



Copyright © 2014, Mags Inc./Reluctant Press

Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

Report stolen books by using the contact form at reluctantpress.com or call us at 800-359-2116

Thank you.

Neglect

**An erotic novella
By Max Swyft**

It is said our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ inside the human body: the mind.

— Max Swyft

“I’m the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd / Of the Patently Impossible and Vain — And when the Thing that Couldn’t has occurred / Give me time to change my leg and go again.”

— From *The Song Of The Banjo* (1894) by Rudyard Kipling

All characters and places herein are fictitious, unless otherwise noted. Any resemblance to persons living or deceased is purely coincidental. These

characters are the exclusive property of the author, come wholly from his imagination.

Except for critical review, no part of this work may be reproduced in print or by electronic means, including ebook downloading, without express written consent of the author.

This book or novella contains vivid and graphic depictions of a sexual nature. You must be at least eighteen years of age to read this material.

The city, **Cyrenaica** (pronounced Cer En A she-ah), is fictitious. However, it is a lot like New York City, Los Angeles, or Chicago. Its population exceeds six million and is growing. The districts listed above, are similar to the burrows of New York, all of them coming to make the city what it is.

This tale may refer to the Cytherea Coterie, a.k.a., The Sisterhood, also called simply, the coterie. It is located in the Cypris Club, a gothic structure in the downtown business district known as The Canyons, Cyrenaica's counterpart to Manhattan and Wall Street.

Neglect

By Max Swyft

1

“I know how she neglects you, Jonathon, and it’s not right,” says my mother in law as she sits at her vanity, full skirt raised high on tall legs. Giving me a look, she frees the darker welt of her black stocking tops from the garters.

My mother in law wears a lot of black, says it makes her look slimmer.

Sitting on the edge of her bed, a familiar fullness infuses my lap. I have been in these situations with her before. She thinks nothing of me seeing her in various stages of undress. In fact, when I’m at her condo to tag along on shopping trips or whatever else we might do, I have helped her dress.

Once before she has pacified me and I'm hoping today might be another occasion.

We have just returned from shopping. Like most women Allegra is fond of shopping for clothes, has a walk-in closet full of them. Beside her on the floor are a pair of new black leather booties with four-inch spiked heels. Allegra has more shoes than a woman could possibly need, all neatly arranged in a wall of open wooden shoe racks. Looking at this specially constructed wooden rack, it reminds me of a wine display.

As usual we ended our shopping trip at that strip mall near the airport, Allegra dragging me into Freda's Shoe Boutique, an exotic specialty shoe store. Gary, Freda's favorite clerk and live-n boytoy followed us around while she browsed the aisles. Gary is very fond of Allegra.

And well he should be, since Allegra nearly always wears a skirt when visiting Freda's store. There is something between Gary and Allegra that makes me jealous. I sense some kind of past relationship between them but am loathe to ask. I might not like what I find out.

Once Freda invited us into her cozy lounge in the back of the store. Allegra stood behind Gary's ladder-back chair, massaging his shoulders. It must have been very relaxing for him because he reclined his head back on the swell of Allegra's large bosom, Freda and I sitting close on an old fashion velvet love seat, the heat of her leg against mine, making me feel a bit uncomfortable, the two women talking about their earlier escapades when they were active in the Cypris Club and the city's nightlife.

Allegra and Freda are a study in contrasts, Freda being nearly as tall as my mother in law but very slender — anorexic might be a better word — where Allegra is solidly built, possesses large breasts and is wide of hip.

Gary has a prissy demeanor. He usually wears his blond hair in a ponytail, has arched eyebrows, wears his lacquered fingernails long, moves gracefully with an effeminate sway to his hips. The influence of the suggestive clothing he wears suits his subdued manner.

That day in the cozy lounge, Allegra bent and kissed the top of Gary's head, asked him if he missed her special massages. His cheeks went rosy with a blush and he told her he indeed missed her special massages.

Freda had laughed and told Allegra she has a male masseuse now, a young man of splendid dimension, who comes around every so often to give Gary and her massages.

The two women smiled knowingly at one another, Freda starting to say something and stopping herself. Looking at me she had said, "Well, he enjoys those massages more and more. But it's not like when you give them to him."

When fitting Allegra for shoes, Gary will hold her feet as if he's holding a precious artifact, unabashedly stares at my mother in law's legs, I'm sure glimpses her panties or whatever support garments she wears under her dresses and skirts. She thinks nothing of keeping her skirts high on her legs, deliberately teases him, I think.

When Gary waits on us, he will hold her stocking feet, gaze up at her with fawning admiration, the sensuality in the air almost palpable.

