

NEXUS

PETTICOATS  
*and*  
PINAFORES

EDITED BY  
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## About the Book

*Petticoats and Pinafores* is a collection of short stories dedicated to those who appreciate the illicit thrill of dressing in the style of the opposite sex. It's a popular motif, and a complicated one, with many subtly different takes on a broad theme, but by assembling a team of writers with a genuine enthusiasm for their subject we hope to delight everybody from the rugged male who occasionally enjoys the feel of silk next to his skin to the delicate lady who takes her pleasure in donning top hat and tails.

## About the Author

Peter Birch was first published in *Fetish Times* magazine back in the 'nineties, providing advice and entertainment for his fellow aficionados of unconventional erotic delights. Since then he's written several novels and a great many magazine articles, always true to his favourite themes of male domination and inventive sex, which are given free rein in his latest and maybe his finest offering *The Training of Tabitha*.

# Petticoats & Pinafores

Cross-dressing stories collected by Peter Birch



# **Pink to Green**

by S J Hall

Jessica ran her hands up his smooth thighs, lifting the silky fabric of the slip up over his hips. She traced her fingertips over the lace of his panties, appreciating the shape of the firm buttocks that the fabric clung to. Pushing her smaller body against his, she drove him forward until he was pressed face first against the wall. She gently grasped his hair and pulled his head back to expose his throat and bring his ear closer to her lips. Slowly, she ran her tongue from the base of his neck to his earlobe, making him shiver.

‘I have a present for you,’ she whispered, then released his hair so she could take his wrists and position them against the wall above his head. Placing her hands on the slightly feminine curve of his waist, she pulled his hips out towards her so she could grind her pelvis into his arse. Mike could feel the suggestion of a phantom cock in her movements, and felt his own stiffen in response. Her hands wandered around to brush his nipples through the tight lycra of his top, causing him to moan.

‘Do you want to see what it is, baby?’ she asked, her voice light and teasing.

Mike wasn't sure. The shame of what he knew his fiancée was referring to made him feel exposed; he wanted to hide rather than be confronted with the evidence of his own odd desires. He wouldn't, though. Aside from the shame, he had wanted this for so long and the thought made him feel almost unbearably horny. Besides, he knew from previous experience that disobeying Jessica could be a very bad idea.

Mike sat on the floor as instructed, with his legs spread as wide as he could, allowing for the restriction of his panties, which Jessica had pulled down to his ankles. She was kneeling in front of him with a calculating look on her beautiful face. He eyed the bowl of ice wearily, wanting to say no, but knowing there was no use arguing with her. The thought of what she was about to do to him had him so aroused that his cock was rock hard and leaking precome in slick, tacky strands. She needed him soft for what she wanted from him.

‘Messy boy,’ she murmured affectionately. ‘Let’s get you all cleaned off.’

She leant forward and licked his swollen head in light, teasing strokes, then made him groan out loud by plunging his shaft into her warm mouth. Almost immediately, she began a relentless, insistent rhythm, relaxing her jaw and allowing him to fuck her mouth deeply, though she remained in control. He was not allowed to thrust into her mouth when she did this; if he triggered her gag reflex, punishment would be swift and brutal. The ceaseless sensation and the sight of his cock in his fiancée’s mouth brought him close to the edge in a matter of minutes, and his breath became shallow. He began to clench his muscles to curb the instinct to push his hips forward as the pressure built. Moments from release she withdrew, used to the indicators that he was about to come. He whimpered with frustration.

‘Stay still, good boy,’ she warned. ‘Now, let’s cool you off.’

