

BALLBUSTERS

BOOK ONE



MAX SWYFT

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Book One by

MAX SWYFT

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Illustrations by Teeje

Printed in the USA

"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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Ballbuster Part 1

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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 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 have 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 undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and the liberals of academia, there are many web sites that express this *real* male feminization.

Ballbuster Part 1

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of these 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.

The Players

Following is a list of most of the characters in this book. It is put here as a reference tool since these characters overlap many of the books in the **Cytherea Coterie** series.

JIMMY: Young man who works in an office full of fashionably dressed women. He can't seem to keep his mind on his work.

RITA RYKER: Owner of Ryker Financial Services. Tall and beautiful redhead, a woman who believes in discipline.

JULIE: Young lady, curvaceous, works across the isle from Jimmy, teases him unmercifully with leg shots and that "dangling pump."

GREDA SVENDSON: Supervisor who is devoted to her boss, Rita Ryker. Large lady with meaty thighs who believes in everything feminine.

SIMPSON: Jimmy's boss, doesn't like the lad, wants to fire him.

RHONDA POWLEY: Attorney who Jimmy enlists in a sex discrimination suit against Ryker Financial Services.

CLIFTON LEWIS: Rhonda Powley's law partner; a preppie who is doubtful of Jimmy's claims.

DEX: Rhonda's macho boyfriend. He likes Jimmy for all the "wrong" reasons.

Chapter One

Jimmy pulled his rusty '95 Camaro into an open space beside a shiny black Mercedes. The Mercedes was small, one of those little sporty numbers. He looked out his windshield at the fading and chipped green paint of his vehicle.

He sighed. Someday, he thought.

The driver's side door of the Mercedes opened and a woman swung her legs out, giving him a free view up her split-front skirt, almost to heaven. He got out of his car for a better view, gawked as she slid out and smoothed her skirt. She looked familiar but he couldn't place her. She didn't work on his floor. Too bad. She had nice legs for an older woman.

The woman looked at him disdainfully, then his old heap. "Did you have to park *here*?"

He shook his head. Another freeze-dried bitch who worked at Ryker Financial Services. He smiled. "At least *mine's* paid for."

She returned a superior smile. "So is mine."

Jimmy followed her into the building but waited for the other elevator.

Jimmy was on the carpet again, this time in the president's outer office, waiting to see the queen bitch. From time to time her secretary glanced up from her desk, smiled at him.

Working around all these women, that's what the problem was. How could he explain that? That it was really *their* fault he'd screwed up.

Only three other men worked for Ryker Financial Services. The rest of the work force was comprised of women. And the way these women dressed drove Jimmy crazy. Skirts were the working uniform; short ones, long ones, slit ones. Of course some wore slacks but the predominant apparel was a dress or skirt.

And sexy high heels.

It was enough to drive a monk crazy.

Especially since he was a leg man.

The queen bitch's door opened and out walked Simpson, his boss. Thunderclouds on his receding brow, he glared at Jimmy and stormed from the receptionist's office..

Jimmy wondered if he'd lost his job.

"Ms. Ryker will see you now," said the smiling secretary,

"Thank you," said Jimmy and he went through the closed door.

Rita Ryker's office was huge and dark, the walls black walnut. He just knew that the walls were real walnut, not paneling. Two leather wingback chairs faced the large kidney-shaped desk. The high-backed desk chair behind the expansive desk faced the drawn curtains.

Crossing the room, the carpet thick beneath his feet, Jimmy stopped between the chairs and looked at the back of the chair.

The room was quiet, *too* quiet.

Jimmy cleared his throat.

"Sit down, Jimmy."

He sat and folded his hands in his lap, waited for her to turn her chair and face him, waited to see those legendary green eyes and fiery red hair.

"How long have you been with us. Jimmy?" Her voice was soft, almost coaxing.

"Just over a year, ma'am," he said to the chair back.

"Do you like your work?"

"Yes ma'am."

"That's good, Jimmy. I like a man who likes his work."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"It's Ms. Ryker, Jimmy."

