

# DAVID'S DESCENT

BOOK ONE



# MAX SWYFT

**DAVID'S DESCENT**  
**BOOK ONE**  
**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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David's Descent Part 1 by 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 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 indisputable. In addition to countless scholars and liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW, the NEA, 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.

**DAVID FARADAY:** Young, sure of himself, male chauvinist. Thinks he's the object of every woman's fancy. Software salesman for High Tech Solutions.

**GUINEVERE STONE:** Older woman, owner of Stone's Industrial Supply. She's tall and slim and possesses striking violet "Liz Taylor" eyes. Though older, a real looker.

**MANDY:** Works as executive secretary at High Tech Solutions. A young buxom woman, she's attracted to David Faraday.

**HAROLD STONE JR.:** Heir to Stone's Industrial Supply, ex-husband of Guinevere Stone. He conspires with his then wife to wrest control of the company from his mother and those she's put in place to run it.

**CASSIE:** Hip and young cosmologist who owns her own salon. She believes in tattoos and body piercing, is the hairdresser and groomer of Guinevere Stone.

**CHUCK:** Cassie's subservient lover and hairdresser who works at the salon.

**YANAMARI CRISTOBAL:** Feminist, owner of Cristobal Imports, friend of Guinevere Stone, member of the Cytherea Coterie (Read *Ashley's Enslavement*).

**ASHLEY:** Young lover of Yanamari Cristobal. Sexy young coquette who has a secret (Read *Ashley's Enslavement*).

**SHANA and ROBBIMATHIS:** Office manager of Harm's Employment Agency who's taken over her marriage. She buys software from David Faraday (Read *Robbie s Regret*).

## Chapter One

I am finally in to see Ms. Guinevere Stone. She sits behind a large kidney shaped desk, its dark rosewood surface gleaming dully in the afternoon light that spills in from a panoramic window behind the desk. Without looking up she waves me to a padded leather chair with rolled armrests. Cheater glasses sit on a thin nose as she peruses an open manila folder. "Sorry to keep you waiting," she mumbles as she continues to read.

I swallow my impatience. It's late in the day and I've yet to make a sale. My sales portfolio is frightfully thin this week. Indeed, the whole month has been almost a total wash. The economy is in a downswing and the tech industry is suffering badly. Many software companies, like the one I work for, are biting the dust or being swallowed by larger companies.

The byword this summer is "downsizing."

I think that is perhaps why I've had such a miserable month. I'm pressing and prospective clients may sense an unhealthy urgency in my approach. Anyway, that's what my girlfriend Mandy says. She works for the same software company as an executive secretary.

But what does Mandy know? I'm the salesman, she's just a secretary. And the little bitch is going home this weekend, downstate to Benington to visit her parents, once again leaving me, ah, un-fucked, is the term a sales buddy of mine uses.

Mandy's got her period and I got the blue balls.

The little bitch. It'd serve her right if I went out on the prowl this weekend, maybe down in the Barrows, hit some of the seamier bars along the river, picked me up a little strange trim. She's not that good a lay, anyway.

Thinking this I clear my throat to get the attention of the broad behind the desk. At once she looks up over the half-cheater glasses, skewers me with large violet eyes. I shift my weight around in the padded leather chair, offer a smile.

Her secretary took her my card. It lays on the desk blotter. She glances at it. "Mr. Faraday, I'll be with you in a minute." She holds my eyes until I'm

forced to look away.

Damn clumsy of me. If I wasn't so pissed at Mandy and short of software sales I wouldn't have made the impatient gesture. Starting off on the wrong foot. I'll be glad when August turns into September. Maybe it'll change my luck.

I cross my legs and look at her as those violet eyes go back to whatever's inside the manila folder. Around her eyes are age wrinkles, what is kindly referred to as crow's feet. However, she has Liz Taylor's eyes. My mother always thought Liz had the most striking eyes. I sit there waiting for her to put down that infernal folder, wonder how many women have violet eyes. I cannot recall ever meeting another woman with violet eyes.

As Ms. Guinevere Stone reads the contents of the manila folder I scope out the rest of her - at least what I can see from the desk up. She wears a mannish cut white linen shirt with button-down cuffs and a string tie. Beneath the shirt her chest is anything but robust, just the hint of the outline of a brassiere showing.

*Not much up top Ms. Stone. What's the rest of you look like?*

My eyes wander around the surprisingly lavish office. I say surprising because Stone's Industrial Supply is a wholesaler for maintenance products, everything from industrial strength toilet bowl cleaner to heavy degreasers. The warehouse is old but clean and there are tall isles of heavy metal shelving that hold barrels and cases of strong chemical cleaning products.