Mike gasped as the ice made contact with his balls, his excitement dying away quickly as he fought to tolerate the agonising sensation. Jessica giggled a little at the pain on his face as she trailed the cube slowly up his shaft towards the ultra-sensitive tip. Unthinkingly, Mike tried to pull away from her, then corrected himself and moved back into position. Seeing her squirm a little, giving away how much the cruel torture was turning her on, nearly sent his

softening cock back to attention, putting him in danger of prolonging the agony. The sudden contact between the cube and his cockhead prevented this, however, and by the time he gave in to pained whimpering, he was entirely soft again. A slow smile spread across Jessica's face when she realised the moment she had been waiting for had arrived. As she reached around behind her, Mike looked away, not wanting to see the chastity device she was about to secure around his flaccid cock. He didn't want to see the evidence of his own emasculation on himself, but only he knew how many nights he had furiously brought himself off over the idea of seeing the evidence of it in the form of a key around his fiancée's neck. He winced as she pulled his balls through the hoop then pushed his limp shaft into place. He tried to switch off from what was happening so he didn't get hard again and have to endure any more attempts to soften him up. Once the lock was in place, Jessica moved away from him to thread the key on to a little silver chain and fasten it around her neck. As she stood up, he looked up again to take in the sight of her shapely body and the way her light-brown hair fell about her shoulders, covering the skin that her low-cut summer dress left exposed. Her posture seemed to change subtly. He was bigger than her physically but, dressed in silky girl's clothes and with his cock locked away, he felt vulnerable, and the confidence that his situation gave her made her seem threatening despite her feminine build.

'Get up and pull your knickers up,' she demanded, and he didn't hesitate to scramble to his feet and obey. He caught her smirk at the awkwardness caused by his awareness of the unfamiliar hard cage between his legs. The smirk made him ache and he winced as his cock responded, only to be crushed against the restriction of the cage. Jessica advanced on him with a cruel smile and he stepped back, intimidated by the vicious air his chastity seemed to bring out in her. She advanced some more and reached up to



wrap her arms almost casually around his neck, as if she was just a girl in a summer dress innocently hugging her lover. She brought her lips close to his as if to kiss him, but pulled back when he moved his own forward to meet hers. He ached to kiss her but didn't dare. Gripping his hair behind his head, she moved close again.

'Has it occurred to you to think about what I might decide to put you through to get out of that?' she murmured gently. Of course he had thought about that. He groaned slightly as his dick again unsuccessfully tried to harden, and the tightness caused him to wince. Anxiety and desire fought within him for a moment then joined forces, turning on him. Helplessly, he looked at her, giving up and letting her wishes become his entire existence so he didn't have to think any more. She seemed about to say something but was interrupted by the chime of the doorbell, and he was shocked when a brief smile of joy lit up her face before she caught herself and set it back into the cruel, teasing expression that had been there before. Shocked, Mike looked down at how he was dressed and back at her. She didn't look confused or concerned. His heart started to pound in panic. No one but her had ever seen him cross-dressed.

'I guess I had better answer that,' she said casually and turned to go to the door.

'Jessica, wait!' he said. Terror made him forget himself entirely and he grabbed her arm. Jessica froze and turned on him, her furious expression making him drop his hand instantly.

'Don't you dare touch me without my permission, you stupid little bitch,' she hissed, and then spat directly into his face. 'Sit the fuck down,'

Mike sat down on the sofa, stunned. She had never spoken to him with so much venom before. It made him feel about an inch high. As if reading his mind, she called over her shoulder that if he wiped off the spit he would be sorry.

Heart thudding with anxiety, Mike waited to find out who was at the door, and what it would mean for him.

When Jessica returned, Mike barely wanted to look up. He had heard her greet someone with a male voice, and then two sets of footsteps in the hallway. His head was a mess of panic. He didn't want anyone to see him like this, but his mind was racing, trying to figure out what the presence of another male in their home while they were playing could mean. Hearing them arrive in the living room, he glanced up briefly. The man standing next to Jessica was attractive. He was tall and muscular, in contrast to Mike's slender frame, and was wearing a suit as if he had just come from working at an office. Mike knew that Jessica liked men in suits. He only owned one, reserved for weddings and funerals, as he was provided with hospital greens for his job as a porter.