"Yes ma - ah, Ms. Ryker." It wasn't going like he expected.

"You're not from the city are you?"

"No, Ms. Ryker. Maysville, a little town down - "

"I know where Maysville is. Do you miss your hometown?"

"No, I don't."

"How old are you, Jimmy?"

"Twenty-seven."

"You look younger."

So she was aware that he existed. "Thank you."

“Innocent.”

Desperately he tried to think of something to say. “Thank you,” he said lamely.

“But you’re not innocent, are you Jimmy?”

“Pardon?” He wished she’d face him.

“Are you hard of hearing?”

“No, Ms. Ryker, I’m not.”

“I was questioning you’re innocence.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know what you mean.”

There was a long silence.

The tiny whir of a motor broke the silence and the heavy curtains drew back from the wall window, flooding the room with light.

“Come here and look out the window with me.”

Jimmy obeyed. He stood looking out the window at the ants moving way below them on the sidewalk in the downtown business district known as the Canyons. Now he didn’t want to look at her. He was afraid. But he could smell her perfume, wondered of her *intimate* perfume.

He heard the whisper of her pantyhose as she crossed her legs but he wouldn’t look. “All those people hurrying about their lives, lost in the city, in its anonymity. Do you like the city?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to stay in the city?”

“Yes.”

“You bungled the Handley account. We lost that account because of you.”

“I can explain,” he said hurriedly.

“No, I don’t think you can. My influence is great in this city. One word from me and you’re through here.”

He didn’t doubt it. Her influence was legendary. She had ruthlessly worked her way to the top of the company, changed the name and now owned it. So it was said.

“I’m terribly sorry,” he said.

“That may not be good enough *this* time.”

Here it comes, he thought, the pink slip. Just as he expected.

Jimmy turned and faced her for the first time. Long red hair

fell about the wide lapel shoulders of her tweed suit jacket. Crow's feet creased the corners of large green eyes. Her nose was thin and straight, lips full coated a metallic silver. No one knew her age for sure but many guessed her in her late thirties or early forties. If so, she was well preserved.

She wore a thin tie over a white silk blouse with pearl buttons. Her breasts swelled modestly beneath the thin blouse and he clearly saw the outline of a slip or camisole.

The split-front gabardine skirt revealed long legs above the knees. On her feet were high heels. His breath nearly caught in his throat as he drank of her long legs. As he looked away, back out the window, he noticed a runner in her hose, from the heel to above her gently swelled calve.

"I will make it up, Ms. Ryker."

"You've put me in a difficult situation young man. You were hired on my final recommendation. I overlooked your past screw-ups because I thought you had promise. Now, I don't know . . ."

"Give me one more chance," he pleaded, looking at her legs. "I won't disappoint you, I promise." The runner was unsightly.

Elbows on the arms of the captain's chair, Rita Ryker steepled her fingers, looked at him. "You know why there are so few men working here?"

"No."

"Over the years I've found women to be more reliable in an office environment. Women are better at keeping their minds on their work. The minds of men wander. They have trouble with concentration, always thinking about the inconsequential. Leisure time, drinking with their buddies, promoting *that* phony macho image. And sex. It always comes back to sex. Men are really little boys - perverts hiding in grown bodies."

There were rumors that Rita Ryker was a lesbian. Her only marriage had ended in divorce and no one knew of the men she dated.

"How can you make it up to me, Jimmy?"

"I don't know . . . , I'll try. Anything, just say the word." Her shoe slipped off her foot and he saw her wrinkled heel through the nude hose. He tore his eyes away from her legs and looked out the window.

“Let me think about this,” she said. “In the meantime go to lunch and come back to my office about three. By then I’ll have made my decision.”

“One more chance is all I ask.” Jimmy hated himself for begging. “You may go. Report back to me by three this afternoon.”

“Thank you, Ms. Ryker.” He crossed the room. His hand hesitated on the doorknob, his mind hopelessly thinking of something to say in his behalf.

