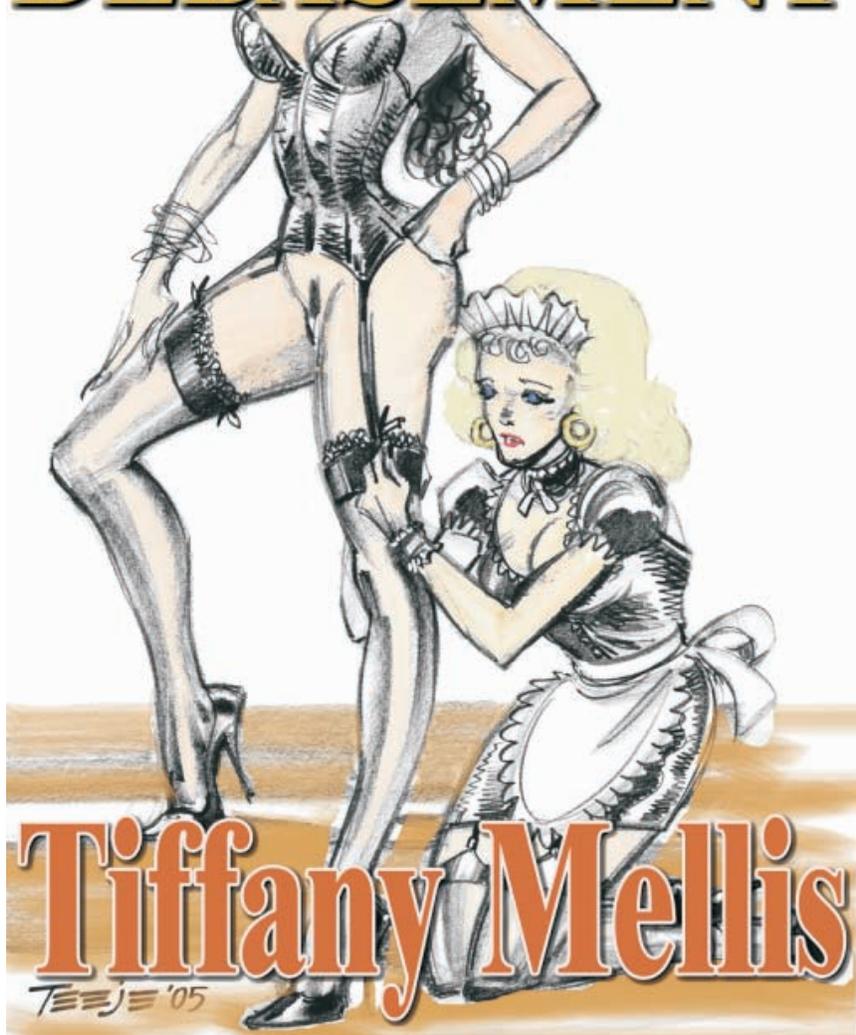


# UTTER DEBASEMENT



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# Utter Debasement

**By Tiffany Mellis**

I was lost in space, the dainty Victoria's Secret lace-up corset in my hands, standing there in the store, surrounded by sexy glamorous undies, just dreaming.

"Bet it'd look nice on you," the familiar girlish voice whispered in my ear, "Though I'm not too sure about that color. You'd need something more primary I think. Scarlet? Jet Black maybe?"

I only jumped about a foot in the air, certainly not more than eighteen inches. Let out a squeal that reverberated around the store and had more than one of the salesgirls looking over at us.

"Oh Cindi!" I gasped, when I landed back on the floor and recognized the young woman at my side, my hand involuntarily going to my chest – the light blue corset showing up nicely against my dark blue shirt as I did so. "You scared me out of a years growth!"

My next-door neighbor giggled. "Oh Jerry! I'm sorry! I'd no idea that I'd scare you like that!" Then her eyes grew mischievous. "Found out your guilty secret, huh? Buying yourself some pretty undies? You one of those girly-boys that like to dress in pretty clothes?"

I felt my eyes grow round with shock and blushed a glorious shade of beet red, for reasons I'll go into in a moment, then stammered out. "Oh come ON Cindi! I'm buying a bunch of clothes for Laura. You must know how much wives love their husbands to buy them nice things!"

She patted my arm conspiratorially, still grinning. "Yeah, sure! But aren't you lucky she's about the same size as you?" Her mouth took on a cute, quirky, look. "I bet you dress up in her clothes when she's out. Betcha you look cute. Now that I think on it? You'd make a foxy looking girl!"

I almost blurted out the fact that she was wrong. I take a dress one size smaller than Laura. She's got such a fantastic bust that the one or two times she's had me try to wear one of her blouses or a dress, they always just hang on me. Then I realized what I'd been about to reveal, and stammered my intended statements to a halt, my face turning redder than ever.

