

## “The Dance”

**W**e began our journey back home...oh my God...HOME!

“Shit!”

My voice was louder than need be and my choice of words...well...I could have found a less explicit expletive I suppose. Both my hands quickly covered my mouth and my eyes glanced to either side to see if I'd been over heard.

“Whatever is the matter Pet.” Martha gave me a concerned look. I stopped and took her arm gently stopping Martha.

“My room...my things...the hotel in mid-town!” I was more than a little panicked. The biggest concern was my personal lap top computer. My entire life, and browsing history, was on that puter. I had completely forgotten about going there to ‘clean out’.

“Oh...didn't I tell you? How terribly inconsiderate of me.” Martha exaggerated her speech and then began to chuckle. “I had Mr. Stone take care of that business the other day.” She was so casual in her announcement that I could have screamed in frustration.

“And my computer???” I said with seer panic in my voice as I started walking to catch up to her.

“Oh...Mr. Stone is taking care of that. I think it took him all of five minutes to discover your password.”

Oh my God...he knew everything...and that meant...EVERYTHING!!! I looked at Martha with guilt and concern in my eyes. She now knew all of my other ‘dirty little secrets’; the websites I visited and with who I corresponded with. After all...I did have an active fantasy life on-line in lieu of one in my real time bed room.

“Oh come now Pet...” Martha said with exasperation in her voice. “Did you really think I would make my home yours without knowing everything about you?” She smiled and chuckled. “Did I tell you how I obtained my last position before starting off on my own?”

I shook my head. I was still stunned by Martha's revelation. She looked off for a moment as if waiting for my total attention. ‘Oh what the hell...’ I thought to myself. Martha already knew all my little wicked fantasies. Indeed she was catering to them.

“I allowed the board chairman to fuck me in my ass whilst bent over the board room table.” There was no smile or chuckle; only the silence of bitter truth. I was again stunned by her complete honesty and stared at her for a moment. Suddenly, and very unexpectedly, Martha smiled and began to sing!

“*Oh make me over...*” She spread her arms out. “*...I'm all I wanna be...*” She spun around and faced me, smiling. “*...a walking study...*” She shuffled and danced to her side. “*...in demonology...*”

I couldn't help but smile and laugh. Martha took my arm and we continued walking down Fifth Avenue as she continued to sing a rock song I'd never heard before.

“I want to go dancing tonight.” Martha smiled and I could feel her infectious excitement at the thought of going out to a club to dance.

By the time we got home my feet were...tender? I didn't have any blisters but I was ready to be out of my shoes and off of my feet. I retrieved my little key ring with the house keys from my other pocket and opened the door letting Martha precede me inside. I immediately shed my shoes in relief.

“I suppose we could take the lift up.” Martha chuckled as she led the way. “Now I want you to get some rest. It won't be a late night, but it will be a night.” She turned toward me and stopped. Her face lighted up with a broad smile and an impish expression appeared. “Perhaps we'll need to soak your feet this evening.” I giggled and blushed.

I felt such relief to undress and lay atop my bed in my silk peignoir. That damned bra was proving to be such an irritant! I still wore my stockings and panty though. They felt so comforting and comfortable. At some point I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

I don't know what caused me to awaken but when I did, I turned onto my back, stretched and opened my eyes to find Martha sitting in the chair by the window. Her legs were crossed at the ankles, her elbows upon the table and her face slightly turned to rest in her palms. A slight smile crossed her lips.

I don't know what or why, but I instantly flashed an image of Karen screaming at me and I was at a loss for recognizing where I was. I kicked my feet against the bedding in seer panic and propelled myself with a thud against the headboard of the bed. A band of perspiration broke out on my forehead and I felt nausea begin to overcome me. I thought I heard myself scream.

Martha was to my side in a flash. She took me around in her arms and pulled me into her.

“Easy sweetheart. It was only a dream...a wicked little phantom of no substance.” She whispered softly into my ear.

I buried my face into her neck and held her tightly. As I came back to myself, I felt tears accompanied by an enormous release of anxiety. I let her rock me gently and it was so very comforting that I feared letting go of Martha lest my...wicked little phantom...return to claim me.

When I calmed enough I lifted my head and released my 'death hold' around Martha. She handed me several tissues from a box on my night stand and I dried my tears and wiped my nose. She was still smiling calmly at me and gently stroked my hair; now somewhat matted.

“What was that all about? I certainly hope it wasn't the sight of me.” Martha chuckled. I took a deep breathe.

“I don't know.” I said turning my head from side to side. “I was...confused...for a moment and then I thought I heard...Karen. She was screaming at me...I think. And then I didn't quite know where I was.”

I looked at the tissues in my hand, now a crumpled ball that I was fingering. Martha, still smiling her soft smile, looked off for a moment. Then she took my chin in her fingers and raised my head so that our eyes met.

“As long as you are here with me, she can’t hurt you. Nobody can.” Releasing my chin she held her palms upward and out as she shrugged her shoulders. “I simply won’t have that.”

I giggled to the vision of her warding off some invisible hoard of horrors with; ‘Stop that noise instantly. Go back to where you come from!’ And they would suddenly silence and turn around and go away. Martha took my hands in hers.

“Now...we’re going out dancing tonight AND...” Her brows arched. “...we ARE going to have a little fun.” Martha’s voice expressed, beyond any doubt, of her insistence on having fun. “Now I don’t know what you might have available to wear but I do recommend flats on your feet.” She kissed my brow, got off the bed and walked to her room.

My phone showed that it was after five so I quickly showered, shaved my legs and arms, wrapped a towel around myself, and did my hair. I donned a very pretty matching set of lavender patterned undies. The weave was such that an embossed design of chevrons decorated the front and back of the panty indicating the proper direction to pursue (giggle). The bra cups had the same design.

Before going any further I looked to see if I had anything that might prove suitable for the evening. I would have normally worn jeans but that was no longer an option. And all of the trousers were really more designed for a professional look. The business suits and dresses would not have been appropriate for such physical activities as dancing. Everything else was far too...casual? And I had no idea of where we would be going which didn’t help.

I found a very lovely black skirt with a floral pattern and a cream colored poet’s shirt; both of which fit perfectly. I chose black stockings and ballet slippers to complete the outfit. Although I thought I looked nice enough for most occasions that weren’t...dressy...I thought back to how either casually or provocatively the girls dressed in school for go out to dance. I was neither.

I stared at myself in the mirror for a while. I really liked the ‘new’ me. But I wasn’t quite happy with the new me in this outfit. I went out my door and over to Martha’s. I knocked and heard her reply so I entered. There was that man’s portrait again over the desk in the ante chamber. It kind of intimidated me a bit though I couldn’t quite fathom why.

“Oh dear...” Martha obviously felt the same as I did upon seeing me. “That...” She motioned with her hand toward me. “...simply won’t do.” She folded her arms and looked annoyed.

Martha was dressed in a magnificent gold lame sleeveless gown that fell to her ankles. The blend had to include spandex because it hugged her in all the ‘right’ places. The tailoring screamed custom design. There were maybe three seams to the piece and two were in the plunging neckline that also dropped down her back.

“I’m sorry.” I felt awful; especially since Martha had wanted to look...well...she looked so very...hot?

“This is my fault really. I hadn’t anticipated tonight’s activities.” She turned her head in annoyance and thought a moment. “Here.” She beckoned me toward her closet. She walked into it and I could hear the hangers being moved as she sought out something. Martha suddenly came out with a smile. “This was...hers. See if it might fit. It might be a tad loose.”

Martha handed me a sequined lime green cocktail dress which I took and held up against me. ‘Oh my God’ I thought to myself. This might come down to my knees...maybe! It was halter necked and key holed backed. In spite of its skimpy size, I could feel that it had the weight from the sequins. It too had a good degree of spandex or lycra and would no doubt hug certain areas.

“Go change and let’s see how you look.”

I went back to my room and got out of my clothes hanging each piece up as I went along. I opened the hooked neck and decided that over the head would be the proper way to enter the dress. I had no idea about what to do with my bra straps.

The fit was loose enough to be comfortable and tight enough to round my butt out nicely. It truly was a party dress unlike any I’d seen before. Certainly Karen owned nothing like this. There was certainly elegance to it. I walked back to Martha’s rooms and entered. The ante chamber door was still open.

“Yesss...” She smiled. “It suits you perfectly. And it does high light your gorgeous green eyes.” I could tell from her voice that she was pleased. “You might try the matching shoes. They will be a bit large I’m sure.” Martha went back into her closet and came out with a pair of matching sequined two and a half inch heeled pumps. “These do have heels I’m afraid but give them a try anyway.”

I slipped on the pumps and found them to be maybe half a size too large. I tried to tuck my bra straps beneath the halter’s collar but had no success keeping them there. Martha went to her armoire and retrieved a small plastic clip.

“Turn around dear.” She smiled. I loved her smile; particularly this one that had a bit of the maternal in it. Martha used the clip to fasten my bra straps very close together at the nape of my neck and thus avoiding exposure. Then she hooked the back and had me turn around. “There...that’s better. We really must attend to this on Monday. You will need something for an occasional outing. Parties, balls and other events we can get well ahead of time. But these...spur of the moment things...”

I felt...‘exposed’. I’d never even thought of wearing such a thing when I was...younger. Indeed, I never even saw such a dress as this.

“I’m sure there are one or two orangey topaz pieces in the jewelry box I gave you. That would be an excellent counter point to my gold and emeralds.” Emeralds? “Do you think you can wear the shoes? We can bring your flats to dance in but the shoe look so exquisite with that dress. You must at least be seen.” Martha flipped her hands up. “Give them the entire visage dear.” She chuckled.

I stood in front of Martha’s full length mirror and stared at myself. I could barely recognize ‘me’ anymore. Even without my ‘face’ on...there was a stranger being reflected back at me. Albeit the

stranger was sort of...hot? She was certainly someone who most likely wouldn't even notice me if I was sitting next to her.

"Hurry dear...take this and finish dressing." Martha handed me a small clutch purse that, of course, matched the entire outfit.

I walked, very carefully I might add, back to my room. I would need to somehow tighten up the shoes a bit. There was a good half inch gap between the rear of the shoe and my heel. I took them off and went to the bath room to do my face.

When I was finished, I put on a magnificent necklace and bracelet of topaz. The necklace was a delicate gold chain lattice and at each intersect there was a small stone. At the base was a much larger tear drop faceted stone. The colors were carefully selected because they were simply so uniform that they appeared to have come from the same stone. I loved the manner in which it fell perfectly from my neck downward to slightly drape over my 'breasts'.

The bracelet was a three strand piece with the stones set in gold. It was simply lovely almost beyond words. There was a pair of earrings but my ears weren't pierced. I would have loved to wear them. They were dropped with two round stones and a third larger tear drop at the bottom. They would have hung to just below my jaw line.

I walked out into the hall to find Martha leaving her chambers. She smiled as she approached me. She looked so unbelievably gorgeous that I opened my mouth to tell her but the words hung in my throat. I felt a tear well up.

"Now don't start." She admonished me not realizing what the problem was. "I did my best you know." She chuckled. "You look quite lovely dear."

I knew she was waiting for me to return the compliment. But I was truly at a loss for words. Martha stared at my blank expression and her brows furrowed in concern.

"Are you alright?" That was truly a question open to interpretation because I didn't know. I nodded my head and then shook it indicating I wasn't. Martha walked up to me and placed one hand on my shoulder. Her other hand lifted my chin. I gazed into her eyes. "What's wrong sweet heart?"

"You are sooo beautiful." I was pained by the words. Martha smiled and maybe even blushed.

I don't know why but...I simply couldn't see us together in any way, shape, or form. I could feel tears begin to form. Why was I crying all the time?

"I'm beautiful?" She laughed. "You, my child, are gorgeous." I looked into her eyes. There was no lie in them. She meant exactly what she said though I didn't see it myself.

"May I get my ears pierced?" I think the question stunned, and pleased Martha. She stepped back from me.

"Of course darling. If I didn't have this...urge...we would have done so this afternoon. I think you should have two piercings in each lobe. I would love to decorate you with glittering baubles so that you may be bathed in a fountain of multi-colored light."

Martha's smile was blinding. I could almost envision the images she had of me in her mind dripping with...bling? Martha grasped my hand and led me to the stairs. I had never done stairs in heels before and the very thought began to paralyze me with fear. I could see myself tumbling down the stairs head over high heels. I hesitated.

"Oh come dear. This is not difficult. You simply angle your body so that the entire shoe lands on the stair. Watch me."

Martha angled her body about forty five degrees and slowly, elegantly, descended the stairs placing one foot down after the other. She held the railing but did not look down. She was more than accustomed to doing this. I followed slowly and as gracefully as I could; one foot over the other. When Martha reached the bottom, she turned and watched me.

"That's it dear...slowly and gracefully. You might try leading with this." She placed her hands on her hips. "If you lead with your hips when you walk, the rest of your body tends to follow. You appear more graceful than you otherwise might truly be. It is also easier to place one foot before the other. And it does give you such a lovely little wiggle." She chuckled.

This was something I would need to practice. As it was I watched Martha's mannerisms and movements continually. I wanted to affect that grace and elegance that seemed to come so naturally to her.

"By the way..." Martha turned toward me as we walked to the door. "...however did you get the shoes to fit properly?"

"Cotton balls stuffed into the heels." I giggled. Martha nodded her head and smiled. I could hear her thinking 'clever girl'.

Mr. Davis held the doors open as we exited the house and entered the car. Before he had the chance to close the car door Martha gave him our destination.

"Frankie's...if you please."

**W**e were over the bridge and in Queens. This was a warehouse district and the eeriness of the street lights on the deserted streets made me glad to be in the car with someone like Mr. Davis. We turned down an even darker and, if possible, more deserted street. As we reached the end of this block, an entirely different scene met our eyes. There was a long line of people, cars, sky lights and a brick two story building with a painting of a whale and a porpoise on its façade.

Mr. Davis drove the car right up in front. One of the valets opened the door for us. She smiled politely as we exited the rear of the car. Another woman went around to the driver's side but Mr. Davis waved her off. Martha took my hand and we strode to the cordoned off front of the line.

"Martha Grey and...friend." Martha smiled at me as she spoke..

A woman in a black suit holding a clip board checked for our names as we stood and smiled. The woman evidently didn't see Martha's name and made a phone call. A tall blond, also in a black suit

came out the door and walked toward us. She was tall and large, like an athlete; with broad shoulders and a very determined look in her deep blue eyes. She wasn't smiling.

"Martha! It is so good to see you." She hugged Martha and kissed her on the lips. "It's been a long time. How are you?" She concern seemed very real as she still looked at Martha quite soberly.

"I'm doing dear...I'm doing. And how are you Gina?"

"I'm good. It's all good." Now Gina smiled and laughed.

"Where's the boss?"

"She's inside. She doesn't know that you're here yet. You'll really surprise her." Gina laughed.

Martha turned and, removing a twenty dollar bill from her clutch bag, handed it to the valet. Gina shook her head and the valet politely refused it.

"Your money's no good here Martha." Gina smiled sincerely.

"Ah..." Martha smiled and nodded. "This is Petra. I would hope her money is."

Martha handed me the bill and I watched the interplay between the valet and Gina. Gina smiled and finally nodded her head and the valet accepted the tip.

"You're going to ruin my girls you know." Gina laughed and took Martha's arm. Martha took mine and we all walked past the line of people and toward the door.

I felt so...it felt so...interesting. It was the way the people on line looked at us as if we were celebrities. I suppose Martha was an important woman within her world but I was nobody and I was getting the envious stares as well.

Gina held the door open for us and Martha let me precede her into the dimly lighted interior. The inside was so totally different and unexpected. It was elegant beyond what I could have imagined. But, then again, everywhere Martha has taken me thus far seemed to be a cut above the norm.

I was overwhelmed; waitresses wearing black strapless gowns, cloth table coverings, soft candle light, and crystal chandeliers. Everything was so...perfect. There were tables as well as booths. But the most striking feature of the place was the two story glass back wall that exposed not only the East River, but a gorgeous view of mid-town Manhattan!

I was totally involved taking the scene in when this large man in a tuxedo jacket came up to Martha and hugged her. Martha completely disappeared from view behind the broad body of whoever was hugging her. He must've been a weight lifter and he towered over her. He pushed away a bit and kissed Martha on the lips and again hugged her to him. I received the shock of my life when they finally spoke.

"Martha! It is so very good to see you!" That was the voice of a woman! "I've missed you around here."

"I'll tell you Frankie...it's good to be seen." They laughed.

"You should have let me know you were coming. I have two guests at my table tonight otherwise..."

“It was a spur of the moment thing. Don’t give it a second thought.”

“Let’s go upstairs for a moment or two while we get your table ready.”

Martha and I followed Frankie down a hallway past the ladies lounge to an elevator. We rode up to the third floor. This area couldn’t really be seen from the street because it was centered atop the building. This was where Frankie and several of the girls lived. There were four apartments; Frankie’s being the largest.

We were led through Frankie’s apartment to an outdoor terrace beneath an awning. The view was simply breath-taking. The night was gorgeous and a slight breeze blew. Frankie sat down in a cushioned wooden glider and beckoned Martha to sit next to her. I sat facing them on the other bench. A table separated us.

“Where are my manners tonight!” Martha chuckled and shook her head. “Frankie, this is Petra. Petra is my new assistant.”

Frankie reached across the table and gently grasped my offered hand in hers.

“Nice to meet you Petra. I hope the job works out for you.” Frankie smiled gently.

Everything about her seemed gentle belying her size. Yet I could sense an inner anger that I certainly wouldn’t want to see aroused. Suddenly Frankie took a cigarette out of her jacket pocket and lighted it; only it wasn’t a cigarette; it was pot! She inhaled deeply and passed the joint to Martha. Martha scowled as if deciding whether to indulge or not. She took it and inhaled deeply.

“You know Frankie...” Martha said exhaling the smoke in a raspy voice. “...you always have such good taste for the finer things life has to offer.” Martha then handed the joint to me. “I certainly hope this is not a new product for the club.”

I took the joint from Martha. In truth, I hadn’t smoked pot in a few years...my first year in college to be exact. I smoked a little in high school but never could really get into it and a glass of wine was as silly as I usually got. I inhaled the pungent smelling, very herbal tasting drug as Frankie began to speak.

“Well...the good taste is from the company I like to keep.” She said smiling at Martha. “And no...this is not for the club. I run a club and that’s enough. This is for friends.”

“It is very good.” Martha giggled.

“I got upped.” Martha’s smile broaden with surprise and she moved a bit closer to Frankie when she heard this.

“Oh please...do tell.”

“Bobby thought I was doing so good with this club that he now has me overseeing his other four clubs.”

“My word! That’s really a big move. How do you handle it? I mean...this is home. You’re always here.” Martha placed her chin in her palm, elbow on the table.



“I have Gina do the collections. She goes with two of her girls and there’s usually no problem.”

“You’re still with Gina?” Frankie laughed when Martha asked.

“It’s always been Gina. Gina watches out for me. She always has my back. She’s staying with me now...finally.” Frankie’s eyes rolled and she let out an exasperated breath.

The joint went around again.

“And how are you doing Martha?” Frankie did look concerned. Martha sat back and looked at me for a moment.

“I’m doing. It’s still difficult at times but...we move on you know.” Frankie nodded.

“Not for nothing sweetie...I’ still checking around and it’s a freak. You check with Bobby’s guy at the precinct?”

Martha looked at me for a moment.

“Pet dear...would you please give us a moment?” She smiled at me.

I looked at Martha...and then Frankie...and then back to Martha when it suddenly occurred to me that they needed to have a private conversation. I suddenly woke up and giggled.

“Oh...sure!!!”

I got up and walked closer to the edge to take in the view. I was...stoned!!! It felt so strange to be in that condition and dressed...and in heels!!! I slowly practiced walking as Martha had suggested; thrusting with my hips and having the rest of me follow. I felt good...kind of complete.

When I got to the edge of the roof I turned and looked back at Martha. They both had turned their bodies toward each other and were speaking. I noticed that Frankie’s arm was on Martha’s shoulder and Martha’s hand was on Frankie’s thigh. I felt myself tense with a surge of...jealousy?

The more I watched them, the more jealous I became. They hugged. I felt like going over and slapping Frankie. Of course she would probably fold me in half with her huge paws and mailed me home in a very small box. I turned back toward the view of the city. My foot was nervously tapping and I hugged myself around just beneath my...‘boobs’ (not).

I mean I really had no claim to, or on, Martha. I don’t think anybody ever had, or would have. There was a wild naturalness about her; a tigress that could never be tamed. If nothing else, the opposite was true; she owned me. What could I do but pout?

I looked back toward them and they had gotten up. Martha beckoned me with her index finger and, like a well-trained puppy I practiced my ‘new’ walk back toward them. They were embracing and Martha got up on her toes to kiss Frankie on the lips. I looked down and then away rather than see that.

Frankie embraced me and kissed me on the cheek. She said how nice it was to meet me and that she hoped to see me again; SEE ME AGAIN!!! Okay, so maybe the pot was making me a little paranoid; but maybe not. I smiled at her and responded appropriately, of course.

A kiss on the cheek; what crap! I have lips! Why didn't anybody kiss me there? On the forehead, on the cheek, Martha even kissed my hands. Even Karen, on rare occasions, would kiss me on the lips. My time with Martha was far more...intimate...than even my time with Karen. It must be the pot talking. God!!! I am sooo hungry!!!

Frankie took us down to the second floor. She personally escorted us to a booth on this balcony level. The back of the booths were high enough to afford the occupants privacy and every booth faced the river. Frankie excused herself with a promise to visit a little later.

In no time at all a lovely waitress in a black gown came to our table. Martha ordered for us. She got several appetizers and a bottle of white wine. Martha then took my hand in hers and turned her body toward me.

"I am quite angry with you." She smiled as she spoke. "You embarrassed me out there with that little toe tapping hissy fit of yours. Don't think for one moment I didn't see that!" I could feel the blood drain from my face. "I shall have to think of a suitable punishment." She kissed my hand and turned to look out at the view.

I felt my stomach jump to my throat. I had no excuse. I hung my head.

"I'm sorry." Lame...but I was.

"Oh I'm sure you are. However, sorry doesn't quite cut it." Still holding my hand, Martha raised it once again and kissed it. "Well...that's for later. Don't give it another thought." Martha smiled wryly. "Let's enjoy ourselves tonight. I hear the band beginning to warm up."

'Don't give it another thought' she said. Yeah...right! But Martha was right; the band was tuning up on the small semi-circular stage. Martha opened her clutch purse and removed the thinnest pair of leather ballet flats I'd ever seen. She removed her heels and slipped on the flats.

"You've forgotten your flats, haven't you?" Martha chuckled. "It would seem that tonight isn't your night sweet heart." Martha took my chin in her fingers and turned my face toward hers. She leaned in and our foreheads touched. "You just might have to dance bare footed. I think that's rather sexy, don't you?" I was on the verge of tears, yet again!

Fortunately our wine arrived. I took a sip. My mouth was so dry. Several small dishes with various little treats arrived shortly after the wine. I looked at Martha questioningly. I can't believe I was actually seeking permission to eat! It almost seemed the natural thing to do. She smiled and nodded her head and I attacked the food as delicately as possible. Martha chuckled and watched.

The band had started to play and Martha swayed and moved her arms to the beat. Once my hunger was somewhat slaked, I turned toward Martha and smiled. She took this for a sign of my being ready to dance. Martha stood up and held her hand out for me to take. Suddenly I found myself to be a little bit taller than her because of my heels. I bent and removed them.

We walked down the circular stairway to the dance floor. The music was much louder than what we had heard upstairs. One could feel the air move with the rhythm and the beat. The place was starting to get crowded and it was still early. There was room on the dance floor and Martha chose

to start dancing in the center. She put her arms up, closed her eyes, and began gyrating to the music.

I was never really what one might call a dancer. I could sort of shimmy to the music but that's about all. Martha was so wonderful to watch that I decided to try and emulate her movements. I threw my arms up, closed my eyes, and began to try and gyrate in the sinuous, and sensuous, manner of Martha.

I suddenly felt her body touch mine; her hip rubbed against mine. I smiled and giggled. She put her arm around my waist and I did the same to her and we danced together side by side. I found our dancing to be such incredible fun. I looked at her, and she at me, and we laughed and simply enjoyed ourselves.

This was a first for me; a new experience; enjoying dancing! I'd been to dances at school...college...but I rarely partook in the activities. Sometimes I would sway with the music but otherwise, I'd be the one in the corner watching everybody else having a good time. I think I went only to hear the live music anyway.

Now here I was dancing with the most gorgeous woman I could ever imagine being with. I felt so alive! I know that in spite of the food I was still a bit high from the pot. But the stares of the other ladies dancing confirmed the vision in my mind. They would smile knowingly that we were indeed a 'we'. At least that was what my senses told me. At least that was what I wanted to think.

After several songs the band slowed down and played a lovely ballad. I turned thinking that maybe Martha would want to go back upstairs for a while. Not! She grasped my wrist and, spinning me back around, pulled my body into hers with enough force to cause us to 'thump'.

Martha grasped both my hands and placed them upon her shoulders. She put her hands upon my hips and she began to lead me slowly...ever so slowly...backward and in a circle. I was somewhat startled by the force of her movements but quickly smiled and settled into her swaying rhythm.

Martha rubbed her pelvis into mine. She slowly drew her nails down the keyhole back of my dress sending shivers throughout my body. Martha chuckled at my response as I stared at her in wide eyed surprise. Her forehead touched mine as she gently squeezed my buns and pulled my pelvis into hers even more tightly.

She was staring into my eyes as I closed them to savor her touch. Martha placed her hand on the back of my head and pushed gently until my cheek rested on her shoulder. As one hand stroked and caressed my back, the other stroked and played with the hair on the back of my head and neck.

I inhaled deeply and, turning my face into Martha's neck, exhaled slowly in a low throaty moan. She was intentionally getting me...excited...erect! Oh my God! I was getting a stiffy in the midst of a lesbian night club. Martha knew exactly what she was doing as she breathed softly into my ear and gently tugged on my ear lobe with her teeth.

