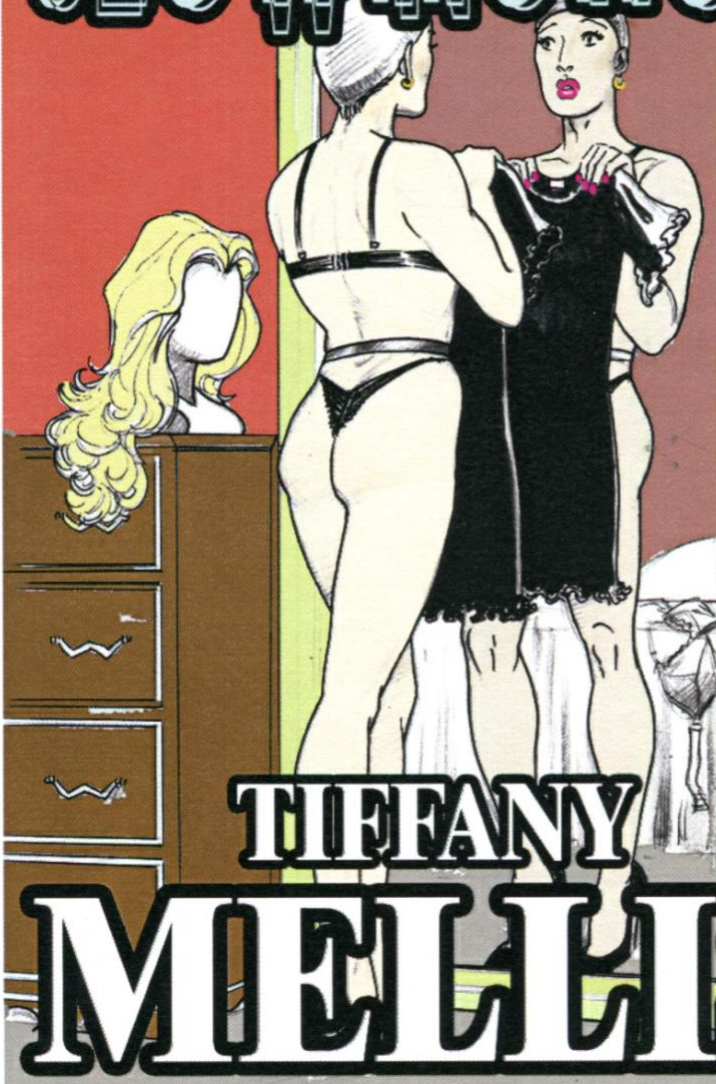


# SLOW MOTION



TIFFANY  
MELLIS



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# Slow Notion

By: Tiffany Mellis

I first met Barbara in our home. Joyce, my wife, had asked her around for dinner. It wasn't a dressy sort of thing – more like a 'get acquainted' meal as they were both on some new volunteer board to do with the library or some such thing. Joyce is into all sorts of volunteer duties and had been raving about this woman for some time. Some weeks before, she'd suggested making an informal dinner, and I'd agreed. Soul of hospitality I used to be.

I let Barbara in when she rang our doorbell, took her coat and handbag – dumped them into a spare room. Poured drinks for all of us, that sort of thing. Finally took stock of her as we sat chatting about inconsequential things. Maybe a little broad in the shoulders? Height about five nine or so – a little taller than me? Nice legs under some sort of patterned wool skirt. Shoes? A little young for her outfit? Strappy sorts of things with a medium heel. Nice jewelry – certainly not ostentatious. Plain, but nice quality.

Her hair was medium length. A nice brown and well-tended. Makeup? Not a lot, but applied with care. A VERY striking pair of eyes though. Greenish? Big? After a while they seemed to view me with a sort of amused detachment. Made me discomfited somehow. But I shrugged that aside and the three of us had a very pleasant meal – a little wine and some liqueurs along with our coffee afterwards.

Then Barbara surprised both Joyce and myself. “Shoo!” she said to Joyce, waving her towards the sitting room. “That was a lovely meal, and I can't leave you with all of those dishes – you must be tired!”

“Don't be ridiculous!” Joyce laughed. “I didn't ask you here to do dishes! Stay where you are!”

