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SLIPPERY
WHEN WET



SLIPPERY WHEN WET by STELLA SATIN

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I fell in lust with Nancy the day I married her mother. I know this sounds like inexcusable behavior for a groom on his wedding day, but there was some justification. Well, maybe not justification per se, but a reasonable explanation if nothing else. But let me stop dithering about and explain.

You see, Rene my wife is a lot older than me and her daughter at twenty three only a few years younger. Rene is a very good looking woman and looks nothing like her age. Petite, trim, and very well looked after. Lustrous dark hair and always an amused expression lurking in her eyes.

I was working in a computer shop when I met her. She was a well-known Psychologist with a string of well-received books to her credit and a fairly steady income from the lecture circuit. She'd been doing all of her work on an old 386PC, but had become very interested in the Internet - and estimated that she needed a much higher capacity machine for her scheduling, currency conversions, hotel and airline bookings, and suchlike.

My boss, Sheila, who owned the shop where I worked didn't really trust me with the job, but her best analyst Tracy was contracted to another job, and second best Dorothy had a rotten cold - so she threw me into the breach. The job was relatively easy. All I had to do originally, was set the machines up and hang around with her for a few days to make sure that she understood the processes, software and so on. As my apartment was fairly close to hers, and quite a ways from the store, it was settled that it was better for everyone concerned if I went to Ms Marchant's (Rene) house first each morning. If she didn't need me, I could then go to the store. If she did, then I stayed with her as long as was necessary.

I may as well admit that I was a virgin at that time. I was scared of calm, self-possessed women-well in all honesty? Just about ALL women. I did NOT get on well with males at all. Wasn't scared of them exactly. Just didn't seem to have anything in common with them. As is probably obvious, I led a fairly lonely life.

I'd been an only child and with my parents being killed in an accident some years before, and with my only remaining relative - a cousin - on the far side of the country, my social life wasn't exactly a 'whirl.

So here I am alone with a charming, intelligent, woman who always surveys me with an amused glint in her eyes, who always listens intently to anything I say - which as I'm not used to this, makes me stutter and stammer like a schoolboy. I'm a good three or four inches taller than she is, but it

becomes obvious after a day or two in her company, she is the hunter, I am the prey.

She will lean over me as I'm explaining something about the computer, her breasts softly rubbing against my shoulders, her hair rustling slightly against my jaw. Either that, or she pulls a chair close to mine, and her thighs and legs mb against me. I kept on telling myself that she was coming on to me and to act like a man. At the same time, what if I was wrong and she complained to Sheila? My job wasn't much, but it had been the only one I could fmd. Sure, she and Tracy and Dorothy treated me like dirt - but I think they were gradually allowing me to join in on their conversations, even invite me to lunch now and then. That being about the total extent of my social life, I didn't want to spoil it.

(The real answer I guess, was that I didn't know how to act like a man).

I've heard that women can't stand ineffectual men. This wasn't the case as far as Rene was concerned. She seemed to be constantly curious as to how far she could go before I reacted. Spoke to me using lots of double entendre's - started calling me "little Billie" or "Sweet William" somehow making them sound like feminine designations. Would lightly caress my neck or ears with her fingertips. Once she even nuzzled my neck with her lips. I almost told her she had gone too far, and thought about maybe filing sexual harassment charges against her. But the thought of how everybody would laugh at this blew that idea out of the water.

Then one day she informed me that she had 'rented' me from Sheila for the next week or two. That way I could get to keep my mind on working for her. That day was the first time she took me sexually.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not gay. I WANTED to have sex with her. I just didn't know how. I'll admit that it felt all wrong to me -I *knew* that I should be the aggressor, just felt that she was so much more sophisticated and worldly wise that she'd laugh at my blunderings - and so constantly held back.

But she didn't hold back. Not at all. She'd discovered I could cook, so I'd been making the occasional lunch now and then. That morning she yawned. "Don't know why I feel so sleepy" she purred. "Billie? Why don't I go and put something more comfortable on? And while I'm changing? Why don't you go and make lunch for us - there's a nice bottle of wine in the

fridge. Let's get decadent and have it for lunch? Huh dearie?"

