

ROBBIE'S REGRET

Volume Two



MAX SWYFT

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Volume Two
by Max Swyft

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"// 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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Robbie's Regret Volume 2 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 and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be much better served if it was ruled by women.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and 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, and enchanted with each other.

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

DR. KERRY ASHBURN: Psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who counsels men to accept their inner femininity and the natural hierarchy of Woman.

CHANEL STHEEL: Importer, owner of Ssteel Imports Inc, middle aged woman, member of the coterie and advocate for The Sisterhood (See *Jerry's Journey*).

JERRI MAJJR: The shy brunette is more than Chanel Ssteel's personal assistant at Ssteel Imports Inc,

YANAMARI CRISTOBAL: The dark-skinned woman of Basque ancestry (*Ashley's Enslavement*), owns Cristobal Enterprises, and mistress of her transsexual charge, Ashley. A member of the Cytherea Coterie, friend of Chanel Ssteel.

ANN LIBER: Personal assistant to Yanamari at Cristobal Enterprises; dominatrix who loves women and punishing effeminate men who mirror women.

Chapter Ten

Robbie hears the apartment door close, pictures Shana striding down the hall to the elevators, from there to the underground garage beneath the twenty-story apartment complex where they now live. He sips the breakfast drink that tastes like orange but includes a hint of something else, perhaps banana and pineapple. It and the pills he washes down with the smooth tasting juice are a diet supplement, something to combat his eating disorder and supplement his pale skin.

He pictures his tall, lovely wife waiting for the elevator, purse over her shoulder, carrying a briefcase. Today she wears a blue blazer over a white nylon, button-down shirt with mannish tie. Underneath the shirt is a lacy camisole which barely conceals small but nipple-studded and unfettered breasts. Her full skirt matches the blue of her blazer and is of modest length, the hem just above her knees. She wears a full-cut, white panty briefer of nylon and spandex, the briefer to slim a slightly bloated stomach, since she's just come off her period. Her legs are bare and tan, feet in spiked strappy sandals.

Robbie knows all this because it is his custom to be his wife's dresser. It's been this way for some time now, ever since he started staying at home to work on his book about the Basque people and the freedom fighter who ultimately gave her life in their people's noble struggle for freedom. He didn't start out being his wife's dresser. It just gradually happened over a period of time. Shana encouraged him, said she liked all the attention and he was happy to comply. Since then it's become something else, something perverse and foreboding. Something Robbie tries not to think about.

He's done little with the book since they moved away from Middletown, the downstate city where they had lived practically all their lives. Now in the metropolis of Cyrenaica, he feels lost- frightened.

The eating disorder started about the time Shana received the promotion as manager of the newly opened employment agency in Cyrenaica. Robbie didn't want to make the move. He pleaded with Shana for them to stay in Middletown but she was adamant. The extra money and the move was just what their marriage needed. It was going to be a new beginning for them.

A new beginning for Robbie.

He knew for some time that he was losing what little influence he once exerted in their marriage. As Shana's dominant personality emerged, his considerably diminished. Shana increasingly made all the major decisions about their relationship. Robbie traced it all back to his sexual

failure...and the damnable dark fantasies that Shana coaxed from his tortured libido.

His frustration and reserve- a gnawing fear of the future- manifested itself in his newly acquired eating disorder. That's how Dr. Ashburn, his analyst explained it.

Consequently, Dr. Ashburn recommended a diet, and Shana agreed. The pills and citrus drink would help curb his appetite. If he lets himself go- becomes a fatty- he might lose all resolve, become listless and fall into depression.

Robbie feared that first visit with the striking Dr. Kerry Ashburn, that she might say something about his effeminate appearance, but she said nothing. He found her warm and engaging. Her personality put him at ease.

He finishes the citrus diet drink and absently counts the weeks that have become months since they moved from Middletown. Robbie feels a sense of vertigo about the move. It is almost like a time machine, it's that fast. Like a blurred image of a fast-forwarded video.

All of these events he's been hopeless to alter or stop.

The weather is warmer now. Trees are budding and flowers blooming. The changing season makes him feel better.

Robbie wanders into the generous living room, goes to the wide window that overlooks the quaint park near their complex. He thinks about taking a light lunch in the park. How nice that would be to sit on one of the benches in dappled sunshine, watch people stroll along the paths, walk their dogs, enjoy the warm weather.

His heart constricts in vice-like apprehension as he thinks about lunch, a leisurely stroll in the quaint park below. Even with the anonymity of living in the vast city of Cyrenaica, he is reluctant to take such a harmless break from their twentieth-floor apartment. He knows how he must dress if he would take such a walk.

