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Footsteps

Book One By Max Swyft

“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.”

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's gothic-like curious facade is where the mavens of The Sisterhood congregate. The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be better served if 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 liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW 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 Cytherea Coterie

The Cytherea Coterie traces its roots back to the turn of the century and women's suffrage. That from the beginning, it's ranks contained a significant number of feminists was no accident. Back then women needed men, these same men who largely dominated society and established it's dictates.

It was a loose coalition of like-minded women at first. By today's standards these early feminists would hardly raise an eyebrow. However, that quickly changed over the years. It was taught by a select few of the coterie's hierarchy that men were vastly inferior to women, that for centuries the dictates of a male dominated society were at cross purposes to a real, more orderly society; a society run by and for the benefit of women.

Over the years the Cytherea Coterie honed it's beliefs and practices. It didn't take its present name until the eighties. The biggest changes in male training were established in the early fifties, a time when discipline was still in vogue.

Some trace the coterie's roots back to the fifties. This is incorrect. The modern women of the coterie radicalized the movement in the fifties but it's infancy was around the turn of the century.

These early pioneers recognized the subtle influence women have exerted over men for centuries. It was their wish to bring this influence to fruition, make it a battlefield and help men recognize their inherent subservient role to women.

In the eighties Female Supremacy became a byword in our quickly changing society. But all of the coterie's teachings started much earlier. A plan was established whereby inferior males were molded into the image and mind-set of the women whom they served.

Early on these pioneering women recognized man's different physical and psychological traits, separated men into two basic groups: The first group, those men who might be cast in a pleasing effeminate image, were encouraged to femininity. The second group consisted of males, who because of their overtly masculine physical traits, would be trained as vassals to serve at their mistresses whims.

There were other males who were viewed as hopeless. These men were abandoned and ignored by the mavens of the Cytherea Coterie. They would be dealt with in do time: When the coterie gained supremacy in society.

Consequently, in the early fifties, women who were in the know reared their male children to respect and serve women. Many male children with favorable physical attributes were petticoated at an early age, taught refinement and feminine deportment.

Some of the members opted for select private schools where teachers were sensitive to parent's wishes and directives. Many of these households were absent of a father or strong male figure. Those fathers who were herded into the fold soon learned the ways of the coterie, found comfort and satisfaction attending their feminist mates.

These assertive women kept track of their combined progress, held meetings and discussed their pampered, panty-clad males. Communal spankings became commonplace, and at every opportunity the sexual psyche of their young charges were reinforced with feminine values and the belief in the superiority of all women.

Male children who didn't pass easily into attractive femininity were trained and disciplined at their mother's knee. While they couldn't realistically emulate women they were instilled with an overriding sense to serve the mavens of the coterie in all aspects.

The coterie became a quasi matchmaker. It's members, who were largely scattered throughout the country and Europe, kept in touch. When a woman wanted to marry, several male candidates were presented to fulfill her wishes and proclivities. In some cases both boy and girl grew up together. These were the easiest matches of all.

Female Supremacy in the eighties and Male Feminization in the nineties. This is all true. It is real. There are countless examples of this outside the covers of this book.

Immeasurable psychiatrists and scholars have recorded the feminization of males in the nineties. In the opinion of some it is the natural progression of society: The next step. Much of this feminization is subtle, not born of the Cytherea Coterie movement.

But it does exist!

The coterie would speed up this process, indeed, is taking the male to a new level of femininity.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena, nor debate society's acceptance of the new male. That this process exists is indisputable, a reality of our times. And there is no doubt that the feminization of the male will continue and accelerate in this new century.

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.

RICHARD RANDALL: Young and innocent, new to vast metropolitan area of the big city, he becomes disoriented, lost in a fog in The Barrows after viewing a porno movie in the area.

SONDRA PETERSON: Supervisor for the Cyrenaica Health Corporation. She's a tall large woman of splendid proportions. She is aware of the furtive looks from Richard at her legs and feet.

