

LAYTON'S *Lament*

PART ONE



MAX SWYFT

LAYTON'S LAMENT

Part One

by MAX SWYFT



©2003 MAGS INC.

Written by Max Swyft

Illustrations by Teeje

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by information storage and retrieval system, without written permission by the author and Mags Inc.

All incidents and persons depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and unintentional and is intended for purely parody purposes.

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

Max Swyft

Other books by Max Swyft available from Mags Inc.
The Beach Series

(Listed as Mirage Books on Mags Inc web site)

The Secret Island Of Doctor Rapier
The Severin Embrace and the Trannies Of Beach Island
(Sequel to Secret Island: Explains deeper the Raina Rapier
character)
The Specter Of Mariner Beach
Carnal Catharsis On Barrier Island Tranny Beach

Mirage Books other than the Beach Series

(The Cytherea Coterie Series)
Dark Visions
Ashley's Enslavement
Nylon Slaves Of Macumba Beach
Jerry's Journey
Neal's Undoing
Robbie's Regret
BallBusters

Author's Note

This book continues the Cytherea Coterie series (See the list of books on the previous page).

Cyrenaica (pronounced Cer En A she-ah), the city on these pages is fictitious. It is situated west of the Barrows River. However, on a clear day, from the cathedrals of brick and glass in the business district known as The Canyons, can barely be seen its sister city and the outline of Manhattan.

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there may be some references to New York City contained in this book. In the vast business district of The Canyons is the Cypris Club. It has a nondescript, almost anonymous entrance. The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be better served if it was ruled by women.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW and others that advocate and are instrumental in blurring the line between the sexes.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

This book contains vivid scenes of a sexual nature. If you are offended by fetishistic adult material pass this one up and go to the library. You'll not find this title there. at least not yet

The Players

Following is a list of most of the characters in this book. It is put here as a reference tool since these characters overlap many of the books in the Cytherea Coterie series.

LAYTON LAMPKIN: Young and frail, works in auntie's antique store. Becomes bewitched by customer who is a robust striking woman. Some say he resembles a movie actress, Gwyneth Paltrow.

AURORA SPILLANE: Tall, full-bodied woman with dark commanding eyes. Befriends young Layton while shopping in his aunt's antique warehouse.

MARTHA EDMUND: Plump domineering woman who owns the Antique Barn, dear friend of Layton's mother who becomes Layton's auntie.

BUSTER: Works for Martha Edmund as warehouseman at the Antique Barn. Is attracted to the cute and shy Layton.

LYNETTE LAMPKIN: Layton's protective older sister. Strikes out on her own with childhood friend, moves to New York City, then to Cyrenaica.

SASHA EDMUND: Daughter of Martha Edmund, and close intimate friend to Lynette Lampkin.

HILDY: She's more than Aurora Spillane's house maid, dresses saucily and is a big tease.

BRISCOE: Effeminate house boy to Mrs. Spillane. He resents Layton's presence and delicate countenance.

CLEVE SPILLANE: Stocky red-bearded husband to Aurora. Is prone to making extended trips.

THE FACE IN THE WINDOW: To be discovered by the reader. Other characters from previous works whom appear briefly in this novel, and their reference for the curious and those who haven't read but might wish to pursue other readings by this author: Dr. Kerry Ashburn; shrink and psycho therapist. She appears in various books from time to time. Is a member of The Sisterhood, and helps reluctant males with new images and

transitions so they may become better mates. Chloe Sternman; Tall and skinny domina, rich and spoiled, usually spends winters in Barbados, hates the cold. Among others, see *Neal's Undoing*. Shana and Robbie Mathis; Robbie, a college prof and hopeless womanizer is cured by his wife, Shana, who makes an 'ideal hubby' with the help of friends from the Cytherea Coterie. See *Robbie's Regret*. Chanel Stheel and her PA, Jerry Mair, an unlikely but harmonious couple. See *Jerry's Journey*. Yanamari Cristobal and her charge, the lovely and subdued, Ashley. See *Ashley's Enslavement*.

Chapter One

The woman is back, browsing the aisles. Today she wears a navy-blue suit that's maybe just a little too tight. The buttoned jacket's shoulder pads make her appear rather broad-shouldered yet compliment her robust stature. The single-breasted jacket emphasizes a large bosom, narrows from the shoulders to a slightly flared peplum waist that's anything but waif-like. It's difficult to tell under the jacket but her waist looks firm. An above-the-knee skirt hugs wide fleshy hips.

The smart tailored clothes compliment the tall buxom woman. All of that is simply lost once her legs are considered, put with the rest of her healthy body. She wears blue, closed-toe pumps which make her look even taller. She possesses the long legs - not of a model - of an athlete.

Legs with definition, as is the popular phrase these days. A body with definition.

