



## Jerry's Journey Book One



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# **Jerry's Journey**

By

**Max Swyft**

*“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**

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### Author's Note

This book continues the **Cytherea. Coterie** series (See the list of books on the previous page).

Cyrenaica (pronounced Cer En A she-ah), the city on these pages is fictitious. It is situated west of the Barrows River However, on a clear day, from the cathedrals of brick and glass in the business district known as The Canyons, can barely be seen its sister city' and the outline of Manhattan.

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York: or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there may be some references to New York City 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 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 is indisputable. In addition to countless scholars and the liberals of academia, there are many web sites 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

Jerry's journey began long before he met Chanel Stheel. He was an unwanted child, the product of a teenage brat whose promiscuity eventually ran her out of the small town where she grew up. She left Jerry behind, at first at a nondenominational religious orphanage. The orphanage was run predominantly by women. Later, during his early teens, he was put into a foster home.

In this foster home he was raised in a strictly feminist environment, taught to respect and revere women. The husband, or pseudo father-figure, was subservient to his strong-willed wife and her two daughters. It was the husband's infirmity, the needed income, which led this family to open their home to Jerry as a foster child.

Accordingly, Jerry's demeanor was established. When he left his foster home to attend college on scholarship he briefly rebelled, tried to assert his masculinity. He was uncomfortable being someone else, and consequently, his attempts to assert male dominant characteristics made him an unhappy young man.

Throughout his academic career he subconsciously sought matronly women with strong personalities. For the most part Jerry was unaware of his need or attraction to a dominant female personality. His shy disposition did not attract many women. His attempts at intimacy with the few girls he did date were usually less than satisfactory. It was an older student who took his virginity and her sarcastic ridicule of his premature ejaculation was terribly humiliating. Alone in his bed that night his mind replayed the disastrous scene at her off-campus apartment. He became excited, and in a state of readiness there in the dark, he took the scintillating moment in hand.

Only thrice removed from his virginity, Jerry graduated with a business degree and for several years worked unsuccessfully at various white collar jobs.

By his twenty-third year he made the career change that would set his course for life when he moved to the vast metropolis of Cyrenaica and went to work at Stheel Imports Inc.

He met Chanel Stheel at that time. From his initial interview he

instinctively knew he would find fulfillment working under Ms. Stheel as one of her assistants. Chanel was a tall woman with a no-nonsense attitude and stern disposition.

Jerry kept vivid in his memory that final interview. Prior to that interview he had not met the striking Ms. Stheel. She wore a pinstripe blue suit, button-down collared shirt and wide striped tie that complimented her tall slim figure.

Initially the auburn-haired woman sat behind the desk asking of his background while a long tapered crimson fingernail drifted over his application. Chanel seemed particularly interested, not only in his previous experience, but in his life story as well.

Although apprehensive about the interview, Jerry felt comfortable with this older woman who he guessed was in her early to mid-forties. Chanel was attentive throughout as he told her about his childhood and education.

When she came forward and sat near him in the adjoining leather-upholstered chair which faced her desk, Jerry's eyes unconsciously strayed to her knees which were revealed under a conservative knee-length skirt. He caught a tantalizing glimpse of creamy inner thigh when she crossed her legs. The barely audible rasp of her stockings sent a little chill of excitement along his spine.

Jerry found it easy to talk to Ms. Stheel. It seemed he had her undivided attention, something he wasn't used to with women. As she drew him out about his foster home, one foot started swinging back and forth in stylish blue pumps that exposed a hint of toe cleavage at the vamp.

Jerry was conscious of her presence, her perfume, her gender. A chemistry was at work here between the two of them and he was very aware of that indefinable chemistry.

Later, recalling the interview, he identified the underlying current of sexuality which permeated the air about them. It had been an almost intimate moment characteristic of that shared by two lovers. He became very excited and, at the time, wasn't sure why.

The hem of her smart pinstripe skirt was several inches above her

knees and he tried not to look but her swinging foot was very distracting, almost hypnotic. He caught her flexing her toes in the pumps and the inevitable happened: *The dreaded dangling pump*.

The heel of her foot was whiter than the rest of her foot. What he could see of it, anyway.

At that moment, glancing at her foot, the dangling shoe, he had a flashback to his early adolescence. He had awakened from a bad dream and went down the hall into his foster mother's bedroom. She sat on the bed, her long gown pulled up around her lap exposing stout legs. Her husband knelt at her feet, wearing pink pajamas. At first Jerry didn't know what the man was doing kneeling like that but when he saw the still wet bright polish on her toes he knew.