VERONA: A dark lady, tall and slim, appears from the thick fog in an alley where Richard has lost his way. She takes him into her loft warehouse apartment and begins his dark seduction.

DOROTHY SLANTER: Slim older woman, Sondra Peterson's Personal Assistant. She's a member of the Cytherea Coterie, has her own designs on her boss.

HAILEY: Rotund proprietor and owner of Hailey's Hideaway, displays the effeminate trappings of her mate, whose a singer in her piano bar.

MARGARET BOSWELL: Next door neighbor when Richard was a teenager. She seduces him in his youth, plants the fertile seeds of his fetishism.

CHANEL STHEEL & JERRI MAIR: Chanel, a maven of The Sisterhood, introduces her PA, Jerri to Sondra Peterson, shows her the practical aspects of male subjugation.

VARNA & NEAL FENNING: Sondra exposes Richard to this lovely but strange couple.

Other characters from previous works may appear briefly in this novel, and their reference for the those who might wish to pursue other readings by this author: Dr. Kerry Ashburn; shrink and psycho therapist. Chloe Sternman; Tall skinny domina, rich, usually spends winters in Barbados, hates the cold. Among other novels, see Neal's Undoing, Robbie's Regret, Jerry's Journey.

Chapter One

The fog was thick and I had lost my way. I was new to the city and had become fascinated by the seamy side of it near the River Barrows in the old warehouse district, what was known to us back in Dull Plains Nebraska as the Red Light District. Of course back home my small town would not permit any of these decadent delights.

I was young and naive, anxious to explore this metropolis known as Cyrenaica, and all the environs it encompassed.

Restless, I decided to take in a porno flick. I had cruised The Barrows several times and only once had summoned enough courage to partake of its lascivious entertainment. Even though in the big city, my small town upbringing made me shy and hesitant. The anticipation of the autoerotic possibilities across the street or around the corner made my palms dewy and skin prickly.

Unfortunately for me, as it turned out, once I had ventured into the darker streets of sin and sex, I was hooked . . . and ultimately lost in a dark vortex of sexual depravity. But I didn't know that initially. I was like a little kid in a candy store; I didn't know which counter to go to first.

I was much too shy to entertain soliciting hookers, and only escaped their garish and brazen propositions by venturing into the Adult Movie Palace. Playboy and Penthouse hadn't prepared me for this. Of course I knew of such things but this was the first time I had experienced it first hand on the silver screen. It was enough to make me come back for more.

That these old relics of the past still existed after the advent of VCRs and DVDs, the sexy choices of the Internet, was a wonder.

And yes, that was a rocket in my pocket.

It was a double feature – without Clark Gable or Betty Grable – and I stayed, storing the flickering images on the silver screen for later when I would be alone in my furnished apartment. It was at these times when my hand took on the fantasy dimensions of a phantom lover.

I wasn't so innocent that I didn't know about masturbation.

In my mid twenties, I was only twice removed from virginity. Those two sexual occasions, while quickly consummated, left me with a nagging feeling of unfulfillment. For some reason those two isolated episodes did not meet the colossal heights that my friends had bragged about. It was a vague sensation, and even then I wondered what was on my sexual horizon. Something was out there yet to be discovered. But what?

Masturbation became my pacifier.

I stayed through the celluloid rutting of the second feature.

When I exited the theater fog had rolled in from the old and now unused docks bordering The Barrows River. It was thick and ominous. I set off in the direction of my car. It wasn't where I thought it to be. I wandered through the adjoining parking lot but couldn't find the rusty old Chevy.

Sure that I had set off in the wrong direction, I retraced my steps. The sodium arc lights did little to penetrate the thick fog.

I rounded a corner expecting to see the multi-row bulbs of the theater marquee but found only darkness and more fog.

I started back from whence I'd come and turned right. Dim streetlights hung suspended in the mist like shallow moons in a cloudy sky. I went deeper into the street, my shoes grating on the clammy sidewalk.

