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Peter in Panties

By Max Swyft

1

Looking back I should have realized months ago what was going on, voiced objections or stopped this business before it got out of hand. I did not and this new relationship between Ariel and me is nearly a year old. How I was maneuvered into this position is clear to me now. But it seems there's little to be done about it now.

Ariel put it to me the Friday night of the card game after all the ladies had left. I could go along so that we could get along. Or I could leave.

"Peter Paige, if you don't like the way it is now you can just pack your bags and leave."

"You don't mean that," I said.

We were in the bedroom and she stood beside the bed wearing only French cut panties, arms akimbo, pert breasts still firm and proud, topped by large succulent nipples.

"I do mean it, Mr. Paige," she had said, eyes like lasers, black hair barely brushing naked shoulders.

"Are you talking about divorce?"

"You know I am," she retorted.

Cold hearted bitch. She hadn't always been this way. "Well then, maybe I could have a normal relationship with some other woman." I shot back.

"Peter. Poor Peter. This is a normal relationship."

I couldn't meet those defiant eyes. "No. No, it's not."

I looked up to see her shucking off the panties. She sat on the bed and pointed between her legs. "Get over here and get me off, baby. It was a good night and you did well. I'll give you a reward."

She looked at me until I dropped my eyes, came forward.

I knelt between Ariel's legs and put my face where she wanted it.

Occasionally Ariel and several of her friends get together, play various card games. Sometimes Yahtzee. The girls rotate from one home to the other.

Last night it was Ariel's turn at hostess. I was going to meet some buds and have drinks but she wanted me to stay, wait on them, serve snacks and drinks. I argued but she was adamant. I was staying and helping out.

Actually she gave me the choice. If I stayed she would give me a reward. It had been so long for me that I agreed. She knew I would, and leading up to the arrival of the other women she petted me, worked me up, kept

stroking me, telling me that I would win release after the game — if I pleased her.

She supervised my attire. Nothing really obvious. Except for the jeans. Skin tight. So tight in fact that I had to lay back on the bed to zip and button them. The jeans had embroidered stitching on the back pockets and down the legs but no sequins or other decorations. Of course under the jeans I wore pink satin bikini panties.

The jeans, made out of a rather thin material, were so tight that the outline of the bikini panties imprinted my butt. I complained but Ariel said the girls would just think I was wearing provocative men's briefs. There were certainly sexy men's briefs on the market, had been for untold years. Briefs that looked like panties, she added with a wicked smile.

That was true enough. Men's fashions started changing way back in the eighties. I'd looked at the slick briefs back then, cut similar to panties with no fly in front. Some of them even had lace leg and waistbands. Of course I passed, stayed with tightie whities.

It was one of the things Ariel had pointed out to me when she first got me into panties. You could hardly tell the difference unless you looked at the label. It was pointless to argue since much of what she said was true.

That's how she started all this business, using logic. At first gently persuading me, bating me with sex, getting me all worked up until I was putty in her skillful hands.

Still, she insisted I tuck myself, give my front that smooth girly look. The jeans were tight enough to keep my penis tucked. I was surprised she didn't insist I wear pantyhose and penny loafers. Or a frilly shirt.

My wardrobe has become increasingly feminine and there's nothing I can do about it.

It's small comfort, knowing there's nothing I can do about it. I could pack up and leave. That's the only alternative. Splitsville. It's a sobering thought. Over the years I've come to depend on Ariel in ways I would never have imagined.

It's kind of like the frog thrown in a pot of warming water that boils until you're cooked. That's how I correlate our relationship. Feels kind of a nice for a while until you realize what's happening and by then it's too late.

For the evening I served wine and tiny pâté sandwiches.

Ariel and her friends played canasta and the game lasted three hours or so. They do a little gambling, just quarters but you'd think they were playing for gold bars the way they hoot and holler. Linda and Sylvia, the other two left first. Ariel didn't do so well, and Bethany, the new girl in the group, lingered while I kept refilling hers and Ariel's wineglasses.

I was glad to see the night wind down. I'd been to the bathroom twice. It's one of my wife's rules that I sit and do my business. It wasn't always this way but now I'm used to it. She used logic there, too, telling me she was tired of wiping my pee stains from the toilet. When finished, I could hardly get the jeans back up.

Ariel and Bethany chatted while I hovered nearby. I think Bethany was a little tipsy from the wine and I wondered if we'd be taking her home, one of us driving her car while she rode with the other.

Finally I topped off their glasses with the last of the wine.

Ariel put her arm around me as I stood pouring out the last of the wine. Her hand slid down and caressed my butt. She said, "You did well tonight, dear"

Bethany noticed her hand on my butt. She said nothing and sipped wine.

Ariel had that gleam in her eye, the one that made me wary. I think she wanted to show off for the new girl in their group.

