

DAVID'S DESCENT

BOOK TWO



MAX SWYAT

DAVID'S DESCENT
BOOK TWO
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 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: an 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 and dates 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, 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 Seven

It's been nearly two weeks since I've seen her. I sit at a vacant desk, gaze at the monitor but see nothing. Tomorrow is Friday. Saturday will be exactly two weeks. It seems like two years. This is not like me. What do I care about that strange aloof bitch? When have I ever given any other woman so much consideration?

The answer is never.

Never.

The word bounces around in my head like a metallic ball in a metal cube.

Never.

Sure, I've talked to her. But she's put me off. Too busy. Or she has a meeting or a luncheon. Or she's solving a crisis at work.

Now I wonder if I'll ever see her again. The thought of not seeing her again causes my gut to wrench, my throat constrict. If that happens I instinctively know it would be a blessing, not seeing her again. Then I could go about my life in an uncomplicated manner. I would never have to wonder about any strange sexual contest she might put me through.

Just go back to my mundane existence. Fuck Mandy and never have to wonder about the depraved sexual escapades that Guinevere is so fond of.

Only I fucked Mandy last week and this week. It isn't the same. Dull is the word that comes to mind. This dull feeling enveloping me since I've met the strange statuesque Ms. Guinevere Stone. This older woman with unique violet eyes and long slender legs, small breasts and prominent suckable nipples. It is like Mandy is just a vessel where I deposit my seed.

Mandy senses it, too. She wants to know what the matter is. Is it her? I deny that of course. How do I tell her about Guinevere? Do I tell Mandy about the delicious encounters I've experienced with her? How electric it makes me feel when Guinevere does these forbidden things to me. Do I tell Mandy *that*?

Mandy called me late last Sunday after she returned to Cyrenaica from visiting her sick mother. I wasn't home. Restless, I'd went out for a beer, looked up some of the guys, shot the breeze. We brought each other up to

speed on who was fucking who and where. We talked about golf. I'd been thinking about getting some new clubs. Anything to get my mind off Guinevere Stone. That Saturday night after I fucked Guinevere, I took her up on the invitation to go with her to meet her friend, Dr. Kerry Ashburn for late dinner.

This Dr. Ashburn is a strange one, too. She's nothing like Guinevere in appearance. The dark horn-rim glasses she wears lends her a scholarly look. Where Guin is tall and svelte, the Ashburn woman is buxom, athletically built, wide of hip. She has a broad ass and powerful thighs that could crush melons. At least that's the impression I got two Saturday nights ago.

Guinevere's friend, in addition to being a psychiatrist, is a psychoanalyst and sexual therapist.

She has a thriving practice. Her specialty is harmonizing troubled married couples and singles who may be contemplating marriage. I've no need for her services. She is attractive, though, in a healthy way. Also, very attentive.

It seems the two of them, Guinevere and Kerry, are sorority sisters. Saturday over dessert they talked about some sisterhood or other. That and some mysterious coterie. The latter no doubt, some ladies club, which I gathered by their conversation excluded men for the most part.

I was glad that the restaurant was rather cozy with subdued lighting. It was the way I was dressed that made me appreciate the semi dark lighting. The three of us shared a table in the back near a great hearth that you could stand up in. The stone hearth was cold, apparently unused through the summer months. However, I did imagine a roaring fire on that hearth during the winter. I mentioned it to Guin, said we might come back here for a cozy dinner and sit near the fireplace when the snow flies.

When I went to her home two Saturdays ago I wore sneakers, jeans and a comfortable faded shirt. I had no idea we might be going to dinner. The fact is, all I wanted to do was fuck the haughty bitch, put her in her place. I found her near the pool, wearing only a string bikini bottom, no top. Her breasts looked youthful, were upturned and firm. I suspect she's been under a plastic surgeon's knife.

She blew me right there and I can't remember ever having a better knob

job. She sure knew what she was doing. For a minute, I thought she might suck my balls right through the end of my penis. My knees went weak and I nearly collapsed on the patio.

