

A romantic couple in a close embrace, wearing red and black lace lingerie. The woman on the left has long brown hair and is wearing a white long-sleeved top. The man on the right is wearing a red top and a black lace mask. The background is a soft, warm glow with a hint of a city skyline.

Spice up the Night

John Dylena

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Spice up the Night

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[Wyrnwood Publishing and Editing](#)

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Enjoy.

Stephen and Erica were having a dry spell.

She sat up on the bed and sighed, tucking some loose strands of her long brown hair behind her ear and stared at blank TV screen across the room. Stephen grumbled as he rolled away from her. She looked down at him, frowned, and climbed off of the bed.

"Where are you going?" he asked, not bothering to lift his head from the pillow.

"To let off some steam."

Erica stripped out of the sexy lingerie that she had bought for tonight and tossed it into the hamper in the bathroom. Digging through her dresser, she put on a sports bra and shorts and left without even saying goodbye.

The sound of the door slamming shut echoed in the silent apartment. Stephen continued to lay there, staring into nothingness as his mind wandered. He didn't know how they'd ended up in this situation. They'd been dating for close to a year now, and up until a month ago, everything had been great.

They were both young, successful people. Their careers had taken off and they were making good money. Erica was a beautiful woman with gorgeous hair and soulful brown eyes. She was tall and fit with an athletic build that made men drool. She had great breasts and an ass he loved to squeeze.

He, on the other hand, was thin. But despite his narrow frame, he had plenty of muscle tone. Early on he wondered what she saw in him, but he decided not to question a good thing like her.

Stephen frowned as he threw aside the sheets and swung his legs off the bed. He rubbed his face and looked down at his cock. Erica was so damn hot in that outfit, yet the night just fell apart and left both partners horny.

He had no doubt in his mind that Erica had gone down to the gym. It was open twenty-four hours, and at this hour, there would be no one there. Erica's job was stressful, but she managed it well, usually venting it at the gym on one of the bags.

She's probably taping her hands right about now, he thought.

Erica had always had this dominant side to her, but she never really showed it. It came out every now and then when they had sex, but she was quick to hide it.

Stephen never thought of himself as submissive—hell, he'd never even considered it. All his past girlfriends were the submissive type. One of them even got him to tie her up and spank her. As much as it turned her on, he felt nothing and eventually broke it off with the girl.

That night came flooding back to him and he remembered just how turned on the girl was. Back then it was so foreign. How could you get aroused from being tied up? What about getting spanked was pleasurable? All Stephen ever really knew was good old vanilla sex, but over the past couple of weeks he found himself longing for something else, something... *different*.

His cock was still hard, harder now with the thoughts of bondage, and with Erica off to vent her sexual frustration on one of the bags at the gym, he was on his own for tonight.

The white lights of the bathroom blinded him for a moment and he grimaced as he stumbled his way inside. He sat down on the toilet and waited patiently for his eyes to adjust. When they finally did, he grabbed a hold of his cock and stroked.

But something in the corner of his eye grabbed his attention, and his hand slowed to a stop when he spotted his girlfriend's lingerie atop the dirty clothes hamper. He tilted his head curiously as he stared at the sensual blend of lace and nylon.

The ensemble perfectly fit Erica's body. It was made up of a teddy that held her C-cup breasts and wrapped around her flat stomach down to her narrow waist where several garters hung. They connected to matching red stockings, and underneath it was a thong. He could see her pussy through the sheer lace fabric and the band went up onto her hips and down in between her muscular ass cheeks.

His cock fell out of his hand as he found himself standing up and moving toward the discarded clothes. Stephen swallowed hard as his nervous fingers reached out and caressed the outfit meant to make him melt. He cursed himself under his breath for failing Erica tonight. If he knew what she wanted him to do, they would be having sex right now. Instead she was working out and he was going to jerk off alone in the bathroom.

Stephen's fingers moved past the teddy to the panties that lay beside it. He picked it up and held it in his hands. His heart raced as he examined the garment, marveling at the intricate design of the pattern stitched into the lace. It was as light as a feather and it smelled just like Erica. He couldn't recall if she had worn these before or if they were brand new just like the rest of the outfit she'd had on minutes ago.

He held it out in front of him and his eyes widened at the idea that wiggled into his brain. Stephen had no inkling of where the hell it came from, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't shake it. He bit his lip and stared at the thong for another minute before taking a deep breath and lowering it to his feet.