Around another corner the street was narrower and like a mouse in a maze I went forward. Undaunted but wary I stepped off the curb and crossed to the other side. Cobblestones had now replaced the asphalt street. It was little more than a passageway and I hunched my shoulders against the clinging mist.

On my left a brick facade rose out of sight into the thick gray fog. I looked into a tunnel of darkness. Stubbornly I continued and finally came to a dead end near an old loading dock. The faded sign above the bay doors was unreadable.

I headed back. A doorway came up, an inadequate single light bulb overhead; the half window composed of reinforced wired glass. I tried the door but it was locked. And where would it lead, anyway?

I ducked my chin inside the collar of my jacket. There must be a pay phone around here somewhere. I would call a cab and come back for my car in the morning after the fog lifted.

I froze like a statue.

A sound.

Muffled by the fog, what was it?

I cocked my head and peered into the gray soup.

Click, click.

My predicament washed over me. I was a young innocent lost in the seamy side in a strange land. The word 'victim' flashed across my feverish mind.

Click, click, click.

The clicking echoed off the narrow canyon-like walls of the surrounding buildings. My chest constricted in a vice of fear. I had to use the bathroom. That thought, such a humorless joke, creased my lips, and I peered into the impenetrable fog.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

True, the echoes were muffled by the fog, but it was all around me. And there was nowhere to go, nowhere to hide. Nowhere for me to run.

She came out of the heavy fog like an apparition, saw me and stopped. Then she moved closer, high heels clicking on the cobblestones. Her hands were tucked into the pockets of a belted trench-coat. Coal black hair fell around the upturned collar.

Closer she came, the sound of her pumps echoing off the alley walls of the surrounding buildings. She was taller than I was, maybe six feet. Large dark eyes studied me curiously.

The cool damp night had put spots of color on her high cheeks. A thin nose led to lush, red lips.

Her bold scrutiny made me speak. "I've lost my way."

"So you have," she said in a husky voice. A smile flirted at the corners of her wide mouth. "This is a dead end."

"Yes, I know that now. I went to a late movie and when it let out the fog had set in."

Her red lips parted in a wider smile exposing bright white teeth. "Porno flicks, that's all we have around here."

I blushed under her bold stare.

Those dark eyes flashed briefly, like the flame of a candle in a gust of wind. The brief glimpse made me uncomfortable and I shivered.

"Could you direct me?"

"Come." Before I knew it she had stepped around me, her silhouette swallowed by the fog. It was almost like the dark train of a funeral gown. I hurried after the sound of her heels, caught up with her at the door I had recently passed. For a moment she stood there, key in gloved hand looking at me with a certain curiosity. I shivered under those dark eyes now partially illuminated by the dim overhead light bulb. That look reminded me of how a bird of prey might look at a helpless morsel before burying its beak in the soft flesh of its breast and carrying it off.

She inserted the key in the lock and went inside. Hurriedly I stepped through the opening, heard the door swoosh shut behind me.

I followed her down a dim hallway but there was light enough to see the backs of her legs. From under the trench coat stocking calves tapered to graceful ankles, feet hidden inside shiny pumps that clicked hollowly on a worn wooden floor.

I caught up with her at a freight elevator and we stepped inside, went up.

The freight elevator opened on an expansive hall. I followed her around a corner and watched as she opened another, less formidable door.

Through it and I was in her domain.

A narrow foyer opened into a large living area. The focal point was a skylight positioned in the center of a gabled roof, which had thick crossbeams running from wall to wall, the beams framing the skylight. Through the skylight I gaped at the black sky, not a star or hint of moon anywhere to be found.

The floor of the large room was polished hardwood – oak I think – intermittently covered with oriental rugs.

Directly under the skylight was a large sectional. Matching armchairs surrounded a glass, oval-shaped coffee table. The furniture was a dark purple color, the material velour.

