

LAYTON'S *Lament*

PART THREE



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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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 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 liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW and others that advocate and are instrumental in blurring the line between the sexes.

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 a 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 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 whom 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 psychotherapist. 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 Stheel 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 Thirteen

Times passes so fast here. Or maybe the events make it seem so. It's like only yesterday when I first saw the robust figure of Aurora Spillane in the isles of my aunt's Antique Barn. She is nothing like the anemic runway models that parade on the Fashion Network or decorate the covers of women's magazines. Beside this striking woman, the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit models would look like starving children. Aurora Spillane cuts a striking figure, carries large breasts proudly and is wide of hip. Her buttocks are fleshy yet firm (I know, my face has nestled in the crevice of these great cheeks), and her legs are long meaty instruments that rightly support a commanding woman of her stature.

The day I approached her in the Antique Barn to lend assistance was a defining moment for me. My mind was full of lascivious fantasies about this older seductive Valkyrie. Dark brooding eyes captured mine there in the isle that day, made my skin tingle and my lap swell. She seemed bemused by my excited state, and had I known then what I know now, I'm not sure I would have readily followed her like a lovesick puppy.

I remind her of the movie actress, Gwyneth Paltrow. Maybe it's the eyes or lips or my slight build. My effeminate demeanor for sure attracted this great woman. I cannot help that. It's like my aunt Martha has told me countless times; "We can't help who we are, Layton."

Mrs. Aurora Spillane is not the only one who sees me in girlish light. Auntie has hinted of it over the years. Her warehouseman, Buster, would not leave me alone. And that is only the beginning of those who see me differently.

It is perhaps my mind that refuses to see this natural proclivity to femininity. Maybe I have seen it all along and refuse to admit it. What dangles between my legs, though not real impressive, is anything but feminine.

That day in the Antique Barn, *that* defining moment, Aurora was looking at a sculptor of Diana, the goddess of love, that famous Diana of Greek mythology. Perhaps in some mysterious way that is beyond human comprehension, it is Diana who is responsible for our relationship.

I have come to stay with Mrs. Aurora Spillane, her maid Hildy, swishy houseboy, Briscoe, and now her husband, Cleve, a man who possesses an impressive tool of masculinity. My sister's, girlfriend, Sasha (Aunt Martha's daughter) has referred to such an organ as a "whore's dream." I find it scary and imposing.

There is another here, at or around this place, where Summer has leafed the trees, greened the grasses and blossomed the flowers. I don't know her name and she is an elusive little creature, beautiful and slender. Catching her might prove as difficult as catching a leprechaun, for it is the forest where I first tasted her lips.

I feel destined to find her and think I am in love with her. It is different than the raw sexuality that I share with my Valkyrie, Aurora Spillane. I think it was this lovely creature with the premature white hair who I first saw looking out a third-floor window that rainy day when I accompanied Aunt Martha to Mrs. Spillane's old Victorian manse to deliver Diana. It won't matter, but today is not a good day to go traipsing through the woods. There is a great thunderstorm over us now.

The double wide patio doors rattle with another crescendo of thunder. Rain streaks the glass doors. The sky is slate grey, bloated with precipitation, rolling low overhead. Like it might descend at any moment and suffocate us.

Briscoe and I have moved around two matching armchairs, sit in the den facing the storm. Safe and dry. I wonder when it will end, am anxious to go to the back of the property and slip into the woods. I can see the tops of the trees being bent by the fierce wind which occasionally reaches the patio and buffets the glass doors.

The full moon of last night is just a memory.

Last night after running headfirst into Briscoe, I asked him if he saw her. He tilted his head. Saw who, he wanted to know. Why the girl in the white dress was my answer. A strange smile came over his face then and his eyes held mine for a moment. He was about to say something when Hildy came around the corner, looked at us as if we were up to no good.

"Meeting clandestinely again, eh?" she had said, arching an eyebrow, backlit, looking like an apparition in the dark of night. "One spanking wasn't good enough for you, Laila?"