If Allegra is in a devilish mood she might hold her foot to his face for a chaste kiss. He doesn't hesitate, bestows kisses on the top of her feet. Sometimes he glances at me before his eyes slide away and his cheeks go red.

I asked Allegra about Gary's intimate foot kissing gesture and she chuckled, said she and Freda, being members of the Cytherea Coterie, learned how to treat boys and men when they were active participants at the Cypris Club.

This exclusive women's organization is in an old gothic structure downtown in The Canyons, Cyrenaica's (Cer En A she-ah) business district. Gabrielle, my wife, and Eleanor, her business partner are also members of this organization.

I have no room to talk about Gary's effeminacy, since I myself am rather effeminate, stand five-seven, have slight shoulders. But whereas Gary is skinny like his mate, I am given to being on the pudgy side.

Gabrielle has recently put me on a diet. She has attributed my weight gain to inactivity, lazing around the house with nothing to do but keeping the books of her and Eleanor's real estate business, and of course doing the housework and cooking. Gabrielle is an exercise fanatic, is afraid she might some day have her mother's voluptuous figure, works out at a gym when she's in the city. I have quit going with her to the gym, and though disappointed, she has relented, knows my heart's not in it.

But she insists that's no reason to be frumpy, and consequently put me on a diet, kidded me about putting a lock on the refrigerator to keep me from snacking.

So far my diet isn't doing much good and Gaby has scheduled another appointment for blood tests with her doctor.

I think this concern for weight gain is borne from the fear of me becoming a fatty like her mother. I've pointed out to her Allegra is not fat but solidly built, has a pleasing figure for a woman of her stature.

"I'm not going to turn out like my mother and neither are you, Jonathan."

I think my wife's fear is unfounded. She is tall like her mother, possesses splendidly long legs that she shows off to advantage. Where her mother is heavy of breast, Gaby has a slim bust that complements her slender figure.

Now Allegra hands me her stockings, tells me to put them in the wicker clothes hamper in the adjoining bathroom. The clothes hamper is full of underclothing, slips, panties, pantyhose and stockings, foundation garments, several bras, camisoles and nighties.

I wonder if she will want me to do the laundry today.

Coming out of the bathroom, I pick up her new booties and take them into the walk-in closet, find a place for them in the large shoe rack, look at the few remaining empty cubby holes, wonder what she will do when there is no more room for additional shoes.

I come out of the closet, sit back down on the bed, look at her solid legs, the full skirt still in her lap.

“When will your neglectful wife be coming back to the city?” Allegra says.

“Day after tomorrow, I think.”

“Gabrielle can be a very dispassionate woman. She’s consumed with amassing a fortune in real estate. She will be well taken care of when I die and I’ve told her so but she insists on independence, being a successful businesswoman. Competing against men gives her a sense of power.”

“Yes, she’s told me so. She usually comes out on top of her business dealings with men.”

“Using her feminine wiles against them. Does it bother you the way she flirts with some of these guys?”

“Not anymore. At first I was jealous but now I know why she does it.”

“Her first husband was an impossibly self-centered man, in love with his good looks and the way other women fell at his feet. I warned her about him but like a lot of women she was fooled by his rugged masculinity. I told her he wouldn’t stay true to her but she ignored me. She kept him up, gave him a lavish lifestyle and all he did was cheat on her.”

“Yes,” I agree, “she’s still bitter about him.”

“It was me who hired a detective agency and had him followed. She resented me for interfering in her life but the agency’s man showed her the photos of him driving other women around in that fancy sports car she bought him. That was the proverbial last straw for her.”

“Yes, she got some measure of revenge when she took that expensive car away from him, sold it at a considerable loss and then divorced him.”

“In a way her misguided marriage to that pompous fool turned out to be a good thing for you.”

“Really?” I say, watching as she crosses her leg, starts one bare foot swinging back and forth. Allegra’s rather large feet compliment her height and robust figure.

“You’re so different than *that* man. I think that’s why she married you. You’re shy and unassuming, don’t mind staying at home while she’s out making her fortune. You are just what she needs, a man she can come home to, someone to cuddle with and who takes care of the house.”

“Well, I keep the books for her business in our home office. The girls in the office know little about bookkeeping. She says that’s a great help since she doesn’t like to be bothered with figures and finance.”

“And keep house.”

“Well, yes, that too.”

I look at her swinging foot, remember the occasion of our first unlikely intimacy.

She told me I had dainty feet, that she envied them, went to her closet and came back with a pair of tall heels, told me to try them on. I didn’t want to do it but she was adamant. Like Gabrielle, Allegra is strong willed. So I took off my socks and slipped my bare feet into her shoes. There was room to spare and she said I looked cute in heels.

