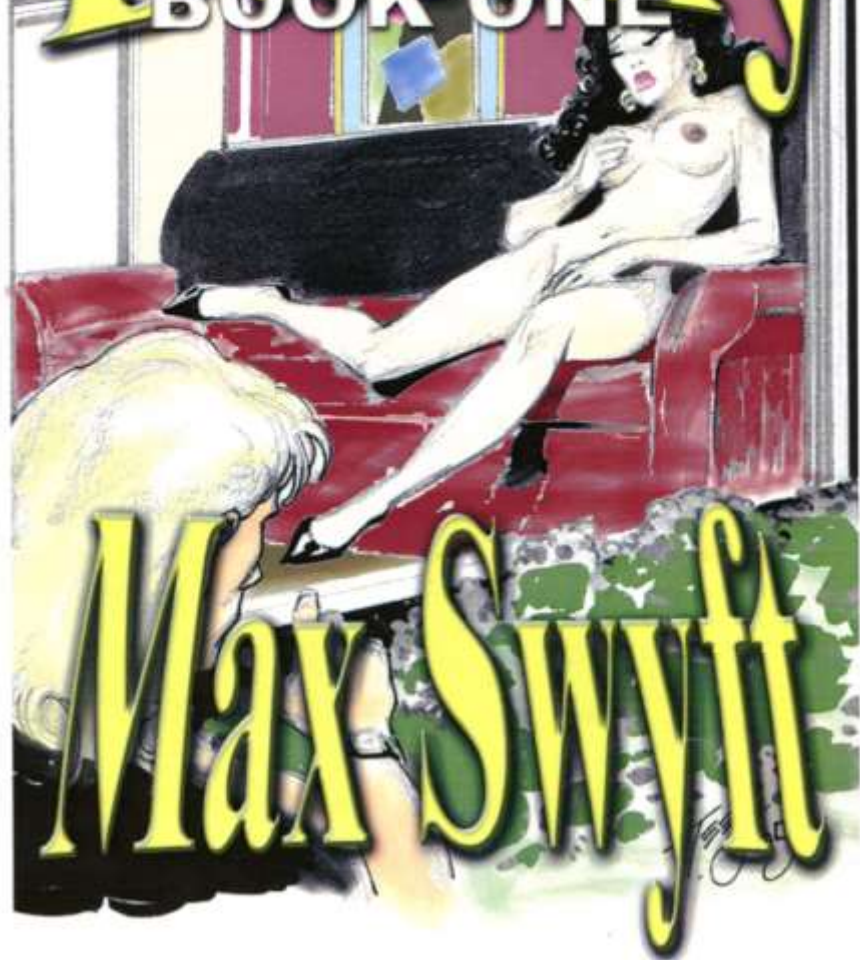


Through The Glass

Darkly

BOOK ONE



Max Swyft

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Through a Glass Darkly Part 1

By Max Swyft

Author's Note

This book continues the Cytherea Coterie series 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 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 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.

"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



(we apologize for the quality of the map, but it is many generations away from the original)

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 lesbians 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.

Through a Glass Darkly Book 1 by Max Swift

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 rather 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.

Through a Glass Darkly Book 1 by Max Swift

The coterie became a quasi-matchmaker. Its 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 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.

STEPHAN SILER: Works at the Home Depot and delivers newspapers to supplement his income. He does some window peeping and discovers kinky things about the town's new inhabitants.

MARISA SILER: Stephan's attractive wife, works as an associate at a law firm. Accidentally finds her husband worshipping her panties and masturbating. She is inclined to have an affair with her ruggedly handsome boss.

RAVEN MONTCLIFF: Tall exotic older woman who lives on Stephan's paper route. She is remodeling her house. Meets Stephan while shopping at Home Depot. What does she want with a two-way mirror?

DINAH DIVINE: Young buxom, sassy woman who lives with Raven Montcliff. She prefers women to men, likes to compromise the male psyche.

