

ROBBIE'S REGRET

Volume One



MAX SWYFT

Robbie's Regret Volume 1 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 much better served if it were 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 undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and the liberals of academia, there are many web sites that express this *real* male feminization.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

This book contains vivid scenes of a sexual nature. If you are offended by fetishistic adult material pass this one up and go to the library. You'll not find this title there...at least not yet.

The Players

Following is a list of most of the characters in this book. It is put here as a reference tool since these characters overlap many of the books in the **Cytherea Coterie** series.

ROBBIE MATHIS: History professor at small community college who doesn't have tenure and is let go. He decides to stay at home, write book on history of freedom fighter of Basque people, reenter teaching career at college or university with new credentials from the publication of his book.

SHANA MATHIS: Robbie's wife. She encourages her husband and his book endeavor. She's the office manager of an employment agency in their modest city.

DEREK BLOUNT: Shana's peer and coworker. The two of them are in line for promotions at the agency.

FELIX HARM: Owner of Harm's Employment agency, enamored with Shana Mathis. Felix plans expansion and Shana is part of that plan.

Chapter One

Robbie Mathis rolls over on his side, facing away from his wife. "I'm sorry," he says. It happens again and he doesn't know why.

Shana touches his shoulder. "It's okay. I understand."

"Really, I'll do better next time."

"Yes," she says in the darkness.

Robbie waits for her to say more. He wonders what she's thinking. Not a word. He waits for slumberous breathing to signal sleep. He never hears it and he wakes in the morning, figures he must have drifted off first.

He hears the sound of the shower, thinks that's what woke him, and goes to the kitchen to make coffee, fix her a bagel or toast, maybe cereal. When he comes back into the bedroom with the coffee she's at the vanity putting on makeup. She looks at him in the mirror and he drops his eyes, puts the coffee on vanity.

"Maybe I should give it up," he says, sits on the bed.

Shana turns, looks at him. "No, it'll come. You've just hit a mental block. That's all."

"Still, I don't feel like I'm contributing."

Shana Mathis turns on the vanity stool, takes his hands in hers. "I just do a rewrite. It's not like the publisher turned you down. Mental blocks are common. That's part of it. Isn't that what you told me?"

"Yes, but, I feel like I need to contribute to our household. You're supporting us now. I guess I could go back to teaching history, send some resumes maybe..."

"No, you should do the book. It will help at another college, perhaps a university. Doing the book can only build your portfolio. So you didn't have tenure, were let go. Robbie, it happens. And let's face it," Shana says sympathetically, "staying with the community college would never get you anywhere. That part of your career is behind us. Besides, we're doing okay, Robbie. Especially if I get that promotion at the agency. If you want to feel like you're contributing, you could do a little more around the house. Maybe with your mind off the book it'll come to you."

Robbie smiles at his lovely wife. She looks sexy in just a white blouse, short half-slip and hose. "I'm sorry about last night," he says.

Shana frowns. "I am, too. I know you'll do better. We'll try again tonight. Okay?"

"I'm ready now," he says with a shy smile.

She touches him through the silk boxer pajama's she got him as a birthday present. "My, you are, aren't you?"

"Yes. I could do it this morning."

"Hmm," she says, fondling his hard-on. I wish we had time. I do *need* it."

Robbie blushes. "Tonight. First thing before supper. I'll be waiting at the door with a raging hard-on."

"Yes, that'd be nice." Shana turns back to the vanity mirror, paints her lips with a pink blush. "Would you be a dear and get my blue pinstripe suit from the closet? And the navy pumps, too. If I don't hurry I'll be late."

Robbie fetches the suit and her shoes, holds her skirt open while she steps into it. She ruffles his shaggy head of brown hair. His hair has a hint of henna in it. She's told him before how much better it'd look if he let her highlight it little, bring out the natural color. He holds her shoes and she slips her feet into them.

"I could get used to this," she says.

"Used to what?"

"Having a dresser. Zip me up in the back." She turns and he zips up the back of her skirt, tries to remember when this little ritual started. It was some time after Robbie lost his teaching job at the college. For weeks he was depressed. She soothed and cuddled him, reassured him that everything would be okay. Just give it time.

"The skirt's too short you know," he says.