Crossing from the warehouse to the executive offices is like moving from one world to another vastly different place. A place of fresh flowers, carpets and prints of famous paintings, one of which is familiar: *Diana the Huntress*. It is a painting of the naked Diana, carrying a quiver of arrows and a bow, a dog by her side. I remember her from college history. She was known to the Greeks as Artemis, depicted originally in a short hunting skirt, with bow and arrow and her hound. If memory serves, she was etched on an old Roman coin, a copper piece made for the Roman emperor, Macrinus, vintage 217 AD. The mythical

Diana alights on one foot, is the swift virgin of moon and hunt. A life-size sculptor of her once sat atop the old Madison Square Garden in neighboring New York City.

She is portrayed by many artists as an aloof beauty.

One corner of the room contains a low oval glass topped table, several comfy looking low upholstered chairs and a short couch, all of it in worn rich brown leather.

As I look around this office I wonder how aloof is Ms. Guinevere Stone, this older and unlikely matriarch of this chemical supply wholesaler. On one wall, above a cozy corner of low, comfy looking stuffed chairs and round cherry table is Andrew Wyeth's painting, *On Her Knees*. It depicts the famous Helga, resplendent in ponytails, naked, hand resting on her buttock.

It is a revealing and provocative painting for a business office, a painting that would be much more at ease in someone's home, perhaps a den or bedroom.

"Do you like it?"

I snap my head forward, look into frank inquisitive eyes. "Yes, it captures her . . ." I pause searching for the right word.

"Essence perhaps," Ms. Stone suggests.

"Yes."

"Or maybe her vulnerability, she adds with a tight smile."

"Do you think that's what Wyeth was trying to portray, Helga's vulnerability?"

"Not really. He is painting her beauty. I find paintings or sketches of naked men to be much more vulnerable, especially if depicted with a clothed woman."

What a thing to say to a complete stranger. This chick is ballsy. Interesting. Are those big violet eyes challenging, I wonder. "Hmm, well, I wouldn't know about that," I say, moving around in the chair, facing her.

"My ex-husband was fond of that painting. I keep it as a reminder of his days here. The painting excited him in some mysterious way. I actually have a painting of him at home, kneeling naked, much like Helga there, while I sit in a chair in the background."

"Really?" Impure thoughts, like tiny electric impulses, are tripping

through my head.

"Yes, really," says Guinevere Stone with a more generous smile of pale lush lips. "I was too busy running the company at the time to pose with him, so my artist friend painted me in the background after he sat for her. You can't tell we didn't sit together for it."

"Huh," is all I can think of to say.

"Yes, it was a going away gift for him."

"Going away gift?"

"Yes. The divorce. Leaving the company. Starting a new life. That kind of thing."

"He left you the company then?"

"Hah! No, the divorce laws in this state are much too generous to both parties. My ex-husband still holds interest in the company. I'm just much better at running things than he ever was. It is to his benefit -and mine - that I'm at the helm here."

Not my kind of woman. This chick is more than a little ballsy. And too old. An indeterminate age. In her mid-forties maybe. Hard to tell with all those clothes on.

"And he was happy to pose naked for this painting?" I can't help the incredulity in my voice.

It brings a generous smile to her face, causing her cheeks to wrinkle a little around a full-lipped lush mouth. "Ah, if we had but the time," she says, pushing back a cuff, glancing at her wristwatch, "I would show it to you. To this day it still gets my blood running. Perhaps it would yours, too."

"I thought you gave it to him. A parting gift?" Whose this broad trying to kid?

"Oh, I have it," she says, putting the manila folder in a desk drawer, sitting forward in the tall Captain's chair. "He visits from time to time. So I have it for safe keeping."

"Divorces can be so messy. I guess it's nice that the two of you parted friends. Anyway, a picture of a kneeling naked man would hardly get my

blood running." I can't believe the two of us are having such a contrived conversation. I'm here to sell her a cost saving software program, the appointment prearranged by me after several attempts.

"About our software program, Ms. Stone," I say, leaning forward. "At High Tech Solutions, we pride ourselves in low cost, efficient software that will reduce the overhead of high warehousing costs. Our software also automatically scans inventory and uses cost saving formulas that will increase profits and reduce needless expenditures."

