

NEAL'S Undoing

Book One

MAX SWYFT



Neal's Undoing
by
M a x S w y f t



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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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(The Cytherea Coterie Series)

Dark Visions Ashley's Enslavement Nylon Slaves Of Macumba Beach Jerry's
Journey

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 sensed 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 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 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.

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.

NEAL FENNING: A hopeless womanizer, who loses his job because of breaking the company rules too many times about employee fraternization. He stays home, becomes house-husband to his working wife.

VARNA FENNING: Neal's wife, an attorney who is made a junior partner at the prestigious law firm where she works. She accidentally discovers her husband's philandering and later meets some members of the Cytherea Coterie who have strong suggestions about how to deal with her unemployed and lazy husband.

CHLOE STERNMAN: Rich, vigorous, tall and skinny feminist, long a member of the coterie, friend and lover of Elena Kerman, among others.

MARIE STANDRIDGE: Owner and chief officer of Financial Solutions, Neal's boss, a woman who knows something about taming men.

MARLA SUMMERS: Varna's young bisexual secretary. The vivacious gal is infatuated with her boss and demonstrates her fondness in intimate fashion.

MRS. APPLETON: Warped neighbor of the Fenning's, did more than take Neal under her wing when he was a youngster.

MILES MUNDY: Big guy, subservient, mediocre attorney who works at Varna's law firm. He's a sycophant of the Cytherea Coterie, and playtoy of Marie Standridge.

ELENA KERMAN: Athletic woman, stock broker who gradually feminized her husband with the cooperation of his female boss (i.e., Ashley's Enslavement).

PETRA/PERRY KERMAN: Fern hubby to Elena Kerman, lives full time as a female after entrapped by Elena and his boss, Marie Standridge. Petra works with Neal at Financial Solutions.

BONNIE BYRUM: Maid to Chloe Sternman, serves at the Sternman estate. A young, plump gal who takes a liking to Neal.

HEINRICH KRAISCH: Brooding hulk of a man, manservant to Chloe Sternman, indoctrinated into serving the coterie.

Chapter One

Neal

I stare into my coffee cup with glazed eyes, not seeing the red smear of lipstick on its rim. Varna softly closes the door, which leads through the laundry alcove into the garage. I hear the garage door rising, listen to the subdued purr of her new sporty Audi Cabriolet as she starts it up.

I imagine her pulling on leather driving gloves, sitting behind the wheel, long legs on display through the part in a long winter top-coat. Her skirts are too tight and too short these days. I've argued with her about it before but it's done no good.

The way she dresses and that expensive convertible are part of Varna's new image.

A not so new image, really.

It's been going on for nearly a year, gradually escalating to where we are now, ever since I was laid off.

I sigh tiredly, go to the window that overlooks our doublewide drive, watch as she backs the Cabriolet with the pearlescent metallic paint job to the street. In the overhead light above the sink I know my face is framed in the window. I watch to see if she looks back.

She does not, guns the motor. The torsion crank axle kicks in on the sporty convert and the tires catch in the rime of snow that fell overnight, and she is gone.

I see my reflection in the windowpane over the sink. My eyes slide away. I sigh again, go back to limpid coffee. A chill caresses my bare legs as I sit and cross them at the knees. Unconsciously one foot starts swinging to and fro under the kitchen table. I purposely don't look at my legs beneath the hem of my lavender nightshirt. It was a mistake glancing at my reflection in the window.

A bitter reminder.

I have the day off, maybe more, a gift from Varna and my boss.

A day to consider my course, this slippery seductive path where Varna wants to lead me.

The house is quiet. From the living room only the rhythmic ticking of the grandfather clock reaches my pierced ears. I worry an earlobe between thumb and forefinger.

Another sigh. I have all day to consider the possibilities.

In the bedroom I pick up Varna's carelessly discarded underwear, put her silkies in the hamper in the bathroom. The vanity is strewn with too much makeup and jewelry, pearl-handled brushes, pink combs. I'll straighten it out before Varna returns from the office. Thinking of her office I think about work, feel guilty because I'm not there, but my boss, Marie Standridge, is in full compliance with Varna's idea about giving me time to think about things.

Things.

Perhaps this is not the place to start this narrative about my undoing. Varna will tell her side for sure. Maybe I should think about all of it, get it clear in my mind while I spend a day or two here at home, cleaning, cooking...

"What are you doing home at this early hour, Neal?"

