

TOTAL DEGRADATION

TWO BOOKS IN ONE BY BEA

HARD BODY



**TOTAL DEGRADATION
&
HARD BODY
both by BEA**



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Written by Bea Illustrations by Teeje

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Total Degradation

By Bea

RENE

"You look very handsome in your tux darling" Rene said. "But will you help me? Fasten my dress at the back, would you?" She turned to face away from me and into the mirror, so I stepped in close behind her and started to fumble at the tiny fasteners that would close her dress. Her perfume confusing me, her bare shoulders and arms, arousing me.

In full evening dress she was lovely. It had to be a new acquisition as I'd never seen it before. It was a crimson velvet, with jet black silk piping. Backless and strapless, it showed her magnificent shoulders to full advantage. A form fitting sheath clinging gracefully all the way down to her ankles, it didn't hurt the rest of her appearance either I thought. It was quite modest at the front. Not hiding her magnificent breasts, but not making a full display either. Just perfect for a faculty dinner. She was going to make everyone in the room jealous - well the women anyway. There probably would be one other man there at the most, but he was too old to be jealous of me.

I couldn't help doing it - maybe she even moved back towards me, but her rear brushed softly against my erection. She giggled. "Someone trying to get my attention. Oh, you naughty, impetuous thing! I suppose you just can't wait, can you?"

"Yes dear. I can wait," I said hopefully, hoping to be able to at least try for a 'proper' lovemaking session later on. "I wouldn't mind waiting at all, as a matter of fact."

But she turned around, her crimson lips opening to flash her strong white teeth at me. "What kind of wife would I be? Whatever

would you think of me, if I let your passions be ignored for two or three hours, huh? You'd probably pick me up and throw me over your shoulder and drag me off -make all of those faculty women jealous!"

As she was about three inches taller than me in her stocking soles, and probably outweighed me by seven or eight pounds, the scenario she was describing was patently ridiculous. But she had wrapped an arm around my shoulder and was leading me over to the bed, her free hand unfastening my fly.

"Please dear? You don't have to do this . . ." I said, in my usual strange mix of sexual surrender and embarrassment.

"Of course I don't" she said calmly. Then deepened her voice in a Tarzan copy. "But me *woman!* Must take care of my little man's needs! Here, just lie back . . . There you are!"

And, as always in our lovemaking, if that's what you want to call it, I was lying back on the bed staring straight up at the ceiling, my pants and underpants down about my ankles, my beautiful wife kneeling in front of me. I felt my eyes start to moisten as she fitted her lovely mouth about me.

We had been married for over a year, and never once had I been allowed to touch her breasts. Never once had I been allowed to penetrate her. I'd been a virgin, very shy around women when we'd met and, in some regards was still the same. The first time she'd blown me, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. It didn't take a long time for me to discover that this was all of the sexual activity I was going to enjoy with her while we courted. We never discussed it - I was too shy - but I initially rationalized it as her wanting to keep herself 'pure' until we were married. (Which was utterly ridiculous as she had a twenty-year-old daughter from a previous marriage). Also? To tell the truth, I was totally infatuated with this beautiful, confident, rich woman and if her type of sex was all I could get, I took what I could - and was thankful for it.

On the faculty of a women's college, I was not exposed to too

much male company, but in my own college days had heard my peers wax lyrical about the joys of a blow job. As I indicated, I'd never had this experience until I met Rene, never had anything to compare it to either. But I had read about lovemaking - an English major? Of course I had. Looked forward to the kissing, the stroking, the gradual lead up to the culmination of ecstasy.

So gradually, over time, I'd come to feel abused. Hell, I was only allowed to touch her ears now and then in our 'copulation', getting firmly reprimanded for my 'lust' as often as not! On this particular occasion, I knew that I'd better keep my hands to myself, as her hair was 'Money' and it wasn't worth my life to mess it up in any way. Accordingly, I lay there, helpless against my wife's assault on my body, wishing I had the physical strength - and the strength of character - to push her off me and mount her like a red-blooded man! As usual though, my mind was submitting to my bodily desires, and I ejaculated, sighing in defeat as I did so.