Through a Glass Darkly Book 1 by Max Swift

RED GILBERT: Senior partner at Winston and Gilbert. Though married he's attracted to Marisa Siler. The firm has high hopes for Ms. Siler and Red has designs on her body.

VARIAH: Tall black beauty with a guarded past, and friend of Raven Montcliff. Lives in the fast lane of the Cyrenaica club goers.

PHILLIP: Effeminate friend of Raven and Variah who flaunts his alternative sexuality

Other characters from previous works may appear briefly in this novel, and their reference for those who might wish to pursue other readings by this author: Dr. Kerry Ashbum; shrink and psycho therapist. Chloe Stemman; 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.

Through a Glass Darkly Part 1

Chapter One

The moment Stephan Siler saw her he knew who she was, the woman who bought the old Crowley place off Two Mile Road. Foster is a small hamlet far enough from Cyrenaica not to be considered a suburb yet close enough -just an hour and halt* drive - to be influenced by its population and modernism.

The duties of Stephan's part-time job brought him in close proximity to her home as her paperboy. Now here she was in an aisle of the Home Depot. Shopping for what he wondered, and thinking that, advanced down the aisle to see if he could be of some help.

Her back was to him and the first thing Stephan noticed is that she was leggy. Leggy was good. Stephan liked leggy, always had. That and the flare of her hips in tight tan leather pants, a narrow waist and rather broad shoulders for a woman. She wore high heels and he realized she must be his height or even taller in the heels.

"May I help you?" he said.

She turned and deep blue eyes traveled over his body, much like some men check out the bodies of attractive women. He blushed and kept his smile in place.

"Yes, young man. You might be of some help."

Her voice was low and husky, a little scratchy. The faint smell of leather from her outfit tickled his nose.

Slim breasts hidden inside a lavender blouse and tan leather vest. She wore rings on most of the fingers of both hands, sparkling diamonds, thick gold rings but no wedding band.

"I'm looking for a particular kind of mirror but don't see what I'm looking for."

Stephan glanced at the array of mirrors, many different kinds and sizes. "And what kind of mirror might that be?"

"A two-way mirror."

"Hmm," he said, rubbing his chin. "I'm not sure we have any of those. You're talking about the kind of mirror that you can see through from one side and not the other?" She had short black hair, cut like a boy's with a part down the left side, a thick coma of it falling across her forehead.

“My, you are bright,” she said without a hint of sarcasm.

The low, almost husky quality of her voice raised bumps of awareness on his forearms.

“Like the kind you might find in an office that looks over a store.”

“Yes. However, not quite like that. I want one that’s unobtrusive.”

Glancing at another section of mirrors he saw three of his coworkers gawking some distance but in the same aisle. Looked like Johnson, his boss was with them. Eat your hearts out guys, he thought.

Turning to her he said, “You know, I don’t think we have any of those but I might be able to order one for you.”

“I need some building material, too,” she said, looking directly into his eyes.

Was that a hint of a smile on her lips?

“Yes,” he said, unfurling his arm. “This way, please.”

“Cute and manners too.”

He looked at her, wondered if she was being smart-mouthed, wished he was following her instead of the other way around.

Steve led the tall woman to the far end of the store where an array of building materials were stacked high on either side of the wide aisle.

“Do you know what length, ma’am?”

“Hmm,” I’m not sure. I just want to make sure I can get all the material here in town.”

“Yes ma’am. A lot of builders buy nearly all their material here at the Home Depot.”

“Except two-way mirrors?” she said, arching an eyebrow.

His boss, Johnson, suddenly appeared around the corner. “May I be of some assistance?” he said, giving the leather-clad woman the once over and cutting a glance at Steve.

Stephan suppressed a smile. The wooden smile and look of disdain she flashed at his boss wasn’t that subtle.

“This young man is taking care of my needs,” she said, looking at Stephan with a warm smile.

Through a Glass Darkly Book 1 by Max Swift

“About the mirror,” Stephan said quickly, cutting off Johnson’s reply.
“Ma’am I can order it for you. All I need is your number and address. Let’s find a computer so I can input what I need.”

