



# Pet

By Kelly Blake

## *Forward and Dedication*

My literary representatives, DiMaggio and Associates, insisted I include the following notice. No German shepherds, Rottweilers, Great Danes, miniature stallions, eels, snakes, chickens, frogs, gerbils, hamsters or other assorted wildlife were hurt or abused in the writing of this tale. They did, however, all leave with huge grins on their furry little faces. All fooling aside, there is what some might consider ‘porn’ within this tale so...readers beware!!!

The reason Andrea Lena DiMaggio is sooo crazy is that she’s had to live with me, and this tale, for a year and a half. My bad!!! Every time we communicated I would besiege her with the details and questions and all shades of pesterences (?) beyond what any reasonable person should have to endure. I thank her from the bottom of my heart and once again apologize; my bad!!! But this tale is not dedicated to her. ☹

Then there is sweet dear Alison Mary. I tried sincerely to pester her as well. Fortunately for her the puter she uses can’t translate my word documents. She did read the first few chapters and did render more than a bit of help. However, this tale is not dedicated to her either. ☹

Lest I forget to mention that maniac, Belle Meade!!! She was incredibly random in her criticism and advice. On very rare occasions her advice would remotely involve this tale. She is a charm and I thank her as well. But, alas, this tale is not dedicated to her either. ☹

The true muse for this tale, dear reader, is none other than our very own Mistress of Mayhem, Janet Baker. It was during an all too brief series of correspondences with her, and a review of several of her more...unusual tales...that I decided to try my hand at a femdom themed piece. Little did I know this monstrous...thing...would evolve. If you like “Pet”, laud me. If you hate ‘Pet’, blame her! Thank you for the inspiration Janet. ☺

## *“Feces Occurs”*

**I** was, yet again, in my cubicle at work nearing eight in the evening. It wasn’t as though I had anywhere to be and I dreaded the room I had rented by the week in a mid-town hotel that was one step above a

flophouse. I paid the rent in cash. The shower and toilet were in the room. It was the 'Deluxe Honey Moon Suite'.

You see, my lovely bride had discovered my interest in her...delicates? And she immediately took the position that if I was only playing, as I insisted, then whom was I playing with? I was, forgive me, only playing with myself.

But it was more than simply that, much more. This was only the excuse she was searching for so desperately. I had a foreboding prior to our being married that our union would end badly. She was too...I don't know...unforgiving? I mean...even the most minor of flaws would become major points of contention.

I could never be right and I could never have the last word. And words most foul we did have. She adored saying the things that caused the most hurt. 'Why can't you be a real man?' was one of her favorites.

Yet I had giving up my little compulsion for the sake of our marriage. I had taken all my 'things' and threw them in the trash (yet again). She was beautiful enough for me to even give up my former life; my friends, my avocations, golf!!! I was at her complete disposal.

When it came to the close physical and emotional part of our lives, she was not to be found. Her satisfaction always came first, followed by excuses like 'you've tired me out' or 'I'll owe you one'. I was quite accustomed to her turning away from me and quickly going to sleep leaving me in the lurch.

At least I could now keep my body free of hair, especially my legs, without having any of her humiliating, demeaning and abusive comments. And certainly I can, and partially have already, replenish all I had left in the trash alongside my marriage.

When she demanded I leave our apartment, I did so. Within one day all of my possessions were out. I really had very little anyway. She had taken everything out of our bank accounts and I didn't have the stomach for a fight over the apartment even though I had put up the very sizable down payment.

So now all I had was this job. I was hired right out of school and had been working for this company since then; all of one year and four months. It could pay better but I had benefits and it was a job. There were one or two others who stayed late all the time. This was new to me but I hated the place I lived in and I was still too stunned by the entire situation I found myself in to get out and socialize.



"What are you still doing here?" A voice crooned from out of nowhere.

Her voice nearly startled me out of my seat. I couldn't discern if she was asking me a question or making a statement of condition. I looked up at her with my eyes bugging out.

"Oh dear...I've frightened you. Haven't I?" She chuckled as she eyed me appraisingly.

Her rich contra alto voice had a smoky and husky edge to it. I looked up into the most beautiful grey eyes I could ever imagine seeing staring into mine. I felt almost hypnotized by those gorgeous eyes. She looked up from me and off down the pathway between the cubicles and pursed her lips.

“Even Humphries has left and he has no life at all.” She chuckled again. Her elocution was quite was peculiar. She pronounced ‘at all’ like ‘a tall’. She sounded like one who was of patrician birth and heritage; definitely not a city rat. She looked back down at me. I blushed and looked down at my loafers.

“Russell, isn’t it.” Again her question sounded more like a statement. I was surprised that she had a name advantage over me.

“Yes Ma’am. Peter Russell.” I still had trouble looking back up into her eyes.

“Ahhh...Peter...” She smiled. I could feel it. “So...Peter...what are you doing for me at this hour of the evening?”

Doing for her? She certainly was not my boss. I looked up at her because suddenly my curiosity outweighed my...timidity? Once again I looked into her pale gray eyes. I opened my mouth but the words wouldn’t come out.

“I see...” She smiled though only with her mouth. “...nowhere else to go really. Is that it?”

I nodded as a single tear formed in my eye. I grabbed a tissue to blot it, pretending that I had something in my eye. But she knew. She placed her attaché case down and took a chair from the cubicle across from mine.

She carefully gathered her skirt and sat, crossing her legs at the knee. She dangled her pump on her toes, releasing the heel of her foot from its leather prison. I stared at her foot and shoe. Her stockings were so sheer that they were barely noticeable. And the pump had only an inch and one half heel. It was a sculpted thing that mushroomed toward the top from the very slender and tapered base.

“In my humble experience...” She spoke gently and this time her glaze softened. “...when somebody stays late at the office, that person has no other life then the one here...” She held her hands out palms up and looked around the large office space. “...which, by the way, is fine with me provided they’re salaried and not hourly...” She chuckled and I smiled as I looked at the tissue in my hands and then back to her. “You ARE salaried Peter Russell, are you not?” She said in mock seriousness.

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Good.” She smiled and nodded. “Or perhaps...they are having...” She paused, slowly rolled her eyes, and searched for the proper word. “...concerns at home. Are you having concerns at home...Peter?” Her smile was gentle as she spoke.

I looked down at the tissue in my hands as small tears came from both of my eyes. I nodded my head as I dabbed at the tears. There was no pretense now. I was crying...silently. I didn’t think I could feel any worse than at that moment. I was confessing and crying in front of a woman I didn’t even know; though she seemed to know me.

I was lost in my misery when suddenly her feet came into view. She had moved her chair closer to mine and again crossed her legs and dangled that pump before my down cast eyes.

“I am so sorry if I’ve upset you Peter. That was not my intention. I understand how...difficult these things can be.” Her voice was now soothing and almost comforting. “Peter? Peter...I want you to look at me when I speak to you. Can you do that...for me?”

I looked up from...well...watching her shoe dance on her toes through my misted eyes.

“Yes...that is so much better.” She smiled serenely.

Her scent faintly wafted into my senses. It was the day’s end and yet that fragrance existed with enough power to still entice. It was intoxicating! I had no doubt it was quite costly. I really looked at her for the first time since she...arrived? Her features were sharp; almost chiseled. Her chin jutted slightly. Her lips were not thin; nor were they very full.

Though this woman was very well tailored, primped and preened, there was nothing about her person she exuded vanity. Her make up was sparse; merely a touch of mascara and only a hint of a shade of red lipstick. Her hair was chestnut in color. It had all of the hues from a deep rich dark brown to almost a sandy shade. Yet there were a few, very few, grey hairs at her temples. This was her natural hair color.

But what struck me the deepest was her manner. This woman had poise, and bearing, and a way of moving her body that shouted ‘dancer’. She had this magnetism and energy that could easily swallow me whole; in a single bite! I felt dwarfed by her.

“You do look so very tired Peter...and drawn. When did you last eat something?”

Eat? Me? Now there was a concept. I glanced back down at my tissue, which I was fidgeting with.

“Not since this morning really.” I had a roll with butter and coffee.

“You must keep your strength up dear. Ms. Harmon is a rather ardent task master.”

“I know. I’ve had my moments keeping my mind on things. It seems like I can’t do anything right these days.” I couldn’t believe I was having this conversation with this woman, obviously an employee of the company, whose name I didn’t even know. She sat back in her chair and pursed her lips as she gazed at me.

“Well...we can’t have that, can we? You may only be a bean counter but I cherish each and every little bean and must have them counted correctly.”

I felt tears welling up in my eyes again. This would make it a perfect week; one lost wife and one lost job. I felt sick to my stomach...literally! I couldn’t think of a single thing to say in my own defense. I looked back down at my now well-worn tissue.

“Yes...” She hissed the ‘esses’. “...perhaps we should replace you. Hmmm...” My stomach dropped to my feet with that pronouncement.

“Yes Ma’am.” I couldn’t believe I actually agreed with her!

“Perhaps we can find you something a bit more...interesting for you to do. Someone with your refined and polite manners...even under stress...should have a more...” She gazed at the ceiling in thought and then directly at me. “...challenging situation?”

I looked at her in shock. I wasn't being fired! She was smiling at me. The relief I felt must have shown because her eyebrows suddenly arched upward along with her smile. I had started to break out in a sweat over the thought of losing everything in a matter of a few days. I grabbed another tissue and matted my fore head.

"Well...there it is. I suppose we should, at the very least, conduct an interview. Don't you agree Peter?"

"Yes Ma'am!" I smiled...I think for the first time that day.

"Then put away your things and you'll dine with me tonight."

I was a bit taken aback by her invitation. I still didn't even know her name. I looked into her eyes and knew that there was simply no way I could refuse her...request? Truly it was more of a demand?

"You're not quite properly attired, but what you're wearing will do."

I was in a dark gray lightweight woolen suit. I wore a somewhat subdued red tie and a white button down collared shirt. What was not proper attire? Where were we going to dine? It was nearly eight in the evening. I quickly put my work papers away, donned my jacket, and stood.

She got up from her chair and picked up her attaché case and shoulder purse. We were nearly the same height.

"Here..." She handed me her attaché. "...be a good boy and carry this for me. She cooed and smiled invitingly as I took her case.

### ***"Moving Uptown"***

**T**he car was waiting curbside. A rather tall burley bald headed gentleman opened the rear door for us. She got in first without even a thought toward me. I followed and sidled past her legs to the far side of the rear seat. I couldn't recognize the maker of the car but it was large and meant to be driven by someone other than the owner.

Before I could even settle in my seat she was on her cell phone speaking quite intently. I crossed my legs at the ankle, folded my hands on my lap, and gazed out the tinted windows as we entered the East River Drive and proceeded uptown. I enjoyed the nighttime visage of the Manhattan skyline as we left the Wall Street area and entered the realm of mid-town.

"So..." Her voice startled me and I trembled. "My my..." She said with a chuckle. We do frighten easily." I smiled and felt color come to my cheeks. "You are quite beautiful you know." She sounded almost distracted as she spoke. But she shook her head quickly as if clearing her thoughts and continued.

"So, did you happen to listen to my phone conversations?"

"No Ma'am." I cleared my throat out of nervousness as I spoke. "I was gazing out the window and I thought you might want your privacy."

She turned in the deep plush leather seat to face me. Her hands rested on the arm rest. Her eyes penetrated as she spoke.

"From now on...unless I say otherwise...you must listen very attentively to all of my conversations. Is that clear?" She smiled.

"Yes Ma'am."

“Oh yes...I almost forgot. My given name is Martha. Will you call me that?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

I spoke before thinking and she got a good hearty chuckle out of my response. I giggled a bit myself when I realized what I had said.

“Yes Martha...Ma’am.” I smiled.

“So...Peter...do tell me about yourself.”

I intensely disliked questions of that sort. They were so open ended and I never knew where to begin. Martha must have sensed my confusion.

“Let’s try this. ‘I was born in...’”

I smiled and began telling Martha the story of my life in as terse a way possible. I told her of my schooling and my mother. I never knew my father but I had a very strong relationship with my mother. I dreaded even the slightest rebuff from her. I absolutely bathed in her praise and doted on every word she uttered.

Martha was totally attentive as I related what I assumed to be the dull and banal details of my youth. She was especially interested in my relationship with my mother.

“Are you two still close?”

Martha’s question was like a dagger into my heart. My hand went instantly to my chest as I looked away at the city passing by.

“We no longer speak. She disapproved of my choice in marriage.”

Martha placed her warm hand upon mine. I looked back at her and knew what she wanted to hear almost instinctively.

“She thought Karen, that’s my...wife’s name, was too self-centered and too crude for me. Mom was afraid that all Karen really wanted was a way to leave home in an acceptable fashion.”

Martha nodded her head. I could tell she understood.

“And the same was true for you, wasn’t that so? You wanted to leave home and begin a normal life.”

“Yes.” I said in a barely audible voice.

I wanted to be out so badly but I knew I would have trouble on my own. School was one thing but real life was so very...difficult and confusing. I thought I was secure with Karen but she was in her own world and left me alone in mine.

Martha handed me several tissues and I immediately blotted my tears. I felt so terribly ashamed and embarrassed to be so emotional in front of this woman I didn’t really know. I couldn’t bring myself to look at her or continue to speak at all.

“Peter? Look at me please.”

I swear it took at my effort and strength to simply turn my head toward Martha. She reached out and grasped my hand. Strangely enough, I was comforted by her touch.

“I do appreciate your honesty and I realize that these things must be terribly painful for you to speak about; especially now under the present circumstances. But you must tell me everything and you must be totally honest with me if I am to be the same with you. Do you understand?”

Martha smiled warmly at me. Her gaze had softened and her calm alto smoky voice was reassuring. I nodded my head and ventured a smile.

“Good! Now...did your mother have any terms of endearment for you?” Martha’s eyebrow arched as she spoke.

I looked down at my hands for a very brief moment and then remembered she had told me to look at her.

“She would call me her sweetheart...doll face...things like that.”

“Did she have a special name for you; one that only she would use?” Martha’s voice raised in pitch as she spoke and I blushed and coyly smiled.

“Pet. She would call me her Pet.”

Martha sat back heavily into her seat and stared at the road ahead for a moment. A strange look came over her. She smiled quite contently and her eyes narrowed a bit. Martha then turned back toward me.

“I see your mother taught you manners.”

I nodded my head and softly said she did. Martha smiled and chuckled a bit.

“What else did she teach you?”

My bladder nearly let loose with a spurt! I blushed furiously and had to look away from her gaze. It was from my mother that I learned to ‘dress’. And play with cosmetics as well as learn about colors and textures...and style.

Though we couldn’t afford much, my mother did the best she could to provide me with nearly two wardrobes. Many of the things I wore from childhood through college were quite androgynous in nature. She taught me personal grooming and hygiene. She taught me how to cook and how to clean. She taught me how to survive. She taught me everything! I began to openly cry again.

“You miss her...don’t you.”

I nodded my head. I could see a sympathetic look in Martha’s eyes. I was really pained by my mom’s absence in my life. Once again she clutched my hand. She sat back in her seat, still clutching my hand, and we sat in silence. I felt emotionally drained; weak and weary. The silence was oddly comforting.

We exited the highway at Fifty-Ninth Street and headed west. We turned right and headed uptown. Finally we came to a halt in front of a large town house on east sixty-eight street. Martha sat and waited for the driver to come around and open her door. She exited and I followed; her attaché case in my hand.

Before us stood a five storied double width town house with four large bay windows on both sides of a large wrought iron gate with fleur de lis patterns on the vertical bars. There was an oval brass plate on

one gate. Upon it were the initials S.O.S. A door man opened the gate and greeted Martha while eyeing me rather strangely.

“Good evening Ms. Grey.” He smiled, barely acknowledging me.

He was one step ahead of her as he opened one of the frosted glass doors to admit us both.

‘Ms. Grey’ I thought. Martha Grey! THE Martha Grey of Grey, Bartlett and Frost; she was my employer! Martha strode into the atrium that rose up three floors as a man in a tuxedo greeted her respectfully. He also glanced quite briefly at me with a glint of disdain.

“Good evening Ms. Grey. Your table is ready whenever you are. And Ms. Howe is in the library.”

“Good Lord!” Martha was really surprised. A very broad smile crossed her face, her eyebrows arched creasing her forehead, and she perked up even more than during our conversation in the car. “I’ll have my usual in the library and...” She turned toward me with an inquiring expression. “...perhaps a white wine?”

“Oh yes...wine would be nice.” That was what I usually drank. That was exactly what I needed at that point anyway.

“And please do set an extra place at the table.” She said turning back to her greeter. “Perhaps I might cajole Ms. Howe into joining us for dessert. I assume she has eaten already.”

“Yes ma’am.”

He smartly turned and set about doing as Martha asked. She walked through the double oak door entryway of the library. Her heels suddenly silenced as we left the marbled floors for the fine Persian rugs that covered the wood flooring of the room. I could smell the peculiar aroma of ancient tomes and leather.

It was a very wide and long room. The walls were covered with numerous leather-jacketed books of various sorts. Interspersed between the books were pieces of pottery and between the bookcases hung prints and drawings. The walls were papered in a lime green with gilt stripes running from the wainscot to the ceiling.

The lighting was very subdued except at the small groupings of fine upholstered arm chairs and wooden side tables. There was a fireplace on the opposite wall with a fire going and wingchairs abounded nearby. There were fresh cut flowers scattered about in vases on pedestals.

I could see a pair of feet upon a footstool near the fireplace thought the rest of the figure was obscured by the wings and arms of the chair. A brandy snifter rested on an end table alongside the chair. Martha strode toward the seated figure. I followed quickly in her wake.

“Rose...Rose! Why on earth didn’t you call and let me know you were in town.”

The figure leaned forward in her chair. It was an older woman with silver hair. Her grin was accented by her piercing bright blue eyes. Her features were also quite angular and, in spite of her age, her face was almost devoid of wrinkles. She chuckled as we approached.

“Martha...my dear Martha!” She removed her feet from the footstool and sat up a bit more.

“Dear Lord Rose...you look absolutely radiant. It is so good to see you!”



“My dear girl...” She chuckled. “...it is so very good to be seen!”

They both laughed as Martha sat down on the footstool and took both of Ms. Howe’s hands in her own. She kissed them and leaned forward to hug the woman. As Martha loosened her hold, she kissed Ms. Howe on the lips and I could swear there were tears welling up in her eyes; tears of inner joy.



“Why didn’t you let me know you were coming?” Martha was almost pleading. “Whatever you needed I could have arranged for you.”

“I didn’t want to trouble you. This was a quick one-day trip. And anyway...” Ms. Howe leaned forward as Martha still held her hands. “...why does everyone think I need help?” She chuckled. “I’m old, but I’m not dead you know.”

“Don’t even talk that way.” Martha chided emphatically with a smile.

I remained standing to the side, and just behind Martha. Ms. Howe, to be terse, and blunt, was simply the most...the most elegant woman I’ve ever seen. There was something very regal about her bearing. Her speech reflected the same intonations as Martha’s but with a particular accent that was ‘back bay’ Boston. This could have easily been mother and daughter or grandmother and granddaughter speaking.

“And how is Marti?”

“She’s ready.” A shrewd look came over Rose’s face as her blue eyes narrowed.

“And Drew?” Martha watched Rose’s face carefully.

“I’m bringing them up as a couple. They are both ready. I’ll tell you that they have been enormously good for one another.” Ms. Howe became quite animated and excited as she spoke. Her smile beamed brighter by the moment. “Marti has been nothing but a blessing since she has returned from the country.” Rose’s eyebrows arched and she moved even closer in a conspiratorial manner. “She’s managing her father’s company AND my affairs personally.”

“Maybe I should propose a merger or some sorts. She could manage a combined operation and still maintain the name. What a power house that would be!”

I could see Martha become even more excited with whatever prospect they were discussing.

“Indeed!”

“And Drew?”

“She is a pest...always concerned about me! But she is also a blessing to me. Her heart is as big as any I’ve encountered and she keeps Marti on track. It is so easy to lose one self when the numbers, and things in general, become that sizable.”

“Bringing them up should be no problem. I will do whatever is needed. They certainly will be welcomed additions here.”

Rose glanced up at me. Her eyes narrowed and she pursed her lips.

“And who is this delicious creature!”

Martha looked over her shoulder toward me and smiled.

“This is...” Martha hesitated for a moment. She caught my eyes and smiled. “...Pet.”

Oh dear Lord! I visibly shivered and felt again as though I might wet myself. She called me Pet! And in front of this woman I’ve never seen before. As color came to my face, I felt myself start to become...stimulated?

“Pet? Indeed! Well...it is nice to meet you Pet.”

“Say hello Pet.” Martha’s eyes were on me. She knew she caught me way off guard.

