

FOOTSTEPS

BOOK TWO



THE TRANSFORMATION IN
Progress...

MAX SWYET

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Footsteps:

Book Two

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.”

Max Swyft

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 distinct facade marked by heavy dark wooden doors. The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be better served if women ruled it.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is indisputable. In addition to countless scholars and liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW 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 these 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, its ranks contained a significant number of feminists was no accident. Back then women needed men, these same men who largely dominated society and established its 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 its 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 its 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 due 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 of 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 this process up, 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 phenomenon, 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 Eight

I immersed myself in work, kept busy. Yet not so busy as to not notice the women with whom I worked, what they wore, what adorned their legs, trying to figure out if perhaps one wore a garter belt and stockings. Not likely. Still I wondered.

Too many of the girls wore sensible shoes with low or flat heels. For some unfathomable reason, shoes with chunky heels turned me off. It seemed somehow these chunky heels detracted from the symmetry of a woman's legs.

Too often the dream of Verona, Sherry and a muscular unnamed hunk, manifested unto my consciousness. I tried to shut it out but it would appear as if from the ether at the oddest of times. I loathed its coming but there seemed little I could do to prevent its reoccurrence.

I didn't hear from Verona and her void left me aching. I knew I should stop seeing this depraved woman, yet I hungered for her as an addict does crack. I imagined the olfactory lure of her body, the scent of her leathery shoes and musky redolent feet.

Sondra continued to tease me at work. Enticing glimpses of her long legs were more generous and my mornings and afternoons were, for the most part, fetishistic delights.

High heels of all manner and color. Brightly painted fingers and toes (when allowed through open-toed shoes), always matching. It made me wonder who was doing the boss' cosmetic chores. I so much wanted to apply for the job but didn't have the courage to ask, wondered if, like a lot of other women, she went to the nail salons that seemed all the rage these days. Looking back I didn't remember my mother or Margaret Boswell, the delectable neighbor of my childhood fantasies having their finger and toenails done at the beauty shop. Thinking about Mrs. Boswell and what transpired between us years ago gave me an uncomfortable boner. Since my semi-private cubicle was three-sided I had to be careful rearranging the "wild one."

As for Sondra, she fed me quick snatches of stocking tops, a glimmer of garter snaps, and the occasional flash of bare thigh. It was like she was taunting me by wearing a garter belt and stockings. I alone had caught her tugging stockings up those mighty legs, though her appearance at work in stockings was rare.

The looks she gave me were haunting, seemingly filled with knowledge. She seemed to know, and I wondered if my subservient training at the hands of Verona, my dark dominatrix, was revealing my submissiveness more than I knew.

Of course Sondra caught me looking. Her approval of my lustful stares went unspoken between us. If she didn't approve, want me to look, why did she continue to tease me? Her small smiles of satisfaction and the look in her eyes were all too reminiscent of Verona's.

A few days after my depraved behavior at Tiara's Boutique, Sondra wore open-toe heels to work, strong legs encased in nude pantyhose, all the better to remind me of the fuchsia color nail polish. I tried to glimpse Dorothy's toenails but her desk well and closed-toe pumps were my foil.

Dorothy must have become wise to my efforts to glimpse her tootsies. Late that afternoon she stopped by my desk, which was surrounded on three sides by makeshift fabric cubicles, put the Murfield folder on it, gave me a look.

I knew she was wearing closed-toe pumps so I didn't look, though I wanted to. She skewered me with her eyes, pried off one of her shoes with the other and wriggled her toes. She wanted me to look, to see those little red digits.

"Ms. Peterson will go over the Murfield figures with you. There could be a workers comp violation. Prevarication maybe. Since we underwrite their workers comp she's concerned."

I had no choice, really. I looked down, saw those delectable morsels wiggle, then looked around guiltily to see if anyone was watching this little flirtatious display with the older woman. Everyone was busy, some glancing at the clock as it neared five, putting their desks in order, readying to leave work, get out of Dodge for the weekend.

"Monday I'll be wearing a new color, Richard. If you're polite I'll let you see." She gave me another look, her face almost solemn.

"I don't care," I blurted a little too forcefully.

Her smile morphed into a smirk as she pushed her stocking foot back into the pump. "Yes you do," she said quietly. "More so than other men around here."

