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Caught Book 2

By Max Swyft

As told to Max Swyft by Eadrean Moss

“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

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Chapter Six

We were at Leslie Raymond's house. It was an upscale old ranch style home in an older suburb. It was our special weekend. Leslie had taken Peter to the airport to catch his flight to Dallas and the convention of plastic surgeons. He wouldn't return until Monday.

Clare made no mention of the night before and neither did I. Leslie looked ravishing. I had to look twice to make sure she was wearing hose, they were so much like a second skin. Nude sandalfoot hose. On her feet were a pair of open-toe, ankle-strap five inch spikes, the kind where thin straps wound over her pink-hued toes. It made her feet look almost naked and that's how I could tell she wore hose, the micro mesh material barely visible at her toe cleavage.

Her dress was a one-piece, grey mid-thigh button-front dress with a vee neck which revealed the tops of apple size breasts. I had always wondered about Leslie's breasts, whether her husband Peter's skillful plastic surgery practice had enhanced them. They seemed so full and firm but not overly large.

Her fingernails were the same color as her toenails and her long auburn hair was swept back on either side of her head, fastened in back with twin barrettes that allowed her hair to cascade from a handsome bun.

Leslie took our coats, hung them on a hall tree and kissed us both on the cheek. We followed her through the wide marble-floored foyer, our heels clicking loudly as she led us into an expansive sunken living room adorned with a burgundy sectional, matching armchair and a squat square, glass-topped coffee table done in gold trim. The thick carpet was a light fuchsia color.

She took the armchair and I sat on the large sectional with my wife. Clare wore a short navy cotton skirt that accented her long legs. A wide, cat's-paw buckle cinched in her narrow waist and her breasts were unfettered under a gauzy white blouse. A bit daring I thought and had mentioned so earlier. She threatened to make me go without a bra and wear an equally gauzy blouse.

On her feet were a new pair of black, kid-leather criss-cross lacy pumps. Rather curious looking six inch spikes that tied at her ankles and except for the criss-cross pattern of laces left the top of her foot almost bare. She wore suspender pantyhose and no panties.

I wore a long sleeve charcoal colored, above-the-knee double breasted coatdress. The dress was an A-line and Clare had removed the shoulder pads. I thought it a bit too low around the breasts but thankfully Clare had dressed me in a crotchless body-shaper with an uplift bra. There were special liquid pads within the cups that pushed my pecs together and gave me a modest but convincing cleavage. She had also put foundation and rouge on my chest which enhanced the breast-like image.

That morning, much to my dismay but not my surprise, Clare shaved the little sprout of hair on my breastbone. Except for a neatly trimmed pubic triangle I was completely devoid of bodily hair.

We chatted about the Autumn weather for a while and I asked Leslie about Peter's weekend. I wanted to make sure he wouldn't come home unexpectedly and catch me dressed. I'm sure the women noted my apprehension. She was expecting a call from him on Sunday and then chided me not to worry. The three of us had the entire weekend to ourselves.

Clare and Leslie went to make coffee and I was sent to the car for our bags. Leslie directed me down the hall to the guest room where I opened the suitcases so as not to wrinkle the contents and hung our clothes from the suitor in a walk-in closet.

I found them sitting in the kitchen, drinking aromatic coffee from delicate china cups. Again, dressed as she was, I thought Leslie looked stunning.

"It's almost a classic example," said Leslie. She glanced at me, told me again how nice I looked and gestured for me to pour myself a coffee. "The maternal influence is very strong. Especially when the father figure is not asserted or is absent all together."

"Studies support your conclusions?"

"Overwhelmingly," said Leslie, tracing the delicate edge of her china cup with a long pink fingernail. "These aren't conclusions. There is volumes on this behavior. I can get you some of it."

"Hmm," said Clare, looking at me with large dark eyes. "Maybe I should read up on it."

"What are you two talking about?"

"Your voice," said Leslie with a sly smile, pink lips parting over shiny white teeth. "It's different, feminine in a husky sort of way."