"All right Mrs. Marchant" I said nervously. "Anything special you want?" She turned and gave me a lascivious grin. "Oh Yes! And I'm going to eat it ALL up! But Billie? While I think on it? I bought a new apron. That old one of mine that you wore last week was so tatty, I was embarrassed. The new one's hanging in the kitchen. Wear it for me, will you?"

"Okay Mrs. Marchant."

"Billie dear? If you call me Mrs. Marchant again, I'm going to put you over my knee! My name is Rene. Now SAY it!"

"I'm sorry .. Rene."

"That's better dearie. Now of you go like a good little pussy cat. Make Rene's lunch - scat!"

I got a shock when I saw the apron. Surely she didn't intend for me to wear something like *that*? It was made of some soft shiny fabric, almost transparent and in an indeterminate color - a sort of soft rose pink. It was heavily ruffled at the bib, and LONG! Almost ankle length. Not only that? The skirt was very full - and tiered! Almost like a long dress for goodness sake.

I was so positive that she'd made a mistake that I looked everywhere else that she normally kept aprons, but couldn't find any. Blushing furiously (what would she think if I'd put on this frilly feminine thing, and it was the wrong one?) I put it on over my head, and tied myself in at the back. Then I set to making lunch. Opened the wine bottle and set it out to breathe. Hard boiled a few eggs, tore up some lettuce, chopped in some tomatoes and green peppers - then put everything in a bowl and popped it in the fridge to chill a little more. Started making a salad dressing

I never heard a sound. The first intimation I had that anyone else was beside me was the feel of a silk enshrouded warm, strong, arm encircle my waist and hug me.

"Ooh! You look nice" she whispered, as I damned near died of fright. "What's the matter?" she said next. "You've gone as white as a ghost. Did Rene scare her little pussy?"

With that, she gave me a long kiss. I wanted so much to sweep her up into my arms, but seemed fated to be cast in the passive role as her tongue

gently probed between my lips, then enlarged its way into my mouth poking aggressively all the way in.

Then I was free of her again, standing dazed as she smiled at me. “That apron?” she said “It’s almost like a dress on you.” She leaned forward and touched my bps gently. “I’m afraid that my lipstick shade doesn’t go too well with it, but you don’t mind, do you?”

Contused, I didn’t know how to answer this question. What would happen if I said ‘yes’? Would she get the inference that I didn’t want to be kissed anymore? The safest bet seemed to be ‘no’, which is what I said.

She was wearing a filmy blue peignoir over a rich satin nightgown, frothing with lace at the scoop neckline, but a simple sheath down over her hips, thighs, and legs down to dainty little slippers peeking out. She smiled as I gazed at her admiringly.

“Never dawned on me puss. I should have thought when I bought that apron for you. But me in blue, you in pink? Almost like a role reversal, isn’t it?”

“Aw Mrs. -I mean Rene? I’m not a girl!” I stammered.

“Of course you’re not!” she laughed. “Whatever gave you that idea?”

“Well? I don’t know,” I said haltingly. “But you talk about me as if I’m wearing a dress - a pink one at that and, and, and - you talked about me as if I was wearing lipstick and, and - you call me little puss - and I’m bigger than you are!” I ended despairingly

She came and hugged me again. “You are SO cute!” she laughed. “Bigger than me indeed! But here! That’s not a very pretty bow you have on your apron. Let me fix it for you.”

And I stood helpless as she untied, then re-tied my bow to her satisfaction. “There!” she said, giving me a light slap on tire rear. “Think you’d know how to tie a bow at your age! Now? When’s lunch, BIG pussy?” Then she roared with laughter at the expression on my face. “Doesn’t quite sound right, does it?” she laughed. “Like me to call you ‘Duke?’” she asked after a second.

“Sounds like a dog’s name to me” I said, hurt. “I’m not a pet!”

“Never heard of John Wayne? Don’t think he was anybody’s pet. That’s what they called him. Didn’t you know that?” She was still smiling,

but there was an undertone to her voice now.

“I’m sorry” I said.

“That’s better!” she laughed. “Of course, there’s always ‘Patty’ as in Patty Duke, the actress. Is that better? Would you prefer Patty?”

