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Cunning
CONSPIRACY

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By
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Chapter One: The Accident

It began, I suppose, with my back injury. It had happened hang gliding—a minor injury but one which seemed chronic. I saw chiropractors, naturopaths, physiotherapists and so on but nothing helped for long.

Everyone at work seemed to feel they should offer advice. Maybe because I did little to conceal my discomfort, issuing plenty of groans and sighs as I alternatively rubbed or arched my back. But then too, I think also my appearance encouraged this presumptuous, overly familiar behavior in others.

You see, I was a slender five foot eight, with large brown eyes in a heart-shaped face. My high cheek bones and full lips, gracefully arched eyebrows and little dimpled chin, all legacies from my beauty-queen mother, completed the picture of a teenage boy poised at puberty and not the mature adult in his mid-20s that I really was. Everyone wanted to mother me, even before I injured my back. Especially my mother and sister.

Once I escaped them by leaving home, I had overcompensated for their smothering care and for my less than he-manly appearance by engaging in dangerous sports like hang gliding, scuba diving and mountain climbing. In the last at least, being light and limber was an advantage. All this exercise had certainly toned my body, but none of my efforts to gain weight and bulk up had borne fruit

One day, the motherly advice came from Diane Burns and I went a lot further than look into it A lot lot further.

Diane was a secretary at the public relations firm where I was a rising star. We were the same age, roughly, 27, which may have been why, a year earlier, she had mounted a pretty obvious campaign to become my girlfriend. Diane was a looker and had brains to match: she stood an inch taller than me in her high heels, and with her big blond hairdo, appeared even taller. She always dressed sharply with a sexy executive look, yet there was a hard edge to her beauty, just the hint of the witch she might become.

I had rebuffed her, simply because I had found from experience it

was better to date outside the "family" so to speak. And, truth be told, her hard edge reminded me of my mother and sister, who had made my childhood quite unpleasant with their demands. Diane had given me the cold shoulder after this, always finding an excuse to avoid assignments from me.

On this particular day the office manager had told me to take my collating and mailing needs to Diane and Diane, as usual, had eluded the assignment. So here I was, at 7 pm, my back aching, cursing over a balky printer.

I saw Diane walk by the door on her way home (I guess she really had been busy). Then suddenly, she was back, smiling hesitantly.

"Could you use some help, Stephen?" she asked sweetly.

"I could," I replied simply. "This machine has got the best of me."

"I tell you what," she said with an impish, even endearing, grin. "I'll help, but you finally have to buy me that dinner."

It was put so innocently I easily accepted. Soon the job was complete, and I was ready to go home. But Diane was not. "Oh, no. That dinner date is for tonight. Who knows, you might even enjoy my company."

Indeed I did. We ate at a tavern near work full of ad people. I guess I didn't mind that Diane was the most attractive woman in the room. Did she think I was the most attractive guy?

We talked about our families and about people at our office. Diane proved to be humorous and wickedly observant. She did not suffer fools gladly. Inevitably the subject of my back ache came up. As did her advice.

"You should wear a back brace," she said.

"Well, I've looked into it and the cost of medical back brace is pretty steep."

"You can cut your cost considerably if you just use a corset," she said, smiling.

"You're kidding."

"I'm not. My father broke his back once and wore a corset of my mother's after his cast was removed. On his doctor's advice, I might

add."

"Well, I think I'd be too embarrassed to go shopping at Sears for a corset."

"No problem," responded Diane. "You can borrow one of mine. We're about the same size."

Of course, I resisted, but by now we had both drunk to much, or at least I had, and Diane persisted. It didn't hurt her cause that as she loosened up through the evening she became more attractive.

So even though her offer was delivered with clinical innocence, I have to say there was an almost palpable sexual tension between us as we drove from the restaurant to her apartment to pick up her corset.

I waited nervously at the door, expecting her to swiftly fetch the garment, but she insisted I come in, take off my coat and even accompany her into her bedroom. By now, you might expect, the aforementioned tension was thick enough to cut with a knife.

In her bedroom, which was decorated with austere elegance, she removed an off-white garment from her chest of drawers and handed it to me.

"I was thinking you should just take this home," she said. "But if we were being professional about this-"

"By all means, let's be professional," I joked feebly.

"Then you should try it on first. If it doesn't fit, we can try a different one."

"You mean here?"

"Certainly I mean here," she responded, her face expressionless.

"But..."

She pushed me into the ensuite bathroom. "Come back out wearing it, honey," she ordered. My body tingled from her touch and my gut tingled nervously from her use of "honey." Her pushiness was worrying-but it was also exciting me.

I dropped my trousers and squeezed into the foundation garment, which I was later to learn was a waist cincher and not a corset per se. It

was off-white stretchy material, and quite sturdy, covered with white lace overall and trimmed top and bottom with pink lace, including a rose at midpoint on the waistband, hooking up at the front and lacing up at the back. I adjusted it to sit about my waist and upper hips, with four garters dangling against my thighs. A front panel over the abdomen was made of a satiny material which gleamed in the light.

