

An Unfortunate "Miss" Click

April 2022

Damn, this was going to be hot!

With a furtive glance over his shoulder, Dave flipped over to his incognito browser and pulled up his Amazon order history. There it was: an entire order of goodies, selected with great care from a certain wish list. A wish list belonging not to him, of course – but to a certain PrincessKittyChan408. A wish list the contents of which revealed disconcertingly much about the kinky leanings of its owner...

He shifted in his office chair, aware already of the rising tension in the front of his jeans as he contemplated what was about to happen. "Out for delivery," the order status proclaimed. "Scheduled delivery by 11am." Well, lucky thing it was a Saturday, wasn't it? This way, instead of having to dart into the bathroom at work and turn on his cell data and pull up the order status to see if they'd delivered yet, he could keep an eye on things from home. Not that there was anything he could do to hurry the package along its way, of course. But still... it was nice to see just how close it drawing to its final destination.

God, how hot the resulting pics would be! He could already imagine them: that sexy redhead, with her shy smile and long auburn braids and petite figure, posing for the camera in her brand-new outfit. "A big thankies to whoever sent me so many new toys!," she'd probably post. "I've been dying to get them for ages! Do I look cute yet?"

And hell, she would be. An absolutely adorable bombshell – so sweet and frilly and innocent. So cute. So very unlike his own plus-sized wife.

Speaking of which...

Karen was prepping to head to town with him this morning, and she'd be popping her head in here any minute. Better close this window. After all, there were certain of her husband's hobbies and interests that she simply didn't need to know about. Like how he'd just spent a good half of his Amazon points on a complete stranger... who just happened to be a girl.

It was nearly three that afternoon when they returned from their trip to town. "Here, why don't

you take care of the dog food and the water softener salt, babe?" she suggested, easing their SUV to a halt before the squeakily-ascending garage door. "I'll go ahead and get the ice cream and meat in the freezer – you know, before it thaws out any more..."

It was once he'd finished dragging the heavy bags in and stacking them in their places in the basement that Dave ascended the stairs with a sigh. Only to be presented with a sight that sent his blood pressure rocketing into the stratosphere.

For there on the table rested a singular, large cardboard box. A box proudly festooned with Amazon logos. A box that Karen was now inspecting with an air of interested curiosity.

"Hey, honey. Were you expecting something? I found this on the doorstep when I let Arfie out. Pretty sure I didn't order anything from Amazon..."

Oh, shit. Fuck- fuckfuckfuckfuck-

As the blood drained from his face and he felt the world spinning around him, the vision of that Amazon order page swam before his eyes. "Payment method." "Shipping address." "Default..." *Oh, god, no. He'd- he'd forgotten to change the shipping address-*

Which meant that he knew exactly what was inside that box. And somehow, he had a feeling that explaining the contents would be no easy task.

For what could he say? "Hey, honey! Oh, yeah, that's just a bunch of weird, kinky stuff I bought for that complete stranger I saw online. I've been jerking off to her pics on the sly, and I thought if I'd get her more stuff she'd make even more hot fap material for me..." No, no, no, no, no. However honest it might be, that was probably a one-way ticket to divorce. Maybe he could say it was a mistake, that they'd delivered it to the wrong address? Tempting... but his name was very clearly on the label. And Karen would investigate, and she'd see just how genuine the order really was...

He had to think – fast. And deep down in the churning pit of his gut, he knew that he'd have to take ownership of this bomb of a package. Somehow.

"Umm-" he began, his voice trembling despite himself. "I, um- I was meaning to tell you..." His eyes followed his wife as she strode to the junk drawer and pulled out a pair of scissors. "I- you see, it was going to be a surprise-" What the fuck was he even saying? He just had to make something up, anything to keep her from opening that package-

"Really?" Her manicured hand hovered momentarily over the box, her eyes regarding her visibly uncomfortable husband. "Oh, that's a good one! Babe, my birthday was three months ago, so don't bother pulling that. Seriously – what did you order, anyway?"

So the scissors descended and slid inexorably through the sealing tape, and her fingers tugged open the cardboard flaps, and there at last it was revealed. Dave's guilty secret. His parcel of kinky wonders that he'd never in his wildest dreams expected to see in person.