I started to complain, but I was in her arms again, being kissed.

“Let’s have lunch later Patty. Okay? Let’s go to bed now.”

And somehow, I found myself in her bedroom, lying on top of the bed, my shoes and socks off and my pants being removed. I did try and assert myself, but seemed to get nowhere, except further and further into her embrace, lying passive and docile as she kissed and fondled me.

“Doesn’t this feel nice?” She cooed, wrapping the loose flowing material of her peignoir around my arm. “Doesn’t this turn you on? I’ll let you borrow it if you want?” Then she bunched some of the same material and laid it in my penis, the heat from her warm hand coming through the layers of material.

I shook my head with a great effort of will, but she just laughed. “I know you don’t mind that - little Patty in her pink dress. Not really. Here. Rene wants you to do something for her, okay?”

I just looked up at her, helpless and dumb.

She smiled and unfastened a glittering bracelet from around her wrist. “Don’t want to lose this bracelet dear. You don’t mind?”

I had no idea why she was doing what she was, but later figured that she was putting her ‘brand’ on me, because it wasn’t but a few minutes later that I was lying there gasping as she straddled, then mounted me, my arms helplessly up in the air, the jeweled bracelet moving up and down my arm as she rode me to a culmination for both of us.

Sleepily, happily, I looked up at the proud woman straddling me. My limp organ, wet and warm somewhere underneath her.

“Gonna have to make an honest woman out of you now puss. We’d better get married, I guess” she said.

I was too dazed to reply. Too intimidated to correct her. After all - what would an older, well-to-do lady see in me? She HAD to be joking, right?

But she wasn't. From that point onwards, it seemed to be accepted as a fact. I was asked ('told' is probably more accurate) to give up my apartment and move in with her. She then 'hired' me away from Sheila's and I became her full time 'companion' ('sex toy' is again, more accurate).

I certainly wasn't caring, because I enjoyed the sex a great deal, even though there were certain aspects that I didn't care for. For example, I was never allowed to initiate the sex between us. I did try a couple of times, but she just giggled and pretended to be a helpless female. Would throw out her arms and shriek "Take me, you HUNK! Finally! I got me a GREAT stud! A John Wayne clone!" At that point any erection I had would go and hide in shame, leaving me a scornful woman to contend with. Then she'd take over the aggressive role, and my erection would return - which she noticed every time. "Or should I have said *Joanne* Wayne my little puss cat?" Or something just as equally emasculating as she mounted me.

Another weird thing she did? Always wanted me to wear something feminine when we made love. Usually just one article - though once it was a garter belt and stockings. Most of the time though it would be an item in the cosmetics line- Lipstick, Blusher, mascara - perfume. She'd usually get me very horny, then tell me what I had to put on, before putting me under her. Then she'd jeer quietly at me as I put whatever it was on. (This also served to excite me - as she pointed out every time without fail).

I also took over the cleaning of the house, the cooking, and the laundry. She was grateful for this but made no bones about the fact that she expected me to do it - and do a bloody good job, or she'd know the reason why! I didn't really mind doing this stuff. For one thing it was easy, for another it was something I could do well - and was appreciated. At the same time, not wanting Rene to know this, I did some minor grumbling about it - which she seemed to ignore completely.

But even this assignment ended up leading to an episode of total humiliation.

I was vacuuming the living room carpet one morning. In the approximate center of the room there was a large octagonal coffee table with a plate glass surface set into the top for the surface. It was a heavy table, and difficult to shift, but after a real struggle I got it moved far enough away from its normal spot, that I could clean the area. I got that done, then found that I needed the bathroom.

I was in the bathroom less than a minute but when I got back Rene was standing there leafing through one of her reference books. She looked at me over the top of the book, smiled, and went back to her reading - calm, cool, and collected.

I was amazed. "How'd you do that?" I said, pointing at the table now back in its original position.

"Do what puss?"

"Move that table back there. I had a terrible job moving it over there."

She shrugged. "Could see that you'd cleaned there. Thought you might have forgotten to put it back, so did it for you. Was I wrong?"