I still had my eyes closed and I let my mind drift as I held onto Martha's shoulders. I was in another world; an exciting and sensual world. I no longer even heard the music. I kissed her neck and then I softly licked her neck, tasting the salt from her exertion. I heard her moan softly.

Martha tightened her hold on my lower back and continued to play with my ear as she swayed, and led me, to the music as the singer crooned a love song. I nibbled gently on her neck and shoulders trying to enflame her passion the way she had mine.

“Don’t think you can start what I will not let you finish.” Martha giggled.

I lifted my head to gaze at Martha in annoyance. She grasped my hair at the nape of my neck and tilted my face at an angle to her. Then Martha brought her lips within no more than a few inches of mine. Her eyes were afire with...hunger...passion. I went the rest of the way and our lips met in a soft, but full lip-lock.

It was no more than a few seconds but it might as well have been all night because she left me breathless; eyes closed and lips still parted. I felt Martha’s thigh slip between my own as we continued to slowly sway. She gazed down into my eyes and smiled. Her thigh was rubbing against my panty and liner concealed dick.

She bent slightly again to kiss me and this time thrust her tongue into my mouth. Martha’s tongue sucked my soul right out of me and then thrust it back in, permanently branded with her name forever, by a fiery passion I had never known before. I came in my panties as I moaned and squealed my delight into her mouth.

Martha finally broke the kiss by pulling back on my hair. I was totally stunned and exhausted. I had to hold onto her for dear life...or at least balance...for I would have collapsed right there on the stone floor. Martha held me at the small of my back and across my upper back. She looked at me as she slightly bent over me and chuckled.

“You are so very easy.” She whispered to me as she kissed my lips gently, but quickly, again. Her thigh was still rubbing against my rapidly deflating cum soaked dick.

Evidently we had been noticed by several couples around us. I looked and they were smiling knowingly. I blushed and sought to hide my face in Martha’s delicious neck. But she would have none of this and pulled my head up to look into my eyes. She smiled and turned to the closest couple to us.

“She’s simply having a ‘moment’. She’s completely incorrigible you know.” And Martha laughed and hugged me just as the song ended. She completely owned me in less than four minutes time. “Well...” Martha said breathlessly. “...I would imagine a trip to the lounge would be in order for you dear. Would you like me to come with you?” She chuckled.

I shook my head and hastened to the lounge trying to avoid those knowing stares and grins. I went past a line of several men waiting for the men’s lounge to free up. Okay...so Frankie let in a few gay guys to avoid...issues? There was no line outside the ladies lounge; thank God! I couldn’t believe I was going into the lounge in only my stockings!

I rushed inside without even taking in the furnishings and fixtures of the outer lounge. There were women standing and preening in the mirrors. Once inside the actual commode area, all the stalls were taken at the moment so I did what seemed appropriate; I stood with my knees crossed and my hands over my lower belly as if the next great flood was eminent.

It wasn't until I hiked up the hem of my dress and lowered my panties that I realized my clutch purse with an extra liner was still upstairs at the table. I cleaned up as best I could and even sat and did my little business whilst seated. I got myself together and left the lounge after washing and making sure I looked somewhat presentable.

As I turned to go back upstairs, I heard a voice call out from the opposite end of the hallway.

"Hey...sweet pea!" Sweet pea? I turned to see Gina with her arms crossed leaned her shoulder onto the wall.

She smiled at me and beckoned me over with her index finger. My entire high school career came rushing back to me; visions of the guys who would taunt me and maybe punch me after calling me some derogatory name first to get my attention. Granted 'sweet pea' might not have been construed as such a remark given my attire and my over-all look, but her stance and her attitude was every bit as threatening.

As I walked toward her she stood up and away from the wall. Gina's eyes were cold...very cold. But she smiled. When I was no more than two or three feet from her, Gina's arm lashed out so quickly and with so much force that I felt the air rush over my face. It moved so quickly for me to really see the motion or direction. But it did abruptly stop about an inch from my nose and cheek.

"You know something?" She said smiling. Why do they always smile before they punch you in the belly? "You're really very cute." She stroked my cheek with her index finger. "Beautiful soft skin..." Gina looked into my eyes. "...lovely green eyes..." She slowly ran her finger around the edge of my lips. "...such a lovely mouth... You know something? My boss thinks the world of Martha." Gina drew so close that I had to crane my head back to look up into her eyes; not that I wanted to.

"I'll tell you something else...I think the world of your boss." Gina brought her face so close to mine that I thought she would either kiss me or bite me. "And I would really hate to see her get hurt!" She sneered at me as she spoke in a low growl, my knees beginning to tremble. Gina then turned and walked down the hall. She laughed. I almost peed...again...right there on the spot!

I couldn't understand this at all. Everyone I meet threatens me! I wouldn't know how to even begin to think about doing something to hurt Martha. The entire thing was weird; as if what Martha and I had been doing over the past few days wasn't. But this...this was something entirely different. It's as if they knew something I didn't.

I was still stunned and shaky as I returned to our booth and took my place next to Martha. I struggled with telling her about Gina...and everybody else...but thought better of it. I knew that hurting people was not within me and I had no idea of what Martha's reaction might be.

"I am so angry with you...my Pet." Martha's voice was quite calm. I couldn't see her but I felt she was smiling as she spoke. "Now...would you care to tell me exactly what that little foot stamping nonsense was all about?"

We left Frankie's club about ten. Two hours of dancing and dining proved to be enough. Martha didn't like to take advantage of Frankie's good graces and, having sated her appetite for expending energy, she decided to leave.

I felt a bit of embarrassment in having to disclose what was on my mind at the time of my little...display. But I felt I needed to relate my feelings to her. I also knew that honesty would be the foundation in our...relationship?

I was incredibly turned on at the moment. Martha had me shed my gown earlier. She rubbed some of the lotion on and around my nipples; pulling and pinching them as she did so. When they were as enlarged as they could become, two little bug bites in size, she attached a plastic tube to each; one at a time. Then she attached a suction pump and pumped out the air which drew each nipple up into the tube. Then she detached the pump leaving both my nipples extended in the tubes.

I found it nearly impossible to keep my hands in my lap. The sensation was somewhere between horrid and heavenly; travelling truly between the two. Thankfully I had her foot to massage as a distraction.

"I am so sorry. I felt...jealous when Frankie was hanging all over you. And when she kissed you? I don't know what came over me."

"Well!" Martha puffed the word as if she was incredulous. "I am somewhat flattered. But you must understand that your behavior is a reflection on me. To someone like Frankie, what is shown is as loud as what is said. Do you understand?" I nodded my head; I did understand. What I did exhibited no poise at all.

"I could explain many things to you but I'm not. I shouldn't have to anyway. But let me tell you this one thing. If somebody was to ask you if you were present during my conversation with Frankie last evening, I would expect you to be honest and answer...yes. If you were to be asked what was said? I would again expect you to be honest and answer that you didn't know because you didn't hear. Do you understand?" I did...maybe better than I needed to.

"I'm sure our little...dance...reaffirmed your place in my life." Martha chuckled. I didn't answer; I simply giggled.

I could hear Martha slip her hand beneath her gown and I could hear her knuckles rub against the silk.

"I'm sure you enjoyed...your...moment?" She was quite excited. I could smell her aroma from where I was sitting on the hassock. Her unattended foot wiggled slightly against my dick.

"Yes...very much." I felt color rush to my face and I smiled remembering our...moment together in public. It was the most exciting thing I'd ever done; a public exhibition of passion.

"You also realize that I have absolutely no use for your cock...if one can call it that." Martha laughed. "And you will never fuck me with it. You realize that."

I was saddened by her truth and I knew she was telling the truth.

“And...” Martha emphasized the ‘and’. “...I certainly will never suck your cock as long as it remains...viable. I hope you realize that. Massage my heel and arch a bit.” She was so matter-of-fact about what she just said.

“Yes.” I felt emotion welling up in my eyes again. I always seemed to be crying. That was as sure as the damned bras riding up on me.

“And I would never even think of you fucking me in my ass with it...”

Her language shocked me...as usual. But I think it turned her on. She always seemed to breathe a bit deeper when her profanities began.

“Perhaps with your tongue ...hmmm... But you would need to be an exceptionally good girl.”

Oh my God! She pushes all the time.

“I would wager you simply love wearing the scent of my vagina all about your mouth and nose, don’t you.” Again she spoke a statement of fact; not a question. “Well...answer me Pet.”

“Yes, I do. I would do anything you asked of me.”

“Would you murder for me?” In spite of her teasing intonation, I was shocked. “Forget that one dear. That would not be me anyway.” I breathed a sigh of relief. That wouldn’t be the person I had such...feelings for. “Maybe I’ll have you simply leave and never return...never have contact with me again.” She laughed as I felt tears fall from my eyes.

That would be a nightmare for me. This woman who I felt more intimate with than any other person in my life would cut me off from her presence...forever? I would die. This woman would was sucking my soul from me and replacing it with tiny bits of her own would have me leave in mid process? I would kill myself. I hungered so much simply to be in her presence. I began to tremble at the same moment she did; though not for the same reason.

“I’m still considering a punishment for you. Naughty girls need to be punished. Perhaps you have an apt punishment in mind dear?”

“A spanking?” I regretted my answer the moment the words slipped out of my mouth. Martha laughed.

“And perhaps have you address me as...mmmommy?” Martha spat the word ‘mommy’ out as she laughed. I hung my head in embarrassment. “No dear...that is NOT punishment. That is also very crude. And anyway...spanking would expend too much energy and might conceivably damage MY property. I had something much worse it mind for you actually.”

I could feel her gaze; and that wry smile of hers. I could also feel her toes begin to curl and flex. And...what? HER property! I suppose it was true; she did own me...and I loved it. I was now working both her feet; inter-lacing my fingers with her toes. And I shuttered at what could be worse than a spanking.

My nipples were now throbbing in pain. I could feel Martha bend forward and, after grabbing both tubes and tugging gently, give them a half turn. The pain was exquisite; a bolt of electrical fire

shot from my nipples to be translated by my dick into intense pulsations. As the pain slowly passed, that bit of heaven returned. I felt like there was a direct electrical connection between my nipples and my dick. I was leaking fluid like a leaking faucet.

“By the way darling, that was not punishment either. I want to enlarge you nipples. Once the hormones really kick it, you should poke through almost anything you wear over those darling little buds.”

Sure, she could chuckle at that thought. I could only see myself wearing band aids over my hyper extended buds of flesh to prevent just such an exhibition..

“And anyway...they’ll certainly be easier to latch onto and play with.”

‘Wonderful’, I thought. She’ll have an easier time torturing me with pleasure.

“And now sweet heart, I want you on your knees.”

Well...this was a departure from our usual ritual...as if any of this was usual. I let go of her feet gently placing them on the towel first. I knelt down between them.

“Sweet heart...I am truly sorry for what I must do now...”

Just as she finished speaking, Martha brought her foot up forcefully, and sharply, into my scrotum! The pain was blinding and I crumpled till my fore head hit the towel grasping myself with both hands. My erection quickly disappeared. Martha quickly removed my eye shades and looked sympathetically into my eyes as she gently stroked my cheek.

“I am so very sorry to do that to you but it was the quickest way to relieve you of your stiff little cock. Here, take this.”

Martha handed me a plastic strip about an inch and one half wide. It was several inches long. There were two sections of plastic pins separated by a small flat area in the middle. There was a small hole in the middle flat part and one at one end to the strip. I looked up at Martha questioningly.

This is a chastity device baby. Mommy wants you to put it on. Mommy will tell you how.”

‘Mommy’ handed me a pair of scissors and had me pull down my panties. She had my put one end of an electric wire bundler, a plastic strip, through the hole at the end of the chastity strip. Then she told me to center the strip so that the flat section between the pins was directly over the bottom center area of my penis.

Once I did that, Martha told me to pull the end around till it overlapped. I did that as she told me to see how much of the end could be cut so that the plastic bundler could be run through the center of the flat part and locked.

“It is important that the strip be tight enough to prevent you from becoming hard. It’s also important for the flat section to remain turned down so that you can relieve yourself. Do you understand?”



I did everything she asked, looking at her each step of the way to be sure I was complying with what she wanted. When I was finished, the strip laid nearly level with my skin and yet I felt as though I could pee with no problem. The strip rested near the base of my dick.

Once she was totally satisfied with what I had done, Martha asked me to cut the end of the bundler strip so that everything made a nice, neat package.

“Let’s clean up that little mess on the head of your cock sweet heart.” Martha carefully took my dick’s head in her fingers and wiped across the top. She gathered the fluid and brought both fingers to my lips. “Open up for mommy.” She cooed. When I did she inserted both into my mouth and onto my tongue. “Suck them like they were a cock.”

I did as she asked and, in truth, I savored the taste of myself. I rolled my tongue around Martha’s two fingers as if... She chuckled at my efforts. I even kept a seductive smile on my face as my eyes remained fixed on hers.

Martha then grasped the head of my dick between her big toe and the one next to it. She gently squeezed and tugged on my dick. I felt my dick attempt to harden but all that happened was the pins dug into my flesh and the constricting band wouldn’t allow enough blood through to engorge me. I bend over slightly with the pain.

“Is this my punishment?” I asked.

“I want you to call me ‘Mommy’ when we’re in my bedroom from now on. Now...ask your question again sweet heart.” Martha smiled placidly at me and spoke in a very even tone of voice. I wiped my tears with the towel.

“Is this my punishment...Mommy?” I felt so very strange calling her ‘Mommy’.

“No baby girl...it’s not. I would have done this to you anyway. I’m merely doing it an hour or two earlier than I wanted. I would have allowed you to have another...moment? But your rudeness this evening must be addressed. You see, you must give a specimen of your sperm to the good doctor every morning next week. I want to make sure there are no accidental discharges to lessen whatever potency you might, by the grace of the spirits, possibly have.”

“I don’t understand...Mommy.”

“You will in a moment.” Martha chuckled. “Give me the scissors and the cut pieces.” I handed them to her. “Now...pull your panties back up, put your shades back on, and assume your position.”

I knelt between her legs and sat back on my haunches. Martha positioned me even closer to her chair so that my head was directly over her lap. I felt the hem of her gown brush past my face. But this time, instead of simply letting it drop over my head, Martha raised her legs and allowed the backs of her knees to rest upon my shoulders.

Martha then pushed my head gently down until she could feel my breath on her vagina. At that point she allowed the gown to fall over me, shrouding me in her pungent heady aroma.

“Now baby girl, I want you to massage the tops of my thighs. And don’t you dare to even think of touching my cunt.”

I placed my hands atop Martha's thighs and, with my fingertips, gently worked the flesh of her thighs. I felt her hands slip beneath her gown and could sense them near my face. She began to play with her pussy. I could feel the intensity of her body heat. She wasn't wearing panties...again.

"So dear..." Martha's breath was quickening and I felt her start to tremble. "Ever have the desire to...fuck your...mommy?"

Oh my God! She has no limits!!! I was completely intoxicated; my senses were so very overloaded by this woman. My head was spinning so that I couldn't answer her.

"Know what I'm doing right now?"

I shook my head indicating no.

"I'm so sorry baby, what did you say?"

"No...Mommy." My desire for this woman was so strong but my body could only respond with the pain in my penis and wanton desire in my heart.

"I'm pulling the lips of my cunt open. God...I'm so wet in there. Listen."

I listened and heard what could only be Martha's finger tapping the wetness flowing out from her. Martha then took both index fingers (I supposed) and wiped her wetness round my nostrils. I'm sure she brought them right back to her vagina again.

"I bet you would love to stick that little cock of yours into me, wouldn't you? I know you would love to fuck your mommy right now, wouldn't you."

"Yes Mommy."

"But you know that will never ever happen, don't you."

"Yes Mommy, I know that'll never happen."

I couldn't help but think of my own mother. She was the only one who I ever called 'Mommy'. Martha must've known that her image would appear in my mind. I remember how I envisioned my mom when I would masturbate. I remember how sexy I thought she was; how very much the essence of femininity she represented to me.

"Oh God dear child!" Martha exclaimed as she shook. "If you stuck your tongue out as far as possible, you could probably touch my clit. It's so engorged right now! It's like a young child's thumb. You could suck on it like it was a tiny cock." Her laughter was strained.

I thought I would faint from the erotic pictures Martha was painting with her profane words and her profane thoughts. Her voice was so very 'throaty' and quivering with lust.

"Would you like to do that sweet heart? Would you like to suck on Mommy's clit like it was a cock?"

"Yes Mommy...I would."

In spite of the pain in my dick, I could still feel a very slight leaking sensation. And my nipples were about to explode from the suction. I thought I heard a sloshing sound when suddenly Martha

reached out with both hands and yanked the two tubes off of them. The pain and release was so intense that I would have come if I was able. Martha gently rubbed my nipples.

“Here baby...” Martha took both my hands beneath her gown and placed my fingers upon my nipples. “Feel how big and how thick they are now.”

“Oh my God!”

I couldn't believe it! My nipples were the size of erasers on the ends of pencils...BIG pencils. And they were so very sensitive...hyper sensitive. I gently rubbed and squeezed them. Each touch, even the lightest, went directly down to my dick. They would definitely be noticeable under every piece of clothing I now owned.

Martha was making squishing sounds with her fingers again and she was breathing even more heavily. She held her fingers beneath my nose and I again smell her wetness on them.

“Here baby...” Martha crooned. “Suck my cock.”

She put her index and middle fingers into my mouth and I sucked them as if they were a cock, again. Oh my God...I'm even thinking like Martha now; profanely! I couldn't believe I was doing this...this...these acts.

“My God baby...I can't wait to stick my cock up your ass and fuck you!”

## **“My God...It's Full of Pain!”**

I went to bed with an ache in my scrotum and that's the same way I arose in the morning. Of course that's not to mention the several times in between that I got out of bed to pee thinking that it would help. And thankfully my nipples shrank back almost to their original size. They were still a bit enlarged, slightly painful to the touch, and itched maddeningly.

Martha's chastity was most effective. There was no way I could achieve an erection. Of course I could have removed the device easily enough. But the bundling strip had numbers on it and I couldn't replace the one I broke with an identically numbered one. Martha would look and know.

I showered and dressed quickly. I knew by now that regardless of the time, Martha was an early riser and I did want to be in her company. I dressed casually; a short sleeved vee-necked tee and a cotton skirt. The tee was an apple green and the skirt was a buff colored, wrap around piece that buttoned and tied on the side.

I applied a bit of cosmetics to my face. A swipe or two of chocolate on my eye lids, two coats of dark brown mascara, and a rose tinted lip gloss would certainly get me through the morning. I brushed out my hair, still damp from the shower and the conditioner and the image I was rapidly becoming accustomed to seeing reappeared like magic in the mirror.

I stood gazing at that image for a moment thinking how easy this had become, and how quickly it had become easy. I felt a shiver quake my body, and my soul, as thoughts and memories of my early teen years came flashing back to me.

I remember presenting myself for inspection by my mother on weekends. We would often go out, usually to another town or the mall some twenty miles from home, to spend the day as mother and daughter. I enjoyed those times the most. We were very close back then.

Even after my mom caught me with Gary, we were able to get back to our 'normal mother-daughter' relationship rather quickly. It wasn't until Karen came along that things rapidly deteriorated. Karen simply couldn't stand the fact that my mother seemed to have more of an influence upon me than she did. Karen did everything possible to sabotage us. In truth, she was jealous of 'the other woman' in my life.

It was truly my fault that we stopped speaking and I was at a loss in how to go about making the repair of the damage I caused. Karen told me one evening that if I didn't stand up to my mother and make the choice of which woman I preferred, she would leave me. Karen wanted me to 'man up' to my mother and lay down the law.

I looked at my image and wondered how in heaven's name I would explain all of this? What I felt for Martha, even after only a few days, surpassed everything I ever felt for Karen. It was quite possible that what I felt about Martha would soon surpass everything I felt about both mom and Karen combined.

I turned on my toes and exited my room. I went downstairs to look for Martha. She wasn't hard to find. Martha sat out in the gazebo sipping her coffee and reading the Sunday Times. She was still in her night gown and robe.

I walked up to the table, greeted her, and began to sit. Martha slapped her paper down on the table top and looked at me very sternly. I stopped in mid motion; somewhere between sitting and standing.

"That is NOT the way I expect you to greet me!" Martha's eyes flashed in anger as she reprimanded me.

Martha crooked her index finger at me. I moved to her side. Without glancing up at me, she crooked her finger again. I bent at the waist till I was within her reach. Martha grabbed me by the nape and gently pulled my head down to her face. She kissed me on the lips. It was a lingering kiss, sensual and melting, one to test my...captivity?

She did reach between the overlap of my skirt to cup and caress my scrotum gently through my panty as our lips touched. I moaned softly into her lips. I was slightly sore to the touch there as well; still the lingering of unfulfilled desire. My stirring passion translated into my kiss.

"That is so much better. Don't you think so Pet?" Martha smiled and chuckled. "After all, we are, at the very least, acquaintances? And...oh my...these are so nice and filled." She gently patted my aching scrotum.

Though our kiss was broken, I still stood bent at the waist with my hands firmly planted on the table. She continued to caress me as my eyes closed and my lips parted. I still could not become erect because of the band around my dick.

Finally Martha stopped and removed her hand, thankfully. As wonderful as her touch felt, each gentle movement created a bit more soreness to contend with. She poured me some freshly squeezed fruit juice and then a cup of coffee.

“We have a few things to be done today and I expect we will have an early evening. You really begin your new job tomorrow and that starts when I awaken.”

Martha began to outline our day as I sat gingerly and began to sip my juice. The platters of breakfast foods were laid out and I surveyed them as she spoke. I really listened to her with only one ear. My mind was still filled with the previous evening’s festivities.

“What is the matter dear? You seem...distant.” Martha’s face expressed the concern in her voice.

“I still a bit...fuzzy from last night. I’m really not accustomed to the drinking and the pot. And your touch is so...distracting?”

“Of course it is dear.” Martha laughed. “You’re being punished you know.” She smiled slyly at me. “Of course...if you’d rather I not touch you...”

“Oh no...no!” I was quick to correct any misperception Martha might possibly have regarding my comment. “I love your touch. It’s so gentle and...”

“Torturous.” She laughed again. “You missed out on an orgasm last evening. The next time I may deny you for several days...or even a week...or maybe even longer.”

Martha’s eyes sparkled with delight at the thought of my exquisite torture; my punishment. My God! I couldn’t imagine how I would last through a week of this treatment.

“Indeed...” Martha continued. “...I haven’t even begun to explore those possibilities with you. There are so many delightfully horrid things I can subject you to. Would you walk through fire for me?” Martha leaned forward and rested her chin on her palm, elbow on the table. Her eyes narrowed as she displayed a toothy smile.

“Yes.” I blushed at how quickly I answered. I would rip open my breast and hand my heart to her if she asked.

“I do so love your ‘demure’ look; so innocent, so naïve, so...virginal. And yet there is the slut in you, isn’t there.” She laughed. I blushed even more scarlet and cast my eyes down at the cheese and bread I had just placed on my plate. I smiled with the knowledge that Martha was correct.

**O**ur first order of the day was a call to Martina Adams; Marti. Martha filled me in on their relationship. Evidently Rose Howe was a nurturing figure to both women. Ms. Howe had found the same qualities in Marti that were present in Martha. And both went through an early stage of bitchiness caused by over bearing mothers. Both adored their fathers and followed those foot steps to their present place.

“Marti dear...how are you!” Martha smiled with delight to be speaking with her ‘junior’ counterpart.

“I’m really well Martha. You sound...energized.”

“Like the bunny?” Martha laughed. “And how is your Drew?”

“She is really quite well and an absolute delight. She fancies herself to be a novelist.”

“Oh do tell!” Martha chuckled.

“She’s written a fiction; a romance novel...of all things. Well...” It wasn’t difficult to hear the excitement, and the pride, in Marti’s voice. “...it seems that someone is truly interested in publishing her manuscript!”

“That IS very exciting.” Martha was quite sincere. Her face was full of delight. “I expect a signed first edition you know.”

“Of course sweetie...nothing less.”

“Marti...I have you on speaker. With me is my new assistant Petra. She currently has a problem with her throat and cannot speak. But I did want her here if you don’t mind.”

“No...not at all. I hope you feel better Petra.”

“Marti...I am quite upset with you.” We could hear Marti giggle.

“What have I done now?”

“You are absolutely robbing me in the Boston area. I really can’t have that.” Martha smiled and winked at me.

“Are you taking this personally Martha?” I could note the snickering in Marti’s voice.

“Of course I take it personally dear. It’s an insult as far as I’m concerned. You’re stealing all of my best accounts. Even Rose won’t do business with me!”

“So...what do propose to do about it...hmmm?” Again the sound of giggling could be heard.

“Well...I’m thinking of making you an offer.” Now there was silence; a long very pregnant pause; about ten months’ worth.

“You want to buy me out?” Now I could hear a touch of concern in Marti’s voice.

“That’s one way of looking at it.”

“And...the other?” Tenseness!!!

“You could be buying me out.” Now Martha snickered.

“What??? You’re joking, right???”

“Marti dear...” Martha rolled her eyes and exhaled deeply. “...when was the last time I told a joke.” There was more tense silence. “I was thinking that Grey Adams had...well...a certain ring to it.” There was another long pause.

“What’s really on your mind.” Marti had the same manner of making a question sound like a statement.

“Look dear, we’re closer than sisters you and I. I feel that a merger would be in both our best interests. I want to play with the big boys but I’m just a little shy the volume and equity. You, on the other hand, are quite aggressive in your approach to your market. Quite honestly? You caught us napping. Our combined strengths will enable us to become the major player in asset management.”

“What makes you think I want a boss? I’ve come so far on my own anyway.”

“Who said you’d have a boss? There’s a board seat and you’ll start as executive vice president.”

“What do you mean start? What about Tom...what’s his name?”

