



SILKY  
SMOOTH  
and  
SATINY

by Bea

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by  
BEA



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## TOM

"Tom, honey? Guess what I found out today about Eileen!" Joan asked, her eyes alight with gossip loving mischief.

My wife is a dish. Lovely and very much into fashion, makeup - all that woman-stuff. Loves dishing the dirt as much as just about anything.

"Eileen? Your hairdresser?" I ask.

"Well - she's more of a Beauty Consultant, but I wouldn't expect *you* to understand the difference," she replied snottily.

"I should," I laughed. "I see her bills every month - and she surely **MUST** be charging you for something other than doing your hair!"

"Smartass!" Joan giggled. "She's worth every penny!" She twirled around. "Like my new dress? And don't you think I'm pretty?"

"You mean I've Eileen to thank for having a trophy wife?" I asked. Then I saw the little frown on her face. "Aw C'MON honey!" I said. "No pouting, huh? If I call you a trophy wife - it's **NOT** a put-down, honest! But what's this about Eileen?"

Her eyes lit up again, but she wasn't going to let me off the hook that easy. "I don't particularly care for that term dear. After all, I don't remember *you* chasing *me*. Wasn't it the other way around? Would you like it if I called you my trophy husband to my friends?"

There were a few elements of truth in what she said but I decided to steer around that particular topic. "Sorry dear. I was just wondering if Eileen picked the dress out for you is all. It's very pretty. Shows off your eyes."

She preened, distracted - as I'd intended. Then she remembered. Her mouth opened and her white teeth glistened. Then she licked her lips. "Eileen? She's a professional *dominatrix!*"

I laughed. "Beat up on women, does she? If I remember rightly, she's too small to boss a man around."

"That's plain silly Tom!" Joan snorted. "If size were all that mattered she'd pick you as a subject before me. Last time I looked I was bigger than you."

Why did I have the feeling that my lovely wife was still paying me back for my 'trophy' remark. She knows I hate it when references are made about my height. "Well, I outweigh you!" I said, more sharply than I intended.

A small smile on her lips told me she knew her barb had hit home. Now she decided to twist it while it was still embedded in me. Joan isn't the brightest candle in the basement, if you know what I mean, but she has a talent for finding the jugular when she wants to find it.

"Been putting on weight. Have we darling?" She purred.

I flushed but recovered. "Enough already!" I said with a laugh. "I give in."

She nodded, accepting my surrender. "Well, as far as I know, she domes - is that the term? Both sexes - she's indiscriminate by the sound of it."

I think the pronunciation is more like 'dommes' I said. "Domes are usually over the top of buildings."

"Oh, you can be such a smartass!" Joan giggled, then smiled wickedly. "Okay - but she sounds as if she's over the top of people - a LOT of people."

I had to grin myself. "How'd you find out?"

"Well, that catty bitch Louise . . . forget her last name - the one with the huge collagen lips?" She saw my blank look. "Well, doesn't matter. I met her at Dolly's boutique last week. She made a comment about Eileen, then lorded it over me when I was stupid enough to show

that I didn't know what she was talking about. It sort of bothered me all weekend, so when I had my session with Eileen this morning, I came right out and asked her if she and Louise were having an affair."

"You're kidding!" I interjected with a laugh. "You asked her if she was a lesbian?"

Joan shrugged. "Now that I think on it, I was probably being nosy, but I couldn't resist. And anyway, Eileen's very unflappable. When I asked her, she just told me that Louise was a client."

"Well? Aren't you a client too?" I asked.

"That's exactly what I said! Then Eileen laughed and explained."

"She dommes Louise?"

"Once or twice I guess. Louise was looking into a little S&M and had heard about her through the grapevine. Seemingly Eileen's well known."

*"Ah heard it through the grapevine!"* I sang in my best Marvin Gaye impersonation.

Joan laughed. "You really can't sing you know. That's awful. But you don't sound too interested in my hot news flash?"

"I'm not."

"Okay." And she changed the subject.

Joan and I have been married for about seven years. I own my own small law practice that specializes in trusts and Inheritance taxes. Not very exciting, but it's a steady income. Not as exciting as when I worked for the District Attorney and tried a few cases - scary work - but when my Father died, I saw my chance and jumped in to what at that time was a partnership. His partner lived long enough to teach me the ropes so that when he died, I simply bought out his share and took over. Never regretted it. I'd a sizeable inheritance to begin with and actually raked in the money at the office. Accordingly? I'm not rich - but comfortably off.