Here, at the center point of the great room, was another woven rug depicting a fire-breathing dragon with large flared nostrils and molten eyes.

"Sit down," she said as she went through the room turning on soft lights.

Magazines were scattered about the oval coffee table. On the cover of Elle was a nearly naked model. She looked familiar and I remembered her commercials but couldn't recall her name. I rummaged through the magazines and gazed on another model in a bikini swimsuit. Frothy ocean waves lapped suggestively at slightly spread thighs.

Absently I flipped through the magazines. But my eyes darted into the dark corners of the loft apartment looking for my hostess. She was nowhere to be found. Perhaps she'd made a nature call.

I looked around, thought: a grand place to be in such a derelict neighborhood.

Wondering of the absence of my host, I took up yet another magazine. Cosmo. Another fetching model. Her bosom swelled beyond the low-cut scalloped line of a glittering gold dress. I leafed through the glossy pages noting the ads for makeup, nail polish, clothing, fetching evening shoes and daring lingerie.

It was then that my eye caught the corner of a rose-colored, silk bound book beneath the glamour magazines. It was the size of a large picture album, only thinner. I pushed the glossies aside and ran my palm over the embossed cover. The curved swirls faintly resembled that of a man and woman.

Goose bumps appeared on my forearms and I opened the book.

On the first page was an artist sketch of a naked woman reclining on a hillside in a bed of tulips. Her nakedness was boldly depicted; the slick lips of her vulva clearly visible between spread legs. Although hand drawn, the picture was of photo quality.

I knew not where I was. The thought of fetching a cab and returning to my furnished apartment had deserted me like rats from a sinking ship.

I turned the page.

A naked man sat between two naked women, his flaccid penis resting along his thigh. The artist's pencil caught one of the women reaching for him.

I turned the page.

Two women dressed in daring lingerie sat at the foot of a bed. Their lips were dangerously close, the hand of one near the waistband of the other's panties.

On the opposite page was a faceless woman gazing into a mirror. She wore a waist cincher, garters and nylons, her feet prominently displayed in skyscraper heels. Her naked buttocks faced the page. In the corner of the mirror, in faint pencil strokes, a crouching, naked man was revealed. He was playing with his penis.

I turned the page.

Two men and a woman. One sat over the woman's chest. The side view showed part of her face concealed by his buttocks. It was very suggestive. A labor of oral love. The second man held her legs on either side of his chest. She wore stockings and garter belt and her legs were crossed behind his back, feet shod in spaghetti-strap spiked sandals.

On the opposite page was a naked man bent over a cushiony armchair. Behind him stood a woman in stockings and heels, bare breasts and thick nipples alive with excitement. Her arm was cocked as if to strike, and in her hand she held a strap. The clear agony on the man's face was the only caption the picture needed.

“One of my favorites.”

Startled, I looked up.

She stood behind me, a snifter in either hand. “Brandy. It will take the chill off.”

She handed me a glass and came around the couch. She wore a knee length, belted sheath dress. The slick fabric glimmered in lamplight. Sitting beside me she crossed her legs. The dress parted above her knees, whispering over sheer nylon.

She sipped brandy and held the stemmed glass at her lap. The sheath dress slid away at the part, fell away from her legs to the top of her thighs. She made no attempt to cover herself.

I drank and the brandy warmed my stomach.

“Like the book?”

I held it in my lap. It concealed my excitement for which I was grateful. “Ah-h, yes. It’s different. I’ve never seen anything quite like it before.”

Her smile was more a smirk. “You’re young.” She nodded. “Go ahead, look.”

I turned the page.

A woman with modest breasts and upturned nipples sat on a bed. She wore crotchless pantyhose and high heels. Long dark hair cascaded around slim alabaster shoulders. She looked somewhat like the woman sitting beside me. Beside her on the floor knelt a man. His hands were bound together behind his back with what appeared to be a stocking.