I dip into my briefcase and retrieve the jewel case that holds our demo CD. I look hopefully at the computer screen that sits at the left end of the oval kidney-shaped desk. "If you would allow me to demonstrate." I'm on the edge of the chair, suppress a sigh of relief when she nods, gestures for me to come around the desk.

She scoots back in the captain's chair to give me access to the CD compartment of the tower, which is concealed in the wide knee-hole of the desk. I kneel and push the little button that will slide open so I can insert the CD. She wears a cool looking, dark blue linen skirt of modest length, the hem several inches above her knees, the split-front revealing one stocking clad leg to mid-thigh.

As the drawer slides open I hear the hiss of pantyhose as she crosses her legs. This close I smell a faint hint of some indefinable perfume. A foot encased in a closed-toe blue leather pump swings back and forth in my peripheral vision.

We wait for the demo to appear on the monitor screen that sits on her desk.

"It'll just be a moment." I smile and get one in return, a small one this time. This desk must have cost a fortune. Its rose scent tickles my nose as well *her* enticing smell.

Guinevere Stone folds her hands in her lap, pump swinging to and fro, almost brushing against my leg. It strikes me that I am kneeling beside her, perhaps much like when her husband posed for the painting, his odd going away present. Only I'm fully clothed, not naked. My skin is prickly and my palms are sweating, and I'm coming to life in my shorts because I'm thinking about her lush lips, how nicely they would fit around my cock.

A little drumbeat of music signals the coming graphics of the demo.

The matriarch of Stone's Industrial Supply rolls back in her chair, extends a leg, points her foot and flexes the heel of her pump. It slides off the back of her foot. Her foot and dangling pump are nearly in my face and I'm aware of a stale odor, leather and maybe sweat.

Graphics appear on the monitor, draw her attention, and while my attention is drawn to her extended leg and pointing foot, the dangling pump. With her distracted by the intro of the demo on the monitor, I gaze at her legs, the gap between her knees, wonder of the mysteries that lay just out of sight beneath her skirt.

The little cartoon guy is talking his way through our software demo and I'm stealing looks up this older woman's skirt like a kid rubbernecking up-skirt shots in a stairwell. She's got great legs and a picture of her wearing these same heels but dressed only in panties, garter belt and stockings flashes across my feverish sex-starved brain.

I have to get up from behind this desk before I lose sight of my objective; selling this software and breaking my dry spell, getting that coveted sale, which will put me in good stead at work.

"You have that same look," she says quietly.

"Uh, what?" I look up. She's skewered me again with those large violet eyes.

"Like my husband. You have the same look in your eyes."

"Look? What look?"

"Lust and devotion," she says quietly.

"Er, hmm," I say, starting to get off my knees.

But her hand on my shoulder stays me. "Or is it a runner?"

"A runner?"

She raises the hem of her skirt, turns one leg this way and that, giving me a generous view, almost to the tops of creamy thighs. "Maybe I have a runner. Is that what's drawn your attention?" Mocking just a little, lush lips showing a hint of a smile.

"I . . . er, no." Her hand is warm on my shoulder, makes me reluctant to get off my knees. But I can't stay like this. What if she stands, raises her skirt all the way and pulls my head to her panty-clad sex?

Kneeling here behind Ms. Stone's desk, I'm actually feeling dizzy. It's all Mandy's fault for denying me her pussy, what's rightfully mine.

Her hand slowly slides off my shoulder, fingers grazing the front of my jacket.

I get to my feet, realize she's now on eye level with my bulging crotch.

For one crazy moment I think she will reach out and touch me there, squeeze my manhood with long pink fingernails.

She looks into my eyes, a sensuous smile on pale lush lips and -

*The damn phone rings!*

By the sound of the conversation it's an urgent call.

I'm crestfallen. Just my luck. Interruptions are often the death knell for sales.

She glances at me, says yes several times into the phone, then hangs up.

"I'm sorry Mr. Faraday, I - "

"It's David. Call me David."

"Yes, David. It's my ex-husband. He's in trouble again. I have to go." She grabs her suit jacket off a chair back, thrusts her arms into it, glances at me, and apologizes again. "You'll have to excuse me."

"What about our software? The demo? I can come back."

Guinevere Stone picks my business card off the blotter with long fingernails, slides it into the breast pocket of her skirt-suit. "I'll have my secretary call you later today. We'll make arrangements," she says, slinging a purse over her shoulder.

She pushes open the door, and stunned, I rush out behind her, watch as she hurriedly exits the office.

"All I'm saying is why do you have to go this weekend?"