“No.” Barbara said. “If this were a formal thing? I'd leave you alone. But it wasn't. Just a lovely dinner to welcome me into your circle of friends.” She pointed at me. “Even Alan was commenting that you were looking tired, just a little while ago.” She looked at me. “Not the BEST thing to say about a lady – but you meant no harm and, let's face it, she put together a

lovely meal without much help from anybody as far as I can tell. I think that you and I should tidy up. Okay?”

“If I'd have known that comment of mine would get me work to do? I'd never have made it!” I laughed. Then I spoke to her. “But you DO have a point. I'll give you a hand.” I looked at Joyce. “So just be quiet my dear. Bugger off and sit down. Can I pour you a drink in the meantime?”

You could actually see her relax, and the tiredness show. “No Alan, I don't need a drink. What I have is fine. You guys sure you want to do this?”

“Absolutely!” I said positively.

She nodded. “Very well then. Alan? I know that you don't know where things are in the kitchen – but do your best to help Barbara. Okay?”

“Of course!” I said, as Barbara said. “He doesn't know?”

Joyce shrugged, but that was all as Barbara and I headed into the kitchen.

She gave me an amused look as we got in there. “Strange territory for you in here, huh?”

I gave her an abashed grin.

“Afraid so,” I said.

“Boy! That Joyce is good to you. I hope that you appreciate her! Now where are the aprons?”

Her guess was better than mine and she found two hanging on hooks behind a larder door. Deftly, she slipped one over her head and was holding one out to me.

“I'll pass.” I said.

“But your clothes might get dirtied?.” She said.

I shrugged. “No big deal.”

She put the apron back where she got it. “I assume that you DON'T do the laundry?”

“You got THAT right,” I laughed. “That's Joyce's job!”

“Mmmm.” Was what she said and she gave me a curious look. Then, “Well, let's get this show on the road!”

\* \* \*

Later that night, Barbara had left and we were getting ready for bed. Joyce wore her pajama and robe and sat at the dressing table, creaming off her makeup.

“I DID thank you for helping Barbara out – didn't I?”

“Oh yes. Very nicely too.”

“Good! I must admit that it was unusual to see you helping around the house. But she **MUST** be a mind reader – I was definitely tired.”

“Well, I'm glad I was of some use.” I said. “Would hate to do all that work, and not be appreciated!”

She laughed. “Don't press your luck dear. If the two of you hadn't pitched in, I'd have had to do all that tidying up and dishes after she left – and I wasn't in the mood. That's all – it wasn't some immense amount of work that was involved, you know?”

I shrugged. “You never could leave the place untidy, could you? Goes against the grain or something. I would have left it for the following morning.”

She laughed again – a little shortly this time. “Considering that that was the first time I've seen you help around the house in a **LONG** time? Your ideas of what constitute good housecleaning practice don't mean a lot to me.”

“Huh!” I snorted. “Then I'll withhold my offer to help the next time!”

“I guess I should be grateful for what I get!” she riposted. “But know something?”

“What?” I was climbing into bed.

“I think she fancies you!” She half turned from the mirror and smiled at me.

“Fancies me? I don't think so!” I said.

“Men. So bloody stupid. Can't see anything unless it's waved underneath your noses!” She examined her face in the mirror, switched off the light at the dressing table, then headed for bed.

“Well! She never said anything to **ME!**” I said nervously.

“Oh, don't be like that!” Joyce said, slipping into bed beside me. “I don't think she expects you to do anything. Barbara strikes me as being perfectly capable of going after what she wants – and I got the definite feeling that she's interested in you.”

“You don't sound very put out about it.” I said, though I couldn't help the bitterness appear in my voice.

She sighed. “Oh dear! Are we going to go through this all over again? We agreed some years ago that we were not getting along in bed together. I'm a submissive – and so are you to all appearances! We just kept waiting for the other to make all the moves. If I remember correctly? You had **NO** problems with us not divorcing – you get the pleasures provided by my money. In the meantime, I enjoy having the privileges that being

married brings – and although I don't have a major sex drive, I can take care of it when I need to. And my dear? So can YOU! Now – if Barbara wants to come on to you but you don't want it? All you have to do is deny her. If you can't do that? Well, I have no objection to see you getting SOME sex. I think you've been deprived quite some time!”

