

DARK VISIONS

BOOK
TWO



By Max Swift

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“From these dark dreams will reality grow.”

Max Swyft

CHAPTER ONE

Much to Mark’s dismay Beth left his hands tied behind his back while they slept. When he awoke in the morning her panties lay beside his face on the pillow. His eyes went wide and it all came back to him. He lay still, gathering his thoughts, blushed at what he was thinking.

It had been very exciting, dreadfully degenerate and exquisitely bewitching.

He was at odds to explain his mixed emotions, tried to dismiss the scintillating dark thoughts that stirred him, made his penis flex. Nature made him squirm and with some difficulty he sat up, pulled at the nylon bonds that held his wrists securely together behind his back.

Beth rolled over, looked at him with sleepy eyes and smiled.

“Untie me,” he said. “I have to use the bathroom.”

“Not just yet.”

“Beth—”

She shushed him with her finger, got up and went to the bathroom, motioned for him to come along.

“Do it,” she said, looking at his half-hard pipe.

“Give me some privacy.”

Beth shook her head. “And not like that, either. Turn

around and sit down on the potty.”

“Beth we’re not going to start this stuff this morning.”

She twisted his balls.

“Ouch!”



“Sit and pee, deary.”

A red-faced Mark sat on the stool. His half-hard cock pointed between his legs. In this position he'd pee all over the lid and himself. Beth pushed his cock down. “There, that's better.” She stood over him, patting her bare foot on the tile floor. “Well?”

“I can't with you standing there.”

She wore only a pink shorty, no panties. She looked at him, rubbed herself and smeared her wet fingers on his lips.

“Better hurry. I have to pee, too and there's only one pot,” she said in a mocking voice.

“Really, Beth. You're sick.”

“Hmm, still you better hurry or I'm going to sit on your lap facing you and relieve myself.”

“You wouldn't dare.” Her look told him she would. Mark concentrated and cursed himself. His bladder was full, yet he couldn't relieve himself.

“Well...?”

“Give me a minute.”

She ran her fingers through his hair. “Okay. Remember, last night you said you would do as I say if I let you fuck me. You repeated it. Well, it's tomorrow, snookums, and it's time to pay.” She fingered his nipple, looked between his legs.

“Pee already, Mark,” she said hoping on one foot. I gotta go.”

“It's just not working. Will you leave me alone, please?”

“Say it like you really mean it, dear.”

“Please, dear, leave me so I can relieve myself.”

“Uh-uh. I think you need help and I've *really* gotta go,” she said swinging her leg over his lap, facing her disconcerted husband. “From this day forward you squat to pee, understand?”

“You can't keep me tied up— “

Mark felt a hot trickle in his pubic hair and his mouth gaped open. Beth put her arms on his shoulders, looked at him,

smiled at what she saw there as she let go urinating all over her defenseless hubby.

She saturated his privates with her intimate nectar. It took a while to void herself and the urine smell was strong. As she finished she toyed with his nipples and slowly got up from his lap. Her eyes went wide and she pointed.

Mark looked down at his wet cock rising stiffly from between his legs.

“You little freak.” Beth turned to go and stopped, wiped a hand through her pussy and wiped it on his lips. “Ta ta, sugarpie.”

Beth sat at the kitchen table in a long terry cloth robe drinking coffee and reading the paper. Her sheepish husband finally made his entrance, asked to be untied.

“Eek, you stink. What’s my baby been doing, peeing all over himself?” she said derisively.

“Please, Beth, this thing has gone too far.”

She reached out and touched his exposed cock.
“Almost dry.”

“Beth, stop this craziness,”

“Beg.”

“Beth, will you please stop this outlandish behavior?”

“On your knees,” she said, jerking on his scrotum for emphasis.

Mark knelt before her and she smiled sweetly at him.
“I’m waiting.”

“Please, please, dear, release me.”

“Yes, I’m going to release you but first hear me out.” She faced him, uncrossed her legs and opened her robe. “I think it’d be better if you hunkered down here with your face in my pussy while I lay down the law.”

