

# **BALLBUSTER**

## **Book two**

# by MAX SWYFT

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"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 Angles. 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.

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 enlist's 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 Eleven**

Jimmy felt guilty pulling his rusty Camaro up Rita's driveway. Seeing Julie's car perked him up a little. Maybe it would be a good Saturday. Maybe it was true that Julie liked him. Maybe later they'd go out, just the two of them, have a couple of drinks.

Rita greeted Jimmy at the front door, put her arms over his shoulders and gave him a deep kiss, stabbing her tongue in his mouth. She fondled the front of his trousers, told him she was just checking to see if he was wearing panties.

The thoughts about Julie were suddenly gone on the wind.

She led him through the house. Rita wore a lavender, thigh- high terrycloth wrap and her feet were bare, long red hair tied in a bun atop her head. He followed her through the kitchen and the atrium which opened at the back of the house onto the pool.

Julie and Greda lay on lounge chairs sunbathing.

Rita hadn't said anything about Greda attending. His spirits deflated even more.

However, when he saw Julie his breath caught in his throat. Julie wore one of those string bikinis which barely covered her private parts. The word thong and butt floss came to mind. "Hi Jimmy. Won't you join us?" She flipped long brown hair out of her face.

"I, well - I didn't bring a suit."

Greda leaned forward. Her large breasts threatened to spill from the one-piece canary-yellow swimsuit she wore. "Don't be so modest, dear. I mean," she said pausing, glancing at Rita who stood beside him, "we've seen you in the buff, yah?"

Rita put her arm over his shoulder. "Yes, you can join us naked."

"Ah, no thanks."

Julie turned around, lowered the chaise lounge to a flat, reclining position, laid on her stomach and glanced at him. "I need lotion on my body. Be a dear and oil my body, Jimmy."

"Yes, me too," chimed in Greda, spreading her chubby thighs and curling her toes. The same toes he'd painted that

fateful night in Rita's office. The thought made him blush.

"Ah, I guess I could do that."

"But not naked?" said Rita raising an eyebrow.

"I'd rather not. He looked at his employer. "You know how I burn."

"That's fine," said a smiling Rita. "I've something you can wear in the house."

He followed Rita back into the house like a puppy dog, wondered if Rita would do anything to him in the privacy of her bedroom. Something sexual. Like a blow job. The though made him smile as he drank of her long legs peeking beneath the short terrycloth wrap. He hadn't relieved himself in a while and was ready. He pictured shooting off in his boss' mouth, making her cheeks bulge with semen.

They were gone for a while.

Julie heard them, rolled to her side when they came back out to the pool. "Oh, wow. I mean WOW!"

Greda turned, put her feet on the smooth concrete which surrounded the large oval pool. "Who is that pretty blonde with you, Rita?" Jimmy blushed, looked at his smooth legs, the high heeled sandals that exposed most of his feet. Black Sandalfoot stockings was what they were called, no reinforcement in the heel or toe. His ankle buckled and Rita steadied him.

Everything in black, even the eyeshadow and lipstick. It made him look like a whore. That's what he thought when Rita finally pulled the towel from the mirror, let him look at his reflection. Everything black except for the blond wig.

Garter snaps peeked from the abbreviated hem of the flared black satin skirt. As he looked at his smooth hairless legs through the slick black stockings one of the metal garter snaps glinted in the sunshine. He hated to admit it but his legs looked utterly feminine in the stockings and patent leather high heeled sandals.

The two things that betrayed Jimmy were his flat bare chest beneath the high-collared, long sleeve mesh blouse and the obvious tent in front of his sinfully short satin skirt. He wouldn't

look at Julie. "What is that dangling from behind *her*, yah?" said Greda. Rita looked at the large Scandinavian woman. "A leash." She bent down picked up the looped end and tucked it out of sight in the patent leather belt in back of Jimmy's waist.

Julie giggled and pointed. "What's that poking at the front of *her* cute little skirt?"

Rita took Jimmy's hand, tugged him along between the chaise lounges where the two other women sat. "I'm afraid he's not wearing panties girls. We'll have to punish him later." She raised his skirt and exposed his stiff cock. It and his balls were all trussed up in several strands of thin leather. The end of the leash was attached to a metal loop at the base of his hard cock.

"My, my," mocked Greda. "What a big clitty you have, dear."

"We need a towel or something," said Rita. "We don't want her to run her nylons."

Julie tossed a towel at Jimmy's feet.