His foster mother noticed him hovering in the doorway, motioned him in, patted the bed beside her, and comforted him. Jerry stayed there, his arms fast around her midriff, his head resting on her large bosom while her husband finished his task.

He remembered it wasn't long after that incident that he first started painting his older sisters finger and toenails. His foster mother had made him practice on his own toes until he got it right. The recollection made him blush and when he looked up he found Ms. Ssteel, head titled, studying him curiously.

Of course she misread his rosy cheeks, had caught him looking at her legs and that *dangling pump*

Poor Jerry blushed all the more.

Ms. Ssteel could use someone of his skills and background. Though he didn't have much experience she would train him. She asked, did he mind working for a woman, then as an afterthought added that she was a feminist. His enthusiastic nod and affirmative answer brought a smile to Chanel's rather angular face.

The position was more suited to a woman but there were only two other males in her employ and the federal mandate and political climate almost made it necessary to offer the job to a male. Would working in such an environment offend his male sensibilities? On the contrary, Jerry

explained. He was an avid supporter of women's rights and believed in the feminist movement.

She looked at him for a long moment, one slim finger posed along a high cheekbone.

The interview lasted nearly an hour. To Jerry's delight she hired him on the spot. They stood and shook hands. As he looked up into her large penetrating blue eyes goose bumps sent a little shiver through his body.

Jerry started the next Monday.

Stheel Imports Inc. was a small concern which imported a variety of dry goods mostly from Europe and China. After his first few days the rest of staff seemed to accept the short slender man and his shy demeanor. As the weeks turned into months Jerry came in contact with his tall boss more and more often until one day he found himself in his own little fabric-walled cubicle just down the hall from Chanel's office.

Since starting work for Stheel Imports his boss's outer open secretarial office space had remained unoccupied. Jerry had expected to one day come in and greet a new secretary but it never happened. Everyone either walked through her open inner office door or knocked if the door was closed.

Working late, thinking she was gone for the day, he went into Chanel's office to leave a needed report on her desk. The door was ajar and he breezed through, was surprised to find the tall Chanel sitting on the sofa along the far wall. Her skirt was high on her thighs and she was inspecting an unsightly runner.

He cleared his throat and excused his intrusion, started to back out the door. Chanel stopped him, stood and turned around. Looking over her shoulder she asked him if the runner showed below her hem line. Unfortunately it did. She cursed a prominent pantyhose maker and vowed never to buy another pair.

She just couldn't go to this business dinner looking frumpy and she still had files to go over in preparation before the dinner. Jerry asked if there was anything he could do. She raised her head, looked at him thoughtfully. Could he...would he be a dear and rush to the rescue?

He would only be too happy to help in any way he could.



He found himself in the downtown Penney's in the lingerie department, purchasing Donna Karan sheer-to-the-waist opaque pantyhose for his boss; size nine tall. Chanel remained in her office pouring over the pertinent files for the business dinner that evening.

Jerry couldn't help but gaze upon all the sexy lingerie and blushed profusely when a young clerk offered her assistance. It was like he'd been caught doing something dirty. He explained his mission to the doubtful young lady. In his haste to return to the office Jerry walked off with the slim package.

"Sir, you'll have to pay for those pantyhose," said the young lady.

To Jerry it was an embarrassing moment, having all those ladies turn and look at him like he was some kind of pervert.

Jerry's effort, however, was rewarded.

He found Ms. Stheel at the couch, files open on the low table before her. He handed her the package and she handed him a file, wanted his interpretation of a defining clause that was several paragraphs long.

While he perused the stapled pages Chanel pulled up her skirt, whisked off the old pantyhose, tore open the new package and proceeded to pull them up her legs. Jerry stood off to one side, mouth agape, eyes misty with passion as he gazed on this impromptu intimate moment with his boss.

She wore white, French-cut satin panties, the imprint of her vulva barely discernable upon the panel. Holding her skirt high as she stood she pulled the pantyhose around her tummy.

The forgotten pages of the report fluttered to the floor at her feet.

He knelt to pick them up, couldn't help looking at Ms. Stheel's long lean legs glistening in sheer pantyhose He looked higher until he saw the elongated darker crotch panel of the pantyhose, the slick veil which hid the mystery of her sex beneath.

"Jerry while you're down there make yourself useful. Be a doll and help me into my shoes."