“Hello Ms. Howe.” I extended my hand and she gracefully placed her fingers atop mine and gently shook our clasped hands. I noticed that she did inspect my hand and even turned it over a bit. I thought that odd and I looked to Martha. Her face showed a pleased smile.

“Well...well...” Rose grinned. “It seems you’ve found one with manners. How long have you had...Pet?”

“Oh...since this evening. Actually, I am...” Martha rolled her eyes upward in thought. “...’interviewing’ him at the moment.”

“Really!” Rose seemed astonished, her voice dropped several registers. Suddenly her eyes narrowed and she grinned. “His mother taught him.”

“Yes. But she is unhappy with him at the moment.”

“Oh? Do tell!!!” Rose adjusted her position, leaned forward even more, and reached to have a sip of her brandy.

A waiter suddenly entered the room bearing a tray with two glasses on it. He was attired in a tuxedo. He walked up to us and offered the tray to Martha. She took what appeared to be a cut crystal whiskey glass containing a transparent nut-brown liquid. He then turned toward me and I took the wine glass. He then looked toward Rose, who quickly turned her head and held up her palm. The waiter turned and retreated. I noticed he waited just outside the doorway.

“It seems he didn’t marry well. His mother strongly disapproved.”

I felt so...out of place. Here were two women I had no idea even existed until this evening discussing my life as though I wasn’t even there! Ms. Howe’s lips narrowed as she shook her head from side to side. Martha continued to speak.

“But that has ended...poorly I might add. The silly creature didn’t realize what she had within her grasp. I believe I can do something with Pet.” She looked up at me and smiled. She then turned back to Rose.

“So you think Pet has utility.” Ms. Howe smiled wryly and chuckled.

Martha took in a deep breath and slowly let it out. She looked up at me for a moment.

“Do you like the wine Pet?” I trembled again, and became even more...stimulated. I had no idea why this woman was affecting me in such a way. Karen, my wife, often spoke to me in this manner but I trembled more in fear than excitement. I feared her rejection.

“I haven’t tasted it yet ma’am.” My voice nearly cracked I was so nervous.

“Why not dear?”

Oh dear! Another test; however do I answer her? I cleared my throat.

“I’m waiting for you Martha.” I lowered my eyes. Crap! I hope I answered correctly. I really didn’t want to fail this little test.

Martha smiled at me and turned to look at Rose with a very smug expression on her face. Rose chuckled and reached out to place her hand on Martha’s cheek.

“I need a moment.” Ms. Howe said to Martha.

“Pet...do give us a moment together. Why don’t you enjoy some of the drawings and paintings. They all are original works.” Martha took a sip of her drink and shoed me away with her hand.

I walked to the opposite wall and began doing as she asked. When I turned toward the ladies, they seemed to be in deep conversation and totally oblivious to me. I sipped my wine. It felt good to have a drink at this moment.

As I walked to the next drawing, I wondered what I had gotten myself into. I felt like an object rather than a person. But I also felt like a valued object; something I haven’t felt in quite some time.

At the third painting I looked back at Martha. She looked glorious lighted by the flames of the fire place. She turned her head slightly and nodded almost imperceptibly to me. I knew what to do. I returned to my place; to her side and slightly behind her.

“Ms. Howe will join us in the dining room.”

I nodded my head. But Ms. Howe looked somewhat disturbed by Martha’s announcement.

“Pet is not properly attired.”

### ***“Dinner at 8”***

**I** held out my hand and assisted Martha up from the footstool. Then Martha in turn assisted Ms. Howe up from her chair while I held onto Martha’s drink.

“Yes...I realize that. And no doubt that by morning the entire sisterhood will know it. But...” Martha took a deep breath and let it out. She looked at me, and then back toward Ms. Howe. “...I couldn’t let this opportunity pass by.” She shook her head and shrugged her shoulders. “It’s just not in me.”

“That’s what makes you who you are dear child.” Rose chuckled as we made our way slowly across the room.

The ladies heels clacked as we crossed the atrium moving slowly toward a double door room opposite the library. Only one of the doors was opened and a tuxedo clad gentleman stood just inside the entryway at a podium.

“Good evening Ms. Howe...Ms. Grey. Your table is ready.” He smiled and bowed ever so slightly. I was greeted with a slight sneer.

The ladies knew exactly where to go and I trailed them as I took in the elegant ambience of the large room. The lighting was even dimmer than in the library and provided only by candles. There were crystal wall sconces every few feet along the papered wall. Candles burned within the cut glass bells. Each table held two silver candleholders with slender tapers burning.

The tables were designed for two or four people. A single cut exotic flower in a silver flute adorned the linen coverings. There were several stemmed glasses per setting and I have never seen so many knives, forks, and spoons at each placing.

Martha’s table was recessed in front of one of the bay windows. There were two waiters to help seat the ladies who sat across from each other. I was seated with my back toward the window. This was my first opportunity to glance around the room.

There were only women seated! I was the only man! And they were stealing looks at me. Some conversing with their companions while their eyes stole glances toward our table. I blushed and looked down at my elaborate place setting.

“What is the matter Pet? You seem a bit out of sorts.”

“They’re all looking at me Ms. Howe.”

“Of course they are Pet. You do have such lovely green doe eyes. You really are quite beautiful...for a male.”

“I will probably need to write an apology for this you know.” Martha seemed quite adamant to apologize for God only knows what. “I don’t want this to be a precedent for future behavior.”

“A splended idea.” Ms. Howe smiled and nodded. She then turned toward me. “What do you see as you glance around the room?”

“There are only women seated here.”

“That is correct. What about the men who serve us dear?”

“They are all in formal attire.”

“That is also correct. This is a women’s club sweetheart. If a male is invited as a guest, or any male is in attendance, he should consider his presence as a very rare honor and must dress accordingly. Do you understand?” I nodded.

A waiter came to our table with the menu. The menu was continental with everything listed being written in French, Italian or Spanish. I knew none of these languages. He held it up on the table and explained each selection as he highlighted them with a small thin flashlight. Martha proceeded to order for herself. When my turn came, after Ms. Howe picked a dessert, I looked toward Martha.

There were no prices on the menu and everything seemed as if the price tag was more than I made in a day anyway. I was really in a quandary. Martha placed her hand over mine and I looked into her eyes.

“Poor Pet.” She crooned. “You don’t know what you want and everything is so confusing, isn’t it.” I nodded my head. “Let me order for you. I don’t want you to gorge yourself and lose your svelte figure you know.” Martha smiled quite coyly and Ms. Howe chuckled. Martha ordered the same thing she was having for me.

I must say that the dinner...the food...was the finest meal I had ever eaten. Though the portions weren’t large, indeed the soup, a cold tomato soup with various chopped greens and scallions I believe, was only a few spoonfuls. But the taste was so different and unusual that I was tempted to ask for a bit more. Martha told me it was called Gazpacho?

Martha or Ms. Howe explained each dish as it came and I observed which piece of silverware was being used. Oh my! The silverware was real silver. It was a colonial pattern with the forks having only three tines. And all the pieces matched! At the flatted end of each piece was an oval shape embossed with the S.O.S. lettering I had seen on the gate. A floral and vine pattern decorated the outer edge of the oval handle.

We had smoked trout next and then a palette cleanser of lemon sherbet. After having a bit of food in my stomach, Martha took the liberty of ordering another glass of wine for me. The ladies discussed various matters while I listened quite attentively. I found their familiarity so very interesting; almost as though they had travelled down a similar path.

They would defer to me on occasion though I had the feeling that I was being tested yet again to see if I was truly attentive. After our main course, a wonderfully tasty meat of some sort, Rose signaled to a waiter by raising her hand.

“Well children, I must be off. I have an early flight home in the morning.” She got up as the waiter pulled her chair and offered his arm at the same time.

I stood immediately and Martha slowly left her seat as I pulled her chair.

“I really wish you would make use of my home more. I really do love seeing you.”

“And I love seeing you Martha. Next time perhaps I will have more than a day.”

Martha came around the table and embraced Ms. Howe. Again they kissed one another on the lips. Pulling away, Ms. Howe took Martha’s hands in her thin fragile looking fingers. “Please think about what I told you child.” Then she looked at me, and back to Martha. “Perhaps this one will work out.” She turned toward me and spoke. “Pity you weren’t born one of us.” I received a very appraising stare. “Oh well.” Ms. Howe sighed.

Martha looked at me quite pensively. I blushed and looked down at her shoes.

“Do be well and do stay in touch.” Martha smiled warmly.

With that, Ms. Howe turned smartly on her toe and left the room. Martha returned to her seat and I waited till she was settled before reclaiming my own. I cleared my throat.

“Will she be alright going to where ever she’s staying?”

“She’s staying upstairs. I’m sure she will be just fine.” Martha laughed. “There are facilities for our membership. There’s also a spa upstairs.”

I blushed at my own inability to comprehend the nature of this place I was in. We continued with our meal, which included another very small salad with edible flowers; something I had never seen. A delicious dessert was followed with another glass of wine.

I was, by this time, feeling...good. Perhaps it was the wine, or simply having a good meal without feeling over stuffed, or simply I was finally at ease with Ms. Martha Grey. Whatever the reason, I felt, for the first time in days, like smiling.

Martha signaled our waiter and he came to assist her out of her seat. I had already risen and began to thank her quite profusely for the wonderful meal. She turned toward me and held up her hand, palm out, to silence me with a smile.

She then turned and walked toward the doors. I grabbed her attaché and followed in quick order. She smiled at one or two of the remaining diners and even stopped for a quick word with a couple seated near the door.

After bidding the maître de a good evening, we were out the doors, through the gate, and standing nearly curbside. I expected to see her car pull up momentarily. Martha suddenly turned to me and asked where I was staying at the moment. I told her where and of the squalid conditions explaining that it was the only thing I could find on such short notice.

“Good!” She chuckled and proceeded to cross the street with me following quickly behind. “I eat at the club whenever I’m free. That means you will be visiting again.” She didn’t turn around to address me; she continued to walk.

“Then I’ll need to purchase a tuxedo.”

“Yes. We will definitely need to modify the manner in which you choose to dress.” She laughed.

### ***“Bonding”***

**I** followed Martha down the street till she stopped in front of another rather sizable town house. She turned toward me as I just caught up.

“Here.” She hand me a small set of keys, holding it by one specific key. “I expect you to always open doors for me.”

There was a mischievous glint in her eyes and a crooked half smile on her face. As I was about to grasp the particular key Martha was holding, they appeared to slip from her grasp and fell to the pavement. I bent my knees and retrieve the set holding the key to her home.

“Good. You’re much more observant than the last one.” ‘The last one’ I thought???

She smiled and proceeded up the several steps to the huge double oak doors. I was directly behind her and, after turning the key in the lock, pulled the door open by its elaborately engraved polished brass handle. Martha’s very large bald headed driver met us at the door.

“A guest for the night?”

“I’ll take care of it Mr. Stone.” She smiled and patted him on the shoulder as she walked past.

“Will you need me this evening?”

“No...” Martha began to ascend the stairway. “...that’ll be all for tonight. Enjoy your weekend.”

I followed closely behind her as if there would be some protection in her wake. I didn’t look at her driver though I know he followed me with his eyes. I could almost feel them boring into me with a look of disdain on his face.

Across the stone tiled floor was a carved stone, I assumed marble, stairway that led up to the second floor. I followed Martha up the stairs, the Persian rug runners silencing our footsteps. I followed her down the hall toward the front of the building and through a double door into an antechamber. Martha turned to me and motioned for her attaché case. She placed it upon a small Queen Anne desk.

“These are my rooms.” ‘Rooms’ she said? Her antechamber was larger than my entire hotel room...including the bath! “Let me show you where you’ll spend the evening.”

I followed Martha back through the door way and down the hall to the opposite corner. There she opened the door into a really lovely bedroom. A queen sized four post bed was on the wall opposite two windows that looked out into the back yard of the town house. There was a bathroom, which included a bidet, and a glass walled shower with several nozzles.

Martha opened an antique armoire, which held everything I would require for an overnight stay.

“The slippers are disposable. Here are extra linens should you need them. A towel...”

Martha went down the list of what was available.

“...and here are pajamas. Unfortunately they are a large. They are really for a man.”

She turned and looked at me...smiling. I was stunned and felt slightly humiliated at first. But oddly enough, I also felt the trembling throughout my body. In a very short time I had become accustomed to her insinuations and innuendoes though I didn’t ‘see’ them coming. And I also sensed something else; she wanted to tease rather than hurt.

My wife...soon to be my former wife...would take every opportunity to degrade and humiliate me in front of others; especially friends...mostly hers...and complete strangers. Usually her comments were quite hurtful and embarrassing. I could never understand why she chose to say the things she did other than to perhaps make herself feel superior and hurt me. Curiously it never occurred to me that this turned her on while failing to do the same for me.

Sure...her job paid better than mine. But I was the one to support her through schooling to achieve her position. I kept the apartment clean and actually attempted to make it a home. It was my devotion to her...my devotion to us...that kept us together during some fairly rough periods.

Very deep down inside, I think I had misgivings about our relationship from the start. But she was very convincing when speaking about ‘us’. Or perhaps I was rebelling against my dear mother who hated my wife with a passion that went far beyond anything rational that I could understand. But I was blinded by my love for this woman and I was convinced I couldn’t live without her (NOT).

Okay...Martha may have taken some liberties with me in Ms. Howe’s company but Ms. Howe seemed more like a very close family member to Martha...more like a mother. But the manner in which they spoke was more matter of fact than anything else. In the very few hours I have known Martha, she has shown me more consideration than my wife had in months!

Here I was in her home; a very luxurious home. And she was seeing to my well-being with the care not shown to me by anyone before other than my mother. My 'beloved' wife never feted me as well or with as much sincerity. And I am sure that Ms. Howe, in an unspoken language between the two ladies, had approved of me.

"I expect you to cleanse yourself, put on these night clothes, and come to my chambers in...oh...say twenty minutes." Martha reached out her hand and gently grabbed my chin. Looking me directly in the eyes, she spoke. "Do you think you can do that for me?" She cooed with so innocent an expression; wide eyed and smiling.

There was definitely a questioning in her voice. It was sometimes hard for me to tell. In truth, I don't think Martha cared whether she was stating or questioning or how I received what she said. I nodded my head.

"Good!" And she abruptly turned left the room.

**I** stood outside of her suite knocking on the door. I felt rather foolish because the pajamas literally swam on me. They were a bit too long, I needed to cuff the bottoms and the sleeves. And the shoulders were several inches too wide. My hair was wrapped in a towel because I couldn't find a blow drier and I didn't want to drip excess water onto the very fine silk garments. At least the slippers hid my feet. My toe nails were colored a frosted pink; one of the advantages of living alone?

I mean, if I had to leave because of my 'other love', dressing, then I was going to indulge to the fullest. I didn't have much of anything back home and therefore had to use Karen's things. Now that I was truly out...of the apartment...of the relationship...I could certainly follow my destiny; right?

A quandary...what to do! I heard no sound or permission of admittance. I stood for a moment and knocked again. Nothing! The moment of another truth had arrived. I slowly opened the door and peeked inside to find the door to her bedroom was closed as well. Small wonder she couldn't hear my knocking.

Entering her ante room, I took a moment to look around. The room was a reflection of Martha in many ways. I was also reminded of the décor of the 'club'. Wood flooring, fine Persian rugs, subdued lighting and no white walls seemed to be the general theme.

A fine oil portrait of some distinguished looking gentleman with a young girl hung over her Queen Anne desk. Etchings and drawings decorated the other walls. There was an upholstered carved wooden settee. A cream striped beige material matched the desk's chair and the two regency arm chairs that rested cattycornered opposite the settee. There were several lawyers' bookcases housing leather clad tomes.

I knocked twice on her oak double doors. This time there was a reply and my life would change forever. I entered the room, closing the door behind me, and again glanced around. A great four posted king bed occupied the wall directly in front of me. Linen curtains hung from three sides and were pulled back against the posts. The head and foot boards were elaborately carved.

At the foot of the bed rested a hope chest that ran the width of the bed. Atop it rested what had to be a custom designed cushion that matched the furniture in the ante room. Two night chests were placed on both sides of the bed though only one had personal items resting atop it. She slept on the left side.

Martha's Louis Quatorze vanity was an amazing piece. Its gilt edged wood, oval cut glass winged mirrors gave a perfect three sided view including neck and shoulders down to the upper chest. There



were a multitude of carved and curved drawers on the left and right sides. The center drawers were shallower but replicated the two sides. The drawer pulls were polished ivory and brass and the top surface was veneered inlays creating an intricate pattern in wood grain.

The matching chair was a wooden armed piece with cushions that tied to the back and the seat. The material, as did all else in her rooms, matched the cushion on the mammoth hope chest. There was a small round top table and two arm chairs in one of the bay windows and a constructed three piece bench and accompanying table in the other. An armoire even more elaborately decorated accompanied a mirrored bureau and a stone topped side board. Everything bespoke wealth and taste down to the choice of wall hangings.

The room was gorgeous but nothing other than her scent in the air was distinctly feminine; save the vanity. This could have been anyone's bedroom; male or female. Martha came walking out of her bathroom and immediately upon seeing me began to chuckle.

"Oh dear...you ARE quite the sight." Martha continued to chuckle as she put her palm over her mouth and eyed me from toweled head to slippered feet.

Martha looked stunning in her simplicity and, in spite of my embarrassment, I could not avert my eyes from her. She wore a pearl pink night gown of lustrous material. A very delicate lace collar fell to a 'vee' shape that accented her small breasts. I could see her nipples creating small zeniths atop the mounds that pushed out against the satiny material.

She wore a matching vestment that covered her arms and created an almost wing like effect as the material draped down. There was a cord belt that tied the two sides together though she let them fall open. Martha looked more like a priestess than a corporate executive as she walked toward me.

"Yes. I knew those pajamas would be too large on you. But I see you made due." Her skin looked radiant and fresh and held the aroma of some overnight preparation of some sort. "And what is that on your head!" Martha giggled this time and her eyes were full of mirth. She was enjoying the moment and, though it was at my expense. "Come with me. We must attend this hair business immediately."

Martha extended her hand to me. I grasped it gently and let her lead me into her bathroom.

"I expect to attend to this only once." Martha admonished me as though I was a child. "I will always expect you to be presentable...even in as familiar and casual situation as this."

Martha's bath room was larger than my apartment! And much more of her, I believe, was exhibited in its décor. Her shower was glass enclosed across one half of its entry way. The walls were tiled in a pastel colored tropical mosaic motif. The floor in the shower was a plethora of different blues representing the sea. There were, of course, multiple water jets.

Martha's tub was a raised sculpted stone and tile conglomeration with enough room for two people. There were, of course, Jacuzzi jet ports. Directly across from the bath was a stone topped counter and a mirror lined wall. Each section of mirror opened to reveal storage space. There were two sinks with golden fixtures and space for two stools that slid beneath the counter top.

After having me sit on one of the stools, Martha opened one of the mirrored wall cabinets and removed a spray bottle with a clear fluid inside. She sprayed the very pleasant smelling mist onto my head and vigorously massaged it into my hair.

“You have very thick hair. It’s a bit too long though and you do need to have it...styled.”

I was enjoying the feeling of her finger tips and barely heard what she had said. But I nodded understanding that I needed to have it trimmed at the very least. Martha wiped her hands on the towel and opened a drawer above my lap. She removed a blow drier and, after plugging it in, set the switch for cool and handed it to me.

“Here sweet heart, dry your hair. Simply comb it out and straight back for now.”

‘Sweet heart’; that’s what my mother called me among other endearments. I did as she asked. Apparently the misting was something to condition and untangle my ‘mop’. Martha washed her hands and then retrieved a porcelain bowl from the linen closet by the door. She then took out a box and poured a cup of crystals into the bowl.

“When you’re finished, run the water until it is very hot. Then I want you to fill the bowl. I need to soak my feet so make sure the crystals are fully dissolved. We can speak at the same time.”

Martha then grabbed several bath towels from the closet and a bottle and exited the bath room. I finished drying my hair and did exactly as she requested. As I stirred the water carefully I could smell the delightfully floral fragrance the mixture was giving off. I also felt my fingers being coated with some kind of soothing and slippery substance.

When I re-entered the bedroom, carefully carrying the bowl filled a bit more than half way with the fragrant solution, Martha was seated in front of the hope chest in an arm chair. Spread out at her feet was one towel with two others rolled up alongside. I placed the bowl down and heard her sigh and saw her smile as she slowly placed her feet in the water.

There was a wheeled hassock facing Martha alongside of the spread towel. I took that to be for me and I sat down upon it. Martha’s eyes were closed and the look of exquisite pleasure rapidly over took her face. She smiled ever so slightly as she wiggled her toes in the water. I watched her perfect feet with their wiggling rose colored nail polished digits as Martha rested her head against the winged back chair.