“The very fact that you don’t know his name means he’s of no further use to me.” Martha laughed. “He’s already gone only he doesn’t know it yet. And George will be gone within two years or so. I need fresh blood; young blood.”

“Surely you can’t be serious!”

“I am serious...and don’t call me Shirley.” They both laughed.

“I really don’t want to leave Boston.”

“You won’t need to. You’ll no doubt be on the road...so to speak...most of the time anyway. Half of my board attends the meetings via Skype. There’ll be no reason to leave...Baahstin.” Martha spat out the name and laughed.

“I’ll need to speak with Drew.”

“Of course dear; AND Rose no doubt.”

“And Rose. When do you need an answer?”

“Soon Marti. There is so much WE need to do and so very little time. Life is too short and I’m...anxious.”

There was silence on Marti’s end but I could hear her take a very deep breath and exhale slowly. I could almost hear her thinking.

“Look Marti...there is so very much pain in life. I don’t want to cause you any and I don’t want you to cause me any. As far as I’m concerned WE can do much more together than attempting to fight one another separately; especially over money!”

“Yeah...you’re right. But let me ask you...what’s wrong with Adams Grey?”

“Age before beauty dear girl...age before beauty.” They both laughed.

“Okay. I’ll let you know by...Tuesday?”

“Tuesday is perfect!”

Martha seemed quite delighted. After saying her goodbye, Martha clapped her hands together and turned to look at me.

“Well...what do you think Pet?”

“I think she’ll go for it.”

“Yes...” Martha grinned. “I think she will to. It’s not the money that drives her, it’s the challenge and I gave her a rather big one indeed!” Martha laughed. “She simply cannot resist a dare. In fact, neither could I.” Martha stood up from her desk. I got up as well. “Okay my dear; let’s see if we can’t get your ears pierced today. Come upstairs and sit with me whilst I ready myself. I feel...quite alive today.” Martha laughed as I followed her out and up the stairs to her chambers.

I sat in her ‘evening’ chair as Martha showered and dried. I was called upon to assist her in combing and styling her hair as she sat wrapped in a towel. I felt calmed and at ease attended Martha. Indeed, I felt more than simply that; I felt that I was now an integral part of her life.

We spoke about nothing of any consequence as I brushed and dried her lovely hair. Martha chattered almost constantly and I enjoyed the sound of her voice; so excited, so alive, so vital. Martha demanded privacy whilst donning her delicates for the day. I turned my back and admired the line drawings and prints that hung on her bed chamber walls while she covered her nudity.

Whilst I thought it a bit odd that she had full access to my nude body, I was limited to only what she would afford me; a blind folded sensuous tour. But this was only one question to the rapidly growing list of questions I hoped to be able to ask one day.

I was called upon to assist in the selection of shoes. We were going to get my ears pierced and then, perhaps, go to a museum. Martha felt the need to see fine art works. We would have lunch in the museum and decide what to do next afterward.

Martha chose a powder blue linen camisole top and a navy blue mid-calf length linen skirt. A pair of dark blue leather skimmers caught my eye and she slipped her stocking feet into them. Martha was not one to adorn herself with an array of jewelry. She placed several simple gold rings on her fingers and placed, with my assistance, a gold chained necklace around her neck bearing a star sapphire in a diamond chip surrounded setting.

Deciding to go with the absolute barest minimum of cosmetics, Martha put mascara on her lashes and the lightest coating of a claret colored lipstick on her lips. She evidently adored the way our lips would slide when we kissed whilst wearing some lip color.

Martha loaned me one of her coach shoulder bags for the day. It really wasn’t much larger than the clutch purse I used the other evening but it was amply large to place the essentials in. My lip gloss, a matching lipstick to the one Martha wore. A compact containing a split pot of the shadows I wore, an extra panty liner (I was learning), tissues, a comb, and my keys just about stuffed the little purse to capacity.

We left her chambers after her usual misting of perfume and walked down the stairs. I was determined to become accustomed to doing this in heels. Though one and one half inch heels didn’t present the challenge I faced the last evening, they did provide a safe practice session.

Why did I want to get my ears pierced? Maybe because I love wearing drop earrings? Maybe I love the way they tickle my cheek...my jaw line...my neck? Or...maybe I love the way I look wearing them.



I remember 'borrowing' a pair of drop clip-on earrings from the local pharmacy. You know the kind of place...half dollar store and half super market. The pharmacist was in the corner where the coat closet once stood. In a small New York State country town, those stores were a major social center.

And before anyone thinks me an ill-used angel, let me remind you all, as Martha says; 'I was getting fucked up the ass' when I was fourteen. And while I may have known what I was doing, I really had NO idea of what I was doing. But it was my choice just as stealing those earrings I couldn't really afford and would have been too embarrassed to purchase anyway.

I couldn't resist Martha's desire to 'decorate' me 'with glittering baubles'. If not her, then who would? Would I need to go back and live with Mommy? Why, when being with Martha is so much better...so much more interesting...so much more...enabling...you know?

I am so much more comfortable being my true self with Martha. Indeed she demands this honesty between us. So, in the name of honesty, maybe I just love to feel the slight tug of a pair of baubles dangling from each lobe. We took a walk down the avenue to a shop Martha was quite familiar with. She had piercings done for her former assistant at this place and was quite satisfied with their work and their follow up.

I must say they were quite precise in their measurements. Symmetry is so very important in presenting a proper picture whilst clad in metal and stone finery. Within perhaps twenty minutes, including careful alignment and measuring, I had two new holes in each lobe and gold posts to notate the newest alterations in my 'look'.

Martha was so pleased with the work done that she seriously considered having my nostril pierced. I politely reminded her that this would perhaps be a bit much for a conservative business look and she acceded to my opinion...thankfully.

I had a degree of difficulty pulling myself away from the mirror as I admired my new additions. I was so thrilled I turned and, to her surprise, hugged and kissed her on the lips. We exited the shop after receiving a very informative lecture on the care of my new additions and an antiseptic for that purpose. I was a little disappointed that my 'wounds' might take up to a week or two to properly heal.

I almost immediately wanted them gauged to a slightly larger size if for no other reason than the hanging thinner wired 'baubles' with greater ease. But we decided, actually Martha decided, that waiting till the healing was a wiser course of action.

**W**e walked back home and had Mr. Davis bring the car around. We would ride to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, view whatever Martha wanted (I was completely unfamiliar with their collections), have a bite to eat, and walk back home.

Martha took me directly to the Impressionist room. I stood wide eyed and mouth agape looking at paintings that I had only ever seen in text books. The Van Goghs, Degas', Monets, and a host of

other equally impressive artist's works crowded each other for the precious little wall space available.

Staring at Van Gogh's self-portrait brought tears to my eyes. One could feel the torturous psychic pain that lined his awkwardly shaped face. And Monet's 'garden' painting was incredible. Close up it was simply a mass of colored splotches. And yet, the further back one stood, the more distinct the images became.

Martha would preface each work with a little history of the piece and then she would stand off to the side watching my reaction to what I was seeing. I think that gave her more pleasure than viewing the paintings. This was an entirely new world to me and I explored it with enormous delight.

We sat to have a little lunch in the museum restaurant. I sat directly to the right of Martha and she grasped my hand whilst ordering for us. Evidently she was a regular patron because she didn't even gaze at the menu. She ordered two salads, several finger foods and two glasses of white wine. Martha grasped my left hand in hers and held it firmly.

"This week will most likely be a challenging one for you." Her face showed a sympathetic smile. "I must insist that you speak as little as possible and then only in whispers." I gazed at Martha in surprise.

"May I ask why? Also, why are you telling everyone that I have a throat problem?"

"I was hoping to save this news for perhaps tomorrow. We're having you undergo several small procedures on Friday. Your voice is currently a lower pitch than mine. I want that changed in a manner that doesn't require voice training. You won't have time for that. You are too important to me to spend any time learning how to speak in a higher pitch."

"You said several procedures?" My voice quivered with nervousness and fear.

"Two slight facial modifications. We'll shave your Adams Apple and at the same time shave your chin and jaw line just a bit. You will be staying overnight in the hospital but it's more of a precaution than a necessity."

I could feel the color drain from my face! I felt faint and the world began to close in on me. Fortunately the wine arrived and I took a very health sip. Martha chuckled at my reaction. But what did she expect?

"Listen dear; I will be with you all the way." 'Oh yeah?' I thought. It's not her face and throat that'll be worked on. "Even though these are outpatient procedures, we are being more than cautious and I will be there with you."

"But why do you want to change my face? What's wrong with the way I look now?" I took another sip of wine. Martha sighed and looked at me sympathetically.

"Oh sweet heart...you are gorgeous as is...that much is true. But I think we should make these very minor changes to simply throw off the attention of people who might have known Peter at work, and off work. I want to give you the freshest start in your new life as possible. I won't tell you

that there won't be a touch of discomfort. But I promise you that you will be delighted with the final results."

"But what will my mother think? Will she recognize me?" I was concerned because prior to our falling out, I consulted my mom on the slightest of matters; even buying a new suit for work.

"Ah yes...mommy..." Martha lifted my hand in hers and kissed my fingers. "Well, when I last spoke to her..." I coughed up and began to choke on the sip of wine I had just taken!

"You spoke to her?!" I wiped my mouth and nose as I recovered from the shock. "When?" I thought I had been with Martha during all her waking hours. Martha smiled gently.

"You don't seriously think I would leave her out of your life, do you? I think it's important that she knows in whose hands her child's future lays. Don't you agree?" Before I could even think of a reply, Martha added; "I don't think we need keep anything from her; at least in terms of what isn't...from our bedroom. I also think it's time to renew your relationship with her. She misses you terribly."

I sat there completely stunned. My jaw could've hit the table as I listened to Martha. This woman has been having on going conversations with MY mother without my knowledge! God only knows what they've been speaking about; me no doubt.

"Your mother is quite a sensible woman whose only fault was not being born to a better station. Although I don't completely agree with her ways, or she with mine I might add, we seem to have more than enough common ground to, at the very least, like one another."

Martha took one of her hands from mine and, lifting a slice of her salad on her fork, ate it. I finished my wine and poured myself another glass.

"Oh do have something to eat dear. You'll get tipsy with wine and nothing in your stomach to buffer it."

I stared at her. How could she do this without telling me? I couldn't decide if I was angry or frightened. Martha was too bold! She looked at me with questioning eyes.

"What is it dear?"

"Uhhh..." I was speechless. Martha didn't wait for me to find my voice.

"She wants to come and visit. Actually she wanted to come tomorrow..."

"Tomorrow???" My voice squeaked! I didn't need a voice change, I needed a Xanax!!!

"Of course that wouldn't have worked for either one of us." Martha continued to eat between dropping her little explosive bombs of information. "Then she asked about visiting for the surgery. She wanted to be there when you woke up from the procedures."

I rolled my eyes at the thought of her looking down into my face at the very moment my eyes opened. Dear God spare me that!

“Now the recovery time is between one and two weeks and you’ll be virtually voiceless during that time. So I saw no point in a visit if you’re unable to apologize to her for your horrid behavior.”

My mind completely shut down at that point. My life was totally out of my control and I felt as though some mystical supernatural force named Martha Grey now dictated the actions of the fates. I had another gulp of wine.

“I feel it is of the utmost importance for you to receive her blessing; not merely for this change you’re undergoing, but for me; our relationship. I think that would ease some of your tension and hesitancy in completely trusting me.” Martha looked at me with a broad grin. “Isn’t this salad simply divine? I do so love the dressing. And to think...in a museum restaurant of all places.” She chuckled.

Tension? Hesitancy in trusting? This woman is either one of the most impulsive creatures ever, or...one of the most sinister. Nothing seemed to be beyond her scope of action. I felt as if I had only gotten off the most torturous roller coaster ride to be placed into a centrifuge! I trusted Martha...but I also feared her...her impulsive nature. I couldn’t stop myself; I began to cry.

“Oh dear! What is it now!” Martha was irritated.

“I really would like to see her...even just to speak with her.” I dabbed at my tears. “I miss her so much.”

Martha set her fork down and stared at me. I wasn’t sure if I had annoyed her with my little emotional outburst or if she was pondering my request.

“Well...” Martha spoke the word breath fully. “Like mother...like daughter I suppose.” She chuckled as she gazed at me. Now I was sure she was pondering my desire. “Well...” Martha clucked her tongue. “I can’t imagine a phone call would be too out of order.”

I shot up from my chair and hugged Martha.

“Oh thank you...thank you...thank you...” I kissed her cheek. “Thank you so much!” Martha chuckled and patted my arm.

“You are so easily pleased.”

Upon arriving home, we went immediately to the library. Martha speed dialed the number and put the phone on speaker. Nothing would be sacred between us.

“Martha? Is that you?” Mom sounded incredulous...and quite pleased. “What a lovely surprise!”

“Mom?” I was so tentative. I was so afraid she would still be angry with me.

“Pet? Oh dear God!” I could hear her begin to sniffle. She was crying.

“Mom...I’m so sorry for the way I acted.” Now I was as well.

“I’m so happy to hear your voice.”

Martha sat at her desk and quietly snickered. ‘Like mother...like daughter’ kept echoing in my mind. We were finally able to stammer our apologies and acceptances...and undying love for one another. Then we began to really speak.

“Do you know what the first thing Martha asked me Pet?” I had no idea what-so-ever and told her so. “She asked me what my dreams were for you. Can you imagine? She wanted to know how she could help my dreams become true; and for you!”

I looked at Martha with tears still in my eyes. She smiled coyly and looked down at her hands which were folded in her lap.

“Martha is just the kind of woman I hoped you would find. It never occurred to me that this kind of woman would find you instead. She explained everything to me. I am so happy for you, and what she is doing for you. We had such a wonderfully loving and fun relationship when you were younger. I truly envy the one you’ll have with her.”

“Yes mom...” That was all I could muster through my tears. I was smiling...but I was also saddened. I understood exactly what my mother was speaking about. These were the same lovely memories I had of us; mother and daughter; mother and child. Her voice was a salve for my aching soul.

“I feel so happy that you are in her care sweet heart. And I am really looking forward to seeing you after your surgeries. You will be so much happier I’m sure. I know who you really are and I am so glad this wonderful woman is helping you to realize it to.”

“Yes mom...” I was so overwhelmed by what she was saying. I have never heard her so sure about anything since...since she called Karen a witch...or was it the time she called Karen a bitch...hmmm...

“Now you must listen to Martha as if it was me speaking and you obey her completely. I have complete confidence in her. Do you understand me honey?”

“Yes mom...” My tears hadn’t stopped. I smiled through them.

“I love you so much...I love you both so much. I’ll see you soon. Now please let me speak to Martha...alone.”

Martha picked up the phone.

“Yes Gloria...” She chuckled.

That simply little conversation set right several years of separation and isolation. My mother’s words suddenly made my entire life...my entire ‘new’ life...not simply okay. Her words made it good, proper, correct, and fated. She made everything sound so very simple; listen and obey...submit. I was so lost in my thoughts that I hadn’t realized they finished speaking.

“Your mother is such a sensible woman. Do you realize that Pet? She is so completely clear on everything. Though I may not agree with all of her methods, I cannot argue with the results.” Martha smiled down at me as she gently stroked my tear stained cheek. “Perhaps we can make her life a little bit easier for her. What do you think, Pet.”

I nodded. Mom’s life was always difficult. She was always alone, except for me. She always worked so very hard; sometimes two jobs. And although I lacked some of the things that other

children had, she made sure I had at least enough. I looked up into Martha's eyes. She smiled down at me.

"I think we could direct your bank deposits into your mother's account. That should be far more than what she requires to live. Perhaps we might even convince her into moving closer to us. What do you think, Pet."

I drew Martha closer to me with my arms and nestled just beneath her breasts. Martha placed her arms around my shoulders and held me tightly against her. She rocked me to and fro ever so gently almost as if we were dancing.

"Come dear, let's get comfortable and rest a bit before dinner. Perhaps we'll eat in tonight."

**"Y**es...that's it love..." I was sucking on Martha's big toe again as she hissed her pleasure and spoke her profanities. "...suck me...my little slut."

The vacuum tubes hung from my nipples again, pulling them out and downward with the weight of the plastic. My mind was on overload once again as Martha teased me and yet denied me. I was hurting, and yearning, in so many places of sensitivity.

She barely touched my scrotum with her other foot's toes and yet each subtle touch evoked such tremendous pain...and desire. Martha would stroke my banded dick and create such exquisite torture; her touch igniting such strong feelings of passion and such powerful surges of pressure as the band halted any extension.

I felt the stickiness from my dripping dick and yet there was no satisfaction what-so-ever; only frustration and the aching. And Martha did everything within her power to further add to my frustration. Her most intimate scent was on my face and in my nostrils. Her busy fingers continuously used my features as a wiping cloth. Her scent was burned into the deepest recesses of my mind.

Martha giggled and laughed and twitched and moaned as I ministered to her feet. As I couldn't get enough of her, so she couldn't get enough of me. Of course she had recourse where as I had none. I was, yet again, brought to tears by my own weaknesses and yearnings and her ever pervasive and invasive questions...and statements...and touch.

Each evening thus far has seen a new freedom taken on her part. I knew that tonight would be no different. I felt Martha take her foot from my lap and set it on the rug. She pulled her other foot from my grasp; toes from my lip's embrace.

"Come baby...kneel at my feet." I couldn't wait for her request. I instantly fell to my knees. "Come closer dear."

I moved until I could feel the seat of her arm chair. I felt Martha lean forward and grasp the nape of my neck. I didn't know what to expect and that excited me even more; more ache and pain. She

pulled my head forward until I could feel the crotch of her arm. Martha then draped her arm over my head and pulled me until my nose was centered in her arm pit.

“Breathe deeply baby. I want you to relish my scent.”

I inhaled and could smell her bitter sweet fragrance. My arms seemed to have a mind of their own as they wrapped around her meeting in the center of Martha’s back. She let loose of my neck and I felt her gently stroke my dick through my panties and the shield lining them. I could feel myself throbbing but to no avail at all.

Martha then moved her arm letting it slide down my head until I was trapped within her arm pit. I could barely breathe and instantly thought that this was a magnificent way to suffocate; trapped within her and having her aroma as the very last thing I sensed in this life.

“Is this what your Mommy smelled like? Did she hold you this close that you could smell her perspiration? Did she hold you so close that you could feel her tits, her nipples pressing against you? Did your little cock get hard and drip the way it’s dripping now?” Martha laughed. I died!

I remembered mom’s different aromas; they were burned into my memory. But that was nothing like what Martha was doing. Martha was deliberate and much directed. She knew exactly what she was doing and why. There would never be anyone else who I could derive such exquisitely delightful torture from again. There was nobody who could ever cause me such exquisite aching and pain. She was burning new aromas even deeper into my psychic being.

Martha soon tired of this game and had me sit back on my haunches. I knew what was next and I craved being enshrouded by her fragrant silken cocoon. Martha dropped her hem over my head as she pushed me downward toward her. Her scent was intense!

“I want your nose dear.”

With her hand beneath her gown she directed me so that my nose barely touched her wet panties. I could feel her fingers inside those panties massaging her vagina. I could feel her fingers part her lips. She then centered my nose and pushed it into the clothed crevasse between her lips.

I could feel...something...like the baby’s finger she described...at the tip of my nose. I was touching her! Well...touching her more intimately than any time before. My nose was bathing in her wetness as Martha started undulating her hips; rubbing my nose against that small protuberance of damply clothed flesh.

Martha didn’t take long to achieve her climax. She held my head in position as she moved herself against me. I could feel her suddenly tense and moan deeply as she flooded herself, and me, with her heavenly wetness.

I could feel Martha tremble as she came down from her intense orgasm. She very gently continued to hold my head steady as she rocked slowly upon me until she quaked one last time and sighed. Martha then pushed me back with a giggle. Then she pushed me down with her foot and out from beneath her gown grabbing the vacuum tubes from my nipples quite sharply.

“That was rather nice Pet, don’t you think?” She giggled again. The manner in which she seemed to discard me after use was...exciting! Without waiting for me to answer she continued. “I think we must do that again...but not tonight. You do have a busy day tomorrow starting early in the morning.”

Martha got up from her chair and offered me her hand to. I had trouble trying to stand straight because I ached so badly. She giggled again and took my hand. She led me into her bath to give me my pills and a glass of water to take them with. Martha took a wash cloth and wet it with warm water. She gently rubbed my aching nipples to remove the remains of the jelly used to create the seal.

Martha escorted me back into my room. I donned my gown and lay down on the bed. I was tired...no...exhausted...and I ached terribly. Martha sat on the edge of my bed and bent down to kiss my lips.

“Mmmm...I love it when you smell of me you know.” She grinned. “Look!”

Martha pulled the bodice of my gown tightly. My nipples were so distended, so thick, that they formed little tents in the silk. She gently ran her fingers around the protuberances and I twitched in response.

“Someday soon you will see them rise that way without the stimulus of the tubes. Won’t that be nice baby?” Martha continued to watch me as her fingers did their wicked little dance. It did feel wonderful even though they ached terribly.

Martha stood and pulled the blanket and sheet up and over me. She looked down at me with a very warm and...maternal smile.

“I have one more gift for you tonight sweet heart.” She lifted the hem of her gown far enough to remove her panties without permitting me any view. She then lifted my head and placed them over me; the gusset directly over my nose.

“Do try not to lose then when you sleep. I want you to dream only of me. And I might very well check during the night. Don’t make Mommy punish you.” Martha giggled at her admonishment. She turned, shut the light, and exited my bedroom.

I had difficulty falling asleep, to say the least. Aside from my aching groin and sore nipples, Martha’s scent stayed with me for a long time after she had left. I continued to inhale it as I wake dreamed of her...of us. I felt such a close intimate bond with Martha that I couldn’t even remember what my life was like before her.

What would I be like a year from now? That thought frightened me terribly. How enslaved to her whims would I be then? How enslaved would I be to her? I would do anything she asked right now and each time she asked a little bit more and I ceded without even a first thought.

I must have laid there for an hour before I couldn’t stand being in the wet and sticky liner any longer. I got up and cleaned myself off, changing the liner and my panties without removing hers. I relieved myself on the commode and then got back into bed. Finally I fell into a restless sleep.



I was quite embarrassed to have Martha accompany me into the stall where my specimen was to be 'taken'. The sheer relief of having that dreaded band removed from me was nearly overwhelming and I had to steady myself against the wall.

Martha found the entire episode to be quite amusing. She sat smiling and giggling as I sat and tried to manipulate myself into 'performing'. Of course I was so pent up, achy and sore from the confinement, that I was having my trial. And Martha looking on didn't help at all. After about five or ten minutes, Martha became annoyed at my inability to perform the 'simplest of tasks'.

"You ARE impossible Pet! Get on your knees." I hurriedly did as she requested and kneeled between her legs.

Martha raised the hem of her skirt. She then dropped the hem over my head and positioned my nose 'where it belongs'. Her scent was strong and very aromatic with both her cologne and her natural fragrance. She was excited from watching my efforts.

Martha then reached into my blouse and beneath the gel forms. She began to play with my nipples; tugging and rubbing and gently squeezing them. I became instantly erect and spurted my juices shortly thereafter. My orgasm was so strong that I collapsed into Martha, nearly doubling over, and grunted with each spurt!

I felt as though I had orgasmed for an hour even though it was only seconds. I felt too spent to even attempt straightening myself. Martha graciously allowed me my 'moment' of enjoyment. I felt so...encased in her essence as I sat enshrouded by her skirt; enveloped by her heat and captivated by her body's aromas. Finally Martha broke the spell she cast over me.

"Let me have that dear. We must cap it and keep it nice and fresh for the doctor."

I was so drained of strength that I could barely lift my hand from under the skirt. I felt Martha's hand on mine as she gently moved to grasp the jar.

"My word! This is quite nice. I should really make you drink it." She laughed as I heard her screw on the cap. Martha then removed her skirt from over me, the light momentarily blinding me. "Look dear...look at what you've done."

Martha showed me the jar and, to my very great surprise, there was more ejaculate than I'd ever seen myself produce before. There was at least a table spoon or so worth of milky white fluid contained in the small jar; small wonder after two evenings of teasing and depravation. I felt incredibly relieved as the aching in my groin dissipated.

While Martha went to deliver the specimen, I washed myself and sat to collect my thoughts. I was so totally shaken by the overwhelming physicality of my 'moment' that only now did I feel myself returning to reality. Martha suddenly opened the door and rejoined me.

"Now dear, you know what's next...don't you." Martha smiled luridly, her eyes full of delight.

She held the plastic band in one hand and the bundling tie in the other. I was nearly brought to tears by the thought of having to endure another day, and night, with that...thing on me. But I sat, raised the hem of my skirt, hooked my panty band beneath my scrotum, took the damned thing from her, and encased myself yet again. Martha giggled the entire time. I blushed and actually felt slightly angry at her taking delight at my expense.

And so Monday morning began as every morning this week would; having my moment in our particular way and re-incarceration of my dick...also in our own particular way. The evenings were already set out for me; her pleasure and my torment. Although I must say that my 'torment' was something I would actually look forward to. Being aroused by Martha was unlike anything I had ever experienced before.

I am still not quite sure what was the more pleasurable for Martha; stomping into my psyche with her 'spiked heels', the orgasms she achieved that were self-induced, or those induced by my nose, or any combination of the three!

We quickly exited the hospital and sped our way downtown. It was still quite early and morning traffic had not yet begun. Mr. Davis drove us. Evidently Mr. Stone was still on his weekend break. We arrived well before eight and Mr. Davis opened our door and escorted us into the building.

"Now remember Pet; no speaking. Your scarf is to remind you of that." I nodded.

The first thing we did was stop at the front desk.

"Good morning Mr. Sloan."

"Good morning Ms. Grey." The tall and very fit Mr. Sloan replied. He appeared to be ex-military from his buzz cut hair and very proper stance.

"This..." Martha waved her hand toward me. "...is my new assistant. She will need clearance to enter the building at any time. Shall we make her badge now?"