He held her discarded shoes, guided her warm damp feet into them with trembling hands. The faint odor mixed with the leather of the shoes

tickled his nose and he became acutely aware of his turgid state.

“You’re trembling, Jerry,” Chanel said softly.

He didn’t know what to say and with bowed head gazed at her feet, pearl-tipped toes now safely ensconced in leather pumps.

“Jerry, the report.”

“What?”

“The report, Jerry. That’s why you’re down there, to pick up the paper isn’t it?”

“Oh, yes. Sorry.” He retrieved the report, handed it to her.

“Gather those files on the table for me. Put them in my briefcase while I touch up my makeup.”

He watched her go to the far wall and push on a flat shiny plastic panel about half the size of an electrical outlet. Magically the wall swung inward. It was a concealed door that opened on a bathroom. Absently Jerry gathered the papers and folders, put them in her briefcase, while he watched her paint her lips and freshen her makeup.

He brushed at the front of his trousers to hide his tumescence. It only made it worse.

When he looked up he caught her eye, turned away in embarrassment.

Jerry jumped when Chanel touched his shoulder. “Thanks for coming to my rescue, Jerry.”

“Oh, it was nothing, really.” Blushing more.

She put something in his hand, strode to the door with her briefcase. “Jerry?”

“Yes, Ms. Stheel?”

“Are you a leg man?”

“Ah, hmm..., well...”

“Do I have nice legs?”

“Oh, yes, Ms. Stheel,” he said almost breathlessly. “Thanks for staying late. See you in the morning.”

He stood in her office for several moments, looked at what she had handed him: her ruined pantyhose.

## Chapter Two

Over the passing weeks Jerry's duties to Chanel Stheel increased. She consulted him on different projects, imports, questioned him about prices, naturally wanting the best deals but not wanting to depreciate her product and scare potential customers away.

In the mornings he prepared coffee for the others, took Ms. Stheel's coffee to her; cream, two sugars. She confessed to a sweet tooth, one day pulling out her blouse and exposing her midriff, asking liim if she was gaining weight.

A creamy white stomach above wide womanly hips and a sexy indented navel.

No, she was fine, he responded.

Chanel looked at him doubtfully, said something depreciating about girdles, wanted his opinion. Well, gee, he didn't know. Was she teasing him, he wondered. He wasn't sure, but these little asides, these passing intimacies always thrilled him.

He watched as she pulled down the side zipper of her skirt, tucked in her blouse.

Chanel gazed at him with those large blue eyes, pinched his cheek, said she loved it when he blushed, told him he was fast becoming one of her best employees.

“I like your hair.”

“Really?”

“Uh-huh, letting it grow over your collar like that.” “Thank you, Ms. Stheel.”

“You should have it done, Jerry.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

That's how he came to be in Chanel's fave boutique, having his hair layered and styled by her stylist. While Melissa fussed with his hair Chanel sat nearby, leafing through a *Cosmo*, stopping now and then at a particular ad, asking his opinion of this or that outfit, wondered if a fall worsted suit was a little too racy for the office. The skirt seemed awfully short.

Jerry almost drooled picturing the tall leggy Chanel in such a short skirt.

As an afterthought Chanel suggested he have his hair highlighted.

Jerry was doubtful but he couldn't deny her.

It seemed to him he was in the chair for hours. When they finally let him look in the mirror he frowned. The stylist had added a darker brown tint to a new layered cut, put light highlights in it.

He looked at Chanel. She smiled and nodded, said it looked great.

Jerry thought the new do a bit feminine but didn't voice his opinion.

After all, spending a couple of hours with the boss during working hours was a privilege enjoyed by few.

“Like my new shoes?”

They were at the sofa pouring over import figures on a new shoe manufacturer from Krakow. Jerry sat in one of two matching armchairs on one side of a low oval coffee table. Ms. Steel sat across from him on an early American couch which matched the comfy chairs.

“Ah, a kind of boot, huh?”

“Lace-up leather ankle boots.” Chanel tapped the glossy booklet. “From this very manufacturer. Way under market price but they're a bit uncomfortable. I'll have to wear them a few days but right now my feet are lulling me.”

Later that night as he lay in bed in the dark, doing it, he couldn't quite remember how he came to take her ankle boots in his lap, untie the laces and tug her feet free of them, give her a soothing massage. She *Ohhed* and *Ahhed* as he kneaded her damp stocking feet, the odor of new leather and

an arresting mustiness flitting under his nose, giving him a...