It didn't take long for Erica to blow off her steam. Work had been incredibly stressful the past couple of weeks, and it had taken a toll on her personal life. Before her promotion things were easier, and she would come home and fall onto the couch. Oftentimes Stephen was sitting there working on his laptop, but when she'd come home, he would set aside his computer and let her rest her head on his lap as she relaxed and told him about her day.

He'd listen intently and laugh at her jokes, then there would be the odd touch or the moment of silence that lasted much longer than a moment. Then they would look into each other's eyes and smile. Erica would sit up, kiss her boyfriend, and things would escalate from there.

Most of the time they wound up in bed, naked and drenched in sweat with a warm afterglow. Erica would head down to the gym for her usual daily workout, then they would shower, eat, and she would go to bed and he'd stay up a while longer, either working on his latest story, playing a video game, or just watching something on TV.

Then she got her promotion. She couldn't deny that she'd wanted it for the longest time, and the perks that came with it made it worth the extra effort. It came with a big raise, more vacation days, a better parking spot, and even her own private office.

Erica knew that the promotion had its downsides. It came with longer days, bigger clients, and more expensive deals, but she was no longer in the pit fighting tooth and nail with her coworkers.

The longer hours meant instead of coming straight home, she'd go straight to the gym. Most days she'd walk through the front door exhausted, wanting only to eat, shower and go to bed.

But it wasn't only her fault.

Plenty of times Erica came home ready to go, only to find Stephen either not feeling it or engrossed in something else. It had been over a week since they'd had sex, and as bad as both of them wanted it, their time together was lackluster at best.

Erica's hard work had paid off, and after closing several major deals in only a couple days, she been rewarded with a week's paid vacation in addition to her normal amount.

Overjoyed, she went out and bought the lingerie set she'd had her eyes on for the past month and was going to drop the news to Stephen. The dinner they'd shared was wonderful, but when the time came to show off her new lingerie and inform him of her time off, things fell apart.

Now, drenched in sweat, Erica sat down on the bench and watched the bag swing. She thought about her and Stephen and what had caused them to drift apart sexually.

Has regular sex just become boring and bland? She drank from her water bottle, her eyes glued to the now still bag. *Come to think of it, I have been itching to try something new, but I didn't think Stephen would like it.*

Erica leaned against the wall as her mind drifted. She had always been a dominant person. As the only girl in a large family, she had to be aggressive, especially when she had brothers who played football and wrestled. As much as she loved dressing up and looking pretty, she had never been a submissive woman.

Erica smirked when she remembered a past boyfriend. It was a short relationship, one that was obviously uninteresting because she couldn't remember the guy's name for the life of her. The only thing she did remember was when he asked her to peg him.

She had agreed, but the night they were going to do it she'd broken up with him because she'd caught him cheating on her.

You know, I still have that strap-on. I wonder if Stephen will let me peg him? It's... really turning me on just thinking about it.

Erica smiled. She knew what she wanted. She had always wanted to take control in the bedroom, but she was afraid of what Stephen would think.

If he loves me, then he'll at least try it once.

With her mind made up, she headed up to their apartment to inform him of her decision. But when she walked inside, she was greeted by something else entirely.

"You know, that actually looks very good on you."

Stephen went deathly pale as his heart leaped into his throat. He turned around slowly, his body tense. Erica stood in the doorway, her arms folded and her gaze trained on him. He stood in the center of the bathroom wearing the lingerie she'd had on earlier.

Not just the panties, but the stockings and the teddy as well.

"How about it, Stephen? You and I are the same shoe size. How about you try on my heels too?"

"Erica... I can explain."

"You saw my lingerie lying in the hamper and you got curious."

Stephen's jaw hung slack. "That's... exactly it."

Erica sighed as she dropped her arms. "Well, there is something I need to get off my chest. I've been hiding a part of me out of fear that you wouldn't like it."

"What is it?"

"I want to... be more dominant. I've tried to hide it, but I realized that it makes it harder for me to enjoy sex. I like taking control and being the one on top."

"I see. So you want to domme me, is that it?"

"Yes, and there is something else specifically that I want to do."

"Oh?"

"Stephen... how would you like to be fucked by me? Pegged... with a strap-on."

"I know what pegging is." He looked away from her.

"Well? What do you think? I could peg you, and you could even wear my lingerie while we do it. I can get you a wig, even do your makeup!"

"I... I don't know, Erica. I mean, this," he said as he motioned to his body, "was really just a fluke. Before tonight I never thought

about cross-dressing.”

“Well, I’ve been gone long enough. If you really didn’t like it, you would’ve changed out of it by now.”