"I can send someone up later if it's more convenient for you Ms. Grey. There's no need to hold you up at all." He smiled graciously.

"Oh you are the man Mr. Sloan. I would really appreciate that."

"No problem at all."

And we were off to the top floor. The elevator ride was quite interesting because all the people in the car were Martha's employees. The top ten floors were hers. She greeted several people by name and wished all a good morning. I could feel the deference accorded her by the other riders.

Upon exiting the elevator, we were the last two on the car, Martha greeted the receptionist.

"Good morning dear. Have a good weekend?" Martha smiled.

"Good morning Ms. Grey. I had a fabulous one!" The excitement emanated from her. Martha stopped and walked up to her desk.

"Oh do tell!" Martha chuckled.

The receptionist held out her left hand exhibiting a small diamond ring on her third finger. She blushed scarlet and smiled demurely, but with a sense of accomplishment. Martha took her hand and appeared to examine the ring.

“Oh how wonderful! Congratulations dear...” Martha captured her gaze. “...and best of luck. Do be sure to train him properly.” She laughed. The receptionist laughed with her.

“Thank you Ms. Grey. And I’ve already started.” She nearly squealed in delight.

“Oh...by the way...this is my new assistant, Ms. Russell.”

I held out my hand to take her proffered one. Martha explained my silence and offered my blessings for me. I then followed Martha through the large opened double doors into the office area.

There were glass enclosed cubicles lining both sides of the aisle. I was later to discover that there were two more aisles on the opposite sides. These offices were a bit larger and the outside ones afforded the occupants a view of the outside world; the senior management resided there.

We walked to the end of the aisle only to encounter a solid wall of glass guarded by another receptionist. We were about to enter the chamber that housed the Holy Grail...Martha that is.

“Good morning Ms. Jones. Anything for me this morning?” Martha smiled pleasantly.

“Good morning Ms. Grey. Everybody’s waiting for you in the conference room.” She smiled.

“Very good.” Martha started to move, but then had an afterthought. “Oh...by the way...this is Petra Russell, my new assistant.”

Ms. Jones stood up and, with a big smile, greeted me.

“I am so very glad to meet you Ms. Russell. I look forward to working with you.”

Before I could speak, Martha took my hand.

“Petra has a throat condition and cannot speak...or at least she shouldn’t. But...” Martha turned to look at me. “...you’ll find that a blessing. After her surgery, I am sure she’ll be quite happy to talk your head off.” Martha laughed as I followed her through the frosted glass doors.

There were only a few offices on this side of the building. Martha’s suite was down the hall at one corner of the building. As we passed by the glass enclosed offices, some with shades drawn down, I couldn’t help but think that this was the only way I would have ever seen this part of the company; by Martha’s side.

We walked through the frosted glass doors into a small reception area. Another woman sat at a large desk with several monitors upon it. She was slightly older but really quite beautiful. She looked up at Martha and smiled; honestly happy to see her boss. She stood up.

“Martha! Good morning sweetie.”

I was taken aback by her casual familiarity; something I'd not seen before, except with Ms. Howe and Ms. Adams. Even Mr. Willis kept a 'discrete distance' between himself and Martha. Martha walked up to her and took her around, kissing her on both cheeks.

"I am always so pleased to see you Meg. And how was your weekend? Full of adventure I hope." Martha winked conspiratorially at Meg.

"Ohhh..." Meg rolled her eyes upward. "...it had its amusing moments." She giggled and Martha chuckled. There was obviously a story between them that I was yet to hear.

"Meg..." Martha turned toward me. "This is Petra Russell. She is my new assistant so do be kind and not drive her too hard...yet!" Martha laughed.

"Hi Petra..." She held her hand out and I took it. "...if this witch gives you too difficult a time, you can always see me." She laughed. "If there's anything you need..."

"And she does mean anything dear." Martha added as an aside.

"...don't hesitate to come to me. And if you need help...or someone is...how shall I put this..." She looked at Martha and then back to me. "...if anyone is busting your buns? You come running and I'll take care of it...immediately."

I mouthed the words 'thank you' and hugged her.

"Petra has a throat problem that will be remedied this week. But I'm afraid she will be without voice for a while."

Meg smiled sympathetically at me and nodded her head. She then turned to Martha.

"The 'boys club' is waiting for you. I have a few messages for you on your desk and Martina Adams..."

"Yes???" Martha perked up at the mention of Ms. Adams' name.

"She sent flowers; several absolutely gorgeous arrangements actually. I put them around your office." Meg raised one eye brow quizzically. "Something I should know about?"

Meg had such a sly smile upon her face. Martha returned her smile in kind.

"We may have company dear. But that still remains to be seen." Meg nodded her head knowingly. "Well...I think we will be fashionably late. That keeps them on their toes you know." Martha laughed and walked through the door with me in tow. I smiled at Meg who smiled openly in return.

Martha walked across the room to her desk and placed her purse down upon it. She glanced down at her messages. Then she noticed the groupings of flowers scattered all around her very large office. There were flowers atop a coffee table in the center of a seating arrangement. Flowers adorned the shelves on several open faced book cases. And two groups decorated the sides of her desk. There was a second desk off to the right of Martha's with flowers keeping a computer screen company.

“That was so very thoughtful of Marti, don’t you think Pet?” Before I could answer Martha continued to speak. “Meg has been with me for over fifteen years and nearly as many position changes. She has mothered me when I’ve needed it; sistered me when I’ve needed it, and kicked me in the ass when I needed that. She has also...procured services for me. And we’ve shared on rare occasions.” Martha laughed.

“She is quite intelligent and unquestionably loyal so I have made her reasonably wealthy for her efforts. She stays with me because she loves what she does, and for whom she does it, and not because of the money. I know you’ll do the same.”

Martha looked at me out of the corner of her eyes to gauge my reaction to her...challenge. I nodded my head in understanding. I implicitly understood that my desk was the one against the wall to the right of Martha’s. Somehow I knew that this was the place I would forever have; slightly behind and to her right. I smiled and thought; ‘That’s where I belong. That’s MY place.’

The conference room was full of men. Only two other women were present; the director of human resources and the Vice President of Marketing. There was one empty chair in the middle of the table opposite that of Mr. Willis. I assumed it to be Martha’s and there was another smaller swivel chair behind it; mine.

Everyone stood when Martha walked into the room. She waved her hands in a signal for everyone to sit and walked to her seat with a constant repetition of ‘good mornings’ and other greetings. Once seated, assisted by me, she got right to business. Everyone who needed to give a report did so. This was basically a summation of the past week and a plan for the new one.

Martha made a few comments and asked a few questions. Various papers and reports were handed to her and from her to me. I patiently collected them. When I saw Martha’s coffee cup was empty, I instinctively took it and refilled it.

When something said raised a brow, I took note. If Martha suggested something, I took note. When her eyes closed as if she was listening intently, I took note of what was being said and who said it. When I sensed the meeting coming to an end, Martha stood and introduced me to everyone.

I was the afterthought but I understood, and was more than content with that. She had to sit through, and understand, everything that was discussed. No matter if the issue was minor, Martha was interested. This was her company, her baby, and its health was her foremost concern. As directed as I have seen her, this was something new.

Upon leaving the conference room, we returned to the office. A light breakfast was awaiting us on the coffee table. Meg came in to join us. The conversation was light and crammed with company gossip which Martha seemed to adore hearing. Then personalities were discussed with Tom Wilson’s being foremost on the list.

Meg, being far from ignorant, put the Marti Adams picture together instinctively. Martha turned to me with a chuckle.

“Do you see why I love her so?” She turned back to face Meg. “Wilson is such a bore anyway.”

“More like a boar actually.” Meg laughed.

Martha got up and excused herself to use the lounge. She pointed it out as what I had originally thought to be a coat closet. Not only was there a commode, but a shower, a small changing room AND a bed in a cordoned off alcove.

“You know...” Meg spoke as soon as Martha closed the door of the lounge. “...if you’re half as good as I think you might be...we’ll get along well. If you’re half as good as Martha thinks you may be...then I will love you.” She smiled, but continued speaking. “But if you’re neither and you happen to piss either of us off...I will make your life so miserable that you’ll think you’re married.”

Meg laughed as I stared at her in wide eyed fear! I’ve been threatened again! Is there no end...no limit? Granted I’m the new kid on the block...so to speak...but give me a break!

The remainder of the day was a procession of memos to review, documents to be read and signed, phone call after phone call, learning Martha’s system for filing, learning Meg’s system for filing, and more phone calls. The fast pace at which Martha seemed to devour work was only broken for a brief lunch of which Meg also partook. I got the feeling that there was the ‘company team’ and there was ‘Martha’s team’.

It was during a late afternoon tea that I finally had a moment to put my feet up. New shoes always equated to new aches. I had kicked them off and was in the process of rubbing my soles on the carpeted floor. Both Martha and Meg looked at me, then each other and then back to me again with smiles.

“New shoes are always a killer.” Meg commented with a chuckle. “And having to start the day running doesn’t help.”

“No indeed!” Martha smiled at me. “Not bad...for your first day.” She chuckled. “Not bad at all.”

I heard a knocking on the door frame. I looked at Martha who nodded to me. I got up and walked to the door, ever conscious of my ‘new’ walk. Upon opening it, I found the smiling face of George Willis. I stepped aside and, with a graceful wave of my arm, bid him enter.

“Well...I see the executive committee is in session.” He laughed. “I hope I’m not disturbing you Martha.” He walked over to the table.

“Not at all George...” She spoke between bites of a cookie. “Do sit down and join us.”

“Thank you Martha.” Mr. Willis sat down next to Meg on the loveseat. Martha was to his right.

“Tea George? Or perhaps something a bit more...toothy?” Meg asked politely.

“Tea would be fine Meg...thanks.”

“So George...what’s on your mind?” Martha asked with a straight face. Mr. Willis turned toward her.

“Actually, I came to find out what is on yours. You were a little too quiet this morning.” Martha chuckled and turned toward me. “Now you know why I love him so much. He can read me like a book!” She turned back toward Willis. “I spoke to Marti Adams yesterday.”

“And???” Willis reached for a cookie. He turned toward Meg. “Did you bake these?” She nodded and he tasted the little morsel. “They’re very good...as usual.” He took the rest in two bites.

“Well George, I’m confident she’ll agree. The real question is how long this entire event will take.” Martha sat back and looked off into the distance outside the window. “In either case, Tom must go as soon as possible. The figures are simply unacceptable.” She spoke to nobody in particular as she continued to stare at some far point. I felt she was trying to convince herself more than anyone else. Martha suddenly stared down at the cup in her hands. “I’ll tell him tomorrow.”

“No...let me tell him. I’m the one who hired him in the first place.” Willis spoke quite soberly as if it was his mistake. Martha looked at him and smiled.

“It’s not your fault. And it really isn’t Tom’s. Marti is very smart and very good at what she does. I doubt if even I could have stopped her. That’s why we need her.” Willis nodded as Martha spoke. She thought for another moment and looked at Willis. “Yes...you tell him. We’ll buy out the remainder of his contract.”

“I’ll need to put a deal together for Marti.”

“Go cheap...” Martha leaned forward and placed her cup on the table, nodding at me. I refreshed it as she turned toward Willis. “...but not insulting. She’s not interested in the money anyway and she does control her board.”

“I can work out a stock swap then. It’ll make things easier all around and money won’t have to change hands. At least not that much money.”

Martha nodded her approval as she reached for her cup. She took a sip before speaking.

“Have you spoken to Rhonda about...your future?” Martha turned her body towards Willis.

“Yes. She’s very excited about it...”

“But you’re not.”

“Christ Martha...retired at sixty-two?”

“Listen George, you are reasonably young and healthy. You’ll have a pile of money to play with AND...” Martha replaced her cup in its saucer. “...you know very well that I’ll still be calling you at three in the morning for advice. You know I never give anything away.”

“That’s true.” Willis laughed. “A consulting contract with you will probably be worse than having to deal with you face to face every day.” Martha laughed with him.

**B**efore our day officially ended, Martha and I walked through one of the floors to see who was still at work after six. I was exhausted but Martha still seemed to have enough steam to pick up a paper clip or two she spotted laying on the floor.

“Such waste.” She muttered returning them to the closest desk top.

Mr. Davis awaited us when we finally exited the building. I had gotten my new employee card and wore it around my neck on a lanyard. The picture displayed was...a bit more than passable? In spite of my exhaustion, I felt good about the day. I felt good about myself.

Martha sat quietly on the ride uptown. She stared out the window with her chin resting on her hand. I watched her silently, not wanting to break into her private thoughts. She extended her left hand out to me and I grasped it, smiling. I felt connected to her again.

"You did well today." She turned to look at me. "You didn't slip up once. Not even a peep from my little chick."

I beamed with pride. I didn't want to fail Martha. She kissed my fingertips. I blushed.

"So dear..." I said with a smile. "...how was your day at work?"

Martha didn't laugh...or even smile. She continued to stare blankly out at the skyline swiftly passing by. Finally, she turned and looked at me as if she was deciding some major course of action. Martha started to speak once or twice but seemed to change her mind. She turned her gaze back to the window.

"I so detest the firing of anybody; even a thief like Tom Wilson." I was shocked at Martha's accusation.

"A thief?"

"Well...he certainly had no problem taking my money whilst failing to do his job properly. In my mind that is thievery." Though a strange way of looking at things, I nodded my head. In truth I understood what she was saying. "But it pains me terribly because his family will suffer for his incompetence. And regardless of how George feels, I did give him the go ahead to hire Wilson. In a way it is really my fault. Perhaps I let it go on longer than I should have."

Martha rubbed her forehead and leaned into her hand, shielding her eyes. She was silent for a moment as if collecting her thoughts.

"My actions..." Martha stopped for a moment. "My actions affect hundreds of families not to mention our thousands of clients. If I don't do the proper thing, there are no bonuses or raises. Maybe I must have others laid off to adjust for lesser profits. Someone like Wilson, by letting things slip even a little, creates more damage with each day he comes to work."

Martha took a deep breath. I could hear a slight quavering in her voice. I think she may have even shed a silent tear or two. I was surprised by this duality within her. Martha was proving to be quite sensitive.

"But that still doesn't make firing him any more palatable. He is still a human being with loved ones dependent upon him." She turned toward me. "I was so very relieved that George offered to do the dirty deed. He knows how much I detest doing that sort of thing."

I felt for Martha. I felt the child within her to be very close to the surface as she spoke to me. And that child was hurting because of the very adult world she must live in. I put my arms around



Martha and hugged her. Well...not her exactly but the child within her. Suddenly I knew exactly what to say to her.

“This company is your child.” I whispered in her ear. “Like any good mother, you do what was necessary to keep your child healthy, even though it pains you. It is no different than a flesh and blood child that needs an injection or a splinter removed. Or that might have a tooth ache; you feel the pain as well.”

I gently kissed her cheek as Martha hugged me tighter and giggled.

“You want to know something my dear?” I nodded my head. “I think I may become quite fond of you.”

The evening proved to be little different from the others. We dined at the club and I actually recognized a face or two from the last visit; though I seemed to pass anonymously. Martha had her usual cocktail and I sipped my white wine. We dined lightly and quickly. We were both seeking an end to this most trying day.

Mr. Stone greeted us upon entering Martha’s home. Martha immediately took his arm and brought him, followed by me, into the library. For some reason, probably instinct, I closed the doors behind us and waited for Martha to sit. Martha walked behind her desk and gestured for Mr. Stone to take the seat in front of the desk. I simply sat in my place.

“Well...what have you discovered my inquisitive friend.” Martha smiled slyly.

How she knew that there was something to share was beyond my comprehension. Mr. Stone rubbed his shaved head for a moment as if thinking of the proper way to reveal his pearls of wisdom.

“Martina Adams is squeaky clean...almost beyond belief. Though she appears to be bi-sexual, she makes no secret of her preference for women.”

Martha smiled and nodded. I’m sure she must have been aware of this before hand.

“However, her...companion?” Mr. Stone looked questioningly at Martha.

“Yes...Drew.”

“Her companion Drew was born a male.”

Suddenly Martha’s face lighted up in a broad mischievous smile. She leaned forward and, after placing her elbows on her desk, nestled her chin in her palms.

“Really!!! Oh do tell!!!” I couldn’t understand the delight Martha exhibited. Evidently she wasn’t aware of Drew’s...legend?

“This wasn’t easy to find. Somebody professional did the work with state of the art resources at the time.”

“What are you trying to tell me Mr. Stone? I don’t understand.” The smile disappeared from Martha’s face.

“Someone like me erased her documentation years ago and replaced it with a newer set. That’s her birth certificate, driver’s license, school records...everything. The only way that could be done so efficiently is from the inside of a national security agency.”

“Do tell!!!” Martha suddenly sat upright and seemed very surprised that anyone would go through all of that trouble for a child. “And how did you discover this?”

“Insurance records...of all things. I noticed that there was a spurt of absences from school. So I checked the insurance records of the family. There were charges for psychiatric and endocrinology services. I was able to access the database and reviewed the charges. All of them listed a fourteen year old male named Drew.”

Mr. Stone grinned from ear to ear. He definitely was the canary eating cat. What he did sounded so ‘matter-of-fact’ and yet I knew it to be far more complex than that. But I was curious about his comment of ‘someone like me’.

“Outstanding Mr. Stone!” Martha clapped her hands together once and then rubbed her palms together. She looked at me, smiling. Then she sharply turned to Mr. Stone.

“You did bury it further?”

“Yes ma’am. The insurance records are gone. There is the matter of the original documentation. I have someone working on that as we speak. The only other loose ends would be the original practitioners.” Mr. Stone paused for a moment before continuing. “But that would of course require...extreme measures?” His eyebrows arched as if cuing Martha.

“No!” Martha slapped her hand down gently on her desk top for emphasis. “Absolutely not Mr. Stone. I simply want to make sure that nothing would be found during an ordinary background check.” Martha looked thoughtfully at me for a moment. “Thank you very much Mr. Stone. As usual, your services have been most expeditious and thorough.”

Mr. Stone got up and, with a smile and a nod of his head to Martha, left the library. Martha looked at me and sat back in her chair smiling. I could almost see her mind at work. She definitely had something in mind for the information she only now received. I couldn’t image how she would use her newfound knowledge other than to advance her own plans; extortion???

“Come child...let’s call it a day.” Martha got up from her chair and started for the doors.

“Are all your days like this?” I asked in my usual wide-eyed wonder.

“No...of course not. Some days are actually quite busy.” Martha laughed as I followed her out.

**B**liss...shear and unadulterated bliss! That’s what I felt as I shed my cloths, carefully placing each piece where it belonged. Although I adored my new wardrobe, shedding each item seemed so relieving; especially the damned bra and my new shoes. As accustomed as I once was to wearing a woman’s attire, I never had to contend with attire for a ‘formal’ business situation.

In recounting the day’s activities, I never had a single moment of dread or fear of discovery. I felt completely comfortable in my role as one of Martha’s accessories. And everyone, including Meg,

accepted what he or she saw; me...Petra. I hadn't even given that a thought the entire day other than when I might have been required to speak.

As I quickly showered, I noticed that I would need to shave my legs, and else where, tomorrow morning. I dried myself quickly and applied a mist of scent. Noticing the time, I quickly donned fresh panties and attached the ever-present liner before pulling them snugly up.

I ran my brush quickly through my hair, applied a coat of the long lasting claret colored lipstick and dropped a large nightshirt over my torso. I then grabbed a robe, shoved my feet into my moccasins, and scooted out the door to join Martha for our nightly ritual.

Martha was already soaking her feet when I entered her bedchamber. Somewhat surprised, I took my place on the hassock. I smiled and giggled to which her reply was an arched eyebrow.

"What is it dear?" Martha asked with a smile. I shrugged my shoulders as I sat on my hands.

"I'm...happy? I feel good about myself? And I love looking at you. You are...so...lovely." I felt myself becoming emotional, yet again. Martha flashed a disarming smile and I could swear she even blushed.

"Here sweet heart..." Martha cocked her chin down toward the basin. "Put your feet in this. There's enough room and I think you'll enjoy the sensation."

I smiled and did as she suggested. The water was almost quite warm and I moaned with delight as my feet slowly submerged beneath the water level. It felt marvelous! I could now understand why Martha so loved this little bedtime ritual of hers.

Our feet alternated...hers, mine, hers, mine. I noticed the silky, almost oily feeling of the water where our feet touched. Martha began to rub her foot against mine and I followed suit. We massaged one another as the fragrant waters worked their soothing wonders.

I felt color come to my face as I began to become aroused from our touching. Martha intertwined her toes with mine and we wiggled our digits against each other. I had never felt such an erotic and sensual sensation before. I was so busy attempting to wring every little feeling out of our movements that I hadn't noticed Martha watching me.

"You do like this, don't you." She giggled.

I looked up into her eyes and, biting my lower lip, nodded my head.

"So simple a touch, a motion, and yet it is so very erotic and... stimulating. Don't you agree?"

How could I not? Martha then placed the soles of her feet against mine, our toes above the water. She rubbed back and forth over my soles. It reminded me of...ice-skating; that smooth effortless gliding motion.

"Take your top off dear. We must attach the tubes to your nipples." There was placidity in her face as she spoke.

Martha was more than accustomed to doing this. I removed my nightshirt and, after applying the lotion slowly, teasingly, to my nipples, Martha actuated the hand pump and sucked my little nubbins of flesh up into the tubes. A jolt shot through my body from my nipples, through my belly, to terminate at my constrained dick.

“What was her name?” I shuttered as soon as the words carelessly slipped from my mouth.

I needed to know how...how Martha knew of what she was doing. Who had she done this with before? Martha seemed to ignore me as she tucked the pump between the arm and the seat cushion of her armchair. She turned and looked at me.

“What was whose name, sweet heart?”

“The one before me?” I answered innocently; eyes wide opened and brows arched.

“Oh...” Martha gazed down at our feet and pursed her lips.

Martha suddenly removed her feet from the basin and placed them on the towel. I had ruined the moment. I hung my head. How stupid could I be? She never mentioned anything willingly about her former assistant. I don’t know what impulse caused me to be so callous in needing to ask.

I, in turn, removed my feet and set them on the same towel. I patted them dry and got up to return the basin to its home in the closet. The weight of the plastic tubes tugged on my nipples as I walked. When I returned to my place Martha looked at me with tear filled eyes.

“Emma...her name was Emma.”

I fell to my knees and gently patted Martha’s feet dry. I freed them from the towel and bowed my head to kiss each one. I hugged them to my cheeks, my nose between them.

“I am so very sorry. I didn’t mean...” I never got to finish my apology.

“Not another word dear. It’s not you...it’s me.” Martha sniffled as she spoke. “Anyway...” She laughed through her tears. “...I rarely kiss and tell.” Martha blew her nose and wiped her tears on the spare towel. “I’ll tell you about her one day...just not today.” I smiled and nodded. “Lay down on your back, sweet heart. Lay so that I can reach you with my feet.”

I pushed the hassock back and lay down so that my butt was at Martha’s feet. The tubes attached to my nipples fell to either side my chest causing an exquisite aching pain that shot through my body. Martha handed me my eyeshades, which I immediately donned.

“Rest your legs on my thighs sweet heart.”

I did as Martha requested. She slowly brought her foot to my face by softly moving it from my crotch up along my body. Her toes playfully pulled at my lips. I opened my mouth and she placed her big toe on my tongue. I closed my lips around it and began to...nurse.

“Ahhh...yesss...” Martha closed her eyes and softly moaned to my ministrations. “You do suck so well...so nicely.”

Martha grasped my right foot in her hand. She began to squeeze and massage it. The feeling of her touch was so very heavenly.

“You know...” She spoke as she raised my foot higher and bent herself down till it was in front of her face. “...if you had a nice fat clitty, I could do this.” Martha extended her tongue and lapped slowly...oh God so slowly...up the short length of my little toe. “”But you don’t, do you.” She didn’t expect an answer and she continued speaking. “All that you have is that ridiculous growth between your legs.” Martha lapped at my little toe again. “And these...” Martha tapped my scrotum with her other foot. “...pathetic little things.”

My mind was racing with all of this new stimulation. I hadn’t understood the pleasure she derived from having me suck her toes until now. Nobody had ever even thought of doing that to me. Karen...well...she exhibited little imagination when it came to my pleasure.

Martha sought out my points of pleasure. In fact she gave me new ones; magical, electrical ones that ignited a roaring fire within me. She never failed to over whelm me with pleasure derived from her own passions.

“You know dear, if you were blessed with a clitty, I could do this to you all day long.” Martha licked along the flesh where my toes joined my foot.

My toes couldn’t have curled any tighter as jolt after jolt of sensation shot through me. I felt that aching in my scrotum begin once again and the pressure the band exerted around my dick increased. Martha continued her mantra as I let my mind go to her droning.

“You know dear...if you WERE more of a real woman...and these...” She gently massaged my scrotum again. “...were merely empty flaps of flesh...I would suck them like they were the lips of your cunt. But you’re not...more of a real woman that is...are you.”

I began to silently shed tears. They weren’t tears of sadness. They were tears of passion and longing...longing to complete myself through Martha; to achieve some sort of ultimate and desirous end with her; to be ultimately fulfilled with her. I felt myself begin to get wet from the leaking of fluid out of my dick.

I felt an odd combination of sensitivity and numbness from the head of my dick. How I would have begged to feel any part of her naked flesh touch me there right now. I knew that would never happen and another set of tears flowed.

“My poor baby...” Martha started to wedge the ball of her foot into the valley between my butt cheeks. She continued to rub my scrotum with her toes as her foot invaded; wiggling ever deeper. “...such a failure as a man. But so...beautiful...as a woman.”

Martha suddenly took all five of my toes into her mouth and bathed them with her warmth and wetness. I felt myself throbbing...trying desperately to become erect. But nothing happened except a bit more leaking.

And with every statement that Martha vocalized...every question she asked...I tacitly agreed with her. I said nothing nor did I move my head other than to begin licking and kissing the rest of her beautiful foot. She was right...correct as usual. I was a failure in a life I had barely begun.

