

ASHLEY'S ENSLAVEMENT



MAX SWYFT

Ashley's Enslavement

By
Max Swyft

Copyright © 2000 By Max Swyft

Illustrations Copyright © 2000 By “Z i z z l e”

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

All persons and incidents depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is coincidental and unintentional or intended purely for parody purposes.

Printed in the USA

Ashley's Enslavement

“It is said that our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ of the human body: the mind.”

MAX SWYFT AUTHORS NOTE

This is the first in a series of one-book novels about the Cytherea Coterie. Each novel can be read separately as a “Stand Alone” novel. Under the best of circumstances this series might be best understood if it was read in chronological order.

Cyrenaica (pronounced Sir E nak cee Ah), the city on these pages is fictitious. It is situated just west of the Barrows River. However, from the cathedrals of brick and glass in the business district known as *The Canyons* can be seen from its sister city, New York.

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there are a few references to the Big Apple contained in this book. In the vast business district of The Canyons is the Cypris Club. It has a nondescript, almost anonymous entrance.

The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be much better served if it was ruled by women.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and indisputable. There are countless web sites and scholars that express this *real* male feminization.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

This book contains vivid scenes of a sexual nature. If you are offended by fetishistic adult material pass this one up and go to the library. You'll not find this title there...at least not yet.

CHAPTER ONE

“Hello.”

“Arthur, how are you this afternoon?”

“Fine. I’m glad you called. I wanted to ask you to dinner tonight, Yanamari.”

“Oh, Arthur. I’d love to but I have a dinner date with an out of town buyer. I’ve told you about him, I think,” said the teasing, husky voice.

“No, I don’t want to know,” Arthur said into the phone too quickly. He thought about Yana sitting at her desk in her high rise office of The Canyons. On a clear day from her window could be seen the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

“Hmm... I called to thank you for cleaning my apartment this morning. You did clean it, didn’t you?”

“Yes, of course. It really wasn’t that messy, Yana.”

“Well, I won’t have time to go home first. Tom’s stopping by the offices and we’re going straight to that quaint restaurant in the Barrows that’s all the rage these days.”

“I don’t want to know.”

“Really, Arthur, you sound annoyed. Don’t act so childish, my dear.”

“Yanamari, you know how I feel about you...”

“Yes, I know, but I don’t see how we can have *that* kind of relationship. Did you change the sheets, pick up my underwear?” “Yes. The place is clean. I ran the sweeper and did some laundry too.”

“You’re so sweet. You didn’t play with my soiled underwear did you?”

“Yanamari!, how could you say such a thing?”

“My sweet little man. Remember, I know practically everything about you. Are you still taking your vitamins?”

“I’m changing. I really am. Yes, I’m still taking the pills, but I don’t see where they’re helping all that much.

“You are what you are, dear. I love the way you are. Really, I do,” said Yanamari. “You look so gaunt. I think the pills will help. Do you know what Saturday is?”

“Yes. How could I forget? It’s been one year. Somehow it seems longer.”

“Yes. I know you miss her. You know, in a way, it was your Mother’s tragic death that brought us together.”

“Yes. I knew about you. I mean she’d talked about you, about your friendship. I didn’t *know* she’d told you all that other stuff.”

“Women talk, especially about their loved ones. It’s funny that we’d never met until just before her death. Like I said, it was your Mother’s death that brought us together. Something was born of that adversity, I mean.”

“Yes,” said Arthur. “Will you visit her grave site Saturday?”

“Of course, dear. I’ll meet you there and we’ll do lunch afterward. How’s that?”

“Yes, I’d like that. About ten?”

“Yes, dear, ten will be fine. And thanks again for doing my apartment.”

Yanamari rung off and Arthur sat in the kitchen looking at the phone. He sighed and hung up—silently cursed her. She didn’t have to tell him about her date. She knew how he felt about her, that he was in love with her. How many times had he told her it didn’t matter about their age discrepancy? So she was thirty-nine years old. Big deal! She didn’t look it. And he couldn’t help it that he had a baby-face, looked younger than his twenty-seven years.

Arthur got up from the table, took his coffee cup to the sink, and rinsed it out. He shouldn’t have made a pot this late in the day. Now he’d be up all hours of the night. Caffeine affected him that way, as did nearly all other stimulants. He had such a low tolerance for alcohol and other drugs.

Absently he reached in the cabinet, took out the various bottles of vitamins, and washed them down with orange juice.

He went through the large silent house—found himself in his Mother’s bedroom. Everything was just as it was before she so suddenly died. He’d left it that way. No, it wasn’t a shrine but he couldn’t bear to clear it out, throw’ anything away.

He went to the closet and slid back the doors, glanced at his image in the full length mirror mounted on the back of the walk-in closet. He turned on the overhead fluorescent light. It flickered in the shadowy chamber and came on, brightly lighting the closet.

He flipped his natural long blond hair. It was nearly shoulder length. He decided again to cut it. Yanamari would be disappointed but that was too

bad. She needed to see him in a different light, anyway. He could—he would become more masculine. Then maybe she would take him more seriously.

Yes, that's just the ticket, Arthur decided. He'd go to the hairdresser's tomorrow, get it cut real short.

He peered at his face and frowned. His blue eyes were too large and his nose too thin, his lips too full. He was cursed with his Mother's good looks. He decided to let his eyebrows grow back in. No more plucking them. And grow a mustache!

It'd take him forever to grow a mustache. He didn't have to shave for days on end. He just wasn't hirsute.