My back felt better as soon as I put it on. There was also something titillating about it-maybe the forbidden quality of wearing feminine underwear that was arousing. But there was also something shaming. A real man, a voice in my head whispered slyly, would tough out his sore back rather than wear a piece of *women's* underwear.

I waited a moment for my manhood to subside before I reentering the bedroom for Diane's inspection. She advised me that my own underwear wasn't suitable to wear under the cincher. "Too bulky," she said. "You'll sweat and get a rash. She loaned me a pair of her panties, which were pale blue.

"Don't bother changing in the bathroom," she said with a grin. "The night is getting on. We need to hurry things up a bit." Grinning even more broadly, she pulled my underwear down my legs. Meekly, I stepped out of them, and into the panties she quickly produced. They felt very strange against my legs as she pulled them up towards my now naked genitals.

Well, they were more than naked now. My penis was uncurling with excitement again.

Diane pretended not to notice, just tugging the panties in place. "There, now. Let's tighten it up." With that she started to pull methodically on the laces up my spine, and the cincher gradually became painfully restrictive. There was pleasure in that too: my backache was reduced and overall, I felt safe and secure. And, frankly, even more aroused, especially when Diane led me by the hand to the mirror.

"There, don't you have a nice, girlish figure," she joked, placing her hands about my diminished waist. Her fingernails were long and painted a purplish red that gleamed hauntingly.

Indeed, I was astonished by the narrowness of my waistline. The

effect was indeed girlish. I was filled with familiar misgivings about my masculinity, which must have shown on my face because Diane said softly: "I like you like this, Baby." She grasped my penis through the clingy material of the panties-my panties. I felt the sharp edges of her nails lightly clasp the head of manhood and gasped with shock.

She looked me directly in the eyes and said throatily, "Let's do it, Baby!" She let me unresistingly to the bed, which was made up with a canary yellow coverlet over pink satin sheets. I felt powerless to resist this woman, who still held my manhood firmly with her painted fingers.

"Get your panties off," she commanded in a low growl, and when I hesitated, thinking, I really did not want to get involved with this bossy kind of woman, she added, "do it."

I did it She pulled down her silvery gray pantyhose at the same time but did not bother to remove her dress. Instead she just pushed me down on my back and straddled me. With a wild, even predatory grin she raised her hip, reached under the folds of her dress and grasped my penis. The next second she sat down smoothly on it I shuddered with exquisite sensation that was beyond pleasure and nearly pain.

I gazed into her hot blue eyes, fiery with desire. Her crimson mouth was parted with excitement In one convulsive movement she ripped her dress off over her head and threw it on the floor. Her bra went as swiftly, revealing a magnificent pair of breasts adorned with two huge pink aureoles.

"Touch them," she said urgently. "Fondle me!"

I did so willingly as she began to raise and lower herself slowly on my manhood. I felt an orgasm approaching and involuntarily made a low sound in my throat.

She pulled herself off me in a flash and reversed positions, presenting her vagina to me while she bent her face over my penis. To my shock, she bit me hard.

"You cannot come until I am ready," she said. "Now lick me."

Again, I did as instructed. I had always declined to do this kind of thing out of a sense of fastidiousness or shame around genitals ingrained by my mother. Perhaps it was one reason why my relationships did not last. But now I lost myself in Diane's soft, moist crevices and secret

places, probing, licking and sucking. I felt suffused with shame to be so degraded, but it was blended with pleasure. She purred her approval and reciprocated, laving my manhood with her silken tongue.

This went on for far longer than I had ever made love to a woman before. Whenever I came close to climaxing, Diane would bite my penis or squeeze my testicles mercilessly. After several of these delaying maneuvers I found I was self-checking myself. As a result, my excitement level rose gradually through a series of steps. So, it seemed, did Diane's.

Abruptly she sat up and said, "Baby, would you suck on my toes." Wordlessly I took her foot and began to suck and lick her toes. Her toenails too were painted. Without her doing anything I found this thrilling. Her appearance alone was astonishingly erotic. Her whole body gleamed. Sweat-soaked hair plastered her forehead and rivulets ran between her heaving breasts and down her belly into the thick, dark bush between her thighs. Her face was transfigured with sexual tension and—triumph?

"Would you like me to suck your toes too?" she asked.

Suddenly, I wanted nothing more in this world. "Yes," I said eagerly. "Please.

"Could I do something to them first?" she asked. "It would make it more pleasurable for me."

"Sure."

Lithely she reached into her bedside table and withdrew a small bottle. Before I knew it she held my left leg firmly between her knees and commenced to paint my toenails.

"Diane, why are you doing that?"

"This will make your toes sexier for me," she said. "Why, is it a problem? Nobody will know."

