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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

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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.

“Nonetheless, having to wear a bra will encourage you to diet properly and take your prescribed pills. You could also put him in a girdle.”

“I won’t wear that stuff!”

She looks at me, fingers tweaking my small nipples. “Well dear, some of my male patients wear bras and girdles at their wives insistence.”

What she’s doing with her pesky fingers sends a tingling to my groin and I pray I don’t go hard, embarrass myself and my wife.

I’ve never liked this doctor or her abrupt demeanor.

“That’s preposterous.”

“Not really. Not in today’s progressive society. As liberated women we approve effete males. Regardless, you’re putting on weight much like a woman does. You may have a hormonal imbalance.”

“What does that mean?”

“Well, it might mean you have more estrogen in your system than most men. It is not all that uncommon.”

“How do we correct something like that?” I ask, giving Gabrielle a quick, panicky look.

“I can prescribe testosterone supplements. And you start with diet and exercise like you’ve been told.”

“I’ll do it, I swear.”

The doctor goes to the counter, fits a latex glove on one hand, moves to foot of the table between my legs. “I need a sample of your sperm.”

My face goes red. I look to my wife for support but she sits there, nods. “Why?”



“To check your testosterone level.”

“Are you sure that’s necessary?”

“I’m afraid so, Mr. Tremont.”

The nurse comes back in with a small clear vial flared at one end, waves it at me.

This has been prearranged.

“Fit it over his penis, Nancy,” says the doctor.

Gabrielle stands beside the nurse, smiles.

The doctor trails a latex covered finger inside the crack of my ass. “Now Mr. Tremont, this procedure is known as milking.”

“Milking?” I say, my voice mystified, feel the examination is spiraling out of control.

“Yes, I’m going to massage your prostrate and it will make you squirt your sperm into the container the nurse is fitting over the end of your penis.”

The nurse giggles and says, “More like a peenie.”

The doctor smiles and says, “This won’t feel like a real orgasm. Of course you will discharge your seed but it won’t be as pleasurable as say . . . a climax.” She looks at me, her eyes full of meaning.

I grit my teeth and say, “Get it over with.”

“I’ve taught this procedure to many wives and girlfriends of the increasing number of male patients I have. It is a way of controlling the male libido. It drains his sperm but isn’t as satisfactory as a climax from say, masturbation. In fact this procedure makes a male feel helpless. I recommend it to instill obedience.”

“This is ridiculous,” I blurt and Dr. Rhineland shoves her finger up my ass.

“Is the head of his penis in the container?” asks the doctor.

“Yes, I’ve got it just over his glans. Whenever you’re ready, doctor,” says the nurse pleasantly.

“Now Mr. Tremont, spray your sperm for us.” With that her finger works inside my rectum.

If I had any thought about getting a hard-on, that fear is not forthcoming.

Looking at my wife, the nurse says, “This is my favorite procedure for controlling males. I do it to my boyfriend all the time, whenever I think it’s appropriate.”

I lay stiffly, look at the ceiling, wish this over. I will never come back here, I feel so humiliated.

There is a little tingling in my balls and I feel like I have to use the bathroom.

“There, we’re all done,” says the doctor.

The nurse removes the receptacle from my penis, holds it up for all to see.

“My,” says the nurse, “a generous specimen.” She smiles at me and adds, “We don’t usually get such a generous amount of sperm, Mr. Tremont. You must have been saving up.”

My face heats in a blush and I look away.

The doctor peels off the latex glove, deposits it in a covered wastebasket. “You may get dressed after the nurse takes a blood sample.”

I groan, lay back down.

“To get your husband to stick to his diet and do the proper exercises, I recommend milking as an incentive, a tool you may wish to use to gain obedience.”

Gabrielle looks at me and smiles.

“After having the procedure preformed several times, I find that some males actually enjoy being milked. It’s helps their mindset.”

Gabrielle catches my eye, looks at the doctor.

“Let’s go to my office and we’ll discuss what’s best for you husband.”

My wife and doctor leave me alone with the nurse.

While taking my blood the nurse hums some vague tune.

“May I get dressed now?” I say needlessly.

“Yes, sir, you can’t very well go through the lobby naked. I would suggest you do as your wife says, Mr. Tremont. On your next visit if you’re still gaining weight, we may have to take drastic measures.”

I don’t know what could be more drastic than what I’ve just went through.

At home I stomp around the bedroom, tell Gabrielle I’ve never been so humiliated in all my life.

“That nurse is a bitch.”

“It’s your own fault,” says Gabrielle. “If you dieted properly and took your pills none of this would be necessary. And I’m helping Nancy find a house. You need to be nice to her.”

“Well, I’m not going back there.”

“What about your tests?”

“To hell with that. I’ll go to another doctor, have my own tests run.”

“You’ll do nothing of the kind, Jon. We all have your best interests at heart.”

“Your OB/GYN and that sassy nurse — did you hear what she said?”

“What who said, dear?”

“That nurse. She said she milked her boyfriend on a regular basis.”

“So?”

“No guy would put up with that treatment.”

“The doctor said men get used to it. Some like having it done. I suppose it’s like anal sex.”

“Anal sex? What are you talking about?”

“Anal sex can be quite pleasurable.”

“I don’t see how.”

“I’ll take you with my vibrator or dildo, go up your butt and you’ll get off.”

I look at her as if she just stepped off a flying saucer. “I don’t believe this.”

“Jon, I know you don’t want to admit it. You’re not very knowledgeable about things sexual. But I’ve always found your naiveté charming. You are so much different than that jerk I was married to. That’s one of the reasons I chose you.”

“I’m not going for this anal sex business, Gaby. No way.”

“I’ll let you do me back there,” she says. “It’ll be really tight for you.”

“Speaking of which, I want you in bed now. We haven’t been intimate since you came home. Something always gets in the way.”

“After you expelled your load in that little flared tube, you still want to have sex?”

“It wasn’t any fun for me.”

“When you want to get off, I’ll milk you. The doctor gave me a supply of latex gloves.”

“I’m not letting you anywhere near my rectum.”

“Suit yourself, dear. No sex until you come around to my way of thinking.”

“Gaby, you can’t mean that.”

“I do. You are going to lose weight.”

“Having sex has nothing to do with gaining weight.”

She looks at me, doesn’t say anything.

“You are obsessive about this weight business.”

“I can’t help it. I look at mother and see myself like that in so many years.”

“Your mother has an attractive figure. You have some kind of phobia about it.”

“Yes, I do. You’ll have to live with it.”

Later, after watching TV in the den, I come into the bedroom, start to get undressed for bed.

“What do you think your doing?”

“Coming to bed.”

“Not in this bedroom you’re not.” She points her finger at the door.

“If I was Eleanor, you’d welcome me with open arms.” I blurt.

“What does that mean?” demands my wife.

“Just what I said. Hell, you sleep with her more than you do your husband.”

“We’re friends, Jon.”

“More than friends.”

“What are you implying?”

I look at her, anger sparking in those dark feral eyes.

“The two of you are lovers, is what I’m saying.”

“Is that what you think?” she says quietly.

“Well, is it true?”

“Get out of my bedroom, Jonathan Tremont.”

“Okay, I’m going but I want some answers.”

Of course I don’t get them.

By morning I’m contrite, come to my wife as she sits at her vanity putting on her face.

“I’m sorry,” I say.

“Go away.”

I go to my knees, wrap my arms around her hips. “I shouldn’t have said those things. Please forgive me.”

She pushes my arms from around her, stands, goes to the closet for her coat.

“I want to make it up to you.”

“Yes, I can imagine.”

“Please,” I plead.

“I’ll think about it.”

She leaves for the office without kissing me good-bye.

That evening when she gets home I serve her one of her favorite dinners: baked salmon and asparagus, and a low calorie soup that is tasteless. A

healthy meal she knows won't add pounds to her already trim figure.

In the bedroom I catch her in her underwear, kneel and wrap my arms around her hips, kiss her panties.

She ruffles my hair. "I know what your after."

I kiss her on the panties again, inhale her stale aroma. "I'll lick you."

"No, I'm not ready for that. Take off your clothes and lay on the bed."

I am naked in a flash, lay on the bed.

She crawls up on the bed and snaps on a latex glove.

"What are you doing?"

"You know what. I'm going to give you some release but it won't be so pleasurable."

"No, I don't want that."

"Of course you do, dear," she says, taking my penis in hand, stroking it.

Unexplainably I go hard.

"This is my way of milking you," she says. "Now spread your legs."

"Let's make love," I hopefully suggest.

"No, if I want to make love I'll call El."

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I didn't mean to say such a thing."

She smiles and jacks my cock, pushes her latex encased hand between my legs. "Do you think about it a lot, El and I having sex together?"

"I didn't mean to — "

She slaps my buttocks with her open hand and I jump.

“Grab your knees, honey,” she says while stroking me, “hold your legs up so I can get at you.”

“ . . . Please.”

“Do it or I’ll stop.”

Her hand stops stroking my penis.

I bend my legs back, hold them behind the knees, feel terribly vulnerable, wonder if this is how the nurse does her boyfriend.

She slowly inserts her forefinger and resumes masturbating me.

“Don’t hold back. Cum as soon as you want.”

But I do hold back, feel her invading finger and her slowly stroking hand.

“Do you want to shoot for me,” she says in a quiet voice.

“Yes.”

“Think about El and I making love.”

I look into her dark eyes, can’t help but see them in sapphic embrace.

“Shoot for me. Do it now!”

Her finger rams inside my rectum and I climax, shoot volleys of semen over my belly and chest.

It’s different than what happened in the doctor’s office. I have the familiar feeling of getting off but it’s different . . . painful.

“That was quicker than I expected,” she said. “Like when your penis is inside me and you go off uncontrollably.”

She peels off the latex glove, drops it in the puddle of my semen. “Go clean yourself up.”

Coming out of the bathroom, I say, “May I sleep with you tonight?”

“Yes, dear, but only if you behave yourself.”

4

The next day I get a strange email from her office. It has an attachment and I open it. My jaw drops as I stare at the photo. It’s of a naked man. He’s holding his knees bent back almost to his head, penis pointing right in his face. A woman sits beside him and she’s looking into the eye of the camera, her hand a blur on his penis.

The meaning of the picture is unmistakable, churns my stomach.

I look at the sender’s address. It’s a generic email coming from my wife’s office, no way for me to tell who sent it.

My wife must have sent it. Who else would send such a vulgar email if not my wife?

It could be from Eleanor but that would mean Gabrielle told her about milking me, sticking her finger up my ass.

Would she do that?

I call the office, ask to speak to my wife but she’s gone to some meeting, and Eleanor with her. The receptionist adds they will be having a leisurely lunch at the Cypris Club afterward, won’t be back in the office until late. When did she leave the office I ask her secretary, find out she’s been gone most of the day.

The email has a two-thirty time stamp on it.

It couldn't have come from Gaby or Eleanor. My stomach roils thinking of the possibilities, who my wife told in her office, and why would she risk telling one of her girls about our strange behavior.

I try her cell and it goes to voicemail, likewise with Eleanor's.

I have no choice but to wait until she gets home, confront her with the obscene photo.

Several times I open the email, look at the attached photo, how this anonymous guy's legs are bent back almost to his head, erect penis in his face, the woman sitting beside him in bra and panties, her fist a blur on his phallus.

I wonder with sick fascination if there is another photo. I search for the same couple, find other sexily clad women, most in tall heels or boots, PVC gear, black stockings and garter belts. I find a link, search it but this particular couple is nowhere to be found.

Why am I looking for them?

Good question. Maybe I'll be able to trace the sender. But thinking about it, I know that's absurd. I click back in the browser until I see the single black and white frame.

Looking at it a strange tingle prickles my skin and I think about being in the doctor's office, my legs spread and feet in the padded stirrups.

Being milked . . .

Enough of this business. I go back to the spread sheet, try to make sense of the credits and debits the girls from the office forwarded to me, get lost in work.

Later Gabrielle calls, says not to bother fixing dinner, she'll bring home healthy take-out. I ask her if she sent me an email and she says no.

Is she lying about sending the provocative photo? Does she really think I'd submit to such a degrading act?

It's dark out when Gabrielle gets home. She rambles on about her day while I unpack the take-out. We sit at the breakfast nook and eat healthy salads with low cal dressing.

Her and Eleanor are leaving in the morning, taking the Lincoln, going downstate for meetings about the recent land acquisition. The deal on the land is all but closed, needs paperwork and attention so it all goes smoothly. A lot of work yet to do, hiring contractors, getting the necessary building permits. This is her and Eleanor's most involved project. They are overseeing the entire deal, contacting subcontractors. It's an ambitious project and I advised the two of them against it. My objections fell on deaf ears, Eleanor telling me to stick with what I know best: "Pushing pencils, looking out for our bottom line." Saying it like I was their lackey.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Just a few days. The weather is worse there and I don't want to get stuck in the airport. So we're going to drive."

"We missed most of the snow. It shouldn't be a problem."

She goes on like she didn't hear: "Go over to mother's, stay with her while I'm gone. The two of you can keep each other company."

“I want to make love to you before you go,” I say, not meeting her eyes.

“Yes, I bet you do. But I’m still mad at you.”

“I told you I was sorry.”

“Does saying you’re sorry make it better?” I cannot meet her eyes, the wrinkled brow, waiting for an answer. I get busy with my salad.

“You made matters worse.”

“Worse?”

“I can’t believe you actually asked my best friend if we were lovers. It’s none of your business.”

“Gabrielle, I’m your husband. It is my business. What did Eleanor tell you?”

Her withering look makes me avert my eyes. “Are you going to deny it?”

I look at my bowl of salad, mumble another ‘I’m sorry.’

“I was embarrassed when El told me.”

Her righteous anger sounds a little hollow. She’s using my faux pas against me, possibly to deny their intimacy. But I could be paranoid about that, making excuses for my poor sexual performance. I have inadvertently played into Eleanor’s hands. With an inner sigh of defeat, I conclude I can’t compete with these two women. My father once told me arguing with women was a futile exercise. It’ll only get you in trouble. Men think logically while women deal with situations by mood and emotion.

Yet something isn’t quite right about the situation.

“It was a mistake,” I say in contritely.

“Yes, and you’re going to pay for it. My legs will be together until you straighten out your act.”

There’s nothing I can say. Gabrielle is head-strong. From the beginning of our relationship I made the mistake of allowing her to lead our relationship. She has a take-charge attitude about most things anyway.

I think back to what my mother once told me about women and men; “Nearly all men are dominated by their women in one way or another. In most relationships it is subtle, most of them not even aware of it.”

It wasn’t long after, when I was in college, that mom and dad divorced. She had caught him cheating on her, is what she told me. I confronted him about it and he said I didn’t understand their relationship.

“Look son,” he told me, “some women become cold fish after they marry. They use sex to ensnare men and when they have them where they want them they forget about sex, pacify us with hand jobs or ridicule our sex drive. I can’t tell you how many times I heard: ‘All you think about is sex.’ I want more than a pity fuck or masturbation from your mother.”