I couldn't go to dinner with her dressed as I was. It took her a while to find me something to wear. When I saw the clothes she picked out I balked. At first I told her I'd just go home. She just shrugged, said fine, then hinted she might suck my dick when we returned to her house. Not saying it specifically but coming up to me, squeezing my cock, stroking it until it came up again *for the fourth time*.

The clothes belonged to a friend of hers who sometimes spends weekends with her when she throws parties. His name's Chuck and after I saw his clothes, what she wanted me to wear, I think maybe he's a Phyllis. He's a cosmetologist and most of them are *that way*. He works for this Cassie, the woman's who's supposed to teach me all about pedicures. Guinevere thinks I'm going to go along with this, learn how to clip and file her toenails, take care of them. I haven't told her no yet. But I'm going to.

She's really a strange woman.

Hard to figure why I'm so attracted to her.

Anyway, I shook my head when she laid the clothes on the bed. The slacks had a side zipper, were a sort of mauve color. They looked like woman's slacks but Guin said they weren't. Unisex maybe but definitely not women's. They did have front and rear pockets. The shirt was silk with ruffled cuffs and wide exaggerated collar. She set out a kind of tee shirt. It too was made of slick material, had a low square neckline with real thin shoulder straps.

I sat on the bed, watched as Guin got dressed. She wore a long, split front print skirt, flat, gold lamé strappy sandals that wound around her feet all the way over her calves. Under a button-front nylon blouse she wore a camisole, slim breasts unfettered, nipples imprinting the material. A thin flower-print jacket completed her outfit. She looked at me - I was still naked - for a long moment, pointed at the clothes on the bed, told me to get into them. I laughed, said the only thing she'd forgotten were a pair of panties.

That brought a smile and I saw her eyes go to a pair of panties on the floor near the bed. She picked them up, rubbed them on my face. Could I smell her scent on them? I nodded and she stroked me, caressed my face with her

soiled panties.

I could wear these or a clean pair. The choice was mine.

The way she said it I knew she wasn't kidding. She told me to try them on, wrapped them around my stiff pole, asked me if that felt good. I nodded.

Now, thinking back on it, I shake my head, wonder of my acquiescence. I said they wouldn't fit but she said we wouldn't know till I tried them on.

Guin cajoled me into trying them on.

They were too tight but I did fit into them, my hard cock fast against my belly, the head sticking out over the waistband of those pink panties. She said I should tuck myself. I sat down and started to take them off. She stopped me, told me she was getting excited seeing me in her worn panties. If I wore them under the slacks her pussy would drip for sure.

Who was to know she reasoned.

I couldn't tuck my cock. At least not while it was hard.

The slacks were roomy and too long. Chuck must be a big guy. Guin folded the cuffs inside the legs, secured them with straight pins. The shirt was too big, too, as was the dressy sport jacket. Guin folded the cuffs up. Somehow that made the coat look kind of feminine.

We both cast dubious looks at my sneakers.

She found a pair of tasseled loafers. They were too big but the only shoes there. No way could I negotiate in those shoes. She thought of her ex-husband, Harold, found me a pair of his that cramped my toes. They looked like women's shoes but it was the only solution.

Besides, it was dark and nobody would notice.

So off we went to meet her friend, Dr. Kerry Ashburn, and have dinner.

Later when we returned to her suburban ranch home I hinted about some head. She kissed me, said she was really tired. Another time. I was pissed but tried not to show it as I shucked off Chuck's clothes. She insisted I keep her dirty panties, wear them home.

A tap on my shoulder brings me out of my reflection. I know who it is when a heavy breast rests on my shoulder. "The boss wants to see you in his office." She looks around and quickly kisses me, wonders if I'm coming over tonight. I shrug, say probably.

Don Simpson, the sales manager for High Tech Solutions, sits behind his desk, studying a manila folder open on the blotter. "Sit down, David. I was just reviewing the software sale you made to Stone's Industrial Supply. Nice job."

"Thank you." I wonder why I'm here, fold my hands in my lap.

"This is your only sale in practically a month. What's the problem?"

Getting down to it now. Busting my balls. "The market's tight, Don. You know that. We have to ride it out, sell where we can."

"Hmph. The old man's on a rampage. He's afraid we might go under. We need sales, David. Lots of them."