"Yes, but I haven't much up here," she answers. "And I do have a meeting with that chauvinist asshole, Felix Harm, later. He's a leg man I think."

"So you're going to tease him with your legs. Is that it?"

"Sweetie, you're jealous. You're a leg man, too. It won't hurt for him to ogle my legs. I'm competing for that new position you know."

"Against Derek Blount?"

"Yes. If I get it we could use the money. Especially since..." She frowns, turns around.

"Go ahead, finish it," says Robbie. "You were going to say since I wasn't contributing to our income. I should just chuck it all and find a job, forget this book. Maybe a new career."

"No, darling. You'll do even better with more research, a rewrite and I'll be the wife of a scholar of academia."

"I don't know," says Robbie.

"I do. Now if nothing comes to you this morning while you're at the computer, take a break, maybe pick up around the house a little. I could use the help."

"Yes, I'll do that. The laundry, too."

"If you do the laundry make sure you wash my underwear separately on the delicate cycle and take care with the dryer."

"Sure, babe. I'll fix us a nice dinner."

"Maybe I should bring home take out."

"I'm not much of a cook am I?"

Shana ruffles his shaggy head of hair again. "We could go out to eat, after you've taken care of me."

"Yes, I'll be ready." He looked away. "I'm not much of a husband, either," he says depreciatingly.

"Don't worry about it. You'll do fine."

Nothing comes to Robbie at the computer. He tries to think about the Basque people, their history and the woman who had taken to the hills to become a freedom fighter after her husband had been slaughtered in one of the many wars that was characteristic of the region. That's what his book was about, this latter-day, larger than life crusader who gave tirelessly of herself, and in the end gave her life.

But it won't come.

All he thinks about is premature ejaculations. He doesn't know why it's happening. Shana is almost too understanding. Maybe he should see a doctor. Maybe there's something wrong with him.

But money's tight. They don't need the added expense of a doctor. Of course, if she gets the promotion to department head, well that's something else again. As office manager she's in line for the promotion, but Felix Hami's at the helm of the agency, and Derek Blount is Felix's old friend, has been brought into the agency by Harm and has advanced quickly in the meat market- that's what it is, a glorified employment agency. Shana's star's is rising while his seems to fizzle like a fireworks flare.

He sips coffee, pictures fizzling fireworks. It makes him think of last night's inadequate sexual performance.

Coffee sloshes over the rim of the cup, staining his silk boxer shorts and he realizes his hand's trembling. He looks at the unsightly stain spreading into the white trim of the fuchsia-colored silk pajamas. He sighs,

decides to wash them with Shana's lingerie. She bought them as a surprise while he was off wandering the isles. He thought the pajamas a bit too effeminate, and Shana had laughed, asked him how many women had an opening in the front of their pajamas bottoms. Still, the pajamas have white lace trim, a pullover top, a kind of scoop-neck and billowy short sleeves. Thinking about Shana and lingerie infuses his pocket rocket. The circumcised tip peeks through the open fly- there are no buttons- the heart-shaped glans enfolded in fuchsia silk like some morsel from an exotic wrapper.

The memory of her hand caressing him before leaving for work makes it jump, grow from the folds of silk. Robbie puts the cup on the table while his other hand touches it, feels it respond. He could do it right here in the kitchen. Who would know?

He blushes, thinks of Shana, long legs enticingly revealed in short skirt, her sexy lingerie.

He never wanders far when his wife browses lingerie. The day she bought him the suspect silk pajamas he'd accompanied her. It was just after the college let him go. The idea of the book came to him while she'd been browsing lingerie, teasing him with the sexy garments, asking his opinion on what looked good on her. What he liked. Years before Robbie had tried to deny his stimulation at the sight of such flirtatious undergarments, but Shana saw right through the denials, saw the excitement in his soft green eyes.

Suddenly he's up from the table, puts the almost full cup of coffee in the sink. He goes down the hall of their quiet suburban home and into the bedroom. Might as well get dressed. In his chest he picks out a pair of the bikini underwear Shana is so fond of him wearing. His old Jockeys were a thing of the past. Like many wives, Shana does most of the shopping for them. She says the bikini briefs look sexy on him. These French-cut concoctions look like panties, and he'd told her so- no fly-front in these- then he felt foolish about making such a remark. Shana took him into men's underwear in Penney's and other department stores to show him the various styles. Robbie couldn't deny the trend in men's underwear. It was okay to wear silk or nylon in soft colors and daring patterns.