Once she accidentally nudged it with her free foot. He jumped, looked at her but her head was back, eyes shut, face relaxed, seemingly enjoying the massage.

He couldn't help but look longing up the funnel of her skirt. Her legs were parted and he could almost see to heaven- but not quite.

Again she nudged it with her foot.

He wanted to press it against the balls of her feet. Fleetingly Jerry thought of his childhood, attending his foster mother's feet, his stepsisters. Doing their finger and toenails, how they used to insist he paint his for practice. How they used to tease him, those not so innocent games in the damp recesses of his memory.

Long after abusing himself Jerry lay in bed thinking of Chanel Stheel, her musky stocking feet, those long slender legs, the *accidental* foot nudging his excitement.

"You're going to let it grow, aren't you?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's below my collar now."

"Oh, Jerry, don't be such a prude. Live a little."

He watched her walk down the hall, the tight skirt molded to her hips. No panty line. Panty lines excited him.

The afternoon the two of them stayed late, brainstorming a new kitchen utensil line from Stockholm, Chanel wore the short worsted skirt. It drove poor Jerry crazy but this time he *did see* all the way to heaven, saw the thin black cowl which hugged her vulva.

They were working on a second pot of coffee when Chanel suddenly looked at her watch, jumped up and said she had to go. Jerry had to go, too, told her so. No, silly, she explained. Not that *kitid* of go. She had a dinner date with an out of town buyer. Jerry was dismayed. The way she talked about it, it sounded not so much like business but a real date. He started gathering the files on the low table. He just had to go. He'd clean the table in the morning. He started from the office.

"Jerry, use my bathroom." Chanel slipped on her jacket. "I'm late

I've got to go." She started for the door. "See to things will you?"

He nodded, was disappointed she was leaving him.

*Damn*, he really had to go. He went to the wall, pushed the small panel on the wall. The door swung inward.

"Oh, Jerry?"

He turned, his need pressing heavily on his kidneys. "Yes?"

"Would you be a doll and pick up a little in there and around here for me?" She waved a hand at the office beamed a warm engaging smile. "I've been frightfully messy this week. I don't want the cleaning people to think I'm *this* sloppy."

"Yes ma'am."

In the bathroom he found treasures.

Grey lace-edged panties, a half-slip with torn hem, discarded pantyhose rolled into a gauzy beige ball.

While relieving himself he gazed wondrously upon the discarded treasures.

He picked up around the office, went back several times to gaze in the bathroom-he left the door open-at her discarded lingerie. She did say to pick up for her.

Jerry teased himself, saved the panties for last, held them to his face and inhaled *her* odor. He wanted to do it now, right there, surrounded by the faint but cloying womanly scent. When finally he left her office it was almost eight. The cleaning people were due. What to do with her lingerie? First he left the intimate items atop her desk, then put them in a side drawer, then put them back in the bathroom, then finally, put them in his desk under lock and key.

"Ah, Ms. Steel?"

"Yes Jerry?"

"Ah, I'm leaving for the day. Is there anything you need before I go?"

"No, you go on."

He nodded, started to close her door.

“Jerry?”

“Yes?”

“Thanks for picking up around her for me.”

“Oh, *that*. It was nothing.”

Silence.

“Ahem...”

“Yes Jerry?”

“Ah, well, what do you want me to do with your...er...” “Yes?”

“Well, after you left last night I picked up like you said.” “Yes?”

“Well, uh, your *things*. What should I do with them?” She chuckled softly. “You could be a doll and wash them for me but I’m sure you don’t know about *that*

“Yes I do,” he said quickly, eagerly. “I mean I was raised in a family with two sisters and my foster mother, you know. I had to do that sort of stuff for them.”

“Really?”

He shrugged.

“You’re blushing.”

He didn’t know what to say.

“Goodnight Jerry. See you in the morning.” She looked back at her computer monitor, started typing.

He was dismissed.

He caught her in her office while most of the others left for lunch, carefully put the package on her desk. She quizzically looked at him, peered inside. He saw the slight smile on her lush lips as she pulled out first the pantyhose, neatly folded, then the slip and finally the grey panties.

“You laundered them?”

He nodded, afraid to speak.

“Aren't you a sweetie.” She came around the desk, kissed him chastely on the lips.

“The half-slip,” he said. “It was torn and I mended it.” “You sew too?” Incredulous.

