

Through The Glass

Darkly

BOOK THREE



Max Swyft

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Author's Note

This book continues the Cytherea Coterie series (See the list of books on the back inside cover).

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.

Through The Glass Darkly

Book Three

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

Chapter Eighteen

Marisa, sitting on Red, his cock filling her pussy nicely, ran her hands over his broad hairy chest, thought of Steve, how narrow his shoulders were, how flat and unremarkable his chest, that skinny frame of his, how well it would take to all the products she bought from that old woman earlier today. When she arrived at the condo,

Red was already there, had chilled a bottle of champagne. They drank some of the bubbly before Red attacked her, tore her pantyhose, put a run in them. Like two lovers they were after each other, tearing away layers of clothing as they made their way to the bedroom and the king size bed.

She was still enthralled with his large penis, wanted it as deeply in her as possible. She knew there was plenty of time to explore different positions but she wanted to try them all at once, and afterward feel the ache in her pussy caused by his large cock.

After they left the old woman and her quaint shop, Phillip carrying Marisa's purchases in a large brown shopping bag, she listened intently to Raven's advice, how she might go about feminizing her husband., helping him bring out his latent feminine tendencies. All men, Raven explained, had these tendencies, some more so than others. After confronting these suppressed desires, Steve would be happier with himself and their marriage would actually prosper. Eventually Steve would feel better about himself, having exposed his true persona and being able to live it with his wife's support.

Marisa was scared. It was all happening so fast. Many men after revealing their fern side became submissive, leaving it to their wives to guide their lives and the marriage. Raven thought Steve most probably had a suppressed submissiveness that would manifest itself when he was feminized.

Would Marisa be able to handle his new personality? Was she willing to take over the reins of their marriage, be in control?

It was a good question, one she must consider. Some women were comfortable with it while others were not.

The three of them went shopping, and with Raven's help, Marisa picked out a few sets of lingerie for her husband. Phillip picked out a nice pair of lounging pajamas that he thought Steve would look good in and Marisa was surprised to find herself following their suggestions.

She confessed to finding Steve doing things with her panties, saw the look pass between Raven and Phillip.

How did Raven know so much about men who wanted to explore their own femininity? Raven had always known. Her brother was that way and she helped him achieve his feminine goals. Today her brother was a happy man, was married to an understanding woman. Their marriage was open, and her brother's wife was free to engage in extra martial affairs. She always came back to her fern hubby. The two of them were very happy.

Raven could recommend Dr. Kerry Ashburn, a sexual therapist who was knowledgeable in the provocative and latent sexual characteristics of men. This psychiatrist had counseled many couples, and helped many men on their journey to a new, happier self.

In the back of Marisa's mind was the lurking unasked question. It was one she didn't wish to confront, not now, perhaps not ever. It scared and excited her to think about it, Steve in the arms of another...

She could not finish the thought, shook her head to dispel the dark muse.

All of this was happening too fast.

She could stop it all. It wasn't too late. But did she want to stop it?

Steve's own latent inclinations must be considered, as well as her own motives, the myriad of possibilities which would open to her if she took control of her marriage, helped Steve delve into his darker sexuality, to say nothing of her own depravity.

The wantonness of it, the cloying anticipation of what was ahead.

Now as she sat atop Red, riding his stallion, these thoughts melted away as her orgasm approached. Steve had never filled or fulfilled her like this man.

Could her husband be made to understand how it was, how she felt? Could he be made to accept his new position in their marriage?

She was doubtful, but as her body shook with the first orgasm of that night - there would be more - she was determined to guide Steve on a path to femininity. It was he who was caught playing with her underwear. It was his panty fetish, and where there was one fetish there were usually more. She was determined to expose his fetishes, take advantage of them and him.

His lackluster sexual performance, save for his delightful mouth, was just another reason to explore this dark carnal path of an alternative sexuality.

As her career ascended her husband's had declined and he had become a whiner.

She would be in control of their marriage, make all the major decisions. After all, her career was flourishing while Steve's languished.

She could see the day ahead when her cute hubby would stay at home, play housewife while she continued her promising career.

In the end, like Raven suggested, it was all about control.

They would both be happier for it.

And Raven was now a confederate. The two of them would entrap him in his own suppressed sexuality. He would be more willing to explore his softer side with another woman than with his wife. It was the way of men, to seek an understanding woman outside their marriage bed. To explore sexual territory that exposed their silly male machismo for what it was.

It had been this way for centuries.

The two of them together would feminize Steve.

The poor boy didn't have a chance.

As women sense things about each other, Marisa had little doubt Raven would ensnare Steve, turn him into what they both wanted, and deep down what he also wanted.