She told me to hold up my pants cuffs and look at my feet in the mirror, how nice they looked. Then

she had me walk in them and I almost turned an ankle.

“Well, it takes practice, dear, walking in heels. But you could get the hang of it in no time.” She had looked at me and said in a soft voice, “Is it true what they say about men who have small feet?”

I felt stupid standing in front of her in those heels, my cuffs hiked. “What do you mean?”

“Stand closer and let’s see. I’ve always been curious about it.”

I had no idea what was going on, didn’t know Allegra very well at the time.

Looking into my eyes, she unbuckled my pants before I could back away.

“We shouldn’t be doing this,” I had said, and felt her hand brush the front of my shorts.

“Stand still, Jon,” she said, and pulled down my shorts, exposing my privates.

My face went crimson in embarrassment.

“It is true,” she said with a small smile.

“You don’t think its very big?”

“Maybe once its hard,” she said, taking it in hand, stroking it.

It felt good and I stood very still while her warm hands brought me to an erection.

“Not so bad, really,” she said.

I was humiliated yet excited.

She kept at it and I wanted to back away, pull my pants back up but it felt so good.

“I can’t leave you like this,” she said in a husky whisper. “Take off your pants and shorts and I’ll take care of it.”

“We shouldn’t be doing this,” I said halfheartedly.

“Yes, I know. It’s terribly sinful but I’m a terribly sinful woman.”

I’ve always heard a stiff penis has no conscious and it was certainly true that day. I removed my pants and shorts.

“Put the shoes back on and sit beside me,” she said.

I did as she said and she took me in hand, said it would be our little secret.

I sat beside her on the vanity bench while she masturbated me.

“Doesn’t this feel good?”

“You know it does.”

“You look cute in my shoes, honey. You can wear them any time you like.”

My skin prickled and I shivered, my face coloring in shame.

“I don’t want to wear your shoes,” I said breathlessly.

“But you’ll wear them for me while I do you.”

The way she said it precluded any argument from me.

I didn’t say anything, gave into the pleasurable sensations of her jacking hand on my petey.

I didn’t know Allegra’s history then, and though loathe to admit it, I’m quite naïve.

“Does Gabrielle do this for you a lot?” she wanted to know, saying it casually as if discussing the weather.

“Uhm, sometimes when she’s not in the mood for sex. Please, let’s not talk about Gaby.”

I felt really guilty but a stiff penis has a mind of its own.

“My daughter can be a cold woman but I’ve always been rather passionate,” she said, ignoring what I’d just said. “You want this, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I said in a small voice.

“Very well then,” she said, increasing the tempo of her hand. “Give me your seed.”

It took just a few more moments and I climaxed. She jacked me faster, my semen jetting into the air over my lap.

“There, don’t you feel better?”

I nodded, watched her go into the bathroom, come back with a wet washcloth and clean up the mess on the top of my legs and over my privates.

I was consumed with guilt, didn’t know why I had permitted such a thing, felt like I was cheating on my wife.

I took off her shoes, put on my shorts and pants, said I should be going. “You won’t tell Gabrielle about this?”

“No, dear, though I don’t think she would mind very much.” She tittered and said, “We’re sort of keeping it in the family.”

Trying to make a little joke out of it.

“Please don’t tell her,” I pleaded. “She wouldn’t understand.”

“You feel guilty,” Allegra said. “Maybe you should tell her.”

“I couldn’t.”

“Well, its done and we can’t take it back. We don’t have to do it again.”

“No, never again,” I said.

“Of course not. Unless”

“Unless what?” I said.

“Unless your need is great.”

She walked me to the door and I had to ask, “You think my penis is too small?”

“I don’t want to hurt your feelings, honey. But it’s not the most impressive penis I’ve ever seen.”

Now we are in her bedroom, her skirt high in her lap, one foot swinging to and fro.

“Do you think my legs are too fleshy, Jon?” she says quietly.

I am reminded of the line: “Does this dress make me look fat, dear” this frumpy woman asking her husband. If he tells the truth he might end up in divorce court.

“Uhm, no, not at all.”

Yet it’s true, her legs aren’t fatty, look solid, fit her healthy physique.

“You’re just saying that to humor an old woman.”

“No, you have really nice legs. And you’re not an old woman.”

“Well, they must not be that unattractive. You can’t take your eyes off them.”

“I’m sorry.”

We fall silent for a few moments, the silence uncomfortable.

She pats the vanity bench beside her and says, “Come sit by me.”

Warily I move to the bench, aware of the growing fullness in my pants.

She rubs my leg, her hand moving ever closer to my lap.

My niggling grows, begins to tent my lap. I blush, look away.

