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Caught

By Max Swyft

As told to Max Swyft by Eadrean Moss

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

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About Donald:

Donald and I were raised by the same domineering aunt. She wasn't really our aunt but took us in from the orphanage when we were just about to reach puberty. Donald wasn't quite as lucky as me. I did well in school and went on to college on scholarship. Donald stayed back and was influenced by aunty and her sisters. That early influence settled over us both in more ways than we know. I'll leave it to the psychologists and therapists to sort it all out. We are the way we are because of the way we are.

If that makes any sense.

Yet, I know of others who weren't influenced in a femininely dominated environment. Others who enjoyed a wholesome upbringing but were drawn into the fetish realm just because they liked it — and for no other reason.

Aberrant behavior is much more common than society would have us believe. By its very nature, departing from the norm, many of us are still 'in the closet' so-to-speak. We're afraid our peers will laugh at us and worse; hold us up as examples to ridicule. So it is no wonder that we sometimes feel all alone. Yet, there are many more just like us still hiding in the dark, afraid to come forth simply because we are different.

In this new century old standards are being challenged. Society has been forced to consider the divergent and abnormal, if not to allow them to participate, then at least to recognize them. To be sure, there will always be a taint, or stain on people like Donald and those that participate and encourage divergent lifestyles.

Perhaps society should remember, We all don't march to the tune of the same drummer.

Eadrean Moss

Chapter One

Clare was suppose to be at work.

She caught me red-handed and red-faced.

I was sitting up, leaning against the headboard. I had a pair's of panties, the red silk ones. I'd retrieved them from the clothes hamper in the bathroom. She'd worn them the day before and they were redolent with her intimate womanly scent.

The red silk panties were one of my favorite pair, the material a little thicker, the waistband and legs trimmed in pink lace, the shape between that of a French cut and full cut.

On the bed beside me was a glossy magazine depicting tall dominant women in fetching lingerie, heels and hose. Waist cinchers, cut-out bras, wide-belted garter belts. Or short leather skirts, the photos taken from that of kneeling supplicants, perhaps attempting to catch an upskirt glimpse of gossamer panties. There were other 'props' scattered through the pages of the fetish glossy, too many to mention here.

The panties were wrapped around my throbbing erection and I was masturbating.

That's how she caught me, jacking off into a pair of her dirty panties.

Caught me like an eager teenager overcome with an object of infatuation.

I don't know how long she stood at the doorway watching. I just happened to look up and there she was.

She was supposed to be at work at the law firm, Dewey, Cheatum and Howe. She was a junior attorney and recently been put in charge of the Rowe account. The Rowe's were acquiring more territory downtown in the Canyons, expanding their empire. The latest deal was about a new high-rise office building and parking garage.

She had been working with Mitchell Rowe, heir apparent to his father's fortune. I didn't like Mitchell Rowe. His picture and that of the women he dated were all over the society pages of the Cyrenaica papers. He was tall and handsome and Clare had hinted that he'd flirting with her, said that's why she'd been put in charge of the account. If she closed the deal, and she'd told me it looked good, she would most likely be promoted.

Clare assured me that it was all business as far as she was concerned but I was still jealous. I didn't think she'd cheat on me but if she was so inclined Mitchell Rowe would be a good candidate.

Clare is a raven-haired beauty with large nearly ebony eyes, high cheek bones, a thin aristocratic nose, and a wide sensuous mouth. She is narrow of waist and wide of hip and has remarkably long legs. Her only deficiency is rather flat breasts but she has elongated thick nipples that are a delight to suck.

My hand froze, my stiff staff enveloped in those silky red panties.

She came to the foot of the bed. "Is this how you look for a job while I'm at work? By masturbating into a pair of panties?"

"Why aren't you at the firm?" I said accusingly. I was presently unemployed and supposed to be looking for work.

"Never mind that. Answer me."

"I can explain," I stammered.

Clare arched an eyebrow and walked around beside the bed. She had always had a temper and now her dark eyes smoldered. "Please do."

"I B I B "

"Yes?"

I dropped my eyes. "Well . . ." My voice wilted like my cock.