“Jimmy?”

“Yes?” He turned around.

“There is something you could do for me.”

“Anything, just name it.”

“I’ll be staying in for lunch and I have a runner in my stockings. If you’d be so kind, would you bring me a new pair? I saw you looking. Did you notice the runner?”

Jimmy nodded, wondered of the strange request, wondered if she was right about men since he now felt a sexually euphoric rush.

“It’s unbecoming, isn’t it?”

He didn’t know what to say and slowly shook his head.

“You’ve much to learn young man. “Well?”

“What?” he blurted.

“Will you pick up a pair of hose for me while you’re out to lunch?”

“Of course. What size pantyhose do you wear?”

“Stockings, Jimmy. I wear stockings. Housewives wear pantyhose. A size nine, sheer, toe to waist.”

Jimmy sat in her outer office. It was almost three. In his lap was a sack from Penney’s. The wait seemed long but finally he was ushered into the president’s office.

Rita Ryker sat on a leather couch smoking a cigarette and talking into a cordless phone. Her shoes lay on the thick carpet. Her toenails were the same pearl color of her fingernails. She nodded for Jimmy to sit beside her.

He sat at the other end of the couch and looked at her legs revealed beneath the split hem of her tweed skirt. She hung up. Her large green eyes studied him frankly. “I brought your hose,” he said, offering her the slim package.

She took the cellophane package out of the plastic shopping bag. “What do I owe you?”

“Nothing.”

She looked at him and he looked away. She tore open the package and scooted to the edge of the couch. “When a man buys a woman stockings it usually means that they’re relationship is somewhat intimate.” She smiled.

“Oh no, I don’t mean it like that,” he hurried to say. His cock came to life in his trousers.

Rita Ryker put the stockings on the couch beside her and pulled her skirt up . . . all the way to the garters.

Jimmy stifled a gasp and his eyes bugged out. Her legs were absolutely beautiful, long and slender, perfectly formed. He saw her creamy thigh above the welts of her stockings.

Rita Ryker loosened the garter snaps and rolled the old stockings off her smooth legs.

It was like he wasn’t even there. Jimmy sat very still and willed his cock to subside.

She rolled a stocking into a donut and pointed her bare foot into it, slowly working the stocking up her leg. He looked between her legs then, glimpsed fuchsia colored panties. She attached the stocking welts to the garter snaps and smoothed her skirt down over her legs.

She stood and stepped into her shoes and smiled down at Jimmy, the bewildered look that clearly etched his young innocent face. “Thank you, Jimmy. You may go.” She walked behind her desk and sat down.

Jimmy stood and looked into bold green eyes. “Er . . . , do I still have my job?”

Rita Ryker smiled and leaned back in her chair. “I haven’t quite made up my mind. I’ve been thinking of conditions for keeping you on. I’ll let you know by the end of the week. Come back here tomorrow afternoon.”

“Thank you, Ms. Ryker.”

He was at the door, his heart hopeful.

“Jimmy?”

“Yes?”

“Do you find my legs attractive?”

“Yes,” he said. “Very much so.”

“I suspect you have trouble concentrating on your work with all these women in skirts, especially the short ones,”

He looked at her across the expansive office. “No, that doesn’t bother me,” he lied

Chapter Two

She was in his dreams that night but he resisted masturbation.

He was at home in Maysville, and out of a morning fog Rita walked up on the front porch to the swing where he sat. She wore short shorts, very tight and spiked, strappy sandals. Her toes, like her fingernails were bright red. He saw that she was bare-breasted beneath a thin muslin blouse, the brown of her areolae and thick nipples clearly visible. She raised her foot, put it between his spread legs, stopped the swing, looked at him with her fiery green lamps. “I like a boy who appreciates a woman’s legs. That appreciation manifests itself with her feet, and I can see it in your eyes that you like my feet. You will come to me in Cyrenaica and kneel and worship me. Starting with my feet, they will become objects of desire for you.” She pressed the sole of her spiked sandals between his legs and smiled. “You are properly inspired. That is good. You will become like many, the worshiper of women.” Then she faded into the fog before his very eyes.