The hell with it!, why get dressed? Shana won't be home until evening and he isn't expecting anyone. In the adjoining bathroom he relieves his bladder, glad that his *item's* dormant, then goes down the hall into the computer room- a converted guest room- and brings up the pages of

his book on the Basque people, their heritage and the unlikely heroine; the subject of his book.

He sits at the PC for over an hour, reviews what he wrote and sadly shakes his head. This isn't working, not at all. Yes, a writer's block. Shana's right. He'll just have to get through it, think about something else, *do* something else.

Robbie's mind keeps wandering back to his less than adequate performance last night. That hadn't been the first time. Oh no, not by a long shot. Shana's so understanding, in the past even held him in her arms, soothing him with softly spoken reassurances.

These things happen to all men, he had reasoned *then*, and Shana quickly agreed. But as it turned out it wasn't a random occurrence. It became an arduous task when he was successful in suppressing his climax, trying to let her get hers before he got his. Often as not he shot off in her clinging vagina like a hopeless virgin.

She has such talented vaginal muscles.

Restless, depressed, Robbie turns on the television, channel surfs, comes upon one of those endless talk shows with the pretty hosts. Several couples are on the stage, the subject being men who stay at home while their wives work.

Huh, what a coincidence, thinks Robbie. Maybe I should watch this, and soon he's engrossed with the program. There's nothing unusual about these "house husbands" in today's society. The eighties and nineties, the new millennium, has reshaped the way society looks at the conventional roles between men and women. It's okay to show their feelings- encouraged by psychologists and scholars- to explore an alternative nature. It's even okay for men to cry. The old norms of an archaic society don't fit in the new millennium.

One of the sociologists on the panel counsels these men about the old traditional roles, how antiquated these attitudes have become. It's okay to expose their feminine side, to become more attuned with their spouses and the changing society. It doesn't show weakness to take the female view. On the contrary, it's liberating and healthful. For too long society has suppressed our natural inclinations, this oppression fueled by antediluvian attitudes.

The rigidity of the past is gone, replaced by a new awareness.

Some of these guys even take over as pseudo nannies to their children. Robbie and Shana agreed before marriage to put off having children until the

right time, when they were both secure in their careers and could afford to raise their offspring in a fitting fashion. Shana has plenty of childbearing years ahead of her.

Like many of these talk shows, the subject eventually turns to sex and how gratifying it is for the women who have helped their husbands get in touch with their inner libido. Since becoming house-husbands the men are positively smitten with the subtleties of their new sexual prowess; this a more tender side of lovemaking.

And the wives adore them for it!

Robbie slumps on the sofa, reflects upon his own inadequate performance. He silences the program and the TV with the remote.

Damn, what's wrong with me?

He should see a doctor, get a checkup, maybe he's suffering from some physiological condition. He'll talk to Shana about it, see if they can afford the added expense. She's carrying family health insurance at the agency and he's covered. Maybe it wouldn't be too expensive.

Perhaps vitamins, some of those male fertility formulas that increase a man's stamina and performance. There were plenty of advertisements for such products on television and the net, including magazines and newspapers. Finding something like that should be easy.

He decides to cruise the net for some of these herbs and vitamins today. That might be just the ticket. Yes sir!, just the ticket indeed. Already he's feeling better about himself. He'll go out today, hit the health stores, inquire discreetly about these new wonder vitamins.

Only he doesn't go.

At the computer Robbie reviews some Basque research and is soon lost in it. Though he doesn't write anything new he feels somewhat comforted by perusing background material. He even finds a few early references to the crusading woman, the subject of his project.

The hum of the air conditioner wakes him from his nap. Groggily he sits on the edge of the bed, realizes he's still in silk pee-jays. Damn, the day's getting away from him. He goes to the hamper in the adjoining bathroom, gets an armload of clothes to wash.

In the laundry room off the kitchen he starts the washer, adds

detergent, then fabric softener in the handy dispenser. He's neglected the laundry nearly all week and slowly separates the clothes: delicates in one pile, whites in another, colors in yet another.

