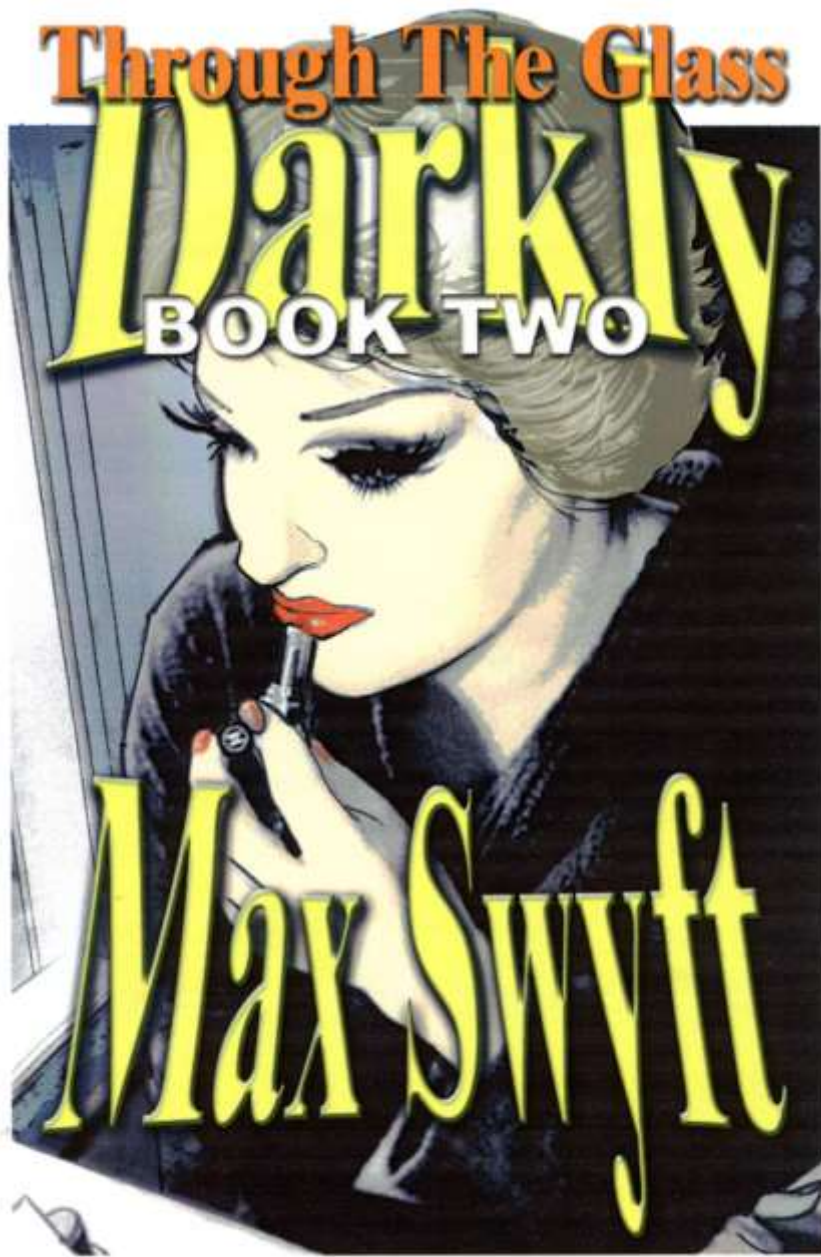


Through The Glass

Darkly

BOOK TWO

Max Swyft



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Author's Note

This book continues the Cytherea Coterie series (See the list of books on the back inside cover).

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.

STEPHAN SILER: Works at the Home Depot and delivers newspapers to supplement his income. He does some window peeping and discovers kinky things about the town's new inhabitants.

MARISA SILER: Stephan's attractive wife, works as an associate at a law firm. Accidentally finds her husband worshipping her panties and masturbating. She is inclined to have an affair with her ruggedly handsome boss.