Stephen frowned. *She’s right. I could’ve changed out of it the moment I put it on. But no, after the panties I put on the stockings, then I put on the teddy.*

“Besides, no matter what you say, I know you like it.” Erica smiled as she pointed down to Stephen’s rigid cock. It poked out of the top of her thong. The tiny patch of fabric on the front held his balls.

His face turned bright red as he tried to cover his erection. Erica grinned as she stepped toward him. She circled around him and he backed into the counter of the vanity. He was only an inch or two taller than her, but when she wore her heels she towered over him.

Stephen moaned as she slid her finger along the underside of his cock and it twitched at her touch. Erica pressed her body against his as she reached over and opened one of the drawers of the vanity and pulled out a tube of lipstick.

His lips quivered, but he voiced no protest as he watched her slowly remove the bullet-shaped cap and twist the base. The rose-colored makeup came into view and he watched as she brought it to his lips and dragged the waxy surface across them.

A chill went up Stephen’s spine and he shuddered. He closed his eyes as his body writhed under Erica’s. Her breasts pressed against his chest and she rubbed her smooth legs against his stockings. His knuckles turned white as they gripped the edge of the countertop.

Her lips twisted into a satisfied smirk as she put the tube away. Erica kept her hand on Stephen’s chest as she moved away from him and reached for the wooden chest atop her vanity. He watched her dig through her collection of earrings until she produced two gold clip-ons. Rhinestones dangled beneath the clips and he winced as she attached them to his ears.

The weight was foreign and he shook his head slightly, feeling the pair tug on his lobes. Just like the lipstick, he could think of no argument to defy her. He wondered how much further she was going to take this and why he wasn’t protesting against it.

No matter how hard he tried to think of a reason to get her to stop, Stephen couldn't find one. Every idea slipped through his fingers like a cloud, and his dick would throb. He was incredibly turned on by all of this, more so than when he first started dating Erica.

The lipstick and earrings were only the tip of the iceberg.

She went onto to decorate the rest of his face, using a light, airy foundation to hide the facial hair just starting to grow back and smoky eye shadow for a subtle, yet sultry look. She brushed through his eyelashes, enhancing them with an application of lacquer, and swiped them gently with her thumb to remove the excess mascara.

Erica finally broke the silence. "Up onto the counter." Her voice wasn't soft and comforting, but it wasn't harsh and commanding either. It was stern. There was no doubt, no hesitation, just the order.

Stephen nodded as he silently climbed up onto the counter. The marble surface was cold upon his bare ass and he grimaced as the thong rode up into his crack. Erica took his hands and placed them on his thighs, spreading his fingers apart.

She stepped away momentarily and returned with a bottle of red nail polish, quietly humming to herself as she coated his nails in the crimson shade. Once she was finished with the tenth finger, she blew on them.

"I'll be right back," she said as she twisted the cap back on. "Do not move and do not look at your reflection, understand?"

Stephen nodded and his eyes went back to the shiny coat of paint on his nails. He marveled at how feminine they made his hands look and lifted them up to his painted lips and blew gently on them.

"Close your eyes," he heard her say. He looked over at the doorway and watched Erica poke her head in.

He smiled as he closed his eyes. He could hear her walking toward him, and a moment later, he felt a shoe slide onto his foot. It was a little bit small, and from the way his foot bent, he knew exactly what it was.

"Keep them closed."

He wanted so badly to open them and to see the high heels she placed on his feet, to see how they shaped his legs and how feminine they made them look combined with the stockings.

Did I really just think that? Am I really that turned on by the fact that she is dressing me up as a woman?

His body answered that question as a heat flowed through him and his cock twitched. Precum had been slowly oozing out of it ever since he first put on her panties. When he decided to put on her stockings and teddy, he was afraid that he would be so turned on by it that he would have a hands-free orgasm.

He'd kept a lid on it so far, but he knew the moment he—or Erica—touched it, he'd explode.

Her second surprise was even more obvious. The long hair of the wig tickled his shoulders, back and neck. Erica only had the one wig. It was blonde with layered and wavy hair. Once she finished adjusting it, she gave him the order to open his eyes.

Erica took his hands and helped him down off of the counter top. The heels that she gave him were the black ones that she'd had on earlier in the evening, but his attention was quickly torn away from his footwear when she turned him around and showed him his new look.

"What do you think?"

"I... I can't believe that's me. I look so feminine."

"Come on, *Stephanie*, I think it's time we experiment a little further."