“I’ve been looking forward to this all day!” She giggled, eyes still closed. “This relaxes me. What relaxes you Pet?” I had no easy answer. I really don’t believe she expected any. “Your resume was quite an interesting read.” She opened her eyes and continued. “Not for what it informed of I’m afraid; but for what it didn’t.”

I barely heard a word as Martha sat up. She hitched up the hem of her gown to just above her knees. I was so deeply mesmerized by her feet. I so wanted to touch them, to caress them, to cuddle her toes with my hands...and my face.

I had done so for my wife though she thought it a bit...strange. I had this tendency to fixate upon different parts of her body. I remember once being so enrapt with the curve of her thigh that I caressed and hugged and licked the two areas for nearly fifteen minutes before moving on to another spot of...interest?

To me it was making love and not simply sexual fulfillment. It was how I wished to be touched more than what she necessarily desired. I would savor her in the manner I wished to be savored. I was abruptly shaken from my...daze...by Martha’s throaty voice.

“Do you have any questions thus far? You know that I have interviewed seven others this month and none have met my requirements...or my expectations.”

Martha opened her eyes to look into mine. Her eyes appeared to be glazed over; no doubt from the sensuous foot bath. I tore my eyes away from her feet, their image forever burned into my mind, to return her stare through my own glazed over eyes.

“May I ask what position I’m being considered for?” A fair and innocuous question I thought.

“Well...” Martha chuckled and paused. “It’s about time for that one I suppose.” She rotated her head as if attempting to work out a kink in her neck. “I am looking for a personal executive assistant.”

“A secretary?” I tried not to sound too shocked. This was not how one went about interviewing for that.

“Secretary sounds so very...plebian dear. The position requires so much more than merely keyboard and phone skills.” She smiled wryly. “Indeed it pays more than twice what you currently earn and has...how shall I put this...” She gazed off to the side in thought. “...certain perks?” Martha leaned forward in her chair and pulled the collar of my pajama top away from my body. “You appear to have no hair on your chest. Hmmm...” She leaned back into her chair.

I lowered my gaze to her feet again. I blushed and felt a bit heady. I certainly felt too overwhelmed to answer so I simply nodded my head. Martha continued to speak.

“There was a time when being someone’s personal secretary was a position greatly sought after; a position of importance and great honor.” Her voice and intonations suddenly became quite business-like. “You will be required to attend me constantly; business meetings, conferences, appointments and the like. There will be extensive travel involved so your passport, if indeed you even have one, must be current.”

Martha had my rapt attention again and I hung on every word she said.

“Your desk is in my office. You will be privy to all of my conversations and I expect you to take note of everything said. I will want your input so what I’m looking for is your honest opinion of the way things are said more than the factual content. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma’am.” I actually hugged my knees to my body and rested my chin on them. I was sitting a bit lower than Martha but I wanted to hear every word she was saying and I watched her mouth as well as her eyes. My heels rested on the edge of the hassock.

“Good. You will attend my luncheons, dinners, breakfast meetings...everything. You will, in effect, become an extension of me. Do you think that suits you?” Her expression remained constant; that wicked smile and penetrating gaze.

“Yes ma’am.”

“Good. You will also attend to my personals needs; the details. You will make the reservations for whatever I might require and see to my packing should a trip be involved. If I am working in the middle of the night, I may require you to be present. This position is twenty-four seven. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Well...we’ll see.” Martha chuckled. “The water has cooled. Take the basin into the bath and empty it...carefully. It is antique and porcelain does chip so very easily.”

Martha removed her feet from the basin as I bent to lift it. She rested her feet in the center of the towel and drew both sides over to cover them. I replaced the basin in the closet after rinsing it and returned to the hassock. As I sat down, Martha handed me one of the folded towels and a cruet of viscous liquid.

“I wish you to massage this into my feet while we speak. And yes...” She added before I could even comprehend what had just been asked of me; “...this is part of the job description.” Martha chuckled and arched one eyebrow. “Mind you don’t soil those pajamas!”

As if in a daze, I spread the towel over my lap. As I uncorked the cruet, Martha patted her feet lightly and wrapped them in the towel. She then handed me a pair of nightshades that were tucked behind her in the fold of the upholstered chair.

“Put these on dear. In spite of what you might be thinking, I am a modest person by nature.”

I put the nightshades on. Now I sat in total darkness, which disoriented me for an instant.

“Good.” Martha then placed her feet on the top of my thighs a few inches up from my knees. “Move a little closer dear.”

I slowly wheeled the hassock closer with my feet until she bade me to stop. Now her feet were only inches from the point where my thighs joined my hips. I carefully covered her feet with the sides of the towel while holding the cruet and its top. ‘One foot at a time’ I told myself.

I poured the oily lotion into my hand. It was very warm to the touch and quite fragrant. I removed one side of the towel and applied the concoction to Martha’s right foot. I heard her moan with pleasure as I used both hands to spread the substance over and around her foot.

I can’t begin to describe how incredibly sensuous it felt to feel her flesh slide through my fingers as I began to work the lotion into her foot. The aroma was floral and herbal. I felt myself becoming excited and erect. I had to distract myself lest an ‘accident’ occur? I didn’t want to think of what would happen should I ‘soil’ the pajama bottoms with an emission. Fortunately Martha distracted me.

“So...Pet...do tell me what it was like growing up with...‘mmmommy’.” Martha chuckled. She drew out the em.

I heard the rustling of fabric as Martha asked her question. It was difficult for me to concentrate on my answer whilst in the midst of caressing her delicate petite treasure. An image of her foot, complete with my hands, was embedded in my mind. So I simply began to ramble.

I spoke of growing up as a single child in a fatherless household and of how much of an influence my mother was on me. I unburdened myself of many little secrets such as how she always chose the clothes I wore and she always purchased them without my consent or approval.

“And how did that affect you sweet heart?”

“I didn’t own a pair of jeans until I went off to college. And even then I had to leave them in the dorm when I returned home. She probably would have tossed them out otherwise.”

“Did you have any girl friends in high school?” I blushed.

I had plenty of girlfriends in high school. After all, I was ‘safe’. Nothing would ever happen on a date with me. I would get a call from so-and-so on Friday afternoon. She was doing nothing and wondered... Martha giggled as I told her of my ‘great romances’. I began massaging her other foot.

“And I would image college proved no different.” I felt her leg tense and her breathing become deeper. “At least not until you met her. Is that right?” I felt her feet twitch in my hands.

“Yes.”

“Let’s see... She met you at some party that anyone could attend; even someone such as yourself.” I don’t understand why Martha said such a thing; ‘anyone could attend’, ‘such as yourself’, but she was right. “She found you. She isolated you from anyone you might have been with or known. She got you drunk; maybe you both smoked a bit of pot? Then she took you to her place...” A tear fell from my eye as she pinned her butterfly to the board.

“She either had a single room or a private bedroom in some off campus housing. Then she fucked you. She permitted you to spend the night even though you probably came immediately after entering her.”

I shuttered at how accurately, and how very coldly, Martha described almost exactly what had occurred. And I actually came as I entered her...much to my horror.

“She comforted you about your...less than adequate performance. She told you there would be other times. She told you she wanted to see you again. She told you everything you wished to hear. Isn’t that so?” Martha giggled.

“Yes.” I whispered. I was so...stunned...that Martha perfectly described how Karen...trapped me? I was more than stunned; I was humiliated that I was so easily used by Karen.

“Don’t tremble dear. Concentrate on what you are doing. We must discuss these things you know. We must trust one another and I expect to trust you as if you were one of my dearest friends.”

Martha’s voice was soft and throaty. She spoke in almost a drone as if she was reciting a mantra. I felt her toes arch upward and I massaged her soles. Then they curled downward and I rubbed the top of her foot. Martha moaned in sensual delight. I could feel her trembling though not for the same reason I was.

“Yesss...” Martha hissed the word. “I want to know all your secrets; all your dirty little sins. And perhaps I may even tell you some of mine. Would you like that Pet?”

“Yes.” My voice was a hoarse whisper. I cannot ever remember myself being as excited...and erect...as I was now! Martha was overwhelming me and I felt like a dam holding back an overly flooded river.

“Did your mommy punish you when you were...wicked?” Martha whispered to me.

“Yes...” I softly croaked.

I felt tears well up in my eyes and I wasn’t sure whether it was from those memories, or this sensually torturous game Martha was playing. In truth...I never wanted it to end! As badly as I wanted a climax...a conclusion...some part of me wanted it to go on forever; eternal foreplay.

“Well Pet? I’m waiting.”

“If she was angry, if I had done something really wrong, she would spank me with her hair brush. It was embossed silver with boar’s hair. She had a pair of them. Sometimes she would simply slap me or make me go without dinner. Sometimes she would make me stand in the corner facing the wall...”

I went on to describe several more methods of punishment. I prattled on and on as if something within me had broken and this flood of abuses and abasements came rushing out from my past.

“Did she spank you with your pants down? Was your butt exposed?”

“Yes.”

“Over her knee?”

“Yes.”

“Did you become excited? Did your little... ‘dickie’ get hard?”

I heard her take a very deep breath and hold it. She let it out with a long soft moan. Harder to believe I was being asked such things is that I was willingly answering them. I had stopped massaging her feet and simply held them in a firm grip. My tears flowed beneath the blinders and I began to sniffle as my nose stuffed.

“Don’t cry sweet heart.” Martha reached out with her hand and softly stroked my cheek. She gently took my chin in her hand. “I’m not going to hurt you. Wipe your nose.” She handed me tissue and I let loose of her foot to blow my nose. “You still haven’t answered my question Pet.”

Martha took the towel from my hand and I felt her wiggle her toes indicating that I should begin to caress her feet again. I thought back to those times when I was spanked. They were rare events indeed but the memory lingered.

“Yes. I would become erect; I got excited. She would capture my...dick...between her thighs and hold it there while she paddled me with her brush.”

“Did you soil yourself? Did you spurt all over her thighs?”

“She wouldn’t allow something like that. I can’t even image how angry she would have become. I was forced to control myself. It was so very difficult.”

I heard the slight rustling of fabric again and Martha pulled her feet from my hands.

“That was very nice Pet. Well...I don’t believe in spanking or that kind of thing. I do believe in rewards though. You’ve done a nice job on my feet.” I began to remove the blinder. “No! Leave that on.”

I felt Martha’s hand on my face again, stroking my cheek. Suddenly there was a new aroma at my nose. It was her other hand. It smelled of her; her vagina! She held her hand beneath my nose for several moments as she stroked my cheek.

“You’ve been very good so far Pet. Do you like your reward?” I heard her giggle. I nodded my head as I inhaled deeply. “Get on your knees Pet.” Still with the blinders on, I got off the hassock and down on the carpeted floor. Martha handed me another towel. “Here sweet heart, put this under your knees to rest upon.”

I did as she requested. There was no way I could refuse her anything at that point.

“Move a bit closer to me...and sit back on your haunches...yes...that’s it.”

I knew I had to be within inches of Martha. I could sense her closeness; feel her body’s heat. There was suddenly the sound of cloth rustling and I felt something drop over my head.

“Don’t you dare touch me!” She hissed very adamantly. “Don’t you even think of it!”

I began to perspire slightly from her body heat. The fragrance of her arousal was in my nostrils. I felt the cloth shift a bit and then her aroma came wafting to my nose. I could not merely smell her, I could feel her moisture; her dampness. It was as if Martha had sent an electrical charge through my entire body! I

could feel the heat of her thighs on either side of my head as she rested them on my shoulders. I was instantly intoxicated.

“That’s it!” Martha crooned in her throaty voice. “I want to feel your breath on me. Breathe deeply my Pet. Take me in you with every breath. Make me a part of your being; your heart and your soul. Give yourself over to me...completely.”

I had to put my hands down to steady myself lest I fall over. I have never been tested so sorely in my entire life. I couldn’t decide if this was torture or a preview of heaven. Everything seemed to swirl around me when she suddenly removed one leg from my shoulder and I felt her tap my scrotum with her toes. I could feel myself leaking fluid onto the silk pajamas.

“These are of no use to me dear. They are no interest to me at all.”

I thought I couldn’t get any more excited than I was...but I was wrong. She kept forcing me to higher and higher levels until I felt I couldn’t take any more. I felt like screaming out for her to stop this exquisite torture. I was perspiring beneath her night gown and I was beginning to swoon from the sensory overload.

“And this...” Martha stroked my penis through the bottoms with the ball of her foot and her toes. “...is pathetically inadequate for any real woman’s usage!”

She laughed as I exploded into the pajama bottoms. I had never felt a release like that before! I had enough presence of mind to at least fall back against the hassock as my entire being exploded into a million stars of light. The old ‘me’ had died.

“Do sit up sweetheart. You really must learn to comport yourself with a bit more...containment? Oh, and you may remove the night shades if you wish.” Martha giggled.

I did as she requested. I looked down at my bottoms, once my eyes became adjusted to the dimmed lighting. I felt as though I emptied a bucket into the fabric. Quickly my hands moved to cover what I had done. I have never spurted like that; with only the slightest of touches.

“No need for modesty at this point my Pet. I can see potency may be an issue from the small size of the spot.”

Martha chuckled at my discomfort and my embarrassment. I mean, who wouldn’t feel that way? But oddly enough, I still felt very excited simply from being in her presence. I found myself staring at her feet again. I couldn’t help myself. The object of my attention had been the object of my release. Martha took note.

“What is the matter Pet?” Martha’s voice was truly sympathetic in tone. “What is it you wish?”

A tear fell from my eye; and then another. But I wasn’t sad. Indeed I was totally elated! I had just experienced the most erotic and powerful, and fulfilling sexual experience I had ever known. And this imperious, regal, and powerful woman was responsible.

I bent from my kneeling position and grasped her sweet delicate feet in my hands. I lowered myself rather than lift them till my lips touch first one and then the other. I then placed my cheek against them as if I was cuddling them, and they me. I felt Martha’s fingers run through my hair.

“I think you’ll do.” She chuckled as she caressed my hair and then my cheek. I raised myself up to a kneeling position. “Yes...” She smiled. “I think you’ll do just fine.”

### ***“Dress to Impress!!”***

The plaintive sounding of a cell phone on the night stand woke me. I picked it up to shut it off and noticed the time was eight-thirty. The prior evening was the best night’s sleep I’d had in more than a week though it took me awhile to rest my mind. I thought, and dreamt, of nothing but Martha.

There was a sealed envelope beneath the phone. I sat up in bed and took the envelope in hand. The stationary was off white; buff colored. There was weight to the envelope. ‘Pet’ was written by hand on the outside. The ink was brown and appeared to be written with a fountain pen. I opened the envelope and slipped out a color matched folded sheet of paper.

“Dear Pet,

I have set forth a busy schedule for you today. My driver, Mr. Stone, will chauffeur you to the locations and await your return. Do not shave this morning. Your schedule is as follows:

1. A visit with my personal stylist Ms. Sarah Taylor at nine-thirty. You will need a new wardrobe for your position. Do not keep her waiting!
2. A visit to my hair stylist. Your mop needs some work. This will be a long appointment so do find something to bring with you to eat during the day.
3. You will vacate your room at where ever you are staying. I would suggest you rid yourself of everything disposable. You may start with your clothing. If you have a personal computer, you will turn it over to Mr. Stone.
4. You have a four o’clock appointment with my personal physician. She is a member of my club and you will treat her accordingly. You may regard any request she makes as if it was from my lips.
5. You will obey any request Mr. Stone might have as if it was from my lips. He will not repeat himself and I strongly urge you not to test his tolerance; he has none at all!
6. You will keep this cell phone with you at all times. If there is any change of plans; if you get trapped in an elevator; if traffic is heavy; if there is an earth quake; you will contact me immediately. Press the number one and the green button. You will have speed dialed me. There will be no acceptable excuses for you not keeping me informed of your activities at all times!
7. I will meet you at the club for dinner this evening at seven. Do dress accordingly and do be on time.
8. If you have any questions, call me immediately.

I realize that this schedule, and my requirements, might appear stringent. But please let me assure you that everything I ask of you is quite important and necessary. You will need to trust me more than you have ever trusted anyone in your life. Oh, by the way, the chamber maid’s name is Sophia and her sister’s name is Ilana. Should you require any assistance you can speed dial ‘three’ on your phone. Try to enjoy the day.

Truly,  
Martha”



I sat in bed somewhat stunned by the tone of the letter. Her scent was still in my nose; in my mind. The prior evening's events came rushing back to me. I brought the paper up to my nose. It was faintly scented; her cologne. I instantly became aroused.

I looked at the phone in my hand and realized that I really didn't have much time to get myself together. I returned the letter to the envelope, hopped out of bed, and placed the envelope into my inside jacket pocket. I had to get moving, and quickly!

I quickly showered; towel dried myself and donned my clothing. I stopped for a quick inspection of myself in the bath room mirror. As I gazed into my reflected eyes and hastily combed back my hair. I wondered if I really knew what I was doing.

And what was I doing? Martha was taking complete control of my life, which, I might add, I had gladly given her. I donned my jacket, clipped the phone to my belt, and hastened out the door. I ran down the stairs and into the foyer. Through the frosted etched glass doors I could see Mr. Stone standing beside the car.

Rushing out the front doors, I smiled and greeted Mr. Stone a good morning. He opened and held the rear car door for me. I entered and took my place in the seat behind his. Mr. Stone, instead of closing the door, half followed me into the back. He looked into my eyes; his baby blues were both cold and...lifeless; and spoke.

"If you dare upset Ms. Grey..." His voice was so deep and gruff that it resonated through every part of my being. His face was a mask of fury as he pointed an index finger that must have been the size of my wrist, into my face. "...I'll break your fuckin' neck! Are we clear!"

I managed to squeak a yes and nod my head rapidly. He slowly backed out of the car never breaking eye contact with me. After closing the door, he walked around to the driver's side and entered the car. I slowly extricated myself from the depths of the leather covered far corner of my seat. I sat quietly with my hands folded on my lap as we pulled from the curb and began our journey.

"Inside the center console is a glass of fruit juice, some toast with fixings, and a coffee. You'll find sugar and creamer in the refrigerator. I suggest you take advantage of what is there."

Mr. Stone's voice was more...civil...and controlled. He assumed, and very rightfully so, that his personal message was understood. And I certainly did believe his every word. Indeed...I believed that he would just have easily broken my neck and saved himself the trouble of waiting for a later date.

We stopped in front of a small building on Madison Avenue in the low sixties. Mr. Stone exited the car and opened my door. I muttered softly a thank you.

"She's on the third floor and she's expecting you." Mr. Stone put his huge hand on my arm. "Her name is Ms. Taylor. Just do as she says. When you're done, I'm number two on your speed dial."

I nodded, smiled, and uttered another squeaky 'thank you'. I felt so totally out of place in this man's company apart and aside from the fact that he threatened to kill me. Everything about him exuded super macho which his finely tailored suit couldn't disguise.

I entered the doorway noticing that there were several designer and custom tailor shops in the area. Taking the elevator to the third floor I felt myself trembling somewhat from the anxiety and

anticipation of the unknown. The door opened to a somewhat ambiguous open space with polished wood floors and very white walls.

A receptionist sat at a glass topped table resting on a chromed pair of pedestals. As I approached her, she didn't bother raising her eyes from some sort of magazine she was leafing through. I delicately cleared my throat to announce my presence; still nothing.

"I'm here to see Ms. Taylor?"

"Everybody wants to see Ms. Taylor." She still hadn't looked up at me. "God! The designs this year are so...trashy." It was a fashion magazine.

"Ms. Grey sent me?" That seemed to get her attention and she finally looked up.

"You're late!" She got up from her chair and stared at me as though I was a mess on the floor; a very unsanitary mess at that! "Follow me."

I couldn't help noticing the quirkiness of her dress mode. She wore black tights, a black spandex top, and what appeared to be electrician's boots; those big heavy clunky things?

She had several very unusual and interesting piercings in her ears, nose, lips, eyebrows, and God only knows where else.

We walked through a closed door into a wide and long loft space cluttered with design tables, mannequins, sewing machines and large work tables where materials were cut. There were several people busily at work. We walked through another set of doors to finally reach an office area. I followed the receptionist, who hadn't bothered to give me her name, through the last set of doors.

"Ms. Taylor? This is Ms. Grey's appointment." She said in a very bored sounding voice.

A very plainly clad woman looked up from something she was reading and, peering over her glasses, spoke.

"Go into the changing room and take off everything." Her arm pointed toward a curtained off corner of the office.

"My name is..." I held my hand out.

"You're late! If you were five minutes early we could have gone through the pleasantries. Next time be five minutes early. Now we are even later! Go...strip!"

I felt like I had just been admonished by my grade school teacher. I quickly went to the corner, pulled the curtain closed behind me, and took off everything save my boxer shorts, socks and my shoes. I left the corner and presented myself to Ms. Taylor.