He thinks of his wife driving from Hampstead, the suburban-like enclave where they now live, into the Canyons, the bustling business district where is located the new offices of the Harm Employment Agency. It's not a long drive, using the inner beltway, perhaps forty minutes in morning rush hour traffic, but as Robbie thinks about it his stomach chums with anxiety.

It's been this way ever since they moved to Cyrenaica.

This new life on his wife's terms.

The way he is.

The way she wants him to be.

Is all this inevitable, he wonders?

He looks with longing at the park from their expansive three-bedroom apartment. They have an opportunity to option the apartment into a condominium, apply the rent as a down payment. Shana's undecided. It makes no difference what Robbie thinks.

This apartment is his sanctuary and... prison.

If only he would come to accept life as it is now. That's what Shana and Dr. Kerry Ashburn have counseled him to do.

But Robbie knows he's losing his identity, losing all traces of masculinity. He's argued this with his assertive wife but she's told him he didn't have much to begin with. He wonders if that's true. This makes him think of other things...sexual...the last time he made love to her as a man, suffering another humiliating premature ejaculation.

It seems so long ago now.

And that vision- him as a man making love to his wife- isn't quite correct. He shakes his head, turns away from the wide window overlooking the park. On the contrary, he finally admits to himself. Would a man have coitus with his wife while his legs and privates were denuded of all hair, and he was wearing pumps and pantyhose?

Oh, sure, it was at her insistence, a condition of his being allowed to mount her. But did he have to go along with it? Use that depilatory and soak in a fragrant bubble bath, model panties and pantyhose and spiked shoes for her?

Did he *have* to do that?

If he goes to the park, Robbie knows how he must dress. It would be nice to get out, away from his dark tower, this enigma that is both his sanctuary and donjon.

He's been into the Canyons twice with his wife visiting the new spacious offices of the Harm agency. He didn't want to go, tried to beg off, but in the end Shana's cajoling won out as it usually does. He was aware of the scrutiny from the employees, this because of his effeminate dress and androgynous comportment.

This new image, the way Shana sees him.

It's all because of his behavior. It's what he really wants, she explained. He's lucky to have such an understanding spouse. He's tried to tell

her this isn't what he wants but she won't listen. She took him to see a doctor. At first Robbie thought it was to see a doctor that would help him with his new acquired compulsive eating habits, help him get rid of his tummy, help his pallor.

The psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, Dr. Ashburn, wears horn-rim glasses which emphasize large hazel, almost hypnotic eyes. Robbie feels at ease with her. In an odd way, he looks forward to his sessions with Kerry Ashburn, has entertained sexual fantasies about her. She's helping him understand himself, his confused emotions and diet, how readily suited he is to this new image.

Dr. Ashburn makes it sound so natural for him to accept his passage. Several times, while in session with her and after, he's caught himself reflecting, looking forward to it.

He goes to the bedroom, rummages through his dresser drawers, looking for something to wear that's not too fern, something that will more or less feel comfortable if he decides to stroll in the park.

Robbie sets out his clothes, goes into the adjoining bathroom, runs bath water, adding the necessary lotions which he's been conditioned to accept, strips off the pink babydoll and matching panties, sits on the toilet and pees.

His thingy hangs between now tan legs which are clasped at the knees. Nice smooth legs, soft and pretty. They were once white like the underbelly of a fish but now are taking on the hue of an artificially induced tan from several visits to a nearby tanning salon and beauty boutique.

He blushes remembering the first time Shana took him there. He wore loose, bell-bottom slacks with side-zipper, flat shoes, a somewhat mannish shirt that on close inspection revealed itself as a woman's shirt because of the left side buttons. Underneath he wore a teal bikini spandex briefer which safely tucked his thingy, giving him a nearly smooth appearance between the legs. But the most embarrassing part was when Shana handed him a halter top, the pretty attendant standing there to assist them since it was their first time. The clerk stood her ground and he was made to strip before the two of them, stand there in only the bikini briefer while being handed the halter top.

By then Shana had insisted that his body be hairless, smooth and soft from the neck down. He knew the pretty clerk was staring but what was he to do? She complimented him on his appearance, and that made it all the more embarrassing, said because of his fair skin he shouldn't overdo the tanning booth this first time. He turned his back to them, got into one of the coffin like contraptions, put on the sunglasses, wondered

what the pretty clerk must think of him.

Robbie relaxes in the bubble bath, sponges his body, the sponge lingering around his pronounced nipples. It feels good and soon they become perky, thicker, erect. One hand slides down his body, over his tummy, fingertips grazing in the tiny rectangle of pubic hair. He closes his eyes, touches it, feathers it lightly while he plays the sponge over his nipples.