I scratched my head, mystified. "But how did you manage it - and so quickly. It's really heavy!"

She smiled condescendingly. "Wasn't any kind of bother dear? I'm probably stronger than you. No problem."

I'd had it with my masculinity being constantly maligned. "Ha!" I snapped. "Must be some kind of knack to it. You stronger than me? Hah!"

She put a bookmark in her book and put it down on the table. "You intimating that you're stronger than me?" she purred. "Oh you silly Billie!"

Stung to the quick, I retorted without thinking.

"Oh for goodness sake Rene! Of course I'm stronger than you! I'm bigger, heavier, and it's a well-known fact that men have much greater bone mass than women. Gives us more musculature - more bulk, more strength."

"You feel strongly about this, huh?"

"Yes!" I replied.

"Enough for a little wager?"

"Sure! But I don't have much money." I said.

"Okay. We can do without money. Tell you what. We can Indian wrestle - best out of three?"

"Thought you wanted a wager?" I sneered. "Backing out now?"

Her eyes narrowed and she squinted at me for a minute. "Tell you

what,” she announced. “You win? No housework for a month. You lose? You wear a dress for the rest of the day. How’s that?”

“I’m not wearing any dress. No way!” I snapped.

She gave me a lazy smile. “Starting to think I might beat you now? Want to back down? Admit that I’m stronger than you?”

I was basically hoisted on my own petard. I had come across as being super confident that I could win, now it would appear that all I had been doing was an empty boast - if I started quibbling about the cost to me if I lost. At the same time, how could I possibly lose? “Let’s go Rene. Best of three. Right?” I said.

She led me into the dining room where the table was the right height. She angled a chair towards a corner of the table, then sat down. I did the same, so that we were facing each other across the corner of the table. Carefully, she put her elbow on the table, forearm pointing straight up. I did the same. Our hands met and clasped. Hers felt soft and warm, and I noticed for the first time how beautifully tended her fingernails were.

“Anybody lifts an elbow from the table is automatically DQ’d. Right?” she said.

“Abso-bloody-lutely!” I grinned. “You want to call? On a count of three?” “My pleasure” she said “One! Two! THREE!”

And the back of my arm and hand were flat down on the table!

Aghast, I couldn’t believe it. Rene saw this. “I’m sorry puss. Maybe I jumped the gun. Why don’t we just call that a practice run. And? This time, you can make the call - okay? That way you won’t be surprised.”

What she had said was the only logical explanation. I smiled. “That’s very nice of you Rene. Sure, let’s do it again.”

This time, I did the count - but the results were exactly the same. Maybe I was beaten in an even shorter time frame because the back of my hand stung from hitting the table surface so hard. I also thought I felt my bicep muscle strain from being bent so quickly.

“Want to do it again Duke? Sorry - Patty?” she grinned mockingly. Humiliated beyond words, I nodded.

“Okay dear. Get your little handy wandy up on to the table,” she

mocked. Shamefaced I did.

This time, she exerted absolutely no strength at all, other than to just keep her hand upright, while I tried with all my strength to budge it. Slowly then, staring me straight in the eyes, she just pushed my arm backwards. I even lifted my elbow from the surface to give myself leverage, but she just kept on smiling and pushing my arm back. Near tears with the humiliation, I said “Okay Rene. You win.”

“Thank you pussy.” She said. “Just about finished your vacuuming?”

“Yes. All I have to do is put the vacuum away”

“Good! Do that and we’ll get going.”

“Going? Where?”

“To buy your dress, silly Billie. What else would we be going for?”

“I thought... I thought...” I stammered.

“Thought what dearie? That I’d let you off?”

I blushed. “No. Not that. I thought you’d want me to wear one of yours. One of your old ones I mean.”

“Try and squeeze all of that bone mass and bulk into one of my flimsy dresses? Why you’d ruin it, you hulking brute! No! I want you to experience the pleasure a girl gets when she buys her first grownup dress. Just wait. It’ll be such a thrill!”

“Rene? Please?”

“You’re not trying to welsh on your bet, are you? I mean you can’t possibly be thinking of not paying, are you?” The amusement was gone from her face. “I *really* hate welshers!” she added.