Stephen's face turned bright red at the sound of his feminized name. Not since he was in elementary school had he been called Stephanie. Back then, his classmates would all call each other girl's names to tease one another. Stephen was called a girl more often than the rest because of this thin frame.

Erica took him by the hand and led him out of the bathroom. He followed behind her, walking in slow, deliberate steps. She turned around and took his other hand, walking backwards as she directed him on how to walk in high heels.

She walked into the bed and sat down, spreading her legs as she looked up at him. "I want you to take off my pants and pleasure me."

Stephen hesitated for a moment and Erica raised an eyebrow. "Well? My pussy isn't going to lick itself, you know. Chop, chop, Stephanie!"

Erica poked at his chest with her toe and he obeyed her command. She smirked as he pulled off her tight gym shorts, revealing her black cotton panties. He tried to remember the last time he gave her oral. *Must not have been very good at it if I can't remember the last time I did it.* He heard her giggle as he pulled her panties down past her knees and off of her legs.

He knelt down in front of her and she watched him as he parted her pink lips with his left hand. She was already wet.

"Ooh!" she yelped as he buried his head in between her legs, wrapping his arm around her right leg and covering her tender flesh in countless kisses.

Stephen parted her outer lips and lifted up her tiny clit hood with his fingers, giving his tongue access to the sensitive pearl beneath it. Erica responded to his exploration with a drawn out moan as she fell back onto the sheets so hard the bed shook.

He smiled from in between her legs, his tongue flicking back and forth. His fingers moved to her inner lips, tenderly pulling them apart and fully exposing Erica's pussy.

"Oh god, yes!" Erica cried out, writhing on the bed as Stephen kept up his assault with his tongue. "D-Don't stop!" She squeezed his head with her thighs, holding it in place as he brought her closer and closer to sensual bliss.

Her strong legs muffled his hearing, but he could still make out the sound of her scream as she arched her back and filled his mouth with her juices. She relaxed her still-quivering legs, releasing him from her grip. He fell back onto his heels and wiped her sweet-smelling liquid from his face.

Erica stared up at the ceiling as her chest rose and fell quickly. Her heart raced and she gasped for air. It had been quite some time since she'd had an orgasm like that, and as tired as her body was, she wasn't ready to call it a night just yet.

There was still one more thing she had to do.

"Up... up onto the bed, Stephanie," she commanded as she rolled off of the queen-sized mattress. "Hands and knees, and no peeking."

Stephen crawled up onto the bed as he was told and anxiously awaited for Erica to return to him. He didn't need to look back to

know what was coming. Erica was digging around for her strap-on. He knew she had one—in fact, he had stumbled upon it months ago. She told him that she had got it back when she was dating one of her exes, but never got around to getting rid of it.

Looks like she's finally going to get to use it, Stephen thought as he bit his lip. He jerked forward and grimaced at the cold application of lube. Erica was very thorough and generous, which involved her fingers sliding into his bum.

"Like that, don't you?" Erica cooed in his ear from behind him. "There are a lot of guys who enjoy pegging. The prostate is the male g-spot, after all."

A chill ran up his spine as her fingers rubbed in prostate and he had to bite his lip to stop a moan from escaping his lips. Erica squeezed his ass as she continued fingering him, coating his insides with enough lube to allow for easy entry.

He took a couple deep breaths as she lined up behind him and grabbed his hips. "Are you ready, Stephanie?" she purred. "Don't worry, I'll go slow."

Here it comes. Stephen moaned as she pressed the head of her cock against his ass and pushed in slowly. Erica kept her word as she moved gently in and out of him, letting her strap-on fall out of him before putting it back in.

"You all right?"

"Yeah, I am," he grunted.

"Going to go a little bit deeper and faster."

Erica readjusted her position and slid the cock back into his ass, pushing further and further until she buried the entire thing inside of him. Stephen moaned as the ridged toy rubbed against his insides, stimulating his prostate much more than her fingers ever did.

"You good?"

"Yep," he grunted once more, trying not to show how turned on he was from all of this. Precum oozed out of his cock as Erica began rhythmic thrusts, moving faster and faster and pushing harder and harder.

There was pain at first, and Stephen opened his mouth ready to tell her to stop. It wasn't an excruciating "stop there is something really wrong" pain. It was the same kind of pain a woman gets when

she pops her cherry. It had faded away by the time Erica really started going, and the pain that followed was something of his own creation: his subconscious crying out, telling him to stop.

This isn't right! it told him. *A straight guy shouldn't enjoy getting fucked in the ass by his girlfriend.* But there was no denying the pleasure that filled him.