I'll get the subject of Joan out of the way. Yes, before her, I'd been very shy around women. That was one of the reasons I'd been so eager to get away from the D.A's office. The women lawyers there were so damn predatory! Joan may have been somewhat that way herself - but certainly never showed any evidence of it to me. She was pretty, had a great sense of fun and, most definitely, enjoyed sex. I wasn't a virgin around her for very long.

Since then, I'd come to fancy myself something of a cocksman, although I probably wasn't that good. I seemed okay with Joan, but she was usually receptive to me - although we'd tried the swingers for a while. I'd pushed it and, although she wasn't too keen, I'd made a date with another couple. They'd been a bit older than us - and quite sophisticated. The woman had shown quite a lot of interest in Joan - and the guy made some hints to me - though I wasn't having any *of that*. The couple and me had then put some pressure on Joan to get with the woman - and she'd succumbed, though not with a great deal of enthusiasm.

I was amazed at how horny I got watching the two women as they kissed chastely at first, then gradually disrobed each other - then started thrashing about. I had this crazy desire to join them, but knew enough not to suggest it - though I was very hot to trot when I got Joan back home again. It might have been that she got highly sexed up by that interlude as well because, if the truth be told, it was her that mounted me that night - and with very little foreplay too, I'll tell you.

I'd suggested dates with other couples since then, but Joan swore blind that the only way she'd go through that again was if I'd get into it with the other guy - while she and his wife watched. I thought she was kidding, but was uncertain enough that I stopped pushing for any more double dates. I may be kinda shy around women - but guys don't turn me on at all.

When she talked about Eileen though, I'd had a weird sort of excitement course through my body. Sure, I'd downplayed it. The

problem was that I wanted to pursue the subject, but didn't know how. Not without displaying an interest I didn't want Joan to know about.

To my surprise, she brought the subject up again the following night. Over dinner, she transfixed me with a guileless, vacant, look. "You know Tom? I was thinking. We ought to have more, small, intimate, dinners? With interesting people of course."

"Like? For who?" I asked.

"Well, I was thinking. Eileen for one?"

"She being the dominatrix - or your Beauty Consultant?" I asked, my mouth suddenly dry for some reason.

She looked me straight in the eye. "Which one appeals most? Now that I look at you? Bet she could make you into a pretty girl?" She saw the look on my face and giggled. "Just teasing, Tom. Though I'm sure she'd oblige you with a whipping if you'd rather?"

"Hey! Knock it off!" I said, but was suddenly aware of a tiny tremor in my voice.

Joan must have heard it too, because she cocked her head to one side and a look of curiosity appeared in her eyes. "I'm told that some men really get off on being dominated by a woman. You might have a wonderful time. Why don't we ask her over? Drinks at seven, Saturday night. Dinner after?"

My breathing suddenly felt restricted, but I managed. "I'm not so sure about that Joan. Think I'd rather go somewhere public. Sort of check her out first before we bring her here. Okay?"

She shrugged. "Anywhere in mind?"

"Makes no difference to me. Just so's I get a drink and a meal out of it -some entertainment might be nice as well."

## EILEEN

I was very surprised when Joan Adams called me - shocked almost. I was loafing in a lovely deep bubble bath, surrounded by the scent of my favorite bath oil - and my favorite picture of her propped up where I could see her lovely face. Luckily, I'd only started touching my pleasure spots when the phone rang beside the bath, otherwise I might have ignored it.

She doesn't know of the crush I have on her of course. The little library of glossy eight by ten studio quality photos I have - all taken on the pretense that I used them for evaluating the best makeup program for her when, in fact, they let me indulge in fantastic masturbation instead.

My first impression when she identified herself was that she had actually fallen for my ploy in using Louise to fill her in on my sideline although when she'd brought it up that day, I couldn't see any aura of excitement around her. Curiosity yes, sexual thrill - hardly. Had I been wrong? Can't say I'm perfect - but I'm rarely wrong when it comes to spotting a potential client. But hope does spring eternal, right? I controlled my voice, "Joan! Whatever is the matter? Something wrong?" I cooed.

She explained. Suggested that she and her husband take me out for drinks, dinner - maybe a show? I'll admit it. I was confused. If she was really interested in me, what was her husband doing in this? I wanted to ask, but decided that this might be a ploy to get a date with me. Have the husband back out at the last minute sort of thing. I accepted, after a moment's thought. "Anywhere special in mind?" I asked.

"Uh Uh. Not yet. Had to check with you before making any reservations. Anywhere that appeals to you?"

