drip dry. Maybe it's the laundry process that's doing it?"

I shuffle on my feet. I'm the one that screwed up her panties, but I'm not about to admit it. She ends up buying more of the same brand with the promise to try hand laundering and line drying. Fuck.

True to Audra's form, she shoves the stretched panties to the back of her drawer to use for bad times of the month and in case she runs out of the new. I am okay with that as I can grab two or three pair at a time and wear them and wash before she figures it out. I have to be careful though or else she'll catch me.

I'm delighted over the next week to have all the old pairs at my disposal. I gleefully wear the panties and use the stall in restrooms. The thing about stall usage is most men's restrooms only have one stall and a line of urinals. One evening Audra and I are out having dinner at a Japanese Steak House and I need

to whiz. Of course, there are four urinals along the wall and one damn stall, which is occupied. I politely stand back and whistle as I shuffle on my feet waiting for the stall to open because this night I'm bold and wearing panties while I'm out with Audra instead of my jockeys. It just feels too good for my cock and balls to be nestled in the soft silk rather than in the thick cotton of the jockeys. Whoever is in the stall is having the mother of all dumps, judging by his grunts and groans and farts emitting from beyond the stall door. I smile and wait for minutes and minutes. Finally, the fat man steps out of the stall leaving behind the air of death. He chuckles as I enter, and I about pass out from the aroma of what smells like days' worth of shit build-up. I relieve myself with a quick piss and join Audra, fifteen minutes later.

"What took you so long? You said you needed to whiz," she says.

I clear my throat. "I did, it was crammed. There was a line," I say. It wasn't a big lie, there was a line, for the stall and I was the only one there. But whatever, it comes across as a legitimate excuse.

I become careless and I know better. I'm having to work late and yet I want to wear the panties. Even when Audra is home, I'm dressing in the pairs. She doesn't know and she's busy with coffee and morning calls anyway. I go about my business, enjoying wearing the delicate undergarments. When I come home in the middle of the week Audra is doing laundry. Oh shit. In my carelessness, I haven't washed the pairs I've been wearing. I spy them on the bed and yet, she says nothing. She puts away the things and its business as usual.

The next morning Audra is cool with me. I don't have time to peer into her troubled mind, so I get dressed once I'm sure she's doing coffee in the kitchen. I grab a pair of white lace and smile at my reflection before I quickly pull up my trousers. Another day at the law office and life will be on weekend time by five P.M. When I come back home I'm met with a very angry wife. She dumps her pairs of stretched panties at my feet.

"I figure you may as well put these into your drawer since you're the one wearing them out!"

I gawk at her with my mouth agape. Fucking fuck! I start to shake my head and protest when she thrusts her phone at me. She has pics of me smiling at my reflection from this morning. I'm completely and totally fucked with my wife.

"No excuse. You fucking cunt. Your little penis and fat ass and thighs are what stretched my expensive nice panties and you don't have the gall or nerve to admit to it. Just shows what a small penis you have, you mini-dick," she says. Ouch! I've never heard Audra say such cruel things before. I simply stare at her, blinking and unable to defend myself. But calling me tiny penis and mini-dick, that's a low blow.

"I don't hear you complaining..."

"Shut it. You've been wearing my panties for how long? Weeks! My panties wouldn't have screwed up if it weren't for you sneaking around like this. Doing it is one thing, be a man and admit to it. But sneaking shows how small your pecker really is," she says.

"Okay, you can stop with the cruel words," I say. My cock shrinks to me every time she speaks.

"Are you wearing a pair right now?"

I want to lie and say no, but instead, I say nothing. I look down, I'm defeated.
"Yes."

"Why? Baron? Why not ask me at least? Why hide it? I mean this could have been kinky fun, but instead, you stand by while I'm perplexed about the shape of my panties and say nothing. That just shows what a fucking sissy you are," she says.

The flush on my face burns. I feel the heat emanating from my cheeks. I've disappointed my wife. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I'm sorry I've been wearing your panties," I say.

She smiles, but it's not her normal sweet smile. It's a cruel smile. "You know, I have a good mind to share these pics with the world on my social media accounts. I'm hurt by the fact that you've hidden this part of your life from me like this. It's not right. Here I thought I was married to a manly man and it turns out I'm married to a sissy with a tiny cock," she says.

Ouch. I don't know what to do or say. She's right, I am a fucking sissy. My dick may as well be minuscule. "What do you want me to do or say?" I ask, finally.

"Well, for starters, if you want to gain back my respect, I have some ideas," she says.