"I'm doing the best I can under the circumstances."

"You missed the sales meeting Friday before last."

"I was sick."

"Yeah, so you said."

"I was!"

"The old man expects full attendance at all sales functions."

"I know, I know. I'll do better." I nod at the manila folder on his desk. "He can't be unhappy with that sale to Stone's Supply, Don."

"He wants more, David." He sits forward, folds his hands on the desk blotter. "Listen, I'm going to be honest with you. The old man's thinking of letting some people go. He's already laid off some of the secretarial staff."

I sit up in the uncomfortable ladder-back chair. "Am I on the list?"

Don Simpson shrugs. "I don't know. I'm going back into the field, do some selling. We need business. For now this sale to Stone's Industrial Supply is saving your ass. Don't miss any more meetings, David. I don't want to see anything happen to you."

"Yes sir."

He gives me a look, sits back in his chair. "I want you on the team, David."

Thinking the worst, I'm deep in thought as I leave Simpson's office. I don't see Mandy as I walk by. She stops me, holds out the phone. "It's for you."

"Yes?"

"Mr. Faraday, I'm having a little trouble with that expensive software program you sold me."

It's her! "How are you?" I see Mandy's look, turn from her, wish I'd taken the call at another desk.

"I'm fine Mr. Faraday. And you?" Sounding too formal. Especially after all the sex we've had. "About this software ..."

Fuck the software! Mandy isn't moving. There's so much I want to say but can't. Mandy slides around so she can see my face.

"I'll come take a look at it. I'm sure it's nothing Ms. Stone. I'll be right over."

"No. Not this afternoon. It's too late. Can you come by first thing in the morning?"

"Yes, in the morning." I wait for her to say something. Something about us but all I hear is the sibilant hiss of the phone line. "Well, tomorrow then."

"Yes, tomorrow, David. In the morning."

I look at Mandy, catch her inquisitive eyes and smile, wish she'd go away.

"I'll be at your office first thing, Ms. Stone."

"Ah, David . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"Do you still have my panties?"

"Uhm ..., yes I do."

"You haven't soiled them have you?"

"What?" My dick stirs in my shorts.

"You know, jacked off in them. Soiled them with your semen." She says it like she's asking a question of her grocer.

"No. Of course not."

"Well then," she says softly. "Be wearing them in the morning. It will please me."

Before I can say anything she hangs up. Besides, what could I say with Mandy hovering around like an old mother hen? I cradle the phone.

"Why the red face?"

"Huh?" I look at her.

"Your face is red, David. Like you're embarrassed or something."

"It's nothing."

"Who is Ms. Stone?"

"The woman I sold our premier cost saving software program to." I start off.

"David?"

"What Mandy?" It comes out harsher than I intended.

"Are you coming over tonight or not?"

"Oh, yeah, that. Sure. Are you cooking or are we going out?"

"I'll cook in, stop and get a bottle of bubbly."

I cool my heels in Guinevere Stone's outer office. I try not to look at my wristwatch but it's no use. This is at least the fourth time I've pushed back my cuff and peered impatiently at the slow moving time piece. Absently I leaf through a trade magazine, glimpsing but not seeing products and services related to industrial supplies.

I wonder how she's dressed, what she wears this morning. I've already pictured her in two sexy outfits, neither of them suitable for the office.

At least I didn't have to attend another boring Friday sales meeting. I

did go in, explained it to Simpson who agreed, I should come here, fix whatever's wrong, cater to the customer. The last thing High Tech Solutions needs is a sales reversal.

Mandy was in another snit this morning. She senses something. I felt her eyes on me like heavy atmospheric pressure. It didn't go very well at her place last night. She'd bought an expensive bottle of red, which turned out to be the best part of the evening.

After wine and dinner she wasted no time in dragging me to the bedroom. I could hardly get it up. Finally she blew me. I shoved her the meat, and for a few minutes all was well. Then I went soft, slid out of her, flopped on my back.

I almost got dressed and went home.

She played with it, sucked it for a while with little success, wanted to know what was wrong. I shook my head, told her guys occasionally had off nights. Right away she wanted to know if I'd found another woman over the weekend while she'd gone to her mother's.