“Are you in need?” she says.

“Ah, no.”

She puts her hand in my lap and says, “I think you are, honey.”

“Allegra, I don’t know what to say.”

She stands and steps out of her skirt, looks me in the eye as she unbuttons her blouse, puts her hands behind her back and loosens her bra. She shrugs out of it, revealing large breasts and thick elongated nipples, stands before me in only a black girdle, the garters hanging.

“Take your clothes off and get on the bed. I’ll take care of you.”

“We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Hurry before I change my mind.”

I strip off my clothes, lay back on the bed.

Allegra reclines beside me, feeds me a fat nipple and tells me to suck.

She takes me in hand, slowly strokes my penis.

I can't believe this is happening a second time. I thought there would never be another time for this unusual act between me and my mother in law.

Her fat nipple fills my mouth as I suck on her breast, give into the sinful pleasure of her hand, moving slowly at first, then faster.

"Make it last," she whispers.

I want it to last, fleetingly think of my wife off in the southern part of the state closing another land acquisition. She's used leverage — the bank's money — to acquire this large parcel of land on the outskirts of a small community. One of the new World Marts is interested in opening a new store on the land, and nobody knows about the deal except for my wife and her business partner, another successful real estate woman.

I shut my mind to Gaby's latest business venture, try not to think about what her mother and I are doing. I shouldn't feel guilty, I reason. My wife is always gone, leaves me at home, and when she is home she is often neglectful of me, especially when it comes to sex. The woman is consumed with making money, is often too tired for intimacies when she comes home, says she needs the time to unwind and relax. And when she is home on the weekends, she is often off with her business partner for meetings, the two of them watching over their real estate empire like two jealous women catering to the same lover.

"Suck harder, Jon, you won't hurt them."

Her hand increases its pace on my shaft and I wonder if she is having some mysterious orgasm while masturbating me.

I try to hold my release back but it's been at least two weeks since I've had a climax, and then at the mercy of my wife's hand.

Just like I am at the mercy of her mother's hand now.

Bucking my hips as the bottom of her fist pounds into the base of my penis.

Sending me over the edge, shooting volleys of my precious essence into the air in gut-wrenching release.

Allegra wraps me in her arms, both of us unmindful of the smears of semen I leave on her black girdle.

We sleep.

2

It's almost midnight, when at Cyrenaica International I meet Gabrielle and Eleanor, her business partner, as they disembark from their plane, which was held up by a weather delay from a snowstorm.

The two women have dissimilar personalities but complement each other. Gaby is willowy, has chin-length chestnut brown hair, dark, almost obsidian eyes, where Eleanor has long black hair and blue eyes, is of medium build.

They sling their carry-on's over my shoulders and I follow them to baggage where finally their luggage comes through. I load it on a trolley and we head out from the busy airport.

Both of these women look ruffled and weary, and in spite of her makeup, I discern unflattering bags under my wife's dark feral eyes.

Eleanor seems more pleased to see me than my wife.

But Gaby's first words to me are, "Are you gaining weight, Jon?"

"I'm glad to see you, too, honey," I say sarcastically.

"Give the poor guy a break, Gaby," El says. "You haven't seen him for nearly a week and he's obviously missed you."

We pile in the car, El in back, my wife sitting in front with me. She crosses her legs in the roomy front seat of our dark blue Lincoln Town Car and it's a welcome sight, those long slender legs adorned in sheer looking hosiery, which is a concession to the frigid weather.

A lot of women don't wear hosiery anymore. Some get away with it, others don't. My wife has great legs in or out of nylons. But it is arousing seeing a woman in garter belt and stockings. Allegra comes to mind and I immediately feel guilty.

"I've put him on a diet," says Gaby. "Have you been following your diet?"

"Yes, dear, I have."

"Will you stop with this obsessive business about weight gain," El complains. "I'm tired of hearing it, and Jon probably is too. If you don't like the way he looks put him in a bodyslimmer. They have them now for men, though he'd look cuter in a woman's bodyslimmer."

I knew my wife's business partner would find a way to turn things against me. She likes to humiliate me and I've brought it to Gabrielle's attention. "She doesn't like me very much," I'd said and was told not to pay El any mind, it's just her nature to put men down, since she's went through two messy divorces in the last five years. Gaby told me in confidence her business partner falls in and out of love at a moment's notice.

"I like your new hair color, Jon," says El.

"Blond suits his pale complexion, don't you think?" says my wife. El agrees.

I don't say anything, remember being dragged to Gabrielle's salon, having my drab mousy brown hair colored and styled. She has encouraged me to grow it out and it now hugs my cheeks in an inward flip, says I look good with bangs over my forehead.