With her still smiling knowingly at me, I finally collected myself enough to ask what she was doing there. Again, she made me feel stupid as her lips quirked again and she smiled even more broadly. "This IS a girl's store – or hadn't you noticed? Or do you take me for a boy?"

Though embarrassed anew by her remark, I knew that she was only teasing me – and still felt an immediate rapport with this pretty girl. I so much wanted someone to confide in and, somehow, since I'd married Laura I didn't seem to have too many friends. But something held me back from unburdening myself to her. Last vestiges of male pride? I don't know.

Let's face it. Cindi is pretty. Damn near as good looking as Laura, my wife – although where Laura is luscious and full bodied with a pair of breasts that won't quit, Cindi is much slighter – much more feminine. Which is not to say that Laura isn't feminine of course – she's ALL woman. But she is so self-confident, so assured, that she doesn't project that "protect me" aura that so many feminine women often do. As a matter of fact, it's *her* that teases *me* about being feminine – started off by calling me her little Jerry – and had recently got around to making my name sound almost like *Sherri*.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not gay or anything. Kind of small and willowy maybe, and well aware that my married relationship isn't quite – well normal – if you catch my drift – but certainly not gay. I'd always worshiped Laura from afar, all the way through high school when she was the goddess of the campus – and I was the wimpy nerd. She didn't go to college, like I did. And she didn't have a rich aunt to leave her a business like I did. But when she came in to my company years later, looking for a job as a data entry operator? I damn near got burn marks on my fingers setting up the papers for signing her on.

The business I own is not a big one, only does contract data entry work for legal offices and small firms, but it provides a nice income. At the time she came on board, I'd nothing but a bunch of frowzy older women and a couple of guys working for me, but without me really noticing it, as time went by and people came and went, I ended up having a bunch of nothing but hot looking girls working there – with Laura being the head girl. I started noticing that they all seemed to pay more attention to her than they did to me, but was so love struck and so impressed by the amount of business she was starting to pull in that I thought very little of it. Pretty soon after I hired her, she and I were dating – and she ended up taking me, and the business, over. Not that I minded of course.

Our wedding night was a bit of a disaster. Laura looked like a dream in a white satin nightgown, trimmed with ermine. I was SO impressed at finally (She'd never let me get even close to first base with her) getting her into bed, that I became totally impotent! Couldn't get an erection to save myself! But my goddess finally saved the day – or the night, I should say. Sure she teased me about being a little sissy and not being much of a man - stuff like that, but she took me in her surprisingly strong arms, and jokingly told me how pretty I was, all the time rubbing the fur trim and satin material of her nightdress

over my body, until my sexuality was aroused again. Okay, maybe it doesn't sound like a typical wedding night to you – but I AM ticklish and under her laughing assault, finally laid back, giggling and protesting weakly, and had her mount me. Yeah – again, I also know it's the husband who's supposed to undress the wife – but by the time she started taking my pajamas off? I was totally helpless, although by that time, I had the biggest erection I'd ever had in my life.

Okay. It's perfectly understandable that she got upset when I got over excited and ejaculated before she'd even got properly on top of me. Let's face it, I don't blame her one little bit for getting a hold of my earlobe and pulling me up out of bed, then taking me over her knees and spanking me on my bare backside as I squealed and protested unavailingly. She admitted later that she maybe shouldn't have done it - but said she was only teasing me, and apologized nicely when I cried. Shortly thereafter she gave me my first lesson on servicing her with my tongue, and after a while, when she was nice and moist, said she forgave me and mounted me again. This time, I didn't disappoint her. I did get a lecture when I came a few seconds before she gave me permission, but she didn't get mad – though did teasingly warn me that I'd better learn to do as I was told in bed.

We'd been married for well over a year when Jill and Cindi moved in next door. Cindi had actually worked for me for almost a year but left about six months after Laura started. I was quite shocked to discover that she and Jill were lesbians. Laura laughed at me when I voiced my shock – by that time, she got around to often referring to me as her 'little lesbian lover'. This because she'd usually find me wanting in performing my 'husbandly duties' – so would often take over the masculine role in our lovemaking. Naturally, this meant that I had to both act – then gradually dress – in the female role. (This is why I was so well acquainted with our relative sizes when it came to women's apparel – Laura seemed to be increasingly enjoying dressing me up – maintaining it was the only way she had of getting sexually relieved herself).

Hopefully? This might explain why I wanted a close friend so much – and Cindy was SO nice. Okay, I hadn't been so friendly when I'd been her boss, but I was almost sure that she didn't hold that against me. Okay, she was teasing me as we stood there in the store but, as can be expected, I was well used to this by now. As a matter of fact, I was starting to enjoy it if the truth were known. (Laura was always threatening to have Jill and Cindi come visit us when she'd have me dressed up in something slutty and feminine. I wasn't sure, but had the feeling that this might happen some day. Felt that it might be an idea to sort of broach the subject before being forcibly revealed in my feminine persona?)