By the time Jimmy got to work that morning the erotic dream was just a vague memory.

Simpson chewed him out. The decision to keep him was out of his hands. If Simpson could make the decision Jimmy would be gone.

Late that afternoon Jimmy was summoned to Rita Ryker’s office. Again he waited a long time before being ushered into her office.

She paced the floor behind her desk. The afternoon sun streamed through the wall window highlighting her fiery hair, setting it aglow.

Her knee length skirt stretched taut against round buttocks as she walked back and forth. He could see the backs of her legs revealed through the skirt's rear slit.

"Sit down, Jimmy. I've been thinking," she said, pacing, "about the conditions of your continued employment."

His heart soared. "Anything, Ms. Ryker."

She pointed to a slim package on her desk. "Open it."

He did and looked up dumbfounded. "These are panties."

"Yes. I want you wear them."

"What?"

"You must be hard of hearing. And so young. I said, I want you to wear them."

"You can't be serious."

Rita Ryker came around the desk and stood over him. "I was never more serious."

"But why?"

"You want to know my reasons?" Her voice was incredulous. As if this was something men did for her as a matter of course.

"Yes, I do!"

"To show your loyalty to me for one thing. You did say *anything.*"

"But wearing panties?"

"Maybe if you wear panties it'll keep your mind on your work and off all the good looking women who work here."

"This is ridiculous," Jimmy said.

"It is one condition."

"You mean there are more?"

"Yes."

"What else?" His fingers absently rubbed the white panties.

"I want you to do some yard work at my home on the weekends." *"Really?"*

"Can you do yard work?"

"Yes ... but -"

"You said you wanted to repay me."

"Ms. Ryker, this is all very strange, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Do you think you're the first man to ever wear panties?"

“Well . . . , I guess not.”

“Be wearing them tomorrow or pick up your last check Friday. Is that clear?”

“Yes.”

“Go.”

He tried them on at home that night. They were tight and the head of his penis stuck above the lace waistband. The only place to put his snake was tucked into the cotton panel. But it cramped his genitals and he left the discarded panties on the floor beside his bed.

Something was going on here. Something of a sexual nature. His experience with women was limited. His childhood sweetheart had refused him her cherry. They vowed their undying love for one another but while away at college she met some football jock and dropped Jimmy like a hot rock.

It was a dark period of his life. His slim musculature could not compete with the college jocks but his boyish good looks attracted other girls and it was in his second year at Maysville Community College that he lost his cherry.

It was not a satisfying experience. He'd climaxed much too quickly, failing to bring the girl much pleasure. They tried it again the next weekend but the result was the same; premature ejaculation. The next time they did it she masturbated him first and the sex was better but he still came too quickly.

The girl stopped seeing him after that.

There were two other girls with much the same results.

Thus his experience was limited and he resorted to masturbating in his apartment.

He wore the panties to work the next morning, sure that some law was being violated. Sexual harassment? Who could he tell, and more importantly, could he prove it?

That afternoon he was once again summoned to Rita Ryker's office.

“Well?”

“Well what?” he said.

“Are you wearing them?”

“Yes.”

“Let me see.”

“I can’t do that. It’s embarrassing enough the way it is.”

In her heels Rita Ryker was taller. She walked up to him and looked into his baby blues. “Drop your pants young man.”

Oh boy. Jimmy dropped his gaze from hers and fumbled with his belt buckle. He unzipped his trousers and they fell around his ankles. His face was crimson.

“A bit tight aren’t they?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I had to guess at your size.” She walked behind her desk and sat down.

Jimmy bent and started pulling his trousers back up.

“Did I say you could do that?”

He looked up startled. “What?”

“Leave your pants down. Turn around. Let me see your tush.” Meekly he complied. This was just a dream he told himself. And then a thought flashed through his mind like a streak of scintillating lightning: A lawyer, he needed a lawyer and would file a sex discrimination lawsuit.