Without even looking at Mike, Jessica put her hand on the stranger's arm and offered him a glass of wine. He accepted and she turned to pour the opened bottle on the coffee table into the two glasses she had put out earlier - which Mike had assumed were for himself and her after their play-session. While pouring, she bent over with her legs straight so that her dress rode up, displaying the tops of the suspended stockings she had on. Jessica was a tomboy at heart and only moved in that provocative, feminine way when she was flirting. The stranger watched her, not bothering to hide his desire. Mike's heart sank as he realised the casual display was not for his benefit. Still ignoring him, Jessica handed the glass to the other man, and then sat on the larger sofa in the room; she gestured to the stranger to sit next to her, leaving Mike alone on the smaller sofa. Jessica took a sip of wine and smiled softly.

'Mike, meet Phil. Phil is a friend from work. Phil and I have been getting along ... well, recently. When I explained to him that my pathetic, sissy fiancé was no use to me in bed because it's more fun to keep him locked up than to

fuck him, Phil offered to help me out. If you ever want out of that thing, you are going to sit quietly and watch what it looks like when a real man fucks a woman. I would pay attention, if I were you. You might learn something.'

Jessica might have said more but before she had a chance to do so, Phil took the glass from her hand, jerked her hair back to turn her face up to his, and kissed her deeply. Jessica responded instantly, kissing him back passionately. Phil ran his hand up Mike's fiancée's thigh, pushing her dress up her shapely legs, which she opened to give him easier access. Mike fought back tears. She hadn't kissed him before Phil had come over. She would never tolerate him grabbing her hair like that, but she seemed to be putty in this man's hands, allowing him to grope and caress her wherever he wanted, responding heatedly to his every touch. The jealousy tore into him as he watched the beautiful woman that he loved and worshipped allow another man to push her down on the sofa and kiss her hungrily. Another man who hadn't even seen fit to acknowledge his presence in the room. Ignored, yet forced to sit and watch, dressed in girly clothes and with his cock useless behind its cage, Mike felt utterly helpless to stop what was happening in front of him.

Phil pushed Jessica's dress down and pulled her full breasts free of her bra without bothering to remove it. He kissed her skin lightly, from her throat to the areolas of her hardened nipples, making her gasp and squirm. He pushed her dress further down to give him access to her sensitive sides and stomach, moving his lips down to the edge of the fabric and kissing slowly back up towards her breasts. By the time his mouth reached her nipples again, Jessica was frenzied. The familiar moans of pleasure she made when Phil's mouth finally did close over them caused Mike's cock to try to engorge in a Pavlovian response. The flush of her cheeks and look of ecstasy on her face made him want her badly. His cock strained against the solid hoops of the cage

- he wanted to be fucking his girl, he wanted to be making her moan like that, but all he could do was sit cringing at the pain of the tightness in his groin. Whatever Phil was doing with his tongue to her nipples seemed to be inspiring near-orgasmic pleasure in Jessica.

Mike's half hard-on waned as it dawned on him that nothing he had done to her breasts before had ever caused moans of this kind, nor the sheen of sweat that was appearing across her skin. Anxiety gripped him. If Phil was a better lover than he was, what if she didn't want him any more? What if she just kept him to tease and torment, and, like her kisses earlier, reserved her cunt for the attentions of a real man? A man who wore sharp suits and didn't have an overwhelming desire to feel silk against his skin and be called humiliating names by his women. Certainly, Phil didn't seem to hold Jessica in the same kind of awe as he did. Mike held Jessica high above himself, knowing she was too pretty, too clever, too good in bed for him. Men like Phil didn't need to worry about that. Men like Phil deserved gorgeous women, writhing in pleasure under them. It was clear Phil could give Jessica all the pleasure she could take and keep her coming back for more; he would never have to worry as Mike did that one day Jessica would simply wake up and realise she was wasting her time on a pathetic loser who needed her to fulfil his sick fantasies.

Mike was snapped out of this self-inflicted mental torture by the shock of Phil looking up to meet his eyes.

'Kneel in front of the arm of the sofa,' he commanded, and Mike flushed. He had never been ordered by a man in that way. It made him feel ashamed, feminine, and uncomfortably turned on. Unable to think clearly any more, he did as he'd been told.