I was embarrassed for him, felt uncomfortable about the way he talked about their sexual lives. It was really none of my business, and I regretted confronting him.

I didn’t know about their intimate relationship, had never wondered about it. After he explained it to me I began to see his side of the argument. Thinking back, I remember overhearing mom telling him on

several occasions she'd take care of him later but only if he was contrite and repentant.

I didn't know what he'd done to displease her, but growing up it was obvious she was in charge of our household.

My mother always worked, has a degree in psychology, worked for Wausau Paper.

After mom got to know Gabrielle, she told me we were a good fit, encouraged me to propose and give her grandchildren. Gabrielle wasn't ready to have children. I kept that from my mother, warned Gaby not to talk about children. She didn't want motherhood to interfere with her quest for wealth and independence.

It seemed a coincidence that mom started dating this guy who was visiting from the Midwest. I was happy for her but she was vague about their relationship. This guy burned up a lot of frequent flyer miles flying back and forth.

Mom wondered when Gabrielle and I were getting married. We had never discussed marriage, both of us content to date informally. But mom knew I was smitten with the tall and attractive business woman who was busy building her niche in commercial real estate.

A few years after the divorce mom told me this guy from Nebraska, who was ten years her junior, had proposed marriage. That's when I met him, learned his family was in the retail furniture business, owned a chain of stores.

I was stunned that mom would even consider marrying this younger guy. She even considering moving to Nebraska with him. I didn't like that idea but she pointed out I was starting out on my own,

and if Gabrielle and I didn't marry, I would soon find someone else.

Was she willing to give up her rewarding position with Wausau Paper in Human Resources, I wondered. She mentioned starting a small practice in Nebraska, reasoned she didn't really have to work. This guy's family had money. She flew to the Midwest, met his family, and I sensed she'd make the move.

I didn't want her go. My dad had moved on with his new life and I seldom saw or spoke to him. Mom cried and I hugged her, both of us promising to visit back and forth. I made a single visit to see her, spent a week with them after they'd been married for about a year. They live in a sprawling ranch style home with lots of acreage.

I was there a few days and saw how this guy catered to her. Of course he was ten years younger, and it struck me how he treated her almost like she was his mother. It seemed, at least while I was there, he was always seeking her approval. Being a psychologist, I think mom played to his insecurities. There was no doubt who was in charge. She'd tell him what to do, flash me a sly smile, order him around almost like he was her manservant. I'd told her it was like he was obeying his mother. She wondered if I was jealous. I wasn't, not at all. She had looked at me and said, "All men are little boys at heart, throughout life seek the approval of their women. It is a subconscious desire to obey their mothers." She smiled ironically and added, "Men never get over their desire to suckle at mommy's breast." She meant figuratively, of course. That's the way I took it.

Thinking back, I realized she was the driving force in our family. My father had a reserved personality and I guess that's where I get my shyness.

Mom came back east for an extended visit. By then Gaby and I were comfortable with each other and mom mentioned how she'd like to have grandchildren. Before flying back to Nebraska, mom pulled me aside, told me to marry Gaby if she was so inclined.

Gabrielle still doesn't want children. She's told me on several occasions there is plenty of time for us to have children. I think she's really afraid if she had a baby her body would not recover it's slender beauty.

My wife has an unreasonable phobia about becoming fat. And I'm paying for it.

I'm in our makeshift office down the hall, juggling figures on this new land venture when she comes in, says she's going to bed early.

"I'll shut this down and join you."

"I know what you want and you're not getting between my legs."

"But you're leaving in the morning and I have needs."

"Don't we all, dear," she says quietly, resting a hand on my shoulder. While I'm gone I better not find out you've gone off your diet. I've given mother specific instructions to see that you get the proper food. And don't forget to take the new pills you were prescribed. I've put them in a handy weekly dispenser. So there's no excuses."

"Yes, dear," I say meekly.

“If you continue to gain weight I’m going to put you in a bra and a girdle, like Dr. Rhineland suggested.”

Her suggestion is ludicrous and I can’t meet her steady gaze.

“Her and that feisty nurse. They love degrading men. She was just saying that to embarrass me.”

She looks at me, a mirthless smile on her face. “I’ve seen how you ogle Nancy’s large bosom, look at her shapely figure. I’m not jealous, Jon. That nurse is way too much woman for you, but I don’t begrudge you your fantasies.”

“My fantasies?”

“The nurse and El and me,” she says, fixing me with dark eyes, something mysterious lurking in them.

“That’s not it at all.”

“Well, living under the threat of being put in a bra and girdle should give you incentive to lose weight.”

“That is totally ridiculous. What man would agree to wear a girdle — and worse — a bra?”

Gaby smiles wickedly. “Didn’t you see that pleasantly pretty man in reception.” She gives me a look. “Now don’t deny it. You’ve made remarks about some of Dr. Rhineland’s male patients.”

She slides her hands down to my chest, cups my fleshy pectorals, thumbing my nipples. I squirm, feel my niggling throb.

“Society is very accepting of effeminate males. It’s a sign of our progressive society. Just look at all those pretty fashion models, how girly they look.”

Cupping my chest, she bites my earlobe. “I bet you’re hard.”

Angrily I push her hands away.

“I won’t do it. That doctor of yours is a radical feminist. I think she’s a man hater.”

“Hah! Your blaming my doctor for your own shortcomings. That’s a typical male reaction, blaming others.”

This is going nowhere. I change the subject.

“Before you go, I want to show you this mysterious email I got from your office today.”

“Okay.”

Saving my work, I get out of Excel, click on my emails and bring it up, click open the attachment. “Look at that.”

She leans over, her breast on my shoulder, peers at the black and white photo.

“Oh my,” she says. “Isn’t that interesting.”

“It’s disturbing. You didn’t send this?”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Then who sent it? It came from your office.”

“I see,” she says. “Anonymously, from the PC in reception. Clients often use that computer to scan listings. Anyone could have sent it, maybe one of our clients.”

“You must have told somebody in the office — one of the girls — about our visit to your doctor. Why else would I get this nasty picture?”

“It is an intriguing photo. Let’s try it.”

“You can’t be serious.”

She reaches down, fondles my lap and says, "You'll get some relief."

"You want me to hold my legs to my head and do . . . *that?*" I'm incredulous.

"Com' on, it'll be fun."

Her hand is reviving my boner, diminishing my resolve.

"Gabrielle, you can't be serious."

She kisses, me sends her tongue into my mouth. "It's making me hot."

"I . . . can't. I . . . won't."

"It's like one of the procedures Dr. Rhineland talked about."

"Absurd," I say, feeling my resolve melt as she gropes me. "Women don't control their men in this way. I've never heard of such a thing."

"Jonathan, dear, you've always been reticent about sex. Anything goes today. *Anything*. Your mother was too strict on you. Did she catch you beating off when you were a kid, punish you in some manner to make you so reserved and straight-laced?"

"Of course not!" My voice didn't sound that convincing, even to me.

Kids get caught playing with their privates. Girls are more discreet than boys, is what mother told me when she caught me. Guys are impulsive. Mom was angry, took me by the ear and marched me into her bedroom, raised her skirts, and gave me a bare bottom spanking, then stood me naked in the corner, pacing back and forth, warning me to refrain from masturbation, lest I become some sort of pervert.

Then she felt guilty about losing her composure, giving me a bare bottom spanking, “You have lots of time to learn about your penis,” she said further, striding back and forth behind me while I faced the corner, my red backside stinging.

“I shouldn’t have spanked you, Jonathan. Two wrongs don’t make a right. By their nature men are sexual animals. There is a time and place for things sexual. Give yourself time, honey.” She stopped behind me, voice harsh. “Don’t let me catch you playing with your penis again. Is that understood?” I nodded and she told me to pull my pants up and we’d forget the matter. She wasn’t going to tell dad, was she? I was surprised by her dry humorless chuckle. “Your father has his own problems. He’s an adult and I’m dealing with his *urges*. Things you don’t need to know.”

My wife’s hands in my lap are getting me all worked up. “Don’t you dare cum in your pants, Jon. I know how you are.”

I slide out from under her, my dick tenting my lap. “Let’s make love.”

“I want your face between my legs, honey. I need to get off.”

“Yes, I’ll do that but not this,” I say pointing an accusing finger at the photo.

She stands straight, looks at the monitor, then at me, a wry smile on her face, starts from the room. “Hurry before I change my mind.”

From her confrontational manner, she’s not giving up on this perverted scenario. But now’s not the time to argue about it. She wants my face between her legs and it’s been quite a while since I’ve pleased her in this way.

I follow her from our home office, my boner leading the way.

She's on the bed naked, her slacks, blouse, bra and panties on the floor. Absently I pick them up, drape her slacks and blouse on the banquette, take her underwear into the bathroom, put them in the clothes hamper.

I strip off my clothes, go to her and say, "Let's make love."

"No, I need to have an orgasm. You'll just leave me hanging. You know you have no staying power."

"You're just saying that."

"It's true, isn't it?"

I should know better than to argue with this infernal woman. I don't answer, don't want to get into my questionable sexual performance, realize my position is weak.

She puts her hand between her legs and I see a finger disappearing inside her smooth, hair-denuded vulva.

"I'll get some kind of pills from your doctor that will make me last longer."

"That stuff doesn't work. I already asked Dr. Rhineland about it. And it won't do me any good now. Put your face where it belongs."

Stomach sinking, I'm more than dismayed that Gaby has discussed our sex life with the diabolical doctor, whom I'm convinced has little use for the male species.

I lay between her spread legs, kiss her wet vulva, inhale the stale perfume of her pussy, lick it, slip my tongue inside her. She tastes a little funky but I'm

used to it. I used to do this for her a lot, and unfortunately, because of my premature ejaculations, she would usually pacify me with a hand job.

I don't think about the porn photo, what Gaby said, concentrate on the task at hand, my hard-on trapped between my belly and the bed.

"Yes, baby, you know what you're doing. I just love oral sex. I bet you picture El's face between my legs. Or vice versa. The two of you could compare notes on how to properly service my pussy. When I get back from my trip, I'm going to keep your sweet face between my legs."

I stab forth with my tongue, taste her womanly syrup.

She cradles my head, hunches her pelvis on my face.

At times Gabrielle has a problem with lubrication but this is not one of those times. She is very liquid, washes my face with her intimate dew.

I suck on her clitoris, tickle it with the tip of my tongue.

It usually takes Gaby a while to achieve her desire but not this time. Her clit is humming on my lips and tongue. I know she is having an orgasm. When I penetrate her, she often has trouble achieving an orgasm, and, as it has become increasingly clear, I'm kind of quick on the trigger.

Our sexual disharmony isn't all my fault.

However, when I perform cunnilingus, her response seems to be quicker, which is the case this time.

Her oily essence infuses my mouth with its tart abundance and I lick her, know to keep my tongue inside her until she comes down from her orgasm.

My cheeks are wet with her dewy discharge, as are her uppermost tender thighs.

She pulls me over her, licks my face. “You taste like pussy, honey,” she says huskily.

I slide my dick between her legs, hope she will allow it but she scoots away.

“That’s a no-no. Not tonight. Lay back and I’ll get you off.”

I do so, spread my legs.

She takes me in hand, slowly jacks my cock.

“You know what you have to do,” she says in a whisper.

I shake my head, won’t look her in the eye.

“It might teach you to have better control. Dr. Rhineland said — ”

“ — Fuck Dr. Rhineland!”

She twists my balls in her fist, brings me half way up.

“*Ouch!* That hurts.”

“Stop being such a twit. You’re acting like a child.”

“I can’t — won’t do it.” My voice is firm but my eyes waver as she stares me down, her fist unmoving on my dick.

“Your ejaculate is full of nutrients. It’s harmless.”

I look into glistening dark eyes, notice her erect nipples.

“The Sisterhood encourages males to enjoy their own ejaculate. Women don’t mind tasting themselves. You need to get over these outdated and puritan hang-ups.”

“Gaby,” I pant almost breathlessly, flex my hips into her warm curled fist. “I don’t know about this stuff.”

“You’ll learn, honey. It’s an acquired taste. It makes me hot just thinking about it.”

“It’s, I don’t know . . . ”

“I don’t mind tasting myself on you when I kiss you, your lips and cheeks wet with my intimate secretions.”

“That’s different,” is my hesitant reply.

My penis begins to wilt.

“It isn’t different. Your semen is full of protein, has very little fat or calories.”

“How do you know?” I challenge, put my hand over hers, move it on my shaft.

“Dr. Rhineland told me, showed me a chart, said men today are not nearly as hung-up as they used to be about tasting semen.”

“You’ve already discussed this with her!”

“Yes.”

“That’s why she brought it up during my examination. You and her planned this. And Nancy, her nurse is part of it.”

Her fist resumes slow-stroking my member. “It’s not like a conspiracy, dear. You are very inhibited about sex.”

“No . . . ”

“Just thinking about it really gets me going. I want you to do it for me.”

“Gabrielle, I *can't*.” My pleading voice is weak.

“If you love me, you’ll do it.”

“I do love you and — ”

“ — It might help you overcome your sexual dysfunction.”

“I don’t see how.”

Faster she strokes me. I look down, see pre-cum dribble over her curled fist.

Smiling rancorously, my wife leans over, licks her fist, kisses me.

“Now that’s not so bad, is it?”

“ . . . I guess not.”

“You love me don’t you, want me to be happy, give me pleasure?”

“Yes, I love you but — ”

“ — No buts, baby.”

“Please, no.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No.”

But she stops stroking me, gives me a look with her dark eyes. It makes me shiver and I avert my eyes.

“Then get your legs in the air,” she says. “Bend your legs back, hold your hands under your knees . . . Yes, that’s better.”

Her hand jacks my cock faster and I look at my hard penis, not as near my face as in that awful photo.

What we're doing is surreal but my lust to get off melts my resolve.

"I'm aiming for your mouth. I want you to open it, taste yourself."

"No . . . no, I can't."

"Yes, you will. If I allow you to fuck me and you go off too soon like you usually do, you'll have to lick me to orgasm . . . lick your jizz out of my pussy. I want you to get used to it."

Saying this in a dispassionate voice, stroking me faster.

It's absolutely crazy, what she's doing.

Perhaps she's getting even for what I said about her and Eleanor being lesbians. The thought is little comfort.

I moan, hold my legs over my upper body, look at my penis now a little closer to my face.

With her free arm she exerts pressure on the backs of my elevated legs.

"Hmm, better," she says, her voice husky.

I glance at her face, those gleaming eyes, the determined expression.

"Now be a good boy and climax."

She's getting off on this.

I'm too soon over the edge, but keep my mouth shut as my face is inundated with my discharge.

"Yes! Cum on your face. Open your mouth," she hisses, continuing to jack my cock.

None of it goes in my mouth but I feel it on my compressed lips.

Gabrielle's fingers swipe my face and pushes them at my sealed lips. "Open up, taste yourself."

Her greasy fingers slide into my mouth and I taste my own semen. It is salty and warm, thicker than I would have imagined. But surprisingly it doesn't taste *that* bad.