On the dryer is a pile of Shana's unmentionables. He glances at the coffee stain on his silk boxers, decides to wash them too. He pulls off the top and steps out of the silk fuchsia boxers, puts them into the rising water. He must remember to wash this stuff on the delicate cycle and be careful with the dryer, just like Shana's shown him.

He adds some of his wife's lingerie; bras, pantyhose, nylon ankle socks, a garter belt, which she sometimes wears to work. To this he adds several nylon blouses, a couple of half-slips- one mini slip she wears under a too short skirt- kind of like the short skirt he helped her step into this morning.

Robbie recalls their conversation this morning; *"Yes, but I haven't much up here,"* she'd said. *"And I do have a meeting with that chauvinist asshole, Felix Harm later. He's a leg man I think."*

"So you 're going to tease him with your legs. Is that it? "

"Sweetie, you 're jealous. You 're a leg man, too. It won't hurt for him to ogle my legs. I'm competing for that new position you know."

"Against Derek Blount?"

He pictures her in Harm's office, legs crossed under the short skirt, showing it to him...baiting him...? He shakes his head to rid the vision. That only makes it worse. He sees the two of them on Felix's desk, her skirt around her hips, pantyhose and panties discarded on the floor while her boss rams his cock into her pussy.

While he's at home washing her sexy underwear.

Something cold below his waist dispels the fantasy and he looks down. To his horror Robbie sees his hard penis pressing against the washer's porcelain exterior. How absurd, he thinks, him naked in the laundry room while his vivacious wife fucks her boss.

Doing his chores like a good househusband.

But he's naked and doing her unmentionables. The fantasy of his wife and Felix Harm, her long supple legs locked around the guy's waist, being the only *unreal* part of it.

The fantasy, though brief, is so strong it makes Robbie want to weep. Is he weeping for himself, for his wife, or both?

What he refuses to consider is his excitement at entertaining such a perverted fantasy.

His unmistakable hard-on.

The washer kicks in and Robbie ignores his tumescence, watches as the clothes swirl gently around the agitator. On the dryer beside the washer are Shana's panties. He forgot to put them in with the rest.

Quickly he gathers them in a pile, adds them to the mix. Oops, there's a pair on the floor, purple with pink lacy trim, a sexy bikini style. He's seen Shana wear these a lot. They must be one her favorites. He must have dropped them. He picks them up, starts to toss them in the washer, too, hesitates, looks at the white cotton panel, the discreet but visible stains.

Slowly Robbie lowers the washer lid, feels the warm machine against his naked body, the vibrations renewing his excitement. He rearranges his penis so that it presses against the machine and his plump belly. He's gained weight, nothing critical but like baby fat.

Curiously he gazes at the panties, the Vanity Fair label, size seven. He remembers these panties, how sexy they look around Shana's wide womanly hips. He tries to remember when he's seen her wear them last.

Like a delicate kerchief he brings his wife's panties to his face. So soft on his face...and fragrant with womanly essence. He presses hard against the washer and inhales Shana's scent.

He puts the soiled panel over his nose, inhales, feels giddy from the musty intimate smell of her. With his free hand he finds his cock, slowly strokes it while smelling the dirty garment. He washes his face with her dirty panties, turns the panel out, kisses it, runs his tongue along the cotton crotch, thrilling in the secret perversion.

The panties press hotly against his face, he closes his eyes and masturbates.

Like a bad penny, the fantasy returns, only *this* time Shana wears a garter belt, her skirt discarded on the floor, *these very panties* barely visible, pulled to one side, while Felix Harm's mighty cock disappears inside the leg band of the panties and into the moist folds of her womanhood which is hidden by the nylon panties.

These *very panties* he presses upon his hot face.

She's still in her pumps, ankles around the small of Felix's back, his hairy ass like a piston, part of the engine of her pleasure. She screams she's cumming, cumming like she never has before, urges her boss to fuck her harder.

Fuck her hard and fill her wet pussy with his semen.

Robbie's hand's like a piston on his own meat, her panties now stuffed in his mouth, sucking them, tasting her stale womanhood.

Before it's over Shana looks over her boss's shoulder right into Robbie's misty green eyes, sees him sniffing her panties, playing with himself. Her grin is more a sneer and she nods, giving him the okay to climax.