Dropping the sponge he explores his chest, the softness, the unmistakable plumpness beneath his nipples. Shana says it's the creams and lotions, the way she constantly plays with them. He wants to believe her but senses she's holding something back.

His hand lightly teases between his legs. The quiet ticking of bubbles pop in his ears and he's aware of his rump, how he's gaining weight there, too.

That's why he occasionally wears girdles. It all seems so reasonable the way his wife explains it. He remembers balking about wearing the girdles. His objections to the girdles seem so silly now, especially since he's gone from unisex attire to outwardly feminine garments. Shana showed him the girdlelike garments men wear to hide their tummies and flabby backsides. There's hardly a difference, really. And there's no sense spending money on new girdles when he can wear some of hers. Besides, Shana thinks it's sexy, knowing he's wearing one of her girdles, particularly if it's one that's not been laundered, that carries just a hint of her personal scent. She tells him it makes her hot thinking about it.

Robbie stops the teasing hand between his legs, uses both hands on his chest, brings his thighs to bear on his stiffness.

One day, shortly after they made the move to Cyrenaica, Robbie observed Shana doing, what he thought at the time were arm exercises: Holding her arms extended in front of her and applying pressure at clasped hands at the palms. Soon she had him doing it. It became a ritual.

Now she insists he do a hundred reps twice a day. This exercise helps define his pectorals, gain back a more manly definition. For her these exercises strengthen her muscles, enhance her otherwise small bosom.

Robbie opens his eyes, raises his head from the sloped tub, looks at his chest and frowns. So far the exercises aren't helping much. Shana reassures him. He must have patience, give it time. Soon enough he'll see the results.

Reluctantly he deserts his turgid nipples and steps out of the lukewarm water. In the bedroom he stands naked in front of the full-length mirror mounted on the back of the door. This so he has the right posture while he does the exercises, wonders what his wife is doing this very minute, wonders of some of the male agency reps, if they' re ogling her long slender legs, flirting with her. Unbidden his penis stirs, rises from between slightly tanned legs.

Think of something else!

Eyes closed, Robbie exerts pressure at his prayer-like hands, counts to a hundred, decides to do twenty more for good measure. Maybe he's not doing enough. If he does more...say two hundred reps a morning, maybe he'll see the desired result in his chest.

Contradictions creep into his consciousness. He shakes his head, aware of his hair softly brushing his shoulders. At least he won out about his once shaggy hair, insisted that Shana let him leave it straight, without the inward curl.

He dons the panty briefer, tucks himself, sits on the bed and pulls up sheer nude pantyhose, glances quickly at his legs in the mirror, is secretly pleased with what he sees. For one crazy moment he thinks about a skirt; wearing one in the park. The thought makes him giddy with apprehension and adventure.

So far, he's not been out in a skirt, only around the house at Shana's teasing insistence. She treats it like a game and there's usually a reward.

"Don't be such a prude, Robbie. Let me see how it looks on you. It's only the two of us and even you've admitted to great legs."

The blue jeans he puts on are too tight and he has to lay back to zip them up. He looks at his rump the faint outline of the panty briefer, this quasi girdle that holds in his tummy and lends a rather flattering shape to his rump.

The jeans are women's and have pockets, but he knows better than to put anything in the pockets- as if he could get anything in them anyway.

He knows the white, button-front cotton shirt with the large collar goes with the jeans. He's modeled this very outfit for his wife before. It's a woman's and buttons from the left but has no frills, just the too large collar. Over this he'll wear a faded jean unisex blazer.

Robbie sits at the vanity and combs out his straight hair. The highlight is gone, the natural red tone barely visible. Sometimes when Shana's in a cuddly mood they comb out each other's hair. She teases him about it and he admits it feels good, almost sensual.

He leans forward, looks at his eyebrows, how Shana's contoured them. He remembers laying in her lap while she did it, plucking and petting, teasing him between the legs. Finally, when done she turned his face between her legs and he licked her to a mild orgasm. He nods, knows his eyebrows look better, and they're not arched too femininely...just a little.

Robbie glances at the cosmetics. Just a hint of foundation but no mascara or eyeliner, blush or lip gloss. He remembers sitting on the bed watching her put on her makeup when they lived in Middletown, the quiet shared intimacy of the moment, how his lovely wife would smile at him in the mirror, purse her lips, sometimes give him a sensuous kiss, encourage him to leave her lip gloss on, think of her while he did his housework.

None of that today. A little foundation, that's all.