The dark beauty beside me leaned against my arm. I was very much aware of the flowery scent of her perfume but couldn’t put a name to it. Our thighs touched.

“Another favorite.” Her bold stare made me look away.

Under the spine of the book was my painful boner. I wanted to



rearrange it, push the stubborn thing into a more comfortable position. If for some reason the book was removed from my lap this tall woman with dark mysterious eyes would see.

Perhaps what seemed so brittle in my cotton shorts was what she wanted. She had an aloof air about her, yet I felt she was flirting, teasing me, goading me to deliberate excitement.

Her crossed leg nudged mine, a fleeting caress. Her shoe with dipped sides slid against my calve. I felt the point of a narrow heel.

"Erotic pictures aren't they?"

"Yes." I finished my brandy.

"Want another?"

"No thank you." My shirt collar seemed tight and I resisted the impulse to run my finger inside it.

"I have more. A lot more."

I held up the snifter. "This is fine, thank you."

She tapped the book with a long crimson fingernail. "I meant artist sketches."

"Oh . . ."

"They are so life like, don't you think?"

"Yes." I hesitated. "Stimulating to say the least."

"Turn the page," she said.

I turned the page to a young woman in bed. Her slick shorty robe was open, legs spread. She held a vibrator, half of it hidden inside the wet folds of her vagina. The expression of ecstasy on her face was unmistakable. Her eyes looked directly at me. It was as if she wanted me to know about this intimate act, how good she felt using the vibrator.

The moment was so acute, that I fancied hearing the low hum of the ivory phallus buried in her secret womanly place.

My cock jumped and pressed against the spine of the book.

"Do you come to this neighborhood often?" she said, voice low, throaty.

Our legs were touching and her foot, encased in the pointy-toe pump, rested against my lower leg. I swallowed the lump in my throat. "Ah-h, not really."

"Just when you're horny?"

I flinched. "Wh-a-a-t?"

"You were at the porno house, remember . . . ?"

"Well," I hesitated, summoning strength to my weak voice. "I guess I was bored."

"A handsome young man like you? What's your name?"

"Richard."

Her hand rested on my forearm and her breath whispered like a feather on my cheek. "I'm Verona."

"Glad to meet you," I said lamely.

"How glad, Richard?"

I looked into the dark promise of her limpid eyes and felt an involuntary throb inside my shorts. "Very," I said, struggling but managing to swallow the lump in my throat.

"That's good," she said. "I like my men to be grateful, Ricky."

"It's Richard. Richard Randall. Or Rick, if you prefer." I hated Ricky.

The point of her spiked shoe slid along my shin. "I like Ricky."

I started to object but her eyes were hard, and I sighed, looked at the gleaming hardwood floor, the way the end table light glinted in a thin oblong oval along the seamed oak.

The room was suddenly very quiet and I turned back, looked into those large dark eyes.

This close I saw tiny crows feet at the corners and, not for the first time, wondered how much older than I she was.

"A friend of mine does these," she said and tapped the sketchbook with a long lacquered fingernail.

"They are very good."

"Some of them make me excited."

Well there it is, Richard. She's excited and wants you to know. Maybe she wants you to fuck her. Maybe that's why she brought you up here to this majestic loft of hers. Or maybe . . . just maybe . . . she brought you up here to sink unseen fangs into your soft vulnerable neck and suck your blood.

My body shook with a cold shiver.

I had to look away from her intense stare. "Yes, I can understand that. About the sketches, I mean," I said, as if to clarify. As if she was reading my thoughts.

Verona leafed through several pages and I wondered where her hand would be if the book wasn't on my lap. I know where I wished it to be.

Flavored by the brandy, I felt her breath on my cheek. "In particular, I like this one."

It was a charcoal sketch, the frontal view of a woman with long straight hair. From between the parted strands peeked the tips of her breasts, nipples prominently displayed and obviously erect. She wore a garter belt, nylons and ankle boots. Directly in front of her knelt a naked man. Her hands in his hair, she held his face fast against her sex. Thin streaks ran diagonally across his back.