A flash of brilliance illuminated my brain. "Well, there's a new little quiet S&M club called M'Lady. Nothing *too* outrageous I hear, but

we can get drinks and dinner - and you might see some interesting things there." I waited, my heart in my mouth. It was a small moment of truth - if she bit, there was a possibility that she might come around to my way of thinking.

She threw me. She giggled. Then she added. "Oh, the look on Tom's face would have to be priceless! Can you set it up?"

Okay. Her answer rang true enough, but I still had to cling to the hope that he'd be dropped out of the picture by the night of the date. Then I brightened. Even if he did come? I might still be able to get Joan thinking about it after all? Couldn't help it. Used the fingers of my left hand under the water to caress my labia gently. "No problem!" I purred. "You want to surprise him?"

"Oooh yes! What a kick that would be!"

"Tell you what then," I offered. "I'll call you Saturday night about six thirty. Tell you my car's broken down and that I'm having a helluva time getting a taxi. You offer to come over here and pick me up. Okay?"

"Okay. But why?"

"Got a surprise in mind - for the both of you. What size shoe does your husband wear?"

"Six and a half narrow. Why?"

I laughed. "All will be explained at the time my dear." Then I asked. "You have a full length mink, don't you?"

"Yeah. What *is* all this?"

"Just do me a favor and wear it. Okay?"

"I'll think about it," she said. But I was pretty sure she was receptive to the idea.

We chatted for a few more minutes about some new lipstick she wanted to try, with me starting to insert my fingers into myself, listening to her sweet voice. Started to come. She caught the strain in

my voice. "Something the matter Eileen?" she asked.

"Not a thing!" I said, creating small tidal waves in my bath as my body undulated. "But somebody's at the door. I'd better go. Bye"

"Bye!" she said.

I put the phone down. "Georgette?" I called, and rang my maid's bell, just to make sure he heard me, then stroked myself deeply and came with a rush.

At his timid knock on the door, I told him to enter. Gazed at him in his pretty black satin outfit as he swished into the bathroom, petticoats flashing.—"Dry me off, would you Georgette? I'm feeling too lazy," I told him.

He flushed with pleasure. It's not often I allow him anything as intimate as toweling me dry. "Yes mistress... Like me to warm up some nice big towels for you? It'll only take a minute mistress," he suggested, curtsying prettily.

"Very good idea, Georgette. But before I forget? I'll have some company coming on Saturday night. But I want you dressed and made up in something conservative. You're to be my *maid* that night. NOT my swishy *personal* maid. Do I make myself clear?"

His face fell a little. He used to be the CEO of a small but thriving company. Now? He *adores* being my sluttish personal maid, dragged out in front of female company and made to humiliate himself. "And, you'd better behave!" I warned him. "Act like a drag queen for one second in front of them? I'll replace you with Melissa for a month!"

Melissa is far younger than him - and prettier, but he's nowhere near the maid that Georgette is. I'm not about to tell Georgette this of course. I prefer to keep him jealous and competitive. But once I saw the fear in his eyes at the thought of being relegated to being a scullery maid - or worse - being totally ignored. I relented a little. I'd had a great session with my own hand, but still felt a little restless. "After you've dried, powdered, and dressed me sweetie? Why don't you bring me a

mid-size dildo - and a BIG jar of that scented lubricant that you enjoy so much? I'll see if I can make the earth move for you. What do you think, huh?"

I smiled to myself as this, once powerful male, curtsied and scurried away happily, like a sexy little bunny - who was about to take it up the ass, and couldn't wait.

While I waited for him to return, I thought about Joan, If her husband *did* come on our date should I domme him? That could be difficult if he wasn't the type - but seeing Joan's reaction to my attempt might be valuable to me later on. Then I brightened. If he didn't turn up at all? Then a visit to the club, with Joan as my little subbie? Might make a very interesting evening? That thought got my juices to flowing again. Later, Georgette was very receptive to my advances and I took a great deal of satisfaction in fucking him up the ass as he squirmed and squealed under me like a virginal little girl.

## JOAN

What, exactly, had I heard in Eileen's voice? A lazy, seductive, tone? But I had to giggle to myself. Taking Tom to an S&M club? What a *great* idea! He'd *shit* himself! To tell the truth, the idea was a real giggle, but what would *happen* there? I'd visions of men beating women - great big, HAIRY men - whacking some poor little girls - or would it be the other way about?

Couldn't figure out why Eileen had been interested in Tom's shoe size -but there again, she was SO difficult to read. Examined my lipstick in the mirror. She certainly hadn't sounded too enthusiastic about me trying this new shade. Hoped my mink wouldn't be too dressy - but there again, I hadn't worn it in a while.