Still, my stomach roils at what I've been made to do.

Our marriage and relationship is getting totally out of control.

5

The next day the mystery of who sent the awful email is solved. I drop some paperwork off at the office, stop short, see Nurse Nancy sitting in reception. My face colors remembering her sarcastic remarks and depreciating glances at my dick, how she held up the container of my semen, almost waving it in my face, doing it to humiliate me.

"What are you doing here?" I demand.

"Mr. Tremont, how nice to see you," says the nurse. "Your wife's agency is helping me hunt for a new house. I'm told it's a buyers market."

"You sent me that email," I hiss under my breath.

"What email is that, Mr. Tremont?" she says innocently.

"How did you get my home office email?"

"Your wife gave it to me, said I could leave her a message on her home computer."

“Why did you do it?”

“Is there a problem?” asks the receptionist, giving us a strange look.

I look up. “No, there’s no problem, Becky.” I go up to her desk, hand her a manila folder. “I needed to drop this off, was in the neighborhood.”

“Your wife is out of town,” Becky needlessly says. Looking at the nurse, she says, “The two of you know each other?”

“Yes,” the nurse says, beaming Becky an engaging smile. “Mr. Tremont is one of our patients. How are your treatments going?” she says with a broad smile.

My face goes red.

Becky glances from her to me.

“Fine,” I finally say.

“It’s nice seeing you again, Mr. Tremont says the nurse. ”I’m looking forward to your next visit.”

I want to say more to this impertinent woman but can’t with Becky within earshot. I glare at the nurse and exit the office.

In the Lincoln I let go with several expletives, think about waiting for the nurse to come out of the office and confront her. But what good would that do? She’ll only deny it.

I use my cell, call my wife, leave her a message, tell her I stopped by the office and found Nurse Nancy there. “She’s the one who sent us that dirty picture. You need to talk to her. I’m afraid she might tell one of the girls in the office. I wouldn’t put it past her.”

I pull up to my mother in law's condo, grab my soft luggage and laptop. My cell rings. It's Gabrielle.

"I just caught that bitch of a nurse in your office when I dropped off some paperwork. She has to be the one who sent us that dirty picture."

"Did you thank her?" wonders my wife.

I don't appreciate her sarcasm, though she says it in a normal voice.

"You have to be kidding!"

"What we did last night really turned me on."

"It didn't do anything for me."

"You got off didn't you?"

"Gabrielle, that's not the point."

"I did a search on the Web, found that picture and more like it. You should look it up. It's quite intriguing."

She gives me the web address, tells me to go through it, that we're going to employ some of the scenarios in our bedroom games. I ask her about the weather and she says it's snowing. Her and Eleanor might be delayed getting home. I tell her I'm at her mother's and she says, "Good, mother will take care of you, dear, until I get home."

Take care of me? Is my wife implying what I think? Not likely but I'm overwhelmed by guilt. I can't imagine Gabrielle telling her mother about our intimacies.

Allegra is bundled up in a fluffy robe, wants to know if I want something to eat.

"No, I'm on a diet."

“I know, Gabrielle told me to fix you healthy, low cal meals.”

6

We are back in Dr. Rhineland’s office to get the results of my blood tests and testosterone levels. I don’t like it but I have no choice, Gabrielle explaining it to me as if I’m a child who doesn’t understand what’s best for him.

I think this examination is redundant but at Nurse Nancy’s insistence I have stripped naked in front of her and my wife.

I feel defenseless, totally embarrassed being naked in front of the buxom nurse. I glance at Gaby. She gives me a reassuring smile. The nurse pats the examining table and tells me to hop up, the doctor will be with us in a minute, then leaves us alone.

I hop on the padded table, the disposable paper lining crinkling under me.

Gabrielle is sitting in the same plastic molded chair, legs crossed, one foot swinging to and fro, her long legs showing in an abbreviated skirt.

“I hope the test results are okay.”

“That’s why we’re here, hon.”

“I don’t see why I have to be naked.”

“Because the nurse told you to disrobe.”

“She enjoys my nakedness, I think.”

“So do I. There’s something to what the doctor says about men being naked. It makes them vulnerable. I should keep you naked more often.” She fixes me with her eyes, adds, “I think Eleanor would like it, too.”

What she says is exasperating, makes me feel more vulnerable, if that's possible.

"You're as bad as the doctor and her nurse. Why don't you confront her about sending us that dirty picture."

"She'd just deny it. What's the point? Besides, I liked what we did." She gives me a look and says, "You did too."

Before I can deny it, in walks the doctor and the nurse. The doctor holds a manila folder, asks me how I'm feeling and I want to tell her with my hands but I tell her I'm fine, want to know right away about the tests.

"Well, we have mixed results. Your blood work is fine but you do have elevated levels of estrogen in your system. To some degree this would explain your plump tush and fleshy chest."

"I'm not going to grow breasts, am I?"

"You'd look cute with breasts," chortles Nurse Nancy with a coy smile.

"Now, stop teasing the poor boy," scolds Dr. Rhineland. "He's a nervous Nellie the way it is."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tremont," says the nurse, turning her lip down in a pout but her voice is insincere and her eyes lively.

"What about my testosterone?"

"Well, you have low levels of testosterone," says the doctor, looking inside the manila folder. "I'm going to give you a shot and recommend a treatment."

"Will it help?"

"In most cases, yes. But you might not like the treatment."

“Explain it to us,” says Gabrielle.

“Quite simply your husband suffers from low testosterone. Now these low levels are common in older men but not for a male his age. What I’ve discovered is a lot of men of his age secretly masturbate and that — ”

“ — I don’t do that!”

“Will you let me finish young man?” the doctor says.

“Yes, I’m sorry.”

“Masturbation of course reduces testosterone levels. However, if the male is trained to ingest his discharge it helps replenish the testosterone in his system (Note: this is not factual).”

The doctor and my wife share a long silent look, then look at me.

I grip the padded examining table, look at the three of them looking at me.

It is a surreal moment and my stomach sinks as if plunging over the precipice of a rollercoaster.

Finally into the loud silence I say, “You can’t be serious.”

“Yes, I’m quite serious. Now there are several pleasant methods to get a squeamish male to, ahm, consume his own ejaculate.”

The nurse smiles at me, looks pointedly between my legs at my limp noodle.

“What about the pills advertised on TV and radio that build testosterone levels? I could take them.”

“Those pills are a waste of money, young man. Just like those commercials that claim to grow your penis, make it bigger. Men are so naïve and con-

cerned about the size of their units. You can always use — ”

“ — I can see where Mr. Tremont is concerned,” says the nurse.

“Nancy!, stop teasing him. He can’t help it.”

“Yes ma’am,” she says, smiling at me, glancing between my legs.

“Now where was I? Oh yes. If penile size is a matter of concern between a couple you can always wear a strap-on or use any manner of devices on your wife. They advertise these aids on late night television and you can find many outlets on the Internet. Those commercials that claim to make your penis larger are bogus. Testosterone levels can be elevated by using underarm creams but — and this is a big but — doing so might put your wife in danger by exposing her to the risk of absorbing these creams. I don’t recommend it.”

“We don’t need to use that stuff,” I say in a low voice, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. “You were talking about my low testosterone.”

“What procedures work best?” asks Gabrielle.

“Well, one we’ve already discussed. Milking. You can milk him into a vial of some kind. I have some here and will give you a couple. You save his discharge, put it in the freezer and when he’s later in an excited state, encourage him to swallow it.

“It has been my experience when a male is excited it melts his inhibitions. Males can be encouraged to do almost anything.”

The doctor holds my eyes until mine slide away.

“There must be another way,” I say.

“Shush,” says Gabrielle. “Let’s hear the doctor out.”

“Another method is during masturbation, clamp the base of his penis with a cord, in midstride so to speak, feed him his semen while he’s still excited, release the pressure around the base of his penis to allow more discharge to seep into your hand or a small container of some kind and feed that to him, and so on until he is totally drained.”

The doctor smiles at me and says, “It will be more pleasurable for you that way. You will still be in the spasms of a climax.”

“I don’t think so.”

“And another method is to get him to double over with his penis at his face and spray his ejaculate directly into his mouth.”

I glance at the nurse, see her mischievous smile.

“Doing it in that manner, a man is at the zenith of pleasure and inclined to swallow his discharge. It is quite healthy and very acceptable today with informed women.”

“None of this sounds good to me,” I say.

“You don’t know until you try, Mr. Tremont. Some of our male patients actually like it. It grows on you. Men today are becoming increasingly comfortable with their girlfriends and wives taking charge in matters sexual.”

“You don’t have to feign dislike, Mr. Tremont,” says the nurse.

I want to slap the bitch, for one imprudent moment seriously consider doing just that.

“Women today are totally in charge of their sexuality, enjoy sex, have been liberated from the old, male-dominated culture of yesteryear,” the doctor says, as if speaking at a lecture. “For example, cuckolding is more popular than ever. Women don’t have to endure the sexual inadequacies of their partners. Men have come to accept the adventurous spirits of today’s enlightened and sexually liberated woman.”



I dare to glance at my wife. She smiles mirthlessly at me, which sends a shiver down my spine.

“Now lay back and I’ll take another sperm sample. We’ll do another test to make sure the results are the same or similar. Just in case.”

“Do we have to do that?” I whine.

“What if these tests that have come back from the lab are faulty and you don’t need to boost your testosterone levels?” reasons the doctor. “You would be ingesting your own ejaculate for no good reason, though some of the wives and girlfriends report their mates, with time, actually enjoy the taste.”

“This is absurd,” I say.

“Now lay back. You’ve been through this before and it will be over in a wink,” says the doctor.

I lay back, put my feet in the stirrups while the doctor snaps on a latex glove and positions herself between my legs.

“Fit his dingy with the flared container, nurse.”

“My pleasure,” she says, smiling at me, taking my penis and fitting the contraption over my glans. “It’s so small,” she says, looking me in the eye.

“Stop making fun of him,” says the doctor insincerely.

The doctor’s disingenuous scolding of her nurse makes it worse.

“Here we go now, Mr. Tremont, give us a little squirt.”

She inserts her finger in my rectum, finds what she’s looking for and I leak semen into the little tube, its end snuggled over my glans.

The feeling is very unsatisfactory and I remember how Gabrielle jacked my cock and pushed her finger in my ass, producing a better sensation.

“The nurse will give you a shot and then you may get dressed, Mr. Tremont.”

She looks at my wife and the two of them exit the examining room, leave me alone with the nurse who gives me a shot in the butt, stands near and watches me dress.

“You’ll do fine, Mr. Tremont,” says Nurse Nancy. “A lot of guys actually like it. I bet your one of them. My guy has really accepted it. And your wife will become empowered by your compliance.”

Gabrielle doesn’t need more empowerment to bolster her assertive nature.

“What is this shot suppose to do?” I ask.

“Make you more manly, if that’s possible,” she says.

My face goes crimson.

“Have a good day, Mr. Tremont and good luck with your treatments.”

7

“You should have asked her about the email,” I say.

“And what do you think she would’ve said, Jonathan?, ‘Yes, I sent the photo because I like to torment our male patients.’ Get real. She actually did us a favor.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“She might’ve sent the photo to demonstrate one of the procedures the doctor outlined,” reasons Gabrielle.

“How could she have known so quick? The test results weren’t back yet.”

“We went over some of the procedures two visits ago, dear,” she says patiently

I sigh, by now should know better than to argue.

“Dr. Rhineland obviously treats other men for low testosterone levels. It must be more common than we think.”

“Well, that shot was quite enough. I’m not going to let you do those things to me.”

Gabrielle looks at me and smiles dryly. “We’ll see, dear.”

The next day Gaby and El are off, taking the Lincoln, will be back in a few days. I take the Mustang, drive around, pegging the accelerator on the beltway. If Gabrielle knew how I was speeding around in her car she’d have a fit.

I pull into Allegra’s condo, grab my bag and briefcase, go up in an elevator to her floor, ring the bell.

She answers, and I smell something cooking, chicken maybe. She’s fixing a pot of homemade chicken noodle soup for later.

Allegra wears a short terrycloth robe, her bare legs pleasingly displayed. “I’m just getting ready,” she says and I follow her down the hall into her bedroom.

She sits at her vanity, tells me to put my clothes and stuff in the back bedroom.

I rejoin her, sit on the bed, watch as she applies makeup.

“Get me a pair of stockings and garter belt from my dresser, a half slip and my bra, honey.”

To say the least it’s a bit strange, helping my mother in law but I’ve done it before. I think she enjoys teasing me. It makes me wonder about staying with her for the next few days, if we will have another steamy session.

At her dresser I open a drawer, look at the neatly folded undergarments, ask her which color stockings she wants. The nude ones she tells me.

I bring them over and she stands, shrugs out of the short terrycloth robe baring her large breasts. I can’t help look at her bumpy areola and thick elongated nipples.

“I shouldn’t let you see me like this. I feel naughty. She takes the bra, fits it over her breasts, turns her back and I hook it up.

“Help me with my garter belt, dear”

She turns around, sits, and I kneel, work the nude stockings up her firm legs. She stands and I attach the stockings to the garters of the panty girdle that makes her hips and buttocks look slimmer.

“I’m going to diet,” Allegra says. “I know my butt is too big.”

“No, it’s just fine,” I say

“You are so kind, Jon. You like my big butt, then, is that what you’re saying?”

“Yes. You and I know your daughter has a phobia about weight gain. She’s too critical.”

She looks over her shoulder at me. "If you like it that much why don't you give it a kiss."

My penis twitches and I kiss one girdled cheek, then impulsively kiss the other.

"You are such a dear," she says, and sits on the vanity bench, touching up her makeup.

I hold open her slip and she steps into it, slide it up over generous hips.

At her closet, Allegra picks out a green dress and I help her get into it, zip it up in back. She hands me a pair of beige pumps and I kneel, hold the shoes while she steps into them, pats me on the head.

"There, I'm dressed and we're ready to go."

"Where are we going?"

"Over to Freda's. We're in for a little treat, I think."

We grab our coats and are out the door.

Allegra drives her Buick and soon the heater is warming the interior, taking the chill off the dreadfully cold weather.

"Freda and Gary aren't at the shoe boutique today?"

"They're taking the morning off, maybe the whole day."

We ride in silence and soon arrive at Freda's ground-floor apartment in Old Town.

Freda welcomes us in, looks at me and asks Allegra, "Have you told him?"

"No, I wanted it to be a surprise."

We hang our coats in a closet in the foyer, follow Freda down a hall and into a back bedroom.

I stop short when we enter the room, see Gary sitting on the bed, wearing only a pair of light blue briefs that look suspiciously like a panty. His body is completely devoid of hair, skin looking sleek and soft.

What draws my attention is the massage table and the guy standing beside it. He is a physical specimen, has broad shoulders and six pack abs that emphasize his narrow waist. He wears only a pair of cotton shorts that cling to his package, his skin also denuded of hair.

Freda introduces us to Tom, the masseuse.

“If you behave maybe Tom will give you a massage,” says Freda.

I look at him, feel a bit threatened by his physical stature.