"Okay. Name it. I'm man enough to do it as an expression of apology to you," I say. I'm resigned to face it, whatever it is. I need her respect back.

She smiles and nods while looking thoughtful. "Let's go out tomorrow night. But you're to do as I say. Or I will show the world what a fucking sissy you are and proclaim you have a small dick," she says.

I stare at the dress and the panties on the bed. Audra told me to dress in what she had laid out. I pick up the panties, they are smaller than her other pairs. I shake my head as I swallow the bitter pill and step into the pair and slide her dress over my head. I look utterly ridiculous. She giggles incessantly when she comes into the room with a wig and a pair of women's dress heels in my size. The wig has long brunette flowing hair. After she sets it on my head, she makes up my face.

"If you want to act like a sissy, I'll take you out where you'll be accepted as a sissy," she said.

"Club Farris?" I ask. It's a club in the city where transgender people hang out, where drag queens can shine.

"Yep. May as well see if this is who you want to become," she says as she puts the finishing touches on my face.

As I turn to the mirror I'm taken aback by how pretty I look in the wig and makeup. Audra did an exceptional job on me and I'm quite proud to see I'm not recognizable as Baron the attorney. I grin. "I need a name," I say.

"Hmmm. I guess Baron is too manly for someone with a tiny dick. How about Betty? Betty is dickless, so that will work. Okay, are you ready, Betty?"

I wince. Her words are so cruel, it's so unlike Audra. I'm hoping that by going along with her cruel and humiliating adventure, she'll soften to me again. I really pissed her off by secretly wearing her panties like I did. Admittedly, I ruined them and didn't tell her about it, even when she was complaining to the sales clerk at the department store. I feel very badly about it. But I also feel that dressing up like this more than makes up for it.

Audra drags me to Club Farris. When we arrive, two drag queens are walking toward the front doors arm-in-arm. Their make-up is flashy in bright and bold colors. At least Audra made my face semi-normal and pretty. Speaking of pretty, when I step out of the car, I feel pretty. I walk with Audra on my arm and cause heads to turn, mostly other drag queens and a few men, but it makes me proud to know that I have sex appeal even dressed as a sissy.

The dark pink dress hugs my body, the air wafts up between my legs. As I walk I can feel the stretched fabric pressing the too small panties over my cock. It doesn't help that I have a small bulge there with a flaccid cock, if it grows it will be obvious. And it will be obvious to my wife who has ridiculed me since yesterday. Boy, I pissed her off good. But she's doing a good job with getting back at me over it.

"Come on, let's get a drink and mingle. Two white wines," she says to the bartender. Of course, she orders a sissy drink for me instead of my usual beer. I shake my head as I take it and she knows how I feel about being at a club and not drinking beer.

"What?" she says and grins. We walk around the dance floor. I glance over and see a man dressed as a man holding a drag queen close. Of course, they are gay. I hope they don't think I'm gay. Nothing against gays, I just don't want to be mistaken for one.

"Oh honey, I love that color on you," a drag queen says. He looks me up and down, his false eyelashes sweeping over his eyes. I give him a cocked grin.

"Thanks," I say.

"Thank you. I thought so too when I dressed her," Audra said.

"I'm Sammie," Sammie says. I wanted to ask if they identify as male or female, but I didn't. He sounds like a he.

"Betty," I say as I force a smile.

"Audra," my wife says. I shoot her a look. I don't think she should be revealing her true name here.

"I was telling my husband earlier that he needed to accept and embrace his true self," she says as she rubs my arm.

Sammie's eyes widen. "Well, yes, honey. Be yourself here. Nice to meet you, Audra and Betty. Have a hoot," Sammie says.

"Thanks," Audra says.

"Why?" I ask as I widen my eyes.

A tall man with a cowboy hat approaches. "Hello, I'm Stetson. May I have this dance, doll?" he says to me. To me! I start to shake my head.

"Yes, Betty will love a dance," Audra says and shoves me to the man.

I give her a dirty look as the man leads me to the fucking dance floor. He puts his arms around me and I have no choice but to let him lead.

"So, tell me sweetie, are you new here?" he asks.

"Yes. New here," I say.

"Are you taken?"

"I'm married," I say.

"Oh, that's nice! Is he here?" Stetson asks.

"I'm not gay," I say and grit my teeth.

"You're not? Oh wow, you make a right pretty lady. You glow in the outfit. Like you're enjoying it," Stetson says.

"Yeah, well, I'm here with my wife," I say.