“Yes, let’s.”

They left his boss standing alone in the building material isle.

He found a work station with an idle computer several isles away. “Your name?”

“Raven Montcliff.”

He looked up, started to say he already knew that and that she was late paying her paper bill but instead he used his forefingers, typed in the name.
“And address?”

“I think it’s a rural route. I live at the dead end of Two Mile Road.”

“Oh, yes. The old Crowley place. I heard it’d been sold.” He gave her the eye and a slight smile. She returned his look, smiled back.

The look was enough to make him half hard. Stephan thought about his wife. Marisa wouldn’t deny him. Not tonight. He’d fuck her and picture this older woman. Fuck the hell out of her, he would.

“Well, then,” she said in that low throaty voice. “I’ll be looking forward to your call.”

Stephan watched her walk away, the way her hips swiveled like they were mounted on ball bearings. He bet she’d be a knockout in a short skirt. Long legs. He liked leggy.

As she walked out of sight at the end of the isle he wondered why he hadn’t told her he was her paperboy.

He went back to his department, found a couple of buddies waiting for him, smiles on their faces, wanting to know all about the tall slim gal in leather.

One of them said, “Wearing leather britches in this heat, I bet her pussy’s really rank.”

“A very thin and soft fashionable leather,” added Stephan.

The other one said, “You’d stick your tongue in her, rank or not.”

The three of them chuckled.

The rest of the day her image cropped up in Stephan’s mind and he caught himself lost in several lewd fantasies about her.

Marisa didn't get home until late. Again. Stephan was working on his fourth beer when she pulled the midnight blue Park Avenue into the garage.

It was getting dark even though it was still August. He was hungry and angry.

Angry about a lot of things.

She came in the side door. He heard her heels clicking across the tile floor in the kitchen. He pretended to watch television, didn't acknowledge her.

"Sorry I'm late," Marisa said, putting her purse on the coffee table and picking up the mail off the side table. "More bills. We're gonna have to go on a budget."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," he said, voice dripping with sarcasm. His eyes were fixed to the television.

"Steve, I've had a rough day so just cut the crap, okay?"

"Where 'n hell you been?"

"Somebody in this family has to work," she said, kicking off her shoes and sitting on the sofa. Her skirt rode up to the top of her thighs and he had to look. Marisa's great legs were too much of a temptation.

"You saying I'm not pulling my weight, Marisa? Is that what you're saying?"

"No, Stephan, I'm not saying that. I don't want to fight tonight."

"Doesn't sound like it to me. And this business about a budget. If you hadn't insisted on buying that damn car things wouldn't be so tight."

"Look, Steve, we've gone over this before. I have to keep up appearances. I'm working my butt off as an associate at the firm. I've the right background with a Bachelor's degree in legal studies and I'm a year or so to getting my law degree. I finished a corporate brief tonight so it'll be ready for tomorrow. I've worked hard for my degree and one day I'll be a lawyer in the firm."

"Right. In Podunk USA. Your career is going nowhere. And another thing. That skirt you're wearing is scandalously short. And you're not wearing pantyhose or nylons."

Marisa looked at him, then her legs. "I've got nice legs. You said so yourself. It's fashionable to not wear hose during the summer season. One of the first

things you noticed about me, you being a leg man. And maybe my career is going somewhere. At least I have a career.”

He jumped to his feet, glared at his wife. “Fuck you! Marisa.” He went to the kitchen, popped another beer.

He stood at the kitchen sink, looked out over the street. Suburbia, Oak Hills in fact. One of the newer suburbs on the outskirts of Foster. Upscale and trendy, not one of the mansions in Whispering Pines, but still a nice ranch house. With a one-ninety mortgage.

Stephan Siler shook his head. They’d never get out from under.

Marisa surprised him from behind, had stolen up on him in bare feet. “Honey,” she said in a soothing voice. “Let’s not fight, okay?” She put her arms around him, pulled him against her stomach.