Once again I responded against the spine of the book. Obviously I was being seduced and should have felt flattered. Instead, I felt wary, apprehensive but acutely excited. I could think of nothing to say.

"Ricky?"

"Yes?"

"You don't mind me calling you Ricky, do you?"

I did but I couldn't say so. "No, of course not."

"In this fog you may never find your car . . ."

She let it hang there and in spite of nagging apprehension my spirits rose. So what if she's a little kinky? I'd get laid tonight for sure. Was this a thinly veiled invitation to spend the night? If the tall dark beauty wanted some oral sex I would oblige. One good turn deserves another.

"True," I said.

"Then I'll call you a cab and you can get back to your car in the morning."

My sails went limp as if in a becalmed sea.

"Will you do me a favor, first?"

"Of course."

Put the book down."

I froze.

"Put the book on the coffee table, Ricky."

Verona scooted away from me. "That's better."

She put her foot on my thigh, just inches from my swollen tool. Her sheath dress fell away from her legs to above her thighs and almost to her lap.

The hot hard devil had escaped the leg band of my shorts and was pressed against my thigh.

I looked at her feet in the shiny pumps with the dipped sides. My eyes followed the gentle contour of a long slender leg. It was an erotic sight.

"I thought this day would never end and my feet are so tired. I've been on them all day long." Her voice was like a soft soothing narcotic. "Will you knead them for me?"

"Wh-a-a-t?"

One shoe magically slipped from her foot.

"Massage my feet for me. After all, I did rescue you from the fog."

"Yes, well - " The welts of her stocking tops were visible, as was a slice of naked thigh.

Her shoe slid to my crotch and I saw the faded imprint of the label: Bandolino. Her foot and the musky smell of shoe leather tickled my nose. The odor was not all together unpleasant and strangely stimulating.

Any other guy would have felt lucky. This woman was beautiful and exotic, her presence spellbinding, dark eyes hard yet full of promise.

This wasn't going to be a simple foot rub. Oh no! Bucko!

Not by a long shot.

This woman wanted sex.

Yet I was leery. It was not my timidity, not entirely. It was a vague but gnawing fear that things weren't quite right here.

I should have followed my instincts at that moment of insight. I should have beat feet and got the hell out of her lair.

But I didn't know that then, and like I said before I was from Hicksville, young and naive.

Chapter Two

There I was in Verona's loft apartment feeling that, through the skyline the night sky was oppressively pressing down on me. Her foot was in my lap, leather pump discarded, the odor of leather and sweat tickling my nose, my pesky hard-on which had escaped the leg band of my shorts laying hotly against my thigh.

Such a sight, the sheath dress parted nearly to her lap, revealing the whiteness of slim womanly thighs above the welts of her stockings.

I watched as she curled her toes within the dark mesh of nylon. My cock pulsed and I felt it leaking on my thigh, wondered if it might go off unassisted.

The shoe lay on its side, the faded Bandolino imprint visible.

I felt so alive and sexually charged. I wanted to bury my face between her legs and lick her. Yet I sensed a vague foreboding.

Verona flexed her toes and the sole of her foot came dangerously near the head of my excited manhood. "Well . . . ?"

I cleared my throat and my hand touched her stocking foot at the ankle. My fingers grazed the gentle swell there. The stocking felt slick and sensual. My fingers trailed from her ankle to toes, which felt damp and warm.

"Have you ever massaged a woman's foot, Ricky?"

"No," I quaked. Was I lying? In the heat of the moment I wasn't sure.

Her foot pressed closer on my thigh, nearer my penis. "Well, it will please me."

I took her foot in both hands and rubbed it. A soft moan escaped lush pouting lips.

"Yes, that feels so-o-o good."

I worked on the balls of her feet, along the instep, cupped her heel, then slid my hands to her toes. The moist digits wriggled in my grasp, as did my cock.