"Kneel," said Greda. "Rub suntan lotion on my legs you little pervert." She dropped a plastic squeeze bottle of lotion at his pretty knees.

Jimmy kept his head bowed, squirted lotion in his palms and started at Greda's feet, worked the lotion over her ankles, past her shins to stout calves and then to the backs of her knees. Without prodding he worked higher to her meaty thighs. Her skin was warm from the sun but she was even hotter high between her legs where the material of her one- piece stretched taut over her outer labia.

"What are you looking at, Jimmy?" teased Julie.

She caught him looking between Greda's legs.

Rita bent, pushed his face right against Greda's sex, held his head there. "Isn't that where Julie caught your face, right in Greda's pussy?"

Of course he couldn't answer.

"You little pervert. I'm gone a few days and you try and rape one of my supervisors. We should've turned you in to the authorities. Put your ass in prison."

"I've heard about some of those prisons." Julie chuckled. Jimmy would be some weight lifter's bitch. What if he was

dressed like this in prison, hmm?"

"It'd serve him right, yah," said Greda, grinding her puffy labia on his face.

"He wouldn't be eating pussy in the pokey," said Rita, holding his head fast while Greda rubbed his face with her crotch. "Sucking some con's cock! That's what he'd be doing."

"Taking it up the old Hershey Highway," said Julie mirthlessly.

"I bet he'd like it, too," hissed Rita, finally relenting, pulling him from between Greda's stout legs. "Now put lotion on Julie you little femme cocksucker."

Rita had discarded her terrycloth robe and Jimmy's eyes went wide. She was bare-breasted, high pert breasts topped by large brown nipples already turgid with excitement. She wore a 'T' like thong between her legs. He saw the darker pink of her sex on either side of the narrow swatch.

Jimmy busied himself slathering suntan lotion on Julie's buxom body. Julie put her foot under the hem of his abbreviated skirt and teased his hard-on with her toes, brought it back with smears of his leakage, put it in his face. He was made to lick his pre-cum from the tips of her toes.

When he finally turned to his employer she was completely naked and knelt on all fours, her ass facing him. She looked over her shoulder, beckoned him with a finger. "I want your whore face here, dear. Lick my ass. Use that worthless tongue on my anus."

Julie and Greda rushed to put him in his place, stocking knees resting on a folded towel, his face at Rita's firm buttocks. Greda pinched his nipples through the slick mesh blouse and Julie found his bound and hard penis beneath his skirt.

"We can't have all the fun," Julie said. "Do a good job Jimmy and maybe I'll let you lick my ass, be my lesbian slave."

"Yah," said Greda. "He's our lesbian slave with a big clitty." The jaded scene played out on the patio near the pool, the sun past its zenith. Four women it seemed huddled together in Sapphic embrace, by her dress one of them looking like a quasimaid, wearing a long sleeve black mesh blouse on her flat chest, flared satin skirt and slender legs adorned in slick black

stockings, feet shod in high heeled sandals.

Jimmy knelt and licked Rita's crevice, bathing her with his tongue as Greda cupped *his* breasts and Julie tugged on the leash that led out of sight under the flared satin skirt. Rita folded her arms, rested her face on her forearms, ass high. She sighed hunched her hips, cupped her firm breasts and rolled the engorged nipples in her fingers.

"Do a good job, dear," said Julie, tugging hard on the leash, smiling at his instant grimace.

"Go to my anus," added Rita. One of her hands trailed down her flat stomach to nest in the sparse triangle of pubic hair, fingers searching, rubbing around the top of her glistening pink vulva.

Greda bent and sent her tongue inside his ear, pinched his nipples and whispered, "You ass licking pervert. That's all you're good for is sucking the ass' of your superiors. You shall do mine as well as Julie's, yah."

Jimmy posed his furled tongue at Rita's wrinkled rosebud, licked it, tasting the bittersweet target of his humiliation. His nipples were alive at Greda's persistent plucking, so alive and hard they ached. Julie tugged on the leash and rubbed him under his skirt with her foot.

Greda's hands mercifully left his tortured nipples. She put them on Rita's firm buttocks, spread her boss's cheeks and his tongue nudged inside Rita's ass. He was very aware of his erection and his frenzied excitement.

They were doing this to him, making him like it; a most perverse play.

All of it going on within the private stone walls of his boss's secluded estate.

Dressed as he was, all in black save for the blond wig, the sun baked down, made him sweat.