"You know what would be nice, hon?" she asked, running her hand over my butt that was molded into the jeans.

"What, dear?" I said, keeping the sarcasm out of my voice.

"A nice foot rub."

"What, now?"

Ariel looked at me. "Yes. Now. You can do Bethany's feet first."

"But you're here at the dining room table," I protested.

"Crawl under it."

Bethany's eyes darted between us, then she looked into her nearly empty wineglass.

"Wouldn't you like a nice foot rub while we finish, Beth?"

She looked at Ariel and I could see the hesitation. It was a strange request.

An odd situation for sure, but being new to the group she didn't know how to react, perhaps sensed the hierarchy of our marriage the way I waited on them that evening; the dutiful and cowed husband.

Ariel patted her hand. "Of course you would. Peter crawl under the table and do Beth's feet while we sit and visit for a bit."

She looked up, eyes challenging.

"Well, I guess," I said.

My face was getting red and I was humiliated, but down on all fours I crawled under the table.

Bethany wore a summery full-skirted dress and her legs were bare, feet in leather flats. Ariel wore cropped pants and low-heeled sandals, her legs also bare.

I took off Bethany's shoes and started to massage them, glad the two of them couldn't see my acute embarrassment. Ariel was doing this on purpose, letting the newest member of her card party know who was in charge of our marriage.

Bethany shifted in her chair, crossed her legs, trying to help me out I suppose.

Her crossed legs gave me a bird's eye view of her legs which were revealed to the tops of her thighs on the outside. They couldn't see I was looking so I ogled her legs, wondered if I'd get a glimpse of her panties.

Her pink-tipped toes wriggled in my hands and I was aware of a slight foot odor which wasn't altogether unpleasant. Ariel had conditioned me to associate the scent of her day-old feet with sexual stimulation. It had started out innocently enough, the two of us sitting on the couch her feet in my lap, me peeking up her skirt. Then one evening her pesky foot kept worming around in my lap and the next thing I knew I was hard. She said she liked that; the idea that I was excited while playing with her feet.

Then I heard Ariel say, "He's probably ogling your legs, Beth." She chuckled.

Bethany said nothing but smoothed a hand over her dress, suppressing my view.

I kept at Bethany's feet, massaged them until they became warm in my hands. Then I felt Ariel's foot snaking around, working between my legs, pressing, making my

cock throb even though it was tucked securely between my legs.

"This is just wonderful," Ariel said and I could hear cards shuffling. "Is he doing well?"

Bethany must've nodded because I didn't hear a response.

"Does your husband massage your feet?" Ariel asked in a sweet voice.

"No."

"You should insist," commented Ariel.

"Is that what you do — insist?"

"Oh, Peter loves to do little things like this for me. He's so sweet. He gives me manicures and pedicures you know."

"No, I didn't know," I heard Bethany say in a quiet voice.

True enough. My sweet Ariel gave me women's magazines that showed how to do it. Teenage girl glossies that counseled them on how to highlight their fingers and toenails. Ariel trained me gradually to do her fingers and toenails, always being sexually suggestive. One night she suggested I do her feet while I was naked. These stimulating but humiliating sessions progressed from me being naked to wearing women's unmentionables, even lipstick.

Then the kissing and licking and sucking started and . . .

"You must let him do yours sometime," suggested my wife.

Bethany pulled her feet from me. "That's enough," she said in a voice that would brook no objection.

"Do mine, honey," said Ariel.

I turned under the table, took up her feet.

Ariel talked aimlessly but their chatter ended abruptly and I sensed Bethany's awkwardness with me under the table playing with their feet. I didn't want to crawl from under but knew I couldn't remain there.

Ariel looked at me with a big smile, said, "Thank you, sweetie."

I couldn't look at Bethany but she was already gathering her purse, making a break for the door. Ariel escorted her and I sat on the couch feeling defeated.

Ariel came back into the den, leaned over and kissed my cheek. "That was so nice of you, Peter."

"I had no choice."

"Of course you had a choice. You could have refused."

"And caused a scene."

Ariel giggled and shook her head. "I wouldn't've insisted."

"I'm not so sure."

"Well, I'm sure Bethany enjoyed it."

"She felt awkward if you ask me."

"I'm not asking you."

"Well, she will most likely tell the other women how you had me go under the table and play with her feet. It will be all the gossip in your group, I'm sure."

"Maybe. It will be interesting if any of the other girls ask me about you playing with our feet under the table." She gave me a look. "It shows who's in charge, don't you think?"

I looked away, didn't answer.

Let's go to bed. I'll give you a reward for being such a good girl."

"Stop that."

"Stop what, honey?" she said innocently.

"Calling me a girl."

"What should I call you?"

"Not that."

"But, dear, you wear panties and your toenails are painted a nice soft pink. You have no body hair and you prance around like a girl."

"That's what you want."

