

DARK VISIONS

BOOK
ONE



By
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“From these dark dreams will reality grow.”

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CHAPTER ONE

Beth Murphy sat at her vanity and pointed her polished toes into the donut of suntan hose. Slowly she tugged the stocking over her foot, past the gentle swell of her ankle, past her calve and knee, and then over her slender thigh. She attached the darker welt of the stocking top to garter snaps.

Beth, a lazy smile on her pretty face, repeated the same slow procedure with her other leg. Long chestnut hair fell on either side of her face. Large, china-blue eyes looked from under thick eyelashes. Mark Murphy lay in bed, head propped on crooked arm, watching the sensuous dressing ritual. He was looking at her legs. *He was always looking at her legs.*

She thought of his naked body under the satin sheets and her smile widened. Tonight they would play.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Mark.

Beth stretched her long leg at him, pointing her toes and wiggling them in the reinforced suntan hose. She locked her elbows and leaned back on the vanity stool while her foot traced an imaginary pattern atop the slick satin sheet. Silver polished toes winked dully through the stocking as it slipped under the sheet with a gentle rustling.

"I was just thinking about our college days," Beth said softly, licking red Ups.

"College days?" Mark said.

"Yes," she said, her foot moving under the sheet, touching his thigh. "That first time I caught you looking at me with those hungry green eyes of yours."

"Oh?"

"I wore faded cutoffs. Remember?"

Mark nodded. He felt her slick foot edge up his thigh. He tried to relax but his leg muscles involuntarily flexed, spurred by her teasing caress.

"You couldn't take your eyes off my legs." The sheet moved imperceptibly as her foot progressed. Beth's bright teeth shone through parted Ups. Her cheeks dimpled sexily.

And Mark did remember. Her long slender legs were well tanned for April, and when she bent over—she must've know he was watching—he saw the white crescent of her firm buttocks peeking from the ragged hem of her short cutoffs. "The best legs on campus," he said, eyes following the flowing symmetry of her slightly spread legs, all the way to the vee of her panty covered sex framed neatly by a beige garter belt.

"It took me a while to realize that wasn't all you were looking at," Beth said, finding her mark under the satin sheet.

"The best..." he flinched. Under the sheet his swollen manhood throbbed as the balls of her stocking foot pressed him *there* "...ass on campus."

"That's not what I mean," Beth said coyly, pressing her foot, trapping him against the flat washboard of his stomach, feeling it come to life under her foot. "It was one of the most flattering things a man ever said to me...when you finally admitted it."

Mark swallowed and looked away from his wife's glittering blue eyes. "You're going to be late for work."

Beth put her other leg on the bed. It rested on the pillow near his crooked elbow. She wriggled her toes and watched his eyes wander. "No, it's still early," she said and felt the warmth in her stomach seep lower. Her instep slid along his excitement and she felt it pulse.

He'd told her that a man's basic sexual urges were high in the morning. She was teasing him...and he loved her for it. Still, he wanted her to stop. After Beth was gone the remembered distraction might be too great and dilute the work-effort on the current advertising campaign on which he was working. Being hemmed in at home in his cubby-hole office might be too much temptation.

Mark was an idea-man; a freelancer, his talents sought

by a number of dwindling advertising firms. Anymore it was becoming harder to compete with the bigger agencies. As such, he worked on his computer at home until meager ideas blossomed to fruition. Only then was his presence required at an agency where an artist would flesh out the raw idea.

Mark crossed his leg over Beth's probing foot. The action only increased the pressure, inciting the pulsations against the subtle curve of her foot.

As if reading his mind Beth withdrew her foot and stood. Her legs were slightly parted and Mark's eyes traveled past her rounded knees and up her long tapered thighs to the top of her stockings. The stockings clung like a second skin, not a wrinkle anywhere. Around her pouting womanhood swelled the fabric of her clinging panties. He wanted to kiss her there.

Beth went to her closet and took out a split-front, above-the-knee tweed skirt. One of Mark's favorites. She positioned herself near the foot of the bed where she knew Mark would have a clear vision of her backside.

A shiver tingled down her back as she bent over a pair of high heels. Her Lycra panties stretched tautly over the moon of her firm ass. In the night-table beside her vanity was *Clyde*, her slim vibrator.