But? Back in the present, I looked at Cindi smiling beside me. "Gonna hold that corset up against yourself all day?" she said. "People will TALK!"

Blushing again, I pulled my hand down.

"Oh Jerry! Stop being so silly! I'm only teasing you! *I'm* in the mall to do some shopping. *You're* in the mall to do some shopping! Why don't we shop together, huh? Want a hand to pick some nice outfits?"

Must admit it - the thought of shopping for women's clothes, while accompanied by a pretty girl like Cindy was somehow most attractive. "Sure!" I said. "I'll take any help I can get!"

So the two of us joined forces, first of all in Victoria's Secret but then through the rest of the mall. There were times when I felt that saleswomen were looking at me strangely – by that time Cindy was talking and acting towards me as if I were another girl and it just felt so *natural* somehow!

First, I bought some great stuff for Laura in Victoria's Secret. A short mini skirt that I knew would show off her great legs to perfection, then a hot blouse – so sheer I knew that all of the undies I then bought would be on show – and you should have SEEN the undies! Scarlet satin, edged in jet-black lace. Crotchless panties, demi-monde bra, short camisole. Garter belt with suspender straps that I knew would just show under the hem of the skirt – SHEER black, seamed, stockings that would be practically invisible when she put them on. WOW!

As I was putting all this stuff together, Cindi suddenly found some stuff that really turned her on and pleaded for me to come into the changing rooms and give her the benefit of my *masculine* outlook. What could I say? The salesgirl brought up the point that some of the stuff I'd bought had slight flaws – so if I wanted her to look out better quality stuff? As long as Cindi would be needing a little of my time, wouldn't it be a good idea for her to go and get more perfect items for my wife?

What could I say? Made good sense to me. I thanked the girl and went and joined Cindi in the changing rooms. As I said, it was as if the salespeople were considering me a girl, so no objection was raised as I entered the feminine holy of holies.

For the next few hours, I lived the life of a girl. As requested I started by watching – and giving my opinion as Cindy tried on clothes in Victoria's Secret. We lunched together after I picked up my



purchases from the salesgirl – and I felt that, somehow, I was chattering like a woman. We shopped in a few more stores – and I bought a really pretty Hermes scarf – it was on sale – and added that to my collection of bags. Then we went into a Nordstrom’s Department store – naturally had to pass the cosmetics counter first.

“Oh Jerry!” Cindy said excitedly. (Was it my imagination, or was she calling me Sherri?) “Look! A Chantilly salesgirl! C’mere!” And she pulled me towards a smiling saleslady who was standing in the middle of an aisle. “Here!” Cindy said to the woman. “Give him a little spritz!”

The woman smiled gently. “Well, are you *sure* miss? It IS a lady’s perfume you know?”

“Of COURSE I know! But maybe he’ll buy some for his wife – once he knows how lovely it smells!” Cindy replied.

“Oh? Well then,” the woman said – and sprayed me!

“A little more, maybe?” Cindy said.

The woman shrugged, smiled – then before I could even think of objecting – sprayed me again! I stared at her, horrified, but my innate politeness took over. “Thank you. It smells lovely,” I said. Her expression changed and a little contempt showed in her eyes. “You’re welcome - - - Sir?” she said.

Cindy and I parted soon after that as we had arrived in our separate cars. Traffic was awful and I was getting a little concerned. Laura WAS kind of picky about getting her dinner made – and served – on time. Not only that, I knew it was her day to be paying the bills – not a chore that improved her disposition any at the best of times.

So? I can’t say that I was expecting a wife full of sweetness and light when I got home – but the reception I did get, stunned me.

“Hi Laura! I’m home! Sorry I’m late dear. But I’ll get dinner on right away!” I shouted, hiding my purchases (I DID want to surprise her) taking my jacket off and putting on my pretty apron as soon as I got in the door.

She appeared in the kitchen door – and the temperature fell by about thirty degrees. “Hello *macho* man!” she whispered. “Been having a good time chatting up pretty little Cindy next door, huh? Tired of poor old Laura who’s working her fingers to the bone? I’m getting too OLD for you now? That it?”

I could only stare, then I managed. “Darling? I’ve no idea what you’re *talking* about!”

Before I could expect the slightest reaction from her, she had the lobe of my ear in her fingers – and was squeezing – hard! “So? My little pantywaist husband learns out how to satisfy a poor woman like me – *from* me? Then casts her aside for a *young* thing? I just wonder what JILL is going to say when she hears that you’ve been trying to make out with HER girlfriend!”

A tremor of fear ran through me at those words. “Darling! I can explain!” I bleated.

“Oh yeah?” she said. “Explain! But first, get over there!” and she let my ear go.

I approached where she pointed slowly. “Laura darling? I don’t know what you’re talking about! I’ve been good. Honestly!”