Phil moved off the sofa and offered his hand to Jessica, who took it. When she stood, Phil slowly began to undress her properly, pulling the dress down over her creamy thighs and supporting her as she stepped out of it. He

guided her around so he could unhook her bra, brushing the straps down over her arms and letting it fall to the floor. From his position behind her, he hooked his fingers in her kickers, sliding them down over her rounded bottom but leaving her stockings and suspender belt in place.

He stepped back and admired her body from behind as he removed his own jacket, then unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a muscular torso. Jessica's lips parted slightly and she let out a shuddering breath of desire at the sound of Phil unzipping his trousers behind her. Naked, the man was impressively built, toned with just a smattering of dark hair over his chest, masculine in contrast to Mike's own nearly bare upper body. His erect cock was thick and a few inches longer than Mike's.

Phil pulled Jessica back against him and ran his hands down her front, lingering over her nipples then just lightly teasing around the tops of her thighs and the very edges of her cunt. Deliberately, he leant down to kiss her neck and seemed to whisper something in her ear before roughly pushing her down on to the sofa, face first. Mike would never have dared make such a move.

Jessica responded by gasping with pleasure and raising herself up on to her knees so she was leaning on the arm of the sofa, with her breasts spilling over it appealingly and her arse high, offering him her cunt. Phil joined her on the sofa and positioned himself behind her, then reached to pull her face up so she was looking directly into Mike's eyes. The silver chain around her neck was pinned between her body and the sofa, but Phil used his free hand to pull it loose. He let it drop so the key hung down, swinging tantalisingly in front of Mike's eyes.

'I am going to fuck your fiancée now,' he said simply. 'And it's going to be better than anything you have ever done to her.'

Again, Mike found himself fighting back tears as he looked into the eyes of his fiancée, which were glazed with

desire.

‘Tell her you are her pathetic little sissy boy and that you will never dare try to put your cock inside her again while there is a better man to do it for you ... *cuckold*.’

Blushing furiously with shame, Mike repeated the words to Jessica as Phil pushed his cock into her cunt, making her cry out. Phil pulled out of her again and she moaned in frustration, clearly desperate for more.

‘Tell her that if she asks you to fuck her, you know that you will just be a stand-in for a real man, keeping the bed warm for the lover she deserves.’ Again Mike repeated the words and the agony of his hardening cock made him wince as Phil thrust into Jessica again. Jessica was reaching the edge of her tolerance, trying to push back on to him, but Phil placed a firm hand on her hip to keep her from backing towards him.

‘Open your legs and lift up your skirt. Show Jessica that you are useless as a man, because you are wet like a girl at the sight of a better man taking from you what would be yours if only you had the spine to take it yourself.’ This time Mike looked down, unable to meet Jessica’s eyes as he was made to display how his leaking precome had darkened the material of the panties he was wearing. Mike thrust into her again, causing her to cry out even louder. As he pulled out yet again, Jessica broke and began to breathlessly beg Phil to fuck her properly.

‘If you want your girl to get what she wants so much, and deserves, you had better watch, cuckold,’ demanded Phil, forcing Mike to look up and witness Jessica begging another man to fuck her, while he knelt, chaste and useless, in front of her. When he complied, Phil began to fuck her properly, pounding into her with strength and passion, making her yell and plead for it harder, faster, for more.

He reached under her hips and played with her swollen clit while he fucked her, finding a rhythm that caused her to come powerfully around his cock: something Mike

himself had never been able to master while inside her. If Jessica wanted to come, he had to lie beside her and get her off with his hands, or lie between her legs and do it with his with his mouth, like a service. He could never give her the satisfaction of orgasms teamed with the passionate sexual thrill that he himself got from fucking her.

Phil looked down at him with an expression that suggested he knew what Mike was thinking, and Mike wondered what Jessica had told him about their sex life. Had she mentioned the times he had been forced to leave her frustrated when he couldn't get it up? Had she discussed his failures and deficiencies as a lover? He wondered if Phil had guessed about the guilt and tears when he couldn't seem to work out what she wanted or needed, causing her to give up and sigh disappointedly, then turn away from him to read.