I looked up from the dining room table, hoped my eyes were dry. I didn't want her to see that. "I might ask you the same thing," I said.

"My back is killing me. I've got my period." Her violet eyes studied me. "What's wrong, Neal? Is that a martini in front of you at one in the afternoon?"

"Yes, if it matters. It's a martini." Her period. No sex this afternoon or tonight. It would've been a welcome diversion. For too long there has been little sex between us.

"You look like a whipped puppy sitting there," she said, shrugging off her suit jacket, pulling out one of the chairs, sitting down, facing me.

I shrugged, speared one of the olives in the clear drink, nosily sucked it into my mouth. Screw her, I thought. I'll go down to the club tonight, try and scare up a rummy game, work on the new barmaid, a

real looker.

“What’s wrong, Neal?” Her hand touched my forearm protruding from the rolled up cuff of my dress shirt.

I looked at her for a long moment, saw the genuine concern on her pretty face framed by cascades of rich chestnut hair. How I used to hold her tight, inhale the scent of her hair after I freshly washed it. She loved me doting, pampering her like that. And I loved doing it.

Varna crossed her legs exposing the knees of long slender stalks, started one foot swinging, toes flexing her pump off the heel, the shoe hanging precariously. Sometimes the shoe dropped, sometimes it didn’t. Hidden by the pointy toe, I saw just enough toe cleavage peeking from the vamp. I wondered if she knew how sexy she looked that moment, and unbridled, I felt old sensations stir, not forgotten but long suppressed.

Sometimes the shoe dropped...

“Neal, baby, you look awful. It’s something at work,” she said. “That’s why you’re home early. Tell me, honey.”

“The other shoe dropped today,” I said, knocking back the rest of my drink, my eyes coveting the last olive nestled in gin-soaked ice cubes.

“The other shoe?” One eyebrow arched and her foot stopped swinging.

“I was canned today, Varna.” Uh-oh, too close to the truth old buddy.

“Fired?”

That was the truth but I couldn’t tell her that. It might lead to other truths that wouldn’t be explained away.

I didn’t look at her, made a show of stabbing the remaining olive with the swizzle stick. “Downsizing is what it’s called.” I shrugged. “But it means the same thing,”

“Oh, honey.” She came over to me, put her arms around me and hugged.

I was aware of the extra swell of her tummy because of her

period, her large comfy breasts on my shoulders. I put my arms around her hips, buried my face in the front of her skirt.

If she only knew the truth.

I must always keep that from her. Always.

For several moments we hugged each other. She raked a hand through my brown hair, patted my back. "It's not the end of the world. I've a good job and you'll have your severance pay, or unemployment...won't you?"

"Yes, of course," I said, my voice muffled by the front of her skirt. When was the last time I kissed her there, I wondered. I shuddered and Varna mistook it, hugged me harder.

"It'll be okay, darling." She moved out of our embrace, went to the kitchen, came back with a pale glass of wine. "We're financially solvent," she said with a brave smile. Varna was thinking of the small inheritance from my mother. So far we hadn't touched it. Mother had been on vacation, coming back from Australia, only the plane went down this side of Hawaii. Varna didn't want to bring that up, not now. It would've been a larger inheritance if my greedy older sister hadn't insisted on snatching the lion's share. As it turned out, the lawyers I had to hire to fight her got nearly half of it.

"I've been concerned about all the hours you've been putting in, anyway. Now you've a chance to kick back, coast for a while. I'm sure something will come along."

All the hours I've been putting in! If she only knew.

Guilt overwhelmed me and her face took on a strained concerned look. "It's okay if you cry," she said softly.

"I'll go job hunting tomorrow," I said.

"No, dear. Kick back, take it easy. I don't mind, really."

I didn't go to the country club that night. Varna hovered over me like when we were newlyweds. That night she took me in her mouth for the first time in a long time. It spiked my guilt and I slept restlessly, got up in the middle of the night, sat in the living room, listened to the grandfather clock mark time.

I thought about Linda, what she would do now that she was out of a job too. She was single but had a roommate. Did she ever have a roommate? Two liberated and free-spirited girls exploring their sexuality, delighted to have me join in the fun. Sweet young Linda Everline and I were lovers, had been for some time. Employee fraternization was strictly prohibited but Linda was so young, so naive, such a free spirit. Unfortunately it wasn't my first time. I'd been warned the first time and, the second time had narrowly escaped termination.