“Not bad. You look good in panties.”

“Ms. Ryker, please . . . ” he pleaded.

From a drawer she withdrew a package and tossed it to him. “Here’s more. Exchange them for a larger size if you want, maybe a seven or eight.” “Where?”

“The lingerie shop around the corner. I buy all my intimate apparel there.”

“I’ll suffer with these. It’d be too embarrassing.”

“Other men shop there for their wives, and some of them for themselves.”

To his horror his cock twitched in the panties. “May I pull up my pants?” he said quickly.

Rita Ryker nodded, a slow smile spreading across her face.

Surely her eyes weren’t that good. “May I go now?”

“Yes, Jimmy, you may go.” She stopped him at the door. “I’m not going to check to see that you’re wearing panties every day but if I find you not wearing them you’ll be fired on the spot. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Jimmy?”

“Yes?”

“Report to my house Saturday morning by nine. We’ll have coffee before you start your yard work. My secretary will give you my home address.”

“Yes, Ms. Ryker.”

“Oh, and Jimmy?”

“Yes?”

“If you want to wear the panties at home that’s okay.”

The wide gates were open and Jimmy drove up the curving lane to the house. The ivy covered stone walls of the house matched the high stone fence that surrounded the grounds. The gabled roof was of tile and years ago it must have been an impressive structure. In fact, still was.

Jimmy wore blue jeans and a tee shirt. He checked his watch. Nine on the button. He rang the bell and looked around. Must be ten, eleven acres, he thought. He saw the rooftops of distant houses.

It was a clear cloudless day, already warm. A good day for yard work.

He expected a maid but Rita answered the door. Her face was scrubbed clean, red hair pinned back with silver barrettes. Her legs were bare beneath a short terrycloth robe, feet shod in strappy sandals.

She led him down marble hallways to a small kitchen and gave him coffee.

God, she was desirable. Jimmy had figured that she liked younger men and was a bit kinky. He’d made up his mind to play along. Even if she was in her late thirties she was a beautiful woman that any man would be proud of.

They chatted for a bit. She seemed in an agreeable mood.

“Well, where do I start?”

“Out here. I’ll show you.”

Rita led him outside to a nearby flower garden. “The weeds have taken over I’m afraid. You can start here. There are tools over

there in the building beside the cabana by the pool.”

Jimmy started for the pool area, wondered of her wealth.

“Wait silly.”

“What?”

“You can’t work in those blue jeans. Follow me.”

He followed her back into the house, down another hallway to a small sparsely furnished bedroom with a single bed and old wooden dresser. Probably the caretaker’s, he thought.

From one of the drawers she tossed him a piece of leather.

Puzzled he looked at it. “What’s this?”

“What you’ll wear while working in the garden.”

“This?”

“Yes. Now quit stalling and put it on.”

He knew better then to argue. Apparently she liked her men in leather too. “If you’ll excuse me.”

Rita folded her arms and smiled. “I want to see if it fits.”

“I’m sure it will.”

She leaned against the open door. “Do as I say.”

Jimmy shrugged and pulled off his tee shirt. He slid off his blue jeans. Underneath he wore a pink pair of French cut panties.

“You like wearing panties?”

“But you want me wearing them - I thought.”

“I didn’t say you have to wear them on the weekends.”

“Well . . . he hesitated. She just stood there.

Jimmy peeled the pink panties down his slender legs, revealing his soft circumcised penis. He wouldn’t look at her and stepped into the leather garment. It was little more than a jock strap and very tight. It cupped his genitals suggestively. In the back it wasn’t more than an inch wide and burrowed almost painfully in the crack of his ass.

It barely covered his cock and balls.

He looked at her. She nodded in satisfaction. “You’ll get some sun.”

Would he ever.

Jimmy worked in the garden all morning beside the busy bees which were gathering pollen. Neither paid much attention to the other. By noon his leather thong bikini was soaked with sweat as was

his body. The garden was almost free of weeds.