She was breathtakingly beautiful, pink-cheeked and glistening with sweat as she took her pleasure from Phil's relentlessly thrusting cock. Mike wrestled with his own desire for freedom and release, which conflicted with the deeper pleasure of knowing she was happy and fulfilled, combined with the masochistic satisfaction of his intense degradation. Panting slightly now, Phil pulled out of her then helped her raise her hips higher, supporting her by putting a cushion under her body.

'Go into the bedroom and bring me some lubricant,' he commanded. As Mike rose to obey, he wondered how Phil knew it was there. Had Jessica slept with him before today? Was Mike going to lose her to him?

When Mike returned, Phil was running his tongue over Jessica's smooth arse, making her wriggle in delight. Mike went to kneel in his previous position, but Phil stopped him and pointed to the floor beside them. From this viewpoint, Mike could see what was happening in detail.

With light flicks of his tongue, Phil stimulated Jessica's skin closer and closer to the crack of her bottom. He pulled

her cheeks apart and flicked his tongue between them, lightly arousing her tight hole. Jessica gasped and her eyes widened but she didn't stop him. She had never allowed Mike anywhere near there. After rimming her more deeply for a while, Phil picked up the lube and began to massage it into her arsehole. Jessica was responsive, sometimes seeming a little shocked at the sensations, but not resisting. Then Phil began to rub lube over his own hard cock. Mike's eyes were drawn there and he wondered how it would feel to have that cock in his mouth. Phil seemed straight enough, but once or twice there had been something in the way he'd looked at Mike's mouth that had made him wonder if he might be allowed to clean him afterwards, or even arouse him in preparation for fucking Jessica in the future.

'Jessica, tell Mike that he will never have your arse,' Phil said. It sounded conversational - he didn't use the domineering tone he adopted when talking to Mike, as if he was simply reminding her. He was her lover, not her dom.

'Mike,' she whispered breathlessly. 'I will never allow you to put your tiny, useless cock inside my arse.'

Hearing this sent Mike's dick into another desperate attempt to get hard. This time it was more painful. He was becoming frantic for release.

'Please unlock me and let me get off while Phil fucks you, Jess,' he pleaded, eyes on the key still swinging from her neck.

Jessica laughed cruelly. 'No. It's better when you are suffering for me,' she said, and Mike gave up, resigned to his frustration. He did want to suffer for her. It was all he had to give her.

Slowly, Phil pushed himself into her arsehole, whispering encouragement to relax when she tensed, tenderly helping her through the initial discomfort. When he was inside, he stilled and allowed her to adjust to the sensation of her arse being filled by him. When she seemed to relax he



started to move, slowly at first, until Jessica began to move herself in encouragement. He didn't pound her with all the force he had used inside her cunt. He took her anal virginity with the care of a skilled lover, only increasing the intensity of his thrusts when her movements suggested she wanted more.

Jessica's moans were gasping and high-pitched as Phil fucked her arse. Finally conceding control, Phil let himself go, becoming more breathless himself as he built towards his climax. Between moans of pleasure, Mike heard her cry out for Phil to spank her as he fucked her, and it felt like his world was collapsing as he watched the larger man humiliate his goddess by spanking her like a cheap porn star as he filled her arse with his spunk.

He wanted to stop it; he wanted to defend her honour but he knew he was not enough of a man to intervene. He simply watched impotently. Jessica and Phil came to a breathless end and Phil pulled away from her. Miserably, Mike expected Jessica to perhaps cuddle up to Phil. They seemed to have a rapport that excluded him. He was surprised when she didn't. After lying still for a few minutes recovering, Jessica got up and walked into the kitchen, then returned with an envelope which she offered to Phil.

Mike watched her in confusion as she turned to him then walked over to sit beside him. Lovingly, she touched his face and turned it towards hers. Then she kissed him deeply. 'I told you I had a present for you,' she said, smiling softly.

Bewildered, Mike glanced at his crotch. Then at Phil who was pulling on his clothes between pauses to finish the nearly untouched glass of wine. He was clearly leaving straight away. Realisation dawned.

'An escort?' he asked her in wonder.

Grinning mischievously, she nodded. 'How was your first experience of being cuckolded, baby?' she asked, curling