"No, you're wrong." I was - "

Briscoe's hand on my arm stopped me. He gave me a look.

"You were what?" said Hildy. "Wanting a private moment with him again?"

"No!"

"Hah," she had said. "The two of you better get back to your own beds before Mrs. Spillane catches you." She looked from one to the other of us. "Your secret is safe with me. Now off with the both of you."

Now, this late morning, it is just the three of the us in the house. Aurora and Cleve are off to town to do some shopping. They left before I got out of bed. Hildy is off somewhere doing her chores. Or for all I know playing with herself. The thought brings a smile to my face.

We sit watching the storm, flinching at the occasional large rumble of thunder that rattles the glass of the rain-streaked patio doors. The slice of pool surface that is visible looks like its being attacked by an army of watery darts.

"You didn't see her then?" I say, sipping hot chocolate.

"See who?"

I hold his eyes with mine. "You know who. The girl in the white dress."

Briscoe sips coffee that's been doctored with cream and sugar. He wears pink capri pants and a white cotton blouse that emphasizes his larger nipples and the swell of burgeoning breasts. On his feet are white sneakers, no socks. He wears a little makeup too.

"So you've seen her," he finally says.

"Yes." Now I'm getting somewhere. "She was upstairs last night."

"In your bedroom?" Both eyebrows raise. He's incredulous.

"No. On the third floor. I heard her walking around up there. Went to investigate."

"You went up *there*? I thought the door was locked to the upper floor."

"It was. I tried it a few times before but when I went up there last night it was open."

"Humph," he says, fluffing bottle-blond hair.

I sip hot chocolate, flinch as a loud rumble of thunder breaks against the glass patio doors. "What do you know about her?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, come on. I saw it in your eyes last night."

"Saw what in my eyes?"

"Don't play the fool, Briscoe. Recognition and wariness too. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of nothing," he defends, looks out at the storm.

"Tell me about her."

"I've never seen her," he says.

"She didn't run past you last night?"

"No."

"She must've."

"She didn't." He looks at me. "I've never seen her."

"But you know about her. Tell me," I say.

"She was here before me."

"And ... ?"

"I think she was Aurora's lover," he says and looks into his coffee mug.

"That doesn't make any sense," I say. "If that's so, why doesn't she live here with us?"

He shrugs, sips coffee. "There's some things we're better off not knowing."

I look at my hot chocolate, take a sip. It is lukewarm. I am more determined than ever to find out about the girl in the white dress with the premature white hair and soft kissable lips. I sense Briscoe is not telling me everything. He's holding something back.

I'm about to probe further when we're interrupted by Hildy. She comes up behind us, quiet as a mouse. I wonder how long she's been there.

"What are you girls up to?"

"Nothing," Briscoe says. "Just watching the storm."

She pats his shoulder. "Briscoe, did you take your pills this morning?"

"Yes," he says.

"All of them?" she prompts, looking at me.

"Yes."

"What pills?" I want to know.

"You'll find out soon enough," he says. He looks at Hildy.

"When will they be coming back?"

"This evening, I think. They'll be gone all day. Maybe this afternoon the three of us can play."

Briscoe and I exchange a look and a grin.

It is cozy in the den. We are well insulated from the raging storm beyond the patio doors and both of us seem to enjoy the moment, each other's company. It hasn't always been this way between Briscoe and me. Thinking this I blush, remembering my punishment in Aurora's bedchambers. I fellated him while being spanked, brought his organ to fruition, tasted his sissy essence while I was given an over-the-knee spanking by the mistress of the house.

All were present to witness my punishment and debasement.

The storm passes about noon. I dress in a pair of tan slacks with side zipper, wear panties and pantyhose, a flannel shirt over a sleeveless nylon tee shirt. The air is cool after the storm. I find a pair of ankle-top, flat-heeled pointed shoes, slip into them. At the vanity I am careful about my makeup, don't put too much on. I think I am learning.