I blushed and looked at Clare. She'd made me practice, and dressed the way I was, well, it was almost a natural affectation.

Clare smiled at her close friend. "Donald will do better. I assure you."

"We can't be calling him Donald," said Leslie, patting my wife's forearm."

They both looked at me in the ensuing silence. My cheeks were hot and for once I was thankful they were rouged.

"How about Donna?" suggested Leslie.

"No, too obvious," said Clare. "I already thought of that. It just doesn't fit for some reason."

"Just leave it at Donald," I said, sneaking a look at Leslie's naked looking legs in the gossamer nylons, how her feet were enticing displayed in the ankle strap high heeled sandals.

"Donella?" queried Leslie.

"Nah," said my wife, frowning.

"This is ridiculous," I said, putting my coffee down on the counter and moving to an empty chair at the table.

"You don't look ridiculous, dear."

"You certainly don't," added Leslie. No one would know. You look better than some drag queens I've seen."

"You've been to those shows, huh?" I said.

"Of course. Peter likes to go but won't admit it and the ladies are really quite nice. They make you feel at home."

"I bet," I said sarcastically.

"I'm getting hungry," said my wife.

Leslie glanced at her watch. "I know a neat little place in the east end. It'll be practically deserted on a Saturday."

"Whoa, now," I said. "It's daylight. I'm not going out in the daylight."

Clare looked at me, said nothing.

"Come on," encouraged Leslie. "It'll be three girls going out to lunch. Nobody'd be the wiser."

I shook my head and didn't look at Clare.

"I could put his penis chastity back on and we could leave him here, tie him to your bed or something," said my wife.

She sounded downright gleeful.

Leslie was right. The place was nearly deserted. Leslie selected a table near the back where it was darker. I figured it was a concession to my nervousness.

The women ordered a carafe of Chablis. I wanted a beer but said nothing. Lately I'd gotten more used to the oily tasting wine. But a beer would've been better.

Leslie and the waitress knew each other, indeed acted like old friends. Her name was Rene and she wore a frilly, scoop-necked blouse which accented a generous bosom, a full skirt over chubby but comely legs and practical low heels.

I sat between my wife and Leslie and as we sipped wine my anxiety of being discovered diminished. The women ordered Cesar salads and I wanted a juicy half-pound burger with bacon and cheese.

I ordered it too, but Clare smiled and looked at the young, wholesome looking waitress and told her I'd have a salad too.

Had I forgotten, I was watching my weight.

A football game was on television and I watched with some interest as Boston College ran the ball on Syracuse, seemingly scoring at will.

The women were talking psychology and I paid little attention to their discussion, only catching snatches of their conversation.

" . . . the role of the male, father-figure being largely absent in such environments, thus infusing the mother or the female's dominance over the male child."

"What about Kinsey?"

A chuckle from Leslie. "Recent revelations reveal that he was maladjusted, into aberrant sexual behavior. Not only did he over inflate homosexuality, he actively participated with homosexuals while doing his research."

"He was queer?"

"I didn't say that. But there is strong evidence that he experimented in the gay community in the name of research."

So much blather. I watched the game.

" . . . the attachment to female clothes being a strong indication of suppressed femininity then?"

"Yes, when strongly influenced by a female dominant authority figure. It is striking that the most popular item to the fetishist in female clothing is panties, that quintessential garment which identifies womanhood."

I paused with the wine glass at my lips, looked at Leslie then my wife. "Do we have to talk about panties?"

"Panties?" said a puzzled Rene, looking at me.

I hadn't seen her coming up with our order on a large oval tray.

Leslie chuckled. "Yes," she said titling her head in my direction. "She likes panties."

Clare smiled at the puzzled Rene who set our salads on the place mats.

"Are you guys shopping for panties?" said Rene, frowning and looking at me.

Clare touched my arm and smiled. "She's always shopping for panties."

Rene withdrew, looked at me curiously.