Clare picked up the magazine and quickly flipped through the pages. "High school and college boys use *Playboy* and *Penthouse* to facilitate masturbation but I'm not familiar with this one, all these bizarrely dressed women." She dropped the magazine in my naked lap. "Donald, you're a grown man."

"I'm sorry," I said lamely.

"If you were horny you could have waited until I got home. We could of both had some fun." She stood, hands on hips, legs spread, almost unconsciously striking a pose so often depicted in one of the fetish magazines.

I wanted to crawl under the covers. "I don't know what's come over me."

"Not just playing with yourself like some kid but doing it with my panties." A long pause, the silence deafening.

I couldn't look her in the face, instead sat naked on the bed, glimpsing her long nylon-encased legs in a knee-length skirt, feet shod in grey leather, open-toe pumps.

"You like my panties, Donald?"

I didn't like *that* tone. "No, of course not. I just . . ." I pushed the panties from my naked lap.

Clare picked them up and dropped them back over my deflated penis. "I could go to the store. Do you think you'll finish by the time I return?"

"Clare, please . . ."

"Or I could sit here and watch you. Would you like that?"

"No, of course not."

"Is that what you do for the women in that magazine, masturbate for them, spill your seed in their panties?"

I could think of nothing to say.

"Well?"

"No," I croaked.

I watched her hand. It moved as if in slow motion, wrapping my limp dick in the cool fabric, lightly stroking it. Her face creased in a wicked smile and she said, "Do it. I want to watch."

At the vanity she sat and crossed her legs, skirt riding to mid thigh.

"I will not!"

"Yes, you will."

"No I won't. You can't make me."

Clare folded her arms under flat breasts and one foot started kicking. "I think I can. You know how I tolerate the flirting between you and Rita?"

She was talking about our next door neighbor. Rita had firm Dolly Parton breasts. It was true that Rita and I flirted sinfully on weekend cookouts, or when the three of us went out. Sometimes Rita had a date, but most often she did not. She was older and a widow. When Ralph was alive we had all been good friends. Ralph had a thing for Clare, too, but now was not the time to bring it up. Clare often teased me about how she knew I'd like to play with Rita's rack and titty- fuck her. It was a harmless game, or so I thought. Clare seemed to enjoy it too.

"Yes. So what?"

"Do it or I'm going to tell Rita."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I?"

"Clare, please." I hated myself for begging.

"Kneel in the middle of the bed and jack off into my panties. That's what you were going to do anyway." She curled her hand around an imaginary cock, stroking thin air. "Do it, Donald. I'm out of patience."

I had no choice and I had become very excited by my wife's authoritative behavior.

I knelt on the bed and wrapped Clare's red panties around my cock. My cock responded as I stroked it. It was hard in no time. I wouldn't look at her.

Clare leaned back on the vanity stool and her skirt slid further up long stocking legs. Her foot was in motion, painted toes winking dully in the subdued bedroom light, peeking from the open-toe pumps.

"You do it very well, Donald. I bet you've had a lot of practice."

I forced myself to look into her amused eyes and shook my head.

“Oh yes you have. Don’t deny it. Do you wear my panties too?”

“No!”

My wife fell silent and watched me.

My balls churned, my climax near. I shut my eyes.

This couldn’t be happening, I told myself. At least not with *my* wife. This was a game I played only with the fantasy fem fatales within the pages of fetish magazines.

“Catch all your semen in my panties,” her voice teased. “Or you’ll have to sleep on the wet spot.”

Her low chuckle was derisive.

It was strange, the humiliation of performing such an intimate act while Clare watched. The climax was coming much sooner than I expected.

My balls boiled and a torrent of semen exploded from heart-shaped glans, flooding the cotton panel of Clare’s panties. It was a plentiful load and I milked every drop into her panties. The heightened sexuality of the moment surprised me.

Clare applauded, the single claps like pistol shots, each one making me wince with humiliation. My face went red.

She uncrossed her legs, stood over me, hands on hips until I was forced to look her in the eye. She bent and pinched the panties in her hand, careful to avoid my discharge. She looked from me to her soiled red panties and shook her head, went into the adjoining bathroom.