Allegra puts a comforting arm around my waist. “Isn’t he handsome,” she says at my ear.

I nod, watch Gary lay down on the massage table.

It is a surreal moment, the atmosphere provocative.

Freda invites us over to the bed where they sit on either side of me, our thighs touching.

The masseuse squirts some kind of oil on his hands, starts working it in over Gary’s back and shoulders, then squeezes his soft arms, bends them back until Gary emits a tiny little squeal. He moves down his body, massages Gary all the way to his feet.

He works up his legs, looks at Freda and smiles, saying, "We don't need him in these cute undies now, do we?"

Freda shakes her head.

The masseuse slaps Gary's butt, tells him to roll over. Gary obeys.

Mystified, I watch the man slide Gary's briefs off his legs.

The atmosphere of eroticism bristles over my flesh, gives me an involuntary shiver, as the masseuse works on Gary's naked body. He positions himself at the top of the table, and without being told, Gary awkwardly reaches back with his arms, grabs the man's hips to keep from sliding all over the vinyl covered massage table. Tom pummels Gary's soft, hair-denuded body with large hands.

Gary's penis grows and I'm embarrassed for him.

Tom has him go over on his back again.

Gary's face is now on level with the guy's hips, close to the lump in the man's cotton shorts. As the guy bends over Gary's back, he presses himself into his face. Gary doesn't turn his head but holds on to the guy's hips as Tom's hands slide down his back all the way to his buttocks.

I glance at Allegra who smiles, tells me I can also have a massage. I decline her offer and Freda pats my leg, says it will make me feel good.

Gary emits barely audible moans. I'm not sure if his moans are from pleasure or discomfort, the way the man kneads his soft flesh. I don't think I'd want this guy to work over my soft, pudgy body.

After about twenty minutes the massage is over and Gary sits up. My eyes go wide when I see his

tiny erection poking from between his legs. His penis must not be more than four inches in length and his eyes are downcast.

I'm embarrassed for Gary, for the first time notice his soft fleshy chest and pronounced areola. It looks almost as if Gary has small breasts and his nipples look inflamed.

Freda says, "Show us Tom's impressive equipment, Gary."

Tom stands in front of Gary, hands on hips, a smug smile on his chiseled face.

"Not today, please," whines Gary.

"Yes, today," says Freda in a firm voice.

I wish I hadn't accompanied my mother in law. This massage has suddenly turned perverted. I don't want to see what might happen.

Yet I have a vague feeling of anticipation.

Gary, slips off the massage table and puts his hands on the waistband of Tom's shorts, looks pleading at Freda.

"Go on, dear," she says in a soothing voice. "I'm sure Allegra and Jonathan want to see."

I have a strong urge to shout "No, I don't want to see anymore. Stop." But I remain silent.

Gary peels Tom's tight briefs down, reveals a large organ. Like the rest of him, his pubic area is free of hair.

Gary looks at Freda with pleading eyes. Her mirthless smile and nod sends Gary to his knees in front of the man's drooping organ, his eyes on the floor.

“He’s a very nice size,” says Allegra. “Don’t you think, Jon?”

“Uhm, I guess so,” I say, looking away.

“I wonder how it would look fully erect,” says Allegra.

My mother in law gazes into my eyes, something shiny and feral in hers. Her smile prickles my skin.

“Make him hard,” says Freda.

“I don’t want to,” is Gary’s feeble, barely audible reply.

“Come now, sweetie. You’ve done that and more.”

A sinful vision flashes behind my eyes, makes me wonder about Gary and the relationship he has with the skinny Freda.

To my astonishment Gary takes Tom’s organ in his hands, starts stroking it.

Sitting between these two women, I can’t believe this is happening. Neither of them seem to think anything of this homosexual demonstration.

Tom’s organ grows as Gary fondles him.

What is surprising — at least to me — is Gary’s penis, how hard it is.

“Now that’s an organ a woman can appreciate,” says Freda.

“I agree,” says Allegra. “What do you think, Jon?”

I’m unable to speak, shake my head, avert my eyes.

When I look back at the kneeling Gary, he takes his hands away from Tom’s impressive organ.

“Did I tell you to stop?” Freda says in a hushed but harsh voice.

Gary flinches, puts his hands back around Tom’s hard penis, strokes it.

In spite of this unlikely scenario, I feel my penis pulse in my shorts, cannot comprehend the sick excitement that seems to bubble up from a dark part of my libido.

Allegra runs a hand along my leg. “Size does matter, honey.”

Freda titters, crosses her legs, my eyes drawn to her warm hand as it slides atop my thigh.

“Tom enjoys our interludes,” she says, catching my eye. “He’s often rewarded.”

I don’t say anything, eyes drawn back to the erotic spectacle, watch as Gary strokes this guy.

“That’s enough,” says Freda. “Pull his shorts back up unless . . . you want to pleasure him like you do me.”

The implication makes my cheeks go crimson. Does the diminutive Gary actually . . .

I can’t finish the thought.

“Would you like a massage, Jonathan?” asks Freda.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“We’re all friends,” says Allegra. “You don’t have to be so bashful. I’m sure you wouldn’t be required to, uhm . . . , you know.”

“No, thank you,” I say in a small voice.

Freda looks at me and says, “You see why I keep Gary in panties, don’t you?”

I feel bad for the effeminate Gary, don't say anything.

Freda says,. "Allegra would you like a massage?"

"I'd love one but not today. I'm taking Jon shopping and then we're going home for some homemade soup."

Freda stands and sighs.

The three of us walk from the bedroom. Freda stops, looks back and says, "Now the two of you behave while I walk out our guests."

In the car I look at my mother in law. "That's the most outrageous thing I've ever seen."

"Well, dear, Freda and Gary are a liberated couple."

"But Gary was playing with the man's penis," I say incredulously.

"Think nothing of it, hon, Freda just wanted us to see the size of his unit. It is impressive, don't you think?"

"Yes, but that's not the point. Is Gary gay?"

"You've so much to learn you poor boy. Gary is whatever Freda wants him to be."

8

Back at Allegra's place I put the shopping packages on the bed in her bedroom while she checks the soup that's cooking in a crock pot. It really smells good and I'm hungry.

I join her in the kitchen for a bowl of soup. It is delicious. If I was married to this robust woman I'd be a fatty.

Well . . . , fatter than I am.

After we eat I follow her to the bedroom where she shrugs out of her dress.

“I’m a little horny after seeing Gary get his massage,” she says, looking at me.

It didn’t do anything for me.”

“Huh,” she says. “You could have fooled me the way your eyes took in what Gary was doing to that man.”

“It was terrible.”

“Weren’t you just a wee bit aroused?” she wants to know.

I remember my penis throbbing, raising its ugly head, can’t fathom why, deny any excitement. I blush recalling the strange incident and she smiles.

Allegra crosses her legs, starts one foot swinging back and forth, her half slip high on stocking legs.

“Has my daughter been neglecting you?” she says with raised eyebrow.

“Uh, not exactly,” I say, not meeting her eyes.

I think about what transpired earlier in the week in Dr. Rhineland’s office, the suggested risqué procedure that is suppose to help me retain my testosterone. I hope Gabrielle hasn’t told her mother about it.

I haven’t taken the time to research the outlandish procedure on the Web.

“Hand me the package that has the shoes in it. Take off your clothes, dear, and I’ll take care of you.”

Wow, just like that!

I'm certainly ready to have a good ejaculation. Before Gabrielle left, she didn't masturbate or allow me sexual intercourse. We had argued about her doctor's radical procedure to build my testosterone levels. Gabrielle didn't see any harm in it. I told her it wasn't natural, what her doctor suggested. But she said it seemed normal to her. In fact she liked the idea of making me eat my own semen, said it fueled her libido.

Gaby stared at me and said, "I've always enjoyed things sexual a little on the kinky side. But you are so tightly wrapped . . ." She shrugged.

I think about my wife bending my legs back, positioning my penis near my face, rubbing me off, the mess squirting over my face, forcing her slimy fingers in my mouth.

"You won't tell Eleanor about it, will you?" I had said.

My wife looked at me and said, "It depends on how cooperative you are."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, dear, if you do as your told, El doesn't have to know. But if you remain stubborn and obstinate, and as I said, anal retentive, I might tell her."

"That's none of her business."

Gaby just looked at me.

"I'd never live it down. The woman would taunt me unmercifully. You know that."

"Then you better go along with what my doctor recommends. And since we're talking about your release, I don't want you masturbating while I'm gone. You have to save it up."

“I don’t do that.”

“Hah!, all men masturbate. It is their nature. I can show you information in the coterie manuals and how those wise ladies learned to control it. If I find out you’re doing it I’ll have to take drastic measures.”

“What does that mean?”

“I’ll put you in a chastity device is what that means.”

“A chastity device?”

“Yes. I’ll lock your cute little thing in a chastity tube and you won’t be able to even achieve an erection.”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Try me.”

The thought of me wearing some contraption around my privates was outrageous. But I had no doubt Gabrielle would try to do such a thing.

“You and Eleanor and your mother are members of this Cytherea Coterie. I’ve asked you about it before but you’re always evasive. Tell me about it.”

Gabrielle gazed at me for long silent moments, shook her head. “At the appropriate time, dear, I’ll tell you about The Sisterhood.”

Now I strip out of my clothes, stand before Allegra, my penis already on the rise.

From the shopping bag I gave her, Allegra takes out a pair of black pumps, tells me to put them on.

“Those heels? You’re kidding, aren’t you?”

“No, dear, I’m not kidding. I bought them in a size smaller than what I wear. Put them on and I’ll take care of your little problem.”

She smiles, strokes me.

What’s she’s asking is incongruous. I should just refuse but being married to her daughter I have been conditioned to obey. Fondling my petey, gazing into my vulnerable eyes, melts my resolve and she’s not really . . . asking me.

Feeling emasculated, I step into the pumps, the narrow front scrunching my toes.

I sit beside her at the vanity and she slowly strokes my shaft. “I think I want you to dress up for me when you come over.”

“Dress up?”

“Yes, I’m going to buy you some pretty clothes, show you how nice you’d look in them.”

“You mean women’s clothes?” I say stupidly, knowing full well what’s she’s saying.

“Yes, dear. It makes me hot to think I’ve a feminized playmate.”

My skin tingles and I can’t look her in the eyes.

Her words shock me into an uncomfortable silence.

Finally: “You can’t be serious,” I say, giving into the feeling of her fondling me.

“I am serious. Tonight we’ll share this bed. I have a little nightie I think you’ll look adorable in.”

“But I don’t want to wear women’s clothes.”

“I know, hon. But it will please me and if we continue to play our little games you’ll dress how I tell you.”

“I won’t do it.”

Her hand stops stroking me.

“Please,” I plead.

“Lean back, honey, and I’ll get you off.”

I prop my elbows on the vanity, give into the sensuous feeling of her hand sliding up and down my shaft.

“Didn’t you think Gary looked good with no hair on his body?”

“Not really. He looked girlish.”

The masseuse has no body hair. It’s a continuing trend for the modern male. More popular than ever.”

“More of this Cytherea Coterie business I suspect. It’s not for me.”

Allegra nods, pumps me faster. “It is for you. I want you to tell Gabrielle that you want to go for the new sleek male look.”

I think about Dr. Rhineland and Nurse Nancy, what they would say about my body being free of hair. It is too bitter a pill to contemplate.

“Did you like Tom’s organ?” she says quietly, stroking me faster, bringing me close to the edge.

“It was okay, I guess.”

“A woman likes to be pleased by a guy with such a large penis.”

“Do you want to . . . ?”

“Yes, I want to feel him inside me. Did you see the size of his balls?”

“I noticed,” I say, and my eyelids flutter in anticipation of my impending climax.

“I bet his climaxes are plentiful,” she says quietly.

I don’t say anything, want to stick my dick in her but know she won’t allow it.

“If you want release you’ll do as I say, honey. I used to dress up my ex-husband and he looked really good as a faux woman.”

“You never told me anything about him.”

“I know. But I miss the intimate games we used to play.”

“Is that why you want me to dress up?”

“Yes. I used to take him out when he was all made up. He passed very well in public.”

“Did he like to do that sort of thing?”

“Not really. I made him do it and after a while he learned the mannerisms of how women walk and hold their hands, how they sort of swivel from the hips. You are the right size, will pass easily as a woman.”

“I want you tell me about this feminist organization that you and your daughter belong to.”

“Later maybe.”

“I wouldn’t go out dressed up.”

“You don’t what you’ll do, dear. It’ll be fun. We can go out to those special clubs in The Barrows and you’ll see how other men dress, how easily they become . . . ”

“I won’t do it.”

“I’ll overcome your stubborn attitude. Now I want you to think about Gary kneeling in front of Tom, playing with his penis. You know what he does, don’t you?”

“What Gary does?”

“Yes. Freda makes him suck Tom.”

I whimper, feel my stomach sink and balls start to churn.

“Guys like to see women make love to each other,” she says, slowing her hand.

I picture Gaby and Eleanor kissing in our bedroom, the thrill it gave me.

“It’s only fair some of you guys do the same.”

“No!”

“We live in modern times, Jon. You have soft facial features, though a little pudgy, you are slight of build. The proper undergarments will contain and enhance your figure.”

“You don’t really mean it about Gary sucking Tom.”

I’m trying to distract her from what she wants me to do, how she wants me to dress.

“Oh yes, honey, she’s told me.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“Think about it,” she says. “Picture Gary on his knees sucking the man, bringing him to orgasm.”

“No, I don’t want to think about it.” My voice is weak, sounds ineffectual.

“Picture it,” she insists, “and cum for me.”

I shut my eyes, as if that will stop what she wants me to see. It doesn't work, though. Eyes shut, I see what Allegra describes as she pumps me faster.

Immediately I climax, shoot volleys of cum in the air.

She jacks me faster and semen blotches my lap and legs.

The climax is intense.

Allegra looks at me and smiles, raises her hand to her face and licks besmirched fingers. "Don't you feel better?"

9

That night I wear a short, pink pajama set that has short puffy sleeves, a scalloped bodice and matching bottoms. There was no getting around it. Allegra stood by calmly, ignoring my protestations, held the nightie out to me. My wife and her mother have a lot in common besides their assertive natures. They are bent sexually, something I didn't fully comprehend until way after our marriage.

In answer to my question about the Cytherea Coterie she explains: "The coterie has been around for ages, became an organization with the woman's suffrage movement. It has progressed steadily over the years, has existed in one form or another to its present name, the Cytherea Coterie. It's influence is felt in larger metropolitan areas and is becoming popular in flyover country. Like NOW, the coterie attained popularity during the turbulent bra-burning days."

My mother in law, pulls me to her, a heavy breast and pointy nipple pressing into my shoulder.

“I believe in the feminist movement. Gaby discussed it with me when we were dating.”

“The Sisterhood believes the world would be a better place if run by women. Tremendous inroads to that end have been realized. Men have mucked things up since the dawn of civilization. Male egos and testosterone have wreaked havoc over the world. But that’s an old story.