From the garden he looked for Rita but she was nowhere to be seen and he'd worked up a mighty thirst.

As if reading his mind she appeared with a frosty pitcher of iced tea. She served him little sandwiches that tasted like liver. The two of them sat at a nearby patio table. She still wore the short terry cloth robe but her face was made up and she told him she had to run some errands but would be back by midafternoon.

There wasn't enough work to keep him busy in the flower garden so she told him to get the pruning shears and trim the rose bushes. That would keep him busy until she returned.

Jimmy didn't see her leave but heard the Mercedes going down the long drive.

Near the rose bushes was an inviting copse of trees that provided cool shade and after trimming the roses for a while he wandered among the trees with a tall glass of tea. A slight breeze dried the fine sheen of sweat on his lanky body and he sat for a moment at the base of a maple tree.

For a time he watched a brave squirrel scamper in the tree's branches. The surrounding birds chirped a pleasant serenade and his eyelids grew heavy.

She woke him with a start.

The first thing he saw was her unpolished toenails peeking from the open-toe high heel sandals. Her legs were bare and revealed to mid-thigh under the short hem of a denim skirt. She wore a simple gauze blouse and he saw the dark circle of her nipples beneath the thin fabric. She was braless.

"I'm sorry," he said, sitting up. "I didn't mean - "

"That's okay," Rita said. "You've done quite well, really. Come inside and have a shower. I bet you could use a rubdown."

The sun was in the west and Jimmy figured it must be approaching evening. Her errands must have taken longer than expected. He followed his boss inside the house, his eyes glued to her buttocks and how they stretched the denim fabric of her skirt, showing the outline of her panties. His penis stirred restlessly.

Rita showed him the bathroom and where the towels were. He stayed under a fine spray of water for a long time. Already his muscles were beginning to ache. He wasn't used to all this physical labor.

He stepped from the shower and wrapped the large towel around his middle.

He found her down the hall in the weight room. She stood beside a massage table wearing only her panties and a smile.

“Lay down, I'll give you a rubdown. I bet you could use it.”

“Yes. Yes, I could.”

Jimmy tried not to stare at her breasts but he just couldn't help it. They were modest, the size of apples. Her nipples were thick and erect and he sensed her excitement.

Jimmy let the towel fall, revealing his half-hard penis.

Rita smiled and patted the table. “Lie here, on your stomach.”

He obeyed.

She squirted a scented lotion on her hands and he jumped at the coolness as she worked her fingers on his bare shoulders. “You caught too much sun. This lotion will help keep your skin moist, maybe keep you from peeling.”

Jimmy leaned his head on his folded arms. His eyes found her bare legs and his cock twitched between the soft leather of the massage table and his flat stomach.

Her hands felt good on his back and he closed his eyes.

For a long time her hands worked cool lotion into his burning back. It felt good and he almost fell asleep.

Then her hands were at his narrow waist, the fingers working lower, into the hillocks of his ass. He tensed slightly but as her hands worked their magic he relaxed.

Fingers whispered along his crack until they found his puckered rosebud. Her hands lingered, pressing gently at his anus and he felt his cock stir anew. She moved down the back of his legs all the way to his feet, working cool lotion into the balls of his feet, between his toes, tickling the bottoms.

He almost jumped off the table when she slapped his buttocks. “Turn over.”

Jimmy turned on the narrow table and his cock flopped

against his thigh. He looked into her green eyes and she smiled, seemingly unaware of his nakedness.

Rita started at his shoulders, fingers kneading, giving his aching muscles relief. He sighed contentedly and closed his eyes while her hands moved lower and lower.

And lower still until they teased the nest of his pubic mound. Involuntarily his cock jumped off his thigh. Her hands worked lower, kneading his thighs, below his knees, once again to his feet.

He watched her squirt more lotion in her hands and she smiled down at him. He shut his eyes.

Her lotion soaked hands found his cock and she massaged his balls. He kept his eyes shut as she held him in both hands working up and down the length of his cock until it became fully erect.