That evening I watched an exhibition baseball game being broadcast on TV from somewhere in California. It was a late game, the second of a doubleheader. Clare sat in my recliner, no doubt to irritate me, long bare legs peeking out the bottom of pink baby dolls.

She was slowing thumbing through the glossy magazine. I watched her from the corner of my eye as she'd stop and read the captions, or one of the stories, or one of the ads in the back pages. Every now and then she'd look at me and slyly grin.

Finally she stood and stretched her lithesome body, said she was going to bed. She tossed me the magazine and said that if I got the urge, to wake her so she could watch.

It was going to be a long week. It was only Monday.

The next morning as Clare readied herself for work I feigned sleep, stayed in bed. I thought she'd never leave. I had to use the bathroom and squeezed my legs together, waiting for her exit. Somehow, even with the need to urinate I fell back to sleep.

I awoke to a fierce nature call, rushed into the bathroom.

Strewn all about in the bathroom were her panties, brasseries, and pantyhose. In lipstick on the mirror was a note. It read: *Since you're so fond of my panties you can hand wash all of them, my pantyhose and brassieres too. Use the delicate soap in the laundry room. And don't you dare play with yourself until I get home.*

I stalked from the bathroom and fumed around the house all morning. The gall of the woman. I wouldn't do it. I lost count of the times I went back into the bathroom to gaze upon her underwear.

We had no children, were both tested and found out I was sterile. I suggested we adopt but Clare was caught up in her career as I was mine, so we put off adoption. Her father had died of a cerebral hemorrhage when she was a young teen. With the life insurance her mother was comfortable and living in Florida with a lifelong friend.

Of course I really had no family except for the woman who had taken Eadrean and me in when we were youngsters. Eadrean lived in California, was a computer guru in silicon valley and I hadn't seen him in years.

I was still angry about Clare's note and underwear strewn all over the bathroom when I left the house, the morning paper tucked in the crook of my arm. I had decided to go job hunting and wore my best suit.

Rita was in her front yard, pruning bushes, getting in some late season gardening. She waved and I went over to say hello. The morning was cool but she wore tight cutoffs and a thin shirt, large unfettered breasts molded enticingly against the cotton material. She was on her knees and I looked at her deep cleavage. I could almost see the brown of her nipples.

Rita didn't mind me looking.

Our next door neighbor worked for a travel agency and it seemed she was always going somewhere. Next week was no exception. She suggested a cookout Friday night and, not thinking of yesterday's incident, I readily agreed.

Rita waved as I backed out of our driveway, my cock throbbing to life at the fantasy I entertained: kneeling over her, my cock poking between her great mounds of white flesh. Every time the head appeared she'd take a broad lick of it with her pink tongue until I climaxed in her mouth and all over her face.

We lived in the old established suburb of Lansing, in one of the antiquated subdivisions south of Cyrenaica International Airport, had made the move early in our careers. We were upper middleclass comfortable. Before I lost my job and Clare's expected promotion, I wanted to move into modern housing befitting our economic stature. However, Clare vetoed the move up, sensibly planning a longer term strategy of wealth accumulation. In our later years we could always find a newer home, especially since — at that time — dire consequences were predicted for the nation's economy.

In an effort to deal with rising property taxes, the city had implemented cost-cutting measures in anticipation of shrinking revenues and the anticipated economic downturn. For years now people were deserting the city because of continued higher taxes.

The recent consolidations in the surrounding school corporations was one of city's plans to give property holders some personal property tax relief. This cost-cutting measure led to my unemployment. I was a seller of text books, computers, school supplies and other periodicals.

Many of the public school text books are written by professors, most of them of tenure, at noted colleges and universities. The truth about the professorial effort into the education of our children, though appearing to be of a noble cause, is in reality a perk for these often overpaid denizens of academia. Often these textbooks are revised, filled with the same old liberal pabulum that is characteristic of these socialist liberals at our so-called greater institutions of learning.

These 'educators,' many of whom came up during the radical sixties, promote not only a socialistic view of government, but the acceptance of lesbianism, homosexuality, same-sex marriage. Conservatives throughout the country decry this effort and its resulting deterioration on the moral fabric of society. They claim — rightly so — these radical educators are destroying the moral fiber of our youth.