Robbie bites down on the musty soiled undergarment and shoots all over the side of the washer. The climax is so intense he slides to the floor, watches gobs of opaque semen slue down the porcelain surface. He lays on the floor for several moments, calming himself, refusing to think about what he's just done.

Then he wipes off the evidence with his wife's soiled panties.

Chapter Two

Robbie follows Shana to the bedroom, stands at the door while she takes off her suit jacket, steps out of her skirt and slip. He can tell she's had a hard day and wonders about her interview, how it went. He bet it didn't go anything like his forbidden fantasy.

As he leans against the doorjamb the thought makes him smile.

Shana tilts her head, looks curiously at him. "What a day. My feet are killing me."

"Want a rub?"

Her dark eyes study him with interest now. "You used to do that for me. I can't remember the last time," she says wistfully.

"Here, let me," he says, covertly devouring her nylon encased legs made all the sexier by her pumps. Even her slim breasts in a lacy white bra look good, large nipples yet at rest, imprinting the cups.

Shana looks at Robbie, sits at her vanity.

He kneels, kisses one gossamer knee, lets his hands slowly trail down her legs, fingers grazing her shoes, sliding along the pointy heel. For once he's glad about wearing slick bikini briefs. They help hold him in, check the ardor of his pulsing member. He wears, what he likes to think of, as a slick sleeveless muscle shirt. It's more like a tank top, really. Another of Shana's little gifts. It came with a matching pair of rather snug yellow pocket-less, button-front shorts. If his pocket rocket gets out of hand it won't take much to expose it in the tight nylon shorts.

He kisses the other knee, feels her hands comb his shaggy, henna-tinted hair.

Shana sighs and he kisses along her slightly parted legs to the gentle

swell of one calve. Robbie wants to *look* but it'd be too obvious. Kneeling in front of her like this would afford him a bird's-eye view of dusky pantyhose and breathable crotch, her panties. Thinking of her panties makes him blush. They are at the bottom of the hamper in the bathroom, soiled with heavy semen stains. He squeezes his legs together, tries to still his waking missile. Whatever possessed him to do such a thing this afternoon while his lovely Shana's at work⁹

And *the fantasy*, well, that is something else altogether. He remembers one of his professors when he was a student, her long legs and flirtatious ways. Oh, how she teased him.

He leans back, resting his butt on his heels, pries off first one, then the other pump. Her toes wriggle in the sheer hose and he's aware of her day-old musk, the raisin tint of her toenails. He knows the color's raisin since she told him while he watched her paint them several days ago. He takes one foot in both hands, gently massages first the balls and then her toes. Her foot's warm, a little sweaty, and he detects the faint odor of worn leather.

Another sigh of contentment from Shana. Impulsively he bows, kisses both feet, as if she is his goddess. His reward is a delightful little mewl. Her pumps lay on the carpet, one upright, the other on its side. The crazy impulse to bring them to his face and inhale the leathery, sweaty odor is almost unbearable.

He losses track of how long he kneels massaging her feet but the healthy dinner he prepared earlier, salad cooling in the fridge, baked vegetables in the oven, are now forgotten.

"That feels so good," she says. "I could get used to this kind of treatment."

Robbie looks up, glances between her legs. She smiles, leans back, propping her elbows on the vanity, rubs his chin with her toes. He kisses the bottoms and she leaves her foot over his mouth. He licks the balls of her feet, is rewarded with another soft sexy sigh.

Shana's other foot rests on his leg caressing his thigh, its embrace moving up, unexpectedly pressing between his legs.

"Hah, you're hard!"

Robbie blushes, drops one foot, pushes the other from his lap.

"Why's my baby hard? Is playing with my feet getting you all worked up?"

"Of course not," he says too quickly.

"Hmm, I don't mind...really."

"Well, what do you expect, sitting there in just your underwear."

"Oh," she says, playfully digging her toes in his crotch. "You've always liked my underwear."

He thinks of what happened earlier in the laundry room. *Change the subject.* Pushing her foot from his lap he says, "So how did it go at work today?"

"Ugh, I don't want to think about work *now.*" Her foot returns to its comfy position, kneading, arousing.

"The interview, about the new position?" He silently curses his squeaky voice.