He selects a gold necklace from the jewelry box. He appraises it around his neck. It detracts from his Adam's apple, is perhaps a little too high on his neck, but not overtly feminine. His fingernails aren't too long either, however, they carry a shine of transparent lacquer.

Well, that's okay...

Shana wants him to grow them longer. So far he's resisted.

The walk-in closet has accordion-like doors, is deep with built-in shoe shelves and another full length mirror. He flicks the wall switch and the recessed neon ceiling light flickers, hums to life, gives more than adequate light. On either side of the deep closet are racks full of clothes. For a moment his eyes fall upon one of the drawers near the back which contain what's left of his masculine attire.

For a moment his heart constricts and his lip quivers.

Robbie shakes it off, goes to the built-in shoe rack at the back of the closet, pauses, searching, forefinger along his cheek. He sighs heavily, decides on a pair of flat loafers with tassels that could easily be mistaken for men's.

He emerges from the closet with the shoes and the faded jeans blazer, ready for his adventure in the park.

Robbie waits at the elevators, aware of his trembling legs. He squeezes his thighs, runs a hand along the tight jeans to still the tremor.

Why am I doing this?

He encounters no one getting to the lobby, hesitates at the security door, pats the pocket of his blazer for the third time, feels his keys, folded bills, ID. and security keycard which will allow him back in the building.

He walks from the shade of the building to the park, pauses for a moment and feels the sun warm his back. He looks around but nobody's paying him any attention. He strolls along the cobblestone path in the dappled sunshine from the surrounding trees.

A gentle breeze tousles his straight hair, sends wispy strands over his face. As he walks along the quaint cobblestone paths that meander through the wooded park he realizes that his strides are too long, too manly, not befitting his appearance. Shana has warned him repeatedly of this.

Robbie deliberately slows his pace, takes smaller steps, putting one in front of the other, remembers modeling a skirt for Shana while they watched the runway models on "Fashion Television." They didn't prance but put one foot directly in front of the other. It took a while for him to get the hang of it. He affects this stride, minimizing the way runway models step, tries for a happy medium, doesn't want to look too girlish.

He passes others as he meanders through the park. Several elderly couples are out walking, some purposefully, others in a more leisurely manner.

Robbie watches their reaction, looks at their faces as they pass on the curved paths. He's aware of his quickened pulse, tries to calm himself, but no one seems to be paying him any attention.

He moves around a blind corner hidden in tall foliage, sees two young men approaching. About thirty yards separate them and he catches their eye. Yes, he definitely has their attention. He moves to one side of the path, tries to still his beating heart, looks down.

Quickly he looks for an intersection but there's nothing. If he veers off into the grass it will be too obvious.

They pass and Robbie's aware of cologne, too much of it. He thinks of the Ralph Lauren he dabbed behind his ears, on his arms before leaving his sanctuary.

"Hey, babe, lookin' good."

He blushes and keeps going, momentarily forgetting his gait, then slows to the new, acquired pace.

"Kinda flat chested," he hears one of them say. They both laugh.

"But can she give good head?" says one of them.

Robbie blushes.

He hears a wolf-whistle as he rounds another turn in the path,

finally out of sight.

He finds a "Y" intersection takes the smaller path to the right. Here asphalt has replaced the cobblestones, the trees and foliage denser. Up ahead in the shade he sees a small building with red wood trim, stops in front of it.

Perhaps it's the subliminal message, but Robbie's kidneys are heavy.

What to do? Go in the men's or the women's?

The reaction of the two rude young men decides for him. He takes the left entrance, the one marked "women."

It's quiet and kind of grungy. Robbie breathes a sigh of relief. At least he's alone. He goes in one of the stalls, slides the catch, unbuttons the tight jeans, lowers his pantyhose and pantybriefer, sits on the pot. For some moments he sits there, then finally he splashes the porcelain bowl, looks down at his feet and the tasseled flats-Boots!

In the only other stall. They look like military boots, the kind young girls are fond of wearing nowadays. He's never found women attractive in chunky boots. It takes something away from their image. Robbie hurries, dabs his flaccid penis, struggles with the zipper on the jeans and finally emerges from the stall ahead of the anonymous woman in the other stall.

He hesitates, looks in the dusty mirror over the double sink. His long hair is askew and he suddenly realizes he didn't bring a comb. He peers at himself, tries to see himself as the two young men saw him. It brings a smile to his face.

He hears the flush, rapidly rakes fingers through his hair, fluffs it a bit. The woman is quickly out of her stall and Robbie averts his eyes, catches just a glimpse of short-cropped hair. He moves quickly from the restroom, hurries in another direction, along another path.