"What- what on earth..." Karen's eyes were widening, her brow furrowing in surprise as she reached in and produced a large plastic bag. Within it lay a rustling, frilly monstrosity: a maid dress, clearly, and one that Dave knew all too well. Short skirt. Built-in petticoats. Lace collar...

"Wait, a *maid outfit*? And what on earth is all this other stuff, anyway?" He hands were already beginning to unwrap the dress when Dave finally found his voice. "Um- yeah... Yeah, I was meaning to tell you..." "Tell me what? You... actually ordered this?" Karen held up the dress with an incredulous laugh. "God, it certainly isn't sized anywhere nearly big enough for me, babe! Look how small it is! I mean, it's far closer to *your* size than..."

And as she trailed off, a sudden light of understanding sprang into her eyes. "*Your* size... Babe? Babe, come on. Don't tell me. You... you ordered this for yourself, didn't you?"

Had he? Of course not! Of course that was ludicrous- unthinkable- preposterous- And yet... Dave shifted uneasily from foot to foot, acutely aware that Karen had just handed him the only plausible way out. For either he could come out with the truth – that he'd been spending money on another woman – or he could go along with this crazy idea. He could agree... pretend that he'd bought all this crap for himself...

"Well, um..." he stalled, shame suffusing his voice. "I guess- I'm sorry..." Karen's eyes flitted back to the garment in her hands, her gaze growing meditative as the silence lengthened between them. She was thinking... contemplating... probably considering whether or not to divorce his stupid ass...

And then came the words he'd never have expected in a million years.

"Aww, honey, this is literally so amazing. How ever did you know?" Dave's eyes grew wide, shock rippling through him at her animated and delighted expression. "Honey, this is so- so perfect! You're actually into being a sissy, aren't you? Why didn't you ever tell me, babe?" She was setting

the dress aside, digging excitedly through the box as he spluttered and struggled for words. "Oh, you have no idea how amazing this is, babe! You even got the stockings to go along with it... and what's this? Pink panties? And a *pacifier*?" She was laughing now, shaking her head as she uncovered the items in the bottom of the box. "Aww, and what's this – a pink flowered t-shirt? Or is it a onesie? And... oh my god. Are these actually *diapers*?"

"I- um... I didn't want you to know-" Dave faltered – and oh, how he meant it! But Karen was hardly listening, engrossed as she was in the wonders she'd just discovered. "Oh, sweetie – no, really! This is literally so perfect!" She sighed rapturously and leaned her ample self against the table. "I'm not kidding, babe. I've dreamed of having a sweet little girlie sissy for *years*! I just- well, I never wanted to tell you, 'cause... well, you know. I figured you'd be so freaked out by my weird-ass fantasies. But I guess I should have said something anyway, huh?"

She was giggling as she straightened up and brought the frilly pink dress up to her shrinking husband, who could only stare at the floor with flaming cheeks. "Aww, look at that! You're going to be the sweetest little sissy for me, aren't you, babe? And even better, you're going to be a little *baby* sissy too! I mean, I never really thought about a sissy with pacifiers and diapers and stuff. But you know, since that's clearly what you're into, believe me – I'm more than happy to roll with it..."

Dave opened his mouth to protest... to set her straight... to explain that he was straight as a ruler, that he hated the idea of being dressed in such humiliating outfits, that the whole idea repelled him. He wasn't a girl, after all! He wanted to *see* girls in cute outfits, not *be* one himself! But somehow... the words wouldn't come out. He couldn't disillusion her. He couldn't hurt her – certainly not now that she'd exposed her own kinky fantasies. He'd just have to accept it... play along... indeed, roll with it.

And so, as he blushed and shifted and stammered before his wife, she laughed happily and shook her head. "Oh, babe, you're *so* freaking cute when you're embarrassed! Come on, then – what are we waiting for? Let's get you changed! God, this is going to be so hot, having my sweet hubby all dressed up like my cute baby maid... waiting on me..."

Well, at least one of them was going to be enjoying themselves. Though who knew? Given enough time, maybe he'd come to enjoy it too?