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Digby's Addiction

An erotic novella

By Max Swyft

It is said our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ inside the human body: the mind. Max Swyft

“I’m the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd / Of the Patently Impossible and Vain — And when the Thing that Couldn’t has occurred / Give me time to change my leg and go again.”

From The Song Of The Banjo (1894) by Rudyard Kipling

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This book or novella contains vivid and graphic depictions of a sexual nature. You must be at least eighteen years of age to read this material.



The city, Cyrenaica (pronounced Cer En A she-ah), is fictitious. However, it is a lot like New York City, Los Angeles, or Chicago. Its population exceeds six million and is growing. The districts listed above, are similar to the burrows of New York, all of them coming together to make the city what it is.

This tale may refer to the Cytherea Coterie, a.k.a., The Sisterhood, also called simply, the coterie. It is located in the Cypris Club, a gothic structure in the downtown business district known as The Canyons, Cyrenaica's counterpart to Manhattan and Wall Street.

Digby's Addiction

By Max Swyft

1

Beryl had hardly touched her salad. After several glasses of wine she found the nerve to tell her mother in law. Still it wasn't easy.

"I found them in his glove compartment."

Edith Bailey looked at her daughter in law. You mean, ahm, the undergarment.

Yes, a size seven. Not my size, and of course, I didn't recognize them. And even if they were mine what would they be doing in Digbys car?

I see what you mean, Beryl. Edith took a bite of her salad, thought about her son, looked at his wife across the table. So you think hes cheating?

Im sorry Mrs. Bailey, to be telling you this. It wasn't easy coming to this decision, I mean telling you about it. I don't know where to turn. Beryl's lower lip quivered and she looked away, her salad picked over, pushed around on the plate. But the way I found them. Beryl nervously pushed chestnut-brown hair from the side of her face. Its kind of strange.

How so, dear?

They were enclosed in a zippered plastic bag. You know, like a freezer storage bag, she said, her voice inflecting upward.

Did you open the bag — but of course you did. How else would you know the size.

Beryl nodded. Black, full-cut, nylon and spandex, the kind that slim your tummy. Uh, they were, ah you know . . . soiled.

You mean had been worn? Carried the odor of another woman?

Beryl nodded. A souvenir I suppose.

“Do you know who the woman is?”

Beryl shook her head, said, “Probably somebody he works with at McKinnon Incorporated. Somehow I'm going to find out who the woman is.”

“Are you going to confront him?” asked Edith.

“I don't know what to do. I love your son but I don't understand him. It's not like we're not intimate.” Beryl blushed, looked in her salad plate.

Edith sighed, thinking about the past, her son, his older sister. Just the three of them. Digby's father left when he was just two years old.

Beryl, she said, her stomach sinking, not sure what or how to say it. Or how much to tell. Looking into Beryl's sad blue eyes decided her. It was like betraying a confidence, and while she felt sorry for Beryl, she also felt sorry for Digby.

"Some things are better left in the past. It was me alone raising Diggy and his sister and I did the best I could. Boys are curious about girls, and well, his sister and I often ran around the house in one stage of undress or another, never giving it a second thought being in our underwear."

Beryl sat still, wondered where this was going.

"It's common for young boys to imitate their mothers and older sisters . . . try on their things and such. The first time he put on his sister's panties we thought it funny. Other stuff, too, like clomping around in my heels or wearing a half slip. Boys eventually grow out of wearing their mother or sister's undergarments."

Edith Bailey looked out the smoky tinted window beside the table where they sat, noticed darkening storm clouds rolling in from the north. The weather would soon turn colder. She didn't like northeastern winters, should be used to them by now.

"But not always," Edith Bailey said.

Beryl looked at the plate she'd hardly touched. "You mean about things being better off left in the past?" she said in a small voice.

Edith Bailey cleared her throat, pushed her salad away. First, let me ask you. These panties you found in his car. They were soiled, carried a woman's private odor. You're sure?

Yes.



Not your panties or your . . . fragrance?

No. Another womans. They weren't my panties.

How should I say this, said Edith Bailey. It is not so strange in today's world, a young man being en-

amored with articles of ladies clothing. Most of today's cutting edge fashions for men have a feminine influence."

"But these panties belong to another woman," said Beryl.

Edith Bailey hesitated, then slowly nodded. It's not something a mother talks about, catching her son with a pair of panties. When he was younger, just going into puberty, I think, I discovered hed been filching his sisters panties . . . doing what boys do.

What is that — what boys do? Beryl said, heart sinking . . . knowing but wanting to hear it.