Robbie decides he's had enough when he comes to intersecting paths, one of them cobblestone. He hesitates and it dawns on him that's he's lost. He has a brief, panic-stricken moment. The park's not that large. If he just keeps walking he'll eventually come out of it, find his way home.

What he comes upon is a hotdog stand on wheels, decorated in stripes, candy canes for handles, the spokes of the large wheels alternately colored in red and white. It smells good. He's had no breakfast and it must be past noon now.

One hotdog can't hurt. He clears his throat, goes up to the stand. In

a low quiet voice he orders a hotdog with relish and mustard.

"One hotdog comin' up, ma'am."

This brings a small smile to Robbie's face. He doesn't look at the man when he hands him three one-dollar bills. He takes his change, a couple of napkins and starts off, spies a bench and sits down, eats slowly, thinking of Shana's reprimand about how he should now eat his food.

"May I join you?"

Robbie looks up into the face of a young woman with short strawberry-bottle blond hair. Her chin is pierced with a single pearl and she has thin gold bands in one eyebrow, both ears festooned with hoops and studs. She holds a Coke and a hotdog.

Robbie nods, chews his food.

"Nice day," says the young girl.

Robbie nods, smiles, still doesn't look at her. She wears camouflage fatigues. She crosses her legs and he notices the boots, looks at her, then looks away, takes another bite of his hotdog.

"How long have you been out?" says the girl.

Robbie swallows, tries to find his voice. "Been out?"

The girl pats his leg, sips Coke, sets it on the bench between them. "Relax. I like it," says the girl nonchalantly.

"Oh? Like what?" Robbie's heart beats like that of a frightened bird.

"You're look. I really like your hair but you could've used a little more makeup."

Robbie sighs, looks down the path, wishes he never stopped for the snack. "You know."

' Yes. r ve been trying to get my boyfriend into the scene but he's being stubborn."

"The scene?"

"You know. The androgynous scene. You're more transgendered and I wish he'd just accept it. I've told him he'd be convincing."

Robbie looks at her, takes her warm smile to be genuine. He tries to think of something to say. Finally: "It's my wife. She's doing it to me."

"Ahh... Ever since I took my boyfriend to Clubmakeup out in LA, I' ve been trying to turn him. He knows how I am and we have great sex

but he's holding back."

"This is just a game between me and my wife." He offers the girl a smile. She studies him up and down. "Hmm, you should wear a bra, more makeup."

Robbie looks away. "I have to go." He starts to stand up but the girl grabs his hand.

"Please, I didn't mean to offend you. My name's Cassie." She offers her hand.

Robbie shakes it. "I'm Robbie. Nice to meet you. But I really have to go"

Cassie looks disappointed. "I'd like to talk to you." She reaches inside one of the sewn-on pockets of her fatigues, hands him a card. "I have a salon not too far from here." She stands with Robbie. "Please call me some time. We'll talk, okay?"

Robbie nods, glances at the embossed card, puts it in the blazer jacket, starts off. "It's nice meeting you, Cassie," she says, combing hair from the side of her face with her fingers.

"Do you come to the park often?"

Robbie shakes his head. "First time." He hurries along the path around a corner and out of sight.

Chapter Eleven

Robbie applies purple polish to Shana's toes. He's just finished her fingernails. It's all he can do to not look up. She sits at the vanity in her underwear, clothes on the bed, pantyhose discarded on the floor beside him. He still wears jeans and the cotton shirt.

"Tomorrow's Friday. You've an appointment with Dr. Ashbum. You must tell her about your walk in the park. I think she'll be pleased."

"I like Kerry but..."

Shana nudges his smooth crotch with her other foot. "But what?"

Robbie looks up. The way his wife's legs are spread he sees the panel of her panties, a hint of dampness there. He wonders if she'll have him kiss her before dinner. "I don't like where all this is going."

"Where all what's going, hon?"

"You know..., what you call my passage."

"Hmph, that's already been decided, dear," Shana says in a soft voice, applying pressure with her unpainted foot between his legs. She wants him to feel a sense of excitement when he attends her. In *The Sexually Assertive Woman*, one of the Cytherea Coterie's training manuals, it's also recommended, when possible, to have the male in a quasi state of arousal when performing menial tasks around the house. It's much easier to manipulate them.

Robbie looks at her, sees her fingers cupping her sex through the panties. "That's what I mean, Shana. *You've* decided. It's not what I want. And another thing. These chest exercises aren't working."

"Watch what you're doing, baby." She pushes hard between his legs, a reprimand for the sloppy brush strokes on her toenail. "Do more repetitions, dear. Maybe that'll help."