"Really?"

She nodded. "You don't think we notice but we do."

"We?"

"Yes, honey," she said rather condescendingly. "Several of the women who work here know how your eyes wander and where they wander to. Sondra's one of them."

I could think of no reply.

"You look cute when you blush, Richard. Some women really don't appreciate a man like you. I'm one that does." She leaned over my face, whispered, "I know what you crave."

With that she walked back toward Sondra's office.

Maybe it was my imagination but it appeared her sashay a bit extravagant.

Was I that obvious, I wondered. Did other women at work know that I secretly ogled their legs and feet, that I noticed what kind of shoes they wore, if they were stylish and sexy?

It was enough to make me hard and I was thankful for my desk well.

Feeling restless and frustrated, not wanting to fight the rush hour, I walked to Lucifer's for my usual. I tried unsuccessfully to analyze my funky mood while waiting for a gin and tonic. It being Friday the place was packed. It was standing room only at the bar, me there with the rest of them, all of us like a herd of thirsty cattle at a pond.

I glanced casually around the narrow barroom area in the front of the place, saw four women crowded around one of those little high circular tables. Two of them wore skirts, one carelessly revealing a slice of bare thigh almost to her hip, feet encased in open-toe sandals.

The days were growing short for the opportunity to scope out what I came to coin as the "naked leg and foot look." Colder weather and winter were fast approaching. More

and more women would revert to slacks, hide their legs from the Hawk who swooped down from Canada and made us all shiver and seek warmth.

Another thing I couldn't figure out were why some women wore hose while others didn't. Some women were blessed with "the bare leg look," their skin sleek and smooth, knees comely, shins and thighs curvaceous. Yet others would be better off in pantyhose which would enhance their less attractive gams.

Gams. What an outdated word. Where had I heard it? Then I remembered; an old black and white movie with Barbara Stanwyck. She was dancing on stage in a nightclub, legs splendidly revealed. Some guy at a table said something about her gams.

I drank of the girl's legs at the high round table while sipping my gin and tonic. She pulled it off successfully – the "naked leg and foot look." Like bare legs, this drink would soon be out of season. I wasn't much of a drinker, briefly thought about what I might partake of during Winter, couldn't think of a thing.

I caught movement in the corner of my eye, looked off into the interior, saw an arm waving. At me? Then I saw Sondra's as she leaned sideways in her chair. She sat with two other women, one of which I recognized from work.

Motioning for me to join them.

By the time I reached their table my mood had improved considerably. She indicated an empty chair and introduced me to the other two women. I forgot their names as soon I was introduced and tried in vain to make conversation.

"Richard is a promising employee of the company," Sondra explained.

"Yes," said the one, "I remember seeing him on your floor.

A waitress appeared and Sondra ordered a round of drinks.

I listened to the three of them prattle, snatched looks at Sondra's large bosom in a clinging angora sweater, how the points of her breasts imprinted the material, wondered how her chest might look naked. Wondered of her nipples. Were they plump or long, or both when excited. Did she have large areola? Were they bumpy?

Did she like to be titty-fucked?

I must have become lost in a fantasy because when Sondra touched my arm I had to shake my head. The other two women were gone. I had no recollection of them leaving.

"Is there a stain on my sweater, Richard?" she said, bowing her head, scrutinizing her bosom.

"What?"

A hint of a smile played at lush red lips. "You're staring at my chest."

"Oh! I'm sorry. Guess my mind was elsewhere."

"Hmm, you're eyes were kind of glazed. What were you thinking?"

That I want to titty-fuck you. And that's not all. I want to do dirty things with your feet.

"Uh . . . nothing."

"I want to ask you something," she said hesitantly.

Involuntarily I felt my body stiffen. ". . . Yes?"

"Last week I saw you sitting in the lounge area with some woman. You were at the bar, then went over and joined her table. Who is she?"

"Oh, just someone I met," I said as nonchalantly as I could, almost relaxing.

"Hmm, looked to me like you two were pretty cozy. What's her name – if you don't mind my asking, that is?"

Large royal blue eyes made me blink. I felt as though under a microscope.