"Hmm, it must be what you want, too," she said, throwing off her clothes in the bedroom, leaving them for me to pick up.

She sat on the bed, pointed to the floor. I knew what she wanted and I knelt, put my face between her legs, licked for some time before she achieved an orgasm.

"Get naked and I'll do you."

I couldn't get out of my clothes fast enough but the tight jeans took some work.

"You've great legs, Peter. I think the other girls would be envious."

I lay on the bed still in the panties, knew she'd want me to keep them on.

Ariel sat beside me, rubbed her hand over my growing excitement. "How long has it been for you?"

"Two weeks at least."

"Hmm, I bet you're ready," she said, fingers sliding inside the waistband of the panties, freeing my penis.

She stroked it slowly. "Doesn't that feel good, sweetie?"

"Yes, you know it does."

"I want you to start wearing heels around the house, practice walking in them."

Her hand slowly worked my shaft.

"Why?"

"Girls should know how to walk in heels, honey."

"But I'm not a girl."

Her other hand went to my chest, fingered one of the enlarged nipples. "But you want to be. Or why would you wear panties and pantyhose, all that other sexy stuff."

"All that was your idea. You made me do it."

"I made you want to be a girl?"

"No, you made me dress in all the girly stuff."

Her hand stopped but her fingers continued working first one then the other nipple. "You told me last time I gave you a reward that you liked wearing lingerie, shaving you legs, looking pretty."

"No, you made me say those things. Or you wouldn't ..."

Her hand started again, slowly, ever so slowly.

"Wouldn't what, dear?" she said innocently.

"You know."

"Oh." Both of us going silent in the bedroom while her lazy hand stroked. "Do this?"

"Yes."

"Don't you love wearing panties?" she prompted.

"Yes, it's what you want."

"No, you love wearing them. It makes you feel sexy. Isn't that what you told me?"

"Yes."

"That's better," she said, picking up the pace.

"Wearing panties is so much better than wearing tightie whities, isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"Besides, most of the underwear in your drawer is panties. We wouldn't want to go back to wearing those plain cotton underpants, would we?"

"No."

"Aren't you comfortable wearing panties and hose to work now?"

"I guess."

"No, you like it and all your fears have been put to rest, haven't they. I mean about being discovered."

"Yes. Nobody suspects."

"You love being a girly man, don't you Peter?"

"Yes."

"I just knew it."

Her tempo increased and I wouldn't last much longer.

"And your nipples, they've grown quite well don't you think?"

"I think they're getting too big."

"Nonsense. They're not quite big enough yet. Don't you like sucking on my nipples?"

"Yes, you know I do."

"And I *know* you like it when I suck yours. A little bigger yet before we stop with the enlarging lotions and creams and herbal supplements."

"They're beginning to show. And another thing. My skin is getting really soft."

"Yes, it feels great when we cuddle. Your nipples looks so sexy, too. Especially when you wear a cami or some slinky nylon blouse."

My nipples are now thicker, a bit longer, pointy and enlarged. The areola is now bumpier, a deeper brown in color and somewhat pronounced. They easily imprint a slick cami or other nylon garment.

"I'm going to pluck your eyebrows."

"No! I won't allow it."

Her hand stopped and I was almost there.

"You won't allow what?" Ariel challenged.

"Plucking my eyebrows. It would be too much of a giveaway."

"Well, I won't pluck them too much. Just enough. Contouring they call it. A lot of men have their eyebrows contoured now. I've seen men in beauty shops having their eyebrows waxed and there's usually a girlfriend or wife waiting nearby. You've seen how men in Hollywood magazines have smooth, hair-denuded skin, and all those sleek fashion models, how nice they look parading on the catwalk. It's the continuing evolvement of the modern male."

Her hand picked up its rhythm, faster and faster.

"You really want them contoured. Your face will look so much better when you put on makeup."

I was pushing upward, meeting the downward thrusts of her pistoning hand.

"You want to look pretty for me, don't you, Peter?"

"Yes," I hissed.

Almost there.

"You love being girly don't you?"

"Yes."

"I want you to start wearing a cami under your shirts when you go to work."

"No, please . . . no."

"Yes. It's what I want. And deep down I know it's what you want too."

"I'm going to climax," I said.

"Yes, I know. Don't you like being my secret girlfriend?"

"Yes."

"The more feminine the better. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"Say what?"

"That you like being a girl."

"I like being a girl."

"Are you going to shoot, sweetie?"

She pinched my nipple and said, "Go ahead, cum for me sweetie. Get it all out."

My hips almost came off the bed. I shot geysers of semen into the air and Ariel continued to jack my cock. Spurt after spurt of semen shot over my smooth belly and chest. The blast was so great a couple dollops hit my neck.

Saturday morning I woke up in bed alone. I was wearing a pink baby doll outfit. I heard the toilet flush and Ariel came out of the bathroom. She smiled at me, peeled off her panties and crawled up on the bed.