Robbie goes back to applying the purple polish to her toes. He doesn't like the color, wonders what else is in the package she brought home with her. "I've doubled the reps to two-hundred," he says doubtfully. "I'm going to stop using these emulsifiers and creams. I don't like what's happening to my chest."

Shana presses her fingers deeper into the indentation of her labia. It does not go unnoticed by Robbie, who finishes with her foot, takes up the other one and starts applying polish. "The way you look- even in jeans and that shirt that's almost manly- it makes me hot."

"That's just what I mean, Shana. This is too- "

"-Just right, sweetie. You said those boys mistook you for a woman, even said you were flattered, if a bit apprehensive. It's only natural being a little apprehensive. When I took you into the Canyons to the new agency your shyness and reticence excited me."

"Yes, I can always tell. Your nipples go erect, stick out like little cannons." Robbie applies polish, smooths out the brush strokes.

Shana raises her freshly painted foot to his face and he blows on her toes.

"After they're dry, I want you to suck them. That always makes me hot."

Robbie sighs, wonders if he'll ever make her understand. "It was very uncomfortable for me at the agency. The way some of them looked at me."

"Yes, I know what you mean. Disdain, curiosity...and interest."

Robbie looks up. Her hand is still cupped between her legs and he feels all squished up in his panty briefer, legs tucked under him, ankles together. "Interest?" he says, kissing her ankle.

"Hmm, yes. One of the older women and one guy. Did you notice the way Fenton looked at you?"

"You mean the guy who sort of pranced around?"

"Yes, him. I think he's gay."

Robbie shakes his head. "I'm never going back up there with you."

Shana leans forward, careful of the foot he's working on, cups his chin with the hand that was between her legs. "That's my decision, sweetie. I might want you to encourage Fenton."

"What?"

"Oh, never mind, Robbie. Finish my foot. I think I'd like a nice orgasm before dinner."

Robbie moves on to her little toe, shivers thinking about what his wife just said.

Her other foot comes into his vision. "Is my polish dry?"

He tentatively touches the tip of his tongue to a toenail, nods.

Her hand dips into the waistband of her panties and she smiles at him. "Suck my toes, dear. Get me ready for a nice little orgasm before dinner."

"Let me finish first."

"Hurry. I'm on edge. I can see you walking in the park today, those two boys flirting with you...taking you for a girl." Shanaplays her big toe along his chin, teases his lower lip. "And the girl in the army fatigues, the one who clocked you. We must visit her salon, check out her boyfriend. The two of you could be kindred spirits."

Robbie doesn't respond. Now's not the time. He regrets telling her about taking a stroll in the park. "There, all done." He screws the cap on the bottle of polish, looks up, sees the way her fingers are outlined in the panel of her panties, pushing inside her labia. It's an erotic sight and he wishes she'd let him put his thingy in her but knows she won't allow it, not after his dismal performance the last time back in Middletown.

It seems like ages ago, their other life, but it's actually been a few short months.

Her foot hovering under his nose makes him aware of the musty scent, the mingling of leather and sweat. It is an odor well known to him.

"Suck my big toe, hon. Show me how much you love me." She pushes it easily into his adoring mouth, thrusts inside her womanhood with two fingers. With her free hand she cups her breast, tweaks the engorged nipple.

Shana feels him suck on her toe, instinctively knows her fingers and his mouth won't be enough. Not this evening. She had a harrowing day at the agency. One of the younger sales reps couldn't keep his eyes off her. She knows the guy's a weak link and eventually she'll get rid of him. But he's a hunk and it makes her wonder what he'd be like in bed.

"Suck harder, honey."

Robbie holds her foot, sucks her big toe deeper into his mouth, wonders if he'll receive any relief this night. It's been a long time for him and his need is great.

Shana leans toward the nightstand, opens the drawer and fumbles around inside, brings out her harness dildo, the one with the three-inch nub that her cute hubby will grip in his mouth while he fucks her with it. She sees his eyes go wide, knows he doesn't like the thing.

Shana pulls her toe from his mouth with an audible "plop."

"I need this, baby." She waves the realistic harness dildo in his face. "Take off my panties, sweetie."

Shana stands and Robbie hooks his thumbs in the waistband of her panties, peels them off her long bare legs. With her panties off the musky scent of her pussy tickles his nose, makes him throb inside the pantybrief which tucks his penis.

"Let me do you," he says in a small voice.

"Do me? You mean like put that little cockette of yours in my pussy?" She stifles the smile at the sight of his flaming cheeks. "Take your clothes off."