"Uhm, let's see," I said, frantically trying to gather my thoughts, come up with a lie, something that would pacify her.

"Why don't you start with her name. You do know her name don't you?"

Uh, yes. It's Verona."

"Verona? What a lovely name. Does she have a last name?"

"Huh," I said, trying to recall her last name, suddenly realizing I didn't know it. "Well, I don't know." I shrugged. "Just Verona, I guess. I don't know her very well."

Sondra arched an eyebrow. "A mystery woman, heh?"

Unwittingly she nailed the tall lithe woman who commanded my fetishistic dreams.

"Yes, that's it," I said, seeking an escape.

"Hmm. From where I sat you couldn't take your eyes off her."

"Uh, well, I don't know her that well," I carped, desperately trying to think of something to get Sondra off what was fast becoming a dangerous subject. I couldn't very well tell Sondra Peterson about the brief but perverted relationship I shared with Verona. She wouldn't understand the truth. Hell, I didn't understand it.

"Uh, Dorothy dropped the Murfield folder on my desk late this afternoon, said you'd fill me in on what's going on. Something about fraud and workman's compensation."

Sondra smiled indulgently. "I'll get to that in a minute," she said deflecting my parry, sipping red wine. "She had a presence, this Verona woman."

"Oh?" My voice sounded weak.

"Yes," Sondra said. "Like an aura, you know?"

I shrugged, squirmed in the chair.

"You either have it or you don't. This Verona woman definitely has it."

That's not all!

"Where did you meet?"

"Ah, who . . . ?"

Sondra frowned. "Richard, you naughty boy, you're being obtuse. This Verona woman. Where did you meet her?"

"HMMMMMM," I said, in my mind hearing the spikes of her pumps echoing off the crumbling brick facade of the alley, seeing the fog swirl around as she emerged from it.

Like a specter from infernal regions.

"Well, er, the street."

"Don't tell me she's a lady of the night!"

"No, I don't mean it like that." The fool, I rushed into the breach. "In the Barrows. I was bored and had went to a movie. Somehow I got turned around, got lost in the fog. It was foggy that night, I repeated," hurrying along, grasping for words. "I guess I got dis-oriented. She showed me the way out."

"The way out?" she said, arching an eyebrow.

"Yes. Of the alley."

"Alley?"

"Yes. I didn't know it was an alley. Not at first, anyway. You see she took me up to her apartment in the warehouse district, called a cab for me. Unh, that's how I met her."

"Sounds like you're making this up, Richard," teased Sondra, shifting in her chair, crossing her legs.

I wanted to look under the table, ogle her legs, shoes, feet. Like Pavlov's dog, my cock twitched as the thought skittered quickly in my head.

"I don't recall any theaters in the warehouse district. Was it a play?" Before I could answer she shook her head, long and curly chestnut hair obscuring one side of her face. "No, you said a movie, so it wasn't a play."

"Yes, a movie."

"Hmph, only certain kind of movies in The Barrows."

I looked at her, dropped my eyes, looked at melting ice cubes in my rock glass.

"You bad boy, Richard. You went to a porno movie!"

"I - no, that's not it," I said.

I had to pee. It came on me suddenly.

"Uhm, excuse me. I'll be right back."

Sondra's eyes followed me into Lucifer's interior. I felt her eyes on my back as I hurried down the hall to the bathrooms.

Coming back from the bathroom I saw she sat sideways at the table, skirt midway on powerful thighs. Sondra usually wore pantyhose. Unless of course, when she wore a garter belt and stockings. But those fetishistic enhanced sightings were few. The hose were a dusky color and her feet were in charcoal pumps that matched her skirt. She saw me and one foot started swinging.

I slowed, gazed at her legs, the desire to make love to her surging in my breast. The feeling was so overwhelming that it made my skin tingle.

By the time I reached the table I had decided on a course of action to extricate myself from this quicksand-like conversation. I had already told this large impressive woman too much.

I pushed my shirt cuff back, looked at my watch.

"Gee, I didn't realize it was so late. I have to be getting along."

Sondra looked at me, those lush red lips in a pouty smile.

She held up her empty wineglass. "Aren't you going to buy me a drink?"

"Uhm, sure," I said, eyes casting about for a waitress. "I'll send one back from the bar." Again I looked at my watch.