Jimmy smiled. Here he was in Rita Ryker's house, naked in her weight room, being jacked off by the president herself. Just a short week ago he'd been in her office, fearful of his job.

What a strange turn of events, he thought, as he felt her hot breath on the engorged circumcised head of his penis. Her wet lips slipped around the mushroom head and she swallowed him, taking the swollen head into her hot sucking mouth, drawing it deeper, lips closing around the veined shaft, swallowing his cock to the back of her mouth.

Jimmy folded his hands under his head and smiled. Rita Ryker gave a good massage and good head. He watched his cock slide in and out of her mouth and felt the rumbling in his balls. What a sucking machine, thought Jimmy. He would cum soon. He felt his cockhead slide into her throat as she engulfed him completely. How did she do it without gagging?

Her fingers cupped his balls as she sucked his dick. The rhythm of her head increased, drawing his shaft into her throat, pulling back until the glans were just inside the ring of her lips. Drawing, sucking, coaxing the prize from his balls.

Jimmy tried to hold back. He tried very hard but Rita Ryker was a talented cocksucker. His balls churned and his ass arched off the leather massage table. His mushroom cockhead fluttered and he felt both her hands on his slick shaft, her mouth sucking on the end of his cock, her hands stroking his manhood, urging his pent up

release.

The first jet of cum erupted from his balls, streaked along his shaft, and shot into Rita's hot mouth. Another load of thick cum spewed forth from his throbbing organ, filling beyond Rita's lush lips, bulging her cheeks with his thick offering.

And another and another and another.

Jimmy's climax was so intense that he cried out, the veins on his neck standing out like sinewy ropes as he gushed into his boss's sucking mouth.

She continued to suck him, milking him of his manly treasure.

Finally she raised her head off his cock and smiled down at him. Her mouth was coated with his jism, the thick opaque fluid leaking from the corners of her lips, dribbling down her chin and neck.

Jimmy watched her pink tongue snake out and lick the last vestige of cum from her lips.

Rita Ryker's hands slowly stroked his cock.

It was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

Her hands increased their pace, stroking faster.

"You got it all," said Jimmy.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. You're absolutely the best."

"It's still hard," she said and bent over and licked the head.

"I'm empty," he said, frowning. "You completely drained me."

Still, her hands worked his cock.

Faster.

"Please, that hurts."

Her hands moved faster. Her grip was strong, like a vice. "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, but it hurts. Let's take a break and you can suck it again if you like, or I'll fuck you. Would you like that?"

Rita's green eyes were glazed with lust and her hands became a blur on his meat. "Let's make sure we got it all."

"No, please. It hurts."

The hands of his boss were rough, squeezing his shaft below the glans, running back down to the base of the shaft, hitting hard on

the flesh at the base of his cock. Jimmy's ass came off the massage table as she pulled on his cock.

"Stop, it hurts."

"Good. It should hurt."

Her hands twisted his cock like she was wringing out a wet towel and he cried out. Her eyes took on a strange gleam . . . unearthly.

He reached for her torturous hands but she slapped them away. Tears formed in his eyes as her tight fists milked him.

"I can't stand it."

"Yes you can. Cum for me. Cum again. I want to see it."

"No, it's too soon."

"This cock is mine. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, only please stop, I beg you."

Rita Ryker flailed his cock in her tight hands. "You must stop playing with yourself. *This is mine now.* From this day forward you cum only in my presence. Do you understand?"

"Yes, only please stop."

"Cum. Cum now!"

And he did. A geyser of thin cum shot from his purple glans and fell over her stroking fingers. More cum dribbled from his tortured cock until her hands were wet with his feeble discharge. The bottom of her fist banged painfully into his balls. He squirmed under her unrelenting fists as she continued to stroke him, his cock now a limp noddle.

Jimmy cried actual tears as his balls released their meager prize.

Rita Ryker continued to jack him off but nothing came forth. She wiped her hands on his flat stomach.

"Now get dressed and get out of here and remember what I told you."