“Over the last forty years or so males have been encouraged to display a more wholesome effeminate image. In a lot of our schools effeminacy is taught and encouraged in boys. Today males emulate *Woman*. Their carriage and mannerisms are refined and effete. Men wear pink and love it. Just look at all those lovely male models and the pretty clothes they wear, their skin sleek and smooth. Men wear makeup, gyliner and eye shadow. Men in panties is quite common. Even skirts and pantyhose are popular. Shoes too. It’s not unusual to see a pretty model in sandals and heels, his finger and toenails painted. Femininely inclined males are in demand in our progressive society.

“The Cytherea Coterie raises their male offspring to be girly. This inclination to make a boy or man over into a more pleasing effete image has been going on for the last thirty years. Today’s young female seeks an effeminate and docile male. Of course not all males have the desired physiology. But with training and discipline all men have learned to bask in and adore the female mystique.”

Her hand slips under the covers, cups me between the legs. “Though you’ve come late to your in-

ner awakening, I think that's why Gabrielle chose you for her partner."

"But she was married to a very masculine man," I say, squirming under her warm hand.

"Gabrielle was rebellious, had a mind of her own, came late to the teachings of The Sisterhood. In time she saw how it should be."

"And what is that, how it should be?" I ask as she slips her hand inside the waistband of the nylon bottoms I wear.

"That man's rightful place is beside his woman. All males have an unconscious desire to please females, just as any physiologist. Males are happiest when at a woman's feet, pampering and adoring her, doing whatever she wants. Wearing whatever she wants. Serving her with devotion and obedience."

"Huh."

Her hand under the covers has me fully hard.

"I can see why Gabrielle hasn't told me all this."

Allegra turns to me, slides her top down exposing a large milky breast and stiff nipple, feeds it to me.

"Boys and men never get over their desire to suckle at the breast of Womankind, literally and figuratively.

I spit out her nipple, shyly say, "Allegra, I want to make love to you."

"We are making love, honey. A special kind of love. There are some things we mustn't do and having intercourse is one of them. It would be like you were cheating on my daughter and we can't have that."

Convoluted thinking to say the least but I'm in no position to argue. The old adage, "a stiff dick has no conscious" is true.

This is a strange relationship. In a lot of ways Allegra is more passionate than my wife, is inclined to at least pacify me with hand jobs. Yet I wish for more.

She holds my head to her breast, encourages me to suck hard, nibble on her thick nipple.

Folding back the covers, she fishes my peety over the elastic waistband of the panties, increases the rhythm, brings me to the edge of completion.

"I'm going to cum!"

"Yes, dear," she whispers, pushes her nipple back into my mouth. "Go ahead and orgasm."

That's all it takes. I piston my hips into her warm fist.

Allegra brings me off, runs her fingers through the mess I've made, licks them.

She goes into the adjoining bathroom, comes back with a warm washcloth and cleans me up, pulls me into her arms.

We sleep.

I awaken in the middle of the night, listen to Allegra's somnolent breathing, slip out of bed and go into the guest room, fire up my laptop and do a search on semen.

What I discover is alarming.

Semen is not harmful if ingested, in fact is beneficial, contains protein and nutrients that are healthy, such as Fructose, phosphorus, zinc, magnesium, calcium and potassium. Cum is mostly

seminal fluid, contains a lot chemical components. It has very little fat in it.

The only caution about eating semen is that it should come from a healthy male. I'm certainly healthy, have no STDs, so that's not an issue.

Semen has a faint, bleach-like odor, tastes a bit salty, and its flavor can be enhanced by diet, eating pineapple or drinking citrus based drinks give it a more pleasing taste.

This is not what I want to read. It leaves me with little argument against my wife or her doctor. I can hear either one of them saying, "If its good for you, why not do it?"

It's not natural is my only comeback. But to these radical women, natural is not an option.

A ghost-like image appears on the laptop screen. I turn my head, see Allegra standing there, looking over my shoulder.

"Do you want to eat your own cum, dear?"

"No!, it's not what you think."

I click out of the website, feel my cheeks heat in a blush.

"I can help you with that," she says, titling her head, giving me a curious look.

"No, no, you don't understand."

She pats my shoulder and says, "I've seen stranger things, don't worry."

"I can explain."

"I'm sure you can. Let's go back to bed and you can tell me."

In bed, wearing the ridiculous pink shorty, I tell my mother in law about my decreased testosterone levels, that the doctor recommended I ingest my own semen to help fortify the level, increase it.

“So you were just researching it. I could of told you its healthy. I’ve consumed a lot of semen over the years. Most men like for their women to swallow.”

“Please don’t tell Gabrielle about this. I don’t want to do such a thing and can’t seem to reason with her. Her doctor and her are against me.”

“Don’t fret, honey. I’ll help you with it. It’s not uncommon today for a man to eat his own cum. Progressive women like to make them do it. You’ll get used to it.”

Telling me reasonably like we were planning a meal.

“No, I’ll never get used to doing something like that.”

“I’ll tell you a little secret,” she said, finding my lap under the covers, fondling me to hardness. “My ex loved for me to suck him but he wouldn’t kiss me after. It made me mad so I started insisting on an after kiss. At first he hated it but he came to like it, I think. I’d hold his ejaculate in my mouth and spit it into his. It’s an acquired taste and you’ll learn to like it.”

“No, I’m not going to do anything like that.”

“Would you like for me to suck you?”

“Yes.”

“Well then, I’ll do it and save your seed, spit it into your mouth.”

“No, I don’t want that.”

“Then you don’t want me to suck you?”

“Yes, I do. But I don’t want to, you know . . . ”

“Honey, that’s the price of a blow job from me. The choice is yours.”

She slides down in the bed, frees my willy over the waistband of my bottoms, strokes me slowly and licks my crown.

“Well,” she says, “should I continue?”

I look at her shadowy face in the darkness, feel her hand on my shaft.

My resolve evaporates and finally I nod.

“That’s my boy,” Allegra says, and swallows my crown, rolls her tongue over my circumcised glans.

This woman knows what she’s doing, slowly takes more dick in her mouth until her chin nudges the base of my penis.

It feels exquisite.

I try not to think about accepting her kiss after she brings me off, wonder if I turn my head she will relent. I could just refuse but she might not be so willing to suck me again.

She slurps my dick, fists my shaft in rhythm with her wet sucking mouth. I want it to last but she is very good at it and I’m soon on the edge. She takes me all the way to the base and I feel my balls rumbling.

She backs off, holds just my crown in her mouth, tongue fluttering over the glans.

I can’t help it, explode in gut-wrenching climax, shoot volleys of semen into her mouth.



Her fist strokes me as my climax diminishes.

I lay back, feel her crawling up my body. Her face descends on mine and I see her wet lips. I shake my head, but her hands hold my face and our lips

touch. They feel greasy. Her tongue parts my lips and I have no choice but to open my mouth.

Allegra spits my load into my mouth, her tongue fluttering like a butterfly.

It seems like a lot as she keeps her lips sealed over mine.

I have to swallow and my stomach roils, tasting the pasty and mildly salty substance.

She collapses beside me and says, “That wasn’t so bad now, was it?”

“Bad enough.”

“You’ll get used to it, dear. You’re no match for Gabrielle or me, and you know it.”

I lay on my back in the nightie, stare at the ceiling, think about my wife and Eleanor gone on their business trip.

Beside me I hear the somnolent breathing of my mother in law. She fell asleep quickly, I assume sleeping without guilt or a care in the world over what the two of us have been doing.

I taste the aftermath of my discharge in my mouth, or maybe I just imagine it. I should have got up and gargled with mouthwash. Just thinking about what she made me do now turns my stomach. I’m not sure what bothers me more, the aftertaste or grudgingly accepting her cummy kiss. I could have turned down her generous offer — should have. But a man thinks with only one head at a time.

That’s a laugh! I’m hardly a man. Gabrielle is the breadwinner and I stay at home, keep house and do her books.

I think about what Allegra wants me to do, shave off my body hair. My wife and doctor have threatened to put me in a bra and girdle.

All of a sudden my life is falling apart and I don't know how to stop it.

10

I'm working on overhead reports sent from Gabrielle's office, hear the soft chime of incoming email.

It's from the office and I click it open, see the attachment, click it open. A video opens in a browser and I sit back. It is the couple from the first dirty email. The anonymous woman wears garter belt and black nylons, skyscraper heels. Her large breasts look milky, the nipples thick and erect. She's standing over the naked guy, his entire body devoid of hair, something I missed the first time around. He is doubled over, his body bent back and she is jacking his cock which is very close to his face. He's folded over like a suitcase, his feet actually past his head as she does him, her eyes focusing on the camera.

My cock rises, twitches in my shorts, and I silently curse my fascination with this black and white scene. In one corner of the screen is an HD logo. The video is being broadcast in High Definition.

Her hand strokes the length of his impressive dong. The only thing missing is a sound track.

The camera zooms in for a closer shot of her hand and his penis.

Magically his penis erupts in climax, sprays jizz into his open mouth.

The camera pans back, registers the look of satisfaction on the woman's face.

I think it is over but I'm wrong.

The climax is replayed in slow motion, her hand fisting his dick, cum shooting from his glans and into his mouth.

She stands beside his now supine body, looks at remnants of his goo on her fingers, swipes them over his face, smiles at the camera.

Then it is over.

I'm fully hard.

I click out of the attachment, grab the landline on the desk, punch in the office number on the quick dial.

Betsy answers, lets me know, Gabrielle and Eleanor are out to lunch with prospective clients, something about an old office building downtown in The Canyons. The girls have been attempting to acquire the old building, do renovations and lease it for office space.

As casually as I can, I ask Betsy if anyone's using the PC in reception. Just a few moments ago she answers. I ask her who and she says the same woman I talked to a couple weeks back.

"The nurse you mean?"

"Gee, I don't know if she's a nurse," Betsy says. "But the two of you seemed to be in some disagreement as I remember."

"Is she there now?"

"No, Mr. Tremont. She left a few minutes ago."

I have confirmation of what I've known all along.

When Gabrielle gets home it's after seven and I've reconsidered showing her the profane video. I'm not sure she will be upset about it, even though I have proof the nurse sent it. There's no longer any question. Betsy confirmed Nancy's presence in the office at almost the precise time I received it.

We sit at the kitchen bar, eat salads and steamed salmon. She's a little glassy-eyed and I suspect she and Eleanor have been drinking with the clients who want to sell them the ancient business office downtown.

Later we are in bed and it's a special night for me. Gaby sits over me, has swallowed my penis inside her vagina. It feels oh so good, and I can hardly remember the last time we made love like this.

Chin-length chestnut hair frames her pretty face. She sits still over me, yet her inner vaginal walls squeeze my unit, pulsing, making me mad with lust. I don't know how she does it but it sure feels great.

She leans forward and I almost lose purchase inside her wet womanhood. We kiss, her soft hands stroking my arms, which are wrapped around her bent legs.

She sits back, swallows all of my stiff excitement, bites her lip, hands trailing over my face like a light breeze, over my neck and then my shoulders.

I push up into her, feel her pussy pulse. Her hands slide over my chest, the pads of her fingers lingering on my button nipples. She tweezes them, pulls my fleshy pectorals to small cones. It sends a shiver over my body.

In a husky voice she says, "You could almost wear a bra."

My stomach sinks as her pussy milks my shaft.

“Like the doctor said.”

“Gabrielle, let’s not talk about that *now*. I’m not going to wear a bra. Your doctor is demented.”

She looks into my eyes, rolls my nipples in her fingers. “It might give you the incentive to lose weight.”

“You have a phobia about gaining weight.”

She twists my nipples. I grimace. “Hey, take it easy.”

“We should make your nipples bigger.”

“This is crazy talk. Hush, I’m almost there.”

“Hold back, I’m just getting started, want an orgasm.”

“Stop playing with my nipples.”

“Don’t you like it?”

I flex my hips ineffectually but I’m as far inside her as I can go.

“Yes, I like it but I might . . . cum.”

“Like you usually do. It’s no wonder I use your mouth.”

I push her hands away from my chest and she leans back, shakes brown hair from the side of her face.

“I’m going to do better.”

“You’ve said that before. My patience is wearing thin.”

“You don’t have any patience.”

In a husky voice she says, “*I want you in a bra.*”

My stomach sinks as her pussy milks my shaft.

“Like the doctor said,” she adds.

“You want to cum, don’t you?” she teases, hands returning to my fleshy chest, rolling my nips, tugging on them.

I can’t look into her eyes, don’t say anything, feel myself on the edge.

“I want you to lick me after you’ve done your business.”

“N-o-o . . .”

“It’s your own fault,” she hisses, fingers tweaking my hard pebble nipples. “And the doctor says your testosterone levels are low.”

I flashback to Allegra’s apartment, her sucking me, kissing me after, spitting my own semen into my mouth.

Gabrielle sits back, tugs relentlessly on my nipples. “You will lick my pussy, get me off and raise your testosterone levels.”

“Please . . .”

“Dr. Rhineland said a lot of men get to like it.”

Her pussy squeezes my penis. I start losing it, can’t hold back, and just before I climax think this whole matter — my staying power and the doctor’s recommendations — is out of control.

“Cum, Jon!” commands my wife. “You’re better suited to pleasing a woman with your mouth. Cum now!”

My penis explodes inside Gabrielle’s wet clinging membranes. The orgasm is intense. I feel my stomach twisting in knots and I whimper in release and capitulation.

My breath comes in ragged gasps. Gabrielle, slides up my torso, a hand cupped between her legs. Her eyes gleam and she wears a scornful, mirthless smile.

I feel her thighs hug my face and she pulls her hand away.

“Lick it all up, baby. Learn to accept and enjoy it. Give me a nice orgasm.”

11

The bad weather throws the three of us together. A blizzard is blanketing the northeast in nearly a foot of snow. The weather service warned of an incoming snowstorm with possible large accumulation. But we didn't imagine it could be this bad.

The only consolation; behind the storm warmer temperatures are forecast.

Gabrielle and Eleanor made it home with about six inches of the fluffy stuff already blanketing the landscape. Radio and television stations are advising people to stay indoors.

My wife and Eleanor are in flannel pajamas and furry slippers, sitting at opposite ends of the couch, legs propped up in the middle and eating popcorn.

“Is there anything else I can bring you?” I say, deliberately standing in front of the TV, blocking the view of the weather lady who is telling us what we already know.

Eleanor gives me a flat smile. “I'd like some hot chocolate but it doesn't go with popcorn.”

“Maybe later.” I try unsuccessfully to keep the sarcasm out of my voice.

I am stuck with Eleanor staying here for a couple of days, maybe longer. I will have to give up my place in my wife's bed — I think of it in those words now; her bed — and be subjected to Eleanor's sharp sarcasm.

"I like your pee jays," my wife's business partner says.

Catching me in the bedroom, Gabrielle pulled out the pajamas, wanted me to wear them.

Eleanor is referring to a new silk set, mauve in color, having a scalloped top, with long sleeves and wide button cuffs gathering the blousy material at my wrists. The top and bottoms are trimmed in grey lace, and like the billowy sleeves the bottoms are flared, swish around my ankles as I move around.