Hopeful, Robbie strips in front of his wife who's working the three-inch nub of the dildo harness in her vagina. When he takes off the panty briefer his cock bobs in front of him.

He looks at the dildo, shakes his head. "I'm not going to suck on that thing, Shana," he says in a firm voice.

Shana pushes on his shoulder, smiles at his reflexive acquiescence as he goes to his knees before her. The dildo is in his face now. She smiles down on him, strums his cock with a foot, puts one hand at the back of his head, under his long straight hair, pulls his face closer to the blunt, bulbous end of the ivory-colored dildo. She says nothing but works the other end in her pussy. It makes a wet squishy sound.

"Not even a little kiss?" she mocks.

"No," Robbie says, lips trembling.

"You see why I have to use this, don't you, baby?" Robbie looks at the floor. "It's because that little cockette of yours can't satisfy me. The last time I let you put it in me you squirted like a hopeless little girl, left me- "

"-Shana, I can do better- "

"-Don't interrupt me," she spits, jerking on his hair until their eyes meet. Working the horn inside her plaint pink lips, the look of helplessness on her tame husband's face, is almost enough to put her over the edge. "I'm lubing the horn for you," she says in a softer voice. "So you'll be able to taste me. You like my taste, don't you sweetie?"

Robbie nods, feels her fist tighten in his hair as she moves his head up and down.

"I've had about enough of your insolence. Telling me what you're not going to do. When we moved from Middletown I told you how it'd be. You're not man enough to satisfy your wife. Maybe that's why you had all those sick fantasies about me fucking Derek Blount. You've seen his cock. I don't see how you can blame me for wanting to be fulfilled." Shana sits

down and extracts the horn from her within her vagina. She leans back against the vanity. Bottles and cosmetics topple, some hit the floor. She props her feet on the edge of the vanity. It pushes her pussy forward, feet framing wide womanly hips. For a moment she gazes at the fresh purple polish on her toes. "At least you're a capable pedicurist." She looks at the clear mucous gathered on the horn of the dildo, turns it to Robbie's face. "Now be a good girl and take the horn in your mouth, suck it clean of my juices and fuck me." She inserts the horn in his open mouth, secures the velcro straps behind his head, and for emphasis grabs his hair on either side of his face, pulls him into her pussy.

Robbie closes his eyes, knows she will guide the dildo inside her. It's his job to thrust back and forth, imitate a real cock going in and out while she plays her fingers around her clitoris.

So close to her womanhood, the cloying smell of her unwashed pussy is nearly overpowering. He feels her guide the dildo which juts from his face inside her labia, starts the fucking motion.

"Play with your nipples, dear," Shana say sarcastically. "I can't have all the fun."

Robbie tries not to think of the humiliation of this act. He kneels between his wife's spread legs, tweaking his growing nipples, his cockette trapped between smooth girlish thighs while he fucks her with the dildo harness, inhales her odor and tastes the greasy vaginal secretions on the horn. A rhythm is soon established. Robbie is aware of seminal fluid leaking on his tightly clenched thighs, wonders if he's to receive any relief after he brings her off. He needs it. With her hands finny hooked in his hair she controls his head, moving it back and forth...using him.

Being so humbled, being so used, he wonders of the exhilaration he feels. It's like a curse, an unwanted aphrodisiac that spurs him to a sexual pinnacle, makes him feel alive with a sick arousal that's forbidden yet addictive.

The collar of the harness that separates the horn from the dildo braise his lips as his wife quickens the pace. She's near and he's glad, happy for her, energized by his sick submission.

Finally, she bucks her hips on his face frantically. He holds the dildo deep within her as best he can, knows she likes the feeling of being

filled.

Shana holds him close between her legs for some moments as she comes down, then she pushes his face away. He hears the clatter of bottles being rocked as she sprawls against the vanity. It's a mess he'll have to clean up.

She releases the velcro straps, pulls the horn from his mouth, looks at the teeth marks on it and smiles at him. "Dear, you need to learn how to suck."

Robbie will not meet her stare, looks at her freshly painted toes. "Shana, I need relief, too." He rests his hands on his hairless thighs, looks at the tube of hard flesh trapped there.

Shana leans forward, elbows on knees, the harness dildo in one hand, shiny with her womanly mucous. "Lick this clean first."

Robbie shakes his head, will not look at her.

One hand comes into his vision. She frees his cock from the panty brief, pulls it out over the elastic wasitband. "Hmm, you've leaked all over yourself." She swipes up several splotches of seminal fluid, licks her finger, offers it to him.

Robbie looks away, blushes at her mirthless chuckle.

"Please, Shana..."

Her hand strokes his hard penis. "I bet you're ready."

