

# NEAL'S Undoing

Book Two

MAX SWYET



**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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### **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, barely can be seen its sister city, 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 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.*

## 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.

**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:** Femme hubby to Elena Kerman, lives full time as a female, assists the hapless Vivian in his refinement.

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

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

**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 Nine

### Neal

Slate grey clouds hang low in the sky like an oppressive blanket. The threatening clouds will probably bring more snow. It's depressing and I sigh, turn away from the window, glance at the clock. Varna will be home soon.

And I'll be leaving, going with that bitch, Chloe Sternman.

This morning we argued about it. In the end, Varna has her way.

It's always Varna's way now.

It's been like this for a year. In the beginning Varna led me gradually down this delicious path of unmentionable wickedness. After losing my job I stayed at home, became one of the many growing legions of anonymous house-husbands and it wasn't that bad at first.

But now well it's going too far, what I'm becoming, how my once sweet wife sees me.

I set down my coffee cup, pad down the hall on bare feet to the bathroom. Too much coffee is adding to acute apprehension. I don't want to go with the Sternman woman. She scares me...

She's evil...

The thought makes me shudder as I lower my lounging pajamas and panties, sit on the commode. Too much coffee. Every time I've come to the bathroom I'm reminded of what happened here last night, the jaded sex we had, the way Varna insisted that I lick up my own...

And this thought pattern makes me think of Saturday night at my boss's condo, Marie Standridge, what happened. Marie's slave-boy, Miles, his punishment, me on my knees, his impressive equipment in my face as Varna sat behind me, tweaking my nipples.

I shut the rest of it out, don't want to think about that.

The way Marie beat Miles, it's hard for me to imagine that he, too, is an attorney where my wife works. My mind conjures up an image of the two of them, Miles thrusting into her moist pink sex with his thick manhood.

It's been so long, more months than I can count since she's let me be that way with her.

I run a bath, pour in fragrant lotions, the emulsifiers that Varna insists I use when I bathe. I step carefully into the tub, mindful of the pink polish on my toes, my hairless graceful legs. All of this is part of my new image, how Varna wants me to be.

I've ceased being a house-husband, am more and more a housewife.

Is this my punishment, I wonder? What happened at Marie's condo Saturday night, is that part of my punishment, too?

Is this the way Varna is getting even with me for all those times in the past when I was unfaithful to her? Thinking this, a picture of Linda Everline pops into my mind, the secretary who ultimately led to my downfall.

Such a young vixen, a beauty. She'd of been right at home as one of the Bay Watch babes. And her bi roommate. The three of us enjoyed many trysts before Varna found out. What would Linda think if she saw me now?

Hmm, she so much enjoyed the lesbian sex with her roommate. Maybe she would welcome me into her bed as one of the girls...

My cock bobs through the bubbles and I realize my prominent nipples are hard, erect like little penises begging to be fondled. I glance down. My nipples are dark brown, the aureoles rounder, bumpy, much like a woman's. And it's not my imagination that these new inviting nipples sit atop small fleshy mounds, like a young girl's pubescence.

Varna wants me to be more like Elena Kerman's feminized hubby, Petra, a.k.a., Perry. Perry er, Petra, works with me at Financial Solutions, Marie Standridge's firm. It's how Varna finally found me a job, through her client Chloe Sternman. I haven't worked there very long and I had no idea about Petra, the way she is, what she is.

Varna wants this for me.

A cold shiver wracks my body despite the hot and sudsy bath. Chloe Sternman; I'm going with that tall anorexic bitch tonight, sister of the Cytherea Coterie. I suspect she's had a lot of influence on Varna, taught her feminine assertiveness.

Varna, my lovely wife, now so confident, leading me by the hand into femininity.

I wonder about escape, reasserting my old, almost forgotten masculinity.

Hope lingers of a time past...

Varna's brought someone home with her.

Instead of her easy chair, Varna sits on the couch beside her young and curvaceous secretary, Marla Summers. They both sip white wine which I've put on a serving tray on an end table. Varna compliments me on the burgundy velvet jumpsuit I wear with practical, rather manish shoes, something suitable for the cold, snowy weather. I'm on edge since someone else is present, wonder if Varna will make me go through our little intimate ritual while she unwinds.