He looked at his legs sticking out from the tight shorts that Yanamari had bought him. Downy blond leg hair, almost transparent. He turned and looked at his butt. Too round. It filled out the tight satin shorts, a boyish ass, not flat like some of the runway models,

Yanamari had told him he had a good ass, nice and tight, teasing him about it. She'd presented him with the shorts and he had bashfully modeled them for her. There was no zipper, the waist being elasticized. He said they were women's shorts but she shook her head, told him to look and sure enough, they bore a "Daring Man" label. They were from a California clothier. She had guessed at his size, told him that's why they were so tight.

The outline of his underwear was clearly evident through the slick material of the shorts and she told him to get some bikini underwear. He laughed, said women wear bikini underwear but knew that she was right. He had several pairs of bikini underwear.

Sometimes he wore them when he felt sexy....

Again he frowned at his face. Old habits die hard. His Mother used to hold his head in her lap and pluck his eyebrows and after she'd died he continued to do it. But no more! He was going to change his image, become more masculine.

Maybe then Yanamari would take him more seriously.

He frowned at his body. Too frail looking, his skin too pale, and except for his butt his body too slender. No, he didn't like the word, "slender." That was the way Mother referred to him. Her slender little man.

He shook his head to chase away the rest of it.

As if shaking his head would make it *all* go away.

Too skinny. There was nothing he could do about his body, or was there...?

Of course he couldn't grow taller. Five-seven was the best he could do. But he could start pumping iron and taking other vitamins that would beef him up.

Then Yanamari would have to stop thinking of him as a child, see him as a man. A man who was deeply in love with her. She knew how he felt about her.

His blue eyes drifted to the black leather, open-toe slides under the shoe rack. He knew these shoes. Involuntarily his small foot slid along the plush carpet, toes brushing the tapered spike. A flush came to his face when he thought about Mother, what she made him do...

Did she have to tell Yanamari all that stuff?

Deliberately Arthur strode from the walk-in. He felt the color rise in his cheeks, felt the familiar stirring in the tight shorts. He told himself that it was thinking about Yanamari, her beauty. He'd once accidentally caught her in just bra and panties.

He'd stood in the doorway, his heart in his throat. His beautiful Yanamari sat on the bench at her ornate vanity pointing a pearl-tipped toe into a pair of dusky pantyhose. Her legs were slightly spread and he clearly saw the indentation of her sex molded in the wispy plum-colored bikini panties. Her nipples were imprinted on the thin satiny cups of the matching bra. She glanced up, saw him hovering in the doorway, patted the bed beside her.

With hands in front of him he sat on the corner of the bed.

"Finished with the dishes?" she said in that lazy sexy voice.

Arthur nodded, watched her point her leg at him and pull the pantyhose upward, wriggle her toes sexily. The hose were like a second skin and complimented her long model's legs. Finally she stood, pulling them all the way up around flared hips.

"Am I getting too fat, Arthur," she said absently, looking over her shoulder in the vanity mirror.

"No, of course not. Yo'—you're beautiful."

Yanamari patted him on the head. "You are such a doll-baby."

His hungry eyes watched her go to the closet, feet rummaging inside for a pair of shoes. She came over to him, feet shod in a pair of strappy high heeled sandals, put one foot on the bed between his legs.

"Be a dear and buckle the ankle strap for me." Her husky voice drifted to him as if from a dream. "Your hands are trembling. Are you nervous...?"

Arthur swallowed the walnut in his throat, shook his head and looked away from her gossamer covered womanhood.

The other foot was between his legs and he buckled the ankle strap, fingers lingering on the curve of her ankle.

“You’re so good to me, Arthur,” said Yanamari.

“You know how I feel about you—”

A pearl, lacquer-tipped finger was pressed gently over his lips. She turned, went back to the closet, pulled out a nylon, button-front mauve blouse.

The spell was broken and he suddenly wanted to be out of the tall woman’s bedchambers. But he stayed on the bed, his blue eyes soaking up her long legs in the shimmering dusky pantyhose. From the closet she stepped into a gray, above-the-knee skirt, tucked in the blouse and glanced at her face in the long mirror inside the closet.

She fluffed long black hair with her hands, said, “How do I look?”

“Great. Really great.”

A gray peplum jacket completed the outfit.

Yanamari sat at the vanity, put on pearl-drop earrings and a matching necklace, sprayed perfume at her neck and behind her ears. She put on a watch, looked at it. “I must be going or I’ll be late for work.”

“Yes. Can we do lunch today?”

“Afraid not, hon. I’ve got buyers in for lunch.” She turned, crossed her legs, saw his furtive look and smiled. “Will you be a doll and do my underwear? You know the delicate cycle, like you did before.”

“Yes.”

Yanamari got up, kissed his cheek. “It’s okay if you play with it first. I know how boys are, some of the things they do when alone in a woman’s room with her intimates.”

“Yanamari! How can you say such a thing?”

“Come now, Arthur. You have few secrets from me. Especially boys like you—”

”I’m not a boy! And what do you mean boys like me?” “Don’t act so innocent. Your Mother told me *everything*.” Arthur looked away from her frank hazel eyes. “I’m not...I’m not like that anymore,” he said.

“I like you the way you are, dear. You can’t help it.” Yanamari

strode from the bedroom and Arthur followed. She picked up her purse off the dining room table. “My brother used to play with my panties. A lot of men do things with women’s scanties. It’s kind of flattering, really.”

“Flattering?”

“Yes. While I’m at work, knowing you’ll be here all alone, sorting through my dirty underwear, making yourself excited.” “Yanamari, stop talking like that.”

“I’ll call you tonight and you can tell me all about it. How’s that?”

Arthur watched her leave. As she went out the door her gentle laugh made him blush.