



Reluctant Press presents:

Sweet Charity

Michael Jay



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Sweet Charity

By Michael Jay

Remember Me

Shelly lay there helpless before him. She was bound securely to a cold steel examining table with wide padded leather straps holding her down. Her arms were above her. Her legs were spread apart and held that way by the unyielding soft leather bonds. Struggling was futile. Escape was impossible.

Her pleas had turned to screams and then sobs ... and then ... a strange acceptance of what was to happen.

Now, Mark looked down at her and smiled. He wiped the sweat from his forehead onto the sleeve of his crisp, starched white business shirt and breathed a huge sigh of relief. He spoke with a heavy helping of sarcasm.

“Whew! ... Well, how does it feel now my sugar sweet? Comfortable?”

“Please... let me go. I... I didn’t do anything. I was just slumming and having a little fun. I was only teasing,” she said whimpering.

He angrily took a step closer to her, “Yeah, right. You made me look and feel like a jerk. You probably cost me my client.”

“If its money you want ... I, I can pay you... just please... please..,” she said with her eyes closed.

“Look at me,” he shouted at her. “Look at me and remember. Because I’m going to make sure you will always remember me.”

He reached in his pocket and she could see a metallic gleam as he slowly withdrew a scalpel.

She screamed in terror as he looked at it and held it up before her.

He smiled smugly as he approached her. He was gaining pleasure from her fear. In fact, the growing fervor between his legs proved that he was indeed enjoying his revenge.

He slid the dull side of the scalpel along the inside of her right thigh and then moved it to her hip. He tugged on it ever so lightly. It cut through the right strap of her tiny black silken panties as if they were nothing. He left the dainty garter belt she was wearing to support her black stockings intact. Then, he quickly pulled the remainder of the panties tight between her legs and up into her femininity. He sliced through the left strap. Slowly he pulled the remains of the wispy garment through her slit and floated them up to her bare middle where he let them sit in a heap on top of her heaving abdomen.

Then, he reached up and cut the straps of her brassier - first between her heaving breasts and then at the shoulders.

She shuddered as he roughly yanked the carved-up garment from her and the cold air passed over her large, erect nipples. He purposely slid the shreds of her under-garments along her naked breasts, up her neck and across her soft, flaming hot cheeks before throwing them aside.

"I don't need your money," he said. "My net worth is over sixty million dollars. I need you to pay for what you did to me though in another way. You think that you can break your word to me. I paid you to suck off Hans and he expected to have you do it. When you left him in the alley with a big dick in his own hand - well he wasn't too pleased. So now you will have to learn a lesson."

"Why don't you just kill me and get it over with." She spat at him hoping that he would kill her and put an end to the nightmare.

"You see, that is exactly what I'm talking about. You have no respect for men. No, I'm not going to kill you or even torture you. You will be allowed to leave here. You will not be physically harmed I promise you. But you will have a lesson, a reminder if you will, of the fact that you as a woman should always look up to men and remember what you are for."

"Asshole! Bastard! You crazy son-of-a-bitch! Let me go!" she screamed as she yanked wildly at her bonds.

"All in good time my dear, all in good time. But first, I have a little something for you." He spoke calmly as he reached into a drawer and took out a pair of latex gloves and put them on. "You need just a bit of preparation first."

He turned his back and there was a spurting sound. He turned around again and approached her crotch. He spread a green, slippery gel-like substance over her pubic area. He made no attempt to enter her but just spread the gel out thinly with the palm of his gloved hand.

It was cool at first causing her to shiver, but in less than a minute it began to turn warm and even pleasurable. Her juices started to flow uncontrollably.

He smiled knowingly as he saw the anger on her face being replaced by pleasure. She was confused. What was happening? She WANTED to feel rage and anger but her capacity to do so was quickly diminishing. He put a small dab of the gel on each of her aureole

and used his gloved thumb and forefinger to massage some onto each of her large, already rock-hard nipples.

He watched her carefully as the chemicals took hold of her body and soul. He studied her perfect body knowing that the moment was close at hand.

He took inventory of her. She was about five feet tall and probably just over one hundred pounds. Her breasts were small and needed no support; her hips wide and her waist slim and shapely. Yes, this was a woman that men would dream of. But he did not want her in that way, at least not right now. He was too caught up in teaching her the lesson he felt she deserved. He wanted it to be perfect.