Sniffing them, I suppose. Edith Bailey looked straight into her daughter in laws eyes. Other things boys do.

She doesn't want to come out and say he was masturbating in them, Beryl thought. But that wasn't it, not exactly.

What other things?

Wearing them, Edith Bailey said bluntly.

Panties? Beryls voice was incredulous. Wearing panties?

Edith nodded, wasn't sure she should continue.

The long silence felt smothering to Edith, spurred her to regretfully say, Other items of clothing, too, Im afraid. Men have fetishes. And it's no wonder. Look at all the TV commercials about panties, women's undergarments, and shoes. Magazines that advertise ladies underwear. Men are exposed to all these subtle influences. Even men's fashions today are femininely designed. A lot of men's briefs look like panties, you can hardly tell the difference. He

may have a fetish for panties. I'm not making excuses but it is part of our modern culture.

Beryl lowered her eyes. Oh, she said, not meeting her mother in law's eyes.

"I feel like I'm betraying a confidence. But it was so long ago. I'd forgotten, really."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bailey."

Beryl's mournful voice made Edith want to hold the poor girl, comfort her.

Yet she continued.

He was such a pretty boy, said Edith in a sympathetic voice. Still is. I think that's why certain women are so attracted to him. Why you were attracted to him.

Why is that? Beryl said curiously.

He has fine features. Delicate skin. In some ways Digby is rather androgynous. Remember how he used to wear his sandy hair long?

Beryl nodded.

After he met you he cut it short, wanted to appear more masculine, I guess. But I think that's what subconsciously attracted you to him. His rather vulnerable personality and delicate features. That shy demeanor. You are both shy and naïve, made a good match. I was so happy for the both of you. Still am."

That was one thing that drew Beryl to him, his reserved personality, different from most of the other guys she dated. Digby had always been sensitive and alert to her feelings. But not so much so after four years of marriage. Thinking about it, Diggy

seemed distracted. Preoccupied with his heavy work schedule, he had said.

“Diggy has a certain effeminate quality. Hes always had it you know.

Beryl looked thoughtful. I *was* attracted to your sons shyness. His unassuming personality.

Yes, said Edith Bailey. Hes always been, well, different from other boys. Edith reached across the table, touched Beryls hand. “Maybe this isn’t all that it seems,” she said softly. “Maybe he somehow got a hold of a pair of worn panties and — ”

“ — But how?” said Beryl. “I’m sorry but you’re making excuses for your son. It’s another woman. I know it is.”

“Yes, that may very well be the case. If so, it is a woman whose taking advantage of his vulnerable personality.” Edit caught Beryl’s eye and added, “His innocence.”

Beryl shook her head and looked off, a silence falling between them, each in their own thoughts.

Edith’s mind flashed back to her youngest, when she used to dress him. It all seemed innocent fun, having another daughter in the house. He made such a pretty girl. But Alice made fun of him, treated him cruelly, and then went off to college, leaving mother and son to themselves.

It was after Alice visited for semester break that Edith caught him with his sister’s panties.

She had come home early, getting her monthly curse, suffering from cramps. The house was quiet and she went into the bedroom that the two of them used to share, found Digby standing in front of the

mirror and wearing panties, his obvious condition evident.

Older now, coming of age, Edith had thought at the time.

Digby claimed Alice left them under his pillow, showed his mother two more pair, and all of them having been worn. Later Edith wondered if more was going on behind her back when the two of them were at home sharing the same room.

But she never asked, didn't want to know.

To punish Digby, she dressed him completely in some of his sister's old clothes, raised his skirt, lowered his panties, and gave him a good spanking, then stood him in a corner. As further punishment she made Diggy wash their intimates while being dressed like a girl.

But she couldn't tell this to the lovely brunette sitting across from her.

Edith looked at her daughter in law and said, "I spanked him you know." She didn't know why she told Beryl. But Edith had always been a take-charge woman, especially being the only parent in the household.

She had been that way with Digby's father. He had always complained she was too bossy. It was just her nature and all those years ago when they used to be intimate, he didn't mind her being in control. A lot of men were that way, hiding their intimate desires behind machismo and bluster. If Beryl was more assertive she might very well take charge of her matrimonial relationship. But the young woman, like Digby, was shy and reserved, one of their mutual attractions.

“Spanked Digby?” said Beryl, bringing Edith back from her reverie.

Yes, dear. A good old fashioned over-the-knee spanking. Boys — men — are never too old to be spanked. Not at all. Sometimes when men misbehave they are acting out an unconscious desire to be disciplined. To be put in their place. When Digby turned eighteen I spanked him. I knew he wanted me to. He looked at me with those large adorable eyes and said, You’re not going to spank me now are you? He brought it up. He was thinking about it you see. Wanted it.