“Maybe she was coming on to you?” I asked.

She sighed again. “Truthfully dear? I wouldn't have minded. I've been out with girls now and then. I prefer a real man, but she IS attractive so I wouldn't have said 'no' to a little roll in the hay. You know that I detest telling lies and I've never made a huge secret of our agreement so that when I asked her for dinner originally, I was sort of half thinking that she'd come onto me – but I think I'm savvy enough to see that it's you that she's interested in. Don't really mind. I have a boyfriend just now, so I'm taken. But you and Barbara together? It might be interesting!”

“Well!” I said bravely. “It takes TWO to tango!”

She had just settled back into bed, but my comment made her rise onto one elbow and look at me in an amused fashion. “That so?” She asked.

“Yes!” I said, but my blush gave me away. She giggled softly and put out the light.

In the darkness, I thought about Barbara. What Joyce had said really didn't come as a terrible surprise to me – I'd sort of had a feeling – you know? The woman definitely attracted me – but I knew inwardly that I was totally hopeless – worthless – at making any kind of advance. Cursed my inability silently. Hoped against hope that she would come on to me – but dreaded the embarrassment of having her wait for me to make all the moves – and the humiliation that would be bound to follow when my lack of manly characteristics would let me down again.

That's what had happened with Joyce. In early days I'd been younger and a lot more hopeful about nature taking its course – but the awful memory of the two of us fumbling about under the bedclothes - and my absolute incapacity to be outgoing had doomed our lovemaking to a disaster from the start. I still blushed with the shame of it having been her that finally cleared the air between us. No, I didn't like her going about with other people, but she was discreet about everything – and though I seemed doomed to only masturbation now and then – it seemed preferable to the lonely life I'd be forced to lead on my own. She seemed happy enough with the arrangement – had once or twice even set me up with other shy people of the opposite sex – but finally she'd seen that I would have to work things out on my own. Now it appeared that I might be embarrassed by my own ineptitude again. I finally fell asleep.

\* \* \*

It was about a week later. I'd browsed around in the library then went to the local park for a short walk to get my appetite up. Found some stale bread and fed the ducks in the pond. Their quacking made such a racket that I didn't hear Barbara approach.

"Hello Alan!" She said. "Enjoying our little feathered friends?"

I jumped a little. "Wow! You scared me a little. Sorry. I wasn't expecting anyone. Come here often?"

She smiled gently. "Didn't mean to scare you! Sorry. No – I don't come here very often, but saw you and, as it's about lunchtime? I thought you and I might . . .?" She didn't expand. Just looked at me with that placid amusement in her eyes.

"I . . . Oh . . . I .. I'm afraid . . ." I stammered.

She put a hand on my arm. "Now don't be silly Alan! Let's just finish feeding your ducks – and I'll take you to lunch. Now don't give me any nonsense about you being busy! I have a fair idea of your routine now – so shall we?"

"How come you know my routine?" I had to ask.

Her eyes got even more amused. "Because I was interested. Can we go now? My car is right at the park gates and, knowing you don't have a car with you, I felt that it was time for me to get to know you." She smiled again. "I'm VERY interested in the husbands of my new cohorts. Is that a good enough reason to ask you to lunch?"

If I haven't mentioned it before I am very weak willed and Barbara had self-confidence galore. On top of that, I was sort of scared of her – and had the strangest feeling that she was perfectly aware of this. To make matters worse? I was sure that she approved of this relationship between us absolutely! Knew that I was ready for the taking and that this was positively what she wanted. But naturally I tried to assert what little power I had.

"Only if you let me buy lunch!" I said gallantly, throwing the last of my bread to the ducks.

"Don't be silly!" she said calmly. "Now come along."

The restaurant was very nicely laid out and private. I'd never eaten there before, but could see by the ambience that it was pricey. I'd also seen immediately that with her late model Mercedes, Barbara didn't have many money worries, but I felt somewhat underdressed for this place. I mean I was neat and tidy, but it seemed that my casual sportswear was a bit too casual, if you know what I mean. On top of that, although the ambience was such that a clear view of the surroundings was broken up by banks of shrubs and flowers, most of the customers there seemed to be well dressed women. My companion seemed to be well known by the staff of

waitresses though- they all had a smile for her and I saw more than one appraising glance sent my way. A sort of interest?