Yet in this new persona...the one I had hidden...the one my mother seemed to accept so readily...the one Martha fostered so forcefully...the one Karen abhorred...I was so much more than merely functional; I was...comfortable, at peace, completely accepted and...dare I say it...desired?

The ball of Marta's foot finally wiggled down to touch my butt hole beneath the sheer layer of my panties. As she wiggled her foot atop my butt hole, I instinctively lifted my hips up into the pressure.

"Oh...so you like that do you?" Martha chuckled. "You ARE such a slut. You would love me to fuck you, wouldn't you?" I moaned out my pleasure and it seemed that my timing was superb enough to be taken for an agreement. "I knew it!" She laughed. "You want me to shove my cock up your ass and fuck your brains out!"

I couldn't disagree as I rocked my hips to gain greater stimulation against her foot. How I ached for Martha to put her big toe directly on my butt hole...just a simple touch would have rocked my world. What exquisite torture. I would have orgasmed instantly if it weren't for that damned band.

"Yesss..." Martha hissed as her breathing deepened. "...I would have you on your back, my slut. I would want to see your face when I shove my cock so deeply into you that you could taste it's dripping head. I would want to feel your heels locked behind my ass, pulling me even deeper into you. I would want to see the passion written on your slutty face."

My body was going insane. I was twitching, undulating, trembling, and quaking to her electric touch. And the crude images she painted with her profane words and even more profane thoughts were dancing through my mind even as she spoke them. I would have done anything, given everything, acceded to any request, to feel her in me.

"You know slut..." Martha withdrew her foot from my mouth and removed it from my grasp. "...if you were only a little bit more of a woman..." I felt her legs shift around. "...we could fuck like women do." I suddenly felt the heat of her naked crotch settle over my panty encased one as she sat herself upon me. Martha grabbed hold of my right leg and began to rub herself against me; her vagina centered on my banded dick.

"Mmmm..." Martha moaned as she began to stimulate herself hugging her cheek to my calf. "I do so love to rub cunts."

Her hand sought out the cleft between my butt cheeks and she began to rub circles through my panty around my butt hole. I moaned in torturous delight as she stimulated me onto even greater highs of passion. I could feel her tremble with excitement, as she rubbed harder against me.

Her aroma, something denied me thus far this evening, was suddenly very strong and intoxicating. I was awash in an ocean of sensations and felt myself drowning; willingly. As she was about to orgasm, Martha ripped both tubes off of my nipples sending an enormous tidal wave of pulsating

pleasure and pain through my body. I jerked against her grinding crotch as she squeezed and pulled at my plumped up swollen nipples.

Martha's orgasm overcame her with the greatest intensity I have experienced yet. I felt her tense into a solid mass of flexing muscle. I felt her slowly undulate like a snake as the wave overcame her. She groaned quite loudly and held onto my leg as if for dear life and she suddenly and quickly went limp; so limp that she steadied herself using my leg. She was out of breath and stayed quite still and quiet.

"That..." Martha said, still regaining her breath. "...was nice. Well..." She took several deep breaths and exhaled slowly. "...that was very good for me. I hope it was good for you." She laughed...almost hysterically.

I laid still. I was in tears; the longing was that great. I ached all over; especially my scrotum and my nipples. My dick felt...cold...in spite of her hot, wet vagina resting atop it. I so badly wanted...her.

"Awww...poor baby. All pent up and nothing to blow." Martha giggled as she unseated herself and removed my blinders. I looked up into her smiling sympathetic face as she wiped away my tears with her thumbs. "We really can't do anything about your...condition..." Martha cooed as she spoke as if calming a child. "At least not this week anyway." She giggled.

I nodded as she helped me into a sitting position. Martha hugged me to her bringing my face into the cleft between her breasts. I could feel my wetness on my panty liner. It was so wet that I thought I might have cum but I knew better. Most of the wetness was Martha's. The aching pain in my scrotum told me so...quite eloquently.

"You know darling..." Her endearments were so...soothing to me. "I am so enjoying you in this condition. Perhaps we should make this a more permanent part of your new life style. What do you think dear?" OH MY GOD!!! PERMENENT CONFINEMENT??? And...she wasn't laughing!

Martha comforted me, and herself, and she finally helped me stand. I clutched my groin as I tried to straighten up; gently cupping myself. After receiving my sacrament of pills and water, I went to my room to clean myself and change my liner.

Martha followed after a few minutes to tuck me in. When I got into bed, Martha requested the used panty with her scent on it. She removed the liner, turned it inside out, and tugged the delicate garment back over my head settling the gusset over my nose.

"I was going to give you the one I wore today sweet heart. But I thought that this one is so much fresher with my scent." She smiled...and she was correct. The gusset upon which she sat was still quite damp with the scent of her. I felt my penis attempt to stir again...without success. "Good night dear." She bent and kissed me gently on the lips and tugged the panty down over my mouth.

**T**he remainder of the week flew past; at least the days did. Marti called on Tuesday morning to accept Martha's offer. She suggested a place for Ms. Howe in the event that a difference of opinion should arise. Martha didn't disagree.

Later that morning an express messenger arrived with an envelope from Ms. Watson's office. It contained a driver's license, a social security card, and a temporary passport; all in the name of Petra Andrea Russell, female. Martha obtained a company credit card in that name and suddenly Peter Andrew Russell ceased to exist. I tucked these items into the side zipped pocket of my purse.

Tuesday evening Mr. Stone returned the remains of my lap top. It had been thoroughly 'scrubbed' and everything stored was now on a compact disk. The first thing I did was to sign onto the web to get any e-mail I might have received.

Aside from the usual junk, mostly porn sites and Viagra ads, there was an e-mail from Karen. I opened it, read it, and immediately began to cry out loud. I ran to Martha's chambers and, nearly too shaken to remember knocking, I entered lap top in hand. Martha sat in her ante chamber at the desk and was writing. I showed her the e-mail.

"Dear Queer..." Martha looked up at me and smiled. "Well...it does have a certain ring I must say." She laughed and motioned me to sit with her. Martha quickly glanced through the entire e-mail in only a moment or two. "Snarky bitch...isn't she?" Martha chuckled. "One might be led to believe her to be the aggrieved party."

Martha closed the top and handed the lap top back to me. She looked up at the painting over her desk as if having a silent conversation with the gentleman portrayed. She spun the simple gold band on the middle finger of her right hand and then swiveled her chair to face me. She reached out her hand to gently stroke my cheek.

"I do hate to see you so upset...especially by that woman. You have a wonderful attorney. Why don't you forward that e-mail to her. I'm sure she would love to have it. Now...why don't you get ready for...mmmmommy. She'll make everything better." Martha grinned quite wickedly which, in turn, caused me to blush and smile.

I did receive another e-mail from Karen, but, following Martha's, and my attorney's advice, I didn't open it and forwarded it straight away. I knew I would receive copies of everything that was sent, and received, in response.

The third significant event occurred on Thursday. Martha had a luncheon to attend that I couldn't be admitted to. She informed me that this would occur on rare occasions but I would accompany her on all out of town trips.

Anyway, I was at my desk tending to her messages and mail and any number of other paper shuffling tasks when Meg came in. She threw her hands up and sang!

"The cat's away and the mice shall play!" Meg laughed and came up to me. She shook me gently by the shoulders. "Come on Hon...let's go out for lunch. I have reservations at THE place of places!"

I giggled and grabbed my purse. Before leaving the office I texted Martha informing her that I was going out with Meg. She texted back one word; 'Behave'. And we were out the door, into the elevator, and onto the street.



Meg proved to be an incessant chatter box, for which I was grateful. She was also quite a strider and I needed to take her arm to keep up. On occasion she would wave or nod to someone, turning to me and informing me that it was the executive assistant underground at work. I laughed and understood.

We entered a steak house called 'The Bankers Bunker', a Wall Street establishment for the super wealthy, or the super perked. I guessed that I was the super perked; or at least Meg was.

Meg ordered us cocktails. I was somewhat wary because I knew I never was much of a drinker; one glass of wine being my usual limit. But Meg seemed quite sure that the boss wouldn't be too angered as long as we did finally return sometime during the day.

"This is what Martha usually has. It's called a Rusty Nail? It's pretty tasty actually." Meg took a sip. "She doesn't take the ice. She likes to say; 'Why ruin good whiskey with bad water!'" We both giggled at her imitation of Martha.

After the salad and a freshly baked, still warm roll, Meg ordered two more drinks. I was already feeling quite...good. There was one question I needed to ask.

"Tell me about Emma?" I entreated; eyes wide in my most innocent look. Meg stopped in mid sip of her drink and stared cautiously at me.

"Martha didn't say anything?" Meg looked at me closely.  
"Only her name."

I was truly hoping that Meg would reveal something, anything. She looked at me, and then down at her cocktail. She smiled wistfully and looked back at me. I could see a tear well up in her eyes.

"Well...I don't know what to tell you...or what you want to hear." Meg sniffled and dabbed at the tears that had gathered but not yet fallen. "I think that whatever you hear should come from Martha."

"But she says nothing when..." Meg held her hand up stopping me from continuing.

"All I can tell you is that she'll be missed. Martha will tell you when she's ready to. Let's leave it at that, okay Hon?" I could see that Meg was hoping I would let it go. I couldn't; not completely anyway.

"I just wish there was something I could do..."

"...to ease her pain?" Meg chuckled.

"Yeah!!!" I perked up.

"Well...you could build her a ball field." Meg laughed. I didn't understand her answer at all. She could see my confusion and she smiled and shook her head in resignation. "Just be yourself Honey...just be yourself." Meg smiled in spite of the pleading tone of her voice. "Oh...and by the way...just between us?" I smiled and leaned in toward Meg. "You're not supposed to be talking sweetie." She burst out laughing as I completely lost color and nearly fainted.

Meg did make me feel somewhat better by telling me not to 'sweat it'. Meg thought me to be totally adorable and could understand Martha's attraction to me. She also told me that Martha tended to bring out the best, or the worst, in people. Meg also promised to help prevent me from slipping up again. All this was said in almost a non-stop monologue interrupted only by the arrival of our second cocktail.

**F**riday morning was heralded in gently with the sound of a bird chirping outside my window. I managed to ease my way out of bed, my bladder full and my scrotum aching, to relieve myself. I showered and prepared for our daily ritual; the final day! One more specimen and then...FREEDOM!!!

I was excited...to say the least. The thought of finally being able to...more fully enjoy the experience we've come to call 'Mommy' time. Then I remembered! I was having procedures done today??? Oh my God!!!

I threw on my robe and marched to Martha's door. I knocked quite boldly. When I heard her 'okay', I entered and strode into her bath. She was standing before the mirror already dressed and primed. I took a seat on the commode until she acknowledged my presence. She was engaged with inspecting herself.

"I'm waiting." Martha's eyes never left her image. I sat for a moment and simply marveled at how...put together she appeared to be.

"What are you doing to me?" I didn't know how else to phrase my question at that moment. I was too nervous to think clearly enough. Martha turned her head to look at me, her mouth slightly agape as it had been whilst she gazed at herself.

"I'm doing nothing to you. Whatever is the matter dear?" Could she be that clueless? Never! I rolled my eyes; a motion not wasted on her.

"I'm having procedures performed on me?"  
"Yesss?"

"Well? What's going to be done?" I held my hands out, palms up, in almost a pleading fashion. Martha stepped over to me and lifted my chin slightly so that I looked head on at her. She took an exasperated breath.

"Once again...you're going to have a bit of work on your voice box. You won't be able to speak for about a week. And, at the same time, you're going to have your jaw line rounded a bit and that delicious chin made...more delicious. I promise that you will still recognize yourself." She smiled as my eyes widened.

Did I actually agree to this? Martha made it all sound so...matter of fact...casual...if you will? Only one word crossed my mind, well, maybe more than one; permanent, forever, non-reversible! I sat there with a stunned look on my face. Martha turned to the mirror again.

“Oh come now dear...it really is no big deal; one night in the hospital and then bed rest for a day or two. I promise you there will be no pain at all. I have a private nurse arranged for and every contingency...” Contingency? Contingency! What contingency could there possibly be? “...has been planned for. You will be more beautiful than you are now.” Martha rubbed her brow, pulling the skin of her forehead upward to erase the few wrinkles she had. “Now I think you had better ready yourself. I will have the girls prepare an over night for you since we’ve wasted precious time over this matter.”

I knew when I was being dismissed. I got up and began to leave. I suddenly felt the urge to hug Martha; more for reassurance than for anything else. As I slipped my arms around her narrow waist, she turned to receive me and hugged me in return. She whispered softly in my ear.

“There is nothing to worry about...truly. I will be with you the entire time and I promise you that one or two weeks from now, you will feel better than you ever have.” She kissed my forehead softly, lingering for a moment.

**T**he morning ritual went as usual. With Martha’s help, as usual, I delivered my specimen quite successfully. I received my injections from Doctor Weintraub’s nurse after having blood drawn. Doctor Weintraub then attended us about two hours later. Satisfied with the specimens and quite thrilled with whatever she observed in my blood work, she gave her approval for the procedures. It would be a pleasure to be free of the chastity band for a few days.

I would be scheduled for the early afternoon. I asked if I was to see the surgeon first. Martha chuckled.

“Darling...you’ve already met her. She was one of the physicians that examined you a week ago. Remember the woman who spent some time looking at you and the x-rays of your face? She is really quite competent.” Somehow, this didn’t make me feel any better. “She’s not a cosmetic surgeon, she’s a plastic surgeon and she can do what is required with her eyes closed.”

Martha’s confidence still couldn’t quite carry over to me. But I had little choice in my mind. I wanted my ‘new’ life to continue...with Martha. And I felt that without her my life would cease. Whilst she was continuously pushing my limits in all areas, and pushing all the buttons that seemed to uncloak me, I felt...ultimately...safe in her hands.

We had several hours to kill...oops...poor choice of words...a few hours to spend before I was scheduled, so we left the hospital to go and have coffee and some juice. I wasn’t permitted anything solid. Mr. Stone joined us and, as he and Martha proceeded to devour a rather hearty breakfast, I sat and looked on longingly. ‘Please...just a bit of toast and preserves’ I thought.

As the hour approached, we returned to the hospital and Martha got me registered and up to the pre-op area. I was fortunate enough to have a private area to change and rest. As I undressed, Martha took each piece and carefully folded it.

“Here! Take this damned thing.” I handed her my bra. “It binds; it rides up, the straps keep moving; I hate it.” Martha chuckled.

“Well sweet heart...perhaps we should puff you out a bit with some implants while we’re at it. I’m quite sure it would fit better with...” Martha rolled her eyes upward and pursed her lips. “...mmm...say a ‘D’ cup?” She looked at me and grinned.

“Never mind.” Oh my God...no way!!!

Martha placed my things into the plastic bag that originally contained my hospital gown and slippers, among other items. I was shaking so terribly that Martha asked the attending nurse to give me something for the jitters.

After attaching an IV solution to the port she put into my fore arm, the nurse then injected Valium into the IV line. I cannot tell you how amazingly blissful I almost instantly felt. I was even a bit giddy as the warmth of the sedative spread throughout my body. Martha sat and held my hand as I suddenly began to prattle on about absolutely nothing at all. She sat and smiled. She appeared mildly amused at my sudden change of mood.

I barely remembered being wheeled out and into the operating room. The surgeon and anesthesiologist attending me were now masked and gowned; far different from their visit with me in pre-op. I noticed that I was being injected slowly with something. I inquired and the last word I heard was ‘Versed’ and then someone turned out the lights...seriously!

I awoke sometime later gazing up into Martha’s smiling face. I couldn’t feel anything at the moment. I couldn’t even determine whether I was warm or cold. I was completely numb. I tried to smile back at her but nothing seemed to be working as it should. Martha was speaking but the sounds were a bit muddled.

I slowly flexed my fingers. They seemed to be working properly. I immediately reached beneath the blanket that covered me. I grabbed my scrotum making sure that was still intact. I believe my action was more instinctual than anything. I felt for the rest of my...‘equipment’ only to discover a tube coming out of my dick. I freaked! I tried to speak but my mouth wouldn’t move. A tube in my dick? On no!!! Not in this lifetime!!!

“Please baby...lay still and don’t try to speak. Whatever is the matter?” Martha’s face was a picture of concern, her brow furrowed.

I took her hand, the one grasping mine, and led her down beneath the blanket to the tube. She suddenly knew what my problem was and chuckled.

“Unless you are prepared to pee into a box like a cat, I think the tube should remain in for a while. Once we’re in a room I will insist that it be removed, okay darling?”

I attempted to nod my head slightly but to no avail. So I blinked my eyes once. As if I was in any position to argue with her. I closed my eyes and fell into a semi dream state. I think I might have slept for a moment or two.

I felt myself moving...kind of drifting maybe...gliding along. I opened my eyes and sure enough I indeed was moving. The gurney I rested upon was transiting along a corridor powered by a hospital worker; Martha at my side still holding my hand.

I was deposited into a large private room. I was later to learn that this was a hospice suite. There was a settee area with two additional arm chairs and a coffee table. A very small efficiency type of kitchen area for any guests tending to the hospice person's needs was available for use.

I was carefully lifted by the staff and shifted over onto the regular bed. I motioned to Martha and pointed to my groin area. Martha smiled and instructed the nurse to remove the Foley catheter. She reached under the blanket and, with one swift strong motion, pulled the tube from within me. I would have screamed in surprise and discomfort if I was able. A grimace and a tear had to suffice.

I remember very little of that day. I do remember having to suck my dinner through a straw. And I do remember Martha's constant attention, and compassion. She smiled at me quite differently than prior to my surgeries. She was doting almost to being a pest but I did truly appreciate her concern.

Upon awakening in the middle of the night with a strong urge to evacuate my bladder, I saw Martha asleep curled up in the recliner with a blanket covering her. She was softly snoring. The sound was much like that of a large cat purring. The private nurse noticed that I was awake and started toward Martha presumably to waken her. I caught her attention with my hand and wagged my index finger indicating to let Martha sleep.

I attempted to sit up, and, with the able assistance of my nurse, I was finally able to rise to a sitting position. I indicated my need and she brought me a bottle. But I was determined to attempt my function in a more traditional manner.

She assisted me to my feet and helped me across the room and into the toilet. I sat and did my 'thing'. It was quite painful. I assumed because of the manner my dick was addressed before, during, and after the Foley.

I made the mistake of washing my hands afterward. One glance into the mirror and my hands sprang to my cheeks, or what could be seen of them. The lower portion of my face was bloated to nearly twice, or even thrice, the normal size. My throat was bandaged. I couldn't feel my hands upon my face though my hands could feel the puffy flesh.

Tears began to fall from my eyes. I looked horrid! I had no features at all. The swelling and discoloration was over whelming. I was a monster. What, in God's name, had I allowed them to do to me? The nurse, seeing my shock and displeasure, quickly ushered me back into bed, dragging the damned IV stand with the IV's hanging from it.

I had little difficulty falling back into a drug induced stupor. The nurse simply pushed the button on my PCA and that lovely warmth overcame me quickly. All thoughts of the monster in the mirror disappeared along with consciousness. I dreamt of Martha, her scent, and me.

I was awakened early in the morning to have my vitals taken and blood drawn. I supposed that if it was covered by insurance, they were going to do it. Martha was awakened by the noise and she immediately looked toward me. She rubbed her face briskly and came over to me.

“Good morning sweet heart.” Martha was the only person I have ever met who could go from sleeping to a completely cognizant state in an instant. She sat on the bed and took my hand. “How are you feeling dear?”

As tears formed in my eyes, I frantically pointed to my face...emphatically!

“It will go away within a few days, I promise. Are you in any pain?” I shook my head. I felt nothing at all. “Good.”

Martha smiled and gently stroked my hair after dabbing my tears. She smiled so beneficently and maternally. I felt like crawling up into her lap like a child and burying my face between her breasts. I wanted her to make this all go away.

Sometime in the early afternoon the surgeon and Doctor Weintraub visited me. Both seemed quite pleased at what they saw though it was beyond me. They both gave their approval to my being discharged. I was detached from the IVs and dressed, with Martha’s help. All I wore was a night gown and a matching robe.

I was seated in a wheel chair and Martha, the private nurse, and I made the journey home in an ambulance. Martha took me upstairs in the elevator and, with the nurse, settled me into bed. The nurse attached two IVs to me again and I settled back in a more familiar setting.

I must have dozed off after sipping my lunch. When I opened my eyes, I got the shock of the day!!! Looking down into my face with a grin, her eyes awash with tears, was my mother. I attempted to mouth the word ‘mommy’ and must have succeeded because she nodded and bent to kiss my forehead. She took my hand into hers and kissed it...several times.

“I am so very happy to see you Pet.” She laid her head upon my chest and hugged me as best she could. “Martha sent a car for me. She wanted me here for you. And I am here for you.” She lifted her head and simply looked at me for a moment. “You look terrible!” She laughed. I tried to at least smile.

Mom spoke, my God did she speak. She went on and on and on about everything that occurred during the time of our ‘separation’. Evidently Karen had been hard at work doing everything possible during our ‘marriage’ to keep us apart. I listened to her intently; the anger building within me for the woman I loved and I thought loved me.

I mouthed the name ‘Martha’. Mom became quite animated.

“She wanted to remain here with you. She was impossible...wouldn’t allow me to even fetch your drink. I finally insisted she go out for awhile. I think she went to the salon. She said she was beginning to look like a dish rag. Could you imagine?” Mom chuckled. “She is an absolute doll, sweet heart. I am so happy the two of you met.”

I smiled...I think...well at least inside I was smiling. I hadn't ever seen my mother so happy and...alive? It was 'Martha said this' and 'Martha said that' as she spoke of their dealings whilst I was totally unaware they knew each other so intimately.

"Martha said that once you heal, you'll look even more like me! I am so excited that she is helping you find yourself. I feel so good about it. Martha is so accepting and kind and loving."

I closed my eyes as a tear or two slowly flowed down my cheeks, or whatever passed for cheeks today. I wasn't even listening to mom's words as much as the lilting sound of her voice. I felt so...opened...my heart felt opened as never before.

Several hours had past and between mom and the nurse I was tended to most adequately. Finally Martha had returned from the stylist. She had a new hairdo with large opened curls framing her face. She looked so...perfect...even more so than usual. I commented on her new look and she smiled and even blushed a bit.

Mom, of course, made even a bigger scene at how well the new style suited Martha's angular face and how elegant, and more youthful, she appeared to be. Mom used all of the proper adulations and Martha acted accordingly, including a rather coy giggle.

Evening came and went. Both ladies decided to join me for dinner. I truly enjoyed seeing Martha and mom interact. Martha had so many different facets to her personality and this was one I'd never seen. Knowing fully that my mother was from a completely different world, Martha never even hinted at condescension or belittlement. Indeed she deferred as often as possible to my mom which made me feel so good. Martha's deference animated my mom as I'd never seen her before.

Every once in a while one or the other would catch me glancing at them and they would smile that loving maternal smile that warmed me so. Even when they discussed me, it would be as though I wasn't there at all and they were in their own world. And their discussions were all about me...my well being and my future. It was like having two mothers equally concerned about me.

Finally it was time for the day to come to an end. The nurse administered a sleeping pill and an anti-coagulant injection. Martha escorted mom to the guest rooms, a suite similar to Martha's and the nurse was settled in the room next to mine.

My eyes were closed and I was on the edge of sleep when Martha re-entered my room. She was wearing a night gown and robe, ballet slippers on her feet. I was situated on the left side of my bed away from the bathroom because of the IV line in my arm.

Martha doffed her slippers and then her robe. She got onto the left side of the bed and crawled toward me. Martha helped me into a sitting position and slipped her legs behind me and over the side of the bed. She then drew me into her arms and cradled me. I, in turn, put my arms around her and hugged her as close as I could.

She gently rocked me as she slipped the shoulder of her gown off and exposed her breast. She held it out toward my mouth, her nipple engorged and enticing.

"Suck baby...gently."

She brought herself to my mouth and I took her nipple between my lips, sucking gently and rhythmically. Martha moaned softly and closed her eyes. She continued to rock me gently. I don't remember falling asleep but I do remember my dreams; they were of Martha and her suckling me as her baby.

**M**orning arrived with the chirping of the birds outside in the garden. Martha was curled up with her curvaceous rear end snuggled against me purring softly. I turned on my side and spooned up against her. I buried my nose into her shoulder and inhaled her scent. It was so very sweet.

As she stirred, I put my arm around her and hugged her as I pressed my swollen lips to the nape of her neck. Eyes still closed a gentle smile crossed her lips. Martha suddenly turned so that she lay on her back. She pulled me into the crotch of her arm and held me, smiling.

"Did you sleep well sweet heart?" Martha asked in an even more throaty morning voice. I nodded. "Well...so did I. We must do this more often." She laughed as she raised her head and kissed the top of mine.

I placed my arm around Martha and basked in her attention. She took my hand and placed it atop her breast. I gently cup the firm mound and caressed her. Martha closed her eyes and moaned softly. Her hand stayed atop mine as she taught me how to touch her, at least in the early morning. I closed my eyes and savored this feeling of intimate closeness hoping that it would never ever cease.

But such moments always do end; to be filed among other wonderful memories so that we may move on to new moments...and intimacies. A knock on the door heralded my mother and, holding my hand, now beneath her gown, tight to her breast, Martha entreated her to enter.

"My, my...how cozy the two of you look." Mom was nearly too cheerful, her voice competing with that of the birds outside. I knew she couldn't help but see my hand on Martha's breast and Martha holding it fast. "And how is my darling child this morning?" She chuckled as she got onto the other side of the bed next to Martha.

**B**reakfast in the garden was an absolute delight on so many different levels. I was so very pleased to be in my mom's company again and I had Martha to thank for that. I was so delighted that they seemed to be like old friends. I sat and enjoyed how free and easy their conversing was. And I was so very grateful that both of the important women, in fact the only women, in my life were seemingly dedicated entirely toward me.