RAVEN MONTCLIFF: Tall exotic older woman who lives on Stephan's paper route. She is remodeling her house. Meets Stephan while shopping at Home Depot. What does she want with a two-way mirror?

DINAH DIVINE: Young buxom, sassy woman who lives with Raven Montcliff. She prefers women to men, likes to compromise the male psyche.

RED GILBERT: Senior partner at Winston and Gilbert. Though married he's attracted to Marisa Siler. The firm has high hopes for Ms. Siler and Red has designs on her body.

VARIAH: Tall black beauty with a guarded past, and friend of Raven Montcliff. Lives in the fast lane of the Cyrenaica club goers.

PHILLIP: Effeminate friend of Raven and Variah who flaunts his alternative sexuality.

Other characters from previous works may appear briefly in this novel, and their reference for those who might wish to pursue other readings by this author: Dr. Kerry Ashbum; shrink and psycho therapist. Cnloe Stemman; Tall skinny domina, rich, usually spends winters in Barbados, hates the cold. Among other novels, see Neal's Undoing, Robbie's Regret, Jerry's Journey.

The Cytherea Coterie

The Cytherea Coterie traces its roots back to the turn of the century and women's suffrage. That from the beginning, if s ranks contained a significant number of lesbians was no accident. Back then women needed men, these same men who largely dominated society and established if s dictates.

It was a loose coalition of like-minded women at first. By today's standards these early feminists would hardly raise an eyebrow. However, that quickly changed over the years. It was taught by a select few of the coterie's hierarchy that men were vastly inferior to women, that for centuries the dictates of a male dominated society were at cross purposes to a real, more orderly society; a society run by and for the benefit of women.

Over the years the Cytherea Coterie honed its beliefs and practices. It didn't take its present name until the eighties. The biggest changes in

male training were established in the early fifties, a time when discipline was still in vogue.

Some trace the coterie's roots back to the fifties. This is incorrect. The modern women of the coterie radicalized the movement in the fifties but its infancy was around the turn of the century.

These early pioneers recognized the subtle influence women had exerted over men for centuries. It was their wish to bring this influence to fruition, make it a battlefield and help men recognize their inherent subservient role to women.

In the eighties Female Supremacy became a byword in our quickly changing society. But all of the coterie's teachings started much earlier. A plan was established whereby inferior males were molded into the image and mind-set of the women whom they served.

Early on, these pioneering women recognized man's different physical and psychological traits, separated men into two basic groups: The first group, those men who might be cast in a pleasing effeminate image, were encouraged to femininity. The second group consisted of males, who because of their overtly masculine physical traits, would be trained as vassals to serve at their mistresses' whims.

There were other males who were viewed as hopeless. These men were abandoned and ignored by the mavens of the Cytherea Coterie. They would be dealt with in due time: When the coterie gained supremacy in society.

Consequently, in the early fifties, women who were in the know reared their male children to respect and serve women. Many male children with favorable physical attributes were petticoated at an early age, taught refinement and feminine deportment.

Some of the members opted for select private schools where teachers were sensitive to parents' wishes and directives. Many of these households were absent of a father or strong father figure. Those fathers who were herded into the fold soon learned the ways of the coterie, found comfort and satisfaction attending their feminist mates.

These assertive women kept track of their combined progress, held meetings and discussed their pampered panty-clad males. Communal spankings became commonplace, and at every opportunity the sexual psyche of their young charges were reinforced with feminine values and the belief of the superiority of all women.

Male children who didn't pass easily into attractive femininity were trained and disciplined at their mother's knee. While they couldn't

realistically emulate women they were instilled with an overriding sense to serve the mavens of the coterie in all aspects.

The coterie became a quasi-matchmaker. Its members, who were largely scattered throughout the country and Europe, kept in touch. When a woman wanted to marry, several male candidates were presented to fulfill her wishes and proclivities. In some cases both boy and girl grew up together. These were the easiest matches of all.

