

LAYTON'S

Lament

PART TWO



MAX SWYFT

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by MAX SWYFT



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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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Dark Visions

Ashley's Enslavement

Nylon Slaves Of Macumba Beach

Jerry's Journey

Neal's Undoing

Robbie's Regret

Golden's Boy

BallBuster

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 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 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.

LAYTON LAMPKIN: Young and frail, works in auntie's antique store. Becomes bewitched by customer who is a robust striking woman. Some say he resembles the movie actress, Gwyneth Paltrow.

AURORA SPILLANE: Tall, full-bodied woman with dark commanding eyes. Befriends young Layton while shopping in his aunt's antique warehouse.

MARTHA EDMUND: Plump domineering woman who owns the Antique Barn, dear friend of Layton's mother, who then becomes Layton's auntie.

BUSTER: Works for Martha Edmund as warehouseman at the Antique Barn. Is attracted to the cute and shy Layton.

LYNETTE LAMPKIN: Layton's protective older sister. Strikes out on her own with childhood friend, moves to New York City, then to Cyrenaica.

SASHA EDMUND: Daughter of Martha Edmund, and close intimate friend to Lynette Lampkin.

HILDY: She's more than Aurora Spillane's house maid, dresses saucily and is a big tease.

BRISCOE: Effeminate house boy to Mrs. Spillane. He resents Layton's presence and delicate countenance.

CLEVE SPILLANE: Stocky red-bearded husband to Aurora. Is prone to making extended trips.

THE FACE IN THE WINDOW: To be discovered by the reader.

Other characters from previous works who appear briefly in this novel, and their reference for the curious and those who haven't read but might wish to pursue other readings by this author: Dr. Kerry Ashburn; shrink and psycho therapist. She appears in various books from time to time. Is a member of The Sisterhood, and helps reluctant males with new images and transitions so they may become better mates. Chloe Sternman; Tall and skinny domina, rich and spoiled, usually spends winters in Barbados, hates the cold. Among others, see *Neal's Undoing*. Shana and Robbie Mathis; Robbie, a college prof and hopeless womanizer is cured by his wife, Shana, who makes an 'ideal hubby' with the help of friends from the Cytherea Coterie. See *Robbie's Regret*. Chanel Steel and her PA, Jerry Mair, an unlikely but harmonious couple. See *Jerry's Journey*. Yanamari Cristobal and her charge, the lovely and subdued, Ashley. See *Ashley's Enslavement*.

Chapter Eight

I remember seeing Mrs. Aurora Spillane for the first time one afternoon in my aunt's antique barn. She is a larger than life woman, broad of hip, with a full bosom, long stout legs and dark brooding eyes. I was drawn to her. I secretly watched her as she browsed the isles, and finally screwed up enough courage to approach her.

I remember those large eyes settling on me, sending a tingle along my back and making my little guy involuntarily convulse. I suspect she's had that effect on a lot of guys. I learned that her and my Aunt Martha are old friends.

I was quite taken with Aurora Spillane, and, as it turned out, she with me. Aunt Martha and I visited her one rainy day. She lives some miles away, in the country in a grand old Victorian house. That day, my clothes wet from the storm, Mrs. Spillane's maid dressed me in girl's apparel.

It seems Mrs. Aurora Spillane has a penchant for cute effeminate boys, likes to dress them as girls. I cannot help it that I am slight of build, have a fair complexion, and can be easily mistook for a girl. It's the way God made me, and auntie says I shouldn't complain.

Besides, it's my shy demeanor and girlish looks that garnered the attention of Mrs. Aurora Spillane. She thinks I resemble the movie star, Gwyneth Paltrow. I, however, do not see the resemblance.

I have come to stay with Mrs. Aurora Spillane in her old rambling Victorian house. Her place is very much in the country and I feel a little isolated here.

And here I am dressed and treated as a young girl.

Mrs. Spillane's little lesbian playmate.

There is a mystery here, too. One that I feel in my heart I am

destined to unravel. It is the face in the window. A girl's face, I think. Wearing a white dress, possessing premature white hair, gazing at me from that third-floor window when I first set eyes on this place.

I remember the day leading up to my stay here, recall it vividly.

Going back now....

I really have no choice. I want to be with Aurora Spillane. I am on pins and needles. My suitcases are packed. Aunt Martha took hours to prepare me. Now I stand in front of her closet mirror looking at my reflection. I wear a blue print pheasant blouse, a tight training bra underneath that. It surprises me how the bra gives a sense of cleavage. I wear the blouse out over a pair of denim shorts that emphasize my smooth hairless legs. My feet are tucked into a pair of strappy sandals and my toenails, like my fingernails, are painted blushing pink. I wear slight makeup, pearl earrings and matching necklace. My blond hair is combed out in bangs and below my ears. I smell of a lilac bath and wear the same subdued scent of perfume.