“Yeah, okay,” he said, turning, trying to kiss her but she slid away.

He followed her from the kitchen, watched her go down the hall to change, thought about following, get her in bed. It’d been too long since they last made love. The leather clad woman in the store appeared in his mind, that subtle little smile, flirting with him. He hadn’t seen a wedding ring and wondered if she liked younger guys.

Something else about the woman he couldn’t put his finger on, something indefinable which made him wary. He remembered looking into her eyes of cool blue. Icy challenging eyes. Conjuring a mental picture of her made him hard.

Marisa in the bedroom.

Steve shook his head. He needed it bad.

Real bad.

Back in the kitchen he stood at the sink and shook his head, finished the beer and discounted his chances with Raven Montcliff. He was out of her league. What could she possibly see in him? Not a woman like that. Yet she projected sensuality. He thought about the way those large cool blue eyes roamed his body, as if sizing him up.

The woman’s look made him kind of tingly but apprehensive too. He’d see her again, that was for sure, and maybe, who knows

They ate what Marisa threw together - salmon patties and fried potatoes and onions - in silence. Stephan was hopeful. This was one of his fave dishes.

But it was not to be.

She came out of the bathroom that adjoined the bedroom wearing a short nightie, long legs revealed to the panties of the pink shorty. She sat at the vanity and brushed her short blond hair. Stephan didn't like her in short hair but she said it was easier to take care of, especially in this weather.

He looked at the imprint of her nipples through the shorty, felt himself growing hard.

She wiped some cream on her face then took it off with tissues, glanced at him. "Down boy," she said.

"What?"

"I know that look Steve. It's been a long day and I'm tired."

"Anymore you're always tired, Marisa. You gettin' it at the office from Red Gilbert?"

Marisa looked at him, held his eyes, put down the hairbrush. "I'll get you off, how's that?"

"What's that mean - head?"

"No, it doesn't mean head." She formed a fist in the air, pumped it up and down.

A few years back she'd caught him masturbating, and he wondered if she was mocking him.

"Forget it," he said and rolled on his side away from her.

"Suit yourself. We'll do something this weekend. Dinner and movie, maybe a bottle of wine afterward."

"We can't afford it," he said mimicking her voice.

He felt her slide into bed beside him. She turned off the light.

He could just demand his husbandly rights. He thought about it but knew it wouldn't work. Even if she didn't fight him off, he'd pay for days, catch those laser blue eyes of hers. His wife's blue eyes made him think of the woman who came into the store. Two sets of blue eyes but very different.

Soft aqua and cool blue.

They lay there for long minutes, neither speaking nor sleeping, listening to each other breathe.

Through a Glass Darkly Book 1 by Max Swift

After what seemed a long time he felt her move over, spoon against him, felt those apple size breasts against his back. Her hand found his privates in his silk boxer's.

"Turn over and I'll get you off."

Steve pushed her hand away. "Leave me alone."

Marisa rolled over to her side of the bed and after a while he heard her controlled breathing. She was asleep.

He lay awake, willed his cock to soften but it wouldn't. It remained half-hard, trapped between his legs.

Visions of the other woman flitted across his mind and he pictured himself fucking her, those long legs wrapped around his waist, she still wearing pumps, urging him to fuck her and fuck her hard, all the while staring into those icy blue eyes, a blue deeper than his wife's.

He rolled over then rolled back, then rolled over again, finally on his stomach, his cock trapped between him and the mattress.

Try as he might he couldn't get the older woman out of his mind. He fancied he could still smell the leather of her outfit. It suddenly occurred to him to wonder why she was wearing leather in August. True, it was thin, looked soft. He wondered if leather in August was fashionable.

Was she one of those New Age broads, a dominant? He wouldn't be surprised. It seemed society was lousy with female dominants today. The feminists were ruining society.