"Oh that," she says, continuing to tease him with her foot. "Felix is such an ass but he is the boss."

He waits for her to continue but the only sound is the rasping of her stocking foot working between his legs snuggling his cute little nylon shorts, driving him crazy.

"Did he..., did he..."

"Did he what, dear?"

"You know, did he..." Robbie doesn't finish.

"Give me the promotion or ogle my legs, is that what you want to know?"

"Yes," he says.

Shana smiles wickedly, puts her foot in his face. "Give it a little reward."

Robbie kisses the top of her foot, again looks between her legs at the breathable crotch of her pantyhose, white panties beneath, which seem to be indented into the folds of her labia.

"Too soon to tell about the promotion."

Robbie looks into his wife's dark glittering eyes, a sardonic smile. "Well, did he?" he blurted.

"Oh yes. That's why I wore sheer, toe-to-waist pantyhose. So he wouldn't see an unsightly control or panty top."

"Damn, Shana, I told you this morning that skirt was too short."

"He didn't get the view you're getting," she says quietly.

"Oh."

"When I went into his office I scooted the chair that fronted his desk closer. When I crossed my legs I thought the asshole would break his neck trying to see over the edge of the desk. It was kind of comical."

"Felix Harm ogling your legs was funny?"

"Yeah, kind of." She spreads her legs, runs raisin-hued fingernails inside her thigh, beckons him with crooked finger. Robbie scoots forward and her knees brush his arms. "He suggested we go over to the low table and chairs in the corner of his office."

"Did you?"

"Of course, darling." She brushes Robbie's shaggy hair with her fingers, gently tugs his face closer. "But he didn't get the look you're getting."

"Hmph."

"Kiss me..., here," she says, pointing with a finger.

Robbie looks at her, that lazy sensuous smile, thinks about his earlier fantasy, his wife and Felix fucking. It makes him tremble but the vision is terribly exciting. He kisses the breathable crotch of the sheer pantyhose, inhales her funky womanliness.

"More," she whispers. She holds his head, presses herself against his lips. "I thought his eyes would fall out on his cheeks when I crossed my legs. He didn't want to be obvious but couldn't help himself. I squirmed around in the low chair, pretending to get comfortable, uncrossed my legs, let him have a good look while pretending to look in a folder."

Robbie shinnies free. "Shana, how could you?"

She leans forward, kisses him, sends her tongue inside his mouth, feels between his legs. "Baby, you're excited by all this."

"No, it's just-"

"Don't try and deny it. I can see it in your eyes, feel it in your shorts."

Robbie shakes his head, looks away, doesn't want her to see in his eyes what she already knows.

"I must smell horrid," she says.

"No, it's okay."

"Then get your face back between my legs. I want to feel your breath on my pussy."

"Let me take off your pantyhose."

"Hmm, that'd be nice." She looks at him for a long moment, finally stands, puts her hands on his shoulders as he peels the pantyhose off her hips. "Don't run them."

"No, I won't," he says. Her panties were coming off with the pantyhose.

"Leave my panties on," she says.

"Yes, of course."

"I want you to kiss them, too."

A little swoon escapes, barely audible.

"My sweet baby. You've always liked my panties. Or is it just panties in general that turn you on?"

"Uh, no, just your panties," he says quickly.

Shana raises each foot as he completes his task. She takes the ball of nylon, sniffs the crotch. "Whew! They're damp too."

"From kissing you there," Robbie says.

Shana puts a hand behind her back, the deft move which is characteristic of all women. She shrugs out of her bra, large nipples no longer dormant but hard and distended, thick, raspberry-tipped bullets. She cups her small breasts, tweaks the nipples, says, "This isn't fair."

"What?"

"I'm nearly naked. Take off your clothes."

In record time Robbie stands naked before his lovely wife, who is now clad only in lavender panties.

Shana feathers his penis until a clear drop of seminal fluid blossoms on the blunt tip. She rubs it with the pad of a finger, licks it, smiles at him. "You *are* ready."

Robbie swallows, nods.

She pushes on his shoulders until he kneels, pulls his face back between her legs.

A wet, gossamer veil of nylon covers her prize.

"Kiss me, kiss me real good, Robbie."