I didn't like any of this business but when she first insisted I go with her to the salon to have my hair colored it was of modest length.

And then there's this thing about the Cytherea Coterie, what both of them refer to as 'The Sisterhood.' I've quizzed Gaby about it but she's usually evasive. Something about the superiority of Woman, men being subservient to the female species.

"Where am I dropping you, Eleanor?" I say as sweetly as possible, catching her eyes in the rear view mirror.

"It's too late to take her home," Gaby says. "She'll spend the night with us and you can run her home in the morning."

El lives some miles out of the city and I groan inwardly, was hoping my wife and I might be intimate

tonight. But with El staying over she will most likely sleep with my wife in our bed. They are like sisters, probably closer than sisters, have been best friends since high school, have shared everything from clothes to the same boyfriends. When they go on these extended trips they share a room and Gaby has confided in me that El hates to sleep alone, especially now that she's divorced and alone.

Which if you ask me, she asked for — the divorces I mean — the way she constantly puts men down, finds nothing but fault with them. I told Gaby, and she warned me to not get on the wrong side of Eleanor, that I'd rue the day if I pissed her off.

Apparently it's okay for her to put me down.

Eleanor is a bad influence on my wife. It's like Gaby asking me about weight gain instead of giving me a hug and kiss, saying she's glad to see me.

"I don't mind running Eleanor home," I say hopefully. "It's no problem."

"No, we're tired. It's been a long frustrating week. We both need sleep," my wife says.

"Your husband needs attention, Gaby. Don't you get it?" says Eleanor from the back seat.

"The only attention Jon will get tonight is by his own hand," says Gabrielle disdainfully.

Immediately I feel guilty, think of the bizarre encounter with her mother.

"Well, there is that," says Eleanor. "Men are always playing with their dinkies. It's disgusting the way I had to play with Don's pecker all the time."

I see my opportunity, can't hold back although I know I should: "Maybe if you weren't so frigid, Eleanor, you wouldn't have had to do that."

"You little pervert, I bet whacking off is all you do, staying at home and keeping house."

"Hey, that's enough you two," Gaby says. "I'm not in the mood to hear you two bickering like an old married couple."

"I want to go home," says Eleanor.

"I'd be glad to take you home," I say, catching her eye in the rear view mirror, smiling broadly.

"Shut up the both of you," warns Gabrielle.

We ride in silence and I'm distracted by wife's legs revealed under the short hem of her skirt. She tugs on her skirt, gives me one of her patented frosty looks.

I'm angry, mad at both of them for ruining what I have been imagining. "I suppose Eleanor will sleep with you in our bed?"

Gabrielle gives me a look, a frown appearing on her forehead. "Doesn't she usually?"

"I want to share our bed tonight," I say petulantly.

"There's time enough for that tomorrow," Gaby says with a heavy sigh. "I'm exhausted and irritable, listening to the two of you bickering like you've got your periods."

"I bet his dirty little mind sees us making love," Eleanor says, her voice sounding teasingly seductive.

I don't say anything but I have seen the two of them together in my mind.

“Is that what you think, Jon?” Gabrielle says thoughtfully.

“No, I don’t think anything of the kind.”

Finally we reach our gated subdivision in Cyrenaston and I pull into the garage beside my wife’s cherry red Mustang. The two of them leave the unloading to me. I struggle with their luggage, find them in the bedroom, already stripped down to their underwear, my wife in a matching set of lavender panties and bra, and sheer pantyhose, Eleanor in just panties and bra, her slacks and blouse carelessly discarded on the floor.

It is not that unusual to see Eleanor in her undergarments. I think she enjoys teasing me, showing off her curvy figure.

I look at them standing beside each other, as they look at me.

“Goodnight, Jon,” says Gaby and Eleanor smiles, says the same thing. I was hoping at least for a goodnight kiss but I am being punished for sounding like a snot.

“I’ll see you guys in the morning,” I say and start to close the door behind me.

“Jonathan,” says my wife.

I turn around. She smiles takes Eleanor in her arms and kisses her lips for too long a time. My penis pulses in my pants as I watch the two of them kiss, doing it, I suspect, just to get under my skin.

Sometimes I think I hate Eleanor.

“Is this what your overactive libido has imagined, dear?” says my wife.

Eleanor, with her arm around my wife's slim waist, sweetly says, "Pleasant dreams, Jonathan."

I want to slam the door behind me but that would only make matters worse, and I close it softly, sigh heavily, go down the hall to the bedroom I'm all too familiar with, the place where Gabrielle makes me sleep when she's mad at me.

There are other guest rooms down the hall and I can't see why Eleanor can't sleep in one of these extra bedrooms, at least for this one night.

