

Megan's New Clothes

By Abe Froman

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Please send any comments/suggestions to me at froman.abe@gmail.com. They are appreciated and warmly received.

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Megan's New Clothes

Megan stepped into the steaming shower with her mind racing. All week long she'd been stomping around the house in a huff. She was frustrated and a bit upset, and didn't know why.

She closed her eyes and let the water flow down over her body. She was moving into her early 30's and she was still very proud of her body, as was her husband. Her 36D breasts were still firm – she always chose the best bras to support them. Those breasts really kept jogging out of the question for exercise, but she was rigorous when it came to aerobics and stretching. As her hands spread suds and foam over her body she could feel a smile and a tingle that her flesh was taut and smooth all over.

Her hands continued to explore as she washed. She loved sex with her husband, and they always kept it fun. Flicking at the golden rings through her pierced nipples, she was reminded how they not only kept her nipples erect, but feeling their weight often brought her thoughts to happy experience in the bedroom – or even a couple of the other rooms in the house.

She looked down at the suds flowing over her long legs as her thighs spread for her exploring fingers. She kept herself nicely groomed – just a little stripe which was enough to tickle Heath's tongue and to prove she was a natural blonde. She purred with the tongue of her own fingers, thinking it was a lovely way to think happily about a difficult few days.

She should be happy, if a bit amused by her horny husband. He'd surprised her with a motherlode of online shopping last week. The money wasn't the issue, nor really was the stuff he bought. Sure, it was pretty much all slutty and tiny clothing and accessories for her to wear but nothing out of the blue – they had talked and joked about those sorts of things.

After a lovely dinner made by her husband Heath and a glass of two of wine they'd moved over to the bedroom for an impromptu fashion show. She'd been in a good mood, so she'd gone for some of the more raunchy items: a lacy pair of crotchless panties, lace-topped stockings with an ultra-short black wet-look latex skirt that was more advertisement or gift-wrapping for her ass than a cover for it. Looking in the mirror at those long legs flowing out of the skirt in those decadent stockings gave her an immediate and encouraging tingle.

Next was a tiny little stretchy tank top with spaghetti straps. It was white and it barely covered her full breasts. There was plenty of flesh exposed above the neckline and even at the sides. It was so tight that it hugged her breasts and body like a second skin. Written, now stretched, across the front was the word "slut" in gothic script. Looking like this, she felt that way too. It helped that the top was also clearly displaying her stiff nipples, and was so tight that even the outlines of the gold rings she wore in them were visible.

She'd painted her lips with bright red lipstick, and even added mascara and some rouge – after all, wouldn't a slut dressed like this be painted up? The last item she looked at a while before putting on. It was a black choker with rhinestone letters, spelling out "I love cock" with a little heart for the word "love." Megan knew that Heath had bought this particular one as a real wish. She didn't often go down on him, but she would occasionally give him a kiss or nuzzle down there. She hardly "loved cock." But she felt inspired, and thought that maybe it would make him so hot to see her wearing the choker, he wouldn't have time to wait for that foreplay.

But the evening had gone quite different than her expectations – mostly because of her own actions. She'd been unstoppable. She strutted around in her get-up, teasing him with the sight that obviously had him very hot. She'd been shameful, teasing her own body with her hands for him, massaging him as well. There was no getting around it: she fucked him and he fucked her for all they were both worth. It went on for hours.

Saying she had gone down on him didn't do the events justice. She had to admit to herself that she had worshipped his cock, kissing it, sucking it, stroking it, until she urged his cum from him and into her mouth.

Even when they were both exhausted and the sky had begun to brighten with the impending sunrise, she found she slept with her hand gripping his shaft. Waking hours later, nothing left of her outfit but the choker, she had woken him with yet another bout of oral service. He knew she wasn't fully awake until that shot of cum hit the back of her throat. In the moment, she had loved it, and had wanted nothing else.

But barely an hour later, when she was stripped and right here, washing the sweat and sex from her body in the shower, she felt ashamed, even humiliated by how much like a sex-starved slut she'd acted. That wasn't

her, was it? They'd been married for years, and while they had a great sexual relationship, married people don't act like that, do they?

Her reaction to her own behaviour had put her off. She distracted herself with chores for the next couple days, and had even found herself snapping at Heath when he mentioned that night (with that grin on his face) or talked about the other purchases. He seemed hurt and surprised by her mood now. She understood that – of course he was. One night his wife was a sex-starved maniac, the next night a prude.