"Really," I said and pretended attention at the football game.

". . . the vast majority of them being attracted to all things feminine, particularly undergarments."

My wife laughed and bit into a butter smeared oval cracker. "See, dear, you're not so strange after all."

". . . to the point of being dressed at an early age. Often these memories are suppressed only to rise to the surface during puberty or later."

"Then what you're saying is that the impulse to harbor these proclivities is compelling?"

"Yes, it's all in the text books."

I sipped wine and feigned attention at the television screen. Boston College had just scored on a Hail Mary pass, was running up the score.

"But what about Kinsey?"

"Well, during his time the figures he established were inflated dramatically. Of course we'll never know for sure. But today, now that's different. Society, if not embracing other alternative lifestyles, is certainly acknowledging them."

"Accepting them?" queried Clare.

"Yes, most definitely. Real men wear pink. The NEA and other feminist led organizations today are outwardly encouraging male femininity."

I looked up, both of them looking at me, small smiles on their faces. What Leslie was saying was true. Academia accepted and promoted gay lifestyles.

". . . the vast majority experiencing crossdressing before puberty, as early as age five or six. That's what's surprising."

". . . one in secret while the father figure was away."

"And if daddy found out?"

"The practice was discontinued or hidden, leaving the child with an immense lack of attention and motivating him to dress or emulate the female figure, trying to regain the intimate attention."

"A sort of catch twenty-two?"

"Yes. Reduced to the most common denominator all of it is fetishistic."

Boston College scored again and another carafe appeared at the table. I was growing uncomfortable and squeezed my slick stocking legs together.

"... two categories, primary transsexualism and secondary transsexualism, the first manifesting a homosexual preference while the latter is primarily a heterosexual or bisexual acclimation."

"Whose bisexual?" said Rene. She'd come to take our salad plates away.

Leslie looked at my wife. They both grinned, glanced at me and Clare said, "She is."

Rene's eyes went wide and then she smiled. "So what does that make the two of you?"

Leslie laughed. "A little experimentation is good for one's libido."

I wanted to crawl under the table, wouldn't look up until the cute buxom waitress had left.

Clare's hand found my knee under the table. "Yes, dear, maybe you should test your silken wings, hmm?"

"I can't believe you're talking like this. Let's get out of here."

"What's your hurry?" chided Leslie.

"I have to use the bathroom."

"Me, too," said Clare. "We'll go together."

And there we were in the women's, a mischievous smile on Clare's face as I went in the stall, raised my skirt, lowered my panties over the garter belt, squatted and urinated loudly into the bowl.

Someone else came into the restroom and I lingered, felt like a trapped animal.

Finally I pulled back the door, found Clare and our waitress, Rene leaning on the sink, facing the stall I'd just exited.

"Show her," said my wife.

"Yes, I want to see," squealed Rene delightfully.

"Show her what?" I said in my best falsetto voice.

"You know."

"I think we better be going. We've had too much wine." I started for the door.

"She thinks I'm a lesbian, dear. So I want you to show her."

"Look, she's blushing," exclaimed Rene.

"Clare!"

"Now."

"I won't do it."

"Oh, yes you will," challenged my wife. "If you don't Leslie and I will leave you here."

"You wouldn't."

"Without your purse."

"Show me," teased Rene. "I want to see."

I looked at the two women and at the door. What if someone else came in, what would I do then?

"Raise you skirt and lower your panties, Dolly."

"I love it," chimed Rene. "Dolly. Her tits aren't very big though, are they?"

"Do it now, Dolly, or I'm walking," hissed my wife.

Shamefaced, I gathered the hem of my skirt in my manicured fingers and slowly raised it up my clean shaven legs. I couldn't look at them but my legs really did look convincing.

The skirt came up like a curtain call, above the welts of my stockings which were secured to the garter snaps of the bodyshaper. I exposed smooth thighs and finally I held my skirt about my waist, my privates concealed in panties, framed in the open-bottom shaper. Clare came up beside me and I was powerless to stop her as she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of my panties and lowered them below my stocking tops.