She shook her head in exasperation and rolled her eyes.

"Do you understand the word EVERYTHING!!!" I immediately kicked off my shoes, removed my shoes, and, with great trepidation and embarrassment, dropped my shorts. Ms. Taylor smiled. I quickly hid my...privates with my hands. "No need for modesty dear. I assure you that we've seen it all before." She turned her head as she chuckled and shouted: "RAOUL!!! Bring the tape!"

A rather flamboyant Raoul entered the office with a tape measure necklaced. He seemed to almost shimmy his way to us with a big grin on his face.

“Well hello gorgeous!” He said giggling as he looked me over. Ms. Taylor eyed him with a frown. “Frosted pearl pink?” He giggled as he observed my toe nails. Shit!!! I had all but forgotten about that!

“This one is Martha Grey’s, honey. So act accordingly.” She shook her head and again expressed exasperation with a sigh.

Raoul’s attitude suddenly changed though his mannerisms remained the same. He started with my head size and slowly and, in a very pains-taking manner, worked his way slowly down to my feet. Carefully notating every location and measured size, he finally turned to Ms. Taylor.

“A six to eight.” He turned back to me and with a rather sleazy smile, and a sleazier wink, he said; “You lucky devil.”

He returned the tape to its place around his neck as I stood blushing and trying not to expose myself any more than necessary. Then Ms. Taylor turned to inspect me. She took her time as she looked me over from head to foot.

Then she required me to turn and she looked at me from the rear; then from the side with my hands down. And, of course, a three quarter view.

“Yes...” She hissed in a low voice as if talking to herself. “...I can see why she wants you.” I felt like property; as if a photo of me might as well have been there for her to address. “We’ll go for an...androgynous look in trousers and jackets, business suits and such; blouses in the vein of Martha’s tastes. Nothing too frilly and natural fabrics of course; silks, linens, cottons, wools...”

Ms. Taylor suddenly turned away from us and walked to her cell phone. She seemed to speed dial a number and conversed with someone out of our range of hearing. She evidently finished her conversation to her satisfaction and returned smiling. Without even a breath she again began to speak as Raoul took notes.

“Undergarments...” Undergarments? “...add a size in the ‘nearly there’ line. Do you know it?” She turned to Raoul who smiled and nodded his head. “Matching bikini’s in colors; rose, black, even patterned if available. And we’ll need to get something over to her home by late this afternoon, something suitable for dinner after work.”

Raoul actually turned paler than he already was.

“That’s not really much time.” He lamented in a whinny manner. I though he stomped his foot slightly.

Ms. Taylor removed her glasses and looked him in the eyes.

“Then why are you still here? Go over to Bloomie’s. Thigh highs will suffice; colors Raoul...think natural earth colors...and pastels.”

She then turned toward me.

“Get dressed dear and then we’ll have a little talk.”

She returned her glasses to the bridge of her nose and walked back toward a desk piled high with papers. I had been dismissed...at least for the moment. It took me no time at all to dress. I couldn’t wait to get out of the place. I had never been so uncomfortable or felt so very out of place in my life!

I walked back to where Ms. Taylor sat and waited patiently whilst she finished reading something in her hands. She glanced up and, upon seeing me, waved her hand toward a chair hidden amongst several stacks of boxes topped with bolts of fabric.

She looked intently at me as she leaned forward to interlock her fingers atop her desk. I was reminded of a college professor, looking at a student, and trying to find a way to express the fact that the wonderfully adventurous world of fast foods awaited that student's arrival.

"Let me see your hands." She held hers out to take mine. After a close inspection and a nod of her head she let mine go. This was the second time someone had asked to see my hands. She resumed her original position and gazed at me as if inspecting some sort of vile insect.

"I consider Martha Grey to be more than simply a good customer. I consider her to be more than merely a friend."

As if to underscore something of great importance Ms. Taylor suddenly began tapping the pad of her index finger upon the top of her desk; her nail making a clicking sound.

"I consider her to be my very own personal savior." Her face reddened and her brow furrowed. "I would take any...ANY...slight of her on your part very, very, personally. I would have no qualms about ruining the remainder of your life if that was ever to happen."

Okay...now I have been threatened twice! What could I possibly do to hurt one of the most powerful women in the city? Why was everyone so protective of her? If anything, I was the one in harm's way. I was more than slightly put off. But I had the good grace to sit quietly and acknowledge what she said with a nod of my head and the reddening of my face.

"She seems to be quite taken with you. She says you're special. Granted you are indeed quite lovely on the eyes..." Ms. Taylor sat back in her executive chair. "...but special?" She shrugged her shoulders and turned down her lip. "I simply don't see it. But then again I'm not Martha Grey."

Ms. Taylor got up from her chair and I took that to be my cue that we were finished; at least she was. She escorted me to the front of the loft and to the elevator. I pressed the number two on my phone and after two rings I heard Mr. Stone answer. I told him that I was on my way down.

Remembering what Martha had told me about my next appointment, and eating, I looked around for a deli or somewhere I could get something to go. Mr. Stone pulled up and swiftly hopped out to open the door for me. I was terrified to speak to him but I had no choice.

"Ms. Grey told me to bring something to eat at my next appointment?"

He surprised me. He smiled, closed his eyes, and nodded his head.

"Yeah...right. That's the long one. Tell you what...whenever you get hungry let me know and I'll get you something, okay?"

"Thank you very much Mr. Stone." I was nearly in tears over his sudden, and unexpected, kindness. "It is very nice of you to go through the trouble." I stood frozen in place.

"No trouble at all. We do need to get going." He ushered me into the back seat again, closed the door, went to get in his side, and we were off. I had spent nearly an hour with Ms. Taylor.

Now I must confess that sitting in silence and thinking about what had occurred up in Ms. Taylor's office had me more than a bit concerned and confused. Martha wanted me in thigh highs and bikini bottoms? And she wanted me in androgynous clothing, yet with a definite feminine look?

I felt my stomach turn over with the thought of being 'out' en femme and in the company of someone like Martha Grey. It was some sort of dream albeit a really strange one. But could I pass and did I really want to give my life over to her in that manner?

Martha could certainly afford anything, or anyone she wanted; so why me? Certainly she couldn't have been any blunter and up front about not being interested in me as a man. And I don't know that she expressed a desire to have the company of another woman because certainly I couldn't be that.

Yet she delivered the most intense, sexual experience in my life. And...she seemed to enjoy herself at the same time. I was more than a bit confused as we pulled up to a salon and spa between Park and Madison Avenues on Eightieth Street.

Once again Mr. Stone opened my door for me. I must admit that this was something I could become accustomed to. He even preceded me to the front door of the establishment and opened that for me as well.

A cornucopia of aromas struck me as I entered this unexplored world of beauty and sensual delight. The lighting was dim with show cases of various products being illuminated quite prominently. The reception desk was attended by a young woman who was not only well attired, but looked as though she belonged on the cover of a 'high' fashion magazine.

She smiled pleasantly as I nervously approached her station. I had abandoned the thought of giving my name after the last experience.

"Martha Grey arranged my appointment?" There was hesitancy in my voice and I'm sure a bit of quavering because...well...because I was as nervous as I'd ever been.

"Oh yes!" She smiled graciously as she looked at her computer screen. "We've been expecting you. My name is Liz." She handed me a clip board with several different forms and a pen. "Please fill these out and Celia will be with you in a moment or two."

Her smile was quite beguiling. It was open and honest as though having a man enter for an appointment was an everyday event. Maybe it was. After all...this certainly is the big city. I took the forms and sat in one of the cordovan colored leather armchairs and began to fill them out.

As I started reading and answering the questions, I realized that these were more like something I would fill out at a doctor's office than a salon. I was being asked for as complete a medical and personal history as any I have ever encountered. I was completely engrossed with the task.

"Would you care for some flavored water? We only use fresh fruit and can give you orange or lemon or plain cool water if you wish."

I opted for the orange flavor which was promptly provided. This was way different from the local barber shop back home. I sipped the water and enjoyed the slightly orangey taste. It took a few minutes to completely fill everything out. By the time I handed the forms to the receptionist, Celia had made her appearance.

We made our mutual introductions. Celia was very tall, very blond, and very athletically built. Her handshake was firm and strong. She was not young yet she looked...quite appealing to my eyes. Her entire being radiated vitality and energy. She wore maroon colored tights, a matching tee with the salon logo and white strap on sandals with what appeared to be excellent foot support.

I followed her through a door and she directed me to a changing room. I was told to take everything off and put on the supplied robe and slippers. Once I was done, I exited the room to find Celia waiting patiently for me, my forms in hand.

“We have several treatments planned for you today but I think we’ll start with a massage and an exfoliation. Would you like that?” Her smile was most beguiling. Her voice was soothing and gentle.

I wasn’t sure what an exfoliation was but the massage sounded absolutely delightful. Celia worked on me for more than an hour. She put different substances on my face and skin and scrubbed me thoroughly. After removing the remains with a hot wet towel, she began the massage.

Celia took her time and worked on every part of my body. She was kind and sensitive enough not to mention my toe nail polish.

“You have too much tension in your upper back.” She spoke as her powerful fingers worked around my shoulder blades. “You really need to simplify your life and maybe exercise more.”

Celia’s voice complimented the soft new world music coming from the hidden speakers. I stopped listening to her words and simply let the sound of her voice, and the music, carry my mind off to another place; safe, secure, and oh so comfortable. I fell asleep shortly after she had me turn over to do my front.

I was awakened by Celia’s gently shaking of my shoulder.

“Let me help you sit up.” She took my arm and helped me into an upright seated position on her table. She then handed me another glass of flavored water.

“We’re going to do your hair and nails next. We’ll let the oils I used work their wonders on your skin. This is the same product I use on Martha and I believe she has it at home as well.”

I knew the aroma was familiar. It was the same oil I used on Martha’s feet. Suddenly a thought occurred to me; Martha was walking me through her world, at least the one away from her office. I trembled with excitement at this understanding; she wanted me in her world.

Though I still felt a bit weak, and time was passing, I attempted to get up on my feet. I was so relaxed that my body revolted against the vulgar intrusion of physical exertion. Celia escorted me out of the massage room and down a hallway into another part of the building.

Once again there were private rooms on both sides of the hallway. Celia led me to a specific room and opened the door for me. Inside the room a salon chair, a sink, and all the accoutrements of a fine salon could be seen.

“Allen, Martha’s stylist, will attend you.” A concerned look crossed Celia’s face. “Are you alright? Would you like more water?”

“Perhaps...if you don’t mind...” I still felt a bit faint and...well...limp?

“Oh sure honey...what is it?”

“My driver is outside. He offered to arrange for me to eat something?”

Celia smiled.

“Of course sweetie...and I'll bring you some more to drink. Massage does that to people you know. It opens up all of the body's systems.” She smiled and closed the door.

I sat for only a few moments before the door opened again. In walked a middle aged man who introduced himself as Allen. He was a bit rotund, a bit flamboyant in his overly colorful Hawaiian floral shirt, and all smiles.

“I am so in love with Martha! I simply can't begin to tell. I pray that in my next life I can come back as her.” He chuckled as he readied his station for work. “Don't mind me but I do talk a lot. Martha doesn't listen but she doesn't seem to mind my chattering either. I hope you don't mind?”

I assured him that I didn't as he helped me rise from my seat and brought me to the only other chair in the room; the one turned back to the sink.

“This might all be new to you but just sit back and enjoy. I need to shampoo your hair first.”

Oh my God!!! This was different than my local barber. He washed my hair in perfectly warmed water and with very pleasant spearmint scented shampoo.

“Your hair is simply divine. It's so thick. We'll add even more lushness and luster to it today.” He began to massage the shampoo into my hair. I have never been on the receiving end of such a treatment and I savored every moment of it.

After a quick towel drying he assisted me back to the chair. Allen then turned me away from the mirror for a moment to look at me.

“Oh dear! You have gorgeous eyes. I think we'll frame your face. Hmmm...”

I looked up into his face as he took a moment to consider what he would do.

“Martha said the key words were easy, cute, and accentuating. I think we'll do a variation of a bob.”

I had no idea of what he was talking about but if Martha trusted him, then I had no choice but to go along for the ride. He set about his task by first combing my hair out. Then slowly and very painstakingly he began to snip away; scissors in one hand and comb in the other.

The entire time he cut, he talked; endlessly; incessantly. It was almost a mantra; something I could close my eyes to and simply let my mind wander. He also seemed to have the rhythm and key of the music that played softly in the back ground.

I am not really sure of how long it took him to complete his task. I lost track of the time but he did finally speak loud enough to alert me that the next phase of his treatment was upon us. It was back to the sink to once again wash my hair out.

And once again I was subjected to his marvelous fingers as they worked the shampoo, and then a conditioner, into my hair. I couldn't have been more relaxed at that point. This time he simply wrapped a towel around my head and patted my hair to remove the excess water.

Then it was back to the chair to have him blow dry what remained into shape. His hand dryer was set on cool and he blew and combed it from atop and from beneath. I was still facing away from the mirror and couldn't see what was done...yet. Allen finished his work with a straight razor along the back of my neck.

Finally he was finished. Allen turned my chair so that I faced the mirror. I was shocked. He had done sort of a wedge but with bangs ending just above my eye brows. I didn't quite know how to take this because there was no way, save gelling my hair straight back, that this could pass for anything other than a woman's hair style.

But...what was really disturbing was that he had cut my side burns shorter in length, but had not eliminated them! I looked up at him in distress.

"I understand that you're receiving a laser treatment today. It does work better if the hair is a little bit longer."

He sounded too sincere to be misleading me. I also remembered that Martha had given him explicit instructions of what was to be done; what she wanted done. Again I had to trust Martha; I had no choice at this point.

I looked from him to the mirror again. Allen provided a hand mirror so that I might see the back. It really did look good. In fact...it was perfect except for the fact that it was on me! I had no choice. I smiled and thanked him sincerely for all of his work as I did with everyone else that day.

Allen left the room and Celia returned. She had my lunch in hand; a seafood salad with a fresh fruit cup for dessert. I was also handed a carafe of their flavored water and a cup. She closed the door and left me in peace and solitude. I really didn't want to face anyone in my present half-finished condition. 'Laser treatment? WTF!!!' I thought as I wolfed down my lunch.

The next two ladies in were of Asian descent and they were going to give me my first real manicure and pedicure. They were no different than anyone else I had met here. They were very respectful and also didn't comment on my nail polished toes. I sat back in the chair and simply let them do whatever they had in mind. There truly is a great amount of comfort in surrender.

Nearly an hour and a half later, after a rigorous spat of filing and cutting, shaping, buffing, and stoning, they were finished; or at least I was. My finger nails were nicely shaped with a mere eighth of an inch nail extending past my fingers tips. I bore several coats of clear polish with a rose tint; only a hint of color.

My toes, however, were a deep brilliant red; something called red carpet frost? Whoever dreams these names up? Anyway, they were lustrous and the color looked so very deep and rich. The women had finished with a hard finish clear polish. I sat and bathed in the exquisite drawing feeling of the polish drying on my hands and feet and ate my meal.

I was left to these sensations, both physical and visual, for a few minutes when Celia once again came into the room. It was now time for the laser treatment; whatever that was. She escorted me up a flight of steps to the spa area. I was taken into a well-lighted room where a chair resembling something a dentist might have occupied the central space.



I sat for a few moments casually glancing around the room. This was more like a medical examination office with a supply of gloves, sanitizers, bottles of various types of lotions and potions and notions.

A woman entered the room dressed in scrubs wearing a white lab coat. She appeared to be middle aged with greying hair and glasses. She smiled pleasantly at me and introduced herself as Gloria.

“What we’re doing to do is remove your facial hair using light. We will first numb the area and cool down the skin. Then we will apply the laser to the areas where hair is to be removed. Immediately after we do an area, we will once again cool the skin down.”

“Is this like burning off the hair?” This seemed a reasonable assumption.

“Yes. It gets burned down to the root. You are a perfect candidate for this form of removal. You have very fair skin...” Gloria bent down to look carefully over the areas to be done. “...and you have very good skin tone I might add. But the fact that your hair is dark in coloration against your very fair complexion makes you perfect.”

“Will it hurt?”

“Not as much as other methods such as electrolysis. We can also do a much greater area. There may be some irritation afterward and perhaps a bit of swelling but the pain should be no worse than a sunburn and the swelling, if any, should be gone within two days or so.”

It def was going to hurt! I did not like the sound of this. My concern must have shown on my face. Gloria chuckled a bit and took off her glasses to speak.

“I’ve been doing this for twenty years and have never lost a client yet. I can also tell you that I’ve had this procedure performed on myself and it was well worth the time and discomfort AND...” She raised her voice for emphasis. “...I would do it again without even a second thought.” She smiled confidently.

I won’t put you through the misery of having my skin chilled, cooked, and chilled yet again. Nor will I go in vivid detail of how I appeared to gain ten pounds...all of it in my face. Nor will I go into how...’unusual’ a shade of red my face became. At least my blushing at every little thing would go unnoticed.

AND...half way through the procedure, I realized that I would be quite late for the doctor’s appointment! I also remembered that my phone was left in the changing room downstairs. I panicked! Majorly panicked! I stopped Gloria’s work and insisted that either I, or somebody else, needed to retrieve my phone.

Thank God for Celia! She entered the treatment room with a sympathetic smile and handed me the cell phone.

“It is so easy to forget time when you come here. That is part of our goal you know.”

I returned her smile with a knowing look on the outside and a look of sheer panic within. It was way too easy to forget time here. I speed dialed ‘one’ and prayed that Martha would understand. Martha answered

“Yes Pet?”

I trembled with excitement and fear when I heard Martha's voice. This was my first day of employment with her, though truly the day seemed to be all about me, and I have fallen short already.

"I'm afraid I will be very late to the doctor's appointment." I was verging on tears and I knew she must have sensed that from my quivering voice. "I'm in the midst of having my face burned off and Gloria still has a bit to do."

"Yes Pet. I know." She knows? Have they been giving her time stamped reports all day? I wouldn't be surprised. "I'm downstairs waiting for you. We'll see the doctor tomorrow so relax..." As if!!! "...and allow Gloria to work her magic. Believe me you will love the results."

Martha disconnected. I looked up at Gloria the way a bug must look up at the entomologist just before the pins are thrust into its body and wings. Gloria tried her hardest to give me a reassuring and confident smile. She nearly succeeded.

The work went on for another half an hour. When she was finished, Gloria immediately salved my face with a moisturizer containing aloe. The lotion came from a refrigerator and actually felt marvelous.

I was drained of all strength at that point. Gloria left me to rest in a reclining position on the chair. I felt faint; too faint to get up and off the chair anyway. I had no idea of how I would ever be able to get myself dressed and out of the spa.

I was awakened by a hand gently being placed upon my shoulder. Opening my eyes to a now dimly lighted room I saw Martha smiling down at me. I smiled back only to be reminded that my entire face pained me.

"Ah...t's the price we pay to be beautiful my Pet. Come, let me help you up. We do have a dinner appointment that is necessary."

I groaned as Martha took my arm and helped me into a sitting position. My clothing rested neatly folded on a chair with my jacket hung on the back. I attempted to speak only to feel as though the skin around my mouth would crack. Martha assisted me in dressing though I would have definitely preferred to shower first.

This time we rode an elevator down to the first floor, thankfully. Martha held my arm as we exited into the daylight and to her car. Mr. Stone again performed the honors of assisting us into the rear.

I was still somewhat stunned and dazed by the day's activities as Martha once again assisted me into her home, and to an elevator hidden behind the staircase. Once in my room, dear God...my room...she helped me to disrobe. I didn't even think about modesty as I sat on my bed and she removed my boxers.

Rather than hang my clothes up or fold them, Martha simply balled them up and tossed them into a waste basket alongside the writing table.

"You won't need these any more. Part of your new wardrobe has arrived." She smiled at me. Her voice was soft and gentle...and reassuring. "I want you to rest some more. But first have a shower and then we'll tend to your face."

I nodded my head.

“Would you like me to assist you?” Martha’s face showed real concern at my condition. “Yes. That would be the way. You sit here for a moment and mommy will bathe you sweet heart.” She chuckled as she hurried from the room calling for Sophia.

**L**eaning back in Martha’s tub was a sheer delight. The bubbles provided just enough coverage and the bath salts exuded a heavenly scent. My eyes were closed and a frozen face mask eased the burning of my skin.

Martha delighted in my new haircut and I actually derived pleasure in exhibiting my new manicure and pedicure. She sat beside the tub with a natural sponge and every so often she would dunk it and squeeze the water over my shoulders and back as I marveled at the glints of light flashing off my finger and toe nails.