I look for Hildy and Briscoe but can't find them. It's a big house. Perhaps they are already "playing," started without me. This thought brings a smile.

I move quickly along the path between the two gardens, the shoes squishing on the sodden lawn. I scan the line of trees, looking for her, knowing it won't be that easy. Looking anyway.

Now I am at the back of the property near the line of woods. I look over my shoulder at the back of the house, see no one, and slip into the shade of some tall trees. Oaks among the pines, I think. I should've paid more attention in school. This is about where I went in before. I am a little leery, remembering how I got lost before.

Thinking of *her*, I set my pink lips in a determined line and

venture further into the forest. I try and walk in a straight line, picking out landmarks as I go. At a tree with a trunk that splits in a "Y" I angle to the right.

As I go deeper into the timberland it becomes darker, gloomier. The tall trees form a natural canopy overhead, allowing scant light from an overcast sky.

As I go along I break off low branches from trees, lay or stick them in my path, hopeful that this will allow me to retrace my steps.

It is quiet, only the warning chirps of birds, the fluttering of wings as I wander through their habitat.

Something moves to my left and I look, catch a glimpse of a furry animal scurry through the foliage. Too big for a squirrel. Perhaps a ground hog or maybe a racoon. I don't know. I'm not knowledgeable about the outdoors.

Deeper I go, thinking about her. What was she doing in the house last night, I wonder. Looking for me? That would be nice. Maybe she's mad because I didn't make our rendezvous from the day before. I was otherwise occupied. Couldn't she see me in their arms in the pool? I saw her clear enough at the edge of the forest.

She even waved.

I will apologize of course.

Once I find her.

If I find her.

The thought is unsettling.

Here is a tree with a large trunk that divides into three smaller limbs as it climbs toward the sky. Maybe a maple. Very distinctive. I angle a little to my left, go about thirty yards and break a thick twig from a low bush, stick the broken end into the ground. I look back at the tree, turn and walk deeper into the forest land. I know I shouldn't be here. I've been warned away by Aurora and

Hildy. These woods are dangerous. If so, why does this girl wander them?

It is very quiet now, not even the chirp of birds. I look up. The tops of the trees tower over me, their branches hanging and intermingling, allowing little light.

I stop near a fallen tree, sit on the trunk which angles in the direction I'm heading. This will make a good landmark, take me back to the planted twig and beyond it to the three-limbed tree.

I think about Aunt Martha, which makes me think of my sister, Lynette, her best friend and soul mate, Sasha. I got a letter from her over a year ago. It had a New York postmark on it. She hinted about me coming up there for a visit, maybe helping me find a job, that is if I like the big city. But Aunt Martha told me some months ago that the two of them now live in Cyrenaica.

Another big city, much like New York.

What would my sister think if she saw me now? Dressed and acting like a girl. Convincing, too. That's the hard part about all of this strange business. I *do* make a good-looking girl. Look younger than my years.

Innocent Aurora says.

What of Buster? Does he miss me, I wonder. If he'd been there last night, witnessed my punishment would he have stood in line? Or would he have rescued me from the spanking and degradation?

An interesting question.

I think about being over Aurora's lap, Briscoe, and what I did to him.

All of this is so crazy, yet I seem to be suited for femininity. Aurora certainly saw it. That's why she was drawn to me. And me to her? What about that?

I put my elbows on my knees, cradle my chin in my hands,

and wonder about all of this as I rest on the fallen tree.

I shake my head, open my eyes. Startled I look around. I was slipping off the tree trunk. That's what woke me. I stand and rub my rump, feel the little indentations of the bark, the soreness from last night's spanking.

How long have I dozed, I wonder.

I start off again, deeper into the woodland, now and then marking my path as I go.

After a while it becomes lighter and I sense a thinning of the forest. Perhaps I'm finally coming to the other side. I don't know how long I've been in here. Not once have I seen her, or anything like her. Only a glimpse of that scurrying animal in the foliage.