Her apparel is designed to bring attention to her physique. Clothes that accentuate a fit-and-flare, robust silhouette. An anorexic she is not. If anything, she's reminiscent of seventeenth or eighteenth century artwork, the paintings of voluptuous women.

Something across the aisle catches her attention and she turns, deftly shakes long black curly hair from the side of her face. Like thick black water, it falls over one shoulder. So black it shines like hard coal. She crouches, testing the darts and seams of her skirt, examines something near the floor.

Her action propels me closer so that I might see her compromised position; wide hips and appreciable buttocks resting on the backs of her pumps, necessitating a rise in the hem of her skirt. Carefully but quickly, I cross two isles and look toward her. She's half facing me, skirt molded over thighs and well above her knees. Knees which are modestly together in ladylike fashion.

I'm not surprised. Her comportment, the way she carries herself, all of it signals culture and refinement. In short, a Lady, something not so easy to find these days. And something more. Something I sense while I clandestinely watch her; a woman of grit, a woman sure of herself.

This is her third or fourth visit. Mentally I tick this off as I fuss with a porcelain figurine at the end of the isle. My eyes absorb her, hunger after her like a thirsty man craves water. She's looking at Diana who's been mistakenly placed on a squat wooden footstool. Diana is not what she seems. The real Diana, sculpted by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, is over one-hundred years old, and sat atop the old Madison Square Garden. This Diana, though sculpted like the old, is perhaps a mere sixty years old, circa the forties. This smaller replica, stands naked, one foot on a globe, bow and arrow in outstretched arm, the string passing between cold bronze breasts, nipples eternally pregnant. Still, it's a valuable piece, in its time was probably considered sensual... daring, her nakedness vividly sculpted.

I look at the woman squatting in the isle, a forefinger tracing the bronze sculpture, think of her naked. Well, not quite naked, not at first anyway. Perhaps wearing pumps, fetching lingerie. The vision is so intense I blink my eyes, as if to dispel it.

Aunt Martha knows her, at least from here in the store. However, I sense a kinship beyond dealer and collector. Several times I've stopped myself from asking aunty about her. It's a premonition that stops me, sends a little shiver along my spine. It's like if I don't know her name, she will not discover me.

And I her.

Yet I've felt her eyes on me. That, too, brings a shiver, a dampness to my palms, and, a nagging invigoration that is both sensual and foreboding.

Like now. My face is flushing, my palms already bedewed.

She's still on her haunches. Only now she's looking at me.

My legs carry me forward. Nervously I look around, hoping I might spy Aunt Martha, send her in my stead. Alas, it is not to be. The store looks empty ... just the two of us in the isle, from a side window a thin slice of late afternoon sunshine cuts across her upper torso in sword-like fashion, dust motes dancing lazily around large breasts.

A smile spreads lush red lips, accents a wide singer's mouth, perfect white teeth framing the tip of a pink tongue, the furrow creasing the middle clearly visible.

My view of her knees - and above - is completely unobstructed now. My thumbs rub my damp palms. My pulse quickens. Her shins look huge. It's the way her legs are folded, her impressive thighs pressing tightly against them, making them look larger than they are.

There is just the barest evidence of slightly wrinkled nylon about her ankles. She walks on feet befitting a woman of her stature. Her skirt molds itself along her lower torso. I notice all this and more as I hunker down, facing her, see a hint of toe cleavage in the arched vamp of her pumps.

It is her eyes I'm avoiding. I fear she will skewer me with them.

Yet I know I must look.

Dark, deep, hypnotic. Crow's feet at the corners, slight age wrinkles border high cheeks, punctuate the lush mouth.

Her eyes are large pools of dark unspoken promise.

"Young man," she says, voice low, husky. "I like this statue." Her fingertips trace Diana's bronze nakedness. It's unique." Her palm cuddles Diana's buttocks, fingers curling around her, long red fingernails caressing Diana's naked thighs. "I feel I've seen it before."

"Hmm, yes, you probably have ma'am. This is a replica from the sculptor by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, known as Diana, smaller scale of course. The original was atop the old Madison Square Garden." I break eye contact, pretend to admire Diana, furtively glance at her knees, the way her legs are slightly parted, wonder of the mystery that lays beyond the skirt's hem, within the darker funnel of blue-tinted hosiery.

Her hand touches my knee, sends a charge along my thigh. I'm grateful to be hunkered down like I am.

"Is it terribly expensive?" Hopeful, hand warm on my knee, causing havoc in my lap.

The price code is faded, unreadable. I know this, since I've had to move the statue several times, find a new home for it on other pedestals. The pedestals sell. So far Diana has not.

"I can ask Aunt Martha." I look around. It seems we're alone, just the two of us.