“Beth!”

She jerked him by the hair, pushed his face between her legs. “Lick me you slug while I tell you about *our* new life together.”

Mark licked her vulva tasting a residue of her urine.

She patted his head, slid down in the kitchen chair.

“You’re at home all the time and I’ve asked you—nicely I might add—to help me around the house. You promised but haven’t made good. Disgustedly you’ve called it woman’s work, looked down your nose at me. I’ve been very patient with you but that’s over. From this point forward we’re gonna do things my way or it’s the highway.

“Starting today you’re going to wear panties as a sign of your compliance with my wishes. Pantyhose, too. Wearing these feminine articles will remind you of your *wifely* duties. And you will do them promptly. That’s just for starters. I’ll be picking out your new wardrobe and expect you to conduct yourself in a fitting manner.”

His lips and tongue were making her wet and she knew she was creaming on his face.

“With my promotion I’m contributing to most of our upkeep and my new responsibility leaves little time for domestic duties. These duties will be yours *completely*. That’s it, baby, lick, suck my clit and give me a nice morning orgasm.

“Recently and for some time you’ve been way too selfish. Always waving that pathetic little cock in my face, wanting head, jumping me with quick gratification and not caring whether or not I got mine. You weren’t always this way. When we were in college you were more loving, gladly performed cunnilingus—made my needs as important as your own. You loved to massage my body and play with my feet. Why you even painted my toenails. I was too young, too innocent to realize it then but you were unconsciously demonstrating your acquiescence, your subconscious need to be dominated.

“I’m not so innocent or naive now and I like my new self and you will learn to like your new self. You will attend me in the intimate preparations of my body and my dress and I’ll reward you with exciting sex. Sex, which at first you might find quite jaded, but it will heighten your awareness, make you more comfortable with your new persona.

“Uh-huh, sugarpie, suck my clit. I’m almost there. Make me proud of you.” Beth slid to the edge of her kitchen chair, held his head fast to her quaking pussy. “Weeeeeee, here it comes. Oh, yes, that’s good. Lick and suck.”

Beth came on her kneeling husband's face, held him to her while she came down from her climax. She got up from the chair, glanced at his stiff pipe. She bent and grabbed it, licked his smeared face, tasting herself, getting excited again.

"I bet you want to cum, huh?" His eyes were dreamy and he nodded. "I know you've played with yourself at times while I've been working my fingers to the bone for us. Isn't that right?"

He wouldn't answer, looked at her hand dancing on his engorged flesh.

"From this day forward you don't touch yourself without my permission. I'll know if you do, so don't try me. There are such things as male chastity devices and I'm not above fitting you for one. You will cum when I wish and for my amusement."

Suddenly she stopped, went over to the kitchen counter, pulled a large knife from the assorted knives in the wooden block, turned and faced her kneeling husband. The fear on his face made her wet and she stood over him, rested the knife on his cheek.

"I'm going to cut you lose now. I want you to sit here by yourself while I take a shower and think about what I've said. In the bedroom I'll lay out some panties and pantyhose for you. I'm not going to make you put them on. You will hand wash my panties, run the sweeper, do the household chores, which you've been assigned for some time but have neglected. I won't be here. I have some errands to run. We'll talk when I get back."

Beth leaned over him and sawed the knife through the pantyhose that secured his wrists. On his knees, Mark rubbed his wrists. Beth stood over him, legs spread, terry cloth housecoat open, her musky pussy near his face.

She rubbed her hand over her furry mound. "You will serve this with respect and conduct yourself as I see fit. It's my way or the highway." She patted his head and left him kneeling on the kitchen floor.

Mark sat at the kitchen table for a long time. He heard her in the shower, glanced at the pantyhose draped over his knee. He sighed heavily, decided to have a bagel and coffee.

When Beth returned from the mall arms laden with packages, she found Mark running the vacuum in the bedroom. That in itself wasn't so unusual. However, her pantyhose which he wore were too tight and trapped his cock against his tummy which was clearly outlined in snug pink panties . She wasn't that surprised but seeing him thusly dressed shocked her all the same. For some moments she stood in the doorway unnoticed. The pantyhose did wonders for his slender legs and she pictured them clean shaven.