I toss and turn, finally drift into a restless sleep.

Waking late, I find the two of them in the kitchen, my wife in flannel pajamas and Eleanor dressed in the same clothes she wore the night before. They are drinking coffee.

Gabrielle comes over to me, looks down into my eyes, wraps her arms around my waist and gives me a long kiss, kissing me until she feels me respond between the legs.

"I'm sorry, honey," she says. "I should've given you a big smooch first thing when we stepped off the plane. But I was wound up, quarrelsome. Will you forgive me?"

That's enough to get me out of the argumentative mood when I awoke, brushed my teeth and got dressed.

"Take El home and hurry back, I'll be waiting with open arms."

"Oh brother," says Eleanor. "Yes, take me home and get back here so the two of you can ravish each other's bodies."

Eleanor's sarcasm is like dripping battery acid.

I retrieve Eleanor's luggage which I needlessly dragged into the house the night before. The two women buss cheeks, agree to meet at their office on Monday and go over their plans for their latest real estate venture.

Eleanor lives in Foster, about an hour or so ride from the city if the interstate isn't very busy. For the most part we ride in silence but my mind keeps turning back to their heated kiss from last night. I have suspected as much but always dismissed my fears as insecurity.

As we exit the turnpike, I ask, "Eleanor, do you mind if I ask you something?"

"No."

"It's personal but it involves me."

"Ask Jonathan."

"Last night when the two of you kissed. I've wondered, perhaps unreasonably . . . , if maybe you and my wife are lovers."

She doesn't say anything and my heart beats wildly.

The silence is deafening.

"Well, is it true?"

She leans over, puts her hand high on my leg, and I have to look away from the road and into her blue eyes. "Does the thought excite you, hon?"

"Uhm, I'm not sure."

"Most men get excited watching two women make love to each other," she says.

She takes her hand away, sits back, says nothing more.

“Well, are you going to tell me?” I say.

“Are you gay, Jonathan?”

“Gay! Of course not.”

“Maybe bisexual?”

“NO!”

“You have inclinations. I just wondered,” she says with a small smile.

“Inclinations! What does that mean?” I demand.

“Oh nothing. Ask your wife about us.”

“I’m asking you.”

“No, ask your wife. I’m not going to tell you if we are or not.”

“I don’t want to ask Gaby. You can tell me.”

“Are you afraid of what she might say?”

“I, well, I’m not sure how I’d react,” I admit.

“Ask her.”

“She’d get mad.”

“Well, honey, that’s the only way you’re going to find out. Ask Gaby.”

The woman’s being a bitch, tormenting me.

I have at least an hour to think about it driving back, decide I can’t ask Gaby if her and Eleanor are intimately involved. Maybe I don’t want to know. Maybe I’m afraid of what she might say.

Instead I think about my wife waiting at home with open arms, get a raging hard-on just thinking about it. It’s been so long since we’ve made love, the kind of love a man and woman make, her inviting me into her open arms and with open legs.

When she's in the mood, I more often than not perform cunnilingus, which seems to be her favorite sexual endeavor. Sometimes she reciprocates with fellatio but most usually takes me in hand. I have to ask her for sexual intercourse, find it embarrassing.

When we do have coitus, Gabrielle always sits on top, says she can fully take my penetration, grind herself to orgasm.

When we first married, I took her in the male superior position and she doubled herself over, raised her legs to her head, told me to fuck her hard. It was my favorite position and I penetrated her fully. It felt so good to be so completely inside her, I'd often go off prematurely.

Before we married, Gabrielle told me she had a tough time achieving orgasm and I had to be patient with her. As it turned out she was patient with me and my premature ejaculations. She taught me all about cunnilingus, how to please her orally, doing this intimate task while we dated but denying sexual intercourse, saving the best for our marriage bed, is what she said.

I wanted her to suck me but she refused, said she was saving that for our marriage, too, pacified me with masturbation.

But now that we are married, I often have to settle for masturbation.

My wife is an impatient woman, says it's my fault I'm too quick. It makes it hard to argue with her because she's right. But I'm loathe to admit it.

What guy wants to come clean that he's too quick on the trigger?

But today I'm going to give her a really good screwing, am determined to last until she achieves her illusive orgasm.

When I get home I see her mother's car in the driveway. Just my luck. I hope her mother won't stay long. I'm more that ready to jump my wife's bones. I hit the remote on the garage door, drive inside, park the Lincoln beside Gabrielle's Mustang.

Walking out into the driveway, I glance at the sky, the threatening dark grey clouds sweeping in from the northwest, sure to be full of fat snowflakes. Gabrielle will be driving the Lincoln tomorrow when she goes to her office. She won't risk the Mustang on slick streets, even though the Lincoln is more expensive.