I smiled, or attempted to, whenever Martha asked me to refill my mom's cup with tea. I was, of course, delighted to refresh Martha's. I felt so peaceful serving them whatever they requested. I felt useful and needed in spite of my...wounds? The morning rushed past and yet we were still in our gowns and robes.



We all luxuriated in reviewing the Sunday morning Times. Mom would show me an ad for something and I would comment, or Martha would show something. We seemed to share with one another in a way that brought back some of the more pleasant and intimate moments I shared with my mom years ago.

No longer being saddled with the IVs was a blessing. The swelling had decreased quite a bit with the application of the frozen masks and the Percocets kept me more than comfortable. I was anxious to begin moving around and truly desired a walk on the street. I felt as if I had been confined for weeks; not merely a day or two.

Although I was no longer in need of the Dilaudid drip, and as my mind seemed to clear from its use, I still felt a bit mired by the Percocets but, as Martha was fond of saying; 'Such is the price of beauty'.

I washed, assisted by mom, and dressed for the day. My mom chose a lovely dress with small lavender flowers on lime green vines against a cream background, one of my favorites. The piece had short sleeves and a turned down collar with rounded wings. The arm holes, collar, and hem were edged with lace. A line of bone buttons ran down the entire front and the wide swept hem ended mid calf.

Mom helped button me because when I got below my waist and had to bend, I became a bit dizzy. She left the last few buttons undone allowing my knees to poke through as I walked. She did chuckle at my bra but understood how necessary it was to 'tent' out the dress for a proper fit.

Mom loved playing with my cosmetics and delighted in experimenting with my eyes and the variety of different color pots. Finally settling on slate grey, she shadowed as well as lined my eyes making them appear even larger than usual. I felt so...pampered. This was the best part of my childhood being revisited.

We had finally all dressed. My mom didn't take too long because she had brought so little with her; merely enough to get her through the few days she would be here. And she brought nothing dressier than a simple blouse and skirt. Everything else was simple, button down the front, 'house' dresses.

We decided to take a stroll toward the park. This was my first outing since the surgery and I luxuriated in the sensation of the sun, and a slight breeze, striking my body. My mother took one of my arms and Martha held the other. Mom and Martha spoke as we strolled.

As we passed Martha's club, she suggested that we perhaps go in for a tea. Martha explained the basic purpose of the club and that it was for ladies only. My mom had never been in such a place before (nor I before Martha came along) and she was very impressed more with the treatment she received than with her surroundings. I was more than content to sit with the two and quietly sip my tea.

I sat enjoying the setting and the company. Meg soon came and joined us. She had come directly to the house to visit with me and was informed of our location. Evidentially she had been here any number of times in the past. I felt so...I don't know...real maybe? I mean...I was the reason these

women were here and I got a bit emotional about it; and why not? It seems I got emotional about everything else these days anyway. To have Meg come and see me, to inquire about me, was...thrilling!

The ladies decided to have dinner at the club. I wasn't quite up to the occasion so I remained home and in bed. I was quite worn out from the day and, after being given my pills, soon fell asleep. I slept so soundly that I didn't even stir when Martha came into bed with me.

I didn't hear or feel her wake in the morning. It was only during the night when I rolled over that I found her. She awoke briefly and pulled me into her body so that my head rested on her breast. I soon fell back to sleep after she kissed my forehead and stroked my hair.

I spent the next day shopping with my mom. Though the swelling diminished quite a bit, I was still bearing the discoloration along my jaw line. Mom used some foundation to hide the bruising and a bit of powder to set it.

I felt so odd being out with my mom; shopping of all things. Talk about 'old times' being revisited. Although I must say that she didn't treat me as a 'daughter' or even a child. She seemed to have found a new respect or better yet, a new vision of me as an adult and wasn't condescending in the least bit.

Though we couldn't be taken for anything other than mother and daughter, especially since I now looked even more like her than before, we interacted in a wholly new fashion. Mom spoke mostly about Martha. She was totally in love with the woman and she went on and on about how good we were for one another.

We went to Bloomie's. Martha told mom to take me out and do a bit of shopping for herself as well. I had my company card with me and she left instructions for me to use it. As we shopped for several outfits, I couldn't help but feel the enormous gap in my life between my early teen years and now? Was it really only a little over a week ago that Martha found me?

**B**y Tuesday I was well enough to do things for myself. The nurse had been gone since Monday and I was able to do the everyday things so that my mom could return home. I was anxious to get back into my new life. Out of sheer boredom I went on the computer for the first time since my surgery.

My curiosity about my predecessor began to intrigue me again. I searched 'Martha Grey and Emma'; not having Emma's family name. Almost nothing appeared, much to my surprise. Just for the heck of it I searched 'pictures'. I found several of Martha with a beautiful blond woman at her side. Her name was listed as Emma Granville.

So, naturally, I searched Emma Granville. I didn't find very much and nothing prior to four years ago. There were articles about Martha and Emma's name was mentioned only in passing. She was Martha's executive assistant for the same four years of obtainable history. I also found the obituary listing her death.

I wasn't giving up that easily. Obviously Emma had to have something going on before she was 'Emma'. Perhaps she was like me. I'm sure very little information could be found out about Petra Russell. I decided to delve a little further. I was curious about how she died.

I tried several variations such as 'Emma Granville, car crash' and 'Emma Granville, drug overdose'. I was shocked and stunned when 'Emma Granville, homicide' got several hits. A picture of her accompanied the very few articles. Oh my God! She was murdered! That explained a few things...what things I wasn't quite sure. Maybe that's why Martha had Mr. Stone and Mr. Davis around.

There were no real details in one article which was strange. Normally one might see 'shot' or 'stabbed' or something. But nothing was listed. I read that the investigation was still open and a reward was being offered for any information. A second article did relate that she was stabbed. How awful. She was found in a downtown alleyway near the Hudson River; a very secluded and desolate area.

I felt terrible for Martha. To have someone she was obviously quite fond of murdered, and at such a young age, had to be devastating. Small wonder she didn't talk about Emma. I knew that she still mourned her...friend. My curiosity wasn't completely slaked but at least I knew something about Emma, and Martha, and I could be more understanding of her feelings.

My mom left for home on Wednesday morning. It had been a rough night for me. Martha didn't come into bed with me and even though we'd only slept...truly slept...together for two nights, I'd already become accustomed to her company. The warmth of her body and her scent proved to be so very reassuring and comforting; especially at night in the dark.

I had mixed feelings when I said goodbye to mom. Though mostly good feelings, I somehow felt a bit abandoned as I watched her being driven away by Mr. Stone. We had re-bonded in so many ways, and so quickly, I felt a strange emptiness. I know that Martha had mentioned the possibility of having mom move to the city, but mom wasn't that reactive to the suggestion. Mom was a country girl at heart and I suspected she would always remain one.

With the exception of my research, I spent most of the day being bored out of my (non-existing) tits. I missed being with Martha most of all. The swelling and discoloration was even less apparent than yesterday and I was able to move my mouth without too much pain. I seriously wanted to go into work with her tomorrow even if all I was capable of doing was filing. I needed to feel useful.

I sat in the chair by the library bay window awaiting Martha's return. She had called several times simply to inquire how I was getting along. I couldn't really answer her other than to push the tone button once or twice, but merely the sound of her voice was exciting for me to hear and I knew she could 'see' me smiling as she spoke.

When Martha did finally appear within my vision, I went quickly to the front door and opened it before Mr. Stone could even get his key ready. My eyes were alighted with pleasure but I refrained from embracing her until she crossed the threshold and walked into the library to place her attaché case on her desk.

“Well...” Martha said as she turned toward me. I didn’t give her the chance to finish speaking. I took her in my arms and held her tightly; burying my nose into her neck and shoulder. Martha chuckled and put her arms around me. “...someone seems glad to see me.”

I began to cry as I hugged her and she hugged me. Martha seemed to instinctively know what to do. She gently rubbed my back with both hands and spoke softly into my ear.

“Whatever seems to be the matter sweet heart?” Martha cooed softly. I shrugged my shoulders but still held her tightly. Martha chuckled. “Welcome to puberty dear.” I lifted my head and looked at her questioningly. “Don’t worry...it won’t last but a few months or so. It really does get better and it only becomes more...interesting.”

Martha gently stroked my hair and dabbed at my tears with a tissue. A few months...huh? I guess I could deal...I think. It was the ‘more interesting’ part that seemed a bit scary. This...the emotional thing...was NOT interesting and fairly scary for me. I mean...I never knew who, or what, would make me cry next.

“Come into the light sweet heart. Let’s have a good look at you.” Martha took my hand and drew me toward her desk. She turned up the lamp and closely examined my face. She smiled at whatever she seemed to see. “You ARE coming along quite nicely. And don’t think for a minute that I don’t realize what a huge leap of faith you made.”

Now her eyes began to well up a bit. Martha dabbed at her own tears before they fell, sniffled, and then smiled once again at me. She took both my hands in hers.

“I’ve had a completely unremarkable day. Come upstairs with me and I will tell you nothing about it.” I giggled and she laughed. “Let’s think about dining tonight instead.” We started for the stairs. “I don’t feel like the club and thought we might perhaps go local. What do you think?”

I agreed with a nod. We had been to the club more frequently than I would have liked. Honestly, I would have rather sit somewhere at home and eat simply...well...make that casually...then do the club. A local place seemed a good mediation.

“Would you like to try partaking a bit of solid food?” A good question indeed. I was really fed up with soft and formless and that was only a half-step up from watery. I definitely needed some substance. I nodded. “Good girl!” Martha’s face showed her delight and she grinned.

Martha took her place in her armchair and sat for a moment in thought.

“Help me with these shoes dear.” I was at her feet in an instant.

I gently and delicately removed each one making ceremony as I went along. I placed one next to the other. I sat back on my haunches awaiting her next...command? No...whim or desire or fancy would be a better choice in my mind.

“You may put them into my closet.” Martha motioned imperiously with a flick of her hand.

I smiled as I lifted her shoes carefully with both hands. I was so tempted to...well...stick my nose in them that I actually giggled over the thought. Martha had me so well conditioned in such a short

period of time. I got to my feet and went to the closet, treasures in hand. I was mindful to take in all that I could without seeming too nose-y.

I was startled to find that one half of this huge closet was empty save for a few things hanging toward the rear right side. Beneath them were several pairs of shoes and some accessories on the shelf directly above. This space must have been Emma's. I felt a feeling of solemnness overcome me as I looked at the emptiness. I thought this was how Martha must feel; half empty and I felt quite sad for her.

Martha's side was the complete opposite. It was extremely well organized with barely an inch of hanging space. Night gowns and robes came first followed by a double row of hanging bars that ran for about seven or eight feet. First her business suits hung in two rows. The suits were followed by her hanging shoetrees. I instantly searched for an empty spot amongst the two dozen or more pairs. Finding a space, I placed the shoes in the pigeonhole carefully.

I scanned briefly down the racks to find her skirts and blouses hung and wrapped separately in plastic. Lastly were her dress gowns. The long shelf above held most of her accessories and sweaters. There was nothing on the floor beneath and very little room for anything anyway.

Nothing was garish or revealing. Nothing was overly stylish or even dated. Martha was definitely not the fashion slave though no doubt she could afford such a luxury. If anything, her wardrobe exhibited modesty, refined taste, and practicality.

"Don't get lost dear." I was shaken from my trance and quickly exited the closet. "Help me undress sweet heart. I feel like being pampered a little since you still are still somewhat indisposed to our...nightly rituals." I smiled and blushed at her slightly lurid smile.

I assisted Martha out of her jacket when she stood. I placed it carefully on the hope chest behind her. She turned indicating that her matching skirt, a navy blue light wool pin stripe, would be next. I undid the button and pulled down the zipper opening the waist. I lowered the skirt until she could easily step out of it. I then took the two pieces into her closet and, after quickly holding them to my nose to savor her scent, hung them up carefully on their hangers.

"Do fetch me a robe dear. I feel like having a quick shower."

Martha's night clothing tastes were fairly consistent; nothing racy, overly revealing, or garish. I chose a pink silk robe with pearl white lace trim. Its belt, of the same silk and lace material, hung around the hanger. I also thought to find a pair of footwear that might be suitable. With the items in hand, I returned to find Martha once again seated in her chair in only her bra, panty, and stockings.

Martha looked at me and smiled as she raised one leg up off the rug. I hurriedly placed everything on the hope chest and kneeled at her raised foot. She beckoned me closer and rested her ankle on my shoulder.

"I think you know what to do sweet heart." Martha's smile was...well...wickedly lurid. "And do be careful not to ruin them."

I carefully reached for her stocking top and gently pulled it down, gathering the finely woven material in my hands. My fingertips touched her skin and the sensation was electric. When I finally got down to her ankle, Martha lifted her foot slightly, grazing my cheek gently, and I slipped the stocking completely off.

“Put it to your nose darling. I know you’re aching to.” She was right and I did, inhaling deeply; eyes closed and broad grin crossing my face.

Martha set her foot down and placed the other one my shoulder. I repeated my actions and was again rewarded with permission to inhale her aroma. The scent was intoxicating and my head spun. My eyes closed and a smile of bliss spread across my face. Though my jaw ached a bit, I would have withstood much more pain to obtain her offered aromatic high.

I began to rise only to be gently pushed back down on my haunches. Martha stood and walked the step toward me. My face was at the same level as her crotch. I could smell her excitement. She spread her legs slightly and grasped my head in her hands.

“I want to show you how...swampy...how incredibly wet you make me.”

Martha slowly placed the tip of my nose between her legs and directly upon her panty. She gently rubbed my nose over her swollen and distended clit, shuddering and deeply moaning each time I bumped it. Martha’s aromatic discharge had soaked through the gusset and now wet the tip of my nose. I closed my eyes and again inhaled as deeply as I could. I felt my penis throb and leak into my liner. That is how terribly powerful an effect Martha could have upon me.

“Open your eyes and look at me slut.” I did as she ordered. “You look so positively delicious when you’re on your knees. That’s where you truly belong you know; on your knees...at my feet.”

Had Martha not been holding my head, I would have swayed over to one side and, no doubt, finally winding up on the floor. She smiled and chuckled as she observed the effect she was having on me. I’m sure she realized how wet I had made my liner in my over stimulated state.

“You are so very easy...such a wanton slut.” Martha released my head from her grasp and backed away. “Why don’t you choose an appropriate outfit for me whilst I wash.” She began to step away from my prostrated position. Then, as an afterthought, she turned toward me once again. “Undo the hooks on my bra dear. Do try to be of some utility this evening.”

She turned her back to me and I stood up. With hands shaking from excitement, I reached for the narrow band around her back and slowly undid the two hooks holding the garment to her body. Martha hunched her shoulders slightly and, leaning just a little at her waist, let the straps slide down her arm and into her hands. She dropped the bra upon her hope chest and picked up her robe. As she turned back toward me, she donned the robe giving me only a quickly passing glimpse at her pert breasts.

“Choose something that shouts spring.” She smiled coyly as she walked toward her bathroom. “Oh...yes.” I turned back toward her as she spoke. Martha reached under her robe and removed her panty with one hand. She held them out toward me. “You do want these for later...perhaps?” I blushed and lowered my eyes. “I thought so. Here...” She tossed them toward me. I caught them

in my hands and could feel how moist they were. "I do find our little games so very exciting." She laughed and disappeared from my sight.

**W**e dined at a small Chinese restaurant on Second Avenue. The fare offered was tasty but quite the usual fare. The people working there seemed to know Martha and greeted us very lavishly. Throughout the meal one of the workers would come to the table with a sample of something not on the menu and we would taste and comment on it.

I had the hot and sour soup and could content with well-cooked rice noodles and other soft, but not formless, foods. It felt good being out, only the two of us. I felt reconnected with Martha as she spoke about her 'boring' day. Whilst I still couldn't speak, I did try making a few sounds; grunts and such. But I found the tightness in my throat to be a bit too much and resisted the urge to use my voice.

Upon our return, after a leisurely stroll home, we each went to our rooms to change for the night. As I stood before my bathroom mirror and cleansed, then washed, my face, I had the chance to take a good look at myself. I could see a slight change in spite of the lingering swelling of my jaw. The difference wasn't great? But it was enough for me to admit that someone who knew me in college might not recognize me now.

Another revelation occurred. The image in the mirror looked very familiar. I felt as though I knew this person, this...more...feminine face that stared back at me. I thought...'maybe this was the girl I pretended to be when I was in my teens'? Maybe this was the girl that so turned Gary on to the point where he had to have her? I trembled with excitement at that thought.

I quickly showered using the body wash and being careful not to get my hair wet. Not knowing what Martha's desires would be, I donned my nightgown and robe and headed for her chambers. As I knocked on the outer door, I realized that I knew very little about Martha save what she chose to impart. I was curious what kind of child she was; another question on the growing list.

Martha answered and I walked in. When I entered her bedchamber, I found her already soaking her feet. As I took my place upon the hassock facing her, Martha asked me to remove my robe and gown. I knew what was coming next. But this time she wanted me to hold the vacuum tubes as she used the pump to pull my little nubbins of flesh away from my chest and up into the tubes. The pain was delicious and I almost immediately became erect.

"You know sweet heart..." Martha chuckled. "...that ridiculous protrusion of yours is quite unsightly." She was looking at the slight bulge my erection was beginning to make in my panty. "And I'm sure you are finding it to be quite a nuisance." I blushed and felt like disappearing under something to hide. What I felt was embarrassment and shame? "Soak your feet sweet heart. You'll feel so much better."

I dipped my feet into the basin and we again began to rub against each other gently, softly. I reached down and softly caressed Martha's calves. Quite to my surprise, and pleasure, Martha

reached over and tugged gently on the tubes attached to my nipples. Each tug wrung a silent moan from me. The feeling was so intense and overwhelming that I had to stop my caressing to fully savor the sensation.

“Keep your eyes opened sweet heart. I love the way you look when you’re so...preoccupied; wide eyed and lips...moist...parted.” Martha sat back in her chair smiling.

‘Why are we doing this?’ I asked with my pleading eyes as I mouthed the words.

“What...” Martha asked very innocently. “...soaking our feet?” She laughed. I rolled my eyes and hung my head. “Patience dear and you’ll find out soon enough.”

Our ritual went almost as usual with one major exception; I was not permitted to cum nor would she provide enough stimulation to have that occur. I was going out of my mind with desire for Martha; so deeply was she engrained into my conscious and unconscious mind. I was literally in tears beneath her nightgown; my nose against her clit and Martha bent over me enough to tease me by playing with those damned tubes.

Martha orgasmed at least three times before she pulled the hem of her gown from over my head. She reached out to remove the blinder from my eyes. I was too...overcome with desire to do so myself. Then Martha wiped the tears from my face with a tissue. She smiled and gently touched my cheek.

“Is my little sweet heart frustrated?” Martha cooed as she smiled oh so sweetly. “Would you like to cum?”

I blushed and hung my head. My senses were so full of Martha. I placed my hands on her feet and stroked them. Then I placed my forehead on them and kissed her toes. ‘If only she would touch me once’ I thought, ‘I could cum’. But that was not to be.

Martha got up and pushed me gently aside with her foot. She went into the bathroom and returned with a dampened washcloth. Martha knelt down in front of me and chuckled.

“I love it when my little slut begs.” She smiled into my eyes. “And you were begging, weren’t you.” I blushed and nodded. Martha’s smile broadened. “Normally I detest those who beg. It’s usually so insincere.” She giggled and stroked my cheek softly; gently. “But not you. You are so very sincere when you express your...needs. I do so love the sight of you on your knees begging. If only you could speak.”

Martha suddenly stood and, hand held out to me, assisted me in standing as well. She turned my body so that my back was to her armchair.

“Have a seat dear. And hook your legs over the arms of the chair.” I did as Martha asked.

She pulled the hassock closer and sat facing me. Placing the dampened cloth on my belly, Martha smiled and reached for the tubes still attached to my nipples. She tugged them and twisted them and with each movement she drove my desire higher and higher in spite of the pain. Martha then quickly pulled them off creating a wet popping sound.



My entire body seemed to pop up off the chair. Although it really caused no greater pain, Martha's motion and action surprised me. She giggled at my reaction, especially the look I must have had on my face when I saw how swollen and distended my nipples had become. Martha took the cloth and gently wiped the surgical jelly off them. They were so very sensitive that the soft cloth felt also like sand paper.

"Awww...poor baby." Martha's expression was pained. "Do they hurt?" She cooed and bit her lower lip.

Martha then leaned in slowly...very slowly...and took my nipple between her lips. She gently sucked it in and licked the tip with her tongue. Her eyes never left mine as she began to nurse and a smile crossed her face as she could see the effect she was having on me.

And oh dear God what an effect that was! My eyes closed as soreness gave way to the most incredible pleasure. I moaned very hoarsely as I felt Martha's arms go between my legs and the chair's arms and lift my pelvis even higher. Her right hand seized my other nipple and she began to alternate squeezing and tugging motions.

I held her head with my fingertips as she travelled from one nipple to the other, teasing and tantalizing me with her lips and tongue. I so wanted to wrap my legs around Martha and draw her into me with my heels but she held me fast. When she did let go of my legs, I could only hold her by her waist.

I can't remember ever being this excited...ever! I couldn't get enough of Martha's touch and she wouldn't give me enough to send me over the top. Martha's touch... She nearly sent me jolting out of the chair when I felt her hand slip down the back of my panty and her finger begin to make circles around my butt hole. She had put some jelly on the pad of her finger and the coolness on my butt contrasted so strongly with the heat of her mouth on my nipples.

I started to buck my hips trying to get more of her finger but Martha kept teasing. She now started to use her teeth to pull on my nipples. I hissed; eyes shut tight, as my senses soared even higher. Martha looked up at me and smiled.

"You love this, don't you slut. I am going to have so much fun fucking you. Do you know that?" Martha laughed, her finger now poking, just barely opening me. I instinctively squeezed her fingertip. "That's it slut. Kiss my finger with your ass hole!"

Martha's ministrations took no more than several moments before my sexually overloaded body seized. She popped her finger into my butt and I felt a surging tidal wave overcome me. I undulated and exploded into my panty just as Martha placed her lips on mine and kissed me...deeply! I screamed my release into her mouth. I held Martha tightly as the wave overcame me and passed. Martha then looked at me and chuckled.

"I do so love the taste of my slut cumming." She laughed and held me as I attempted to regain some semblance of composure. "Was that what you wanted dear?" Martha cooed huskily in my ear as she nibbled and tugged gently on my ear lobe.

Martha held me until my breathing returned to normal. She then permitted me to get up and, after bidding me a good night, allowed me to return to my room. The first thing I absolutely had to do was to remove my panty and clean myself. I swear I had never cum with such force before. I had made such a mess that my discharge messed the panty!

I was lost in my thoughts as I washed and sought out another panty to wear. Every time we played Martha seemed to take me to a new high; a so much more intense level of passion than I'd ever known before. As I turned, Martha startled me in my doorway, her arms folded beneath her breasts and leaning against the door way, her panty in hand.

"You seemed to have forgotten these." She tossed them to me. I smiled at her as I caught them. I closed my eyes and brought the delicate little garment to my nose and breathed in deeply...very deeply. Martha laughed. "My word you ARE such a dirty little slut. You're worse than me!"

I giggled as Martha pushed off the wall and slowly strolled in. She looked down at her feet for a moment in thought before looking back up at me.

"You know...I was thinking..." She sat down on my bed and patted the spot next to her. I sat down where she indicated. "I did so enjoy sleeping with you the other two nights." Martha didn't smile; she was being quite serious, and honest, as usual. "I think I would like you to join me in my room tonight." I could barely contain my excitement and I knew she could sense that. "But...there is a price sweet heart...a very steep price."

'A price?' I thought. What price? Any price...I would pay any price.

"You don't care...do you." Martha smiled sincerely. I didn't. "Very well." She said as she handed me the small plastic strip. Oh my God no!!! My expression must have said it all. "I don't want any...how shall I put this..." Martha looked into my eyes as she paused for a moment. "...accidents?"

I looked at the strip in my hand and I looked back at Martha. Without a second thought I stood, raised the hem of my nightgown, and lowered my panty. I wrapped the band around my dick and held my hand out for the tie I knew was coming. Once I 'secured' myself I let the gown drop to its mid-calf length and looked at Martha.

"Come dear..." She stood and took my hand. "...the hour does grow late."

## **“Pictures at an Exhibition”**

**F**riday was a big day for me. I spent my second night in Martha's bed and, I must admit, I did sleep more soundly. She preceded me out of bed every time we slept together. This morning was no exception and she allowed me a few extra minutes while she showered.

We had a first thing appointment with the surgeon and I was hoping for the okay to begin speaking in my 'new' voice. It had been a nerve-wracking week of almost total silence and I had enough of the moaning and groaning blues. Mouthing silent words simply doesn't suffice.

I was very shocked when I made my first attempt to speak. The only sounds I could produce were squeaks! However, I was given the okay to continue trying provided I experienced no pain. The first word out of my mouth shocked me! My voice was a good octave, and then some, higher. Martha laughed at the startled expression on my face. Of course the first word was her name.

By noon I was accustomed to my new voice and between hot tea and ice-cold ginger ales, I managed to go through most of the day without too much discomfort. And it was ever so wonderful to be eating solid...well...semi solid...food! To be able to eat and speak again! What a concept. Breakfast and lunch were wonderful new discoveries.

Saturday was spa day. I dreaded it a bit because I'd forgotten that the laser treatments would only be monthly. Honestly, I didn't think I would need one again because what little hair was growing back seemed to be finer than before. I did love the massage and the facial and enjoying both with Martha was a real treat. We finished up with hair trims and mani-pedis.

As the days went on, I felt more and more comfortable as 'Pet'. And with each passing day Peter became more and more of a very distant memory. The only event that would even bring that part of my life into focus was the occasional e-mail, or snail mail, from Karen or her lawyer. And even then I felt as though I was simply sorting and filing someone else's mail. I suppose that if I took the time to think about it all, I would have been shocked and stunned by the changes.