"I was hoping you'd wake up sleepyhead."

She found my penis through the satin sheet, massaged it.

"You know how men always wake up horny, want sex?"

"Yes. It'd be nice to have sex now," I suggested.

She swung her leg over my chest. "Yes, it would. Since you've haven't brushed yet I think you could eat me, give me a nice morning orgasm."

She scooted up until her knees rested on my shoulders.

"What about me?"

"You're too concerned about yourself. Make me happy and maybe I'll do something for you later. We've the whole weekend. And besides I gave you relief last night."

She was over me, on her knees, legs spread. Her bald vulva looked wet, and I remembered hearing the toilet flush, wondered if she had wiped.

Slowly her pink hairless pussy lowered until it rested lightly on my face. Her hand worked me between the legs and I took a first tentative lick. She tasted a little salty with a hint of bitterness. I washed my tongue along her labia and it darted inside. Immediately a tangy muskiness assaulted my taste buds; the familiar taste of her

morning pussy mixed in with what must be a hint of tangy urine. All the while she massaged my penis through the satin sheet, settled on my face, the fingers of her other hand splaying her nether lips as I stabbed my tongue deeper and licked her malodorous womanhood.



Ariel had long since learned she could get her way when I was sexually entranced. She endeavored to keep me on a knife's edge of passion. It made it easier to manipulate me.

I think she was influenced by some feminists where she worked.

Over many months she gained the upper hand in our marriage. It was so gradual that I was completely unaware of the subtle currents of her dominance.

We had an automatic dishwasher but being just the two of us it was almost easier to wash the dishes in the sink, something she coaxed me to do one night while slowly jacking me off.

"Honey, it would be so nice if I came home tomorrow night (her hand slowly, ever so slowly working my shaft, while we sat on the couch after she'd unzipped my fly and pulled out Frisky) and found you doing yesterday's dishes."

"Really?"

Her legs were crossed and skirt at the top of her thighs, top foot kicking back and forth.

"Uh-huh. You get home first (slowly working my shaft) and I think if you really love me you'd do it."

"Well, sweets, I guess it won't hurt if I help out a little bit."

"It would give us more time to do things like this," she said, quickening her pace. "Don't you like *this*."

"You know I do, sweets."

From there it went to doing the dishes naked. Another request made during lazy masturbation. At the time it didn't sound so unreasonable.

I didn't think it so strange when she brought home a frilly, lace-trimmed apron.

It looked so cute and didn't I think so.

Not really but it's hard to argue when your sporting a hard-on.

Either wearing an apron or naked, hands in soapy dishwater, Ariel would pet my flank, tell me how much she loved me, fondle me between the legs and, stick her tongue in my ear.

It was maddening. I remember shaking my hands of sudsy dishwater, turning to her with a rampant hard-on and wanting to have sex — her fully clothed and me naked — on the kitchen floor.

She'd look into my eyes, stroke my cock, rub it through the slick apron or against her skirt or slacks, and tell me to finish the dishes first. She'd be waiting in the bedroom.

But only when I was done with the dishes.

In the bedroom she was either sitting on the bed or at the vanity, wearing only her underwear. My cock would bob up and down as I eagerly went to her. She'd eye my readiness and smile, knew I needed her special attention.

I had to stand before her while she quizzed me about the dishes, did I do the job properly (hand reaching and stroking my excitement), put the dishes in the drainer and was the silver clean. Not just clean but spotless.

Yes, yes, and yes.

"What would really be nice would be for you to get on your knees, pull my panties off and kiss me where it counts. Hmm, how about that, sweets?"

"Uhm, I need some relief, Ariel. I did the dishes like you asked and — "

"Asked?"

"Yes. You asked me to do the dishes and I did them."

"That's not the way I see it, Peter. Not at all."

One hand on my shaft, the other cupping my balls.

"What do you mean, sweets?"

"Enough with the sweets, Peter."

"I don't understand."

"Get on your knees and take off my panties. I've had a hard day at the office and I think it's about time you thought of someone else but yourself."

"What about my day? Doesn't it count?"

"That's another problem with you, Peter. It's always about yourself. I'm getting tired of that selfish attitude."

By then I was on my knees. Her legs were crossed, one foot swinging, brushing my engorged helmet.

"You're right, dear." I reached for her hips to take down her lavender panties and she slapped my hands away.

"I'm out of the mood. Your selfishness is really a turn-off, Peter."

"Honey, I'm sorry. Really, I am."

"I just don't know, Peter. It seems I'm always playing with your pecker. What do you do for me?"

"I'll make it up to you."

"Maybe, I don't know."

"Please, I will. What do you want?"

Ariel stood, legs spread, hands on hips. She pointed between her legs and said, "Kiss it."

I kissed her between the legs.