I find mother and daughter in the kitchen drinking coffee, Gabrielle still in those unattractive flannel pajamas. But no matter, I will soon have her naked and on the bed, bending her legs back to her shoulders as I drill into her moist womanhood.

The two of them look at me as I pour a cup of coffee and for some unknown reason I feel uneasy. "What?" I ask.

Gabrielle sips coffee, looks at her mother who's wearing a small smile. "Nothing, Jon," she says, "join us, we were just talking about you."

"Fine." I sit at the breakfast nook, look at my mother in law who returns my gaze.

"Are the roads okay?" my wife wants to know.

"They are dry but some bad weather looks to be headed this way.

"I told you the roads were drivable," says Allegra.

“Yes, mother. But Jon just came back from taking El home and she lives west of here in Foster. The weather’s coming out of the west.”

“It’s my guess we’ll have snow by tomorrow morning,” I say, and grab the remote for the small television mounted on the wall in the kitchen, click it on and go to the weather channel.

Sure enough, several inches of snow is predicted to hit the city tomorrow.

“You’ll be driving the Lincoln to your office tomorrow,” I say.

“Yes, you’ll have no need for a vehicle,” says Gabrielle. “I have plenty of work for you in my briefcase, enough to keep you busy for several days. I can’t trust those girls in the office with anything other than making listings and coffee.”

Gabrielle is a control freak, understating the business acumen of her small cadre of office support.

“I’m glad to be of service,” I say with a smile. “Whatever m’ lady wishes. Now what were the two of you saying about your humble servant?”

“I worry about you being here alone when I’m gone. Why don’t you go stay with mother while I’m away on business. She’s lonely and can use the company.”

“Gee, I don’t know,” I say, glancing quickly at Allegra.

“You know what a terrible housekeeper she and I are. She can use you around her condo.”

“But I have work to do for your company, balancing the books and watching over the bottom line, all that stuff.”

“Nothing you can’t do from your laptop, dear. And I won’t worry so much if the two of you are together, watching over one another.”

Gabrielle gets up, goes to the sink with her cup, starts from the kitchen. She is used to having her way. I’m sure she thinks the matter is settled.

For obvious reasons I feel uneasy about staying with my mother in law but can’t bring them up to my wife who starts down the hall.

“Where are you going?”

“To get dressed. Mother and I are going shopping, spend the day together. We seldom have any time to ourselves.”

“But — ”

“ — You’ll be fine, Jonathan, until I get home. Be patient.”

3

Tuesday afternoon I sit in Doctor Ruth Rhineland’s office with her other patients. Gabrielle is meeting me here for my scheduled checkup. The waiting room is full of women, old and young, and a couple of men.

The men sit beside their wives or girlfriends, one of them drawing my attention.

He is leafing through a *Cosmopolitan* magazine. I notice his long dark brown hair that falls about his shoulders, the bangs across his forehead and the trimmed eyebrows. As he leafs through the magazine I see long fingernails, the rather feminine cut to his short overcoat, his feet tucked into booties with a chunky heel.

He doesn't look up, instead keeps his eyes glued to the pages of *Cosmo*. It's like he doesn't want to meet anyone's eyes. I feel sorry for him, wonder of the relationship he has with the woman who sits beside him.

The buxom nurse comes into reception, smiles at me, says the doctor is ready. I wonder where Gabrielle is but get up and follow the attractive nurse in the tight, short white skirt down a corridor into one of the examining rooms.

"Nice to see you again, Mr. Tremont. Your wife won't be with you today?"

"She was suppose to meet me here. Maybe the snow and traffic held her up. I'll call her cell, see where she is."

"While you're doing that you need to strip, please."

"Yes ma'am," I say, looking at her as she consults a chart on a clipboard. She gives me a bright smile. "Take off all your clothes. The doctor wants you naked and I need to weigh you in."

She stands there while I strip and hang my clothes on the convenient hooks aligned on a narrow wooden strip along one wall. I feel very self-conscious being naked in front of the buxom nurse. I know it's a doctor's office but I still feel debased.

She directs me to stand on the scale, adjusts the weights and says, "Tsk-tsk, Mr. Tremont, you've put on a few pounds since your last visit." She jots my weight down on the chart.

"I'm sorry."

"And well you should be. Dr Rhineland will not be pleased, you naughty boy."

The way she says it makes my skin prickle. She pats the examining table. "I'm sure your wife will be here soon, Mr. Tremont, and then we'll proceed."

She pauses at the door, looks back at me. "There's no reason for modesty, we've all seen you in your birthday suit."