"Ah, kudos for straight marriage. Too bad though. I could see getting into you," Stetson said. He backed away and winked and left me.

I turn to leave and Audra steps to me. She smiles sweetly and steps into my arms. Ah, now this feels good, me leading her pressed against me while we sway to the music.

"That's better," I say and smile down into her face.

"Was that uncomfortable for you? Are you not attracted to men?" she asks.

I lean in and press my lips on hers, prodding through with my tongue. She moans softly and embraces and we part. "Does that answer your question about who I'm attracted to? I'm not gay. I know I wore your panties for weeks, but that doesn't mean I'm gay. It means I have a liking for soft silky things. I guess knowing you wore them too turned me on. It was like having that part of you with me all day. Maybe I'm a sicko for liking it. I'm sorry I didn't share this with you. Honestly, it started on a morning when I didn't have any clean jockeys. I was desperate and didn't want to go commando, so I grabbed a pair of yours and I found out how much I liked it," I admit.

"I just wish you had told me. The way it played out I felt like you purposefully left me in the dark while you were stealing my underwear. You let me believe they were stretching out because of the wash. I mean weeks went by. I thought I was going crazy. Until I realized the other day while I was folding a pile of my old panties that I hadn't worn in weeks. That's when I snuck back into the bedroom while you were dressing and took the pics. I was so angry, I wanted you to pay for the angst I felt. That's why you're here now dressed like this. But you were a trooper and did everything I asked. I think you secretly like it, right?" Audra asks.

"Mmmm, I don't know," I say and press my wife to me. It's obvious how I'm feeling right now. She rears back and glances down and giggles. We see the outline of my stiff cock through the stretched material on the front of the dress. The head has poked out of the waistband.

"I think we've had enough here, don't you?"

I pick her up and swing her around. "Yes."

We leave, she rushes ahead, her hand pulling mine along. I stumble in the heels, not caring that my erection is seen by anyone who looks my way.

Once at home, Audra isn't through playing boss. She shakes her head when I try to undress. "You can take off the shoes. And the panties." She grins wickedly.

It's a relief stepping out of the panties. My cock throbs from being bound up and

from being without my wife for the past couple of days. Audra steps out of the bathroom wearing a leather strap teddy. It's opened in all the right places as her perky nipples poking through and it's crotchless my favorite kind!

"Lie down," Audra commands. My eyes are wide as I take in this new in-charge wife.

My cock thumps heartily now, wanting relief in any way I can get it. I do as she commands and crawl up on the bed. She lifts my dress, I'm still wearing the wig, make-up, and dress. But there's no mistake that I want her. Audra merrily climbs on top of me, hoisting her body over my stiff one. I groan as she slides herself over the head, fully engulfing me, her tight pussy squeezing around it. She moves over me as I reach up and grab both nipples. She moans with me, while I tweak and tug and pull. Each move up, she nearly allows my cock to slip out from between her legs, but then just before it does, she comes back down hard. I help her by tugging her nipples. She's drawing up my man juice with her moves and thrusts. She's fucking me just right. Leaning forward, she saws her little stiff clit against my cock. I can feel it scrub up along my shaft. Her moans come louder and she's juicier down there. My cock lengthens and stiffens even more. I'm about to lose it.

"Oh fuck! Audra! Don't stop!" Sweat beads on my forehead as everything clouds except for my cock being squeezed just right by her bouncing pussy. The pressure builds as cum rushes to my cock. I lurch forward just as Audra cries out and squeezes over me. She's thrusting hard and grinding her pelvis as she arches her back. I grab her hips and help her ram down over me, while my cock shoots. Since I hadn't come in a couple of days, there's a lot. We moan through the undulating pulses of pleasure that rocks through our bodies.

"Uh." Audra collapses on top of me, thoroughly spent. I rub her back as I catch my breath. She lifts up and smiles into my face.

"All is forgiven, my love. But promise me the next time you want to wear my panties or clothes, let me know so I can get in on the kink too," she says.

I smile and consider it. "I promise."

"Why are you smiling so big?" She rolls off and settles into my side, the dress is bunched between us.

"I don't know. Maybe we should do this more often. I kind of enjoyed tonight, pretending to be someone else," I say.

She settles back onto my shoulder, her fingers rubbing over my chest and shoulders. "Yeah, it was fun, wasn't it? Maybe we should plan this like once a month or once every other month. Would you like to go out and buy some panties that actually fit you?" she asks.

I shake my head. "Nah, I'd rather just wear yours," I say and grin at her.

THE END

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