When she put the packages on the fully made bed he noticed her and turned off the sweeper. "You've been gone a long time," he said and blushed when her eyes traveled over his body.

"Irene Eprim and I did lunch. I ran into her at the mall." Beth saw him looking at the packages as she went into the bathroom, looked around and lifted the lid of the clothes hamper.

He stood in the doorway. "You did my lingerie." She kissed his cheek as she slid by him. The house looks nice, too. I'm pleased."

"I'm about finished," he said, pleased with her approval.

"Are you cold, dear?"

"No."

Beth walked up to him, put her arms around his waist. "Well, your nips are hard. I just wondered." She kissed him softly and when his lips parted sent her tongue inside his mouth, pulled him against her, felt his manhood trapped between them.

She broke the kiss and rummaged through the wall-closet, handed Mark a long-sleeved, belted night shirt. It was made of nylon and tricot and would brush deliciously against his exposed nipples. He looked at it, then at her.

"Well, dearie, put it on."

"Beth."

"Put it on. "

He wouldn't look at her but did as he was told. Beth

cinched the belt and kissed his cheek. “There, that’s better. I’ll leave you to the rest of your housework.”

“Beth, this isn’t going to work.” He sat on the edge of the couch, knees together and still wearing her undergarments.

Beth looked from the model on QVC who was modeling some unimaginative shoes. “Yes, it will, baby. You did real well today.”

“No,” he said firmly. “You’re trying to feminize me.”

Beth smiled at her husband and nodded.

“I won’t do it.”

“Yes, you will.”

“No, I’ve given it a lot of thought all day. You can’t make me do it and—”

”Secretly you like it.”

“I do not!”

“It doesn’t matter. Get used to it. It’s what I want.”

“I’m half this marriage and what I say—”

”You contribute less and less to our financial well-being.” She got up from the armchair and dropped the old *Cosmo* on the coffee table. “I’m not blaming you, dear. But you’re going to do as I say. For a long time now you’ve been selfish, thinking of your own needs and not mine. That’s going to change and you’ll come to love it.”

“I’m going to take this stuff off and watch a football game on ESPN.”

“All these years you’ve liked for me to look pretty for you. Now you’re going to look pretty for me.” She pointed at the old magazine on the coffee table. “Instead of a football game I want you to look at the article about pampering a woman’s feet. You’re going to do mine and paint my toenails. It’s just one of your duties.”

“Beth, you can’t mean—”

”You’ve done it before. Even liked it. And I *know* you like my feet my quick little cummer.”

“I’ll divorce you,” he said, lips firm.

Arms akimbo, Beth glared at him. “Yes, it’ll be divorce

if you don't do as I say. And you know I'll get the house and everything in it." She bent and grabbed his chin, made him look at her, their faces close. "You'll miss out on all the fun, sugarpie."

The night ended up with Mark massaging his wife's feet, soaking them in a pan of warm milk, giving her a pedicure, washing them, finally painting her toenails a lustrous silver. While he worked on one foot she teased his panty-trapped penis with the other, whispered of all the fun they were going to have.

Sunday night he slept in a shorty with matching panties, one of the outfits she'd selected for him while at the mall the previous day. She teased and groped him all that day, kept him sexually agitated with a promise of sex later.

Once again Beth let him mount her but she kept her pretty feet near his face and tugged on his sensitive nipples, hinted about letting him watch her and Irene Eprim get it on. Poor Mark, being sexually charged and teased all day, hadn't a chance of staving off an early climax.

Beth berated him for being such a sissy cummer, stood beside the bed talking down to him while her pussy oozed her abundant cream and his quick discharge. This time she made him kneel and eat her freshly fucked pussy, held his face to her dripping mound and cooed endearments to him, told him how nice it was for him to finally be attentive to her needs.

And how much she liked his new persona.