She didn't know really what to do, but she wasn't going to take it out on him any more. In fact, maybe she should make it up to him. She had the afternoon off, and she knew when he came home on Friday's it was with a mix of the tiredness of a full week done, but with enthusiasm towards a weekend arriving. She decided to surprise him with a nice dinner, maybe even on the patio if this late summer weather held out. And hey, she thought, maybe even one more surprise. She remembered her horny husband had bought a French maid's uniform with that batch of clothing.

Her soapy fingers were moving fast now – it was such a typically male fantasy – but the image of her own body in the tight uniform was just the push she needed to slide her over the edge. In the steamy shower, alone in her house, she screamed out and came hard – riding the pleasure in waves. Her legs weakened and she slid down to the floor of the shower in a blissful soapy tangle. After her recovery and rinse, she stepped out and surrounded herself in fluffy towels to dry. She was going to make her husband smile today, and clothed in just the towel, she let go a gleeful giggle made her way see just how tawdry she'd look in that uniform.

The uniform seemed more complicated than she thought it would be, but now she was determined. She spread the items out on the bed, and took careful stock of them. First, she decided, were the stockings. She fixed the garter belt around her hips and carefully rolled the fishnets up her legs and fastened them. There were no panties, just a lacy petticoat that also was wiggled in place around her hips. Next came the dress, though that was a generous word for it. She managed to get the shiny latex around her and it was immediate obvious that it was going to be very short and very tight.

Once she had it in place, started to work at the laces, feeling it hug and squeeze at her body, pushing her full breasts higher up, forming even more into an hourglass figure. Once finally done to her satisfaction, the bodice was little more than a shelf for her breasts, not even covering her nipples, and her nipple rings gleamed and teased out. The skirt covered most of the lace petticoat but very little of her – and that was standing up. She felt her face start to warm and flush with embarrassment at her appearance, but she felt it quickly change to a peaceful acceptance, knowing it was just right somehow.

She continued to dress, applying the final touches. She slid her feet into the five-inch spike heels and buckled the straps around her ankles. A tiny white, lace-trimmed apron went in place around her waist. A matching lace headband was arranged in her hair. The final touch was a white lace choker. She smiled and shook her head as she noticed the embroidery in it.

Black thread formed, in perfect script, the words, “the perfect slave.” As she put it in place around her neck, she was laughing and shaking her head at her husband’s fantasies. Once it settled home, however, the feeling changed to a warm flowing all over her body. Yes, she was going to be the perfect maid, the perfect slave. Just thinking about how good she was going to be made her tingle, and her pussy lips were glistening.

So, like a good maid, she got to work. She had really just been planning to try on the outfit, but now she realized how much there was to do. Over the next few hours, her body was tightly wrapped and displayed to perfection for no-one’s benefit but her own as she vacuumed, dusted, finished the laundry and prepared a feast fit for a king, or Master. She was so fully in her role she barely noticed the gasping shock of the UPS deliveryman as she answered the doorbell that afternoon. She nonchalantly signed for the delivery, smiled at him, and returned to her work. After all, Heath would be home soon.

When Heath arrived home, he stepped into the hall and called out to Megan that he was home. After a long week, he was eager for the weekend to start, even if there had been a bit of out-of-place quietness between them lately. He was totally unprepared for her appearance and greeting.

His jaw dropped to the floor as he took her in. The outfit he’d bought, and recently all but given up hope of ever seeing her in, was better than he could have dreamed. Her tits looked even larger than normal as they nearly poured out of it, and that was saying something. Perhaps even more striking was the way she was totally living up to her look. Every motion seemed to communicate a kind of service and submission to him. He felt his cock stir in his jeans.

“Hi, Sir,” she softly said, “Please come out to the deck. I’ve got your dinner ready.”

Heath was too shocked to speak, and he followed her out, his eyes drinking in the curves of her legs accentuated by her patterned stockings, her calves formed by the posture the tall heels gave her, and the delicious expanse of bare flesh between the stocking tops and the bottom of her tiny skirt.

He couldn’t get to a point of equilibrium, as every moment seem to carry a new surprise, a new aspect of a fantasy he wouldn’t have dared dream. Megan simply knelt, on the deck in the cool fall air, as he ate the perfectly

grilled steak. By the time he has polished off the delicious meal, sipping at his wine, his mind was turning a bit wicked.

Her performance was too perfect, too submissive. He couldn't help now but want to try and trip her up.

Their back yard was relatively enclosed by foliage, but they weren't that far from their neighbors. It was one of the reasons why Megan would never fool around in the back yard, or even here on the deck. Heath smiled as the idea crystallized in his mind, and he turned to her. He opened his thighs and drew down his fly. He carefully drew out his stiff cock and drank in the look in her eyes as a reaction.