I should add here that I am not unattractive. At just under five foot six I am small and, though I am not muscular by any means – I don't have enough discipline for a gym – I am slim, even though I have a good appetite. I have all of my own teeth – and a good crop of hair on my head. Joyce has told me that I have nice large eyes – somewhat placid – but a pleasant smile. A regular, if rather bland face. Altogether a fairly nice package. Small, but certainly not bad other than that.

Let's face it, Joyce is the one with money in our family and, through her, I've gained the savoir faire to eat just about anywhere, but I will admit that being a little frightened by my companion, and by not being dressed altogether appropriately, I felt intimidated. This was NOT helped, when I discovered that Barbara was holding out my chair for ME!

“Don't you think it's my place to escort you into your chair?” I managed to ask.

She looked a little puzzled. “Are you some kind of a chauvinist?”

“No.”

“Well, you're MY guest – so please let me act as host – will you?”

Unwillingly, but having no choice, I sat and let her guide the chair under me.

“Comfy?” She asked.

“Yes. Thank you.”

She smiled at me, a little on the wintry side. “You're welcome. Now Alan? No more nonsense if you please? I asked you here for a reason. You are my guest, so I shall do the ordering – and the paying. You will not give me any trouble, will you?”

I felt myself relax contentedly. “Aha! So you had a REASON for asking me here! Now I feel better! What can I do to help, my dear?”

She nodded. “First of all, let me order?”

“Absolutely!”

She ordered double martinis for both of us, then without looking at the menu she ordered salmon in a dill sauce for me (one of my favorites!) and a sea bass for herself – with a bottle of a white Riesling to go along with the meal. The waitress took the order and assured us that our drinks would be delivered quickly.

Feeling a lot better now, I was content to soak in the lovely atmosphere of the pace for the small time it took for our drinks to be placed in front of us. I took an appreciative sip, then smiled at Barbara.



“You were going to tell me what I can do to help you? If it is within my power? It is yours!” Impressed by my own grandiloquence, I took another sip.

She took a sip from her own drink and surveyed me calmly over the glass. “You seem to be a little nervous darling – may I call you darling?”

“I'm not ner , , nervous.” I stammered. “But the term darling?” I smiled weakly. “I'm not too sure about that. I . well. . . I AM married and . and Joyce might not . . well .. take too kindly to that . . that . . kind of expression?”

She placed a hand over mine. “Darling? You ARE nervous – and I just love that in you! You are so nice and shy. So diffident! Not like the normal pushy male at all! On top of that? I'm well aware that you and Joyce have – what do you call it? An open marriage? Now, I think we should get together! I think that you're absolutely perfect for me!” She smiled at me, invitation clearly in her eyes. “I'm not being TOO forward, am I?”

I swallowed. “Certainly not – but I really don't think that you know about Joyce and . . .”

She patted my hand. “Of COURSE I do darling! She and I have had quite a few revealing talks! Now why don't we just have a nice chat over lunch? I'm dying to know all about you!”

“A gentleman never tells!” I laughed.

She looked at me with a hint of surprise then laughed openly. “You're joking of course. How delightful! Now tell me about your childhood. Don't leave anything out!”

She steamrolled me in the nicest way possible, but still got me to divulge the facts about my bringing up. She seemed quite taken by the fact that I had an elder sister and had lost our father at an early age – but that my sister and mother had been wonderful to me. I don't think she believed me – half felt that my childhood should have been a scene of sexual trauma. Seemed quite taken by the fact that I had no terrible secrets to divulge. Maybe there was even a tinge of disappointment there?

She did seem to brighten up by the news that I had been bullied at school by bigger, more athletic boys, but the fact that I'd had a bigger, more warlike sister had put a stop to all of that.

“So you depended on Emily to stand up for you?” She asked.

“I did NOT!” I responded vehemently. “I stood up for myself quite a lot. Took quite a few drubbings in the process. But it was a small town and she would find out what was going on sooner or later and would step in. The bullies soon learned that it wasn't worth their while, so stopped tormenting me.”