How could I argue? This woman had lifted me to a state of arousal such as I had never experienced. Instead of pushing for immediate satisfaction, as was my standard pattern, I found myself content to passively follow her lead. The result was more pleasure and a kind of addiction. I was afraid to say no, in other words, lest she cut me off.

So, she continued without a word from me, stopping only to place my other foot between her thighs so that she could rock her vagina back and forth against the big toe of one foot while she painted the nails of the other. Meanwhile she pushed her own big toes into my mouth. I resumed my ministrations while all the while aware of the soft tickle of cool liquid being spread onto my own toenails.

Once painted and dry, she began to suck on my nails while I continued on hers. Now as I took each of her nails in my mouth, I couldn't help but think of my own newly painted toenails and how they must look disappearing between Diane's gleaming lips.

After another timeless interlude Diane mounted me again. Her appearance had changed once more. She now seemed drugged with sex, almost sleepy with it. Her eyelids were heavy, her mouth hung wetly open, her blond hair fell in limp, sweat-darkened strands onto her shoulders. Between her gleaming breasts her heart thudded rapidly.

With her eyes clenched tightly she began to pump her womanly folds more rapidly around my manhood. Her mouth gaped wider and her tongue lolled out of it. She seemed transported to another place, another time.

Suddenly she picked up the pace, her eyes opened wide and she grinned ferociously. "Pump, Baby. Pump me."

I had been passively accepting Diane's efforts but now, in unthinking obedience, I began to thrust into her.

She screamed, and then drew herself almost completely off of me, then plunged herself down along the whole length of me then repeated this action several times with increasing urgency.

My own arousal had climbed to where I felt I could not stop myself. But she fixed me with a commanding gaze and growled: "No. Do not come yet." I found I was no longer out of control, or rather, I realized with a sinking feeling, I was under Diane's control.

She smiled down at me smugly, ground her herself very slowly and deliberately against me and told me again to "pump, pump hard." I did so. And she came again with a long, throaty scream. And came and came, writhing upon my poker. I was immensely aroused, but I could not come.

Even after several minutes of moaning and twisting by Diane, even after she rolled contentedly off me aching erection, I did not come though I ached for it. If I could not ejaculate, I almost believe my balls would burst.

She positioned herself between my legs. I thought she was going to bring me off in her mouth. But no. She lifted my legs on her shoulders and rolled me up so that my groin was in my face. Holding my torso above me with one hand she shifted down so that her face was a few inches from my own-and from my stiff penis!

She smiled at me. "Open your mouth, baby." She pulled down on my hips, bringing my penis up to my lips, and too my shock pushed my penis into my mouth. She now climbed atop me and rocked me down and up. I had never had a penis in my mouth before. Instinctively I began to move my mouth over the enflamed head of my manhood. It was terrifically exciting.

Diane spoke: "Now, Baby. Come now."

And I did, with an ecstatic explosion that flooded my mouth with my own sticky, salty come. I gagged but Diane held me inside myself. I was forced to swallow. Finally, I was spent and she let me relax. I lay

for several minutes, stunned.

"Better wash off, lover," she said.

We showered together. Diane was in a playful mood, but I had gone deep inside myself, traumatized by the turn of events. After we dried off, she dusted me with a powder puff.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"It will make your sleepwear feel nicer," she said. "You are sleeping here tonight, you know."

It was not a question. But I asked anyway, " Am I?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I don't do one-night stands, honey. We're a couple now."

I ruminated on this. It was, as I had always feared. I had fallen into the clutches of a powerful woman, like my mother. And as with her, I was helpless to resist.

"But my clothes," I said feebly. "I'll need a change." If only I could get away, I thought, I could regain control of my life.

"Don't worry, we'll find you something in the morning. Here, put these on." She handed me a flimsy, sheer pink garment festooned with frills and ruffles: a teddy, she said. "I don't have any guy's pajamas," she said, "sorry."

She put on a golden satin negligee and slid into the bed. "Coming?" she asked.

Wordlessly I slipped into the teddy, marveling at the sensuous softness of the material. I climbed into bed beside her. She looked absolutely sexy, despite her tousled appearance.

She turned out the bedside lamp and snuggled up against me. Her hand snaked around my waist and firmly grasped my softened penis. Soon she was asleep. As for me, I lay awake for some time, afraid to move lest I disturb Diane.

I realized I was in exactly the position I had always feared, literally, under a dominant woman's thumb. The problem was, a part of me loved it: loved that she was telling me what to do. What would she make me do tomorrow, wondered?

The next day I awoke to find myself in a woman's negligee. Spooning me from behind was Diane. I looked at her face in repose. Sometime during the night she must have risen and washed her makeup off. Without it her face was plainer and younger. A wave of tenderness for this beautiful person beside me washed over me.

She opened her eyes as I was looking at her. Her face immediately took on a guarded, predatory look. "You look sexy in that," she smiled.