Her cool fingers encouraged my limp penis from between my tightly clenched legs and I saw Rene's feet come into my downcast vision.

Clare's cool fingers pulled my shaved scrotum free and she ran her fingers along the limp length of my penis. "See, it's a small clit, just like I told you."

I blushed and tried to turn away but my wife wrenched my privates in her fist.

"Does she suck cock?" Rene wanted to know.

"Not yet," said my wife in a soft voice.

Back at Leslie's thing were getting out of hand. Little did I know things would get much worse before the weekend was over.

Leslie was at the foot of the bed. The nude, sandalfoot hose turned out to be suspender hose, the kind that are like a garter belt at the top, leaving most of the crotch area and part of the upper thighs bare.

Clare decided that Leslie should experience my lesbian tendencies and they'd led me to the bedroom, stripped me to my crotchless bodyshaper, stockings and heels, even my panties.

Both of them touched it, called me Dolly, tweaked my nipples, kissed my face leaving lipstick smears. Clare took a lipstick from Leslie's vanity and thickly coated my lips.

They pushed me to my knees at the foot of the bed and Leslie took off her one-piece, button-front dress. She sat on the bed and slowly peeled off her panties, twirled them on her finger.

Clare took the panties and told her friend what panty boys did with soiled panties. She washed my face with Leslie's silkies while Leslie reclined on her propped elbows, a bemused expression on her face.

The dainty dark grey garment smelled faintly of lilac perfume and pussy. Mostly of pussy. Clare turned the cotton panel out and poked it inside my mouth with her fingers.

She ordered me to suck Leslie's worn panties clean. I couldn't look at them but was aware of Clare taking off her blouse and short navy skirt. Her suspender pantyhose were not unlike Leslie's and as I sucked on the soiled panties I surmised that the two of them had done some planning for this weekend.

Despite my kneeling submission my cock rose, hard and red for both of them to see and comment upon, pointing, giggling, making fun of the girly-man in their midst.

Clare pulled the panties slowly from my mouth and dropped them on the carpet. She pushed me forward as Leslie scooted forward, legs spread, knees angled, her glorious womanhood open, wet, waiting.

Clare pushed my head unceremoniously between Leslie's hot legs, told me to kiss her thighs, work my way up. I wrapped my arms around Leslie's buttocks and kissed her hot thighs, smelled her strong essence as I left red lipstick smears on her inner thighs.

I kissed the top of her pussy where the hair thinned and her pink vulva lay wet and aromatic, musky. I kissed along her swollen lips and felt her upper thighs quiver.

My tongue darted forth, licking from the top, darting just inside. She tasted strong and sweaty. I sent my tongue inside the folds of her pussy and heard Clare say she was going for yet another bottle of wine.

I knelt and licked and sucked Leslie's pussy for some time. I was aware of Clare returning, sitting on the bed beside her friend while she drank wine.

Clare's foot, in those curious strappy pumps, found my hardness and she worked it, nudged my balls and asked Leslie if I was a good pussy licker.

Leslie pulled my face harder between her spread legs and I captured her clitoris in my lips, sucked it, wanted her to have a good orgasm.

I wanted to please them and wondered if my wife would require the services of my tongue as well. Leslie clenched her legs tighter about my head as I alternated between sucking her clit and stabbing my tongue deeply into her liquid cavern.

Leslie shuddered and pistoned her hips on my sucking mouth and jutting tongue. She pulled handfuls of my long, femininely styled hair and came hard on my face.

I stayed in place, licking, sucking and kissing until she could stand it no longer and pushed me away sent me sprawling on my back.

When finally I opened my eyes Clare stood over me, her heels on either side of my head. She said I was a pretty wench, then squatted and rode my face with her wet pussy.

I ran my hands along her gossamer legs as I licked her, sent my tongue anew inside this familiar pussy. This woman who had changed so much since first catching me with her panties.