I don’t know whether the stress of the day, or of the various tasks performed, had gotten to me but I found her company easy and comfortable. It was as though we had known one another for years and the fact that we were so very different, different backgrounds, different ages, made no difference in our moments.

Though clad in a robe and completely modest by nature, my nakedness didn’t seem, or feel, like an issue. When asked, I stood up from the tub to receive a large bath towel which she wrapped around me beneath my arms.

This was the first time I truly had an opportunity to see what had been done to me. When I looked into her bath room mirror, I was shocked at the appearance of my face and hid it with my hands as I began to weep.

“I can’t go out like this!” I wailed. “I can’t be seen looking like this.”

Martha gently took me by the shoulders and turned me toward her.

“You can and you will! We are going to a women’s club...MY club. It’s not unusual to see women with blackened eyes from procedures or faces reddened from acid washes. This is what we do so that we may be admired. And this is what we do for our own self image. Now tonight’s meeting is important and you must be there. It will be an early evening so...put on your big girl panty and deal with it!” Martha chuckled.

There was no anger in her voice; only insistence coupled with humor.

“You work for me now and you WILL go the extra step regardless of everything AND everyone around you. You will be strong and I will make you even stronger.”

Martha took the back of my head in her hands and pulled me to her until our foreheads touched. She looked into my eyes and smiled.

“You are very special but you must allow me to prove it to you. And remember...” Her smile broadened into a grin. “...if you please me, I do reward you.” I couldn’t help but giggle remembering my reward from the prior evening.

“Good. Now...come sit on the commode while I apply a bit of aloe to your face.”

When we returned to my bed room, I found a selection of clothing lying on the bed. Martha had chosen my attire for the evening whilst I soaked in the bath. I observed a silk pastel pink tank top, a pair of charcoal grey lightweight wool trousers, and a navy blue single breasted blazer with a decidedly feminine tailoring. A pair of cordovan pumps with a one and one half inch heel rested on the carpeted floor. ‘Totally preppy’ I thought. It was so...Land’s End except that the labels read Bloomingdales.

My under garments rested alongside the clothing; a pair of thigh high jet black stockings with a lovely and intricate laced top which obscured the silicon strips and a bra and panty set. I held up the bra questioningly. Martha chuckled.

“It’s an adult version of a trainer.” She smiled in a rather maternal way. “It’s strictly for shape dear. The cups are heavily padded and you obviously haven’t anything to fill them with...yet.” She laughed. “Sarah was kind enough to procure these inserts for the cups.” Martha placed a pair of flesh toned latex breast enhancers on my bed. “Now do dress quickly and I will help you with the rest.”

‘The rest’? I must admit I was a bit embarrassed. Martha was pushing me into what had formally, or at least for more than a few years, been a...well...a hobby...a fetish? My mother would dress me and she often allowed me the run of the house en femme complete with make-up. But I hadn’t been out dressed since I turned sixteen! And whatever did she mean by ‘yet’?

I joined Martha in her bedroom when I finished dressing. Everything fit simply perfectly. Martha smiled and looked everything over very carefully.

“She did a very fine job.” Martha said as she continued to look my over.

“I think Raoul did the work.” Martha laughed.

“Now there’s a piece of work for you. It may have been his feet that did the running but I assure you nothing left her shop before her personal inspection.” Martha walked to her armoire and opened the door. A full length mirror was hung on the inside of the door. “What do you think sweet heart?”

I stood before the mirror and gazed at my reflection. I liked what I saw. The trousers belled out slightly toward the bottom and the jacket nipped in at the waist a bit. I loved the pumps; especially with the laminated wood heel. As I turned sideways I noticed how the jacket’s breast extended out just enough to suggest small breasts. I smiled at what I saw.

“I think I love it.” I said softly and even managed a giggle.

“Good. I really am so glad. Now take your jacket off and let’s attend to your hair. The bath seems to have flattened it. I do love what Allen has done.”

I removed the jacket and carefully placed it atop the hope chest. I loved the feeling of the clothing. Everything...well...everything except for the bra...was so soft and comfortable. Anyway, off into the bath room we went. Martha once again sprayed my hair with her magic elixir and began to comb my hair out. Within a few scant minutes my hair resumed its shape and style.

She then quickly did my face, at least the parts that weren’t reddened by my laser ordeal. A bit of mascara, a quick brushing of slate colored eye shadow, and a pass of rose tinted lip balm completed my ‘look’ for the evening. Martha finished me off with a very short burst of her Eau de Cologne.

Martha was already dressed and primed for the evening so that the only thing required was our attendance at the club. I gazed at myself one last time in the mirror and thought that I would have looked fine if only my face wasn't so puffy and red.

I followed Martha out of the bedroom and down the stairs. I watched how she walked; how she moved; how her dress moved with her.

"I don't know how you do it." I know my voice held just a touch of sadness.

"Do what darling." Martha rarely asked a question. She more or less made a statement. There wasn't a question now.

"You always look so...elegant. You're always so...poised and... regal."

She stopped and turned enough to look over her shoulder and up at me. She smiled coyly as her beautiful gray eyes penetrated my soul.

"How gracious of you to say such a thing." I think she was actually pleased. She kind of stared off for a moment in deep thought, chuckled for a moment, and then continued her descent. I followed.

Martha linked arms with me as we walked the short distance to the club. She smiled and chuckled to herself.

"I cannot begin to tell you how pleased I am that you're doing this. I half expected you to fold over the course of the day."

"I almost did but I didn't want to disappoint you." I had to be honest with her. It was a very physically and emotionally trying day.

The doorman opened the gate.

"Good evening ladies."

My God! So far so good! Martha returned his greeting as he opened the door to the club for us; again the S.O.S. lettering being an enigma to me. The maître de came rushing up to also greet us.

"Good evening Ms. Grey. Good evening Ms..." He eyed me with a curious mix of question and embarrassment for not knowing my name. Perhaps I resembled someone he had recently seen?

"Russell." Martha answered. "Ms. Russell. You must excuse her. She has a throat ailment and must speak at a whisper." A pained expression crossed his face.

"I am so sorry to hear that." I almost believed him. "Your table is ready Ms. Grey and Ms. Watson is already seated.

Martha acknowledged him with a nod as he turned to lead the way. I barely drew a stare this time. While still linked arm in arm, Martha would nod at one party and blow a kiss to another. She stopped twice to say a few words to one woman sitting alone. I stood at her side and smiled.

Now I knew what being arm candy was all about. This was all about Martha and I was merely an accessory, a living bracelet. As we approached the table I noticed a blond haired woman already seated. That, of course, would be Ms. Watson. She got up from her seat when she noticed our approach. Martha let loose of my arm and preceded me. They embraced and kissed.

"Joan! I am so very happy to see you. You look splendid tonight. How have you been?"

Martha was so animated as she spoke. She was on stage and doing her performance as the Mistress of Ceremony.

“I am very well; very well indeed.” Joan sat, totally ignoring me.

The two of them exchanged pleasantries for several moments before Martha introduced me.

“And this is Ms. Russell.” Martha emphasized the ‘Ms’. Turning toward me, Ms. Watson spoke to Martha.

“And is Ms. Russell in need of my services?” Her green eyes seemed to light up as she spoke. I could sense something very predatory about her. Martha turned to me.

“Ms. Watson is perhaps the top litigator in Manhattan. She loves nothing better than to rip apart the opposition, and on rare occasions a judge, in a court of law.” Turning toward Ms. Watson, Martha continued. “In fact, she is a true tigress in front of a judge.”

“You know Martha...flattery will get you everything. I take it this is a pro bono job.” Ms. Watson laughed.

“Nothing in life is pro bono!” Martha laughed and went on to relate my situation. “Ms. Russell was thrown out of her home by her wife.” Ms. Watson looked at me and raised an eyebrow. “The wife, whose name is Karen, used Ms. Russell’s good services to put herself through law school. She is Ms. Russell’s senior by several years.”

“Is there any real property involved?” Or, in real people speak; is there anything of real value involved.

“I dare say that an apartment was purchased with a down payment by Ms. Russell and her name is on the mortgage as well as that of her wife.”

Ms. Watson looked at me and arched an eyebrow.

“So you’re still responsible for half the payments.” I nodded my agreement. Martha again spoke.

“The wife has already cleaned out the bank accounts.”

“No doubt.” Ms. Watson chuckled. “So...we’re looking for a divorce, a relief from the mortgage, in fact all debt that was incurred during the marriage, and perhaps a pound of flesh?”

“No...perhaps only an ounce or two will suffice. Certainly any court costs and, of course, lawyers fees.” Martha smiled wickedly.

Now Ms. Watson smiled.

“I think that all can be arranged.”

“There is one thing...” Martha smiled very wickedly. Ms. Watson raised a brow again. Evidently Martha always had a catch or two to any task requested.

“What is it this time?” Ms. Watsons asked with a laugh.

“The papers need to be filed with the plaintiff’s name of Peter Andrew Russell...” Both eyebrows shot up this time. She hadn’t noticed my gender! Not even at this close a distance! “...and the plaintiff’s address will be my residence.”

Ms. Watson looked at me with surprise; both eyebrows still arched. She burst out laughing as the waiter came with Martha's customary cocktail and a glass of white wine for me. I hadn't even noticed her ordering mine.

"Martha...dearest...you are positively wicked!" Ms. Watson took a sip of her cocktail. She turned toward me. "You must be pretty special to have Martha's attention. But then again Ms..." She emphasized the 'Ms' this time. "...Russell, Martha is pretty special herself. I have just the person to deal with this. She's a junior in the firm...tenacious...worse than me in the day. She has been known, on more than rare occasions, to squeeze blood from a stone! She would love this one as a challenge."

"Sounds like my kind of woman!" Martha laughed.

"Well dear..." Ms. Watson chuckled with a lurid smile on her face and whispered: "...I saw her first." They both laughed.

I was very impressed that Martha was going through all of this trouble for me...ME! She was attending to all of the things that I couldn't even begin to deal with. I felt guilty. All I had done was have dinner with her and rubbed her feet. True, no doubt she had plans for me but I could determine nothing unreasonable about our...situation...thus far. That is if you discount the fact that my own mother probably wouldn't recognize me at the moment.

## **"The Sisterhood"**

We had dinner and Martha and Ms. Watson spoke to each other for the most part. I was lost in my own thoughts. Every so often I would watch them interact and relish the fact that these two powerful and important women could converse about subjects as far flung as world politics, art, the economy, their own carnal desires AND, of course, the latest gossip. There was no pretense; each knew the other as if they were sisters that had grown up together.

Hmmm... Sisters...Sisters of Something...S.O.S. Perhaps I was indeed getting close to an answer for the question I'd yet to ask; if I had the courage to ask.

We walked back to Martha's home in an easy silence, her arm around my waist. Her eyes were cast down toward the pavement and an enigmatic smile was affixed on her face. I felt that her mind was somewhere totally different than here in the heart of Manhattan.

Martha once again handed me her keys and I opened the door for her. Once inside the town house, Martha turned to me, still smiling.

"Feeling a bit better Pet?" Her brows arched. Indeed I was. "Let's go upstairs and change out of these clothes. My footbath is a nightly ritual. Might I suggest one of your new night gowns...and don't forget to keep you panties on." Her expression turned more serious. "We can't have an accident on one of my rugs you know." She chuckled and began her ascent up the stairs with me in tow.

I disrobed and returned the clothing to the closet and the armoire. I really hadn't had time to glance through the clothing items delivered but a good portion of the armoire was filled with various things including several night gowns.

The gowns were very similar to the one Martha had worn last evening. They appeared to be long and a combination of silk and lace. All were pastels; rose, blue, blush, a taupe shade, and ivory. The detailing was not quite as fine as Martha's but the labels were all Bloomie's.

I took the ivory colored piece and slipped it over my head. The feeling of the soft shiny fabric sliding down my body was delicious; a very gentle teasing of the senses as it flowed down to mid-calf. Bravo Raoul!

I padded back to the closet to see if any sort of footwear might be available. A simple pair of fleece lined moccasins looked perfect. Cozy and comfortable; I delighted in watching my newly painted toes nails disappear into the soft embrace of the leather and fleece.

I loved the totally sensuous feeling of the silk flowing gently as I walked to Martha's chambers. I rapped lightly on the door. Hearing no response I opened the door and walked into her ante chamber without a second thought. Her bedroom door was opened so I called out to her.

"Martha?"

"Come in Pet."

I walked into the bathroom. Martha was seated by the basin applying some lotion to her face. She turned and gazed at me with a smile.

"You look very nice in that gown. Do you like it?"

"Yes. It feels wonderful." I giggled.

"Well good than. Come stand behind me dear."

As I moved directly behind her and into view in the mirror, I couldn't help gazing at my image in the mirror. I was beginning to really like the hair style I was given. I also noticed a slight reduction of the redness on my face.

"If you don't mind dear, take these and brush out my hair for me?"

Martha smiled as she handed me a pair of silver handled brushes quite similar to those my mother used. I trembled as I took them from her hands. A flood of memories, both good and not so good, came rushing into my mind as I held the brushes.

"Just brush straight back. I enjoy the sensation on my scalp. I find this quite stimulating."

I began to do as she requested; applying the strokes hand over hand and luxuriating in the feel of her hair. It was so very soft and lustrous. I did this in silence for several minutes moving the brushes along her head.

"So tell me Pet. Did you ever do this for your...mommy?" Martha smiled slyly as she emphasized 'mmmmommy'. She giggled. I nodded my head with a smile.

I often brushed my mother's hair. I also massaged her feet which is why Martha so enjoyed my ministrations to hers.

"And what else do you do for your...mommy." Martha again emphasized 'mmmmommy'.

"She taught me how to polish her toe and finger nails." I cleared my throat and blushed.

"And she did yours."

"Yes." I reddened even more...if that was possible.



Martha seemed to have no trouble causing my embarrassment. Or was she simply being Martha and I was causing my own. I found myself beginning to become...aroused. The touching, the talking, simply everything was weighting heavily.

“Do you remember her breast feeding you?”

I stopped brushing her hair in mid stroke. What a totally stunning question to ask, although she didn't really ask a question; Martha seemed to be stating a fact. That my mother did was a forgone conclusion. She looked up at my reflection in the mirror.

“What is it dear?” She looked concerned thought it was a faux concern. “You DO remember, don't you.” She laughed. “Please continue brushing and...do tell Pet...do tell.”

Oh my God! My mother breast fed me till the age of three. Of course I remembered. I would dream of it for years, even now on occasion. Those moments spent with her nipples in my mouth were truly heavenly. I was far too young to experience anything even remotely sexual but I did feel so very protected and safe and...at peace.

“Well dear, some cultures foster breast feeding till nearly puberty. Nurturing is what we were physically designed to do you know.” I gazed at Martha who sat expressionless.

**“Yes, I know. But I am so unaccustomed to discussing these sorts of things...”**

I couldn't finish the sentence 'with strangers' for Martha really wasn't a stranger at this point. But neither was she...I don't know...a sister? My distress must have shown because I blushed a bright crimson and looked down at my hands which had stopped their brushing motion.

“Did you happen to listen to Joan and I converse?”

“Yes ma'am.” I spoke softly.

“Then you would have noticed that no subject was sacred...or taboo; except those very few things that were not for your ears.”

“Yes. I admired the way the two of you spoke to one another.” The memory of them speaking, at least the parts I listened to, was quite clear and unique. “It was as if you two were sisters; privy to every little intimate detail of your lives.”

Martha stared at me, her brow slightly furrowed; her gaze piercing.

“Indeed we are closer than sisters.” Martha suddenly burst out laughing. “We share everything, even our clothing.” She laughed again. It was an open and very hearty laugh.

“I know more about Joan, and Rose, and many of the other members of our little club than their own families; husbands, lovers...children. So we can speak freely and openly to one another without having the worry of being ostracized or rejected or laughed at.” There was passion and excitement in Martha's voice. “I know you don't understand that now...but you will dear Pet...you will.”

“What are the initials S.O.S.? I would guess Sisters Of...something.” Oh my God. I hadn't meant for that to slip out so...freely?

Martha laughed again.

“That’s very good Pet...Sisters of Something.” She laughed again. I suddenly realized what I had said and I chuckled realizing the double entendre. “Sisters of Sappho. We are sisters of Sappho. I am...” Martha turned to face me. She looked up and spoke. “...a sister of Sappho. Do you know who Sappho was?”

“I think...” Oh dear God! I remember vaguely studying her poetry in a classical lit course. “Wasn’t she a lesbian?”

Martha chuckled.

“If you mean that as a resident of the ancient Grecian city-state Lesbos, then you are quite correct. She was a poetess and she wrote of the glorification of love between men and women both for each other and one another. If anything, she was bi-sexual I would imagine. But she was definitely a woman from a women dominated society.”

Martha turned back around and indicated that I should continue brushing her hair.

“Our sexual preferences are as varied as any group and to be honest...are of little interest other than as gossip AND that gossip never ever leaves the club. However, that fact that we have dominant personalities bonds us together. This is a very simplistic explanation and must suffice for now.”

“Yes ma’am.” I spoke softly. I knew I had gotten her dander up for some reason and that’s not what I intended. “I didn’t mean to upset you. I am truly sorry Martha.” I could see and feel her take a deep breath and let it out slowly. Martha suddenly placed her hands atop mine and stopped my brushing for a moment.

“No sweetness, it’s my fault I’m afraid. You see, there is simply no place for men in our club. But...there is something about you...” Her voice trailed off as her hands left mine. “I simply don’t see you as a man. I want you in my company so I need to...” Martha stopped speaking and closed her eyes. She seemed to be searching for the proper way to express her thoughts to me. “There is simply no place for men within our little society.”

Martha lowered her head in deep thought. She reached up and again grasped my hands, this time pulling them down around her neck. I lowered my head down till my cheek was alongside of hers. I hugged her.

“Let me prepare your foot bath.” As I started to straighten, Martha turned her head and kissed my cheek.

“That’s a splendid idea Pet.” Martha got up and out of her seat. She seemed terribly distracted and no longer in her playful mood.

“If I may...” I spoke as an afterthought.

“Yes Pet?” Martha turned her head and looked at me.

“I would love to shampoo your hair some time.”

“Is that something you did for your...mommy?” Martha smiled again and I felt...relieved.

“No. That is something I never did for mommy...” I imitated her exaggerated manner of saying ‘mmmommy’. “But that is something I would love to do for you.” Martha said nothing. Her smile didn’t alter. But I could swear I saw a tear well up in her eye.

I suddenly thought I understood what Martha was attempting to say. She only wanted to be intimate with someone who was available...and willing, how terribly human. She was lonely and the club, the sisterhood, had its limitations. Though her sisters might be available to her, Martha wanted a different sort of intimacy; perhaps one beyond that of the soul.

Martha called to me as I filled the porcelain basin with hot water to dilute the crystals.

“Don’t forget to place a pad in your panties. I have some in the closet.”

Oh my God! I have never done that before. In fact, I never knew of the practice until last night! Martha appeared in the door way and saw the lost look upon my face. She laughed.

“Well...” She spoke with a chuckle. “I suppose I can do something for you that mommy never did.” She reached into her closet and brought out a box of ‘Light Days’ pads. “Bring the bowl in the bedroom, remove your panties, and I’ll show you how these are to be used.”

I heard her opening the package and she entered the room as I modestly removed my panties.

“Oh my. Those are quite lovely. Raoul always has such fine taste in these things.” Martha giggled as she opened the ‘wings’ of the pad and, as I held the elasticized waist band open, she placed the liner in and folded and pressed the adhesive of the wings to the fabric. “There Pet. Now we’re ready.

## **“Mommy”**

**M**artha soaked her feet with her eyes closed and her head resting back against the chair. I sat on the hassock and blatantly stared at her feet. Martha knew I was doing it so there was no longer a need for pretense. My hands were folded and rested in the crease between my thighs that the silk made as it fell.

I was frantically trying to resist the impulse to caress her feet...with my mouth and tongue. I had no idea why I felt as I did. I only knew that the thought was definitely an erotic one and my penis attested to that fact. The liner was a bit bulky and not very comfortable but I knew that I would adjust to its presence.

Martha finally lifted her feet from the basin. I pushed the hassock out from beneath me, moved the basin carefully aside, and wrapped her feet within the towel. I returned the basin to its place in the closet after emptying it and quickly washing and drying it off. I hurried back to my place on the hassock at her feet.

I was thrilled with anticipation as Martha handed me the blinders. Once again I sat in darkness only this time there was a noticeable smile on my face. I placed her wrapped feet onto my lap and gentle patted them dry.

“You know Pet. I was quite pleased with you today.” I perked up a bit and arched my eye brows. “You didn’t hesitate to call me when you discovered you’d be late to the doctor’s appointment. And the manner you withstood all that was done to you...was...well...very brave.” I smiled and trembled slightly at her compliment. “I always want you to feel free to call me when anything unexpected, or out of the ordinary, occurs. And especially if it regards a change of our plans.”