Marla is short and buxom, pretty in a coquettish way. She's in a short skirt and pumps and she seems right at home with me. Obviously Varna's told her about me, the way it is with us. The two of them are going out to eat after the Sternman woman stops by and collects me that's the way Varna says it. It makes me feel like a possession.

I sit in an armchair, sip wine and furtively glance at Marla's legs revealed under the hem of her short skirt. Her legs are full, not the slender stalks of my wife's, and suit her body structure. Still, the look fetching with the pumps.. one foot now swinging back and forth.

Varna looks at me, the faint sexy sound of her hose chafe in the quiet as she crosses her legs. Her foot starts swinging. My wife wears a sensible, knee-length skirt. I drop my eyes, watch their feet swing, more and more together now, like a team. Varna's told me about Marla, her soft lips. The young secretary adores her, has literally adored her with her soft eager mouth.

I picture the two of them in bed and I feel a familiar twitch between my legs, as my penis struggles from the "tucked" position within the tight confines of spandex panties.

Varna interrupts this sexy vision, tells Marla about my wonderful foot massages.



Their pumps dangle now.

It takes little more than a nod from my wife and I am on my knees in front of them, gently slip Marla's pumps off her feet. She wiggles her red-tipped toes, and eyes downcast, I start our evening ritual, wonder if Varna will have me put my face in her crotch, bring her young secretary to a nice oral climax.

If I do this it will demonstrate my wife's control over me.

My submissiveness which goes with my cultivated persona.

I sense my tormentress wants to humiliate me in front of the young secretary.

Marla's foot bouquet is a little different than Varna's; musky, a little sweaty with a hint of leather. Like Pavlov's dog my penis struggles inside confining spandex panties.

Marla ooh's and ahh's as I work my magic.

They sit side by side, their hips touching, Varna's hand now on Marla's leg above the knee.

I sit back, look hopefully at my wife. She instructs me to kiss Marla's feet, suck on her toes, tells Marla how this excites me. Marla blushes but puts one gossamer covered foot in my face.

Dutiful, I obey and her feet soon glisten with my saliva.

Marla wants to know if that's all I do.

At once I conjure a picture of my face fast between the buxom's secretary's legs.

We are in the bedroom. The women are down to their hose and underwear. Marla is on all fours on the bed, Varna beside her. I kneel at the foot of the bed, watch as Varna slowly lowers her secretary's panties and pantyhose.

From my vantage point I will soon see Marla's vulva.

But Varna doesn't go that far. She smiles at me, whispers something to her young charge. She smiles again, and with her hands spreads Marla's chubby buttocks.

“Lick her here, darling. Stick your tongue in her ass.”

I'm glad Marla cannot see my crimson blush. I look imploring at my wife but her violet eyes are cold, demanding.

I scoot closer, smell the attar of her flesh from being confined in panties and pantyhose all day.

“Start at the top, sweetie,” Varna says. “Lick her crack to the bottom, but don't stick that whore tongue of yours where it doesn't belong. Do you understand?”

I nod.

“No, Neal, baby, I want to hear you say it.”

“Yes, I understand,” I whisper.

Varna is humiliating me in front of her... lover?

My nipples are hard and my cock strains at its nylon and spandex bonds

I wonder of my own depravity, how it excites me.

Marla's ass crack tastes bitter, a little sweaty. I lick my way down this intimate crevice and hear her soft moans and mewls. Her exclamations of approval encourage me. I skip over her wrinkled rubbery ring and finish my task to the bottom of her ass crack.

Varna pulls my long tresses, repositions me so that the bottom of Marla's foot presses between my legs. She whispers in Marla's ear and I feel Marla caress me with her foot, toes probing through my velvet jumpsuit.

Varna's hands spread Marla's cheeks and she nods at me.

I lick her rosebud, taste the bitterness, probe with my taper. Marla hunches back on my face but her anus is stubborn. Curling my probe I press harder, feel her grunt. The tip of my tongue makes a little progress and I hear Varna tell her to relax.

I renew my effort and my tongue gains entry into her bowel. The taste is even stronger here and I know I must please this stranger in my home. Please her with my tongue up her asshole. It is what my wife wants.

Drool runs from the corner of my mouth down my chin.