Her other shoe came off and that cloying odor of leather, musty feet and sweat drifted up to me, tickled my nose, made my cock twitch helplessly.

The ambrosia of her feet were like a sensual elixir that fueled a vague but passionate devotion within my breast.

I was enthralled, not only with her tall slim womanliness, but her indefinable yet palpable presence. It drew me like a magnet, and I was only to wonder what delicious scents lay beyond the mustiness of her stocking feet.

I looked into dark glittering eyes but couldn't hold them.

The heel of her first foot came to rest along the length of my shaft. My cock throbbed against the bottom of her foot. She slid her foot lightly along its length and I dared not look up.

Her soft moans encouraged me and I worked on her redolent foot. I continued to knead her nylon pede and finally my hands rested on top my thighs.

"Thank you, Ricky, you're a doll."

Verona stretched her leg and pointed her foot near my chest. The bouquet of foot odor was a strangely stimulating aphrodisiac. That I would be so enamored with this stale scent was a mystery. But I could not deny my excitement and quickly decided that her intoxicating allure was spurred by those long slim legs so fetchingly displayed in dark shimmering nylons.

My eyes traveled from damp toes, that even now were drumming against my sweaty palms, to comely shins, rounded knees and graceful thighs. Higher yet, the sheath dress parted as if a curtain, past the welts of stocking tops, metallic garters on either leg pulling the stockings so tight as if any moment the mesh might tear away from her warm succulent flesh. The garter snaps glittered dully like dull silver.

Verona's leg shifted, the sole of her foot exerting pressure on my uncontrollable pulsing hot hard devil. There at the juncture of her legs which were now slightly spread I saw a narrow triangle of black. A bit of shadow from the sheath dress cloaked this sight, made me squint.

Such an intimate glimpse of slick underwear.

I knew I should look away, not be so obvious.

My face felt feverish like I was coming down with some virus that affected me in a strange sexual way, left me wanting, panting with desire.

"Kiss her feet, show your devotion!" came silently screaming from the limbic region of my brain. The command was almost irresistible.

One of her hands drifted to the part of her legs and, fascinated I watched slender fingers, long nails painted dark red, press at that masked mystery.

I wanted so much to put my hand, perhaps only my palm, and gently press against the black veil that hid her womanly treasure.

"That felt really good." Her foot hovered near my face and I wondered when she'd take it away.

"Tell me, Ricky, are my feet pretty?"

Her voice was soft but strained, full of emotion.

I looked at her toes, the graceful arch of her slim foot, the wrinkled skin barely discernible under dark nylon. "Yes," I croaked.

Her other foot nudged my cock and I flinched. It was no accident. The bottom traced its length and a tiny swoon of pleasure escaped my lips.

"Then kiss it."

Briefly I thought of a holiday commercial. It was a sexy scene. A couple dressed in eveningwear sat on a couch. They had obviously been out to dinner, or dancing, or both. He slipped off her high heel, poured champagne into it and drank.

Verona and I had shared brandy and her persistent foot on my tumescence was more than just mild flirtation.

I bent my head and kissed her foot.

"You can do better." Her hand slipped between her legs and her fingers pressed at the panel of black panties.

It struck me how bizarre this was, how sinful, how deliciously decadent. Her other foot was hot on my cock, pressing, urging me to action.

It was a strange seduction to say the least.

I held her foot and licked her nylon-clad toes. It was a musky taste of sweat and leather. The clammy odor made me giddy with passion.

Her other foot rubbed my stiff member and a wet spot appeared on my trousers, ever enlarging. I licked her foot like a famished waif. Her little toe slipped between my lips, then the next one came in to keep it company. I felt the hardness of her smooth toenails. My tongue lavishly swept over her toes.

Verona was a tall mysterious vixen. Coincidence and fog had thrown us together. We were here in her eccentric warehouse apartment acting our parts in a jaded play.

And she was the director.