For several moments Robbie showers the wet panel of his wife's panties with sloppy kisses, laving the nylon, pressing his tongue into the folds of her vulva.

"You're getting dessert, baby. I just flashed Felix. No, keep going. That's it, hmm. I sat there in his office, crossed my legs, let a pump dangle from my toes. My skirt was high on my legs and he knew that I *knew* he was looking. It was exciting, and there was no doubt about him. What a cock. The fly of his trousers looked like a circus tent!"

Robbie stops, looks past Shana's flat belly. She smiles at him, nods, pushes his face back where it was. One of her feet find his missile and she slowly strokes it with the bottom of her foot.

"I wish you could've been there to see the blatant lust in his eyes. He was mind-fucking me in that interview."

Robbie renews his effort, tries to snake his tongue inside the leg hole

of her panties. She draws them to one side and his tongue slips inside her slippery gates.

"Oh yes, do it, baby. Suck my pussy."

Shana impales herself on Robbie's furrowed tongue, gyrates her hips, fucks his face with her pussy. "Damn, I'm going to cum, sweetie. Suck my clit, get me off. *Damnit!, you owe me!*"

Robbie finds her clit, takes it in his mouth and sucks. It's awkward, the elastic of the leg band fighting his mouth and tongue. He shuts his eyes tightly to dispel the image imprinted on his mind; Shana and Felix rutting like two pigs. *What a cock*, that's what she said. *The fly of his trousers looked like a circus tent!* is what she said.

Maybe the fantasy in the laundry was something more. Maybe it's reality. Maybe it happened already, and through some quirk of fate he had visualized it. It's a very perverse thought, but if true. ..then he's tasting more than dessert.

He's tasting them.

Unbridled, the sick vision bubbles into his consciousness filling him with unmentionable exaltation, a new unspeakable excitement.

He feels his hard, hard cock leak on his thigh, and for a brief appalling moment thinks he might cum.

Shana grips the back of his head, flexes her hips. Robbie feels the tiny vibrations of her clitoris, signaling her impending orgasm.

An orgasm denied her last night, an orgasm he owes her.

Had it already been fulfilled in Felix Harm's office? Today, while he was in the laundry room masturbating with an erotic kerchief: her soiled panties.

Playing with himself like some pimple-faced kid.

Is Shana now giving him *his just* desserts?

Her vagina tastes sweaty, a cloying syrup.

No, it's just another fantasy.

A day for fantasies and...masturbation.

"Eat me, Robbie. Eat me out real good." Shana croons to him. "You owe me."

Robbie kneels between Shana's legs. It's her suggestion that he slide his cock inside the leg band of her soaked panties. For several moments they remain very still but her inner muscles contract on his brittleness, working him, almost sending him over the edge.

He couldn't help himself. "Did you...did you...?"

"Did I what, honey?"

"You know..."

"No, tell me. Did I what?"

"Fuck him?" he says, his voice a trembling whisper.

"Fuck who, honey?"

"Your boss, Felix Harm. That's who!"

"Are you serious?"

He wants to look her in the eyes, instead nods, very much aware of what her vaginal muscles are doing to his hard missile.

"Is that what you think? That I fucked Felix today?"

Robbie bites his lip. He's very still inside her. The contractions stop. "You talked about his cock, said 'What a cock.' like you had first hand knowledge."

She takes his chin in her hand, looks deeply into his green eyes. Her dark, blue-green eyes glimmer, then take on a look of surprise, akin to shock. Maybe more shock than surprise.. "This is exciting you, isn't it?"

He tries to shake his head but her hand is firm on his chin.

"Thinking about me fucking: Felix Harm." She releases his chin.

Robbie drops his head, sees the base of his shaft glistening with secretions.

"I thought about it today while doing..."

"Doing what?" *You fool!* Why say anything?

"Nothing."

"No, tell me! Doing what?"

"The laundry. It just came to me," he says haltingly, "like in a vision."

"Like a vision while you did the laundry." She blew air from her lower lip. "What laundry?"

Did she have to ask that?

"Just laundry."

"My laundry? Your laundry? Damn it, Robbie, whose laundry?"

"Ours."

"Uh-huh. My lingerie. You were washing my lingerie and' it came to you. Me fucking Felix Harm. You've always had a *thing* for lingerie. What did you *seel* Describe it for me."