Suddenly her hand is gone from my knee. She stands over me, smoothing wrinkles from her skirt. Her dark lamps fall on me. She offers her hand.

Looking up, I push a lock of blond hair from my forehead, take her hand, rise, hope she doesn't feel the slight tremor, notice my clammy palm.

"Why, you're shaking young man," she says in that low, almost gravelly voice. The voice makes me think of an older woman, a movie actress, her identity flitting about my memory. But just the voice. That's all this woman has in common with the actress. "You look a little feverish. These spring colds are the worst."

My eyes slide away. I flinch as she touches my cheek with the back of her hand. She pretends not to notice. I risk a look at her face. Her dark eyes are averted. I follow their direction, see what she sees.

There is the barest hint of a smile on her full lips, the creases pale against the deep red of her lipstick.

My lap betrays me, makes me want to melt into the ancient woodwork of the old antique warehouse.

"Layton, are you taking care of this lady's needs?"

I turn, look at Aunt Martha approaching from the end of the isle from whence I came.

"Oh, Aunt Martha, there you are. This lady is taken with Diana. I was just coming looking for you."

As Aunt Martha gets abreast of us she looks at the tall buxom woman. Recognition flashes in her eyes. —"Mrs. Spillane, how nice to see you again. I love the suit." My portly aunt waves a dismissive hand at me. "You run along, Layton. I'll take care of Mrs. Spillane."

I look at her left hand, see the diamond wedding ring. How could I have missed it? I feel relieved, and at the same time disappointment bubbles within my heart. As I turn to make my exit I stop, feel those dark eyes on me. She gives me a smile, drops her eyes to the front of my trousers, which are now in order.

This late in the day the store is empty, save for myself, Aunt Martha and Mrs. Spillane. There are no deliveries made on Sunday so the two warehousemen have the day off, as do the salesmen. I can hardly take my eyes off her as I go about closing up the shop, pretending to be busy. The two of them stroll the isles, deep in subdued conversation, stopping occasionally to appreciate some dusty antique. Aunt Martha will stay, run the register, tally receipts. I may go. She's impatiently shooed me away before from under foot. I linger in the shadows, wonder about the regal Mrs. Spillane, watch the two of them walk toward the office in back, Mrs. Spillane's heels echoing her presence in our dusty world of bygone treasures.

They go through the double doors into the back of the shop,

our cramped warehouse area, the rooms that contain a small kitchenette (hardly ever used anymore except for tea, bagels, little snacks), a combination office and quasi den, the bathroom which Aunt Martha insist be kept spotless.

I should grab my light jacket and go home, prepare aunty a meal, but I hover, check the side door lock for the third time, think about Mrs. Spillane talking to my aunt, wonder if she's going to buy Diana.

Thinking of Diana gives me a reason to enter from the back of the large showroom. Perhaps Mrs. Spillane will want her purchase wrapped safely in several layers of old newspaper and bundled with string.

Before realizing it I'm through the double doors, crossing the creaking worn wooden floor, pushing open the door to the office.

She sits in a stuffed early American armchair, the one that matches the worn sofa. Her legs are crossed, nylons glinting dully in the shadowy room. Large dark eyes skewer me and she smiles. Now I feel foolish, my affected presence not needed. I glance at her bosom beneath the now open peplum jacket, see the outline of her bra through a white nylon blouse, the buttons straining the fabric as if her bosom is about to boost forth in all its milky glory.

My aunt sits in her customary captain's chair at the roll-top desk, big buns resting on a chair cushion. "Yes, Mr. Lampkin?" Using my surname signals she disapproves my presence.

"Er, hmm. It's Sunday and there's nobody in the warehouse. No deliveries until tomorrow. Will you be okay here alone, ahm, I mean the two of you?"

Aunt Martha and Mrs. Spillane exchange looks.

"Huh. You're here," says my aunt. "You might as well make yourself useful. Be a dear and brew some tea."

"Of course."

I pass by Mrs. Spillane in the armchair, surreptitiously look down the open vee of her blouse

where the top of it is unbuttoned. A deep cleavage of snowy breasts nestles in the bra cups. It makes me wonder whether or not she wears an underwire bra. As I pass, I look at her face, too, see those dark eyes watching me with amusement and something else.

Something that brings another involuntarily shiver.

Behind them I busy myself boiling water on the small stove, set out tea bags, listen to them talk. It seems Mrs. Spillane, besides being taken with Diana, is also interested in a French commode, a low chest of drawers with elaborate hand carving on the front. If it's the one I'm thinking of, besides being a practical storage piece, it's quite expensive. One of a kind.

The genuine article, as they say.

By her clothes and sophistication, I already know Mrs. Spillane is a woman of means. Her consideration of the French commode confirms it. If she buys the commode it will have to be delivered, which sets me off in a brief fantasy; taking it upon myself to personally deliver her treasures, being invited to tea and then to her boudoir to do dirty unmentionable things for her.