There was no reprieve this time.

As I sat in the darkness and thought about Linda and Estelle, her pretty roommate, I reasoned it was almost worth it. I pictured the two of them on their waterbed, the three of us together, all that bubbling sex. Lascivious visions danced in my mind. When they learned of my lingerie fetish my eyes and senses were entertained with garter belts, corsets, waist cinchers, stockings and pointy high heels. They bade me to watch while using a strap-on on each other. Offered to use it on me. "Come on, Neal. Don't be such a prude. Live a little."

I just couldn't help myself with those two.

Almost worth it.

Varna could never, never know. She had a fearful jealous streak in her. She had suspected about some of my dalliances in the past but I was always able to squirm my way out of being discovered. She wanted to believe that I was faithful. All wives want to believe their husbands are faithful.

As much as I tried to shut it out, my mind kept drifting back to Linda Everline, and eventually her roommate, the bisexual lover, how the two of them seduced me. That's how I saw it. It made it less painful, especially when I thought of my lovely Varna.

Those two released the long suppressed heat of an earlier time in my life. A time that no one knew about but me. Well, the neighbor lady knew but I'd lost track of her and her husband over the years. For all I knew they both might be dead and gone. My mother might've been aware that something was going on. However, she never said anything, but sometimes when I came home from next door she'd look at me strangely.

Maybe mom knew. I'll never know.

It was the summer before I was off to college and Mrs. Appleton needed some help around the house, what with her husband traveling, gone for days, sometimes weeks. It was a way for me to earn a little extra money. Mrs. Appleton was a little on the plump side, in her late forties or early fifties, yet still a looker in a curious sort of way.

She wore the most provocative underthings, clothing I'd glimpsed surreptitiously in old catalogs. The catalogs which I used to facilitate masturbation...

Chapter Two

Maybe that's where my fetishes started, with the catalogs. Mom and dad were gone on vacation and Sis was almost never around, too busy with her friends and that snooty clique of upper classmates who always had their noses in the air.

It was hot and I'd just finished mowing Mrs. Appleton's grass. She usually had a large pitcher of lemonade in the fridge and I slipped into the kitchen through the patio doors, poured a frosty glass and let the cool air currents of the air conditioner wash over my shirtless and hairless chest.

The house was quiet and I thought she might've went out. I checked the driveway. No car. I had my chance, and even though alone, I crept stealthily down the hall to her bedroom.

In search of what?

I wasn't quite sure but it didn't take me long to peruse her lingerie in the dresser and then the closet, which further spurred me down the hall to the bathroom for more fragrant treasures.

Of course I had not let my sister's intimates pass me by but after a few torturous moments with them I found it to be too great a risk. That, and I think Sis was wise to my masturbation. She was older and therefore wiser, and at odd times she'd catch me walking down the hall and move her curled fist up and down in the air, give me a wink and a wicked grin.

The bitch delighted in turning me red-faced. She never

specifically referred to masturbation but teased me, hinting of old tales about giving me a bad back, going blind, getting zits. Magically, the day after she said something about acne one appeared on my cheek.

Ah, but now safely alone in my neighbor's house I found the clothes hamper. I dipped inside this musty chest and came away with a girdle, detachable garter snaps depending from the legs. It was a formidable garment made of heavy stretchy material and completely open. I could see where such an accouterment would be useful to Mrs. Appleton, help hold in her round tummy. I imagined her wearing it, black back seamed stockings fettered to the garters, legs glistening, standing over me in smart pumps. The vision wasn't quite right since the girdle was white but that made little difference to my young feverish mind.

I covered my face with it and inhaled a musky rather sweaty scent.

I dove back into the chest of unmentionables, found beige stockings, snaked my hand inside one and succeeded in putting an unsightly runner in it I quickly put the stockings back and retrieved a pair of panties, also white. These appeared to be full-cut, not the sexy garments I used to entertain masturbatory fantasies. However, the cotton panel was discolored with Mrs. Appleton's delicate secretions.

I brought the discolored panel to my nose and inhaled.

Already my boner was straining against my frayed cutoffs and I wanted to do it while sniffing her dirty underwear. Rummaging deeper into the hamper I found a pair of sexy black panties, the kind that are referred to as French cut. Here, too, in the white cotton panel were intimate secretions.

I pilfered those to use later when I was alone in my own room.

Hell, she wouldn't miss a lousy pair of panties.