“Mmmm!” she said.

Barbara went on to my few years of college and asked how I'd met Joyce there. She seemed quite aware of what had transpired over the years so didn't ask too many questions. Actually seemed quite bemused by what she had heard and seemed to do a fair amount of thinking as we chatted over lunch. Nevertheless, she seemed to have reached a conclusion by the time we had finished – I never saw any financial transaction between her and our waitress so was a little flustered when she stood behind my chair and I realized that lunch was over as she pulled it out for me.

I had assumed that she would either drop me off at the park or at my house. I actually preferred the park, not quite knowing what I'd say to Joyce – not that I thought she'd care – I just wasn't too sure how to handle the situation, but it was all academic because suddenly I found us going through an electronic gate, and we were in a gated community where it seemed that Barbara stayed.

“Nice place you have here?” I said, pointedly looking at my watch. “Never seen this place before. Nice and secluded.”

She saw me looking at my watch but ignored it. “Oh yes. I picked this spot out. I really like it and thought that you'd like to see my house.”

“I may be rushed for time? Joyce may have some honey-do's for me?” I stated, laying in an excuse for later. “But I'd really like to see your house.”

“Wonderful!” She purred. “I have some etchings you might like.”

“Etchings?” I asked dumbly.

She laughed. “Or whatever turns you on!” She gave me a sidelong glance and I was suddenly nervous. I was made even more nervous by the fact that she put a possessive arm around my shoulders once we entered her spacious home.

“Let me give you a quick tour – before we get down to business.” She purred and pulled me to her. I can't say I was surprised by her strength, I've never been strong myself and just about everyone – Joyce included – turns out to be stronger than myself. Nevertheless I felt quite captive as she toured me quickly through her house, held closely into her side as helpless as a little child is with its mother. I must admit that I was impressed. A fairly small home – three bedrooms and two bath – but more than enough for one person. Well furnished with a lot of privacy from her neighbors – it seemed that the lots were much larger than normal.

We had just got back to her open bar when she simply turned me around to face her and kissed me. Let me say that it was highly sexually charged and her tongue found the inside of my mouth. I wanted to respond, but she was able to hold me firmly with one hand, while the other gently stroked my groin and the erection I had. I was dazed when she finally let

me go and I actually staggered against the bar as my legs were so weak. Deftly, she poured two drinks of Scotch over ice that she got from a small refrigerator next to her bar. "Here darling!" she said. "Fortify yourself with this!"

I really didn't want the drink, but holding onto the glass gave me a semblance of normalcy that I needed badly.

"Excuse me! A quick call I have to make!" she said and picked up a cell phone that was nearby. She dialed a number then spoke into it quietly with her back to me so that I couldn't hear what was being said. She finally put the phone down and smiled.

"That was Joyce. I told her where you were and. . . ." she coughed. "Told her that you might be busy for a while. She was SO pleased to hear that you and I are getting along so well." Her voice lowered and she added. "She made it a point for me to tell you that you MUST remember everything that went on between you and me – she wants you to tell her in every detail when you get home tonight – IF you get home tonight."

She then smiled and beckoned to me. "Time for you to come to Barbara, my little pussy cat! I want you SO much! Come here now!"

"I'm not very good at this!" I quavered.

She smiled. "I'm good enough for both of us. Just you let Barbara take good care of you!"

And she did.

That night, Joyce would not let me sleep until I had detailed everything – and I mean EVERYTHING that Barbara had done to me – and the little amount she'd allowed me to do in return.

"You mean you just had to LIE there? Joyce asked me. "Let her mount you? As if she was some kind of stud?"

I couldn't stop blushing. "Pretty well Joyce. The second time she. . ."

"Second time!" Joyce laughed. "She must have had something! You and I never made it more than once!" Then she relented. "Dear? My fault as much as yours, but tell me. When she really kissed you – did she allow you to kiss her back?"

"Of course!" I said indignantly. "I wasn't altogether a piece of meat you know!"

"Wanted you to twine your arms around her neck?"

"A little bit – though she really preferred me to lie still." I admitted.

"But you really LIKED it?"

“Oh Joyce!” I said, almost weeping. “Yes – I couldn't help it - but she's NOT my wife. You are!!”