She leaned over on top of me and looked down into my eyes. "Satisfied darling? Was that good for you? "

"Yes Rene" I said passively, positive that she was well aware of my true thoughts on the subject.

"Well?... Aren't you going to say 'thank you darling'?" she probed.

"Of course!" I capitulated. "It was wonderful - as always!"

This routine had become habitual. Drained, I'd lie there on my back helplessly while like an unsatisfied predator, she'd loom over me demanding my acceptance of what she'd done to me. Once, not fully understanding what she demanded of me, I'd been silly enough to protest.

"Oh - it was lovely darling," I'd said. "But?"

Her eyes had chilled. "But what?"

I licked my lips nervously, my eyes locked into her gaze –

rabbit like - "But, I think I'd like to make love to you. Give you some pleasure?" I said weakly.

"You don't like what I do for you? Are you some kind of pansy? Doesn't like being with a woman? "

Her tone of voice , and the words she used, horrified me.

"Of course dear. I wasn't saying that I don't like it . . ."

"Well, goodie for you!" she said scathingly. "Mikey *LIKES* it! I give you what every woman who loves her husband gives him - and you want to pleasure *ME*? You know what you sound like? A goddamn lesbian! Want to wear one of my nighties? Lie beside me and kiss like two girls. That what you want?"

I stared up at this beautiful woman, who had suddenly turned into a virago, and suddenly suffered the ultimate humiliation. My eyes filled, and a few tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Aw dear!" she said, mock sympathy oozing out of every pore. "Diddums mean old mommy make widdul baby girl cwyt?"

"Oh please Rene. Don't. Please?" I pleaded, more tears leaking.

"Aw! Let mommy make it up to you. Come and sit on my lap sweetie. Come on, there's a girl!"

And I underwent the embarrassment of having her sit on the bed and pull me over and up into her lap to fondle and caress me, talking baby talk the whole time. Finally, she let me up. A half hour later, it was as if nothing had happened. She had never referred to the incident since, and I certainly wasn't going to bring it up. I suppose it is obvious as to why I'd been loathe to raise the subject again.

I can imagine some of my more macho contemporaries shaking their heads at my behavior. Can imagine their comments - What a wimp! God-awful-mighty! Getting blow jobs and wants something else! Jesus!' - and other profound and uncomplimentary remarks. So? I've

never professed to being anything other than I am.

Regardless of what others may think, I have never felt the slightest attraction to anyone of my own sex. Have always enjoyed the company of women -and always fantasized about being cast away on some desert island with a woman - and proving my masculinity by deeds of prowess and skill - the weak female regarding me with awe. Naturally, she would at first be wary of my strength but, once she understood the sensitivity underlying it, would welcome me to her bed. There, under a benign moon, we would make sensuous love among the fragrance of the frangipani and the soft rustle of palm trees swaying in the trade winds.

Fantasy, as always, has a tendency to fade in light of reality. Slight of build, physically weak, I grew up constantly in fear of the opposite sex. I lived with my mother all through my formative years and never truly escaped her, even when I attended college. I didn't have a bad mind, and was able to graduate with honors. I had hopes of a teaching career in some of the lower income areas, but mother pooh-pooed the idea, claiming that I'd get eaten alive in some of the 'rougher x areas. She was probably correct.

Crowley college is an all-woman school. It is a privately-run institution supported primarily by alumni and non-government agencies. It is a small Liberal Arts college, with perhaps only a thousand students in any one year but, nonetheless, it enjoys a good reputation amongst those in the know. I know for a fact that acceptance of my application there wasn't altogether universally acclaimed - but even though the administration there refused to bow altogether to the discrimination rules mandated by the government, it appeared that someone felt that 'some' attention should be paid to sexual discrimination laws, and I became one of the few - very few - male professors on the faculty. A token perhaps, but needed nonetheless.