So that summer, not only was I her handyman but also her handy lingerie sniffer and I couldn't help but pilfer another pair of her panties: red, very wispy and slick, even in the panel. I spent many moments alone in my room with her panties, sniffing, masturbating, finally soiling the first pair with my young seed.

A couple days later I caught Mrs. Appleton dressing. Again

the house was quiet. I decided to steal into the bathroom, filch another pair and return them later. She'd never know. I quietly moved down the hall and into the bedroom. I stopped dead in my tracks.

Mrs. Appleton faced the mirror, was bent forward applying lipstick. She wore a black brassiere and matching girdle with garters, and on her legs were black back seam stockings. Her feet were tucked into gleaming black pumps.

The girdle was very snug over her rump but I couldn't see anything through the opening in the bottom of it. If she would just bend over at the waist more...

"Neal," she said.

It was like a slap. My head jerked and I looked at her in the mirror, into wide dark eyes. Finally I said something. "Er, ah..., well..."

She turned around, lipstick still in hand.

"Yes?"

The way she stood there, not covering up, looking at me with those bold eyes, was unnerving.

"I I'm sorry."

She smiled, came up to me, her large bosom almost brushing my chest. In the pumps she was my height. "Sorry for what Neal?" she said with a hint of rancor in her voice.

"Well, I mean..." I toed the carpet, wouldn't look her in the eyes. "I didn't mean to come in on you like this."

"Hmm, going to the bathroom were you?"

"Aw, yes, I just got confused."

She moved passed me, her large breasts brushing my chest. "Come along then," she said with a small smile.

I followed her down the hall, watching her rump move seductively in the tight black girdle, heard the whisper of her-nylons as she walked. I looked up and her eyes were watching me, reflected in the full length mirror hanging at the end of the hall.

She went inside the bathroom and I stood in the hall, wondered what was going on here.

“Come here, Neal.”

I stepped through the door. Mrs. Appleton stood beside the hamper, one hand resting on the open lid. “This is what you’re looking for, isn’t it?” She pointed inside the hamper.

“What?” I said incredulously, silently cursing the quake in my voice. “What do you mean?”

She smiled and goose bumps went over my forearms. Mrs. Appleton reached inside the hamper, put a pair of her soiled panties in my hand.

I looked at the ball of silky material, looked at her.

“You know the story,” she said softly, “about the boy being caught with his hand in the cookie jar?”

“What?”

“Oh, come on, Neal. I’m wise to you. I saw you in here last week rummaging through the clothes hamper.”

“You didn’t!”

“Yes, I did.” I had to look away from her large dark eyes. She moved passed me, went back to the bedroom, had to call me.

In the bedroom at her closet, she put on a white, button-front blouse, stepped into a tight skirt, pulled it up her legs. She looked at me. “You can do it on my bed,” she said casually.

“Do what?”

“You know dear boy.” She reached back in the closet for a wide patent leather belt. “I’m meeting someone this afternoon so you’ll have my bed and the house to yourself.”

I stood there like a zombie.

Mrs. Appleton came up to me, took the panties I still held in my hand and rubbed them under my nose. “Put them in the hamper when you’re finished.” She smiled wickedly. She poked the panties in my hand, stood back, arms akimbo.

“Well,” she said with arched eyebrow. “Do I have to undress you too?”

“You can’t mean for me...”

“Take your clothes off. All of them.”

My heart fluttered wildly and I felt like a trapped bird. Still I couldn’t move. Boldly the woman unsnapped my frayed cutoffs. I backed away but they slid down my legs. Her eyes looked and she frowned. “I was hoping you might be wearing a pair. Maybe the red ones you stole.”

“You know?”

“Of course I know. They were brand new. Nearly every time I’ve watched you, careful to make sure I wasn’t seen.”

To my utter horror my cock started to rise.

She smiled, went to the door. “Take your time, hon. I’ll be gone all afternoon. Put them back in the hamper when you’re done.”

Varna

“Ms. Fenning, will there be anything else?”

“No, Marla, that’s all. Why don’t you go home? It’s late.” I look at her. In addition to her clothing and accessories, she’s beginning to wear her hair like mine now, too.

“I can stay if you like.” Marla Summers gives me a tired smile. It’s been a long day.

“No, you go on. I’ve just a few briefs to glance over and I’m out of here too.”

“Yes, Ms. Fenning.” She starts to close the door.

“Marla?”

“Yes, Ms. Fenning?”