"Yes."

"Uh-huh. Scoot closer, baby and I'll bring you off. No, keep playing with your nipples. They seem larger, the areolas darker. Have you noticed?"

"Yes, that's why I want to stop using those lotions and creams, the emulsifiers you insist upon."

"But doesn't it feel good when you play with your nipples, hmm?"

Robbie nods.

"That's a good thing, sweetie. You need to get in touch with your erogenous zones." Slowly she works her hand along his shaft.

"No, they're getting too big. And my chest..." His voice drifts.

"What about your chest, hmm?"

"It's too fleshy. I have bumps under my nipples."

"You need to do the palm exercises like I showed you."

"It's not working. I'm not stupid, Shana." Robbie risks a look at his wife.

Shana leans closer, face at his hair. He feels her breath on his ear. "We'll talk about this later. Tell me more about the two boys who flirted with you in the park today." She rubs the slick dildo along his hardness.

"It was nothing."

"Were you flattered?" Shana works his cock slowly, waits but he says nothing. She squeezes his cock, prods his balls with the blunt tip of her dildo. "Tell me."

"I was scared."

"Why?" She resumes masturbating him.

"The way they were looking at me. Afraid I might be clocked."

"But they didn't clock you. You passed right by them. You must've seen the desire in their eyes," she says, guessing.

Robbie nods.

"Then you were flattered?"

"Yes. It felt different. It's hard to explain."

"Did they look at you the way Fenton from the agency looked at you?"

"Yes, that too."

"Huh. You said they said something about you being flat-chested?"

"Yes, and then after I passed them the other one said it didn't matter. What mattered was if I gave good head." Robbie bites his lip. Why did I say *that*?

"You should've worn a bra. Still that's typical of boys. Wanting oral sex. Did you think about that, the size of their packages?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, sweetie, it's only natural, wondering about them, their excitement. You said they gave you a wolf-whistle."

"Yes."

"Are you near, Robbie? Do you want to cum?"

"Yes," he says breathlessly.

"Can you picture them now?" Shana increases the fondling.

"Yes."

"Yeah, I bet you can. Picture them naked."

"Shana, please."

"Do it baby. Try to look at it from this viewpoint. They thought you were a girl. Girls wonder about boys. Their cocks. What they look like. How thick and long. Whether their cocks are circumcised or not."

Robbie shakes his head. "I'm not a girl."

"They thought you were. Think hard now. Can you picture them naked?"

"Yes." Quietly.

"Two young men stroking their cocks...wanting you."

Robbie's aware of movement, smells her cloying scent. He opens his eyes, sees that she's brought the dildo to his face. Her intimate secretions have dried. He looks away.

"No, look at it, honey. It'll help with our little fantasy. This can't be much different than your fantasy about Derek Blount, watching him fuck me. You remember at the nightclub, don't you?"

Robbie nods. "Please, don't go there. It was a mistake."

"No, in the parking lot you watched, rubbed yourself when I pulled out his cock. You were excited. You can't deny that. My panties were soaking too."

Robbie shuts his eyes, feels her hand glide along his hard shaft.

"The boys in the park can't be much different. Their cocks

probably aren't as big as Derek's but you must be aroused seeing them that way." She hushes him with her lips, sends her tongue inside his mouth. "Let yourself go. Lose yourself in this fantasy. The two boys naked, you there with them." Shana rubs the dildo over Robbie's lips, smiles when he doesn't rum his head. "Yes, that's it. They want you, want your sweet little mouth on them." She increases her fist on his penis, presses the dildo against his lips. "Open your mouth, baby. Imagine it's one of those boys. Ooh, yes, that's it. Suck his cock, honey. I bet you can taste me. Don't answer. Lose yourself in our little fantasy."

Shana pushes the dildo deeper into her husband's mouth. "Suck it. Show me. You suck so good on my toes I bet you can really suck a cock." She works it in and out, jacks his stiff pipe. "Bring that boy off, imagine his cock spurting thick rich semen in your mouth- "

Unexpectedly, Shana feels Robbie spurt cum on her shins and ankles. She fists him faster while fucking his face with the dildo. "That's it, sweetie, suck cock and cum!"

In a tortured sob Robbie falls away from his wife. He catches his breath, watches her swipe the dildo through the runnels of cum on her shins and ankles. She smiles at him, holds the dildo in his face. "Lick it clean, sweetie. We both know this is what you want."

Robbie closes his eyes, feels Shana ran the slimy head across his lips. He opens his mouth, and she reinserts the cock, fresh with his own discharge, in his mouth. "Lick it clean. Do a good job, honey. Make me proud of you."