Over a period of almost ten years, I had become the 'token male', but had achieved tenure with all the appropriate requisites. From being a pawn within the infrastructure of the school, I had gradually

acquired some political clout, now chairing some important committees. I'd also become important enough to have some powerful enemies.

Marrying Rene had given me some cachet however. As I aged, I learned that I was no match for politicians of either sex, and was most circumspect in steering my career canoe amongst troubled waters. Once she came upon the scene though, I started to see a certain respect being accorded me that had never been there before. A parallel is easy to draw. A secretary has little or no power within a large corporation. But let her marry one of the up and coming V.P.'s or suchlike in the organization? Watch for a shift in attitude around her.

It was a small dinner party that particular evening, with the dean, Edith Holmes being the hostess - a very proper lady in her late fifties or early sixties, I'm not sure. As always, amongst other people, Rene was extremely deferential towards me - in marked contrast to how she treated me when we were alone. All the other guests were female. I mentioned that I'd thought to see George Baker there (one of the professors in Romantic languages) but was informed that he had just requested a leave of absence to go and handle his sick mother's affairs. I really didn't care that much for him, and being accustomed to being the only male in a predominately female environment had stopped embarrassing me, I was somewhat pleased by his absence.

It was a deadly dull evening to tell the truth, with only two things livening it up as far as I was concerned. At the dinner table, one of the guests asked me a question on PC s.

Truthfully, my experience with PC s is limited to some very minor exposure to a Word Processor, but most of the faculty seemed to consider me an expert. This had come about the previous year. A closed circuit television program was being built, reminding students of school activities, making announcements of upcoming events, etc. It was more to provide students in the Mass Communication School with practical experience than anything else. It was also PC driven when live students weren't working there.

Someone had asked me a technical question regarding the PC, figuring that as a male, I would have a better understanding. This was nonsense, and the best thing I could have done was to admit this. Stupidly though, I pretended to consider the question and said I'd think about it that night. That night, I called Ellen, Rene's daughter. She was, and is, a computer genius. I asked her the question and got the answer.

This I passed on the following morning - and was acclaimed as a technical expert right away. Somehow or other I forgot to place the credit where it was due, and became the focal point of many such questions later on. I simply asked Ellen at nighttime, and provided the answers "thought out" the following day. (I only mention this aspect as my stupidity in this regard had a major impact on me downstream).

The second was a little embarrassing. For the first time amongst our peers, Rene slipped up and called me Emily. Naturally I compounded the problem by answering to it.

She was sitting on the other side of the table, and down a ways, chatting to her neighbor. There were decanters of wine being circulated, and I had just topped up my own glass and was in the act of setting the decanter back onto the table when she saw me out of the corner of her eye. "Emily love? Is that the chardonnay?" "Yes" I responded without thinking. "Then be a dear and pass it over to me, would you please? "

My arch enemy in the college, Agnes Hunter was sitting opposite Rene on the same side of the table as myself. With a superficial smile on her face, she leaned forward over the table, then addressed me as I was pushing the decanter towards Rene.

"Charles? You deciding to join the ranks of the proper gender?"

The impact of what Rene had done, had still not dawned on me. "Huh?" I responded brilliantly. "Changed your name to Emily have you?"

Before I could think properly, I said. "What on earth are you talking about?"

Her eyes gleamed with malice. "Rene - you know -your wife? Just addressed you as Emily." She swung her head around the other people sitting at the table. "Or am I wrong? I'm imagining things perhaps?"

Of course, no one told her that she had misheard anything, so grinning widely now, she turned back to me. "And? When Rene addressed you as Emily -a woman's name if I'm not mistaken? You answered her. Are you going to tell me I'm wrong?" she paused for a dreadful moment, then showed her teeth "Emily?"