And what did you do?

Well, he sat at the table eating ice cream and cake. It was just the two of us then. Alice had met this guy in college. He was doing his graduate work. They married and moved to Las Vegas. I never approved of that showgirl business, but like me, Alice was headstrong. Quite the opposite of Digby.

So what did you do, Mrs. Bailey?

Yes, that. I draped an arm over his shoulder and felt him shiver. Diggy could never hide anything from me. He was never a good liar like some men. I can usually look in his eyes and tell if hes lying. Hes always wanted to be a good boy. Well, dear, when I felt him shiver under my touch I knew thats what he wanted. To be spanked like when he was a child. So I told him to eat his birthday cake and come to me in my room.

And did he? said Beryl.

Yes. Yes, he did. Just like a recalcitrant boy."

Edith’s eyes became unfocused remembering the incident on his eighteenth birthday.

“I sat at my vanity, had taken off my dress. Edith Baileys cheeks flushed a little. Of course I was properly dressed in undergarments. I wore a one piece support girdle and brassiere, my stockings attached to the garters. Digby had seen me in my underwear countless times. But not for about a year, something like that.

Anyway, he came up to me and lowered his eyes. I asked him if hed been having dirty thoughts. He said no, but I took him by the chin and looked in his eyes, told him not to lie to his mother. Mothers know things. Especially about boys and indecent thoughts. He looked so hopeless and vulnerable. It made me very warm. I unbuckled his pants, lowered them and his shorts and looked at it.

Looked at it? You mean his penis? Beryl said incredulously.

Yes, dear, his penis. I told him I knew what hed been doing in the dark and he didn't need to deny it. Havent you?' I said. He nodded. Then thats why youll be spanked young man. For your dirty thoughts and dirty deeds. I drew him over my lap without any protest and soundly spanked him. Spanked him until he cried, I did.

Oh, Mrs. Bailey . . .

Maybe thats what he needs, dear. A good spanking." Edith Bailey looked at her daughter in law, wondered what she was thinking, wanted the young woman to understand. "If I was you Id confront him, but at the proper time." The young woman looked a bit confused. "You'll know when it's the right time. Then make him submit to a good old fashioned spanking. Youll want to think about this, Im sure. But Ill help if you're so inclined.

Beryl held her mother in laws eyes across the table. She couldn't mean she would help Beryl discipline her son. Or could she, she wondered. And then she thought about 'the other woman,' if maybe Digby was being disciplined by her.

None of it made any sense, finding the panties or a grown man needing discipline. It was all so foreign to Beryl.

Their lunch sat unfinished. It was like it was only the two of them in the crowded restaurant. Something passed between them. An understanding of how things once were and how things might be in the future.

2

Beryl did think about it. At first she was repulsed; her husband sniffing soiled panties, *wearing them*. Could it be true? And the woman who gave them to him. Who was she and what about her? Did she know about Digby's proclivities?

She pictured Diggy with his pants and shorts down, over the lap of a faceless woman. The vision was ludicrous and she dismissed it, yet the image lingered, prickled her skin.

A panty fetish, thats what Digbys mother told her. For several days she was distant from her husband. He sensed something but she didnt want to confront him. Not yet. However, she did like the way he would come to her, acting contrite, like a child who had misbehaved, perhaps sensing she was put out with him for some reason or another.

She wondered how he might react if she insisted he go over her lap for a sound spanking, if he would

submit to it. It was crazy. She couldn't do such a thing.

Still . . .

Beryl decided she needed to learn more about fetishes. One Saturday while out shopping she went to a large bookstore and found reference books on abnormal psychology. Quickly she became absorbed reading about fetishes. Browsing the bookstore she found several books about womens liberation, how attitudes in todays society had changed. She picked up a book: *The Assertive Woman: In the Boardroom and the Bedroom*. She looked inside at some of the chapters; *The Dominant Wife, Female Led Relationships, Training Him to Your Liking*.

Beryl took the book to the counter and the young, bubble gum-popping female clerk told her she should have been in the store last week when the author had been there for a book signing. She told Beryl about the long line of women who were buying the book, wanted an autographed copy. The clerk was surprised by the number of men who stood patiently in line to have this author sign their copy.

Beryl had never been a womens libber, but now she became intrigued reading about women who take charge in both their business and personal relationships. She thought about what Mrs. Bailey had told her about Digby, his upbringing.