His tongue inched further inside Rita's narrow canal, the taste stronger, more bitter. She flexed her hips, moved back, smothering his face with the firm pillows of her butt. His tongue started to ached but it slipped even further inside her ass, fucking, slithering, his mouth leaking saliva in the crevice of her magnificent buns.

Julie's foot was replaced by her hand. She squeezed his bound balls, then his shaft. "You look so pretty I think I might like to fuck you later. I know you'll like it. We're going to have such a marvelous time."

Jimmy's furled and aching tongue was buried to the hilt and he felt Rita's sphincter spasm around it. He tried to stab forth, swirl it, make her cum. Her cheeks were wet with his slobber and he wished it over, wished he was back in Maysville.

Anywhere but here.

Her tight anus clenched his tongue in minute cramps and Rita moaned, pushed her ass back. His tongue slipped further inside her as her back passage clasped his fawning tongue in wicked embrace.

Jimmy fell away. Finally it was over.

"I think it needs a spanking," said Greda, kneeling beside Rita, her hand moving intimately between Rita's legs.

Rita smiled, looked at the hapless clerk dressed like a servant. She squeezed her legs on Greda's probing fingers, thought he looked convincing, wondered what he would do if he knew of her future plans for him.

"I bet he wants to lick your fingers, Greda."

"Yah." Greda offered her slick fingers to Jimmy. He closed his eyes and licked, first the tips and then sucked each one as the chubby Scandinavian pushed them in his mouth, this taste different, more distinct, *more* exciting.

Suddenly the three women were on him, pushing him over Greda's knees, lifting his skirt and exposing his round white buttocks.

"Now for your spanking you naughty girl," said Greda, pinning him in the small of his back with her free arm.

"Yes, spank him," squealed Julie. "Make her cry."

"Please don't do this to me," he pleaded.

The wicked smile on Rita's face made him shiver, and he briefly thought about the attorneys, Clifton Lewis and the vivacious Rhonda Powley. He would get even soon and would wipe that smug smile from Rita Ryker's face, dim those fiery green eyes.

"Spank the bitch," Rita said in a commanding voice.

And that's just what the powerful Greda did while the other two looked on offering the older woman encouragement. The bare-handed spanking started out mildly and for a while he lay still, his hard bound cock trapped between Greda's legs.

Greda's firm hand, however, was unrelenting. Each successive blow came down harder on his tender backside. Jimmy began to squirm, his erection painfully trussed in thin leather strands as his helmet rubbed Greda's bare leg. Since his balls were tied tightly, each sphere separated by a single strand of leather, his leaking pre-cum was a small pitiful amount.

Julie came around and sat near his face, crossed her legs at the ankles. "Does it hurt, baby?"

Jimmy looked at her, bit his lip, watched her fingers dip inside the waistband of her skimpy bikini. He lusted for her, maybe even loved her but she was as bent as the rest of them.

She brought her hand to his face, smeared her intimate nectar on his cheeks, across his glossy lips. "It's okay if you cry. It'll run your mascara but I'll help you repair it, put fresh makeup on you. I know you want to be pretty for us."

Mocking him with those big brown eyes while Greda slapped his ass.

Harder and harder.

As Greda spanked him a strange thing happened.

The acute pain, the burning on his now red buttocks mingled with a growing warmth in his stomach and the excited state of his trussed privates as they rubbed between Greda's powerful legs.

For one crazy moment . . .

Before he started crying . . .

He thought he might cum . . .

And probably would have except for the torturous leather laces binding his cock and balls.

His tears brought a low moan from Julie. She touched herself and her smile faded, her brown eyes clouded with lust and he saw her nipples go hard in her bikini top. She was cumming, watching him cry, petting his face, telling him over and over it was okay for sissy boys to cry.

Greda spanked him with renewed ferocity, sent the tears

down his cheeks, made him cry and sniffle, told him he was a degenerate and needed this punishment, needed strong-willed women to keep him in line.

He tried to cum but it was no use. Rita had done a good job of restraining his privates.

Julie took his face in her hands, kissed his tears, kissed his lips, sent her tongue inside his whimpering mouth.

Unceremoniously Greda pushed him off her legs.

He was hauled up on his knees, made to kneel in front of Rita.

"You look cute, dear, but your mascara's running."

"Look," said Greda pointing. "Her little clitty is all red and hard."

Julie touched him, stroked it, cupped his balls. "Would you like some relief, pet?"

Jimmy wiped his tears, saw the black smudges on his palms and nodded.

"Punishment for not wearing panties," scolded Rita.

"But you - "

Rita slapped him. "Don't back-talk you sniveling sissy."