And from the amount of force Erica was putting behind her thrusts, she knew that he was enjoying it. He fell forward onto his elbows as Erica buried her cock inside of him.

His jaw hung slack as he tried his hardest to stop himself from moaning at the insurmountable pleasure that came from being penetrated. He felt so full and vulnerable in ways he had never experienced before. Part of him even felt complete. He bit on his hand, stifling the cry that came when she slapped his ass.

Erica spanked him again and he moaned into the sheets. How could this be happening to him? The night before, he was an ordinary guy with a smoking hot girlfriend. They had regular, vanilla sex like most couples; the kinkiest they ever got was when they used handcuffs one night after a Halloween party.

But now Stephen was dressed head to toe like a woman, wearing his girlfriend's lingerie, her makeup, her wig, her jewelry, and her high heels. He was on his hands and knees, face pressed against the sheets of their bed, getting fucked in the ass by Erica.

It was the most turned on he had ever been.

His knuckles turned white from gripping the sheets as she slapped his ass a third time. Stephen stood on the precipice. He was moments away from arguably the best orgasm of his entire life.

As if sensing his closeness, Erica reached round and grabbed his cock. She stroked it and Stephen's eyes rolled into the back of his head as his cum burst out of his throbbing tip. His head swam and all his nerve endings fired off at once as the orgasm that had been building up since he first put on Erica's panties swept over him like a tsunami.

It filled him from the tips of his toes to his painted fingernails. Erica continued fucking him for a moment more until she joined him. With her cock in him as deep as it could go, she fell onto his back and let her arms dangle off of him.

They stayed connected for another minute before Erica found the strength to pull out of him. Stephen fell onto his sides, panting. He looked up at her and smiled.

"You made quite a mess, Stephanie," she said, pointing to the large pool of cum on the sheets.

"Yeah... we should change them before we go to bed."

"We? What is this we?" Erica winked as she unfastened the harness and removed the double-ended dildo. She tossed it aside and rolled off of the bed. "I'm going to take a nice long shower. If you hurry up, change the sheets and undress, you can join me."

Stephen awoke the following morning to find the bed empty and Erica gone. He frowned, knowing she wouldn't be back until late tonight. He doubted she'd have the energy to repeat what they'd done.

He rolled over in the bed and stared up at the ceiling, recalling the events of the night before. He bit his lip and squirmed as he remembered the way the lingerie had felt on his body, how the stockings caressed his legs and the heels shaped his ass. He remembered the taste of lipstick and the weight of the earrings.

But most importantly, he remembered the sensation of being pegged.

Stephen's body warmed and his dick created a tent in the sheets. But his daydreaming ended prematurely when he heard the door to his apartment open. Moments later, Erica entered the bedroom carrying several shopping bags.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" he said, sitting up and eyeing the bags.

Erica smiled. "It was supposed to be a surprise, and the reason why I bought that lingerie you ended up in. Over the past week I closed several major deals and brought in a ton of cash to the firm. Because of it, they awarded me with a week's paid vacation."

She set the bags down and sat on the edge of the bed next to him.

"I was going to tell you last night, but we had that fight, and I went down to the gym and... well... you know what happened."

Stephen's face turned bright red. "Yeah. How could I forget?"

Erica stood up and returned to her collection of bags. "Well, when I woke up this morning, I just had to go shopping."

"What did you buy?" he asked, trying to peer into the bags.

"Lingerie, shoes, makeup, jewelry... and some costumes for you!"

"Costumes for me...?"

Stephen trailed off as Erica pulled out a white blouse and pink plaid microskirt. "I even bought some cute pink heels and white stockings to go with it."

She tossed the items onto the bed.

"Well, hurry up and get out of bed, Stephanie! I got lots of stuff for you to try on, and we don't have all day!"

Stephen sighed as he threw the sheets off of himself and climbed out of bed.

"But before you start dressing up, you need to shower and shave." Erica handed him a pink razor and shaving crème and pushed him toward the bathroom. "Oh, and from now on, you must address me as Mistress. Understand?"

He laughed a little as he looked down at the items in his hand and back at his eager and excited girlfriend. It had been a long time since he'd seen her this genuinely happy. As weird as it was, he couldn't deny how excited he was to try on all the outfits she had for him.

"Yes, Mistress," he said with a smile.

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About the Author

John Dylena is a young author with a passion for tales of crossdressing, feminization and gender change. When he's not writing stories full of stockings, high heels and magic, he is an avid gamer and movie lover. His other interests are science fiction and epic fantasy.

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