I nodded as I unwrapped her feet and put the oily substance, which I now recognized as a salon concoction, into my palm. I quickly recapped the bottle and within the same motion began to massage the oil into her skin.

“My my...our little angel is in such a hurry to please mommy.” Martha laughed. “I’d bet you’re simply aching to call me mommy...aren’t you.” The thought had crossed my mind earlier that evening...several times. “You must have had a hard time adjusting to the fact that your mommy would no longer permit you to breast feed.”

“Yeah...” I said sadly without even thinking. That memory was still within me although it was covered with dust. I recalled sadly how difficult being weaned was. “I hid a nipple top from one of my bottles and when I was upset, I would suck on it to soothe myself.”

“Do you like children?” I had to become accustomed to Martha’s inquires coming from out of nowhere, though breast feeding and children do go hand in hand.

“I love children. I think of them as being blessings. I would have loved to have a family with...” My voice trailed off in sadness.

“But she didn’t want any part of that, did she. She wouldn’t be the type...a breeder. She probably had no hips.” Martha could cut deep without much effort at all. “But you...you would want it all. I bet that if it was possible, you would even birth them. You would want them one after another...”

I stopped massaging without even realizing as I thought about what Martha was saying. She was right. I would have sold my soul to have only one. But one after another would have been...heavenly!!!

“...and you would breast feed them all. Your breasts would be pendulous and the milk would flow continually. Wouldn’t that be something Pet.” Martha wiggled her toes to remind me of my task.

My mind was in a haze thinking about the life she fabricated if only I was born a woman. I was unbearably hard and leaking already. I could hear the fabric of her night gown being moved and I knew her fingers would be busily doing their dance on her vagina.

“But, you know my Pet...that would involve having sex with a male. Have you ever have sex with a male? Have you ever sucked a cock? Have you ever taken a male’s cock up your ass...Pet?” Martha chuckled.

“I...” Oh dear God! She really asked too much of me. “I...”

“Yes Pet. Tell mommy all about it. You know...I’ve sucked more than my share of cocks and had men put them in up my ass...and into my cunt. I’ve even done several men a once. There’s a slut...no...a whore in all of us. Tell me about the slut in you.”

I was stunned at her blatant admission. I couldn’t imagine Martha being so...so...sexual: and with a man? Doing more than one man at a time? But I was determined to be whoever she wanted me to be. No pretense! No hiding! No lies!

“I was fourteen at the time. I had always felt an... an attraction to certain boys. But I wasn’t gay or anything. I felt a very strong attraction to girls as well. But there was this one boy who lived several blocks away from us. I don’t know...I felt...excited whenever I saw him.”

“So what exactly happened?”

“One day he came around selling candy for some kind of school event. I think he was raising money for the school band or something. My mom was at work but I was at home.”

“I’ll bet you were dressed at the time.”

“I was...” I cleared my throat and a tear or two fell from my eyes. I hadn’t thought about that day in several years. I never told anyone at all; not even Karen...especially not Karen! I didn’t think I ever would tell anybody. “He saw me moving around through the glass pane on the door to our apartment and banged on the door and called to me loudly.”

“So...you opened the door of course.”

“I had little choice. He was making so much noise. I didn’t want the neighbors, especially the people who lived upstairs, to hear him. He came in and looked at me...there was this hunger in his eyes. He was older than me, I think seventeen or so.”

“Did he threaten to expose you...as a sissy or a fag? Did he coerce you to do something?”

“No...” I burst into tears. “He said I looked beautiful and that if he didn’t know who lived here, he would have mistaken me for some new girl in town. He said I was beautiful!” I plaintively offered to Martha. I wanted her to know that I didn’t come cheap.

I had stopped massaging Martha’s feet and was totally overcome as the memories came flooding back. I was openly crying at this point. Martha handed me one of the spare towels so that I could dry my eyes and blow my nose. When I regained my composure, Martha wiggled her toes as a cue to continue massaging her feet.

“How did that make you feel?”

“Flattered...” Of course! “...and...tingly. I became very... excited.”

“You mean you ‘popped a chubby?’” Martha chuckled. I nodded and giggled through my sniffing.

“He stood in our hallway and began chatting to me as though...as though I was a girl. I felt immensely turned on by this. I blushed and giggled at his compliments. I was ecstatic over his attention and it didn’t take much for him to get me to invite him into our little living room.”

“Naturally; boys can be so very kind and generous and so very persuasive when they want to be. That never changes you know.”

I heard fabric rustle again and I knew the origin of the sounds; and the reason. I must admit that the image of us sitting there, me doing what I was and Martha doing what she was, aroused me in spite of my distressful confession.

“We spoke about school and about some of the other kids we commonly knew. He reached over and touched my hand...”

“You both were sitting on a couch.”

“Yes.” The image came flooding back to me. Us on that worn and battered couch. My hands folded on my lap; his hand gently grasping mine. “Then his leg touched mine. I felt this...electricity pass through me.”

“Humph...yes...” Martha’s breathing became deeper. “Then what happened.” She didn’t ask, but rather told me to continue.

“He turned his body toward mine while speaking softly. I honestly wasn’t even listening to what he said as much as the way he was saying it. He kept saying how ‘special’ I was and how beautiful I was and how attracted he was to me.”

I was no longer concentrating on what my hands were doing. I simply let them follow whatever path they chose to take and let the movement of Martha’s feet dictate their movement. I tried to free my mind as much as possible and relate those memories as I experienced them.

“Was he attractive?”

“He was...gorgeous! He had long beautiful long blond hair; down to his shoulders. He combed it straight back though a lock or two always seemed to fall over his eyes. And he had such a beautiful mouth. His lips were...thick. And his eyes were such a beautiful light brown color. I remember how they almost appeared golden when the light caught them from a certain angle.” I smiled as I recalled the details.

“What happened next?” I detected a hint of anticipation in Martha’s voice.

“Well...he leaned over till his face was only inches from me...his mouth looked so inviting. It was slightly opened. I couldn’t help myself. I couldn’t resist him. I kissed him. It was merely a touching? But oh my God! My entire being shuttered!”

Martha’s breathing became more rapid and I could I heard a low moan.

“And, of course, you went back for seconds.”

“Yes. This time he put his arms around me and our lips...wrestled? I totally gave myself over to that kiss. It went on and on. My head spun and I felt...intoxicated. His hands continued to roam my body even when we broke the kiss. I remember being so...breathless and...excited as I looked into his eyes.”

“Then he took your hand and put it on his bulging pants, didn’t he?”

“Yes.” I was somewhat surprised that Martha knew. But then again, why wouldn’t she?

“And what did you do my dear.”

“I couldn’t help myself.” I began to tear up again. “I began to rub it.”

“His cock.”

“Yes.”

“Then say so Pet.”

“I began to rub his cock through his pants.”

“And what was that like. What did you feel; how did you feel?”

“It was huge...at least far larger than mine. I was...entranced by it. I couldn’t stop. He undid his belt and the fly to his jeans. He wasn’t wearing underpants.”

“I would guess not.” Martha chuckled. “And did you help him undo his pants?”

“No; not at that point...I was so fascinated with how his dick seemed to pop up and out of nowhere. He took my hand and put it around it. I remember how very hot, and hard, it was. I squeezed it. It was so hard! It was then that I helped him slide his jeans down to his ankles. I didn't let go of it for a second.”

“Mmmm...sounds delicious Pet. Teenage lust is so very...frantic.”

“He spoke to me the entire time. He kept telling me that what we were doing was so natural; that everyone was doing it. He said that every girl loved to touch a hard cock. He said that no girl could resist the urge to kiss it and put it in her mouth.”

Martha took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Her feet began to arch out and then curl in. I interlaced my fingers with her toes and once again applied force in the opposing direction.

“Did he push your head down into his crotch?”

“No...” I began to cry again. “He didn't need to. I got down on my knees between his legs and, after staring at it for a short while as I caressed it, I kissed the head of his cock. Its aroma totally overcame me. I wasn't even thinking at that point. I didn't even feel like I was there. I felt...like...like I was watching from a short distance away. It wasn't me sucking on his cock. It was some girl I didn't even know.”

The memory of that sensation, his cock sliding between my lips, was overwhelming emotionally. I was trembling and shattering. My body seemed to lose all control and I felt my own little dick leaking fluid into my panties.

“I remember cupping his balls and massaging them as I sucked on him. They were so big and...swollen; the skin so tight around them. He kept moaning and thrusting himself so that I would take more of him into his mouth.”

“And the taste?”

“It was...heavenly; salty and creamy. It was more liquid at first. But I kept working my mouth over it and licking the sides of it and my other hand was jerking it. Then he came. He flooded my mouth and I swallowed every bit that I could. His cock was past my tongue but still he spurted so much that a bit trickled out of my mouth and down my chin.”

“Was he still speaking to you?”

“No...he groaned loudly. I kept his cock in my mouth and tried to suck every bit out of him. I wanted it all. He would jerk every so often as I sucked on his cock's head and washed my tongue around it.”

“And how did you feel then?” I could feel Martha tremble as her feet arched and curled.

“I felt...good...complete. I sat and looked up at him with his cock still in my mouth and I smiled. He reached out and caressed my cheeks and looked...lovingly down at me. I finally got up and returned to my seat next to him. I tried to kiss him but all I could receive was a peck or two.”

“Naturally.” Martha chuckled. “And then what happened.”

“He finally got up and pulled his jeans back up.” I was still crying as I spoke. “And then he left. He kissed my hands and my forehead and then he left. I suddenly felt so empty...used.”

“That usually is our story you know. Did you see him again?”

“Yes. He would come over and we would make...” We didn’t make love in retrospect. “...have sex.”

“Did you take his cock up your ass?”

“Yes.”

“Didn’t you love that now!” Martha exclaimed.

“Yes. I loved it. I looked forward to having him fuck me.”

“Yes. You were quite the little slut back then, weren’t you.”

“Yes.”

“You loved the power you had once his cock was in your mouth. You knew he was yours, at least as long as you held him.”

“Yes.”

“And the reason you’re crying now is that you are so very frightened of how much you really loved having his cock.”

“Yes...” I felt a flood of emotion pass through, and out, of me. Through my tears and pain of recalling this first love, I also felt a sense of...release...relief?

“Ummphhh...” I felt Martha’s orgasm as she vocally, and throatily, announced it.

I suddenly felt very weak and exhausted. I was still crying softly as I suddenly bent forward, letting my hands slide up Martha’s calves until my forehead rested against her knees. I kept muttering; ‘I so sorry’ over and over again. I kissed her knees several times and rubbed my cheek against them, leaving them wet with my tears.

Martha leaned forward and stroked my hair. She removed the blinders and told me to wipe my eyes, which I did. Martha then removed her feet from my lap. She gently raised my head and slipped her hands on my shoulders pulling me toward her.

“Come dear. Assume your place on the carpet.”

I got down on my knees expecting her to raise her night gown over my head. But Martha simply parted her gowned legs and pulled me to her. I was still silently weeping as she placed my head against her belly and hugged me; she comforted me. Martha bent over to kiss my head again and she whispered in my ear.

“There’s nothing to be sorry or scared or ashamed about. What you did was a very natural thing. He didn’t force you to suck his cock. He did take advantage of the situation...but so did you; didn’t you. You simply did what came...naturally. I suppose you might have thought yourself to be a fag, a queer, a homo or some other horrid epithet of that ilk. But you thought you needed to be a man and truly, my Pet; you were not much of that.”

I nodded my head and I wasn’t sure why. Granted, I did enjoy my time spent with him and I truly did love sucking his cock, but it was a play and I was in costume. In my mind I was a girl; at least at that time.



“Personally, I detest sucking cock. I was usually on my knees, or he was lying back enjoying whilst I did all the work. I hated the taste and the feel and the smell of sperm. I felt the entire act degrading and disgusting. Whilst I can’t image how any woman would want to perform a blow job, I certainly wouldn’t belittle anyone who wished to partake.”

There was more than a bit of sarcasm in Marta’s voice. Suddenly she began to laugh.

“And I certainly abhorred the times I had to take some man’s cock up my ass. Talk about disgusting and demeaning acts. I understood why it would turn a man on. The submissive and cowering position a woman must endure whilst being viciously attacked by some man. I never did anything without there being a price attached. If I had to behave like a whore, I wanted to be well paid like one of the best.”

I suddenly stopped crying. Martha’s admission was not only startling, but consoling. She had endured what I had and even though I enjoyed what repulsed her, her very admission made me feel...not so alone. I looked up at her and smiled. She smiled back at me; a maternal and knowing smile. Then she chuckled again.

“You know dear, there are times, very rare times, when I do enjoy a nice big, stiff cock. What I do is reserve a room in a decent hotel, usually the Plaza, and I arrange for a male. I tell them that the only thing I interested in is having my brains fucked out. I make my desires completely known so that there is no mistake. But the thought came to me that we could actually share that ‘date’.”

I looked questioningly at Martha as she chuckled again.

“Truly!” She said, looking down at me with a smile. “You could fulfill any...interest you might have and...maybe even ‘fluff’ him for me. That would be so much more fun than simply watching him jerk himself to get hard. And since I never permit them to cum in me, perhaps you’d be amenable to that. Wouldn’t that be lovely dear?”

Martha positioned me so that I was facing her and captured between her knees. She began to run her fingers gently through my hair. Her hands were so soothing. I closed my eyes and smiled almost contently.

“Are we ready to continue dear?” Martha asked with the most beneficent smile I’d ever seen.

“Yes mom...” Oh my God, I didn’t just say that! “...I mean...” Martha giggled.

“That’s quite already honey.” She cooed and giggled. “I am almost old enough to be that. And anyway, by the time we’re finished with the ‘new’ you, I will be closer to being your mother than your birth mother is. Here...” Martha put the blinders back upon my eyes. “...and remember...no touching.” Martha admonished with a smile.

I straightened my body up and got on my haunches just as I felt her night gown’s hem float over my head and down my back. Martha’s scent was particularly strong and particularly intoxicating this evening.

“I’m being very naughty tonight dear. I’ve no panty on. I really want to feel your breath on me.”

I was erect almost as soon as Martha pulled the hem over me but her pronouncement excited me even more. And I was so very close and her aroma was so very thick I could almost feel it. I could

feel my breath rebound off of her. I felt her torso move slightly and I felt her hands reach beneath her gown. I nearly jumped out of my skin when I felt her nails slowly trail down my chest.

“Careful dear...you do not want to make mommy mad and touch her, do you?” Martha chuckled. “I am so very glad you are the way you are; hairless. I really do detest the feel of body hair. I do make an exception if she’s really cute though and you, my sweet, are very cute.”

I was somewhere between agony and ecstasy as Martha gently raked her nails up and down my chest; especially whenever she touched my nipples. It was very hard not to grab hold of myself; to touch myself. My scrotum was swollen and becoming painful because I had been stimulated for so long. I felt her body touch the top of my head and Martha suddenly began to circle my nipples with her index finger nails.

“Tell me Pet...did he play with your tits when he fucked you?” She laughed and then gently pinched them. I shuttered and moaned. “Did he rub your nipples when you sucked on his cock?” Martha began to rub them between her fingers. “Did he...suck on them as he pumped your ass full of his sperm?” Martha chuckled as I moaned.

Martha pulled my nipples sharply away from my chest and I came...very hard! Again I nearly fainted from the intensity of my orgasm. And she hadn’t even touched my cock; nor had I! Martha caught me as I started to fall back and removed her night gown from over my head. She clutched me to her and gently rocked me as a tear or two of...joy fell from my eyes.

“My, my...aren’t we sensitive there.” Martha chuckled. “You came before I was really finished with you. We simply must find a way to...slow you down a bit. That was a problem for your Karen, wasn’t it; you not finishing what she started.”

I nodded my head as I caught my breath. Indeed it was one of several problems I had with her. Martha reached beneath the hem of her gown with one hand and withdrew it after a moment or two. She held her fingers beneath my nose so that I might inhale the aroma of her sexual arousal. She then placed the two fingers against my nostrils and left her scent to linger there.

“Okay sweet heart. Go to bed now. We have an early start tomorrow and I want you fresh and alert. And do not have anything to eat or drink other than water. We will be requiring a blood test in the morning.”

That being said, I slowly rose to my feet and, as Martha got up, I hugged her. She, in return, kissed my forehead and patted my butt as I turned to leave.

**W**e sat before Doctor Edie Weintraub, head of women’s medicine at New York Hospital. An older woman in her early sixties, Doctor Weintraub spent most of her time looking at me and speaking to Martha.

I had been poked, prodded, struck, stuck, weighed, measured, and Lord only knows what else. I was even requested to give a sperm specimen! That was a bit troublesome knowing that some nurse was awaiting the sample. However, Martha proved to be of enormous utility by removing her panties and handing them to me.

Anyway, we sat before the good Doctor, Martha kindly holding my hand. By this point I was a bit upset and hungry and really wanted to leave.

“You know Martha...” The Doctor said peering over her glasses. “...this entire business is troubling on several levels.”

“Yes Edie, I realize that. And I realize the trouble I am putting you through. But I assure you this is quite necessary.” There was a plaintive insistence to Martha’s voice; almost a pleading.

The doctor pursed her lips and furrowed her brow.

“Just how far are you planning to take this?”

“Not all the way. I don’t see any point to it and...well...I don’t really think it’s necessary.”

“Does Ms. Russell understand what is happening; what will happen?”

I looked at Martha questioningly. What is happening and what will happen? All Martha told me was that we were going to make me...more complete? Martha seemed to fall back upon the ‘trust me’ thing and truly I didn’t have much of a choice.

I mean...if Martha thought it best, then who was I to disagree and why wouldn’t I trust her? I was finding that I hungered for Martha almost all the time. I was being well looked after and tended to and I was about to embark upon a new life with her. The only time I even thought about Karen was when Martha mentioned her name.

Martha squeezed my hand. I looked toward her questioningly, yet again.

“You really must be more attentive dear. I asked you a question.” Martha smiled benevolently. “Do you understand what we are doing?”

“Yes ma’am.” I smiled confidently but I really had no idea of what we were doing other than attempting to enhance my appearance with medications.

“And...” The Doctor queried. “...you understand that your changes will be permanent after a period of time; irreversible.”

If I looked better than I currently did, and if Martha approved, why should I care?

“Yes ma’am.”

“Well...alrighty then.” Doctor Weintraub put her head down and began writing various prescriptions.

“By the way Edie...Rose Howe is bring up a protégé of hers.” This statement caused the Doctor to cease writing. She looked up at Martha and arched her brows.

“Really. Why she hasn’t brought anybody up in years! Not since...” The Doctor tried to remember and Martha smiled and reminded her.

“Not since me...actually.”

“Anyone I know?”

“Do you know Marti Adams?”

“The swimmer!” The Doctor’s face lighted up with recognition. “Yes indeed!” Suddenly a look of deep concern came across her face. “But she is quite young, don’t you think?”

“No younger than I was.” Martha’s eyes showed her excitement as she spoke. “And she has accomplished so much in so little time. I think she will make a fine sister to us all.” Martha smiled confidently and the Doctor smiled back at her.

“Well...I certainly have no problem if Rose and you are content. We certainly could use the new blood.” The Doctor laughed.

Doctor Weintraub got back to writing the prescriptions with a smile on her face. She handed them over to Martha explaining that the last two were available over the counter; one a vitamin and the other calcium tablets. Then, turning toward me, she spoke.

“Now I want to see you here every morning next week. We will need a semen specimen collected. You can stop off early; perhaps on your way to work. I will have the nurse prepare your first injection. Then it’s every week for an injection, do you understand?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“And I want you to be diligent in taking your pills every day.” She turned toward Martha. “I trust you will be instrumental in seeing Ms. Russell does so.”

“Absolutely!” Martha grinned and reassured the Doctor.

We had been there nearly four hours.

**M**r. Stone awaited us at curbside and held the door as Martha, then I, entered the rear of the car.

“Take us home. I think we’ll work from the library today Mr. Stone.” Martha smiled as she grasped my hand. She turned her head toward me. “I think we might as well get you started today. Oh, and by the way, it is completely proper to comment on how well some one looks upon greeting them. You might recall I told you how nice you looked this morning. It is important to return the compliment, even if it’s not true.” Martha laughed.

“I didn’t look nice this morning?” I spoke as I adjusted the strap to my bra. This thing didn’t seem to fit properly.

“No dear...not at all. You look quite lovely.” Martha laughed. “But you might say the same to me. Do you understand?”

“Yes ma’am.” I didn’t but I accepted what she said. I mean it did sound like the thing to do, you know?

We made one quick stop to drop off the scripts and in very short time we were home; home. Upon entering the front door I followed Martha off to the left. She opened and walked through a double wooden door into her library.