They talked about Steve while Raven drove back to the cafe where they'd lunched a few short hours ago, Phillip in the back, quiet, his

pretty face at rest, eyes closed, head lolled back on the seat, seemingly exhausted from the afternoon's unlikely journey.

Marisa also sensed that Raven wanted to tell her more. She waited but nothing more was offered, making Marisa wonder about what the tall slim woman held back.

Was it something about Steve?

As Raven pulled the big car out of traffic down a few doors from the sidewalk cafe, Marisa looked at her. "Is there something else you want to tell me?"

Raven looked at her for a long moment and sighed. "No, not now. If you have time come with me to the Cypris Club some evening. We've plenty of time to talk about this. I will offer you this bit of advice, however. I think we both know enough about your husband to conclude he's a good candidate for what's in those shopping bags. This doesn't work for some men, no matter how hard you try." She grinned sardonically. "Some men are just hopeless." She reached across the seat, squeezed Marisa's hand. "Just be sure this is what you want, honey. Once into it, it's hard to turn back. Many men won't turn back once they've enjoyed this new euphoria. Just remember that. Be sure it's what you want too."

Marisa was abruptly undulated from her reflection by Red's bucking hips. She felt his cock thrust deeply into her, the head pulsing at her cervix, felt the need in his quaking body. Her thighs quivered and she clamped them hard around his hips to quell the sexual quivering and keep herself atop his thick thrusting lance.

She looked at his rugged face, the veins on his neck standing out like cords, felt herself being lifted as his back arched, heard his guttural exclamation and knew he was filling her with his seed. His fists were knotted in the sheet and she put her hands flat on his chest for balance.

Marisa contracted her vaginal muscles around the gargantuan inside her, milking the magical member for all its pearly essence. Her breath came in snort gasps as her clitoris hummed, danced in relief, as she, too, orgasmed.

Finally his body relaxed. She knew that he was fulfilled. Their sweat mingling, she collapsed on his chest, stout nipples still rubbery from her own completion. She felt his heart beat madly against her cheek. Slowly he shrank, slipped out of her sodden pussy and she slid off him, curled against his hairy body.

Briefly she thought of her husband, twinges of guilt flitting about her conscious. But Steve had never, in all the years of their marriage, fucked her like this. The guilt passed quickly and she fell asleep in Red's protective if sweaty shoulder.

Steve slid the rolled paper into the holder beside the mailbox, looked at the dark quiet house, no lights anywhere that he could see. He had managed to stay away all week, though he thought often of the tall slim Valkyrie, her beauty and commanding presence, those cool blue eyes.

This morning he drove around to the back of the house. The Lincoln was gone, had been since yesterday, when overcome with wanting, he drove out to Two Mile Road and around back, not knowing what he'd do if he caught the three of them in the pool.

Maybe the four of them counting that swish, Phillip. The way Marisa made over him surprised Steve and he'd told her about it later... after they were home and he was safe from discovery - Marisa finding out about the panty thing in Raven's bedroom.

The bitch, Dinah, had caught him red-handed on tape. And that wasn't the worst of it, not by a long shot. It still roiled his stomach what Variah did to him when he shot off in Raven's dirty panties - sticking the semen soaked garment in his mouth, making him taste his own cum.

That scene played over and over in his head like a looped movie, repelling yet fascinating in an odd sort of way.

The humiliation of it was somehow stimulating, made him excitable, the helplessness of it.

Raven approving his public debasement, seeing the light come into those cool blue eyes, making her excited ... pleasing her.

Maybe that was it, thought Steve, finding perverse pleasure making her happy, getting her excited, making her panties wet -

Fuck!

Sitting in the gray predawn in back of Raven's house Steve played it over again in his mind, the scene still vivid, seeing the way Raven and Variah looked at him, their smoldering sexy eyes, wanting him to debase himself, find release.

He looked at his hand in his lap, the way it worked on his hard cock.

With disgust he gunned the engine of the old Civic and tore down Two Mile Road.

He had to get to work.

Walking through the bathroom design area Steve caught his reflection in the mirror, stopped and looked at his face. He didn't want to think about it, not now, maybe not ever, yet it boiled up inside him, roiling his stomach and at the same time making his cock surge in plain cotton shorts.

Raven wanted him behind the two-way mirror while she performed her sick sex acts. That's what she said; "We'll have so much fun." Something like that.

He squinted his eyes, imagined looking through the mirror, transporting himself to Raven's lair, behind her mirror, seeing the large four-poster bed. What would he see, he wondered, teasing himself with images of the lanky Montcliff woman. Would she be wearing fetching lingerie? Perhaps black stockings and a garter belt, high heels shoes, bare-chested, those slim raspberry-tipped breasts begging to be suckled. Covering her sex would of course be a pair of tight black panties, damp with excitement.