"Megan, my maid, I want you to service me, right here and right now." He was ready for her to laugh or to react in disgust, but certainly not for what she did.

Without a word, and with a look that he could only read as excitement and hunger, she slurped his shaft wetly into her mouth. He was moaning as he looked down to see her painted lips wrapped tight around his cock, her tits bouncing with her motion, barely restrained in the dress. Her nipple rings, which he always loved to see, were glinting in the candlelight. The pressure was building fast in his balls.

His mind's eye tried to imagine how this looked, and he still couldn't believe it. And he couldn't give up yet. She couldn't be into this so perfectly. He had to win, to break her act, to get her to cry uncle first.

"Stop, Megan." It nearly killed him to say it. She slid his shaft out of her pursed lips slowly and looked up at him with questioning eyes. "Stand up, move to the railing, and lean forward, pet."

Again, he waited for her refusal, maybe even a playful (or not quite) slap at what he was suggesting, but there was none. She simply moved to the wooden railing, leaned forwards just a touch, and actually lifted the back of her skirt for him. There was no room in his circulation-starved mind to think any further. He plunged into her, and gripped at her hips and breasts for leverage as he built his rhythm faster and faster.

He could feel her arousal, her wetness greet his shaft as he worked his hips to deepen its dance inside her. The pure pleasure gave him moments of clear thought. She was bent forwards, her breasts fully free and swaying with her motions. She seemed to be enjoying this as much as he was, but she was holding back just enough in her reactions. Heath smiled and felt his streak of wickedness build again.

"Baby, don't try to be quiet. Let it all out. Let me know how it feels," he whispered in her ear, lips grazing it as they moved.

Megan's mind wasn't working as it normally would either. There was a part of her, buried somewhere, or left behind this morning, that couldn't believe what she was doing. Not only was she dressed like a tramp (even if it was for her husband) but she was also having sex—enthusiastic sex—with him outside. As if the blowjob hadn't been bad enough, she now found herself moaning and grunting like an animal in heat. Those thoughts tried to form some kind of resistance, but they didn't stand a chance.

They fought hopelessly against the physical pleasure she was experiencing, the memories of her own appearance in her uniform. The look of lust and appreciation in the UPS man's gaze today (oh god... had she really done that too?!) But most of all, unknown yet to her or Heath, they were fighting against the strange power of the clothes themselves. The company had found a rather new way to guarantee satisfaction with their orders.

Her mind, under fashion's control sent her new thoughts. She just living up to her appearance, to her uniform. After all, wasn't she a good French maid? Wasn't she the perfect slave? She could do no more than obey. Besides, she hadn't felt so good since she had felt his throbbing cock in her mouth last week.

Megan could feel her husband's cock so full and thick inside her, driving into her with motions that she was meeting with rolling hips and eager grunts. Leaning out, looking over the back yard she could still feel tiny twinges of humiliation. Each time a light would come on in neighbor's window, each time a silhouetted head would appear in that light, she knew that she was the show. She was the porn movie. She was the slut getting fucked in her own back yard. Maybe she should be embarrassed or ashamed but right now the mental satisfaction of being a good slave and maid only added to her physical bliss.

The bliss and sensation pushed her farther and farther. She needed to express her sensations, and to obey with her expression – to share her joy and add to his. Her moans formed words as she screamed, “Oh god, oh fuck yess. Fuck me! Please! Your cock is so big and I want all of it! Please, oh god, please fuck me! Give me all of it!”

The part of Heath that could still think was amazed. This might be the hottest sex that they'd ever had, and his wife was moaning and screaming like a banshee. He was soaking in each sensation while fighting to make it last as long as possible. God, he loved this woman – the feel of her, the touch of her, the weight of her breasts in his hands and the velvet grip she held him with now. He loved each moan, growing louder with each minute. There was no doubt in his mind that he'd be getting appreciative and knowing looks from his male neighbors tomorrow.

His fingers squeezed into the supple flesh of her full breasts and searched out her stiff nipples as he could finally hold off no longer. His cum shot

deep inside her with spasm after spasm and her body reacted with its own matching release. His arms wrapped around her and electricity seemed to flow through every square inch of their touching skin. They inhabited another world of pure pleasure and ecstasy for uncountable precious moments.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed before conscious thought returned, but he managed to blow out the candles and carry his saucy maid back into the house and into bed. He might ask her tomorrow what had come over her, or he might not.

And hey, if she was still in a good mood tomorrow, he might try to get her to wear that "I like boys AND girls" baby tee first.

TO BE CONTINUED

Please send comments and/or suggestions to froman.abe@gmail.com.
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