Jimmy fell silent, sniffled, watched Julie's hands as they worked at the leather laces which bound his helpless balls and penis.

Slowly the young brunette unwound the thin leather straps. More blood rushed into his privates. It hurt and he whimpered. "There, isn't that better?" Julie cooed.

Jimmy nodded, wouldn't look at her.

Behind him Greda unsnapped his satin skirt, tugged the zipper, helped him step out of it.

Standing, his hard cock was in Rita's face. "Oh, my, darling, you're dripping." She ran her hands over his sleek legs. "Any woman would be proud of these legs. Right girls?"

"Oh, yes," said Julie, coming up behind him, sliding her hands under his arms and cupping his flat chest, tweaking the nipples through the slick mesh-like material of his blouse.

"Yah," said Greda. She feathered his engorged shaft and more seminal fluid dripped from the smooth tip, splotched Rita's knee.

Julie kissed his neck, pulled on his nips until they made hard little cones. "You should have real breasts," she whispered.

Jimmy moaned and knew he would soon cum if they didn't stop.

Rita's face was so close he felt her hot breath. She looked up at him, green eyes expectant, blew on the blunt tip and smiled. "What do you want, *dear*?" she taunted.

"You know," he said breathlessly.

"No, tell me."

"You know"

"What, baby. What would you like?" Her velvety lips barely brushed the leaking glans. Her lips came away glistening with his leakage.

"Suck it."

"He ought to suck it himself," said Greda, cupping his balls, rolling them in her fingers.

"What a novel idea," said Rita. "I know some panty sluts who can do that. He's slender. Hmm, interesting possibilities here."

"I bet he'd like it," said Julie, rubbing his flat chest, pinching his nips with her fingernails.

"Ouch, you're hurting me."

"Hurts good, huh?"

"Please," he moaned. "I'm very excited. Will you . . . "

"Suck your little red clitty? Is that what you want, dear?"

Jimmy nodded and swooned as Rita's lips brushed his circumcised penis.

"You'll pay for this," she said and swallowed his cock.

Immediately his legs started to tremble.

Rita's fiery red hair almost shrouded his lance. Her mouth was wet and hot as her head bobbed, sucking, licking. She stopped, slowly took her mouth off him, looked in his face. "Do you like this?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Good. I have plans for you. You'll be so happy in your new role." Rita smiled devilishly and licked his cock like it was an ice cream cone.

"We'll have so much fun," said Julie, rubbing her large

breasts against his back.

Rita took him back in her wet mouth, cupped his nuts, pinching the sac at the base of his cock with her fingernails. It hurt but what her mouth was doing felt so, so good. In and out she worked her mouth on his cock.

Sucking it hard.

Swirling her tongue over the sensitized glans as she drew back.

Swallowing his hardness until her nose tickled the sparse triangle of his pubes.

Jimmy's knees buckled and Greda had to hold him.

It wasn't fair, cumming so quickly.

He shot forth a bountiful wave of semen.

Rita devoured it, swallowed, pinched his balls and sucked harder.

Again he exploded. A tortured mewl escaped his black coated lips. It was a strange animalistic wail of surrender.

More thick cum pumped from his cock as Rita twisted his balls in her iron-glove fist.

His eyelids fluttered and he looked at her puffed cheeks.

He flexed his hips and cum oozed from the comers of her mouth.

Still he came, wondering of her appetite.

Wondering of her capacity.

Then her mouth was off him. She nodded at Greda who fell to her knees and took him in her mouth, swallowing it to the hilt, sucking hard, coaxing all of his thick essence from his tortured balls.

Cum oozed from Rita's compressed lips, down her chin.

Her lips dripped opaque semen.

Her face came closer until it was a blur.

Jimmy felt her lips on his and tried to fight her off.

Julie twisted his nipples while Greda sucked hard on his cock.

Julie's going to pinch off my tits, he thought, and his mouth parted in a cry of surrender.

Rita held his face and spit in his mouth.

Greda vacuumed his cock and cum dribbled into her

carnivorous mouth.

His mouth was filling with his own slimy discharge and he was forced to swallow.

Rita's cummy tongue bathed the inside of his mouth.

His balls felt like they were being jerked through his urethra, and what was once immense pleasure now became twisted, oozed into increasing pain.

Jimmy licked Rita's tongue, ate his own cum and his body went limp.

His eyes were shut and the blackness flashed with scintillating sparks of blue, red, yellow and hot white.

Then everything faded to blissful black.