“You’ve been here what six months?”

“Actually eight months.”

“It’s Varna, okay?”

“Yes, Ms. Fen er, Varna. Have a good night.” She closes the door to my office.

Women talk. I wonder about Marla Summers. She's young and cute, very attentive. She's made no mention of a boyfriend. Any woman that good looking must have a boyfriend. She explains it as being dedicated to her career, wanting to someday be a good attorney...all that rot.

I peruse the Cristobal brief, looking for a way out of the contract. There's one here somewhere but it's well hidden. Leaning back in my desk chair I close my eyes, thinking about the Cristobal account, a way out for Yanamari....

Somewhere within the bowels of the office a door closes, brings me awake. I must have dozed. I listen to the quiet, glance at the desk clock. It's after six and the cleaning people will be in about eight.

I get up and stretch, go to the door and walk down the hall into another office.

Miles Mundy is there, eyes hopeful. “Working late?”

“Not really,” he says with a wide smile.

“Is anyone else working?” I glance at my wristwatch.

“No, I don't think so. It's very quiet.”

I stop at the edge of his desk, slowly unbutton my blouse. His eyes look hungry as my blouse slides off my shoulders. I unzip my skirt, step out of it and he rises, starts taking off his clothes.

“Just the pants and shorts, Mundy” He doesn't like it when I call him by his last name.

He comes around the desk, starts to go to his knees but I stop him. “No time. I know it's what you should do but I want that cock in me now.” I take my arm and sweep the desk clean, leaving only the phone on it. All the stuff clatters to the floor and for an instant he looks at it, is perplexed. “You really need a little couch in here.”

“You didn't have “

“Shut up Mundy.” I sit on the desk, lay back and spread my legs. “Come on. Let's get to it.”

“Should I take off your panties, Varna?”

I come up on my elbows, look at his shaved privates, that hard thick cock. Neal crosses my mind and I grin at Miles. ‘No. Can you put that thing inside my panties?’

“I, well, it’s going to be uncomfortable,” he says doubtfully.

I rub my pump along the shaft. ‘Tor you, not too much for me. Now do as you’re told.’

Dutifully without too much trouble Miles works his cock inside the leg hole of my panties. I’m already wet but silently curse myself for this weakness, this need. He stands at the desk’s edge in a crouch, works his cock inside me and I scoot toward him, wrap my legs around his ass, try and pull him deeper.

“Don’t cum until I say so.”

He nods and thrusts and is fully inside me now, filling me. My nipples are hard and I wish Neal to be here, sucking them. That’s not possible...not yet, anyway. The desktop is cold, hard on my back but I don’t care.

Miles thrusts in and out of me, slowly at first, then more rapidly. “Miles.”

“Yes.” He looks at me.

“Don’t cum.”

‘No, I won’t,’ he says, slowing. ‘Not until you say.’

I slide my hand inside the top of my panties, finger my clitoris, and nod at him. He knows to pick up the pace a little. He’s been well trained. Oh, the joys of the Sisterhood! The Cytherea Coterie.

“Harder, Miles. Sometimes you fuck like a sissy.” I smile at his disappointed look but it makes him do it harder. I know his balls are banging against the desk’s edge, not hurting enough though, I imagine.

He puts his hands flat on the desk, bangs into me while I finger my clit, lose it, find it again. His cock fills me and I sense my orgasm, tweak a nipple through my bra, then slip my fingers inside the

cup. "That's better, Miles. You haven't been playing with yourself, have you?"

"No ma'am," he says, frowning, fucking me faster and harder.

"You know that's a no-no."

He nods and stabs into me. I meet his thrusts. The timing is good and I start to melt. Yes, I'm there, and so quickly, I think of Neal at home, waiting dinner. It sends me over the edge into a wondrous orgasmic bliss.

"Now, Miles. Cum now!"

That's all it takes, my command. I feel the warmth of his semen as he shoots inside my vagina. It feels like a good healthy load and I buck against him, squeeze my inner walls on his thick shooting lance.

He remains still inside me and I feel it shrink. He looks at me and I nod. He pulls out. I sit up on the desk, take his greasy deflated penis and wipe it atop my thighs, above the welt of my stockings.

We dress in silence. I go to the door, tucking my blouse inside my skirt, zip it up. "Are you going to Marie's party?"

"Yes, Varna."

"Tell her I used you." He nods as I look around his small office. "And clean this pigsty up before you leave."