He continued to watch her closely. Her heartbeat, her respiration, her moans ... All continued to increase steadily as planned. When the time was right he spoke softly to her. "Now... Now what's on your mind my dear?"

Her lips moved but the words she mouthed were buried by her passion as well as her shame. She did not want to say it. Shelly was a female lawyer that specialized in high profile women's cases. She had no use for men in her life — not for anything. This was something that she had never felt before, something she never wanted to feel. She could not understand why such words were on her mind.

He leaned over and whispered in her ear, "A bit louder please. I didn't hear you."

"Fuck me." she whined softly.

"Once again," he ordered calmly.

"Oh please, please fuck me," she repeated.

Her body heaved. Her arms and legs strained against her bonds, trying to get free to touch herself and quench the uncontrolled and still growing passion in her crotch.

Mark took out a huge, double-ended dildo and showed it to her. "This is exactly like me," he told her.

She licked her lips, closed her eyes and begged, "Yes. Yes. Give it to me... For the love of god, please give it to me."

Mark smiled. "What is it you want? he asked facetiously.

"Cock," she moaned, not believing her own words to be possible. "I want your cock"

"But all women want a cock," he whispered to her softly as he tongued and nibbled her ear. "I know that. Freud knew that. And you my dear are just beginning to realize that -- YES... just beginning."

He coated one end of the dildo with the gel and slowly slipped it inside of her. He pumped and twisted it ever so gently, ever so slowly and then, just left it there.

She could not believe what was happening! Instead of the expected release, her pleasure continued to grow - continued to mount. It spread from her clitoris and vulva to deep within her loins. She could only raise her head a few inches to look down and see the other end of a large, life-like penis sticking out from between her legs. Her vaginal muscles clamped down on the ersatz shaft that was within her, trying to take it all in — trying to

squeeze out of it what it could not give. Never, never had she thought such pleasure was attainable.

“Make it stop. Oh please, make it stop,” she begged.

“No, it’s not going to stop. Not for a long time. Not ever. Even after I release you, the need will not go away. Your pussy will throb constantly. It will be the center of every moment of your life from now on. It will be forever hungry!

“Now I will help you to have an orgasm. It will be like nothing you have ever experienced before. You will always remember me as the best fuck of your life. You will search for me but you will never find me again. THAT will be my lesson for you”

Then, he attached a device much like a large syringe to the tip of the penis protruding from her crotch. He pushed a button on it and she immediately felt a flood of warmth deep within her vagina. She was swept to a plateau of pleasure few human beings ever experience. Her body was still heaving wildly for almost a minute after she slipped into unconsciousness. Mark pushed a second button on the syringe and it reversed itself and filled the tube with her most intimate fluids that contained an unfertilized egg from deep inside her body.

He rose and smiled down at her now spent and relaxed form. He loosened the straps that were holding her and removed the syringe and its contents as well as the artificial penis from between her legs. “I’d better get this into stasis immediately,” he said to himself and walked out of the room.

Memories

“O.K. lady. End of the line.” Shelly awoke to the voice of a taxicab driver outside of her expensive high-rise apartment overlooking the city.

“Uh... thanks”, she said as she groggily reached to pay the man.

“Nah.. Taken care of. — Tip too. Have a nice day lady,” said the driver as the doorman opened the door of the taxi for her. She stared at the driver’s eyes and wanted to ask him something but another car honked its horn for the taxi to move. She shook her head and exited quickly.

The doorman looked at her strangely as she passed through the glass doors but she was too pre-occupied to even notice him. She made her way across the marble foyer to the elevator. When the doors opened she entered and pressed “P”. The button lit, the doors closed - the elevator whined and began to move.

Reaching for her purse to get out the key to her penthouse apartment she shook her head and thought, “What a dream!” Then, she looked up at her reflection in the mirrored walls of the elevator and let out a single horrified gasp.

As the elevator doors opened she scrambled frantically in her purse for her key and found it attached to a large, very realistic dildo with a six inch long golden chain. She pulled the key out and let the penis hang. As she turned the key in the lock she felt her own warm fluid trickling down the inside of her right thigh.