Suddenly I break through into a clearing. It is still overcast so I cannot guess the time by the position of the sun. About fifty yards in front of me, angling to the right I see the ruins, an outline of a chimney near the back. Another line of woods skirts around the back of these ruins.

A lane leads away from the ruins into a gap in the trees. It is too dark to see down this lane that is swallowed up by more trees.

I move forward, looking around, sensing I'm not alone. Yet I see no one. My shoes squish in the soft earth, grass and weeds, all of the clearing grown over. >From the looks of it this area has been uninhabited for years.

As I come up to it, I see that the ruins are what remains of a brunt-out house. On this side at about the middle of the concrete block foundation is a brick chimney. On the other side are parts of the charred frame, the timbers black.

Inside there are lumps of what I expect is charred furniture. I recognize the outline of a stove, the skeleton of a kitchen chair, leaning on three burnt stubs.

I sniff the air but the smell is stale, certainly not fresh. This fire occurred a long time ago, the house completely burned down, save for part of the brick chimney and foundation, some of the charred remains of the frame.

I go up the steps, kick some blackened timbers out of my path, cross the threshold. The burned smell is a little stronger now. I carefully pick my steps, walk down what I fancy must have once been the hall. It was a small house, a kitchen, living room, two bedrooms and a back porch that once faced the woods that border the back of the property.

In the smaller of the two bedrooms are black springs and a partially brunt mattress, a charred tall chest, some other clumps burned beyond recognition.

A total loss.

For some reason a sadness comes over me as I look at this room.

I stand there for some moments, wonder about this fire, who lived here, and did the family get away safely.

The fine hair on my arms prickle and I shiver.

"So, you've found it."

I whirl around and there she stands at the foot of the steps.

"I've been looking all over for you." I start toward her and she backs away.

"Let's go back into the woods. It's safer there."

"Safer from what?"

But she doesn't answer, just walks off.

I hurry to catch up to her. She takes my hand and smiles at me as we walk.

We sit side by side on a bundle of branches and a thick carpet of wide-leafed fronds. The ground is worn here, and I guess this is

her secret place in the woods. I follow her gaze as she looks upward, see the hole in the canopy of trees far above us.

"When the sun is out it shines through that opening, bathes this place in warmth." She looks at me, smiles. "But there's no sun today."

"Why did you run from me last night?"

Her pale grey eyes are weary and she looks away. "I thought you would follow me."

Her hand is warm in mine. "I ran into someone downstairs. You must've ran right past him."

She shakes her head. "I waited but you didn't come." Reproachful.

"I couldn't. They wouldn't let me."

"Who?"

"Hildy, the maid. I ran into Briscoe coming around the corner. He knocked me down."

"Oh," she says in a small voice.

"Who are you?"

She fixes me with pale grey eyes. "Does it matter?"

"I want to know all about you."

She nods, squeezes my hand.

"Do you have a name?"

"Lara. And you?"

"They call me Laila."

"Lay Lah. That's a pretty name. I like it." Our hips are touching and I feel her shiver.

"Are you cold, Lara?"

"I'm always cold."

I disengage my hand from hers, put my arm around her. Her skin through the white dress is cold. Her head falls to my shoulder and I inhale the scent of her premature white hair. Something about it makes me wonder ...

She puts her hand on my knee, breaks my thoughts. "You're very pretty," she says quietly.

I blush, look into her eyes, those lush lips.

"Things are not what they seem." How do I tell her?

"I know. Things are never what they seem."

"When I first came here with my aunt to deliver Diana, I saw..."

"Who is Diana?" Her warm hand is above my knee and I feel a stirring in my panties.

"A sculpture. Actually a replica of the statue that once was atop the old Madison Square Garden. She's the goddess of love."

"It was raining when my aunt and I brought Diana here. I happened to look up, saw a face from a third floor window. I think it was your face."