Beth thought of the things they'd done with *Clyde*. Leaving inhibitions behind, they had explored the darker and sweetly exquisite side of their libidos. And done it without shame or the thoughtless recriminations of societal disapproval. It made her panties wetter, and not for the first time that morning, she wondered about taking the day off.

Thought about sitting backward on Mark's face while her stocking feet played over his...

A sigh of resignation escaped Beth's pouting lips and she went to the bedside. At work new actuary tables were being compiled. Her absence would be missed and would not reflect favorably on the coming changes at InterGiant Global.

Beth blinked her smoky blue eyes and looked down at Mark, a hungry need roiling within her. She sat at her vanity, crossing her legs. The front-split skirt parted mid-thigh and she watched her husband's hungry green eyes.

After all these years....

Slowly she took the narrow four-inch, closed-toe pumps and put them on her feet. The shoes were several years old but Mark had picked them out, one of his favorite pair. And comfortable, too.

"Isn't that skirt a bit daring?" challenged Mark. "I can almost see your garter belt."

"But not quite. You like it?" said Beth, blue eyes smoldering like lava.

"I'm sure all the guys at InterGiant Global like it, too."

"Yes," said Beth with a lazy smile. She kicked her legs up on the edge of the bed and crossed them at the ankles.

Her split skirt fell away like a curtain. "Want me to change?"

"No, of course not."

"I'm wearing one of your favorite pair of heels."

"Yes," he breathed, looking away from the erotic vision.

"You won't last the day."

"What?"

Beth came forward and jerked the satin sheet from her husband's naked body. *"I said you won't last the day and I don't want you to waste it."*

Mark propped himself on his elbows and smiled wickedly at his wife. His readiness pulsed along the curly hairs of his flat stomach. He flexed his splayed legs, sending obvious reactions that raised his engorged excitement. It bobbed defiantly.

His lewd smile complemented his stroking fist. "I can handle it."

"Not as well as I can," said Beth, kneeling over him. "Tonight we'll play our *special* game. Until then..."

Beth shook her long hair to one side and lowered her face over Mark's tumid member. With a soft sigh she took him in her mouth, long chestnut curls falling around him like a brown waterfall. She did this often for him, knew he liked it but was disappointed that he seldom returned the intimate act.

When they were dating he was eager to please her orally but he wasn't as attentive to her needs as he once was.

Beth dismissed the thought from her mind and increased her fellation. She'd bring him off, swallow his heavy morning load, knew that he'd masturbate after she left if she didn't.

On the way to work she was reflective, thinking about Mark at home. His accounts were shrinking and it was hard for him to keep up with the bigger agencies. Neither of them wanted to move and preferred their current residence; close but far enough away from the city.

Her panties were wet and she shook her head, maneuvered her red Celica coupe through morning traffic. Her thoughts turned to Mark, their college days and how attentive he used to be. She was at first curious then delighted when she discovered his foot fetish. It excited him so and he loved to play with her feet as preliminary foreplay to putting his mouth between her legs, often sucking her through her panties, bringing her off that way.

Now she felt neglected and it seemed she was always taking care of *his* needs. Like this morning. Not that she didn't enjoy fellating him. To the contrary, it almost always made her drip profusely, knowing how much pleasure this intimate act brought him. But he seldom returned the favor anymore. She hated to admit it but she felt cheated and at odd times she caught herself in a sexual fantasy. A dark fantasy that excited her all the more.

She stood over him wearing heels, garter belt and black nylons, her fists caught in Mark's longish ash-brown hair, pulling his face into her dripping pussy. She had always been liquid, never had a problem with generating moisture.

Beth looked down on her naked husband, rubbed his stiff leaking cock with her pump, pushed the spike into his soft balls and felt him tense. She told him to do a good job of sucking her pussy or she'd skewer one of his balls like an olive.

He lapped at her pussy and she tugged on his hair, whispered filthy things to him, told him who was in charge. She moved forward, hunched his face until his back was

bowed. Her foot went between his legs and she knew he was uncomfortable in the bent-back position.

But it served him right. He'd been so neglectful of her. It'd been going on way too long, his neglect and she stood over him, dripping on his adoring face, she told him so, told him things were going to change.

It was a fantasy that always made her wet and each succeeding time she visited the vaporish vision it progressed deeper and darker and made her wetter and wetter.