Of course I denied it.

"Well, then what's wrong, David? Is it me?" Whining like a little girl.

"It's the job. Simpson's on my ass, hinting about layoffs. The corporation's losing money and the old man's worried. There are too many larger software companies out there now, either gobbling up smaller outfits or driving them out of business."

We lay there side by side, Mandy absently fondling my limp noddle while I explained it. It wasn't like I was lying to her. I could lose my job to corporate downsizing. I just omitted Ms. Guinevere Stone, the tall older woman who oozes sophisticated sensuality and an indefinable aura of something forbidden.

Something tempting and wicked.

Something I know I should stay away from.

But I can't help myself.

Guinevere has suddenly become an addiction.

Mandy revived me a little, rolled over on hands and knees, gave me what she thought was a provocative over the shoulder look, said I could have her "back there" if I wanted.

Go up her poop shoot.

Ride the ole Hershey Highway.

Something I had tried on several occasions but which had so far been steadfastly denied.

Until last night.

Giving up that virgin asshole.

Telling me it was okay.

Only I couldn't do it.

Oh, I tried. How I tried but my dick wouldn't cooperate.

It was the Stone woman's fault. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

I glance at my wristwatch again, look at the secretary. She's preoccupied with her computer monitor.

I should just barge in, show her I'm wearing her tight panties and that I'm at the ready. Ready to slide her the ole salami, give her the fucking she needs.

Put the bitch in her place.

Show her who's boss.

That's the only thing women like her understand.

It crosses my mind that I could just get up and walk out of here. I don't need Guinevere Stone's haughty attitude, that nagging air of superiority.

Yes, just get up and stride out like I don't have a care in the world.

Never mind that my dick is hard as a rock. It wouldn't show anyway. Woody is trapped flat against my belly in the tight panties, the head sticking above the elastic waistband. The secretary would never guess that I'm sporting a hard-on that could drill through one inch steel plating.

Where was this baby last night when Mandy offered up her anus?

It's like Guinevere Stone has a curse on my penis.

I look at the secretary, not an unattractive gal. She wears glasses, has long hair and a slim bod. I wonder if she's wearing a skirt today and if it is as short as the last time. I see a light blink on her phone. She picks up, looks at me, smiles, nods her head.

"You can go in now, Mr. Faraday."

I don't see her as I walk through the door, shut it behind me.

The desk chair is empty.

"David." Said softly, seductively.

I turn my head. She sits on the couch along the wall, legs crossed and generously revealed in a short black skirt.

My cock throbs and I'm aware of the elastic waistband cutting into the ridge just below my glans. Short, nut-brown hair frames her oval face. I go over, sit in the comfy armchair opposite her, watch as she starts one leg kicking.

"Sorry I kept you waiting. I was on the phone with a customer."

"That's okay." I shrug, look at those long legs encased in off-black hose, wonder if she wears pantyhose or stockings. My anger and impatience melts like a snow cone in August. "What seems to be the matter with our program?"

"Let's save that for later. Do you have to hurry back to your office?"

"Ah, no, not really."

"Can you do lunch with me?"

I nod and my eyes dart to those magnificent slim legs as she crosses them the other way.

"Good." She uncrosses her legs, looks at me, says, "I'm lunch."

"Here? Now?"

Guinevere points to the floor. "Men can be so obtuse at times." She stands, raises her skirt. It's pantyhose. Sheer to the waist. I see black panties. What women call full-cut. "Take your clothes off sweetie and get over here

on your knees."

I look at her as I stand, start loosening my tie, unbuttoning my shirt.

"Did you wear my panties like I instructed?"

I nod. "They're too small but I'm wearing them." I strip off everything, start to shuck off her panties but she shakes her head, tells me to leave them on.

"I'm fairly dripping. All morning, off and on, I've been thinking about you wearing them."

"It excites you then?"

She nods, crooks her finger. I go over to her, take her in my arms. We kiss and she fondles me, caresses me in the ridiculous panties. She pushes on my shoulders and I go to my knees. What the hell, if it turns her on it's no big deal, I guess.

"There's a button here." She takes my hand, puts it on the side of her skirt. "Unzip me, baby."