I was quite taken by this room. Martha’s presence could be felt in the library unlike any of the rooms I’d been in thus far. The walls, at least those not filled with bookcases laden with books, were virtually littered with photographs of famous people; some with Martha and some simply autographed. There were plaques and awards and various other symbols of charity, service and other accomplishments.

Centered behind her huge ornate banker’s desk was another portrait. The man in it was the same as the one in Martha’s ante room only he was much younger and a small child, a young girl with dirty blond hair sat on his lap. I took this to be Martha’s...father?

Sheer drapery muted the day light from the street giving the room that dim library feel. The books that did line the walls were housed in lawyers’ cases with glass fronts. Many of the books look rather old with worn bindings and faded gilt titles.

Martha’s chair was large, leather, and well used. Two smaller matching arm chairs were placed directly in front of her desk. There was a loveseat of matching leather in the window bay along with two chairs and small end tables. I wandered about this marvelous space taking in everything. This was a well, and often, used room.

“Not bad for a poor rich kid from Westport.” Martha chuckled. “Your place is over here.”

Martha pointed to a table with a computer screen upon it and a phone showing several lines. I walked to the table and sat in the chair. I smiled at this new working space. This was so much more...humane than the cubicle I once occupied. There was a green shaded brass lamp to provide additional lighting. I swung to and fro in my swivel chair.

“If I may ask a question?”

“Certainly my dear.” Martha looked at me with a smile, her arms folded beneath her breasts.

“What happened to the person I’m replacing?”

Martha turned from me and, placing her hand upon her desk, leaned on it for support. Her other hand went to her forehead as if she was being overcome by a fainting spell. Martha cleared her throat and in an almost quavering voice answered me.

“She...she passed away quite unexpectedly...and suddenly.” I could feel the sorrow in her voice and I could swear I felt her loss.

“I am so very sorry to hear that.” Martha nodded her head and resumed her previous stance.

“Her loss tore my heart out.” Martha said softly as she walked toward the window and gazed out to the street. I thought better than to pursue the topic any further. Martha took a moment to reflect in silence. “Well...” She turned toward me with a smile. “...let’s begin our day, shall we? If you nudge you mouse so that your screen lights up, I will show you where we might begin.”

Martha walked to where I now sat and bent a bit to await the screen’s coming to life. Sophia appeared at the doorway and awaited acknowledgement before daring to enter. Martha took notice of her appearance.

“Sophia, please see if we can’t perhaps have something to eat. We will be working here this afternoon.”

“Very good ma’am.” Sophia turned to leave, and, as an after thought, Martha spoke again.

“Also...please have Mr. Stone come in for a moment.” Turning back to me, Martha pointed, with the mouse, to various icons on the screen. “We’ll start with the messages.” She clicked on an icon and a list of the morning’s calls appeared.

“If you click on the name...” She proceeded to click on the first one. “...you will find the return call phone number. You will call that number and inform whoever you get that Ms. Martha Grey is calling. Once that person is on the line, I will pick up the line and place the call on speaker so that you may hear, and take whatever notes you feel are needed. Do you understand?”

I looked up into Martha’s smiling face and nodded. It seemed easy enough.

“Good. Now tell me who called and we will prioritize the return calls.” She walked away to take her place behind her desk.

I rattled off the small list of calls. Two were from George Willis, the chief executive officer of the corporation, and one was from Ms. Howe. There was one call from a Ms. Hartwell; but that call was for me...or at least for Petra Russell. And there was one from Joan Watson.

“Let’s start with George. Get him on the line for me please.” Martha spun her chair to gaze out onto the street.

I did as Martha requested and after only perhaps two or three minutes, and two secretaries, Mr. Willis spoke.

“Good day to you Marta.” He was on speaker phone at his end as well.

“Hello George dear. How are you?”

“Very well.”

“George...I have a new assistant. Her name is Petra Russell. She is present but is experiencing a touch of laryngitis today.” I looked at Martha with surprise; laryngitis???

“Welcome aboard Ms. Russell. I certainly hope you will feel better in short order.” I could feel his smile and sincerity.

“George...have you met Martina Adams?”

“From the Boston Adams’?”

“Yes.”

“She’s been a real pain in the ass to us lately. Quite a bright young woman; very pleasant and personable. She’s beating the pants off us in the New England market and she’s recently opened up shop out in San Francisco. She’s raking in the old line money as well as that from the...alternative lifestyle crowd?” Mr. Willis laughed.

“Well I’m thinking of making her an offer; perhaps consolidating our offices in Boston and Providence.”

I heard the distinct sound of Mr. Willis taking his phone off of speaker.

“One moment Martha.” There was dead silence but for no more than a few seconds. “We could go as high as...maybe twenty two dollars a share...and that would be generous...very generous.”

Martha rested her chin in her palms, elbows on top of her desk.

“Well...I don’t think we’ll need to go that route.”

“But...then...why would she want to sell? She’s nearly tripled the size of their holdings in a year and a half?” Mr. Willis sounded incredulous.

“I’m really thinking more of a merger... Grey Adams has a nice ring to it. A seat on the board...perhaps executive vice presidency...”

“Martha?” There was more than a bit of surprise in his voice. “Tom is an able man.” Mr. Willis sounded as though he just sat upright in his chair.

“Tom is getting old.” Martha was a bit curt in her response...and slightly annoyed. “He should have seen Marti coming and done something up in Boston. We needed to play with the big boys and this might be just the thing to put us in the game.”

I could hear Mr. Willis take a very deep breath and let it out slowly.

“Are you giving me a message Martha?”

Martha grinned and chuckled.

“How terribly perceptive of you George; of course I am!” She laughed. “You’ve been with me for nine years now. You came along when nobody else would...”

“You mean when nobody else would hire me after my...debacle.” Mr. Willis laughed.

“Look...you could stay on another twenty years if you wish. But frankly...I simply don’t see the point...you would be eighty! We need new young blood...always. Two years to put her in the seat and you’ll be what...sixty-two? Still young enough to enjoy the fortune I’m going to have to pay you.” Martha again laughed. “And you’ll always have a seat on the board as well as a rather generous consulting contract say for...ten years?”

There was a moment or two of silence. I could hear Mr. Willis breath a bit easier. I knew he was thinking about what Martha had proposed. Finally he spoke.

“You know the big boys are not going to like this; a firm run by a woman.”

“They’ll have two years to adjust.” Martha laughed. “By then, with your help and advice, it’ll be too late for them anyway. Are you in?”

“Oh absolutely!” Mr. Willis laughed. “I’m due some payback from those pricks. Anyway, I’ve always trusted your judgment...”

“You mean my woman’s intuition?”

“I don’t care if you roll bones or consult a palm reader...you’ve always been right.” Mr. Willis laughed again.

“Thank you George. I’m going to speak with Marti and see if something can’t be done. I will, of course, keep you completely informed.”

“Thank you Martha. Have a good one.”

Martha hung the line up and turned toward me smiling. Mr. Stone stood at the door. I hadn’t noticed his appearance I was so very wrapped up in the manner in which Martha conducted herself.

“Ah...Mr.Stone. Please do come in. I have a special task for you.”

The enigmatic Mr. Stone entered the room and stopped in front of Martha’s desk. He was grimmer faced than usual. I was reminded of a dog awaiting a command from his master; or in this case, his mistress. Martha gazed up at him nearly as grimly.



“I need to know everything about Martina Howard Adams and her...companion...Drew. I’m not sure of the family name. I believe she uses Marti’s. They are from Boston.”

“How deep do you want me to go?”

“All the way Mr. Stone...go all the way. And time is of the essence on this one.”

“And if I find something?” Mr. Stone growled...but softly.

“Make it disappear.”

Martha sat back in her chair indicating their meeting was over. Mr. Stone nodded, smartly turned, and exited the room. Martha proceeded to have me called the next number on her list as I finished my notes on both conversations. Being a stickler for detail, I listed her promised incentives to Mr. Willis.

Sophia entered wheeling a serving cart with several platters upon it as well as all the utensils required for a meal. She laid out a place setting at each of our desks and proceeded to serve us lunch. I was famished and ate quite quickly. Martha noticed and, with a laugh, told me to take human sized bites.

As our day went on, I made a mental note that all of Martha’s conversations, with the exception of Ms. Howe’s, were polite yet terse. Anyone who didn’t know her...as if I did...would think that she was ego-centric in her manner; but, in truth, she was merely very centered and driven by whatever her image of the world was and how things should be.

With Ms. Howe, however, she was nothing but warm and reassuring. I felt that Martha was indeed reporting her day’s work and her progress in general. Martha mentioned what she had planned as far as Ms. Adams and that she was speaking with other members of the sisterhood to assure an easy vote. I could tell from Martha’s end (the only time she wasn’t on speaker) that Ms. Howe seemed rather pleased.

Another batch of clothing arrived in the afternoon and Sophia took the boxes, packages, and covered hanging items upstairs to place in my room. I was nervous and yet excited. I was to have a complete wardrobe. And, for the first time since...well...I was young, I could wear the clothing without fear of discovery. I was slightly put off by the fact that this seemed to be so very easy for me to do.

Ms. Hartwell turned out to be my attorney for the divorce. She was very kind, thoughtful, and sympathetic. In a few brief minutes I felt as though she could have been my sister. Yet, at the very mention of Karen’s name, she sounded as though she wanted to rip Karen’s eyes out. This gave me a giggle.

The call was on speaker and Martha sat, for the most part, quietly. She was listening to Ms. Hartwell most carefully. Martha would nod her head every now and then. On several occasions she made a comment or two after making her presence known to Ms. Hartwell.

“She sounds like a fine young woman.” That was Martha’s summation of the conversation.

We worked until nearly six. Martha got up from her chair and walked to the window bay. She looked out through the drapery and spoke.

“What do you say we call it a day, Pet. After all it is Friday evening.” Turning toward me with her arms crossed beneath her breasts, she looked thoughtfully at me. “What do you think about perhaps walking down to Third Avenue and stopping in at a restaurant for some dinner.”

Martha was already at the library door before I could answer but I smiled and nodded my head. I was quickly becoming accustomed to her ways. And I was strongly comfortable with this.

“Let’s freshen up a bit...shall we?” Martha held her hand back toward me. I grasped it and followed her up the stairs.

## **“Dinner for Two”**

“I avoid the club on the weekends whenever possible. Too many women choose to bring their men in for dinner. That defeats the purpose of a women’s club...don’t you think.”

We turned downtown once we reached Third Avenue. The street was full of people still in their work clothes, as, I suppose, we were. The evening was easy...the weather simply lovely.

“Well...you did bring me.”

“Yes...” Martha smiled. “That was different though.”

“Because I couldn’t be recognized as one?”

Martha looked at me for a moment. She smiled. Dear Lord she has such a radiant smile; especially when it is a bit...lascivious?

“Well...” She looked off at a shop window. “...I would never accuse you of being one.” She chuckled as I joined her side and peered into a bakery window. Martha looked at me again with that coy smile and stroked my cheek gently with her fingertips. “Your skin looks so much better today.”

We found a small continental restaurant with a vacant window front table so that we could observe passersby whilst we dined. We shared several appetizers and enjoyed soups. I felt as though Martha had let her guard down a bit. She was merely another woman out for dinner on a Friday night...dare I say it...a friend? I believe she relished the moment tremendously.

We spoke about inconsequential...trivial things. ‘Had I seen what arrived from Ms. Taylor?’ ‘What did I think of my first day of work?’ It was a very easy and comforting exchange. She even related an amusing anecdote or two. Martha was wonderful company and I felt as though there was no difference in our stations at all.

Upon leaving the restaurant, Martha turned toward me and pulled my face to hers. She kissed my cheek gently...almost a breeze passing...and whispered in my ear.

“Thank you.”

“For?” I looked at her questioningly.

“Thank you for not being difficult.” She smiled, took my hand, and started toward home.

‘Not being difficult’ and being easy are two different things and yet they are not that far apart. I took it as a compliment and really had little reason to think differently. And yet there were so many unanswered questions...wait...that’s wrong...there were so many questions I hadn’t yet asked and maybe should have.

Our walk back home was as easy and even more comforting. We clung to one another as women who are close often do as they stroll. I was a bit saddened by the fact that once inside; we would be in for the evening and the night was so very beautiful.

Granted the true entertainment was still to come and I was beginning to look forward to our private moments together. But there was something magical about us being out together that I would learn to relish as much as our private moments.

Upon my opening the door of the townhouse, we were met by a new face; at least to me.

“This is Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis...this is Ms. Russell, my new assistant.”

Mr. Davis, a black man every bit as large and as threatening as Mr. Stone, greeted me politely. My hand positively disappeared in his and he didn’t even wrap his fingers around my hand as if he feared that closing them would crush me. He was attired in a dark blue suit and white shirt with a sky blue silk tie.

After we did our salutations, Martha dismissed him for the evening. We walked up the stairs; I was one step behind Martha. Once within these walls I felt our stations again dictated my proper place. It was nearly nine o’clock and a very long day had finally come to an end. Before heading to her chambers, Martha turned to me.

“I think I will let you shampoo my hair tonight. Normally Saturday is my day at the stylist’s but I think I will forgo it this week. We both have appointments for next Saturday. Our schedules should coincide.”

I felt myself tremble at the thought of having to undergo another laser treatment so soon. I think Martha read my mind. She informed me that I would require only one treatment a month for several months. Martha started off toward her room and I entered mine to ready myself.

As I undressed, I remembered that more clothes had arrived and, after removing and hanging up my suit, I first went to the armoire. There were at least fifteen blouses now hanging. The array of colors and materials brought a smile to my face.

The drawers contained undergarments of various sorts and colors. I found one entire drawer filled with thigh high stocking arranged in a cornucopia of colors still encased in their packets. There was a color to match every possible combination I might desire.

Rushing to the closet, I was assaulted again by one entire side being filled with dresses, skirts, several robes and even several peignoir sets in blush, rose, and champagne colors. I felt tears rush to my eyes. I had so very little in the way of clothing growing up; male or female. Our financial constraints saw to that.

The few androgynous clothing items I had were rarities that came from my mother for birthdays and other special events. Shoes for Christmas were a dream come true. Now I looked down at maybe a dozen pairs of shoes; mostly low heeled pumps with several pairs of sling backed sandals.

Sweaters and other assorted accessories lined the closet shelves and a slew of belts and cinchers hung from a rack. An assortment of silk and woolen scarves and shawls were neatly piled atop one another in a hanging multi compartmented tree.

I went and sat down on my bed and cried. I was so very overwhelmed with the generosity of a complete stranger who only few scant days ago I didn't even know existed. It took me several minutes to compose myself enough to remember that Martha would be waiting.

I showered, thoroughly washing myself. I would definitely need to go to the druggist tomorrow to obtain several items including my own assortment of cosmetics. I would need...oh dear God...I would need everything. A hair dryer, comb, brushes and God only knows what else.

My mind was racing at one thousand miles an hour as I exited the shower and reached for a towel. Wrapping it beneath my arms, and wrapping one around my hair, I padded over to the bath closet. I opened the door and, to my even greater surprise, found everything on the list I was creating in my mind. There was even a box of Light Days panty shields!

I was brought to tears again. I couldn't imagine what I must be costing Martha. The clothing alone...and everything had a designer label...had to be thousands of dollars. Add to that all of the cosmetics and accessories, and two perfumes and three eau de colognes...

Quickly drying myself, I couldn't wait to walk through a wonderfully scented mist of the same scent Martha used. I also decided to do my face just enough to be...enticing? A touch or two of shadow, two coats of the mascara, one pass of lipstick with a topping of clear gloss and I looked...okay...okay, so maybe better than okay.

I doffed the towel and my head wrap and donned on the nightgown I wore last evening, only it would bear my scent...our scent...by morning's light. I fumbled a bit with the panty liner but it couldn't be helped; I felt so...alive, vibrant, excited, on fire...well maybe not on fire. But...you know what I mean.

I grabbed a peignoir robe from my new selection; a sort of match in color if nothing else. Slipping on my mocs, I hurried out my door and raced the few steps to Martha's. I took a minute to at least calm my breathing a bit. Then I knocked. I heard Martha bid me enter...so I did. Closing the door behind me, I rushed to her bedroom door. Martha was walking out of her bath room and I burst into tears.

"What is wrong dear?" Martha looked truly worried like...'who died'?

I walked to her and took her hands in mine. I kissed them and began to profusely thank her for her generosity. She embraced me. I was so overcome that I couldn't stop the tears. This was like every fantasy come true; every Christmas morning I never had.

"Sweet heart...you really must get a grip." Martha laughed and walked me into her bath room. She handed me several tissues. "And never forget...you'll have the Devil to pay. So make sure you have the pitch." She laughed as she sat down in the chair with its back toward the basin. "I am truly ready for this."

I placed a towel around Martha's neck and she bent her head back.

"The faucet comes off its mount."

I turned on the water and obtained a wonderfully warm temperature before I attempted to raise the faucet.

"The black button atop the nozzle creates a spray."

Martha closed her eyes and I began to wet her hair. A low throaty moan of pleasure came from her as the water rained down upon her chestnut hair. I was standing over her and running my fingers through her hair.

"I like your scent." She chuckled. I giggled.

Martha had lined up the various products she wished me to use. The shampoo was heavenly in its texture and aroma. I truly luxuriated in working it through her hair and massaging her scalp as I did so. I extracted moan after moan from her as I used my fingertips across her head. Her hair was so thick and I loved the feel of it slipping through my fingers.

A thorough rinse was followed by her conditioner. I was especially painstaking and worked it through every strand of hair. It was almost like a meditation for me as Martha received what I envisioned as a fantasy between my mother and myself; doting over her and servicing her.

Another rinse, a quick pat drying with the towel, and then on to that mystical spray Martha used on me the other night. Martha had me brush her hair straight back using her dryer set on low cool. Her eyes were closed and she had a slight almost mystical smile on her face as I tended to her. Every so often Martha would take a very deep breath and slowly let it out.

When the task was finally done and Martha's gorgeous and lustrous hair was dry, she opened her eyes and gazed up at me with that smile. She didn't need to say a word. Indeed speaking would have broken the magical spell I felt.

Martha got up and her hair naturally fell to her shoulders. She walked into her bedroom and I knew what my next task would be. I retrieved the porcelain basin from her closet and started the water running as I put the proper allotment of crystals in to make the solution.

The towels were in place by the time I came in with the basin. Putting it down, I drew the hassock over and took my place upon it. I felt almost as though this was not a simple night time ritual any longer. It was more of an act of faith in so many ways.

Martha would claw into the deepest recesses of my soul and rip it open like a tiger would do to its prey. But instead of drawing blood, Martha would draw out all the poisonous things that had

accumulated and expose them to the light so that I might heal. She had culminated this savage act of hers with a monumentally satisfying sexual explosion for both of us.

As I sat in blissful silence, watching her feet in the bowl, I found that I was at peace with this sacred act of ours. In spite of the pain and agony of the admission of my little sins, I was held captive to this process by her sheer strength of will. And, to be perfectly honest, I felt...cleansed afterward; as if she had bathed my soul clean.

Martha removed her feet from the basin, as usual. I shifted the basin over and wrapped her feet in the towel, as usual. I took the basin, washed it clean, and returned it to the closet, as usual. I returned and took my place on the hassock, lifting her wrapped feet into my lap, as usual. I reached out my hand to Martha for the eye shades, as usual.

“No dear, not yet. I want you to do something for me first.” This was not usual.

“Anything for you Martha.” I smiled and I was sincere in my desire to do whatever this wonderful woman asked.

“I want you to take my big toe into your mouth and suck it like it was Johnnies cock.” Martha’s request stunned me. I looked at her questioningly. “Simply pretend its Johnnies cock...and I want you to look me in the eyes as you do it.” She smiled

“Who?”

“Well...whatever the hell his name was...the boy you sucked and fucked when you were younger.”

“Gary?”

“Gary, Harry, Larry, Barry...it makes no difference. They’re all Johns anyway. It’s simply that you haven’t learned that yet.” Martha laughed.

The truth be told, I would’ve loved to suck her toes that very first night! I unwrapped and freed one of her delicate feet. I raised it to my mouth and kissed the very tip of her big toe. I closed my eyes in bliss as I became erect.

“Keep your eyes opened dear. And please do look at me. I want to see your expression.”

Holding Martha’s toes in one hand and the heel of her foot in another, I pursed my lips and, looking into her beautifully piercing eyes, I sucked the digit into my mouth. I held it there as Martha moaned it pleasure. Swirling my tongue around her toe, I managed to elicit a twitch out of her entire body.

“That is simply...exquisite child.” She crooned in a very throaty voice. Martha gazed into my eyes and smiled. “Yes. I can see where you would be an excellent cock sucker.” She chuckled.