No one would know I'm really a boy. A man actually. But it's hard to think of myself in those terms as I stare into the mirror, see the lovely young lady looking back at me. Not quite Gwyneth Paltrow, but now I do see a certain resemblance.

Mrs. Spillane will meet us at the antique store. I'm crushed, hoping she would come to the house. I don't want to go to the store, don't want to be revealed, certainly don't want Buster to see again, especially after what recently transpired between us in the warehouse. I don't want him to see me like this, either. But Aurora is making another purchase, so we're off to the store.

Aurora is buying an English sterling silver tankard for her husband. It has its own fitted leather case. At the mention of the husband, I ask auntie about him. If he comes home how will Aurora explain me? What will he think of a boy parading around in girls clothes?

Not to worry. How indeed would he know I wasn't a girl unless I show him what's in my panties, auntie reasons. Well, I certainly won't do that. But how will Aurora explain me living with her now, when and if Mr. Spillane does come home? Not to worry about that, either. Aurora is the mistress of the house and her husband will accept whatever she says.

Because of my lengthy preparation we are late getting to the Antique Barn, go in the back way. I hurry through the warehouse, eyes furtively searching for Buster. I don't see him, breathe a sigh of release.

Aurora is waiting for us in the office. And Buster is with her. A small sigh of resignation escapes my painted lips. The two of them stand at the counter while tea brews. They stand very close together it seems to me. They turn at our entrance. This morning she wears capri pants and sensible flats, her large bosom accented by a substantial bra visible through a thin muslin blouse. Even so dressed-down she is the picture of beauty.

"Here we are finally," says Aunt Martha.

"You look lovely today, Layton," says Aurora.

I blush in her praise, look at the oval rug on the floor.

"Yes, she sure does," says Buster. I hate him, will not meet his eyes. "I will miss you."

"You can come visit any time, Buster," says Aurora. "I'd be glad to have you."

"Thank you. I guess I better get back to work. Hope you enjoy your tea ma'am."

As he walks by me he stops, kisses my cheek. I pull away. Aunt Martha tells him to load my suitcases in Aurora's car and he leaves the three of us alone.

Aurora sits on the sofa, drinks her tea. The sterling silver tankard is on the table in its leather case. Aunt Martha joins her with

a cup, as do I. The three of us sit in the office making small talk. Aurora finally stands, takes my hand, says we should be off.

It is a bright sunny day as we travel the interstate in her Lincoln Town Car. Midway to her home we stop for lunch, fast food. In the sparsely populated MacDonald's I keep my head down, afraid I might be discovered, but I am not. Then we continue on our journey. After a while she pulls into a rest area to use the facilities. I have to use them, too. She takes my hand, leads me into the ladies, whispers for me to sit when I do it. I know that much. None of the other three women in the restroom pay any attention to either of us. One of them touches up her lipstick in the mirror. Our eyes meet and she smiles, blots her lips with a tissue from the dispenser.

We take stalls side by side.

I hear Aurora urinate into the bowl. It is loud. She goes for some time. I don't know why but I find this private moment to be somewhat erotic.

Back in the car Aurora pats the seat beside her and I gladly move over. Her palm is warm above my knee, and again she says I'm pretty. I blush and wonder about her, why she wants me this way, wonder why I allow such a masquerade.

"So you went out with Buster when you returned."

"Who told you that?"

"Why he did. Don't be alarmed. He said you behaved like a lady." She pats my leg.

"I didn't want to."

"But you did."

"Yes."

"And played with him on the way home. Is that right? You don't have to answer. I can feel the answer in your rigid body, dear."

"He made me do it."

"Hmm ... Is he very big?"

"Please, I don't want to talk about him."

"Well, is he?"

"I don't know."

"Bigger than you, though."

"Yes."

"How did you feel?"

"What do you mean?"

"When you were playing with his cock? How did you feel?"

"Terrible."

"But you did it."

"I had no choice."

"You brought him to a climax while he drove his car?"

"Truck. He has a truck."

"Yes, his truck. But you sat beside him and masturbated him, got him off. That's what he said."

"Yes."

"Then yesterday you found him in a deserted isle in the warehouse."

I sit very still. If I ever see that blabbermouth again I'm going to give him a piece of my mind.

"He said you came up to him, rubbed him through the front of his pants."

"He's lying, Aurora!"

"Really?" Sounding like she doesn't believe me.

"Yes. He put my hand on him, made me do it."

"I see."

"Did you get excited?"

"No. I just wanted it over with."

"But you had him within your power."

"Within my power?"

"Yes, he was at your mercy, so to speak. You were controlling events."

"I never looked at it that way."

She takes my hand, slips it between her slightly spread legs. She is very warm there. "Are you disappointed?"

"Disappointed?"

"Yes, that your hand doesn't find a hard cock?"

"No, of course not."

"If I had one would you play with it?"

"Yes, if it was you. Of course I would. But I'm glad you don't have a cock." I press my fingers into her there and feel her push forward with her hips.

"I'll want your face there soon. That will please me."

"Yes, it will please me, too."