"No."

"Your lip's trembling." She puts her amis about him, hugs him to her and whispers in his ear, "You're very hard, darling."

Robbie, on his knees, struggles but her arms are securely around him. He's no match for her.

"Just stop that," she says harshly. "Hmm, we talked this morning about how you thought my skirt too short., me flashing my legs at Felix, flirting with him. I can see where that might lead. Imagination running free, seeing the two of us together while you are here at home washing my delicates. Tell me what you *saw* while washing my dirty underwear."

Robbie shakes his head, feels her engorged nipples on his chest. *This excites her, too.*

Shana hugs him, works her vaginal muscles on his stiff pipe. One hand drops to his butt, pulls him hard against her.

Lips tickling his ear, she says, "Then I'll *tell* you. You've never been in Harm's office so I guess he did me on the floor. Or in your fantasy was there a couch?"

"No," Robbie says in a small timid voice. "On top his desk."

"Both of us naked."

"No. He wore his shirt, trousers and shorts about his ankles."

"I was naked then?"

"No, your skirt and half-slip were on the floor and you still wore your blouse."

"But I'd taken off my pantyhose and panties, right?"

"No. Just the skirt."

"But what about my pantyhose and panties?"

"You wear garter belt, stockings, panties and pumps." He pushes inside her pussy, feels her push back.

"Yes, I can see that. Must have been an erotic sight, me in garter belt and stockings. But I was still in my panties, huh?" Robbie nods and his wife continues in a soft seductive whisper. "Was he dry-fucking me or something else?"

"Something else."

"Let's see, I'm still in my panties but he's fucking me. Oh, I get it. In our haste he sticks his cock inside the leg band of my panties... *just like yours is now.*" Robbie kisses her shoulder, nods, pushes into the wet folds of her vagina, feels her milking him.

"With you it's this panty thing, this fascination with my lingerie. That's why I buy you all those cute little outfits." Robbie goes very still inside her, is afraid to breathe. She starts working her muscles on him again.

"Can you see his cock?" He nods. "Is it a big one?" No answer,

very still inside her. "Hmm, yes, it's a big one and you can see it going in and out of my hot pussy. Glistening with my pussy juice no doubt, his balls banging my ass.

"My legs must be locked around his back or you couldn't see."

"Yes," Robbie says in a tortured whisper.

"Are you there, in the room with us?" Another nod. "Do I look at you while he's doing it?"

"Not at first, only when you...know..."

"When I cum, is that it?"

"Yes, both of you."

"I feel you. You're ready aren't you baby? Yes, I know you are. Go ahead, cum, picture me fucking Felix, his thick cock sawing into my pussy, filling me with manly semen."

Shana pushes him back to arm's length, keeping his missile inside her. "Whew, this is getting me all excited. Look at me, baby. I'm bucking my hips on Felix's desk while he drives his powerful manhood deep in my pussy. He's cumming, I'm cumming...probably crying out from the joy of being so completely filled.

"Now it's your turn, baby. Cum Robbie, cum inside me just like Felix did. Fill me with your sperm. I need it. I crave it."

Robbie bucks his hips. A wild cry, like that of a tortured animal, escapes his mouth, contorts his face.

"Yes, that's it. Give it all to me just like Felix did."

Robbie falls away from between his wife's spread legs. His body convulses and he glances at her, sees the glow on her face. His knees ache and he wonders how long he's been on them. Shana looks between her legs and he sees the spreading stain soak the panel of her panties. She smiles at him, stands up.

Robbie comes up on smarting knees, wraps his arms around her hips, kisses her indented navel. Her tummy is damp with perspiration, the smell of their rutting strong in his nostrils. Shana combs fingers through his shaggy hair, steps back, legs spread.

Words drift to him through a steamy vapor. He looks at her, she nods, the strange smile again.

Again she speaks as through water but he understands.

He looks at her panty-covered sex, the wetness, the evidence of their perverse pleasure darkening the lavender panties.

Robbie kisses his wife between the legs, lips smearing the thick

evidence seeping through the panel of her panties. He feels her encouragement as she pulls his face hard against her, works her hips on his lips, then bends, takes his face in her hands and kisses the wetness there, licks it, sends her tongue inside his adoring mouth.