The pant hugs my tush, reminds me of my weight gain, yet feels sensuous on my butt and is tight between my legs, maddeningly caress my privates.

After Gabrielle laid them out on the bed, I said they'd look sexy on her. She smiled, told me they were for me.

"But they look like a woman's pajama."

"They're for men, dear. Read the label. Part of a new spring collection promoted by one of our local designers. You could use some new clothes, too." She fixed me with those nearly black obsidian eyes and added, "They *do* look sexy, what the modern male is wearing today. I like them."

I remember Allegra coaxing me into a pink shorty, sleeping with her, am at odds with this dubious business. But after what Allegra told me about

the Cytherea Coterie I understand these bizarre developments, how my wife sees me.

Eleanor's smile is fixed, insincere. I flashback to Allegra taking me to Gary and Freda's apartment. Me crowded between the two women on the bed, watching Tom give Gary a massage, noticing the masseuse's rippling muscles, and Gary kneeling, taking the man's unit in hand. Then later Allegra masturbating me, telling me Freda makes Gary suck him. Of course I knew Gary was effeminate, but didn't realize how much so until seeing him naked, his soft body free of hair.

"Look, he's blushing," chortles Eleanor.

Gabrielle nods. "Aren't your feet cold, walking around barefooted?" I shake my head and she adds, "Go get those slippers I bought to go with your pee jays. Show Eleanor." I decline but my wife insists and Eleanor wants to see them.

I stomp off to the bedroom, my feet slapping angrily on the hardwood floor of the hallway, find the slippers on my side of the closet, have to stretch the elastic material over the the back of my foot, return to the den. I stand there and am told to raise the flared cuffs of the bottoms so Eleanor can see.

"They glitter," Eleanor says, "look like a ballet slipper."

"Yes, they go with the set and I just had to get them."

Eleanor eats popcorn, leans over trying to see around me.

"You're blocking our view of the TV, Jon." Gabrielle pats the middle sofa cushion, tells me to come sit between them.

They sit up, look at me.

This may be as close as I'll get to my wife with Eleanor in the house. I go over, sit between them. Eleanor offers me the bowl of popcorn and I take it, eat a handful, feel her hand slide over the slippery material of the slick, questionable pajamas.

"I bet this silk feels real good on your skin," Eleanor says.

I sit stoically, eat popcorn, watch a female on-the-scene reporter standing outside, wearing winter boots and clothed in a heavy parka, heavy snow almost obscuring the picture, a weighty snowplow truck in the background grading the thoroughfare behind her.

The girl must feel miserable out there in the snow, the wind whipping off her parka and playing havoc with her hair.

Gabrielle's hand slips along my other leg, the two of them scooting closer, their hands petting my thighs, Eleanor smiling at me as her hand slips inside my legs.

For a minute I think she's going to cup me between the legs and I squeeze my thighs together, am grateful for the bowl of popcorn on my lap.

"I'm going to update Jon's spring wardrobe," Gaby says. "These pee jays are just a start."

"Ooh," Eleanor says. "Take me along. I've always wanted to put your sweetie in the proper clothes."

The head of my penis swells in the tight confines of the bottoms and I hold the bowl of popcorn rigidly over my lap.

Are they doing this on purpose?

Eleanor's fingers slide higher between my legs. My wife leans out, looks at her best friend, smiles conspiratorially.

The picture goes to the newscaster couple in studio, looking warm and toasty behind the anchor desk.

Eleanor's fingertips slide over my helmet as she stares at the television.

"I think Jon *really* likes these pajamas," she says.

Gabrielle snatches the bowl from my lap, looks between my legs, the hint of a smile flirting at the corner of her lips.

"Why, Jon, you do like your new pajamas."

Eleanor chuckles dryly and I bolt off the couch, the front of the tight bottoms outlining my embarrassing condition.

Later, before going to the spare room where I will sleep, I knock lightly on my wife's door, hear her tell me to come in.

The two of them are in bed, propped up on pillows and watching a late night talk show. On the floor are the bottoms of their pajamas. Absently I pick them up, drape them on the banquette.

"Is there anything I can get either of you before retiring?"

Eleanor gives me a satisfied smile, shakes her head.

"Maybe we should let him sleep with us," suggests my wife.

"The three of us cuddling under the quilt," says Eleanor.

My wife nods and they smile while I stand uncertainly, thinking this is some kind of trick.

“You can snuggle between us,” Gabrielle says, then looks at her business partner. “Do you mind?”

Eleanor throws back the covers, reveals their bare legs and a slice of pink panties, scoots over to make room. “You can sleep between us, Jon.”

Saying it like she’s granting me a big favor, allowing me to sleep in the same bed as my wife.

“Well,” says Gabrielle, “are you just going to stand there or do you want to join us?”

I take off the elastic slippers, crawl into bed between them, am wary of this unexpected invitation.

Eleanor turns on her side, slides her leg over mine and I feel my wife’s breast on my shoulder as they sandwich me between them.

“All comfy?” Gaby says sweetly.

“Uhm, yeah, I guess so.”

Eleanor’s hand toys with my top, her palm sliding over a nipple. “I like this togetherness,” she says, her hot breath tickling my ear.

My senses are on full alert and I am wary.

But I feel a fullness puckering between my legs in the tight silk bottoms.

“Do you feel better, hon?” Gaby says, turning to me, her hand under the covers, whispering along my stomach.

I look at the TV, don’t say anything.

“You’ve neglected the poor boy,” Eleanor says, sliding her hand under the covers. “Some of it’s my fault.”

“Is that right, Jon, do you blame El for the way I’ve neglected you?”

A loaded question if I ever heard one. Something is going on here but I’m not sure what. I’m afraid to either confirm or deny my wife’s question, keep silent.

Eleanor’s knee slides over my lower torso and my wife’s soft hand caresses my belly, moves south, makes me squirm under the covers.

Eleanor tweaks my nipple through the silk top. “I bet he could use some relief, Gaby.”

I can’t believe what the catty woman just said.

“Your knee is almost in his lap. Feel how soft and smooth El’s leg is, honey.”

Under the covers my hand trails over Eleanor’s outer thigh, then rests on her knee.

“Is her skin as soft as mine?”

“Uhm, almost.”

“Our bodies need plenty of moisturizer in this dry winter air,” Eleanor says. “Yours too,” she says.

Her knee moves up, rests on top the bulge between my legs. “I think he’s excited.”

“Is that so, dear?”

“What are you guys doing?” I say, in a raspy whisper.

Gabrielle’s hand slips under her friend’s knee, squeezes my hardening unit.

“Oh, my,” she says. Under the covers her hand finds Eleanor’s, puts it on my tumescence. “Do you feel that, El?”

“Yes, he’s leaking into his silkies.”

“Jon has a low level of testosterone,” my wife says.

“Gabrielle!” I exclaim.

“Really?” Eleanor says, cupping my gonads.

“Our doctor thinks he’s playing with himself too much.”

“That’s enough, Gabrielle!”

Eleanor chuckles softly, fingers gliding over my shaft. “Uhm, that’s what some guys do.”

“I don’t do that,” I say firmly, push at their hands under the covers, feel my upper lip bead with perspiration.

“I like your pee jays,” my wife’s business partner says.

I look into her dark glittering eyes. “Why are you doing this?” is my desolate lament.

“Hon, Eleanor and I have few secrets. She knows about the email Nurse Nancy sent you.”

“But how — ”

“ — That doesn’t matter,” my wife says.

“You told her!” I accuse.

“Eleanor understands about guys.” She looks across me at her friend, says, “Tell him.”

The woman shakes a curtain of black hair from the side of her face, her lively blue eyes looking into mine. “One of my boyfriends did it for me. It was a real turn-on, Jon. It made me wet when he did it.” She grabs my hand, pushes it between her legs. I feel the dampness in the panel of her panties.

Through the silky bottom her hand slides along my shaft. “It was kinky but I liked it. Of course he

never quite got over the humiliation of eating his own cum but it really made my kitten purr.”

“Your gown suits you,” my wife’s business partner says.

I shake my head on the pillow, bite my lip.

Eleanor’s hand dips in the elastic waistband of my bottoms, pulls out my penis, starts stroking it.

“He’s already done it,” my wife says. “Two or three times now. It really gets me off.”

I lay still, my heart in my throat, feel trapped.

“I bet he secretly likes it,” Eleanor says derisively.

“Don’t you want to cum?” my wife says reasonably.

“Yes, but, ah, not the other.” My voice is weak.

“It’s not so bad,” says Eleanor.

“Dr. Rhineland says he’ll get used to it, might even like it. I think he does like it. Like you say, doesn’t want to admit it.”

“You’re leaking all over my fingers,” Eleanor says.

She brings her hands from under the covers, holds her gleaming fingertips to my face. “Lick, Jon. Be a good boy.”

I close my eyes, feel her fingers slide over my lips and into my mouth.

Gabrielle tells her about one of the procedures Dr. Rhineland described to us on our last visit.

The two of them soon have me kneeling on the bed between them, Gabrielle behind me, tweaking my nipples, while Eleanor sits cross-legged in front of me, my bottoms lowered as she slowly masturbates me.

“It won’t take him long,” my wife says. “You know how to do it?”

Eleanor nods, looks into my eyes, her hand picking up the pace and the fingers of her other hand encircling the base of my penis.

“You want to do this for your wife. You know you do. It will show her your love and devotion. She might even have a mild orgasm from it.”

“Please, we shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Think of the therapeutic value,” my wife says, tugging on my pebble nipples. “It will help your testosterone levels. We’ve talked about it and you knew it was coming to this.”

“No, I didn’t know,” I whimper.

“Stop being such a baby,” says Eleanor. “Think how much this will please your wife.”

The vision of Allegra pops into my mind, her greasy lips descending on mine after she sucked me off, spitting it into my mouth.

If her daughter ever finds out about that . . .

“Are you there, sweetie?” asks Eleanor in a soothing voice.

I am, feel the impending crescendo of release.

“Climax, Jon,” says Gabrielle.

Eleanor nods, smiles triumphantly. I sob and climax, shoot a small puddle of opaque semen into her palm before she clamps her fingers around the base of my dick and staunches the flow. It hurts and I flex my hips in frustration.

The woman raises her hand to my face, “Lick it up, honey, and I’ll release some more.”

I tongue up the small pool in her palm.

“Yes!” exclaims Gabrielle.

Eleanor relaxes her fingers at the base of my penis and more semen erupts into her palm. She repeats the process and I’m made to lick it out of her hand until I’m drained of my essence.

I collapse into my wife’s arms and she kisses me, sends her tongue inside my contaminated mouth.

I struggle in her arms, slide out the other side of the bed, forget about the glittery slippers and run to the door.

“Buyer’s remorse,” says Eleanor.

Her scornful snicker chases me down the hall.

12

“Why did Doc Finley retire? I didn’t think he was that old.”

The new doctor sits behind Doc Finley’s old desk, her black hair shot with streaks of grey, regards me for a moment.

Then she says, “He’s getting out before the new health care laws are completely implemented. Our fees have been cut and there’s more red tape than ever. The present regime in Washington, D.C. is forcing a lot of good doctors out of business. They are forcing us to take on Medicaid and Medicare patients at highly reduced fees. Not to mention cost prohibitive liability insurance. We wanted tort reform to keep the lawyers off our backs but the politicians in Washington are beholden to the ABA.”

“I thought it was suppose to make it more affordable, cover everybody.”

“Medical insurance premiums are going through the roof. No new taxes was the mantra coming out of D.C. but the new healthcare law is full of hidden taxes that we’re just now finding out about. So Doc Finley put his practice up for sale and I bought it.”

“Doesn’t the same hold true for you?” I reason.

She nods. “I’m younger than Dr. Finley but I, too, am at risk. I bought his practice to gain more patients. I am going to take the majority of my practice private. A lot of other medical doctors, those who aren’t getting out, are going private. That’s why I expanded, took on Doctor Finley’s patients. In Great Britain the less fortunate are at the mercy of government healthcare and private hospitals have sprung up all over England. Those who can afford good healthcare have to pay for it. There are similar examples in Canada, patients crossing the border to take advantage of the greatest healthcare system ever provided. But it won’t last long with the Fed taking over.”

“I see.”

She leans forward, elbows on the desk blotter, entwines her fingers. “Now you didn’t schedule an appointment with me to discuss the misguided and ruinous politics coming out of D.C. What can I help you?”

“Uhm, this isn’t easy to say.”

She nods thoughtfully, waits for me to continue.

“It’s my wife and her OB/GYN that’s treating me.”

I hem haw around, stumble through it, finally tell all. To her credit she doesn’t interrupt, hears me

out, keeps a neutral expression on her thoughtful face.

“That about sums it up,” I conclude. “To me this Dr. Rhineland is too radical and she seems to have the confidence of my wife. Are you at all familiar with her?”

She sits back in her desk chair, smiles wryly. “I know *of* Dr. Ruth Rhineland. Although this is a large city, comparable to New York or Chicago, word travels fast in the medical community. Dr. Rhineland is a female supremacist.”

She swivels around in her chair, face thoughtful, turns back, faces me. “You may very well have low testosterone levels young man, but that is determined by a simple blood test, not the procedures you’ve described.”

I nod, feel my cheeks burning, look at my lap.

“As far as, uhm, ingesting your own semen, that is not harmful. Semen is full of protein, nutrients and vitamins. Even swallowing the sperm of another male is not in itself harmful, providing your partner is a healthy male and has no STDs.”

“I’m not gay!”

“AIDS is of course a concern and unprotected anal sex might transmit the disease. That’s why you should wear protection.”

Continuing as if she didn’t hear me.

“I’m not gay!” I say more forcefully.

“Relax, Mr. Tremont. I didn’t say you were. I’m just listing the possibilities and potential hazards. Oral sex, even with a contagious partner, doesn’t necessarily put one at risk. It is the safest sexual ac-

tivity. The chance of contagion is low if performing oral sex on another male.”

“That won’t happen.”

She falls silent, gazes at me. “You might consider your wife’s intentions. For her own reasons she might wish to engage you sexually with another male.”

In my mind I picture Gary on his knees in Freda’s apartment after getting a massage from the strapping Tom. It sends a cold shiver down my spine. Yet that business was exposed to me by Allegra, not my wife.

Thinking about it, this incident with Gary and Tom, the masseuse, is too convenient.

Like mother like daughter, the two of them female supremacists’. I feel trapped but cannot deny the sexual exhilaration from these kinky incidents.

“Today men are more open with their affections. Many men seek women of a dominant nature. You might want to ask your wife about her sexual preferences, if she’s sexually exploitative.”

13

“Doc Finley retired, sold his practice to another doctor.”

“Hmm,” says Gabrielle and sips a dry merlot she’s fond of.

We’re in the kitchen. She’s kicked off her shoes, left them for me to pickup. I watch as her nylon-covered toes wriggle on the lower rung of the stool.