I do and tug her skirt. It falls with a gentle hiss. She puts a hand on my shoulder as I hold open the skirt and she steps out of it. The front of her blouse covers her between the legs.

"My pantyhose. Take them off and be careful not to run them. They're not real expensive but I really like Wolford hosiery."

"Yeah, sure." Awkwardly I tug on her pantyhose. She takes my hands, shows me how to roll them with my thumbs and fingers inside the waistband. Her panties start to come with them but she tugs them back, tight in the crevice of her legs.

I help with her shoes, roll her hose off her feet. She pulls my face against her flat tummy and I inhale her womanly scent.

"Get you face where it belongs, David," she says, sitting down, spreading her legs.

"Shouldn't I take off your panties first?"

"No. I want you to suck on them, see how wet I am. Thinking about you all morning, that's what made me so wet."

I put my mouth on the panel of her black panties. They are indeed damp.

"Blow on them. It excites me. Yes, that's it. Let me feel your tongue lave my panties. Oh, yes, baby. Push your tongue in my sweet crevice."

I do as she suggests, feel her leg press between mine.

I lick and suck and blow on her panties for some minutes as she pushes her shin against my trapped cock.

"Hmm, you're leaking on my leg. I like that." She raises her butt off the cushion, slides her panties down. I take them the rest of the way off, drop them. She shakes her head, tells me to give them to her. She folds them so the white cotton panel is visible, puts one hand behind my head and pokes the panel at my mouth.

What a crazy bitch.

"Open your mouth, suck on them. Uh-huh, that's it. Can you taste me?" I nod and she pushes more of the nylon panties into my mouth. "That's it, get as much in your mouth as possible. I want them dripping wet."

One hand pushes the black panties into my open mouth while the other slides along my nylon encased penis. She squeezes the head, slowly jacks my cock. I know I'm leaking. She brings up her hand, looks curiously at the clear smear on the pads of her fingers, licks them.

"Hmm," she says. "Do you know some women ejaculate?"

I look at her, shake my head, think about spitting out the panties and drilling her with my cock. She tugs on the panties in my mouth and they unfurl.

Guinevere looks at her black panties, nods at me with a little satisfied smile.

"Women ejaculate?"

"Don't act so surprised. Not all women and those that do don't do it all the time. But it's true. Women can ejaculate similar to men. I've been working on it."

"I'd like to see that."

"You will, sweetie. Take off your panties."

"They're your panties," I correct. I'm only too happy to get out of them.

She rugs on my hair, pulls my face between her legs. "Lick me real good, lover. I want to cum. I'm really wet. You do it for me, David."

I feel flattered, dive for her clam. Her pubes are sparse, trimmed close above the hood of her clit, the pink vulva bald.

Guinevere is very wet. My tongue easily slides between her slick gates. I push and push, get my tongue as deep inside her as possible. She holds my head, hunches my face, works her foot over my hard-on. If she keeps it up I might have an accident. I try and squirm away from her persistent foot but it's no use.

She holds my head fast and hunches my face, directs my lips to her clitoris. I lick and suck it for some time.

"Now open your mouth wide, hon. Seal it over my pussy as much as you can. Hmm, a little wider. That's better. Be very still. I don't think I can do it this time but I'll give you what I got."

Her foot is off my cock and I feel her tense. Her hands are in my hair and I am very still as she concentrates and does whatever. It takes a few moments but my mouth is soon wet, all of it coming from inside her vagina. It is syrupy and bland, the taste rather indescribable.

"Dip your tongue," she says in a whisper.

I probe with my tongue and at once it is drenched in her intimate fluid. Not exactly watery but somewhat thicker. This is new ground for me and I am excited to bring her to this pinnacle, wonder if she's having an orgasm as my tongue and mouth are infused with her ejaculate.

Guinevere flexes her hips, pulls my hair, hunches my face. It's hard for me to keep my tongue inside her.

"Get on my clit, bitch! Now! Now, dammit, *now!*"

I capture her clit and suck on it, slip my tongue over the nubbin.

After a few short moments she calms and is still.

"Lick me, sweetie. Lick me real good."