Female Supremacy in the eighties and Male Feminization in the nineties. This is all true. It is real. There are countless examples of this outside the covers of this book.

Immeasurable psychiatrists and scholars have recorded the feminization of mates in the nineties. In the opinion of some it is the natural progression of society: The next step. Much of this feminization is subtle, not born of the Cytherea Coterie movement.

But it does exist!

The coterie would speed this process up, indeed, is taking the male to a new level of femininity.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena, nor debate society's acceptance or the new male. That this process exists is indisputable, a reality of our times. And there is no doubt that the feminization of the male will continue and accelerate in this new century.

"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"

MaxSwyft

Through The Glass Darkly

Book Two

By Max Swyft

The story continues...

Chapter Ten

All was quiet and dark at the end of Two Mile Road when Steve delivered the Sunday edition of Foster's Union Herald. He was a little disappointed Raven and Dinah weren't stirring this early morning. He sat inside the line of trees that fronted the property, looked at the dark two story colonial, wondered if he should wake them and demand past due payment for the paper. He would offer to take it out in trade. Raven Montcliff owed him after what he did for her.

He was sure the day would come when he would have the two of them in bed together. Having two women at the same time was every man's fantasy and he was no different. He didn't care that Raven and Dinah were bisexual. That they were also kinky added a little spice to the equation.

A little kinky indeed!

He thought about yesterday, the three of them frolicking in the pool, the women wearing very revealing bikinis, him outfitted in a woman's bikini bottom. Raven gave him a choice; either the narrow bikini bottom or go naked.

Now he had tan lines that wouldn't be easily explained to his wife. A few days and the tan lines might blend in, but he must remember about his fair complexion, how easily his skin bums in the sun.

He thought about Marisa at home in bed, what she did to him last night, jacking him off in her panties since she'd gotten her period.

Then telling him she'd get a sexual charge out of him wearing her panties, all of this coming from being caught sitting on the pot, jacking off while sniffing her soiled panties.

Instead of being mad, his wife was thrilled.

What was going on with that?

More importantly he was secretly enchanted by her idea - wearing her dirty panties under his work clothes. Nobody would be the wiser and it made her hot thinking of him wearing the panties. And that meant more sex for him.

So why shouldn't he do it?

Didn't Raven Montcliff tell him that a man who will wear certain articles of woman's clothing was confidently male, sure of his manhood? That wearing lingerie wasn't intimidating.

Women's minds worked in strange ways and Raven and Dinah were definitely strange.

Dinah saying how nice his legs looked, that they'd look even better shaved and in hose.

Teasing him. Raven agreeing about his legs.

Then at home in the spare bedroom he found an old pair of Marisa's shoes in the back of the closet, forced his feet into them and stood in front of the mirror looking, imagining how his legs would look if they were cleanly shaven.

Yes, they did look good - slim and feminine. The shoes did add a feminine symmetry to his long slim legs.

All of this coming together, like the three of them were in cahoots to get him into women's clothing.

Could that be possible?

Steve shook his head. No, that was a real stretch. Raven knew Marisa but it was strictly about business, Raven retaining the law firm for legal work. Raven said she'd met her at the firm. No way could they be conspiring against him.

Steve made a mental note to quiz his wife about Raven when he got home, why the Montcliff woman needed the legal services of Winston and Gilbert. He tried to remember what Raven said specifically about meeting his wife. She'd met her while talking to Red Gilbert, had commented about Red's freckles, that he was handsome - something like that - and his wife was pretty, that the firm was working up some kind of legal brief for the property she owned along Two

Steve chuckled. He was paranoid, that was all. He'd been intimate, put his face between Raven Montcliff's long slender legs and licked

her to climax. It was just a coincidence that Marisa caught him beating off with her panties, then the Montcliff woman commenting about how feminine his legs would look, giving him a woman's bikini bottom to wear while they swam.

All of it an exotic coincidence.

Still, he wanted to know what Marisa knew about this woman. He certainly didn't want the two of them to meet socially. He would fuck Raven Montcliff and her lesbo friend, Dinah, then forget about the brief infidelity.