I could feel myself blush all the way to my toes. Had no answer to give, so just stared at her stupidly. It was Rene saved the day. "Agnes?" she said cheerfully "Why don't you mind your own business? It is a game that my husband and I play sometimes - and in private." She then spoke to me. "I forgot myself for a moment. Charles? I'm sorry dear. I was stupid." She turned her attention back to Agnes. "As I said Agnes? This not your affair. Are you finished?"

Rene showed nothing but an ease - a confidence. At the same time, the threat of nastiness was in the air, and Agnes backed off. "I'm sorry Rene" she said, a little grittily "I just thought I'd tease Charles a little."

"Oh that's all right Agnes dear" Rene waved a negligent hand in the air, "I just didn't want to see it getting carried too far. And, just so's you're aware? I'm the one that teases Charles" Agnes looked down at the tablecloth, signaling her capitulation. And within seconds, the various conversations that had been going on around the table started up again.

"Oh dear!" Rene laughed when we got home. "You should have seen the expression on your face when Agnes called you Emily. It was priceless!" "Perhaps you should consider dropping that name for me darling?" I proposed weakly. "It is very difficult to explain."

"It's a pet name I have for you darling" she replied. "After all, wasn't it you that initiated it?"

"I can't see how you arrived at that conclusion." I said stiffly.

As is my habit, one day about a month earlier, I had quoted a line from an obscure poet who wrote under the name of Emily Bazer. Rene had cocked her head to one side, but had made no other comment at the time. At dinner that evening, she told me that she had been tremendously impressed by what I'd said earlier. I had shown a window into my soul by that wonderful statement, it was so decidedly, so obviously, so emphatically *ME!* .

I blushed and had to admit that it had not been a saying authored by me - and gave credit where it was due. Rene had been disappointed she said, but laughingly said she might start calling me Emily, to see if it would bring up any more wonderful associations on my part. It seemed a harmless enough thing and, figuring she'd forget it in a short time, I didn't argue the point. Unfortunately, she hadn't forgotten it' and, as a matter of fact, started using it more and more frequently - particularly if I was wearing an apron.

Yes, yes! I know how these little announcements make me look. But things just seemed to '*happen*'. Does that make sense? I must appear to be the most feminine wimp ever created. And when I think on it? Maybe 'created' is a perfect word for it. True, growing up, I'd never been particularly macho - but I wasn't girlish either! Since I'd married Rene, however, it seemed that somehow or other, I was fitting into a feminine mold more and more each day.

But getting back to the aprons. Before we were married, mom asked her over to our place for dinner. As mom was a rotten cook, I made the meal. Naturally, Rene loved it - which made proud mom boast about my cooking - and housekeeping skills.

Rene lived in the apartment where we live now, but had a live in maid. I only met her once or twice, and she seemed nice, but Rene was always going on and on about how lazy she was. How dumb she was - and how she couldn't be trusted - and on and on and on. When I asked why she couldn't just fire the woman and get another, Rene

looked at me as if I was crazy. Explained how impossible it was to get any decent live in help and that Mary, that was the maid's name, was the best of a bad lot.

My mother tut-tutted at the idea of needing a maid for a four-bedroom apartment in the first place. Rene looked at her as if she was insane. "I can afford a maid my dear Mrs. Osborne," she told mom acidly, " And I'm damned if *I'm* going to do housework!"

For one of the first times in my life, I saw mom back down. About that time, I started to realize that my intended was somewhat similar to a force in nature. You wanted to take her on - fine. But be prepared for consequences!

Once we got married though, it turned out that Rene had been thinking along the lines that my mother had opened up. She fired Mary immediately, then had a Swedish lady called Irma contract to come in once a week to do the fundamental cleaning every Saturday morning.

Irma had two girls with her and they'd go through the apartment like a cyclone, leaving the place immaculate in a few hours. Naturally, they were expensive - but were nowhere near the cost of a full-time maid - and rich people don't stay rich by spending money unnecessarily. Wasn't a great little housewife like me available to do the periodic tidying up on a day to day basis, between Irma's visits?