Take his own marriage for example. Here he was, a college grad from CCU working in a Home Depot and delivering papers on the side. And why? Because he'd been replaced by a woman. Wasn't that it, really? Quotas got him. Not enough women. He had a good job as an insurance claims examiner, had honed good clerical skills while getting his bachelor's degree. There were too many men working for the company and not having a lot seniority, he got the ax. That's not what they said but that's what happened.

The insurance company called it 'downsizing.'

Reverse discrimination is what Steve called it.

That's what Steve told himself happened. He'd kind of been snuck up on by affirmative action.

There weren't that many good jobs to be had in Foster. The unemployment finally ran out. He admitted to himself, laying in the darkness beside his

sleeping wife, he had coasted on unemployment, got lazy. Then when money got tight Marisa started nagging him, called him a lazy good for nothing, said he better find a job. They had to pay for that new car and the new mortgage and the new furniture ... so he fell back on his years when he worked as a contractor for his father in the building trades, took the job at Home Depot.

And dammit, he liked it! Better than working in a stuffy office working on claim forms, crunching the numbers, all that rot. The one drawback were the young women he used to work with. Young flirty women who thought nothing of wearing revealing skirts, flashing their legs. He'd had a couple of brief liaisons with a couple of single gals. He hadn't made it to 'home base' but there was a lot of kissing and petting. One of the gals gave him a b.j. It was a memorable moment and she didn't seem to care that he was married.

That was months before the job turned sour.

To try and keep up with Marisa he'd taken the paper route. Both jobs were only temporary, that's what he told her and she agreed. They needed the money, couldn't afford to default on either the car or house loan. It would doom her career at the law firm. Steve had agreed, her future would go nowhere quick if they defaulted. Especially in a small town like Foster.

His thoughts were interrupted by his wife's somnolent shallow snores.

He punched his pillow and tried to sleep.

But sleep wouldn't come.

She came to him: her hot vision on the back of his eyeballs, dressed in leather britches and leather vest, long legs and high heels, older, sexy, large challenging eyes. A rich deep blue, not like Marisa's aqua colored blue eyes, but deeper... mysterious.

Her pussy must've been hot smothered in those leather pants. Maybe she wore leather panties too. Would a dominatrix wear leather panties?

He was hard. Hard as a rock.

He should've took Marisa up on her offer.

He wondered what her panties smelled like. Even if they weren't leather they must have a strong smell of pussy, what with being confined inside leather britches all day.

Steve was touching himself before he realized he was even doing it.

Through a Glass Darkly Book 1 by Max Swift

He opened one eye, peered at his wife. She faced him, mouth slightly open, snoring quietly, soundly asleep.

What about Marisa's panties?

He would remember the next day; it came to him just like that.

His wife's dirty panties.

Maybe discarded in the bathroom.

More likely in the wicker basket she'd put in her bathroom for dirty clothes. Steve used the guest bathroom down the hall.

Steve quietly slipped from bed, tiptoed into the bathroom, softly closed the door behind him.

His boner jutted like a tent in the nylon boxer's.

He looked at the wicker basket.

A pair of pink panties right there on top.

He pulled down his boxer's and sat on the commode, grabbed the panties and looked at the cotton panel, the slight stains there.

Not for the first time his mind filled with doubt about his wife's fidelity. Was she cheating on him? He wouldn't be surprised. Maybe she was fucking one of the law partners at Winston and Gilbert. She'd been working a lot of hours, researching and preparing legal briefs for the firm's corporate clients.

Winston and Gilbert worked with business clients. Their legalese and prestige extended into the city where they were acquiring an increasing caseload of business clients. Marisa's bachelor's degree in legal studies made her a valuable commodity to the firm.

Fucking her way to the top.

Steve knew which guy she was fucking, too. Gilson 'Red' Gilbert, grandson of Gilroy Gilbert, one of the founders. Red Gilbert led a charmed life, lived in a four-hundred thousand dollar house in an exclusive gated community. Married with three kids, his wife, also born of privilege, worked with charities and the Arts, community organizations. Her pretty face often beamed from the society pages of the Union Herald.