I sucked her toe in and out of my mouth, never permitting it to totally leave its warm, wet and soft cocoon. My hand was gently manipulating her foot as I sucked.

“Caress the heel of my foot with your fingertips. Pretend it is his balls.” I did as Martha requested; softly massaging her heel with my fingers as I held her foot. “Yes.” She hissed in response.

I began to nurse on her toe as if it was the nipple attached to the very breast of life. My eyes narrowed to slits as I let the pleasure of what I was doing flood my body. Martha removed her other

foot from beneath the towel and placed it under my gown and just below my pantied scrotum. She very gently tapped and caressed me through the material and the liner. I groaned in ecstasy.

Martha grinned as she watched me. She bit her lower lip as she beamed with satisfaction. She wiggled her big toe as I continued to bob my head.

“That is so very nice Pet. Would you now lick my little toe as if it was a nice big thick clit...my clit?”

I did as she requested before Martha had even finished her request. I took her littlest toe into my mouth and massaged its pad with gentle little circular motion. Martha actually closed her eyes, her mouth a huge grin of divine pleasure.

Her other foot never ceased its teasing of my scrotum. I could feel myself leaking fluid onto the pad in my panty, I felt it's stickiness between my dick and lower belly. After taking all of her toes into my mouth at once and soul kissing them with all of my being, Martha suddenly removed her foot from my grasp and placed it back on the towel.

My head was spinning and my vision had narrowed to only encompass her face. I was aglow with the sensuousness and sexuality of the act I had only just performed. I could tell from Martha's expression that she felt completely satisfied with my performance.

“Oh my!” Martha had to clear her throat. “You are quite talented with your mouth my dear. You are indeed a find. And look...” Martha wiggled her big toe. “...you even left a lipstick ring on ‘Johnies cock’.” I couldn't help but giggle and blush.

This time, when I reached my hand out for the blinders, Martha handed them to me. I put them on and once again put some lotion into my palm. Putting the bottle down, I began as usual to massage Martha's foot, the other being wrapped again in the towel on my lap.

“So my dear...whatever happened to...Gary is it?”

I suddenly felt the need to ask where all of this was going. I pulled off the blinders and furrowed my brow. An inquisitive expression came across my face as I curled my lower lip in a pout.

“Where are we going with all of this?”

Martha's brows shot upward in a surprised look.

“All of what dear?”

“This! The clothes, the name, the Doctor? You're going to have me taking hormones; aren't you.” I was being the petulant child.

“Please dear. You're hurting me.”

I discovered I was squeezing Martha's foot hard enough to cause my knuckles to turn white. I eased up completely and blushed in embarrassment.

“I am so very sorry.” I felt tears welling up.

“Do try and control yourself a bit dear. Yes...I am going to start you on Prempro tonight in fact. I am also going to give you an anti-androgen, vitamins and a calcium supplement.”

“Why are you doing this? Why are you feeding my...” I couldn't think of the proper word.

“Your fetish? Perversion? Your...fantasy?” Martha laughed as she spat out the words. I could only nod.

“They will make me impotent, won’t they?” I spoke softly, looking down at my polished nails clutching her feet delicately. Martha only laughed.

“Dear Pet...you are already impotent!” Martha evoked her motherly look; a pleasant smile coupled with a touch of sympathy. “The women in your life have seen to that already. What I’m doing is bringing the true you to the surface. When I’m done ‘birthing’ you, you will have powers beyond your wildest dreams. The ‘new you’ will be someone to be reckoned with.”

I couldn’t help but look at Martha questioningly. I was totally bewildered by what she was telling me. She sensed that and expounded even further.

“You are bright...very bright...and personable. But you are also very weak. Your mommy led you around by the nose to her own ends. And your ‘loving’ wife’ used you like a tampon only to discard you when her period of use was finished.”

“You’re using me as well!” Again I pouted as a child would.

“Poise dear. Poise is our keyword.” Martha chuckled. “Yes...you are perfectly right...I am using you. The difference is that when you please me, I reward you not in kind...but in excess of the pleasure you afford me.” She smiled, her grey eyes sparkling with her excitement.

Martha did have a point. I lived, at least these days, simply to please her. And her rewards were...well...overwhelming.

“You are not a fetishist, or perverted, or living in a fantasy world. You are merely confused. You aren’t gay, though I’m quite sure you take to the cock as well as anyone who is. And you certainly love women. Indeed...I venture to say that you worship us as surely as you would a nice stiff cock. You’re bi-sexual no doubt.”

‘No doubt’ I thought as I gazed into her face; her smile as motherly as my own mother’s.

“But all of this will become irreversible.” I whined! I actually whined!

“That is true if you look at things in such a manner. But, at the end, if you are truly unhappy in my company, you will be free to leave, as you are at any time, with more than you would ever acquire as a ‘bean counter’ in my corporation. At your previous position you were rapidly heading into oblivion; just another nameless face like Humphries with no life at all.”

Martha leaned forward to take my now tear stained face in her warm and soft hands. She smiled lovingly at me. I knew what she said was correct. I could feel the truth to it. I could stay at the same position for thirty years and suddenly awaken to find myself no better off than when I started; indeed, worse off with no wife or family.

“But should you choose to remain with me; I promise you a life that will fulfill your wildest dreams. I will cherish you as the most precious of all things in my life. And all I ask is for you to trust me and give yourself over to me totally and completely. Now...” Martha kissed my forehead and then sat back. “...is that really so much to ask?” Martha smiled quite contently.



“No...it isn't too much to ask.” I sincerely felt that it wasn't too much to give her. I had spent the day observing how she dealt with the others in her life. And I already had felt the brutal honesty that was her way of life; her credo; and I had no reason to believe she wasn't being truthful with me now.

“Dry your eyes child. And do put the blinders back on. Now...whatever happened to your Jerry?”

## “A Day Together...To-Get-Her”

The morning's light broke through my window awakening me before the phone did. I felt totally refreshed and...well...alive. Last night's activities were, to say the least, most interesting. One aspect I did notice that each evening with Martha brought a new experience in sensuality...and sexuality. Martha definitely had my complete attention.

I heard voices outside my window and upon rising from bed; I went to have a look. Martha was sitting at a table in a small gazebo enjoying breakfast with Mr. Davis. They were speaking to one another and laughing as one might do with an old friend...or lover?

Martha was dressed in a peignoir. I assumed she simply got up and put the robe over her gown. I did the same. I thought about perhaps refreshing my face but I could still smell the aroma of her in my nose and I wanted to relish it as long as possible. The scent of soap or cosmetics would ruin that. I did brush out my hair a bit and donned my moccasins.

Upon seeing me exit into the garden, Mr. Davis quickly finished his coffee and vacated his chair for me. He smiled and nodded his head as we passed.

“Good morning Pet. I trust you slept well.” Martha seemed to be quite excited to see me and she grinned broadly.

“Yes ma'am. Very well indeed.” I smiled coyly as I took my seat.

The table was strewn with small serving platters upon with various delicacies rested. Cheeses, smoked salmon, breakfast meats, jams, preserves, and, of course, juice and coffee were but a few of the various offerings. My eyes fell immediately upon the fresh cut fruit.

“Did you enjoy last evening?” This was an odd inquiry. How could I not!

“Yes ma'am.” I leaned in closer to Martha and her toward me as I did. “I shall not wash my face for a week.” I giggled.

“And why is that Pet.” Martha grinned at me.

“Because I can still smell your scent on me.” I cast my gaze downward, blushed and smiled.

Now it was Martha who smiled coyly and blushed. She reached for the juice and poured me a glass full. Then she served me a cup of coffee. Martha gazed at me as I took my sugar and sipped the juice.

“You know dear...I meant what I said about perhaps sharing a man with you. I think that would prove to be quite exciting.”

My smile left my face.

“What is the matter Pet? Don’t you think that would be fun?” Martha leaned her elbows on the table and rested her chin in her hands. I had a hard time verbalizing what I felt.

“I think I would be jealous. I don’t like the thought of sharing you.” I blushed and felt tears coming to me. “I sorry... I shouldn’t feel that way...but I do.” Martha reached across and gently grasped my hand.

“Well then we won’t discuss it any further today. What I would like to do is perhaps a bit of shopping. I think I would also enjoy a walk in the park. Today promises to be glorious.” Martha laughed.

I perked up a bit and wiped a tear or two from my eyes. We spoke as I ate a bit of breakfast. Our conversation was very comfortable and easy.

“You also must keep in mind that you will feel a degree of mood swings because of the hormones, Pet.” I nodded and Martha gently squeezed my hand. “Come Pet. Let us dress for the day.”

“Would you help me choose something?” I wanted to dress for Martha. I wanted to look...well...as she thought I should.

“Why of course dear. I would be pleased to help you.”

We strolled into the town house, leaving the dishes and platters for the downstairs weekend maid after having our fill. I enjoyed holding onto Martha’s arm; it felt very natural. Up in my room, Martha thoroughly inspected my hanging things.

“My...these are lovely.” She commented as she leafed through the closeted dresses. “Here we go.” Martha removed a dress. “This one is quite striking dear.” She held it up against my body. “Yes. Raoul seems to have your number. This truly suits your coloring.”

The dress was a simple design with a scalloped collar trimmed in an off white lace and buttoned down to mid chest. The length was mid-calf with a wide sweeping hem. The pattern was quite colorful but not overwhelming at all. On a cream field, green vines wound around the design with very small spring flowers in bloom adding the color.

The material was a very light weight silk and linen blend. This offered a slight sheen to the fabric. Martha selected a pair of cordovan colored pumps with an inch and one half stacked heel. She suggested a pair of sheer nude stockings. The dress did offer belt loops on the left and right seams and I now did have a thin leather cordovan colored belt with a small rounded brass buckle to match the shoes.

I was thrilled with Martha’s suggestions and choices. I quickly took a shower and put on fresh undies (remembering to put in a pad just in the event...). I loved the feeling of the stockings sliding up my smooth legs. I had to ask Martha if she felt the same kind of thrilling tingle or if this was so second nature that she no longer even noticed. My bra was pearl white that matched the panty. I still felt a bit odd about putting it on and inserting the latex fillers.

I turned to my bath room mirror to do my face. The redness and swelling were no longer evident. Of course I kept up the regime of aloe and lotion to aid the healing. I couldn’t believe how smooth my skin felt.

I went very light on the cosmetics only a touch of brown shadow, two swipes of dark brown mascara, and a deep burgundy shade of matted lipstick. I created a mist of cologne in the air and walked through it. I could feel the atomized droplets settling on my skin; a uniquely refreshing sensation. Then I turned toward the hanging dress.

I carefully undid the bone white buttons and removed the dress from its padded hanger. Putting it over my head, I let the fabric fall down my body until the short sleeves sat in place and the unpadded shoulders sat naturally. I carefully buttoned the garment as I stared at my image. Yeah...the bra worked with this. I needed that little extra something for the dress to sit properly.

I felt...complete; at least as complete as I was going to be today. I felt good and I thought I looked good. I discovered that the dress had two hip pockets as I left my room and headed for Martha's. I knocked, heard her permission to enter, and discovered her standing at her armoire. She was selecting several pieces of jewelry to wear.

"Oh darling. You look gorgeous!" Her praise caused me to blush and avert my eyes. Her blessing is what I had hoped for. "We really must compliment your 'look' with a bit of...what do they call it these days..." Martha looked away for a moment. Suddenly her face lighted up. "...bling!"

'Bling'?

Martha went to her closet. She opened the door and disappeared for several moments. I could hear her moving things about. She reappeared holding a small wooden box about the size of a cigar box? But the wood was much lusher and dark in color. Martha held it with hand beneath the box and one hand on top. It was as though she held the Sacred Sacrament.

"These were hers." Martha choked up a bit as she spoke. "There is nothing of real value so I chose to keep these. Everything else went to her family. You may borrow them to wear if you'd like."

Placing the box down on the table in the window bay, Martha sat and opened the box up. I sat down in the other chair. The box was lined with plush velvet. Scattered about the inside were several boxes marked Tiffany's. There were other beaded pieces neatly arranged by color. Necklaces of antique glass with matching bracelets and earrings colored the purple velvet material of the box and glinted as the light from outside struck their faceted surfaces.

I grasped Martha's hand with mine. She seemed to be lost in thought. When she looked at me, I spoke.

"Perhaps the green beaded pieces?"

"She enjoyed wearing them frequently." Martha smiled sadly. "I think they'll do you justice dear. We really must have your ears pierced. It would be a shame not to wear the earrings."

After assisting me with the necklace and bracelets, Martha closed the lid and handed me the box.

"Why don't you keep them? These are pieces well suited for day to day usage and I would rather see them being worn then..." Martha's voice trailed off softly.

We both got up to leave. I preceded Martha to put the box away in my armoire. I was quite touched that she would entrust the pieces to me. I wondered about their relationship. I'm sure it was a loving one because it was very evident to me that Martha still mourned her loss.

As we headed out toward the park, a mere two blocks away, I could feel Martha was still a bit moody; quiet. I put my hands in my pockets as we slowly strolled. Suddenly Martha locked her arm with mine and sort of leaned against me a bit resting her head on my shoulder.

We reached the corner and, whilst waiting for traffic to pass by, or the light to turn green in our favor, I turned into Martha's body and hugged her to me. I whispered into her ear very softly.

"I wish I could be her for you."

"You can't. You're not her. Simply being yourself will suffice." Martha hugged me back, kissed my cheek, and then smiled at me. The light turned green and we crossed; again arm in arm.

Once into the park Martha's mood abruptly changed. Perhaps it was the openness or the fresh air or the sounds of being in a park on a mild spring day. Whatever took hold, she began to open up and talk about different things. Again the difference of our stations seemed to disappear as it had last evening. We were simply two friends out for a stroll on a beautiful warm spring day.

We began to walk uptown along one of the paths. I had to sit every so often because of my new shoes. We would occupy a bench for a few minutes and then continue onward.

"New shoes can be such a nuisance." Martha chuckled. "Believe me I've had my bouts with them. When I was younger, I had several pairs of four and one half inch stiletto heels. My God what a nightmare they were. I would wear them into the office and as soon as I sat down I would kick them off."

I smiled and chuckled with her. I couldn't image Martha ever working for anybody.

"Why do you dislike men so much?" I bit my tongue immediately after posing the question.

"Oh..." Martha took and let out a deep breath. "...I don't dislike men." Martha laughed. "I'm completely surrounded by them; at home and at work. I adore men...in my own fashion; Mr. Stone, Mr. Davis, and George Willis for example. And many of my top executives are men."

"But..."

"But nothing." Martha said emphatically and took a deep breath; exhaling slowly. "When I first began my career in finance, every move upward I tried to make was blocked by a man. It was a man I seemed to always be replacing. Every good idea I had was either stolen or claimed by a man."

I listened and nodded my head. I understood what she meant.

"The fact that I choose to no longer make myself available to men is...well...a personal choice. Men want to be worshipped and I refuse to bow down to anyone." Martha stopped walking and turned to face me. "Now tell me honestly; would you rather be adored or worshipped?"

"Adored...of course." I answered without even thinking.

"Of course! So would I. But I refuse to be adored at the cost of my self-respect and that's what men ask of us." Martha looked off to her right. "Come and sit with me for a moment."

Gladly! My feet were hurting anyway and I wanted to hear anything and everything Martha felt like imparting. We sat on a bench; our bodies turned into one another. Martha took both my hands into hers. She smiled that patient motherly smile.

“Do you really think that your Jerry...” My Jerry? “...coming to your house was merely a coincidence?”

“Well...” I shrugged my shoulders. “...yes.”

“Nonsense!” Martha laughed. “He knew exactly what you were doing and he knew when the best time to approach you would be. Maybe he had seen you through a window, or noticed something about you on the street. Whatever it was, he played you like a musician plays a violin.” Martha chuckled. “AND...the moment you stopped worshipping him, he ceased to adore you.”

I was verging on tears. Deep within my heart I felt Martha was right. But I couldn't stand the fact that she found this amusing. I told her as much.

“Oh sweet heart...” She looked at me with her motherly sympathetic eyes and smile. “The only reason I know this, and the only reason I laugh...” She moved closer to me. “...is that where ever you've been, and where ever you'll be...I've been there before you. My experiences have been the same as yours.”

“Well what about you and me? I mean...did you plan to meet me as you did?”

“And if I did? Would you be sorry for that? Would we mean any less to one another?” Martha arched her brows but still continued to smile...maternally.

I sat for a moment. I felt so...confused. That we met is the issue for sure. So why did I feel so...used? What isn't here now that was present only moments ago? What did I lose; the fantasy, the façade, the charade? Does that lessen what I feel? I couldn't answer Martha. I pulled my hands from hers and threw them around her. I hugged her to me as she giggled. She hugged me back.

“You see dear...” Martha whispered in my ear. “...there is nothing wrong with living in reality as long as you control, or at the very least, understand that reality. Not a single thing has changed between us.” She was right.

We continued our walk once I had pulled myself together a bit. Lord I seemed to be so very emotional. We strolled arm in arm. I enjoyed the feeling of the sun on my body. There was a slight breeze that played the hem of my dress against my legs. I would stop ever so often simply to watch children playing. I caught Martha watching me watch the little ones chasing a ball, or each other. She smiled.

We had only walked about ten blocks but it was already after noon. Martha suggested we grab a spot of lunch. We walked across Fifth Avenue. I let Martha take the lead. I saw nowhere to eat; no restaurants. Martha took my hand and led me to a hotel; the Carlyle? I couldn't image but evidently she knew what she was doing...as usual.

As soon as the Maître de Hotel saw Martha, he beamed and greeted her. Of course; ‘HER table’ would be ready ‘momentarily’. She called him by his first name and he greeted her as Ms. Grey. Did she have ‘HER tables’ all over the city?

The restaurant was very elegant, of course; linen cloths and napkins, a full place setting, and a forest of stem ware for whatever drinks were desired. What struck me as I glanced at the eclectic menu was that we've only eaten at home twice since my arrival.

I could understand Martha eating at her club only a few doors away. But I was accustomed to dining at home...or what formerly was my home; breakfast and dinner like clockwork. We would go out on weekends perhaps, but otherwise...

We chose from their 'Ladies Who Lunch' menu. The meal was simply wonderful. We had soup and a Caesar salad followed by king salmon in a curry sauce. We chose several vegetable dishes which we shared. This was savored along with a very nice white wine. I decided that perhaps I could become accustomed to this way of life. It was certainly more enticing than a Saturday lunch at the corner Greek diner.

Prior to dessert, I found myself in need of...well...I had to pee...badly!

"Ah...yes." Martha grinned. "Why don't I accompany you?"

"What???" What!!! Accompany me? Oh dear Lord...I had forgotten for the moment. Martha chuckled at my...realization?

"We must make certain you don't enter the wrong lounge you know." Again...that mischievous grin!

The thought hadn't occurred to me that I might be in need whilst in public. I must say that I was thankful Martha took my hand and led me. I was still somewhat in a daze. The ladies lounge was as exquisitely decorated as the restaurant. An outer room with mirror wall and padded benches preceded the actual facilities.

Martha took the stall next to mine. Thankfully we were the only occupants at the moment. Though I had relieved myself en femme so long ago at home, there was something exciting about doing so in public for the first time; especially knowing now that it would not be the last time. I found the thought of Martha joining me...in the adjoining stall... exciting.

"Well Pet. This IS a first..." Martha chuckled. "...at least for you. Have you ever been in the 'ladies' before?"

Oh my God! Martha didn't wait for an answer. She began to describe how a male suitor, of sorts, had followed her into the ladies lounge at a downtown club one night. Martha went on to tell me how they...well...they did it in one of the stalls! I couldn't believe we were having this conversation where we were.

As we stood by the basins washing our hands, I observed Martha looking at her image in the mirror; turning her head slightly from side to side. She saw my reflection as she gazed at her own and smiled. I was adjusting my bra strap...again...for the umpteenth time.

"We really must get you a hand bag. Your lips could use refreshing."

I reached into my pocket and took out my tube of lipstick. I grinned at Martha as I held it up.

"Smart girl." Martha chuckled.

'Girl' I thought. Hmm... This was beginning to grow on me very quickly. The thought occurred to me, as I refreshed my lips with a single swipe to each, that whenever Martha spoke about...things...it was usually with a referring of 'them' and 'us'; the 'us', of course, being Martha and me; women!

We arrived at the table just as the dessert cart did. There was an assortment of incredibly delightful looking treats from fruit tarts to custard confections to the old standard Black Forest cake; though nothing was truly standard about the presentation at all.

I felt so stuffed that I knew I couldn't indulge in anything by myself and I was too aware of wasting food; a remnant of my youth...and my mother. I looked questioningly at Martha.

"Well..." Martha sat back and returned my gaze. "...I am quite full. But the mousse looks so terribly inviting. Care to split one my dear?" She grinned.