She laughed lightly. “Don't worry about it darling. I like both of you – and if you're happy? Well I'm happy too!” She kissed me.

“It won't happen again! I've got too much pride for that!” I exclaimed.

“Huh?” Joyce asked.

For the next few days I stayed in the house. I claimed I wasn't feeling well, but inside I knew that I was avoiding Barbara. Don't get me wrong – I knew she'd given me the best sex I'd ever had but, at the same time, remembered my own reactions and didn't trust them. Okay, I hadn't ever been good at being the aggressor, but with her? I was the docile, submissive one in the relationship. So I did NOT like what I'd started to become. I could not explain this to Joyce of course but, at the same time, hoped that Barbara would, maybe, get involved with someone else if I made myself absent long enough. I made excuses when Joyce tried to get me to get out of the house. Naturally, I had the strangest feeling that she didn't believe my excuses of illness, but I kept them up anyway.

Then one afternoon, Joyce was getting ready to go out. For once, she wasn't nagging at me to go and do something with myself, just busied herself at getting ready. I didn't have anything to do – did a crossword, watched a little TV, picked up a book – and was generally bored. Just as Joyce got her coat on to leave, the doorbell rang. As she was closest she went there.

“Oh Hi!” I heard her say. “I thought you had changed your mind. C'mon in.”

I wasn't expecting anything, but then Joyce appeared, ushering Barbara in!

“Barbara SO wanted to see you Alan and I felt that seeing her would help you feel better. I have to leave now, so have fun you two!”

As she turned to leave, I managed a surprised – and weak – “hello” to Barbara but she was crossing the floor towards me even before Joyce had left, saying “Hello my little pussy! Come to Barbara!” So there was absolutely no hope that Joyce was unaware of what was going on. I'm not even sure if she was out of the room totally before I was in Barbara's arms, my face being smothered in kisses.

To make things worse, I found myself being manhandled – gently – but manhandled anyway, across the room and without being able to do a damn thing, felt Barbara sit down – and pull me down onto her knees.

“Time we had a little talk pussy! You've been avoiding me, haven't you? Now don't lie! I've been talking to Joyce and she's been telling me about you – so don't be telling me any untruths. I don't want to get mad – and

you don't want me that way either. So speak up! Why have you been avoiding me?"

I mumbled, but managed to get it out. "I felt uncomfortable Barbara! I just don't feel right!"

"Mmm. So the sex was all right?"

I blushed furiously. "Yes. But it's like I haven't any say in what goes on."

"But pussy? You're a little submissive! That's why Barbara LIKES you! I'll admit that you're not the usual run of little sissy and I have some problems knowing how to treat you – but you're built to do what you're TOLD! I can see that, and I just feel that once I figure out how to train you? You'll be a sweet, happy, little pussy submissive!"

"But I'm not that! Not a submissive!" I tried to be strong, but my voice was faltering.

She kissed me. "Of COURSE you are! Think I don't know one when I see one? You say you want more say in what goes on? More say to do what exactly?"

"Well? I should be more aggressive?"

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard! Joyce and I have talked and she didn't go into details, but you two haven't had any sex for a while?"

I blushed again.

"And if you REALLY wanted sex – do you think that Joyce would – could – stop you?"

"That type of behavior wouldn't be very gentlemanly of me!" I protested.

"That's true. But your behavior is more ladylike than manly – if you want to look at it honestly! I kiss and cuddle you – lay you on the bed and mount you. Is your behavior manly? I don't think so!"

"But I don't want to be a . . . a . . . softy!" I said, and even I could hear the despairing lack of confidence in my voice.

She kissed me softly. "But men like their women to be soft and feminine. Smell nice and feel pretty. Isn't that true?"

"Yes."

"But you could have had Joyce be all of those things – if you'd REALLY wanted them, could you not?"

"I guess so." I said miserably.

"But you didn't want it enough! Now? It's ME that wants YOU to be all of those nice things – and truthfully? Aren't you just a little curious? I've dealt

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with little soft sissy boys all of my life – and I think you'll be delightful! Now turn those pretty lips up for a kiss!”

“But I'm not . . .” I started to say, but was silenced by her lips on mine.

\* \* \*