The next week at work she surfed the web, typed in panty fetish, was shocked by the immense database she uncovered. What she read wasnt nearly as shocking as the adult sex sites devoted to men who like panties. Men who were enthralled and mesmer-

ized by all things feminine. Men who became enslaved to their girlfriends and wives.

Women who controlled their men and how they did it.

Beryl decided it was all quite perverted and wondered if any of it was really true.

After several days she found a website run by a dominant woman who was also a psychologist. It wasn't a sex site, outlined practical steps a wife or girlfriend takes to train her man and reap a multitude of benefits.

The psychologist's recommendation paralleled some of the steps in the book Beryl was reading. All of it eye-opening information to a naïve young woman.

Many men were too selfish, thinking only of their own satisfaction. Why shouldn't modern women enjoy sexual pleasure? Weren't they entitled? Do women always have to submit to their husbands lusts and desires?

Of course Digby wasn't that way. He never demanded sex from Beryl, was shy and reticent about it. In most cases she was the one who initiated sexual intimacies between them.

Beryl saved to a flash drive much of the information from the website. She would read it at home and decide what to do about Digby.

3

Several nights later she had Digby on his knees, his head fast between her legs, pleasing her with his mouth. They were in the bedroom and she knew he

was more than ready since shed been walking around the house in a scanty shorty all evening.

He had been very attentive, his soft caramel eyes simmering with fervor. Going up to him, draping her arms on his shoulders she'd said, "I bet my sweetie is horny." He blushed, looked away and she playfully squeezed his excitement, told him she'd let him know when she was ready to play, then later said, "Diggy, do you want to play?"

He nodded, his doe-like eyes drinking of her long bare legs in the sexy shorty. She knew he could hardly wait and she groped him, felt empowered, thought he would do what she wanted.

From reading the book, and on the dominant woman psychologist's website, what she was doing though mildly suggestive, was taking the upper hand. When men were excited they became pliable, easily controlled.

Funny, she never thought of it that way before, even though she had initiated most of their rather vanilla sexual encounters.

In the bedroom she told him to get naked. She sat on the bed, crooked her finger. He came forward, his hard penis bobbing as he walked. She stroked him slowly, whispered for him to get on his knees and remove her panties, which he did, kneeling, her panties in hand, a hip-hugger style, pale lemon in color with grey lace edging that didn't match her mauve shorty.

The panties she'd worn that day.

Now, looking into his eyes, she holds out her hand. He doesn't understand and she says, "My panties."

He hands them to her.

Beryl, elbows on knees, aware of *that* oily moisture between her legs, holds them open, peers into them, catches his eye. "Do you like these panties?" she asks in a soft, coaxing voice.

He looks cautiously from her eyes to the nylon garment, nods.

"Women take panties for granted," she says, and let's them fall like a silken parachute, hang precariously on the end of his rigid penis.

Beryl caresses his glans in the nylon garment, wants to know if it feels good.

Digby looks away, nods again.

"The intimate scent of a woman," she says, dragging the panties over the end of his penis, raising them to her face, inhaling her day-old odor. She holds the panties to his face. "Sniff them, honey."

Without objection he does so and she lightly fondles his shaft with her other hand.

"It's not so bad, is it?" she encourages in a soft voice.

"No," he whispers, voice hesitant.

"In fact you like the scent of my soiled panties, don't you?"

"Beryl," he mumbles into her fragrant garment, "what's gotten into you?"

His bald glans leak pre-cum over her slow stroking fingers.

“You don’t like my panties, then?”

“I didn’t say that.”

His apologetic voice makes her wetter between the legs.

“Maybe if they were black in color or a sexy bikini style you’d like them better.”

He shakes his head, face covered in the filmy garment.

“No, they’re fine,” comes his breathy voice through the nylon.

She pokes her panty-covered finger in his mouth and strokes him, inwardly smiles when he doesn’t turn away, try to spit them out.

Beryl leans forward, face near his, whispers in his ear, “This is turning me on, honey, you kneeling and sucking on my worn panties.”

She pushes more of her panties into his mouth, surprised at how easily she has reproduced one of the scenarios described in detail by the dominant psychologist, remembers the quote: “An obedient male sanctions the control of his mistress.”

The indescribable yet vulnerable look in his caramel-brown eyes makes her nipples erect, fills her with a sense of sexual self-assurance.

“This is making me wet,” says Beryl, gently pulling her panties from his mouth, pushes them into his hand, let’s him see her fingers dip into the pink folds of her vagina.

Strange foreplay but sinfully scrumptious.

It makes her pussy weep.