“No Rene. Weft, kinda. Please don’t do this. Please give me one of your old ones? It wasn’t a part of the bet that I had to go and buy one.” I added the last part hopefully.

She shook her head. “Come on Patty. Time to pay up. Pay up like a man and put your dress on!” she crowed.

Sitting next to her as she drove us to the mall, I felt tiny. Small, infantile, weak.

I knew that Rene was smaller than I, but I felt like a little child

sitting beside a towering adult.

We went to one of her favorite boutiques - Elaine's. "It's very expensive," Rene informed me, "but seeing you're being such a gentleman, I'd like the honor of buying you your first dress. Just one thing more? It had better fit! I won't have you parading about for the rest of today in something that's flopping all over you - or so tight that you can't move. Understand?"

"But how can I make sure..."

She knew my question before I finished asking it. "Try it on. How else are you going to find clothes that fit?"

I could feel my eyes get big with fright. But managed to find a straw to grab at. "That was NOT part of the bet. I've to wear a dress in the house for the rest of the day, that is ALL! There was nothing about wearing one outside anywhere else! You're not being fair!"

She considered this for a moment. "Okay! But the dress better fit you! If it doesn't, you'll come back and exchange it for one that does!"

My brain went into overdrive. Had she given me a little bit of an out? Suppose, just suppose, that I *looked* as if I was trying to get something that fitted? And it didn't? Back to the mall for an exchange? And suppose the same thing for the next one? How much time could I waste? Possibly limit my time in the dress to a few hours. Of course, I would have to be very careful!

"Sounds fair to me." I said, trying to hide my exultation.

As it was still fairly early in the morning, neither the mall, nor Elaine's was doing much business. In fact, inside Elaine's, there were probably more salesgirls than customers. Most of them knew Rene though, waving to her, and one made a bee-line for us as soon as we walked into the store, greeting her effusively.

"Yo Sandra!" Rene said. "Not here for me today. Here for - him" she said jerking her thumb towards me.

The girl gave me an uncertain glance, then concentrated on Rene again. "What are you talking about Rene? You know we don't sell men's clothes in here." "That's not what he's here for-but you'd better talk to him. I'll just browse while you're helping him." Rene countered.

With that, she waggled her fingers at me. "Toodles darling. Make

sure you get something pretty now!” and left me with Sandra.

“Rene serious?” the girl asked me quickly. “You’re here to buy something? What? A present for somebody?” •

“A dress. For me.” I answered, going beet red in the process.

She let out a short laugh. “You’ve got to be kidding! A dress? What kind? Formal? A day dress, or just one for lounging around in?”

I lost a bet.” I said, hoping this would eliminate any additional comments. “Sure.” She said, disbelief right below the surface. “You lost a bet. What size dress do you wear - a ten?”

“I’ve no idea.” I admitted.

“Do you wear Rene’s dresses at all?”

“No. Honestly. I never have worn women’s clothes.” I said this sincerely, trying to convince this girl that I wasn’t in the habit of flouncing around in dresses.

“Oh.” She seemed nonplussed for a second. Guess we’ll have to measure you then. Let’s go into the fitting room. Are you wearing a bra?”

“Of course I’m not! Told you. I don’t wear women’s clothes. Why won’t you believe me? I lost a BET! That’s why I’m looking for a dress to wear. After today, I won’t be needing it!”

“I’m only bringing it up because most dresses take into account that the wearer has breasts,” she said coldly. “If you don’t have some semblance of breasts, the chance of you getting a dress that doesn’t flop at the front is limited. But come on. Let’s get the measuring over and done with.”

Then she paused, a reflective gleam appearing in her eyes. “Last time Rene was in here? She bought a hostess apron. Very feminine. Pink and shimmering? Tiered skirt. I was surprised that she didn’t try it on.” She paused, a smile beginning to light behind her eyes. “Did it fit you?”

My blush gave me away. She laid a hand on my forearm. “Let’s start getting you a nice dress then, shall we dearie?”

“I don’t want to go in there!” I protested. “Not going to get measured! Not going to put a bra on! Just want a dress!”