Our eyes hold and she licks her lips. "Do you want to kiss me, Laila?"

"Yes. Very much so."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

I kiss her pale lips. They are soft. I feel her lips part and touch her tongue with mine. We hold this soft kiss for some moments, exploring each other's mouths. It is a very intense, yet soft kiss and I wish it to never end.

Her hand is on the inside of my thigh. If she goes much further she will discover the truth about me. I want her to know, yet I don't, afraid that she might not like me.

I break the kiss, cover her hand with mine. "Was that your

face in the window?"

"Yes," she says. "Our eyes met on that rainy day. I just knew I would see you again."

One mystery solved. "What were you doing up there?"

"You ask too many questions." She kisses me, harder this time and frees her hand, pushes it fully between my legs.

"I'm sorry."

"Why?"

"You've found out the truth," I say, looking away.

"Your voice gives you away," she says, smiling. "You need to talk lower, maybe a little huskier. They will teach you."

"Yes, I'm afraid of that They've taught me too much already."

"But you're very pretty. I didn't know at first, then I recognized your face from that rainy day when you arrived with your aunt."

"You don't care then."

"Care about what?" she says, massaging the lump between my legs.

"That I'm really a guy masquerading as a girl?"

"No, I don't care. Stand up."

"Stand up?"

Lara nods and I stand before her.

She unzips my slacks, pulls down my panties, fondles me with cool hands. She looks up, holds my eyes with hers, licks her lips. She slowly strokes my cock. I'm not sure how I feel about this. I want her to suck me, of course, but I think maybe we should make love first.

Then she takes me in her mouth and it is decided.

Her mouth is wet and hot as I stand over her. She cups my balls and her head bobs on my hard reality. It feels so good. She knows what she's doing and I'm a little disappointed, realizing she's not as pure as she looks.

This is not the first cock she has sucked. It stands to reason that she's no virgin.

Well, what should I expect?

Lara's mouth feels heavenly. She uses one hand to stroke my cock as she sucks the crown, runs her tongue over the sensitive flesh.

It feels so good I want to prolong it but know I'll reach my zenith soon.

Too soon.

I put my hands in her soft white hair. There is so much about this girl I don't know. I want to stay with her forever, make love to her like a man, show her that I am capable of fulfilling her needs. Maybe this is the way of things with her. If it's true what Briscoe said, that she was once Aurora's lover, then she must be used to all kinds of kinky sex.

Then it strikes me. She's probably already been fucked by Cleve, had his impressive instrument deep within her vagina. Would my smaller penis pleasure her, I wonder. How can I overcome something like that?

Lara's hands encircle my buttocks and she swallows all of me, sucks with abandon. I will climax soon. There will be time enough afterward for all the questions I have.

Thinking this I feel the familiar flutter in my tummy, that churning in my balls.

I hold her head fast on my cock as her mouth pistons up and down on it.

It happens. I shoot my seed into her loving mouth.

This is a much better orgasm than squirting on Aurora's thighs.

The feeling is tremendous as her mouth continues to work on my spurting penis.

My knees go weak. I won't be able to stand much longer.

Still I shoot semen into her hot mouth.

Then it is over.

I feel her gently sucking, licking my shaft.

I cannot stand any longer and collapse beside her.

She gathers a runnel of cum that has escaped the corner of her mouth, licks it, gives me a dreamy smile.

Lara takes me in her arms there on the forest floor, holds my face against her bosom.

When I awake I am alone. She is gone. I stand and look around for her. Perhaps she went back to the clearing. I make my way to the burned out house, look but don't see her.

The sense of being all alone is almost overwhelming.

Where did she go?

I go looking, a fearful panic rising in my breast. Did she fall hit her head, hurt herself? After the intimacy we shared I'm sure she wouldn't just take her leave without telling me. I rub tears from eyes and shout her name in the forest and in return hear only the flaps of wings and birds squawking.