“It’s a good thing I took you to Dr. Rhineland, then.” She crosses her legs, unmindful of the im-

modest view of her legs from the skirt high in her lap.

“I went to see her today.”

“Pour yourself a glass of wine, hon.”

“No thank you.”

“Went to see who?”

“The doctor who took over Doc Finley’s practice.”

Gaby looks at me. “Whatever for?”

“To get a second opinion.”

She sets down the wineglass, crooks her finger at me. I step up to her and she massages the front of my pants. “I’m in the mood . . . ”

I step back. She frowns, looks at the bulge in my pants.

A man with an erection can be persuaded into almost any sexual scenario no matter how bizarre. I read or heard that somewhere.

“I wanted to talk to another doctor about my low testosterone.”

“I see.”

“And now I do, too.”

She smiles sardonically. “What did you find out, Jon?”

“As if you didn’t know.”

She stares at me until I look away. “But you’re going to tell me, right?”

“This business about ingesting my own sperm. It’s a trick.”

Gabrielle crosses her arms at the elbow on the corner of the breakfast nook. “It’s not a ruse.”

“Yes, this business about milking me for a sperm sample. A simple blood test will suffice.”

“Ah, but it’s more fun seeing your legs in the stirrups, looking helpless while you’re being milked into a vial. It turns me on.”

“You and your doctor and her nurse.”

She nods.

“Why?”

“Well, Jon, it’s a good way of acclimating you to your natural demeanor. Where you should be. You acquiesce to my stronger personality, come by it naturally.”

It’s true and now it’s out in the open, gives my stomach a sickening stir.

“I’m not going back to your OB/GYN. I’ve had enough.”

Gabrielle pours more wine into her glass, slips off the stool. In the entranceway to the hall she looks back, tells me to bring her shoes.

I look at her discarded shoes, hesitate for long moments, in the end pick them up, follow in her wake.

She’s slipping her dress over her head, lays it on the foot of the bed. Next is a half-slip. Wearing only bra, panties and pantyhose, she regards me.

“We’ve had fun. It works you up, too.”

“No, it doesn’t.”

“Eleanor really liked feeding you your ejaculate. She got off on it. So did I.”

“I don’t give a fig what that unpleasant woman likes.”

“You can do things for her like you do for me.”

I look at her. She comes up to me, fondles my package, whispers for me to get naked.

I step back, shake my head.

Arms akimbo she stares at me, those dark obsidian eyes sending a chill down my spine. “Get naked, Jon. I want your face between my legs.”

“Gabrielle, I don’t like this business with your doctor and her nurse, what you shouldn’t have told Eleanor but have.”

“You’ll have to prostrate yourself for El, dear. She likes to humiliate men. Especially weak men.”

“I won’t do it.”

She starts toward me and I back up reflexively until she’s pinned me to the wall. “Yes, you will, sweetie.”

She unbuckles my belt, unbuttons my pants, unzips me. Her cool hand reaches into the nylon briefs I wear, pulls the head over the waistband. “You will do as I say.”

I shake my head, look at the carpet.

“I can’t explain what a thrill it gives me when you are made to eat your own cum.”

My dick is hard and she presses her tummy against it, traps it between mine and hers, the slickness of her pantyhose making the helmet throb.

Gabrielle walks over to the bed, arms behind her, unhooks her bra, shrugs out of it, takes off pantyhose and panties off, holds them, tells me to get naked, come over to her and kneel.

I sigh, get naked, kneel in front of her.

“Keep your hands at your sides.”

She arranges the lavender panties over my head, the cotton panel on my nose.

“I want you to smell me and think of what you’ll be missing if you don’t behave, do as I wish.”

She sits on the bed, leans back on her arms and her bare foot caresses my shaft.

“I understand you wore a pair of red high heels for mother . . . the first time.”

Something in my throat — an invisible obstruction — keeps me from talking.

“She bought you a pair of black heels and you wore them, too.”

Her toes slide under my gonads. “And a short nightie.”

I inhale the stale bouquet of her panties. “N-o-o,” I whine through the veil of the silky garment.

“You should’ve told me, Jon. I’m disappointed in you.”

“It was her idea. She made me put on panties and wear the shoes.”

“Made you wear baby dolls, is that it?”

I nod.

“Parading around in front of my mother in heels, acting girly.”

“It wasn’t like that.”

“Did she make you submit to fellatio, too?”

“I’m sorry,” is my mournful response.

“Did she make you swallow your cum after sucking you off?”

“I . . . I . . .”

“Yes?” prompts my wife. “Telling my mother I’ve been neglecting you. Gaining her sympathy so she’d rub you off. Shame on you.”

“It wasn’t like that. Your mother had me help her dress and undress. She seduced me. She made me first wear her shoes and then bought me a pair.”

“A typical male reaction.”

“Please, Gabrielle.”

“Eleanor is delighted.”

“Eleanor knows?”

“We have no secrets. After mother told me — I think it bothered her conscious — I told her to tell Eleanor, that my friend and business partner has long suspected you’re a degenerate.”

Now both feet are sliding along my penis. The soles of her feet are like a warm fleshy glove, make it hard to explain in a logical way everything that has happened.

Gabrielle sits up, snatches the panties off my head.

“Masturbate on my feet, Jon.”

She grins malevolently at my imploring eyes. “You’ll have to do this for Eleanor so you might as well get some practice.”

Her triumphant smile makes my body shiver with woeful longing. “Abuse yourself. I will allow it. And when you cum I want you to lick it up.”

“Gabrielle, please don’t make me do this.”

“You want to. I want you to.”

She slips a hand between her legs, fingers sliding inside her vulva, frigs herself for a few moments.

My cock is in hand.

She withdraws greasy digits. "Suck my fingers, Jon. Get a good taste of what you're going to miss."

I lick and suck her fingers. Satisfied she pulls them from my mouth and her hand returns to her bald vulva, fingers squishing inside.

"Going to miss? What do you mean?"

"Going to your own doctor makes me angry. I don't care what you were told. You've haven't lost weight. If you don't start obeying, do what's good for you, I'll throw you out. It's that simple."

"You can't mean that."

"Try me."

"Please . . ."

You will continue to see Dr. Rhineland, do as she recommends. *Do what your told.*"

I look at the gleam in her dark feral eyes, shiver.

"Now finish yourself," she says. "Cum on my feet."

My fist pistons on my penis and I hear fingers sloshing in her pussy.

"Hurry up you miserable little slut. I'm almost there. I'm going to orgasm."

Faster my hand works on my veined shaft and I am soon reaching the precipice.

"Remember, I want you to lick up your mess. It will get me off and I know you want me to have an orgasm."

She holds her feet together just under the tip of my red glans.

“Do it. Do it for me, baby.”

My balls rumble and I feel the load streaking through my urethra. I erupt, spray the tops of her feet and ankles. She shrieks, the trilling prickling my flesh.

Her feet are besmirched with the evidence of my lust, some of it sluicing between her toes. She leans back on her elbows, raises her feet to my face and nods.

“Uhm, that’s it, cupcake. Lick up your sissy juice. Get used to it. Uh-huh, lick between my toes. *Shit, I’m getting off . . .*

I feel her legs tremble down to her toes as I slurp the tiny digits, clean them of my semen.

14

I am out of arguments and Gabrielle is losing her patience. She has talked to her mother. I am to have my body denuded of hair. Allegra’s heard of a new product that male models and celebrities use. It’s called DermaSlick, attacks the hair follicles, keeps hair from growing back in for longer periods of time, works better than other depilatories on the market. Or she will have Allegra talk to Freda, and get Tom, her masseuse to rid my body of hair.

Picturing the athletically built masseuse working on Gary’s body sends a cold block of ice to my stomach.

Reluctantly I agree to the DermaSlick.

I clean up around the house, throw a load of clothes in the washer while Gaby's gone to get this stuff. When she comes back she has jars and tubes of creams and the hair remover.

In the bathroom she slathers it all over my body, under my arms, paying particular attention to my privates and anus.

I stand for lengthy minutes, feel a tingling all over my body.

Gaby comes back into the bathroom, turns on the shower, tells me to get in and rinse off.

Hair gathers in the drain, clogs it and I swipe it away with my foot, stomach sinking with a foreboding. I ask her how long it will be before my body hair grows back. She smiles, tells me I am to keep my body free of hair at all times. Now that I know how it's done she expects me to use the product.

I come out of the shower, stand naked, see that's she drawn a bath, put smelly oils and emollients in it. She tells me to get in, that the water is not hot. I am to soak until she comes back, which seems a long time.

After the bath Gaby pats me down with a big fluffy towel, lets me know I'm not to rub my body dry but pat it dry.

In the bedroom a large beach towel is on the bed.

She massages my body with special expensive lotions and a jar of cream.

Getting pampered like this feels good and I almost doze off.

When she gets to my privates I go hard and she gently scolds me.

“This stuff smells kind a like perfume.”

“You’ll get to like it,” she says.

A couple of days later, I’m dragged off to see Dr. Rhineland. I am totally against going back to her gynecologist but I’m informed I have no say in the matter. My skin feels soft, smells of perfume from the oils and special lotions. The nurse is going to have fun at my expense when she sees my new and fragrant body.

Somehow I get through the examination, bite my tongue when I am made to put my feet in the stirrups and Dr. Rhineland milks me, Nurse Nancy smiling devilishly and holding the small vial over the end of my penis.

On the way home, riding in the cherry-red Mustang, I ask my wife about the shot the nurse gave me in the butt. She tells me it’s to boost my testosterone levels.

I’m not sure I believe her. But what am I to do?

I don’t see my wife for a few days, her and Eleanor have gone downstate on a short business trip. She suggested I go stay with her mother and I nod in agreement. It’s better to let her think she’s getting her way. I don’t want Allegra to see my fleshy body that’s now devoid of hair. I fear she will get me into a compromising situation.

But it’s inevitable sooner or later.

Gabrielle drove the Lincoln so I don’t have to go after them at the airport.

She comes through the door without Eleanor and my spirits are lifted. Is she hungry? No, they ate on the way home.

She looks tired, has me go out to the car and get the shopping packages. It seems the two of them had enough time to shop.

When I get back inside she's stripped down to panties and bra, says she's frustrated, wants my face between her legs.

On the bed is a diaphanous shorty, pale yellow in color with matching French-cut bottoms. I picture her in the shorty, get a little rise. But I'm wrong about the nearly transparent nightie. It's for me.

She wants me to model it for her, pulls out a pair of high heel mules, also for me. I have no choice, put the nightie and shoes on, am made to walk back and forth for her.

It's humiliating, doing this in front of my wife and it's clear she's enjoying my red-faced embarrassment. For some reason dressing in girly lingerie for Allegra is not as bad.

To my chagrin I go hard in the bottoms, tenting the hem of the short top.

She unhooks her bra, steps out of her panties, points to the floor.

I kiss her inner thighs, wonder if she will grant me relief, which is probably hopeful thinking. She wants to get off and go to sleep.

"I have some more things for you but we'll get to that tomorrow."

I kiss the tender flesh high between her legs, inhale the musky ambrosia of her sex.

Softly she says, "I hope I don't smell too bad."

Bad enough but I don't say anything, kiss the pouty lips of her vulva, slide my tongue inside her, the pungent taste of her pussy familiar.

She lays back on the bed as I worship her womanhood, and I can't help but fondle my engorged penis in the slick bottoms.

"I want you to practice walking in the proper shoes. Of course mother agrees, has told me it was easy getting you into heels. You need to learn to walk properly. I want you to watch fashion television, emulate how the lovely models strut along the runway. You need to move from the hips, put one foot directly in front of the other. It will help give your boyish hips a feminine affectation, will soon come second nature to you."

My body shivers, the import of her words leaving no question about what she wants.

I am on my knees for some time, licking her womanhood, finally bringing her to orgasm, her clitoris spasms between my lips as I suck, play my tongue over the tip.

My mouth is infused with her oily discharge, and like I've been taught, I push my tongue inside her as far as it will go.

Crawling up in the bed beside her, she turns away from me. My voice shaking and whispery, I let her know I need relief too. She's too tired, tells me to go to sleep.

"And I better not catch you masturbating," she adds.

I lay on my back, my niggling tenting the covers, staring at the ceiling before I finally fall asleep.

Gabrielle and Eleanor are out of the city, flying this time to the southern part of the state, will be away for several days.

Allegra greets me in a foundation garment, ample bosom swelling the top, revealing a lot of cleavage, thick, elongated nipples notching the cups. Her strong legs are encased in stockings attached to the garter snaps of the stretchy foundation garment, all of it in black, feet in stiletto heels.

I sniff the air and she tells me a roast is slow cooking, simmering in healthy vegetables, no potatoes.

The aroma makes me hungry.

“We are going to have devilish fun, Jon.” She wraps her arms around my waist, red painted lips kissing me. I have no choice but to accept her tongue-probing, soft bag in one hand, briefcase in the other.

I leave my belongings in the guest bedroom, find her sitting at her vanity, legs crossed, one foot swinging back and forth. On the nightstand is a bottle of wine and two wineglasses half full of blood-red wine.

I hand her a glass, sit beside her. We talk about missing the last snowstorm that skirted north of the city, Gaby and El downstate on business.

Her hand runs along my leg, eventually slides between them finding my growing erection.

She sips wine, stands over me. “This is an open-bottom garment, Jon. Do you know what that is?”

“I think so.”

“I’m going to give you a treat tonight. But first you must get ready.”

“Get ready?” I say timidly, glance at the bottom of the constricting garment she wears, how it just hides her sex.

She looks at the bed. “I have an outfit for you to wear. Take off your clothes, dear.”

I do so, stand naked, her eyes gazing at my freshly hair-denuded body. “Very nice.”

She goes to the bed and I look at the back of the stretchy black garment, how it barely covers the bottom of her fleshy buttocks. She bends over for something across the bed and my breath catches in my throat, flashing me the lower crevice of her cheeks and the dark pucker. But what draws my attention is a slice of her pink vulva framed by meaty legs. Like my wife, Allegra seems to have no hair on her pink womanhood.

She comes back, hands me something pink and shiny. “Put these on.”

“Panties?”

She nods, takes up her wineglass, sips. “From now on you are to wear panties at all times.”

“I don’t think — ”

“ — My daughter’s orders. No exceptions. Now put them on.”

I step into the panties, pull them around my hips. They are of a hip-hugger style and the head of my penis peeks over the waistband.

“Nice. Come here.”

I go to where she stands beside the bed, look at a short dress laid out on the bed.

“You put this on over your head, sweetie.” Arguing is futile. She nods as the short cotton dress falls around my torso. It is full and sinfully short. “This is what’s called an Empire dress. Some are ankle length but this one is short and flirty.”

“Very immodest,” I say.

She comes up to me, flounces the short puffy sleeves, arranges the roomy top of the square bodice at my chest. “For now it gives you the illusion of breasts. You could wear a bra with it, I suppose. But not tonight.”

She hands me a pair of white stockings. I sit and tug the gossamer stockings up my shaved legs. They only come up half way to my thighs, are what is called stay-up stockings, I think.

Allegra frowns. “What?”