"Sit down Richard."

I sat.

She leaned into the table. "What porno movie did you see, Richard?" she said in a conspiratorial voice.

"It wasn't like that."

"I understand, really I do. Men are visual creatures. Oversexed and easy prey to pornography. I had a boyfriend once who watched a lot of it. To get his attention I dressed provocatively. Figured he'd want the real thing."

"Provocatively?" My voice was weak and I cursed my quaking cock.

A waitress appeared.

"Try the wine," suggested Sondra. "It's quite good for a house red."

"Two of what she's having," I said.

The waitress went after our order.

"Yes, provocatively," Sondra said, large eyes a glitter. "Men love pretty packages."

She leaned back in her chair, arms crossed under her bosom, started her foot kicking again. I saw it in my peripheral vision.

"I bought some lingerie, went to his apartment, changed in his bedroom while he was watching a porno flick."

"You mean he watched it in front of you?" Incredulous.

Sondra nodded, smiled. "Yes. Sometimes we watched them together. When I came out of the bedroom he forgot all about the dirty movie."

"Oh?"

"The girls on screen were no match for the real thing."

"Oh?"

Sondra chuckled softly.

"Is that all you can say – oh?"

"Uh, no, I mean what were . . ." I couldn't finish it.

"Wearing? Is that what you want to know?"

I nodded, swallowed the lump in my throat. Like her smile, the conversation had decidedly turned salacious.

She leaned across the table, hand on my arm.

"Remember the day you happened in my office looking for some file? I think it was during lunch and most everybody was gone."

"Yes."

"I wore a black garter belt and matching stockings. Black patent leather pumps and a halter bra, the point of the cups cut out so my nips protruded. I had rouged them and exaggerated my makeup. Even put on long opera gloves."



"Oh." Said weakly as my cock bobbed in my lap at the vision of her in such lingerie.

"There you go again," she gently chided.

She sat back. Her foot stopped swinging in and out of my vision. She looked at me for several seconds and slowly extended her leg, pointing her shoe so it was nearly beside my chair.

"It's okay if you look, Richard. I want you to look. I like seeing that hunger in your eyes."

"Oh, Sondra, I don't know what to say."

"Say nothing, Richard," she said firmly. "Just look."

As I gazed upon her extended leg, foot arched in her pump like a ballerina, she turned her leg out then in, caressed the inside of her knees.

"You've nearly the same look in your eyes as my boyfriend had in his. In a few short moments I had him eating out of my hand."

"Eating out of your hand?" I said, my voice hushed.

That's when her shoe came to rest on my knee. She flexed her leg and I felt the point of her spike on my leg.

"Yes, eating out of my gloved hand. At first, anyway."

"And then what happened?"

The waitress appeared with our wine, looked at Sondra's foot on my knee, tried unsuccessfully to suppress a smile, and scurried away.

Sondra withdrew her foot, sat up straight. Her eyes found mine over her wineglass.

"Well?"

"I might tell you sometime. Would you like to hear all of it?" she challenged.

"Yes."

"Hmm, we'll see."

I wanted to hear it all even though I felt jealous of her old boyfriend.

She sat back, swirled the wine, looked off, her mind elsewhere. Perhaps thinking of her old boyfriend.

"How come you broke up?"

She gave me a look, her large eyes a little flinty.

"He couldn't face the truth."

"The truth . . . ?"

"Yes. The truth about himself. How he was. I was giving him what he wanted and he ran away from it. Some men are like that. Looking back now, I see that for me it was infatuation. He was quite handsome, was conceited about his looks and ability to hook-up with most any woman. But it was all a front to hide certain proclivities and sexual insecurities."

"I don't understand," I said.

Her smile was cold. She finished her wine.

"The Murfield thing," she said. "I may take you with me to the job site, talk to the construction foreman who may or may not help us nail this slacker. I think we're going to put an investigator on this guy whose claiming a bad back. That is if you'd like to go."

"Yes, of course."

Chapter Nine

Verona summoned me Sunday to her warehouse apartment. Once there I shaved her legs, painted her finger and toenails, and massaged creamy lotion into her exquisite body. Doing fingernails was different, not the erotic bag of painting toenails.