But he knew something strange was going on at the Montcliff house with this two-way mirror business. Something of a sexual manner.

Something definitely kinky.

Steve found Marisa in the laundry room. Her legs looked great in a pair of tight cut-offs, her firm melons unfettered, emphasized in a thin sleeveless tee. She looked over her shoulder at him and he noticed she was separating her delicates from the other laundry.

"Marisa, do you remember meeting a woman by the name of Raven Montcliff?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, nothing," he said, watching the growing pile of lingerie, remembering what Marisa wanted him to do, wondering if he'd do it. If he was man enough. "She lives at the end of Two Mile Road. She's on my paper route."

"Yes. And ...?" Marisa pictured the older woman, the magnetism between the two of them at the law firm Friday afternoon. It was undefined but somehow erotic. Marisa sensed the woman was dangerous and something else. Something she always wanted to try: having sex with another woman, the thought not crystalizing in her head until later that same day.

"Well, she's late with paying her paper bill."

Marisa looked at him, one eyebrow arched. "What else? There's something else."

"No, not really."

"Steve, I know you. She's older but very attractive. Mysterious you might say. Another woman can tell. I know men are attracted to her. You're no different. She has a certain air about her. Now what else?"

"Hmph, well, she came into Home Depot a few days ago looking for something special." He didn't want to continue but felt he had to, lest his wife become suspicious.

"Special what?"

"What is the firm doing for her?" he said, evading the question, considering whether he should answer honestly.

"She wants to sell off the surrounding land, make it into a subdivision. We're handling the paper work, all the legalize. That sort of stuff."

"Oh," he said, turning and starting away. "I'm hungry. What's for breakfast?"

"Un-huh," Marisa said. "Answer my question and I'll fix your breakfast."

He looked at her. "Well, she wanted to buy a two-way mirror."

"Two-way mirror?"

"Yeah, the kind you can see through from one side and not the other. Like they have in police stations and stores."

"Now what would that woman want with a two-way mirror?"

Steve nodded. "Yeah, that's my question. Why would she need a two-way mirror for her house?"

"Something kinky," said Marisa, smiling, noticing his eyes straying to the pile of soiled lingerie atop the dryer.

"Probably." He didn't want to show too much interest. Women were mentally attuned to how other women charmed men, knew things unspoken. He always thought that women had a sixth sense. It was spooky.

"Speaking of kinky," she said, picking a pair of black panties from the pile of underwear and holding them out by finger and thumb. "I want you to wear these Monday.

"Marisa, that's crazy!" He challenged her stare.

"No, it's not crazy. I think you have a panty fetish and -"

"No, I don't!"

"Stop denying the obvious, Steve. Besides, there's no harm. I like the idea of you wearing my panties. When I caught you sniffing them it turned me on. I don't know why so don't ask. Maybe we're a little kinky, too."

"It's out of the question," he said firmly.

"These are a hip hugger style and have been in my bathroom hamper all week. I can smell them from here." She extended her arm, dangled the panties in his face. "Sniff them. I know you want to."

"Marisa, you are demented."

"Don't deny it," she said with a big smile, dropping her eyes.

Steve looked down at himself, saw the growing lump.

"Why don't I pick out a pair you can wear today? I bet you'd stay hard all day."

"Forget it, girl!" He turned and stormed through the kitchen, into the den and out of the house through the patio doors.

Just a few days ago his life was normal, boring. His wife was neglecting him sexually and all he could think about was sex. Now all the sex he wanted was literally in his face.

The panty thing, he was a little concerned about that. Wasn't sure how to handle it but found the idea of wearing his wife's panties intriguing.

Stimulating.

He wondered why.

He wouldn't wear her panties, knew that once he did he'd be lost in some strange sexual ploy. His wife was up to something. If he wore her panties she'd hold it over him, somehow use it against him. Instinctively he knew this but the thought wouldn't go away.