I linger in the little kitchen, eavesdropping. So far there's been no mention of a Mr. Spillane. My active imagination conjures a vision of him: A husky man, tall, wide of shoulder, having a gruff voice. I see her enveloping herself in his arms. He pulls her ample buttocks against him and devours her lips with a deep kiss. Her hand slides between them and frees his member. Her hand looks so tiny as she -

"Mr. Lampkin," my aunt heralds, "What's taking you so long? You've been lethargic all day my dear boy."

"I noticed he's a little flushed," comes the gravelly sensual voice of Mrs. Spillane. "Perhaps he's coming down with one of

those dreadful spring colds. They're such a menace to get rid of."

"Yes, aunty. I'm just dipping the tea bags now." I turn and address the back of the armchair where sits Mrs. Spillane. "Would you like sugar and cream, ma'am?"

"Just cream, please." She doesn't turn and look at me and I'm a little disappointed.

Finally, I serve them from a sterling silver tray, Mrs. Spillane first. Without asking I take the rocking chair across from Mrs. Spillane, watch as she sips the tea, pinky finger in the proper position, and no slurping noises. But I already know there will be no slurping noises from this larger than life, elegant lady.

Slurping noises summons another fantasy; in bedchambers, the vision so clear I have to blink my eyes to dispel it. I feel color rising in my cheeks, wonder of my imaginative debauchery. I risk a quick glance at Mrs. Spillane. She smiles at me, slowly crosses her legs the other way.

A blue-hued glimpse of heaven. The most generous display so far. Substantial thighs that no doubt could crush a melon.

More color blossoms in my cheeks.

"Your nephew's such the gentleman. I wouldn't be surprised if he served us in an apron," says the buxom Mrs. Spillane.

"Not here. But he wears them at home when he helps around the house and when in the kitchen. He's such a dear," says aunty. Then adds: "He does look a little feverish. I'll put you to bed early. Make you a nice hot toddy - no alcohol of course. Layton does have such a delicate system."

I feel her eyes on me, squirm in the rocker, brush a lock of hair from my forehead, wonder if she pictures me naked.

"Layton?" I look at her. Speaking directly to me. "You remind me of someone. Your face," she says, resting a forefinger along her cheek. It's those grey eyes. So enchanting. Your skin -it's

delicate, like porcelain. I bet you have to guard against the sun's ultraviolet rays."

I nod and blush, look at the oval rug which is the centerpiece of the room and kind of defines the combination office and den.

"Oh yes," says aunty, "he does have dreamy eyes. They change color you know. Sometimes they're blue with a tinge of grey."

Mrs. Spillane looks at me and I try to challenge her stare. It is too much and my eyes slide away, but not before I look at her legs yet again, so fetchingly revealed in blue hose. Does she wear sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose? It's hard to tell since her large feet are tucked into closed-toe pumps.

I wonder how she'd react if I ask ...

"The French commode," says aunty. "It's one of a kind. If you really want it, I'll discount it a little. I'll miss it. The piece's been with me for a long time. Before Layton started working for me, actually. Of course it's handmade. The French were so devoted to their work."

"Martha, I wouldn't think of you discounting it. It's not a question of money. I'll not play upon our friendship to garner a discount."

"Aurora, you're too kind. If I want to give you a discount, well then, that's what I'll do," says aunty, giving me a sidelong glance.

Aurora! What a pretty name. And it seems the two of them are friends. Maybe from the past. I cannot recall ever hearing her name before.

I catch movement from the corner of my eye. The beautiful Aurora's foot swings from the fulcrum of crossed legs. Back and forth, drawing my eyes like a magnet. Her pump slips off the back of her foot exposing a reinforced French heel!

The mystery of her stockings solved!

I know she's watching me watch her legs. That damnable swinging foot. It is the way of women. How they ensnare a man's attention. How they use sexy lingerie to enhance their voluptuous figures, to capture men within their evil vice of sexuality.

To enslave them ...

I wonder of her intimate scent. From the tips of her hose to the fragrance of the long black curly hair which cascades below broad shoulders. I see myself naked before her as I sniff after her like some crazed dog.

My cheeks burn and I know my face colors.

Mrs. Aurora Spillane uncrosses her legs, fits the heel of her stocking foot back in her shoe, sits forward and sips tea, legs slightly spread, the funnel of her gleaming thighs disappearing in darkness under the hem of her skirt.

"I do believe he's coming down with something," says Mrs. Spillane with some concern.

"Yes. I know just the remedy to nurse nephew back on the path to recovery," says Aunt Martha. "I believe in cleanliness. Purifying the body of harmful toxins. It's been a while since the poor dear's had an enema."

So it is with Aunt Martha and me.