Making a joke, I suppose.

I call Gabrielle. She's just pulling into the parking lot. I don't want to face the doctor and nurse alone. Dr. Ruth Rhineland has a rough demeanor and her nurse makes me uncomfortable.

When my health and this weight gain problem first came up, I wanted to go to my own doctor but Dr. Rhineland gave us our pre-marriage examinations, Gabrielle telling me there was no need for us to have separate doctors.

I sit on the paper-covered examining table, hear it crackling underneath my butt, notice the incorrigibly looking padded stirrups of my wife's OB/GYN.

The door opens and in walks the nurse. She hands me a small glass vial with my name on it, looks at my penis, the ghost of a smile on her pouty lips. She tells me she wants a urine sample to check for sugar. She forgot to send me across the hall when I was dressed, didn't think there was any need for me to put my clothes back on, said she was sorry.

I think she forgot on purpose.

I hold the glass over my lap to shield my penis, wait for her to leave but she stands there, tells me to pee in the glass and give it to her.

"Uhm, now, you mean?"

“Yes, now, sir. You don’t mind peeing for me do you?”

“No, I guess not,” I say, feeling embarrassed, slip off the examining table and turn my back to her.

I hold the glass under my limp penis but cannot pee.

She comes around to my side, looks at the empty glass. “You must be shy. You shouldn’t be, I’ve seen everything you have before. But if you wish I’ll stand outside while you do your business..” She looks down and there’s no question about her sardonic smile now.

“Maybe that’d be best,” I say.

Her eyes flicker over my nakedness, at my exposed privates. “I understand, sir.”

She leaves and eventually I manage to pee in the glass, set it on the counter, wash my hands and hop back up on the table.

When next the door opens, in walks my wife with the doctor, the nurse trailing them.

“How are you feeling today, Mr. Tremont?” says the doctor in a pleasant voice.

“Bashful,” says the nurse before I can answer. She goes to the counter, takes the paper lidded glass and says she’ll be right back.

“Well,” says Dr. Rhineland, men are usually bashful when naked in front of women. However,” she says thoughtfully, “many wives find it beneficial to have their men unclothed.” She gives my wife a look, a small smile creasing her stern face. “Also at home.”

“Why’s that?” I ask, not thinking, feel stupid.

“It makes them more agreeable and complacent for examinations.” Again she glances at Gabrielle, smiles. “And at home a naked man posing for his wife and/or lady friends suggests the natural hierarchy of women.”

I look at my dangling feet, feel my cheeks heat in a blush.

When I look up, I see Gabrielle’s slight smile, the two of them nodding.

The doctor consults the chart on a clipboard as I sit sideways on the examining table. Gabrielle sits in a molded plastic chair and says, “I’m sorry I’m late. Traffic.”

The doctor tells me to hop off the table and turn around. I feel her hands roam over my rump. “He’s getting fleshy buttocks, Mrs. Tremont, putting on weight in all the wrong places.”

“I’ve noticed,” Gabrielle says. “I don’t know what to do with him.”

“Up on the table, Mr. Tremont, and put your feet in the stirrups.”

I knew it would come to this sooner or later when I first saw the stirrups. But I have to go along, get this over with.

I put my feet in the fabric padded stirrups, lay with my legs widely spread, feel exposed and vulnerable.

The doctor stands at my side, glancing at the chart. “You’ve put on weight since your last visit. What did I tell you about snacking?”

“I’m trying, really I am.”

“You’ll have to give him something stronger,” says my wife.

The doctor prods my belly, runs a hand over the slight spare tire around my waist. “You haven’t been exercising either, have you?”

“Well, I’ve been busy,” I say lamely.

“What about those sweat belts that are advertised on those infomercials?” wonders my wife.

The doctor moves up, lays a hand on my chest, says to my wife. “They work to some degree but nothing works like exercise and the proper diet. The pills I’ve prescribed aren’t working.”

“Something stronger,” repeats my wife.

“Your chest is getting fleshy, Mr. Tremont. If you don’t stop gaining weight you’ll soon have man titties.”

“Man titties?” I say, alarm in my voice.

The doctor smiles at me, squeezes a handful of one pectoral. “Yes. Some men who go to fat develop breasts.” She smiles at me, squeezes my other pectoral, her thumb inadvertently rubbing my nipple. “Of course they’re not real breasts.”

“But I’m not that fat,” I protest.

“Not yet.” She looks at my wife as both hands cup my fleshy chest. “You could put him in a support garment.”

“You mean like a bra?” Gabrielle says with a thin smile.

“Yes. Putting a man in a bra encourages his cooperation, to say nothing of other benefits.”

“That’s absurd,” I say.