Karen was more than slightly upset and put off by my attorney asking for reimbursement of what I paid for her tuition as well as half the money paid out for the apartment we had purchased. What really seemed to get her the angriest was my asking for reimbursement of my attorney and divorce associated fees.

I had to giggle at all of this payback coming within such a short period of time. I had quickly gone through some of the mourning stages of divorce...thanks to Martha's 'unique' ability to focus my mind on...other things? The hardest was the hatred stage. I was all caught up in how Karen totally took advantage of me. She used me and then threw me out like a bag of trash.

I felt so very grateful to Martha for everything. I felt such an over whelming desire to fulfill all of her expectations. That was kind of my driving force those days. I needed to be perfect...for her. And not merely in my behavior or manner of dress or anything regarding my life as Pet; but I had this desire to exceed and excel in my service to her as her...companion...consort...friend???

From the moment I awaken to the moment I close my exhausted eyes; I was only interested in serving her; in making her life easier and more bearable. I wanted to be her new 'Emma'. I knew that I could never replace Martha's loss, but I needed to try. I felt I owed this to her.

I had been working my tush off for several weeks when it finally happened; the one thing I'd been waiting for. Though I slept and certainly kept company with Martha, I still had my own room and that's where my things were; that's where I would wash and prepare myself for the day. My true goal was to replace the shrine in Martha's closet; that place in the rear where the remaining few belongings of Emma rested.

One evening, for lack of a better idea, and not wanting to confront Martha about my desire, I sat in the closet on the carpet and stared at the clothing. I was in my nightgown and robe waiting for Martha to finish whatever she was working on at her desk in the anteroom.

I didn't hear her but Martha must have looked in the bedroom and not seen me. I assumed she then looked in my room with no avail. It was then that she came and finally looked into the closet.

"What ARE you doing?" She asked as she stood with her arms crossed and an expression of curiosity on her face. I took a moment and shrugged my shoulders. I didn't look at her.

"Meditating." I said softly. This had to be good. I didn't want to seem...pushy or...snide?

"WHAT?!" I think she was more surprised at my answer than anything else. I turned to look at Martha. She had this look of incredulity on her face.

"Well...it's kind of like a shrine? I felt it was...spiritual. And I felt like meditating in front of it. You know, kind of like praying for her?"

I turned back to the clothes and waited for the explosion. There was none. Martha walked to where I sat crossed legged on the carpet and sat down behind me, her legs on either side of my body. She put her arms around me and rested her chin on my shoulder; her cheek against mine.

"You're right you know. It is a sort of shrine."

Martha whispered in a quavering voice. I could feel her tears on me. I put my arms over hers and pressed on them. We sat for a few moments till she finally pulled a tissue from her robe pocket and wiped her tears.

"Perhaps it's time for...something new. You're sleeping in here anyway. Move your things in tomorrow." She kissed my cheek.

"What about these?" I looked at the three sequined gowns, the matching shoes and accessories.

Martha got up and gave me her hand to follow suit. I stood up facing her and she put her arm around my waist as she ran her fingers through my hair with the other and looked into my eyes.

"Well..." Martha took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. She took my face in her hands and looked at me wistfully. She wasn't ready yet. "Come dear. It's time to soak our feet."

I simply left them where they were and added my gowns on either side. We all need our memories but they do need to be in their proper place. Anyway...if I couldn't replace Emma, I could at least dress like her.

**B**oobs!!! After several more weeks of Martha's vacuum tubing my nipples, they seemed to actually get bigger! I was amazed and thrilled by this 'development'...to say the least. But I must confess that the itching and the soreness of this growth didn't thrill me. They were so terribly

sensitive that I had to start putting cream on them to sooth the aching. Of course Martha got me a prescription for Prempro cream.

Then, after the nipple 'explosion', and another few weeks, the hormones really began to kick in and I developed tiny 'egg' shaped projections on my chest. We were lying in bed one night after our ritual when I noticed that my nipples seemed to be sitting higher on my chest than I remembered. I felt around a bit and sure enough something was happening.

I immediately mentioned this to Martha who was absolutely thrilled; perhaps even more than I was if that was possible. She prodded and poked and pressed around the area, which was rather sore, and began to chuckle. The mischievous twinkle in her eyes told me it was indeed true. I was being 'busted'...so to speak...pardon the pun.

That, of course, added more delightful torment to our already rich psychosexual nighttime dramas. She would now include rubbing Prempro into the area to 'help soothe' the raging breast beast. I was completely delighted in her ministrations, of course, but I knew that what I had between my legs would soon be but a remnant of Peter's life...not mine!

Anyway, in short order I was filling out my 'trainers' and I took on a different air. My self-confidence soared with each new millimeter of breath and girth. Though my mom was rather filled out in that department, I prayed only for a 'B' cup. I wanted enough to be played with but not enough to have 'them' become the entire show.

Of course Martha fueled my 'breast rage' with profane images as she tugged at my nipples; pulling them downward or outward to 'show' me what was possible if I wanted to augment what I would eventually have. The thought really didn't appeal to me though the play was a completely torturous delight.

What did appeal to me, and fueled my fantasies, was Martha's near constant banter about having huge breasts and breast-feeding babies. Oh...my...God!!! I couldn't get that image out of my mind. And Martha didn't help with her skillful and prodigious breast and nipple play. I wanted to have babies, lots of them, obviously without the nine-month wait AND I wanted to be their only source of nourishment! So I have a rich fantasy life...so go ahead; kill me!

Martha considered breeding (her word...not mine) and milking (again her word...not mine) to be the ultimate insult to women in general and a woman's body specifically. She liked babies and children well enough but the mere thought of going through the lengthy process literally made her tremble and cringe with repulsion. She found my fascination with the entire subject...'interesting'.

In spite of our constant closeness and intimacy, I hadn't seen Martha totally naked. She would flash bits of herself. And, of course, she would reveal her breasts during 'play'. But she hadn't ever taken her panty off, nor had it off in front of me, unless I had the blinders on. I never questioned why. I simply knew that every unveiling of her body was a special event for me; a reward.

Springtime is not the really the gown season. The openings and grand balls were always in the late fall and winter months. But we were never at a loss for entertainments. There were art showings in galleries and the museums as well as concerts and recitals. On those occasions we would have the opportunity to dress and I became known as Martha's 'companion'; a far nicer appellation than Martha's 'slut' for sure. So when an invitation came her way to some event or dinner, I began to see my name added.

On the rare occasions we were free on a weekend, we would be driven up to visit with my mom, or have her brought here. And there were the together times when we would do nothing more than perhaps take a walk or window shop along one avenue or another. At night we would dine and perhaps read or simply do the things two people living together did.

**"S**tand up and turn around sweet heart." I was on my knees, as usual, worshipping her feet, as usual, as Martha sat in her armchair...as usual. I did as she requested.

"Give me your hands dear." I did and she bound them behind my back with a silk scarf. This was the first time she had done so. It was into the third month of my...emergence...our convergence? Martha stood and took me around my waist, her hands on my tummy as she hugged me to her. I could feel her body, her heat, and her nipples, through her silk gown. I felt the 'vee' of her crotch against my tied hands.

Martha tugged on my ear lobe with her lips. I moaned as she jostled the vacuum tubes on my nipples with one hand and caressed my lower belly with the other. She still insisted on me wear that stupid plastic band on my dick and relief was...extremely difficult at best, and totally at Martha's discretion.

"Sit down baby..." Martha hissed into my ear with enough breath to send an electric shiver through my body. "...with your lovely legs over the arms of the chair."

I complied without a second thought. We were doing something different...or at least Martha was...so who was I not to play along with her. I trusted her implicitly. Martha proceeded to tie my ankles to the front legs of the chair with more silk scarves. She left little slack and I could barely move my legs; especially after she shifted my bottom down toward the seat's edge.

We had already been at play for about an hour and I was leaking constantly into my liner. I had no idea of what Martha had planned for me but I knew that there was little I could do, or would do for that matter, to stop her. Trust is such a very big word.

'Hurt' and 'pain' were being redefined as time went on. While she never struck me or caused any kind of bodily harm, one couldn't say that a major league case of 'blue balls' wasn't painful; or that our nipple play didn't bruise or ache...or itch like crazy for days afterward! Trust is such a very big word.

So there I sat, bound and blindfolded, at Martha's total and complete disposal. She couldn't resist her need to constantly tease and provoke my passion. She placed her well damped panty over my head; gusset to my nose. Every step she took further heightened my lust; my need.

I was immersed in sensation. Martha sat on the footstool between my legs and ran her nails gently over my exposed body. She tousled the tubes on my nipples. Her scent filled my being; my soul. Martha even gently sucked at the sensitive tender flesh high up on my inner thighs as she tortured me with her gentle touch.

I was so intoxicated...so...enmeshed...that I barely heard a snapping that sounded like a rubber band being pulled and then released suddenly. I thought I heard that peculiar sound again. Then I felt Martha pull down the front of my panty and hook it beneath my scrotum. She never stopped touching me the entire time with either her serpentine tongue, or her lush lips, or one hand or the other.

I suddenly felt something being placed over my dick and pulled down to where the band constricted me; a condom. This marked the first time Martha had actually touched me down there without it being covered in one way or another. Martha let my dick fall back to my tummy. The thrill of the mental picture and the physical sensation elicited a jerking of my legs against the silk bonds holding me in place. I heard her giggle.

"You've made quite a little mess there. That isn't too surprising though. I can't imagine what I might've found if we didn't have that band on your...COCK." She emphasized THAT word, of course.

I felt the coolness of the jelly when Martha put her finger on my 'rose bud'. I moaned slightly as she began to slowly circle it and apply the slightest of pressure. Her other hand and her mouth never ceased their teasing attacks upon my body. In very little time I was moaning and groaning and sighing almost continuously.

Martha's fingertip suddenly burst through and I jerked my pelvis upward instinctively. She laughed as I moaned; my mind was a swim in sensation and all thought escaped me.

"I can see what my little slut wants. She wants a good fucking, doesn't she." I blushed.

She was, as usual, right even if I didn't consciously realize it at the time. Martha teased me by slowly inserting her fingertip to the first knuckle and then pulling it almost completely back out. She kept up this staccato for several moments as she slowly drove me crazy. I was in such need...to feel more...much more.

Martha didn't keep me waiting long. She withdrew her finger and swiftly and forcefully shoved two fingers into me as far as they would reach. I felt as if something within me exploded!!! A white flash exploded in my brain and my entire body spasmed. I began to cry. I had no other outlet remaining to vent what I was physically feeling.

"Awww... Poor baby..." Martha cooed as she chuckled. "...sooo cranked up and nothing to blow."

Martha's fingertips began to pulse and massage me...from deep within me...that magic spot that seemed to be the very center of my body...my core. My body spasmed and strained against the

bonds as Martha tormented me with wave after wave of surging sensations. I wanted more. I needed more. Just a wee bit more...was that too much to ask? Trust is such a very big word!

Martha didn't deny me! She began to thrust her fingers in and out of me at an even faster pace; a pressing motion against that spot within me with every thrust in. I groaned and suddenly her lips covered mine. I began to cry out into her mouth as she ripped the tubes from my nipples with her other hand and pinched one and then the other nipple in succession.

I cried as loudly and as hard I could as my orgasm crashed through me. I jerked as hard as I could against my bonds as I tried to pull Martha to me...and into me. My sphincter spasmed around her fingers in an effort to pull them into me with even greater force. With each of her thrusts, I could feel my fluid leaving me; even after the initial bone shattering shock of my orgasm. I keep orgasming and orgasming and orgasming as if it would never end!

Finally it did end leaving me completely drained and out of breathe. I was breathing heavily into Marta's mouth and she was giving me the air I so desperately needed. My body lay limply in the chair. My eyes were closed as tears fell from me and there was only her. She continued to gentle thrust and massage till there was nothing left of me.

Martha's hand stopped, her fingers still deeply inside of me massaging my prostate gently. She removed her lips from mine finally and unmasked my face with her other hand. She smiled gently into my heavily lidded eyes.

"I do so love the taste of your orgasms; especially when I've marked you with my scent. You ARE such a slut." She chuckled. I smiled up at her as best I could through my stupor. She swiftly removed her fingers from me drawing a long moan from my lips. "You really must make a special point from now on to clean yourself inside sweet heart..." Martha spoke as I watched her remove the latex glove from her hand. "...you know dear...I might ask you to suck my cock clean after I fuck you."

I tried to sit up and kiss her but she drew further away and pushed me back down with her other still gloved hand. Martha jerked my dick two or three more times and then removed the condom carefully. Holding the condom up to my eyes she showed me how filled it was. I was shocked to be honest. I had never come like that before; so much...for me!

"Open up slut. Dessert is being served." Martha laughed as I opened my mouth and she carefully emptied the condom's contents into my mouth. "Don't you dare swallow until I say so!" There was true menace in her eyes.

This was truly her show and I was merely a bit player in it. I held my sperm on my tongue as Martha squeezed the last few drops out of the condom. I can't say that by this point in our relationship, with my having to 'clean up MY mess', as she would say, that I found the taste of myself completely unsavory.

After removing her other glove, the condom balled in the middle of her fist, Martha then took the cool damp cloth and cleaned my bottom of the jelly. She then returned my panty to its original



position and freed my legs. I felt so relieved to be able to finally move them. Martha helped loosen the muscles by briskly rubbing my calves and then my thighs.

“Show me.” I opened my mouth with a smile as if I had actually accomplished something of value and merit. Martha smiled at me in return. “Good girl. Now...swallow.”

**M**y confidence level at work began to really soar once I found my voice. I began running errands for both Meg and Martha. Oddly enough, one of my first missions was to Ms. Harmon. Martha wanted to examine Tom Wilson’s expense reports personally. Whilst I’m sure Mr. Willis would have looked at them, Martha was simply being Martha; thorough and methodical.

You could imagine Ms. Harmon’s surprise when I showed up to ask for them. She didn’t recognize me at all upon first seeing me.

“Who is requesting these reports?” She demanded in a rather gruff tone of voice.

“Ms. Grey asked me to obtain them.” I smiled pleasantly.

“Oh...I see...” I never ceased to inwardly giggle when Martha’s name was spoken. Doors would open and attitudes would reverse themselves. Ms. Harmon picked up the phone and dialed a number whilst smiling pleasantly at me the entire time. “Have we met before? You look...familiar. And I thought I knew every face here. What is your name dear.”

Oh my God! I hesitated. If I told her, she would instantly make the connection. But how could I not answer the question?

“My name is...Petra Russell, ma’am.” I blushed and looked down at my shoes.

“Oh dear Lord!” Her surprise was expected. “You’re Peter Russell’s sister?”

“No Ms. Harmon. I was Peter. I’m undergoing...a change?”

I was met with dead silence for a moment as she stared at me with...astonishment? Thankfully someone came and handed her several manila envelopes containing the former executive vice president’s information.

“I see...” She said as she handed the envelopes to me. I hunched my shoulders and smiled politely. “Well...” Ms. Harmon suddenly spoke with a smile. “I guess your Ms. Grey’s new...girl?” She laughed. “We really must have a drink after work one day.” I nodded agreeably. “Well...” She said breathily. “...the very best of luck to you dear. If I can be of any help to you...simply pick up the phone.”

I thanked her and quickly left. Now someone other than Martha and Meg knew my secret. But, then again, whom would she tell? I knew that she really had no friends in the department. And she seemed friendly enough. I mean...she did invite me for a drink sometime; although that was often a way of saying...NOT!!!

Anyway, using Martha's name did open doors and did get the responses I needed to do my job, as menial as it might seem to be. The real work came during the hen sessions between Martha, Meg, and me. But I was getting around and meeting the various people in the company which otherwise would not have ever happened.

My newfound confidence seemed to carry over when people would smile and say hello. I would respond and often add a compliment or a word or two. Peter, whoever he might have been, would never have done this kind of thing. Speak to people...smile at them??? Never!!! They might speak back and then what? I was even greeting people first thing in the morning when Martha and I would enter the building and then the elevator.

My days were getting longer. I would awaken around the same time as Martha, roughly six in the morning, ready myself and assist her, and then make the trip down town around seven or seven thirty. We were usually at our desks by eight with coffee in hand and a sweet roll or pastry alongside. We would rarely leave before seven in the evening.

I did miss the company of others though. I had no 'friends' other than Martha and Meg and Meg had her own life. I can't say that I was lonely as much as I was shy of other stimulation. But I also understood why that would be so difficult. I couldn't exactly go out 'with the girls' or have them over for a slumber party. My very presence in their midst would create an uncomfortable silence. After all...I was Martha's girl...the boss' secretary.

But then I would think about Martha and how lonely she must be. Here was a person who literally knew a thousand people...maybe more...and yet kept company with so very, very, few. And most of those were members of her club. I mean...I couldn't see her having a drink with the girls or dinner with Mr. Stone. In fact I couldn't envision Martha outside of her environment at all.

Sleeping with Martha is...well...like a dream? I mean it can't be real. I've slept with others, not scads mind you, but a few, and I've never felt so strongly, or protective, of my time in bed with her. I feel like each night is a blessing and my worst fear would be the loss of that blessing.

For the most part, Martha slept on her back with arms out stretched. This proved very convenient for my snuggling up into the crotch of her arm. I slept on my side and often I would feel Martha spoon up behind me, or in front of me. She wouldn't remain that way for very long; just long enough so I knew she was there.

On occasion, when I'd awaken for a moment or two during the night, and she was spooned up in front of me, I would proceed to softly kiss her neck and shoulders. I never did so to awaken her as much as to simply fulfill my own personal need to express my...desire for her; a desire that wasn't sexual in nature but rather something much more personal.

Okay...so I have a hard time saying the 'L' word. But, honest, I don't think that is what I felt. I don't even think that was what Martha expected. What I felt was simple the need for a very personal touch; a private touch. I needed her to validate me...who I was and who I was becoming. I needed her acceptance. I needed her...caring...and her comfort.

## “...petals of a rose...”

And care for me she did. There were times that I thought I was the only thing Martha truly cared about. For all her money, her residences, her possessions, I think she held me in the highest esteem and regard of all. She knew me like no other person in this world knew me. She knew me better than my own mother.

I never realized how often, or how much time, Martha would spend on the phone speaking with my mother. And Martha was a quick studier. She knew exactly which buttons to push, when to push, and how hard to push them. Martha knew what I feared the most and what I loved the best.

Her punishments could be devastatingly cruel without even raising her hand. Sometimes I wished she had beaten me with that silver handled brush as my mother had done when I was younger. It would have been far less painful to have a blistered bottom than to suffer one hour day of her icy silence and frozen tight-lipped glances.

I became convinced that her punishments were just and fair. It was one of the many ways Martha exhibited how much she really cared for me otherwise, why would she bother? She could have just as easily thrown me out or replaced me with someone else. But there was something within me that she desired. Maybe it was my submissiveness though that was been too easy an answer.

One day I had mislaid a very important file of her personal documents; correspondences she had hand written and had copies made of. Martha was absolutely livid with anger. Meg stated later on that she's rarely seen Martha that angry and never at her. Meg was far too organized to do something as 'stupid' as that and she would have argued back.

Well maybe she would have but she would have also had an excuse and for what I did there was none. I couldn't even claim hormonal dysfunction or something else as ridiculous because nobody in Martha's inner circle fell victim to such things.

That was the first time I felt the freezing cold that Martha could generate. I was in tears nearly the entire remainder of the day. She would look my way, not even directly at me, and I would become hysterical. Even when I finally found the file after tearing the office apart while she was out to lunch and retracing every single step and move I had made, she wouldn't relent.

That evening we did our usual foot bathing ritual in silence. I verged on tears the entire time. Martha had me use the blinders, as usual. But she didn't say a single word. She used me as usual; my face bathed in her scent. Then she pushed me away with the very foot I had only minutes ago worshipped with all that I am. I went to bed totally frustrated and pent up. The band around my dick might as well have been tightened around my neck.

I fitfully slept. I was afraid to even approach Martha for fear of angering her even more. At about two or three in the morning, Martha finally sat up in bed and turned on her bed stand lamp. Looking at me she reached out her hand to touch mine. She glared at me.

“Don’t you ever dare to do that again!” That was all she had to say. I burst into tears and reached for her with both my arms. She took me into her arms and held me till I could calm myself. Martha stroked my hair and caressed me until I could finally lay back down in peace. She held me in her arms until I fell asleep.

That was a mild punishment and...to be totally truthful...I punished myself just as harshly as Medieval monks surging, and purging, themselves of their sins. My most severe punishment came after about six or seven months. I had broken one of the few cardinal rules of living with Martha.

George Willis’ secretary had invited me out for a quick drink at a bar across the street from the building. This was something very novel for me. I’d never been invited anywhere except by Meg and even that was only for lunch when Martha was out. Lois, George’s assistant, assured me we’d only be an hour, which meant that I could be back by five thirty or six at the latest.

I should have called Martha or at least notified Meg. But Lois was in a hurry to leave and I thought I wouldn’t be missed for so short a period of time. Was I ever wrong! We began talking about so many different things from work to her boss to men in general. We had a second drink and before either of us realized the time, it was seven thirty. Lois had missed two trains home and I had missed Martha!

I frantically ran back to the office. Martha was gone! I found my phone and speed dialed her. I didn’t bother to learn her cell phone or the house phone numbers because I always used my speed dial.

“Where the hell are you!!!” I could feel the anger and venom through the phone.

“I’m in the office.” I had trouble breathing. I could feel a panic attack coming on. There was a moment of dead silence and then I heard Mr. Stone’s voice.

“Go down and wait by the security desk. Do not leave there for any reason. If you have to pee, do it in your clothes but stay there. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” I managed to squeak.

“Good. I’m coming to get you. Stay at the security desk.” Then there was silence.

I was freaking and bugging...too say the least. I knew I had made a mistake but I had no idea why Martha and Mr. Stone were so...frantic. I took my purse and things and went down to the security desk to wait. I was nearly sick to my stomach and the two glasses of wine weren’t any help. And why couldn’t I simply take a cab uptown?

Mr. Stone opened the glass door of the building about forty minutes after my call. He really didn’t look very pleased. Waving me over, he held the door open for me, and then the front door of the car. I got in and, after closing the door, he went around to get into the driver’s seat. Martha was not in the car. There was an extremely pregnant moment of silence as Mr. Stone drove pulled away from the curb to begin the trip uptown.

“You fucked up big time missy.” He grumbled not even looking at me. “You can’t ever do this again. Martha gets upset and I can’t have that.” I looked at him and then down at my hands.

“I’m sorry. I was...”

“Look honey...” There was a touch of sarcasm in Mr. Stone’s voice. “...I’m just the hired help around here. Save it for her.” He looked at me quickly. “There’s an old adage that says excuses come from ass holes ‘cause they’re really all shit. Remember that whenever you speak to anyone, especially me...or her...and you’ll do just fine. Just take whatever comes and learn from it. Okay?” He turned his head quickly and smiled.

“Thanks.” I smiled and nodded.

He was right. I simply wasn’t thinking. The very thought of going out, even for a few minutes, with someone relatively new excited me beyond belief. We rode the rest of the way in silence but at least now it was a bit more of a comfortable one. When we pulled up in front of the town house, I let myself out of the car. Mr. Stone followed leaving the car double-parked. Mr. Davis opened the door admitting us and he left to park the car.

“She’s in the library.”

I looked up at him and followed him into the room. Mr. Stone sat down in an armchair. Martha was at the far end of the room by the bay window. She turned toward me and stared. I had never seen such a look of anger in her face before...or since. She strode up to me and struck me so hard that a blinding flash appeared before my face. I nearly fell over but sank to my knees in pain instead.

**“YOU...STUPID...SLUT!!! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TOO ME??? WHAT WERE YOU THINKING???”**

I looked up at Martha in terror. I couldn’t believe that she had become should a monster over so little a fault. When I brought my hand away from my face, there was blood on it. She had actually split my lip. I was in tears, fearful tears. Mr. Stone got up and started to leave the room. Martha turned her icy continence on him.

“And where are you going!!!” He turned toward Martha and smiled.

“You don’t need me for this Martha.” He turned and walked out of the room chuckling and shaking his head.

“Sam?” She called to him. But he walked down the hall as if he didn’t hear her. Martha looked down at me. “Stop sniveling!” She turned her back and walked toward the window, one hand on her hip and the other on her forehead. Martha then walked to her desk and took several tissues out of the dispenser. She walked back and handed them to me.

I took the tissues and first wiped my nose and eyes, and then held one to my lip. I watched Martha pace nervously around the room. She was very agitated, to say the least. Suddenly she turned toward me. She interlaced her fingers as if praying and very slowly moved toward me.

“You cannot do this again. You cannot do this to me. I must know where you are at all times. I can’t go through this again.” When she stood in front of me, she kneeled down and continued

repeating her...mantra. "You cannot do this again. I can't stand going through this again..." Her eyes had a very glazed and distant look.

I think I was more frightened by her now than when she struck me. Martha seemed to be coming unglued. That stoic, forceful and deliberate woman I knew for several months was verging on some sort of a break down. Martha closed her eyes and embraced me. She began to rock back and forth as she continued her elocution.

"I am so sorry. I am so sorry. I am so sorry..." She repeated as she burst into tears.

Like a bolt of lightning through the center of my fore head I suddenly realized what this was all about; Emma! This was her worst fear and her grief returning to life. I embraced Martha and tried to calm her...soothe her.

"Ssshhh... It's okay. I'm here and I'm fine." I whispered very gently in her ear.

I continued to repeat the same words until Martha stopped her mantra of sorrow and regret. I kissed her about her head and face and wiped her nose and eyes with my tissues. She was finally able to calm herself enough to look at me. When she noticed my split lip she gently touched the cut.

"I am so sorry for hitting you." Martha began to weep again.

I smiled at her and stood up. Offering my hand I helped Martha stand as well. I embraced her again and, with my arm still around her waist, escorted her out of the room. I could feel Martha was weakened by her outburst and...breakdown? She held onto my shoulder and used me for support. Her other hand was rubbing her forehead as if to seek relief from some pressure.