Okay, I was a full-time professor - but weren't teacher aides available for me? Couldn't I use them to relieve me from some of the more humdrum chores? Then, I could use that newly available time for domestic chores, couldn't I? Didn't we have a utility room with our own washer and dryer - so I could do the laundry? And hadn't my mom boasted how good I could fill in and do the ironing in a pinch? So what was wrong with me doing that as well?

To tell the truth? I fell in with this quite readily. I mean, it was nice that I could prove to Rene that I was good for *something*, right?

But as someone noted, 'truth will out' - yes? One Saturday morning, one of Irma's girls had the flu. Naturally, Rene was having a

group of ladies over for drinks and a catered lunch - so a low grade panic was set in motion. Solution? "Charles darling? Think you could possibly see your way clear to giving Irma a hand?" Flattered at being so 'useful' , what was I to say? A short time later, I reported to Irma.

Tall, autocratic, and hassled, she wasn't slow to inform me that by god, I'd better do as I was told by her - or June, the girl - and where was my apron?

As I only had one - and had expected not to need it, I'd thrown it in the dirty wash for laundering. When I pulled it out, even I had to admit that it was disgusting. I wasn't too happy at borrowing one of June's spares, but it was all that was available. Don't get me wrong. It wasn't overly feminine - but she was a *maid* for goodness sake!

Her apron was white, ruffled, and tied with a wide sash, into a large bow at the back.

I'd been led to believe that I was competent at doing housework. I learned very quickly under Irma that I was nothing but a dilettante. Under her - and June's, instructions, I was harried into working as a true housemaid for the first time in my life.

When Rene was called to do her final inspection, I saw her eyes open at the sight of her husband lined up with another girl in their working aprons, awaiting her approval on their work. After she was finished, she told Irma what a great job had been done. Irma curtsied. Then Rene thanked June for her efforts - and June smiled and dropped a deep curtsy. Then? Rene thanked ME for being such a big help! There was a pause until I realized what was expected of me. I grinned at this joke, but also curtsied and thanked her.

The following Saturday morning I was working on my crossword puzzle. Rene was off somewhere, shopping I supposed. I heard the front door open and the muffled chatter of the women arriving to do the housework. Didn't pay much attention to it. Then, I thought I heard June call out "Charles? Charles?" (This was something that bugged me a little. The maids referred to me as "Charles" while Rene

was "Mistress" or Ma'am") "In here, June." I called.

A few seconds later, the door opened and she and the other girl came in.

"Charles? This is Martha. Martha? Meet Charles". "Martha, a bubbly little blonde said "Hi Charles. Nice to meet you."



I'll admit it. I'm not used to maids. Felt that something was out of kilter in what was transpiring. But I couldn't very well ignore the girl, could I?

"Hi Martha" I said, not getting up.

Then the two girls just *stood there!* Nothing was said for about three seconds - a long pause. Then June smiled invitingly and was holding something white out towards me. "Well?" was all she said.

Dry mouthed suddenly, I saw her take a few steps towards me, and it was an apron in her hands! "Aren't you going to help June and Martha this morning dearie?" She turned to Martha. "Wonderful help he was last week when you were sick. Really a natural!"

I forced a smile, licked my lips. "Sorry June. I'm busy right now. And you girls are so quick, I don't think you need any help." It didn't stop her! Smiling coyly, she leaned over my desk. "Doing crossword puzzles when there's work to be done? Come on now dearie. Get your apron on and let's all get to work!"

That morning, I was given protection for my hair in addition to my apron - a small triangle of white fabric, edged in lace. I didn't know what it was for until the girls put theirs on, then helped me pin mine in place - and I was wearing a maid's cap!

The reaction from Rene was minimal, just a small shake of her head, when she returned to find me busy polishing the brass, chattering to June as I did so. But when me and the other girls toured while she inspected the place, I was again thanked - and curtsied as before, this time without any grinning - before realizing that she'd referred to me as Emily. This, naturally, became the name of choice for the girls as they said goodbye - "See you next week Emily" they said to me.