Who would be there with her...?

His cock throbbed as he saw Marisa, she too in clinging black stockings, the two of them legs entwined in a Sapphic embrace, Raven's fingers buried -

"Are you all right?"

Steve jumped, opened his eyes. Standing off to the side was his boss, a strange look on his face.

"Uhm, yes," he said. "I was just..., ah, feeling a little queasy."

"You look pained", said Johnson, his supervisor. "What are you doing over here anyway?"

"Uh, checking something out for a customer," Steve said lamely.

"You looked like you were in some sort of daydream."

"Unh, no, I think I'm coming down with the flu or something."

"Or something," said his boss skeptically.

"I'm not feeling well," Steve said.

"There's been talk, Steve."

"Talk...?"

"Yes, about you and one of the customers."

"There's nothing to it!"

His boss looked at him. "I hope not for your sake. Foster's a small town. What you do on your own time is your business. What you do on company time is mine." The man furrowed his gray eyebrows for emphasis. "Your work has been suffering. I've had complaints from customers ... and others. Maybe we should have a talk."

Before Steve could say anything the old bastard walked off.

Others? The guys I work with, those others?

Late Thursday evening Steve helped Marisa carry in her luggage from the car along with shopping bags. Setting up classes and opening a new office for Winston and Gilbert in the teeming metropolis of Cyrenaica must not be so grueling, he thought. His sweet wife had found time to shop.

Amazing thought Steve.

She greeted him with a wane smile and a peck on the cheek.

She did look haggard around the edges. The short skirt she wore was wrinkled on long tan legs and her usually bright face looked fatigued.

She kicked off her pumps and rifled through the mail, told him to put the luggage and other bags in the bedroom.

Like he was a servant, telling him what to do. Just a dismissive kiss on the cheek. It really galled him yet he was happy to see her.

Seeing his wife after nearly a week's absence, even if she did look a little worn around the edges, excited Steve. Since the impulsive incident in the garage he'd had no relief. That wouldn't be so bad but his mind kept wandering to Raven Montcliff and Variah, the muscular black woman; that humiliating assignation in Raven's bedroom wouldn't fade from memory. Like an old record, it played again and again.

The extraordinary thing, it made him hard almost every time it cropped into his head. That bitch Raven, liked her men in panties - pink ones at that!

Marisa came into the bedroom, unzipped her skirt, stepped out of it, took off her blouse. She started toward the bathroom. "I need a long shower."

"You look good," he said, smiling. She told him she was tired.

"How about we take a bath together," he said hopefully.

"You poor thing. I know you've been neglected." She bent at the waist and with her arm behind her back unsnapped her bra, shook it off her shoulders, looked at him, full breasts on display, nipples like miniature cannons. "Let me relax in the tub for a bit. Why not bring us some wine and we'll see what we shall see, hmm?"

He sat on the toilet seat, naked like Marisa said, legs spread so she could see his privates. He didn't know why he was half hard. Immersed in a fragrant bubble bath, maybe it was the way her eyes played over his body, the tops of her breasts sort of floating on the water, or it could've been the way she caressed her body with a luffa sponge. It was sexy, the sponge slowly going over her arms and boobs, then one sudsy leg coming out of the water, working the sponge over it, looking at him with those aqua blue eyes, face blank eyes searching his face. The sponge delving into the sudsy fragrant water, no doubt going between her legs, head laid back as she caressed herself there in that spot where he wanted his cock to be.

Several packages were at his feet and he looked curiously at the plastic bottles. Apparently Marisa was on a health kick, something she must've picked up from her week in the city. It would do them both good to take the supplements and he watched as she downed a couple of the pills with wine, nodded for him to do the same, which he did. Before it was over he brought the wine bottle into the bathroom and they each had downed half a dozen pills.

Marisa drinking the wine was good. Maybe it'd loosen her up and he'd get to fuck her tonight, even if she was tired.

At her direction he pulled a couple of glossy magazines out of another plastic bag, leafed through the pages. It was a Hollywood glossy with lots of pictures of the stars strutting their stuff. The women looked really hot but that wasn't what she wanted him to see.

It was the men; how they looked. In particular bare-chested. At first he didn't get it and Marisa had to point it out, waggled her finger at him and he came over to the tub. She pointed with a sudsy finger and he finally got it; how smooth and hairless was their skin.

Her hand dropped below the rim of the tub and she fondled him, looked into his eyes again. An uncanny look that made him feel vulnerable.

She sat up and he stared at her boobs, how cute they looked, sudsy water dripping off those bodacious melons. He wanted to suck them - and did. She cradled his head while softly stroking his cock.