Considering my rather unorthodox sexual propensity, one might think I'm in favor of these liberal professors who are making every effort to destroy our children's moral fiber, the foundations of our democracy, and long-accepted social practices.

Nothing is further from the truth. I abhor this corruption of our children. Rather the kids be brought up in a wholesome family environment, taught to respect authority and the scanty of marriage and religion.

There is plenty of time once the children grow into adulthood for them to chose their path in life, including sexual preferences.

Thinking of my neighbor's impressive bosom, I drove into the city proper looking for employment.

For years my job as purveyor of educational materials had served me well. Though my base was Cyrenaica, my job took me far and wide to the bastions of academia where stodgy professors were hawking text books and other educational materials. I had received my BA from Cyrenaica City College. It was at CCC where I met Clare Stanfield, a young vivacious girl who was working on her law degree.

In the city I filled out three applications and had two interviews that afternoon. Nothing promising. I was going through the same old motions, was over qualified for lesser jobs, and in a field that was suffering because of budget constraints.

In all the day was a frustrating and unsatisfactory effort.

I stopped off at the country club near home and had a few with some of the guys just coming off the links.

It was dark when I finally parked in the garage beside my wife's car, a two year old silver Toyota Camry. It used to be my car but since I'd lost my job I now drove the older tired Ford Taurus.

We had argued about a new vehicle, too. In the end Clare got her way.

Fortified by too many martinis I went in the house to reestablish my rightful place as master of the house.

Not only that but I'd put her in her place tonight, give her the hard fucking she deserved.

Hand wash her panties, indeed!

She was in the bedroom.

"Well, what do you think?" she said.

Clare was *undressed*, her long black hair pinned tightly behind her head, face thick with makeup, lips painted a wet red. She wore an open-halter bra that accented small flat breasts, making them appear larger. The nipples were rouged.

Even from across the room I saw the tight black bikini panties, how they accented the lips of her vulva. Her waist was reduced by an alluring waist cincher, flaring hips accented by a wide black garter belt, the garters attached to the darker welts of fine black stockings. The stockings hugged her legs like a second skin. Her feet were shod in five inch, spiked heels.

Never had I seen her so lusciously dressed.

I was instantly hard.

"Stunning. Absolutely stunning," I said.

"Like, huh?"

"Oh baby," I said. "You've never looked so good."

"Where have you been?"

"Out, job hunting."

"This late?"

"Well, I stopped off, had a few with the boys."

"Those days are over."

"What?"

"You heard me. Why didn't you wash out my lingerie like I instructed?"

"Clare, come on," I protested. "I made a mistake. You'll never catch me jacking off again." I loosened my tie and started to strip. "Let's get in bed and fuck."

"Yes, dear. Take off all your clothes." She came up to me and unbuckled my belt, unzipped me. Her cool hand parted the opening in my shorts, went around my penis, slowly stroking it, working me up.

I put my arms around her, felt the slick material of the waist cincher. I kissed her on the mouth, moaned as she stroked me. But she quickly slipped out of my grasp.

"Hurry, I want you naked."

My clothes hit the floor in record time, flagpole waving proudly. "Come here," she said and walked into the bathroom.

I frowned at the abrupt change of attitude but followed.

Her underwear was still scattered as she'd left it that morning. I noticed a bottle of Woolite and on the back of the commode, the offending red panties from the day before sealed inside a baggie. "The sooner you get started, the sooner we can play."

"*But Clare...*" I whined.

She took my proud cock in hand and her hard nipples rubbed against my naked chest. Her glittering dark eyes looked down into mine. "I'll be back in five minutes. If you haven't started by then I'm going to put on a short skirt and see-through blouse, go to the truck stop by the beltway and fuck some burly trucker."

So shocked by her bold words was I that I stood there speechless.

She walked out and left me surrounded by dirty lingerie.

When she came back in the bathroom I was standing over the sink hand washing her pantyhose. She came up behind me, nipples hard against my back. Her hand found my cock, stroking its hardness.

Clare licked my ear and whispered, "How long have you had these submissive tendencies?"

It took me forever to answer, her breath hot on my neck. "A long time . . . I guess."