“When you put on stockings you should roll them, arch your foot and extend your leg, take your time tugging them up your legs. It can be a sensuous experience. You’ll have to practice.”

I blush.

Allegra hands me a pair of modest, peep-toe heels and I put them on, stand up, glance at a cheval mirror near her walk-in closet.

“No peeking, hon. Not yet. We’re not finished.

She sits me at the vanity so I’m facing her, takes up a jar and coats my face with the creamer, explaining as she goes along. Using her fingers, she puts a light beige foundation over my face, has me hold my longer bottle-blond locks back. Next comes a blush to highlight my cheeks, make them looker

higher. She puts a cream on my eyelids, then two shades of eye shadow follow, one coppery, the other silver, highlights my eyebrows with a pencil, telling me the eye shadow will bring out my brown eyes. She outlines my lips with a lipstick pencil, which gives them an illusion of fullness and finishes with a pink lipstick.

Lastly Allegra brushes out my bottle-blond hair, attaches gold hoop earrings to my ears, informs me I'm to have my ears pierced while Gabrielle is out of town.

She won't let me look in the vanity mirror. Taking me by the hand she leads me over to the titled cheval mirror. A lovely girl blinks her eyes, looks back at me. I can hardly believe the transformation of my face, how girlish I look in the short empire waist dress, the hem immodestly short, showing off my stocking legs in the peep-toe shoes.

"You look lovely, don't you agree?"

My mouth is dry and I try to swallow, nod in agreement.

"This is your new persona, Jon."

I look at my legs, how nice they look, my toes peeking from the shoes. My stomach feels light, something fluttering inside me.

She drapes an arm over my shoulder, fingers sliding into the bodice of my dress, tweaking a nipple, making me throb in the panties.

"In a few months you will notice subtle changes in your figure."

"Oh?"

Allegra smiles. "Nothing drastic, really. But the shots you've been getting at the doctor's office will

make your chest more appealing. And your areola and nipples will become pronounced and be more sensitive. All girls like to have their breasts sucked.”

For emphasis she cups my fleshy pectoral, tugs on my nipple, sends shivers down my girly-looking legs.

My stomach roils. “What are you saying?”

“Your chest is already fleshy and you’ve been getting mild hormone booster shots.”

I pull her hand from the bodice of the dress, shake my head, look at her eyes in the mirror. “I don’t believe you.”

“It’s true, dear. Your naiveté about these developments has prevented you from seeing what’s really going on.”

“N-n-o-o.”

“Your hips will get a bit wider, your tush rounder than it is.”

My penis wilts in the hip-huger panties. “I won’t allow it!”

“I think this is how my daughter has always pictured you. You stay at home, cook and keep house, have become a sweetly submissive housewife.”

“No! I do the accounting for Gabrielle and Eleanor’s business. This can’t be happening.”

“It is happening, sweetie.” Her reflection moves from the mirror.

At the door she tells me to come along and we’ll eat the delicious roast she has cooked.

16

I kneel between her spread legs, wear only panties, the stay-up stockings and shoes. She detaches the nylons from the garters, rolls the bottom of the foundation garment up, pulls my face between her legs.

“This is a special treat for my pretty girl.”

Entwining her fingers in my blond hair, she smothers my face with the plump lips of her vulva. It is moist on my lips and tongue.

At least I do this well.

17

It is snowing outside. Freda and Gary are over. I am totally humiliated, wear a short pleated dress that barely covers my tush. When I sit my panties show and Allegra has put me in a bra under a transparent and gauzy blouse.

I am surprised how my fleshy chest is captured in the bra cups. I could easily pass as a girl in public. No one would know the difference.

Gary wears bright red lipstick on his made-up face and slacks, his feet in high heel booties. He looks almost as girlish as me.

We are drinking wine, sitting around the living room like four women, talking about the weather and all this snow.

Freda tells Allegra they should take us shopping to one of those gender boutiques where men undergo a transformation to female. These boutiques that are apparently gaining popularity are scattered

across the country in all the larger cities. There is even a chain of them they have become so popular.

Gary is giving me shy looks and I know something is up but I'm not sure what.

The bottle of wine is quickly consumed and I'm a bit relaxed.

"I think it's time," says Allegra, getting up and taking my hand, leading me into the bedroom, Freda and Gary following.

She sits me facing away at the vanity and Freda brings over Gary, forces him to his knees for my special treat.

Gary won't look me in the eye and I sense what's coming, don't want to participate but I'm trapped in this perverted vortex of forbidden sex.

Gary slides his hands under the hem of my short skirt and I jump. Standing beside me Allegra pats my shoulders, tells me to relax.

Freda sits on the bed, her gaunt face serious, tells Gary to show me what he can do.

"He's had a lot of practice, has become an accomplished fellatrix."

"I don't want this," I whine.

"Of course you do, sweetie. Just sit and relax, enjoy Gary's oral talents."

He slides my panties down, exposes my organ. It is already hard, betrays my reluctance in this dark tableau.

The effeminate guy kisses inside my thighs and I see a smear of lipstick. He's going to suck me and I'm helpless to stop him.

Allegra sits beside me, folds my short skirt back as Gary trails soft kisses inside my girly-looking legs.

My hard penis in his hand, he kisses the head, swallows it just past my crown of foreskin, his tongue flicking over my helmet.

It feels good and I close my eyes, in my mind picture a real girl sucking me.

He soon has my entire organ in his wet mouth, bobs his head on my lap.

At my ear Allegra says, "I know you like this, will want to do him, too."

I shake my head, bite my lip. "No, I won't do this. I don't want this."

"Yes, dear, you do. Lean back on my vanity and enjoy his expertise. I've heard boys know how to do this better than girls. Pretty boys like you and Gary enjoy sucking each other. If you're a good girl I'll let you suck Tom's impressive penis."

I shake my head, my long blond hair tickling my cheeks.

Gary knows what he's doing and I will soon climax in his mouth, wonder if he will be made to swallow it.

Such a silly question. Of course Freda will insist he swallow my sperm.

I have a crazy thought: Will these two women make me suck him and will Gary's semen taste similar to mine?

I'll have to do him, too, I just know it.

I wonder what Gabrielle and Eleanor are doing this very moment? Are they in their hotel room in bed, making love to each other?

My wife is a lesbian — at least bisexual — and wants me to be her girly husband. Her and Eleanor have conspired against me, used Dr. Ruth Rhineland to make me over into a girly-man.

The hormones that are working their silent magic in my body will soon turn my fleshy chest into breasts.

It's a scary thought.

I try not to think about it, give into the wet sucking sensations of Gary's mouth on my penis. He knows what he's doing and I soon reach the edge of my passion, shoot into his warm and wet mouth.

Later I change, am in stockings and garter belt, not wearing a bra.

I am on all fours on the bed, wear the high heels Allegra bought me, the ones that fit better than her red ones.

Gary is kneeling behind me, the women on either side of us.

Since Gary has a small penis this won't be so difficult for me. Still, as he enters my greased asshole, it hurts. I am on my elbows, arms crossed, fingers tugging on my sensitive nipples.

Gary pushes into me. It's not as bad as I thought.

"Don't you feel like a girl?" Allegra says, reclining beside me. She wears only panties, her large milky bosom on display. Her nipples are erect with lust.

On the other side is Freda, sitting, also in just panties, her unremarkable breasts making her look boyish, except for her areola and nipples, which are swollen with excitement.

Gary saws into my rectum with his little organ and my penis is soft.

It won't get hard but Allegra says in time it will, that I'll like being penetrated like a girl.

Gary thrusts into me and I hope he cums soon. I want this over with.

He doesn't last long, soon climaxes in my rectum. I don't feel it shoot inside me, collapse on the bed and Allegra pulls me into her arms, feeds me a fat nipple, pets my sweaty hair, coos in my ear, "You did well, honey. Gabrielle will be proud of you."

"You're not going to tell her?"

"She already knows, dear. Now don't cry. It's what she wants and you want it too."

Tears slide down my cheeks, run my makeup.

I will never be the same.

18

"He knows," says my wife.

Dr. Rhineland looks into my eyes, pats my thigh. "You look so much better without body hair, dear. And you'll soon have small breasts and larger areola and nipples. You'll love to play with them."

Nurse Nancy stands beside me where I lie on the examining table, her hand laying over my organ, fingers caressing my glans. "Would you like to cum, honey?"

I shake my head, look at my wife who sits in the chair. "It's okay, Jon. Let the nurse give you a little orgasm. I get tired of masturbating you."

The nurse slides a warm hand over my shaft. "Squirt for us, sweetie."

I push her hand away, shake my head, can't look any of them in the eye.

"If it will help, think of some virile man with a large penis, how you will pleasure him," the nurse says, taking me back in hand.

"No. I'm never coming back here."

"Well, dear," says the doctor. "You need a few more shots to help develop your body. I can already see you're going to have nice but small breasts and a fleshy tush."

"Lay back," says Gabrielle, "and cum for the nurse. You better take advantage of her generosity. It may be a while before your permitted another climax."

The nurse looks into my eyes, her hand going faster on my shaft. "I have a vial here and you can squirt into it and eat it. I'm sure you're getting used to the taste of semen."

"Hurry," says my wife. "We have to meet Eleanor for lunch."

"Are you ready, honey?" the nurse says sweetly.

I nod, look away, feel my balls churning and shoot into the vial.

The nurse squeals, puts the flared vial at my lips, tells me to open my mouth.

"That's a good girl," she says. "Swallow it all, darling."

The trees are in full bloom, the flower gardens a riot of colors, and it's much warmer. It was a long cold and snowy winter. It's like the city is coming alive after a long winter's nap.

I have a complete new wardrobe of clothes. Most of my old clothes have been given to charity or thrown out.

I don't go to the office to pickup or deliver paperwork anymore. I don't want Gaby and El's office girls to see me. Although Becky, the receptionist, suspects something. I talk with her by phone and the other day she said something about how she didn't recognize my voice.

"I know it's you, Jonathan, but you speak in a higher octave. It's almost like you're a girl. Are you taking voice lessons or something? And why don't you ever come into the office like you used to?"

"I'm staying really busy around the house. Gabrielle has given me extra duties, so she brings home all the necessary paperwork. Or, as you've found out, you can send it to me in via email."

I would die if Becky saw me now. My blond hair is shoulder length and I'm always wearing makeup at Gaby's insistence.

Just the other day one of neighbor's was talking to my wife over the shrubs that separate our property lines. She wanted to know who was the lovely young woman living with us, and had Gaby divorced Jon, since she hadn't seen him in months. Quick thinking Gaby told the nosy neighbor Jon's sister was staying with us at least through the summer,

maybe longer, said we looked so much alike we could be taken for twins.

I now have small but round and milky breasts, topped by puffy areola and thicker, longer nipples. I can't seem to stop playing with them and Gabrielle is fond of sucking on them.

When we make love it is like two women making love, all of it oral.

The other night Gaby relented, spread her legs to me but I couldn't go hard. My penis stays soft most of the time, even when Gaby sucks me I don't go fully hard and the volume of my semen is smaller and runnier.

I know it is the result of all the hormone shots I took over the winter. I don't take them now, thank goodness.

One of the hardest parts about becoming a girl was learning the proper way to speak, which is in a softer timbre and lower, almost husky voice.

My hips seem wider but that is the result of added weight gain around my tush. I have really nice soft and round buttocks, have come to enjoy Gary's penetration. I often leak dribbles of seminal fluid after he's been in me for a while.

I enjoy the fullness in my ass now and Gaby thinks I should take on a more well-endowed lover. She had seen Gary enter me on several occasions. Gary and I often engage in sex in the classic sixty-nine position while Allegra and Freda watch.

Recently I went to lunch with my wife to the Cypris Club. I was dressed completely, wasn't as nearly self conscious about being out in public as I

used to be. I easily pass as a woman in public and nobody is the wiser.

Men are allowed in the club on special occasions but only when they are properly dressed.

This luncheon at the Cypris Club was a special occasion, my coming out party so-to-speak. Eleanor, Allegra and Freda were in attendance. I met other women who acted more proud of me than my wife.

One of the waitresses, a pretty thing with a large bosom that threatened to spill out the low-cut bodice of her uniform, kept looking at me, flirting I think. I don't think she was aware that under my skirt and in my panties was a real penis.

But later when Gaby and I went to the ladies room I found out differently. The waitress was in there touching up her makeup. Gaby bussed her cheek, told her to raise her skirts and show me her fat clitty.

Bashfully the *girl* lowered her panties and exposed her organ. I was really surprised, and Gaby invited her to the house the next week so the three of us could play. For some reason this girl never showed up and I was disappointed.

It seems this waitresses' mother had raised her as a girl from when she was in diapers. She was a shining example of the teachings of the Cytherea Coterie.

I often reflect on our marriage, spending so much time with Allegra, when she made me put on her high heels and masturbated me.

It seems this is such an incestuous family. Our little circle of friends are all sexually corrupt. Allegra

and Freda are lovers, as are Gabrielle and Eleanor, as are Gary and me.

Tom, Freda's masseuse, and strapping physical specimen, is coming over this Saturday night to give us both massages. Gaby has hinted it is to be an intimate affair. She wants to feel the man's large organ inside her vagina, and of course I will sit meekly by while he pleasures her like I never could.

"It won't all be fun for me, dear. You will get to lick me out after Tom and I have sex. I know you've become quite agreeable to the taste of semen. And I want you to please him orally like Gary does."

"But he's so large."

"Yes. It will give you a chance to practice your deep-throat technique, you know, like you do with my strap-ons and dildos. You've become quite the cocksucker and I'm proud of you. And of course, I know you'll want to take Tom's big cock up your ass-pussy."

I could not have imagined such a strange conversation as this last winter. But now I'm not at all shocked, in fact am secretly looking forward to Tom's visit, hope my domineering wife will not keep the man all to herself.

Gabrielle has pointed out to me, with the exception of Gary, all the penises that I have seen and/or enjoyed, have all been larger than mine. I should be ashamed of myself that I had wanted her to be satisfied with my little dinky.

"Size does matter, dear. Those few women who would tell you differently are lying."

And so it goes.

What is perhaps most surprising about my new life is how easily I have come to accept it.

But then my sweet assertive wife reminds me I have always had a shy personality, that I was pre-destined to wear skirts, panties and bras.

That's how she saw me when we first met.

She tells me my stubborn resistance to being feminized was all contrived, that I really wanted to be put in sexy panties and made slave to femininity.

I want to argue with her but know it would do no good.

I gaze down into the low top of my blouse at the real cleavage and milky breasts. My nipples go hard as I think about Tom coming over soon.

It's going to be a sex-filled weekend and I know I'm going to enjoy it.

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You may email your suggestions and comments to:
maxx2kp@hotmail.com

At Smashwords.com you will find Max's first ebook novella, Wanda's Sissy. It is very reasonably priced.

In the hopefully near future you will be able to access for free some of Max's fetish works at maxswyft.com

Max is currently working on several projects, one of them a book called *The Leg Show Years* when he was featured as one of the premier authors of that fetish magazine.

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