“A little.”

“You're still pale. Not getting enough sun. I hope the vitamins work for you. With winter coming you'll look absolutely anemic.”

“I, well, I've always had sensitive skin.”

“Yes, I can see that. You're very fair skinned. I know women who would be envious of your complexion. Are you taking the vitamin supplements I gave you?”

“Yes.”

“I'll get you some more. They'll do wonders.”

She paused, looked at him thoughtfully. It'd be easy to lose himself in those large blue eyes. He looked out her wall window at the slate-grey sky. “Maybe the vitamins will keep the winter blahs away.” He turned to go.

“Jerry?”

“Yes ma'am?”

“I'm glad I hired you.”

“Thank you,” he said, blushing, backing out of her inner sanctum.

The next week after lunch he tagged along with Chanel to Sax's where she tried on a couple of new outfits. She modeled two outfits for him, decided on neither. Jerry felt uncomfortable sitting there, the women coming and going.

She stood near the entrance to the changing room, beckoned him. Confused, he looked around. No one was paying them any attention.

To his utter surprise, a forefinger over her lips, she led him by the hand into a changing room. In awe Jerry watched her take off her blouse and camisole. A soft bra encased slim breasts, nipples imprinted on the sheer cups.

“I know you've seen women in their underwear, Jerry.” She turned



her back to him, said, "Help lace this thing up for me." Mystified, he watched her put it around her middle. "Take it, dear. Lace it up. I want to see how it looks."

It was a lace-up waist cincher.

His hands shook as he pulled on the laces.

"You won't hurt me, hon. Do it up tight."

Finally he accomplished the task at hand.

Chanel stood back, brushing against him, peering at herself in the mirror.

Jerry was trapped between her backside and the wall of the small changing room.

"What do you think?"

"You don't need it."

"Hmm."

She moved, brushing against him, looked at her narrowed reflection. "What's that?"

"What's what?" he said in a small voice.

"*That?*" Her hand was between them, cupping the lump in his pants.

"Oh my."

"Do you play with it a lot?"

He was delirious. "I...I don't know what to say."

Chanel squeezed it. "I bet you do," she said quietly. "Especially after you've secretly ogled my legs and feet all day." Again she squeezed it, pressed her buttocks firmly against him.

"Oh, Ms. Stheel, please stop," Jerry mewled.

She rubbed it through the front of his trousers. "Is that how you do it, hmm?"

He pressed himself into her stroking hand, choked back an impassioned sob. "Please "

But it was too late.

He was helpless to stop it. Her hand felt so good, rubbed it just right. The *accident* took both of them by surprise.

He was mortified, wouldn't look her in the face.

She handed him some tissues from her purse, watched as he wiped himself.

"They'll see that wet stain. I'll check, see if the coast is clear," Chanel said conspiratorially.

He put the wet tissues in his pants pocket, waited shamefaced.

"Okay, go," she said.

He started to bolt from the changing room.

"Wait!"

"What?" he said desperately.

"Better hold this in front of you or there'll be hell to pay if they catch us." Chanel handed him her purse.

Several ladies saw the two of them go down the aisle, remarked about Jerry carrying a purse. Chanel thought it funny.

"What do I owe you for the vitamins?" said Jerry to Ms. Stheel, trying hard not to look at her legs, the way her skirt was parted.

"Nothing, hon. My gift. You are taking them, the new ones too?"

"Yes, of course. Morning and night, just like you said. I feel I should pay you for them, though. Or maybe you could direct me where to buy them."

"It's okay, Jerry. I'll get them for you."

"Well..., thanks Ms. Stheel."

He was very apprehensive at work considering the changing room "incident." He wanted to talk to her about it. Such an intimate act. However, Chanel made no mention of it, treated him like it never happened. Jerry wanted it to happen again, but not like before.

He didn't know how to approach her about it.

For several days his indecision about the matter depressed him and he cursed his shy demeanor, wished he had the courage to talk to her about it. But her cavalier attitude about what had happened made him wary.

In the end he decided to let her bring it up. Then he could explain, tell her how much he thought of her, what he wanted to do if the chance ever arose again. He hoped it would. He daydreamed about how familiar her hand had been with him. It always made him excited and he wanted to please her in a sexual way.

Only Chanel never brought it up again.

As the days turned into weeks the memory of their intimate act dimmed. Yet it was always at the back of his mind, at odd times giving him a raging erection. He feared he might be falling in love with the tall older woman.