We took the elevator upstairs and I helped her into our bedroom. I got her seated in her favorite armchair and preceded to undress her. Martha looked tired, very tired and drawn. She stared off into some distant point as I removed her blouse and bra. As I stood I offered her my hands to help her up. I then removed her skirt and assisted her with stepping out of it.

I placed the various clothing items on her hope chest and got her seated again. Now off came her shoes and then her stockings. I was going to stop there but Martha slipped her fingers beneath the waist of her panty and stood again. I looked at her in question. She hadn't ever been completely naked in front of me before.

"You've already seen me as naked as I'll ever be. This..." She paused momentarily and swept her hand downward. "...is merely an afterthought." Martha chuckled weakly and smiled gently at me as I removed her panty.

She turned slowly and walked to the bed. She slipped slowly between the turned down bedding and motioned for me to join her. This was the first time since we met that Martha didn't desire a footbath. I quickly undressed and laid my clothing on the chest. I went around to my side of the bed and got in sliding over next to her. Before I could seek out my usual resting place snuggled next to her, Martha turned and rested on her elbow gazing at me. She reached out and gently touched my lip again. I could see the pain in her eyes for what she'd done.

"I am going to have to punish you. You realize that?" Martha's expression was devoid of emotion. "I will need to make sure you will never forget our simply little rule."

She was simply stating a fact. I laid on my back looking into her eyes and I nodded. Martha took a deep breath and slowly exhaled as if she had come to some great and very weighty decision.

"I will also have to punish myself." She gently touched the other cheek; the one she hadn't struck. "I promised I would never hurt you...and I broke my promise." A single tear rolled from her eye.

"I am so sorry I caused you so much anger...and pain." I truly was sorry. Had I known my action...or lack thereof...would have caused such a terrible reaction, I would have thought three times before not calling instead of not thinking at all.

"Where were you anyway?" Martha asked as she stroked my hair.

"I was having a drink with Lois?"

"Indeed!" Her face lighted up and she smiled slightly. "Did she call me a cunt?" Martha's eyebrow arched. I was shocked, as usual, by her bluntness but I couldn't help but giggle.

"Yes...twice." I said as Martha chuckled.

"Did you know she's fucking George?" Both Martha's brows arched as she disclosed this juicy little tidbit.

"What!" I smiled broadly...the wide-eyed innocent.

"He was fucking her before he joined me...maybe ten years now."

"What!!! He's married!!!"

"Ah yes...so he is..." Martha smiled. "...and with children no less."

"How did you find out?"

"It wasn't hard to tell really..." Martha smiled again, her eyes still upon me. "...the manner in which they looked at one another." Martha shrugged her shoulders. "So I asked him straight out." Martha brought her face closer to mine as if divulging a secret in a crowd. "Now...George may be a cheater...but he's not a liar...at least he doesn't lie to me." She had such a conspiratorial look on her face as she spoke. "So I told him to be discreet as possible and keep it out of the office."

"But what about his wife???" Oh my God!!! I knew these things happened but I still couldn't understand it. I mean...why stay together if you're not happy? Martha of course laughed at my naivety.

"She's really a frigid bitch...at least to him. No doubt she has other interests." Martha giggled. "Maybe the pool boy or even a pool girl perhaps."

"But Lois is much younger!"

“Almost the same age difference as us?” Martha arched a brow again. I blushed. I hadn’t thought of our age difference in a while. Martha swept her hand gently over my little breasts and down to my tummy. “You really have a lovely body. Stand up and let me look at you.”

I got out of the bed, stood back, and slowly pirouetted with my arms over my head as a ballerina might but not with the same grace. Martha watched me turn twice and patted the bed space next to her. I returned to my place and rested on my back again. As I gazed into her eyes, I could see that she was thinking...scheming.

“What about this?” I lifted my dick with that damned plastic ring still around it. “When can this come off?”

“Well...that’s totally up to you. After all...you were the one born with it.” Martha smirked.

“Tsk...” I rolled my eyes. “I meant the band.” I giggled.

Martha grabbed one of her pillows and set it upon my shoulder. She then settled her head upon it and turned, snuggling into my side. She caressed me with her arm and closed her eyes for a moment before answering.

“When it’s no longer a...nuisance...an intrusion...a protrusion. When it’s function changes. I don’t want to deal with you having a hard-on. And it does make a difference in the way things fit you. Why do you ask? Do you find yourself to be...unsatisfied? Or has it come down to simply being uncomfortable; a reminder of memories past perhaps?”

Unsatisfied? Not a chance! I’ve experienced the strongest and most intense sexual explosions of my life through it with Martha. And, in spite of my dick’s confinement, I still seem to ejaculate anyway. The orgasms are very different...much deeper within me and much longer lasting. Of course with one’s lover’s fingers tapping out a tarantella on one’s prostate, those sort of things do happen.

“It’s not very comfortable to wear?” That was the only reason I could think of. “And anyway, I think I’m...shrinking?”

I did think I was becoming smaller in that area. I knew that this would be a distinct possibility as a result of all the hormones I was taking. I knew that eventually it wouldn’t get hard anymore and that I would wind up sterile if I continued on at the dosages I was being given.

“And it doesn’t seem to get hard as often as it once did.” I added softly as an after thought.

Martha lifted her head and rested it upon her hand, elbow bent for support. She looked into my eyes for a moment and then bent her head taking my nipple into her mouth. She sucked on it and teased it as I moaned and wiggle around on the bed. She released my nipple with a strong sucking that caused a slight pop.

“Well, you may be losing it in one area. But you seem to be making up for it in another. Your nipples have grown so. They are such a delight to play with!” Martha laughed and rested her head again.



“Oh...I am SO glad you noticed.” I giggled with my attempt at sarcasm. “Of course your delightful little vacuum torture wouldn’t have anything to do with it? And certainly not all the hormones and other drugs you’ve been feeding me.” I leaned over and kissed her fore head as I relished the delightfully teasing effect of Martha’s saliva on my nipple as it dried in the cool air.

“We’re going to play hooky from school tomorrow.” Martha cast her gaze off into the distance, as she tended to do when she was thinking. I looked at her with a questioning expression. “Tonight has been a bit too much for me; the drama of it all. And I feel very close to you now...at this moment...” She leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips. It was a lingering kiss. “...and I wish it to continue. It strengthens me. Anyway, I wish to deface that perfect little body of yours so that you will never forget to call me again.”

**M**artha awakened early and allowed me to sleep. We had fallen asleep after a bit more chatting and without our usual ‘entertainments’. I slept a bit fitfully reliving the traumatic events of the prior evening. I believe Martha experienced the same feelings because we both twisted and turned and only finally rested spooned together.

We still had our perfunctory doctor’s appointment as usual but we were basically free after that. Doctor Weintraub noticed my bruised cheek and cut lip in spite of the foundation I used and the extra coating of lip stick. She glared momentarily at Martha but had the good graces to remain otherwise quiet.

After my injections and inspections, we returned home and breakfasted down the street at Martha’s club where a scrumptious continental breakfast was being served. Whilst having our meal, Martha made several calls to Meg. I took note of what was being said although I could guess the content before she had even begun.

Martha reached across the table to touch my forearm. I glanced up and noticed her smiling affectionately at me. I looked quizzically at her and smiled. She simply shook her head, closed her eyes briefly, and smiled gently. She simply wanted to touch me; to feel connected to me.

Martha had been quiet most of the morning, which was quite unusual for her. I assumed the prior evening was still on her mind. I didn’t force the issue by attempting to engage her in conversation. I simply stayed close and physically connected. I held her hand or her arm and even her purse’s shoulder strap.

But I had this overwhelming need to again research and discover more about Emma and what occurred the evening she died. I knew I couldn’t broach the subject easily with Martha. And that everyone close to our little circle seemed to know but wouldn’t talk didn’t make the task any easier. But, for some reason, more a feeling really, I felt the Mr. Sam Stone would be my resource.

After breakfasting we returned home to find Mr. Stone waiting with the car at curbside. We entered the car and were off. Martha was holding my hand as she turned to face me.

“George is sixty and Lois is forty one.”

I was a bit taken aback that Martha was still thinking about our conversation last night. There was an odd expression on her face; one of worry.

“I will be forty this year.” Martha turned to glance at me. “I’m almost the same age as your mother.”

I didn’t know her age nor did I inquire. It didn’t seem to matter to me. Now, all of a sudden, it seemed to matter to Martha. There was an eighteen-year difference between us. I thought about what she was really telling me. I would be at my prime...my height of power and prowess...when she was sixty...and perhaps slowing down a bit.

Mom was forty-three years old. The difference in their appearances really hit me as I thought about it. Mom was so much more...well...older appearing? The years were certainly not as kind to her as they seemed to be to Martha. However, there was no doubt in my mind that Martha had the older soul.

I looked straight ahead for a moment and then moved close enough that our thighs touched. I released her hand and took her arm instead as I pulled her closer. I rested my head upon her shoulder and sighed. I didn’t know quite what to say that would possibly reassure her that I would be with her forever, or at least that was the way I felt.

Martha turned a bit more in her seat and embraced me with both arms. I did the same. I whispered in her ear.

“I am yours as long as you want me.”

Her head sank a little lower into my neck and shoulder and her embrace became a little bit stronger. I knew then that she had the answer she was looking for...hoping for.

**W**e finally pulled up to a storefront. I wasn’t quite sure of where exactly we were, but it was somewhere in the West Village. The façade read “Epidermal Arts and Crafts”. I had no idea of what that meant. We exited the car with Mr. Smith’s assistance and when I turned, I froze. Tattoos!!! Piercings!!! Other animistic and Pagan practices!!! Martha took my hand and tried to lead me but I was too shocked and frozen with fear.

“Oh come now dear. You need to be punished and I warned you last evening that I would mar...no...deface your perfect body.”

I looked at her and saw no smile, heard no chuckle, and knew she was quite serious. She was going to have me...somethinged!!! I tore my eyes from the various procedures listed to look into hers. In spite of a quickly turning stomach, narrowing vision, faintness, and all the other pleasantries of a full blow panic attack, I made the leap of faith and blindly let her lead me into the shop.

Martha strode up to the receptionist towing me behind her. The young woman, perhaps my age, was literally covered in tattoos and piercings at every exposed location and, I assumed, locations yet to be exposed.

“Martha Grey and Petra Russell. We should have an appointment.” There was no question in Martha’s voice, as usual. The young woman nodded and smiled.

“Hi Petra...my name is Zoe. Why don’t you come with me and I’ll show you where you can undress.”

Oh...my...God!!! Undress??? She led me into a back studio with private stations and accompanying changing rooms.

“Strip down to your undies sweetie and Jose will be right with you.”

Zoe the curtain of the cubicle as I tried to pull myself together from hearing that a man would be doing whatever Martha wanted done. I removed my skirt and blouse and hung them up. I poked my head out to look around and, after a few moments, made the move out into the cordoned off area. Jose came strolling in. He too was covered in various colored inks and designs with piercings scattered about his face.

“Hello sweetie...” He spoke in a most affected manner but the limp wrist was a giveaway; not to mention his swaying hips. “Let me set you up and we can get right to work. This really shouldn’t take long and there won’t be any real pain.”

As Jose manipulated the black leather upholstered chair into a flat table surface, I was seeking a place to return the wonderful breakfast I had enjoyed earlier.

“What are you going to do?” I managed to squeak. He looked at me and smiled benignly.

“Oh...just a little ink. Two words in a lovely aqua shade. Ms. Grey was very specific. She signed the appropriate forms for you. She said you wouldn’t mind.” He glanced up at me questioningly. I was still too stunned to respond. “Petra? Earth to Petra?” He sang.

“Oh...yes...of course.”

Like hell! I was agreeing to God only knows what...two words? Jose smiled and placed two large bath towels over the table.

“Bottom’s up sweetie.” He smiled. I wished he’d stop calling me sweetie! It was so very patronizing!!!

I got onto the table. Jose placed a rolled up towel beneath my ankles giving my knees some bend. He then pulled up a chair and his working cart full of...stuff. I watched as he donned a pair of latex gloves.

“I need to adjust your panty a little.”

Thank God he warned me. I would’ve shot through the ceiling. He moved the left side of my panty over to the center exposing my butt cheek in all of its naked glory. I wished that Martha were here to at least keep me company. I felt myself tremble like a leaf.

Jose, of course, talked a mile a minute as he almost by sense set up everything he needed. I tried to clear my mind of the present circumstance by thinking of something other than having two words written permanently enshrined on my butt cheek. He stressed the importance of my remaining as motionless as possible and if I needed to move I should alert him first.

While he spoke, Jose swabbed the area with alcohol and then shaved it with a disposable razor. Though I was hairless, for the most part, he wanted to be very sure. He then wiped my down again with the alcohol. I felt him rubbing something else on me explaining that the decal of the two words would transfer more easily and quickly.

Jose, after finding the proper placement for the decal, let it set and went to turn on some music.

“The noise from the machine can be so awful.”

At least he chose something...neutral? Jose changed gloves once again and began to mix his inks. I closed my eyes and thought about Martha...about us...well...I kind of dreamed about us. Finally he was ready. I heard the machine turn on and indeed the noise was not pleasant.

The first touch to the skin was a bit startling but I managed to hold place. Jose proceeded slowly and deliberately about his work. His silence indicated his level of concentration. I couldn't imagine that this was so very difficult considering the pictures and such he had on his own body. But I would image that art is art and genius is never lazy.

At one point I attempted to turn and try to see what my new life-long partner would look like. He instantly stopped and reminded me that if he slipped, what was done could not be erased. That certainly made sense to me and I knew that Martha would go ballistic if he screwed up because of me.

At another point, after the first word was completed, we took a short break allowing me to at least stand up. I tried to bend and stretch to see what was done but I could barely see it. I pouted in frustration and looked at Jose.

“That's where she wants it sweet heart...don't look at me.” He shrugged his shoulders as he spoke as if I thought it was his fault. “Okay honey, I'm ready whenever you are.”

I took my place again and again Jose began to torture me with his...thing. I closed my eyes and began to softly cry. It wasn't the pain of getting the tattoo. It was remembering how very angry Martha was and the thought that I caused her anger. If this was my punishment, then I thought it was well merited if it put to rest any matter hanging between us.

Jose finally finished his work with wiping my new... 'words' ...with alcohol yet again; he had wiped whilst he wrote. He applied an ointment to the area and placed a bandage over it. I got off the table and immediately took a tissue to wipe my eyes dry.

“Aw sweetie...the pain wasn't that bad, was it?” I felt like slapping him at this point but I held my hand, and my tongue, in check.

“It's a 'she thing'.” What else could I say? He nodded his head...as if!!!

I quickly got dressed and walked out into the reception area to find Martha glancing around at the various designs that hung on the wall. She turned upon hearing me and smiled kindly at me. Indeed, she then came to me and embraced me.

“I am so sorry I had to do this to you. But let me remind you once that there is plenty of space left for other...missteps?” She giggled and kissed me. I swore silently that there would be no other missteps ever again.

We left the shop and were riding back uptown. I had a difficult time sitting because I could still feel the sting on my butt cheek. Martha was looking at the sheet of paper that listed the proper steps to take for after care.

“Well...” She said quite breathily. “...there will be no hot baths for either of us. In fact no hot water to wash over that spot.. AND...the bandage must stay on for a day. They were kind enough to throw in this ointment.” Martha held up a small jar.

I nodded. I wasn't in the mood for an extended conversation regarding anything to do with this entire business. Somewhere in the mid-town area Martha decided that a stroll up Fifth Avenue might be nice so Mr. Stone dropped us off at Fifty-Fifth Street and we began to walk and window shop.

The day was lovely and it felt wonderful to be out and about whilst all around us were people scurrying about. My mood lightened considerably as either Martha or I would spot one thing or another in a store window and we'd both stop and comment. Eventually we held hands as we strolled. I noticed that every so often someone would look and notice that fact. I could tell by their stare whether they thought it sweet or...well...different?

We dined at the club. It felt so very familiar at this point; very much an extension of our home. Then we walked, arms around each other's waists, back to the townhouse. It had been a rather full day to say the least. Martha seemed to have recovered her sensibilities and although she wasn't quite ready to change and go out dancing, she was in rather good humor.

We went upstairs to undress and get comfortable. As I doffed my skirt and blouse, hanging up the one and hampering the other, I wondered whether Martha would be more in the mood for some...intimate contact. I removed my bra, noticing that it was now a bit tight, and my panty.

The sting from the tattoo for the most part had abated and I looked at the patch of bandage that covering the two words. I was dying to know what the words were. I donned a robe and slippers and exited the closet. Martha was sitting in her armchair. I went and stood in front of her. I looked down and smiled, holding my hands out for her to take. She did and got up so that I could undress her. When I got her down to her panty, she stopped me.

“Sweet heart, get me a robe and come to the bath room. I want to see what your tattoo looks like. We need to put the ointment on it again anyway.”

I did as she requested and went into the bathroom. Martha was at the basin looking at her reflection in the mirror. She turned and faced me smiling. I placed her robe down and went to her side. I took off my robe as she watched in the mirror.

“Dear Lord you are looking quite enticing these days.” Martha chuckled. She was right. I was developing nicely. “Okay dear, let’s see the damage.” I wished she hadn’t said that.

Martha bent and removed the bandage carefully. She carefully, and gently, touched the area around the wounded skin.

“It does look quite lovely actually. Have a look.”

I couldn’t wait!!! I turned around and, to my complete horror, saw the two words; ‘Martha’s Slut’!!! One hand went to my mouth and the other went to the counter top to hold myself from falling over. My knees got weak and I felt nauseous again. I would have to bare that epithet for the rest of my life. Tears came to my eyes.

“What...you don’t like it?” Martha had incredulity in her voice and...oh my God...an innocent expression on her face. I looked at her with a combination of disgust and anger. “Would you like to see mine?” She laughed.

“What???” Hers??? Was she kidding???

“Take these off.” Martha hitched her fingers under her panty’s waist. I pulled them down and helped her step out of them. She turned and pulled the patch off of her butt cheek.

“**OH MY GOD!!!**” She had ‘Petra’s Cunt’ tattooed on her butt cheek in the same aqua color. Both of my hands flew to my mouth in disbelief. Suddenly I began to laugh. “You didn’t!!!”

“Well...I told you we both needed to be punished and I couldn’t think of anything more fitting for either of us.” She laughed. “I think we both now have reminders of our transgressions.” She took my face in her hands and gently kissed me on the lips. I embraced her and bathed in the sensation of her body against mine.

**I**n so many ways our relationship is like the largest and most elegant blood red tea rose. Each petal blossoms slowly and one at a time to reveal yet another glorious piece of what will become so very beautiful in its entirety. Each instance, such as the tattoos, and the trauma and drama leading up to them, seemed to bring us closer together.

When Martha removed her panty saying that I had already seen her more naked during her rage and anger, I understood. And I understood that few, if anyone else, had ever seen her so enraged, or this naked for that matter. The benefit was worth the pain and the punishment for my action, or lack of it.

Now I was enabled to actually see the altar I had worshipped at for so many evening. Now I was permitted to make my offerings directly upon that holy of holies. Martha sat in her chair with her

legs slung over the arms opening up her gateway for my entry. I was blind folded as usual but Martha was somewhat gentler in her inquiries into my psyche than usual.

My hands were bound loosely behind my back and she sat quite naked so there would be no canopy of silk embedded with her fragrance. She guided my head slowly with her gentle fingertips as my face, and mouth, slowly made their approach. I could feel the heat of her thighs and the stronger scent of her delta as I slowly, ever so slowly, approached. I suddenly felt the slightest tickling of her neatly trimmed pubic hair on the tip of my nose. I inhaled the intoxicating fragrance of Martha as deeply as I could and slowly blew out through my mouth as softly as I could.

“You are quite the tease, aren’t you.” Martha chuckled. “That really felt quite nice you know. Why don’t you part the hair with your nose sweet heart.”

I felt for her slit with my nose. I felt a particular fleshiness to her lips that mystified me. I was not exactly an expert in female genitalia in spite of being married. Karen had been the only one I really ever had sex with...other than Gary. And her vagina was nothing like this. As I moved my nose from the top down, I felt her engorged clit as it passed beneath my nose like a ski jump to a skier. Dear Lord it was...quite stout indeed.

Anyway, I continued my journey along Martha’s lips and ran my nose gently down the divide as she softly moaned her pleasure. Then I began to sweep her already dampened hair to one side or the other causing a steady low moaning from her.

“Oh dear me...that is so nice my little slut. You have such a nice touch. You must have had plenty of practice with...what’s her name.” I could hear Martha’s breathing quicken a bit. “You may use your tongue now.” As an afterthought she added; “But begin from the bottom up; in fact, why down you begin at my ass hole.”

I felt Martha’s body spasm as my tongue touched her butt hole and began its long, slow, and sodden journey upward. Her vaginal lips were thick and fleshy and easily parted as I lapped slowly upward. My mind was awash in the incredible sensual pleasure of tasting her. When I did reach her clit, I slowly bathed the large little fingertip sized organ with my tongue. Martha arched her hips up toward me and a spasm racked her body.

“Oh...yes...” Martha hissed as she again quaked with pleasure. “This time little slut, I want to really feel that tongue of yours play with my ass hole. I want you to fuck me with it.”

I must say that the very thought of doing so would have revolted me to the point of illness not all that long ago. And certainly with Karen this would have been totally out of the question. The moment I got anywhere near her gorgeous butt I would receive a smack on the head and a strong admonition.

But with Martha, I don’t know, it was really...a pleasure? I had such strong feelings toward her, for her, that any request wouldn’t have been denied. But I also knew her ‘almost’ fetish about cleanliness and her love of being scented all over made the task seem...well...very ordinary and wholesome.

As the tip of my tongue poked into her, I could feel Martha's hips attempt to rotate and assist me in snaking even deeper within her. Martha let out a long deep moan of pleasure.

"You are such a dirty girl, aren't you." Martha sighed. "I'd wager you would stick your entire mouth up my ass if you could. Soul kiss my ass hole Pet. Do it as if you mean it."

'As if I mean it' I thought. I did mean it. I kissed her as strongly and as deeply as I could.

"Yesss... That's it! Oh you slut..." Martha's grip on my head tightened as she bathed in her pleasure. "Now lick my cunt again dear."

It didn't take me very long to have my face covered in Martha's fluids. She removed her legs from the chair arms and hung them over my shoulders as I lapped at her luscious vagina. When I took her clit between my lips and started to gently suck on it as if it was a tiny dick, she dug her heels into my back, arched her back, and clamped her thighs so snugly around my head that I couldn't hear.

"Oh dear God!!! That is sooo intense! Don't stop...ever!"

Martha came over and over again; almost with each sucking in with my lips. I was totally unprepared for such an unleashing of passion from her. I never knew that a woman could orgasm so many times in such a short period. When she'd had her fill of pleasure, and became too sensitive to touch anymore, I felt her entire being simply collapse into the chair, her legs still draped over my shoulders.

She sat with her eyes closed and her mouth opened, trying to catch her breath. Martha had a smile on her face that was serene and peaceful. My head was still being held by her hands as she gently ran her fingers through my hair as she calmed down from her incredible high.

"That was...magnificent Pet. You truly have a uniquely wonderful talent."

Martha giggled as she removed her legs from my shoulders and placed her feet on the carpet. Then she leaned forward, her eyes gazing into mine. I felt her grab the hair on the back of my head and she pulled, raising my face toward hers. Martha then kissed me deeply, passionately, and more fully than I could ever remember being kissed before. She finally pulled away with a sucking sound and looked into my eyes.

"I love my scent on your face you know." There were still the flames of passion in her eyes and her face was aglow with that special coloration of a woman who was...satisfied?

As we lay together in bed afterward, Martha's body draped over mine, her head resting on my shoulder. She was gently running her fingertips over my (gulp) breasts?

"Poor Pet..." Martha seemed to muse as she spoke. "We didn't take very good care of you tonight."

She bent her head and took my nipple into her mouth and sucked on it gently. Her eyes met mine as I softly moaned and held the back of her head gently to me. I thought for a moment and realized that although I found our sex play very exciting, I didn't feel myself trying to become erect. In fact I hardly even leaked! Martha must have noted my pensive look.



“What is it sweet heart?” She cooed as she latched onto my ear lobe with her teeth and gently pulled.

“I...” I didn’t know how to phrase what I was thinking. I closed my eyes tightly, took a deep breath, and just spoke my mind. “I think it’s not working...at least the way it once did. I think it’s...broken?”

“What’s not working dear? What’s broken?” Martha got up on her elbow. Her face was a mask of concern.

“My...dick.” There! I said it.

“Whatever do you mean?” She asked with seriousness in her voice. I looked at her and rolled my eyes. She wasn’t going to make it easy for me.

“It’s not become erect. At least not tonight.”

“Maybe I’m not exciting enough?” Now she was teasing me as she smiled.

“No! I’m serious. It didn’t try to become hard all night. And I do think you’re exciting. You’re the most exciting woman I’ve ever known.” Now I was a bit miffed.

“More exciting than your mother?” She chuckled. I rolled my eyes again. “Okay...so you’ve been on hormones for...three months or so?” I nodded. She shrugged. “They must be doing their thing then. Certainly your boobs have really begun to show.” Martha cupped her hand and gently engulfed my boob. She gazed at it, and then into my eyes with wonder.

“I know. It’s simply that...I’m changing and...”

“You’re not sure. Is that it?”

I nodded my head as a tear fell from my eye.

“I mean I really enjoyed you...being with you...and doing what we were doing? I wouldn’t trade those moments for anything. It’s only that I wonder if I’m feeling everything I should? I don’t know...” I was frustrated in not being able to say exactly what I meant.

Martha watched me as I spoke and listened to every word. I couldn’t tell what she was thinking but I knew she was trying to understand what I was going through. I mean...to be involved with such totally intimate activity with another, especially someone you had feelings for, and not become aroused and yet find great enjoyment anyway was...disturbing?

“There is no law that says you must have an orgasm each and every time you engage in sex.” Martha smiled gently at me. “The entire point is to achieve pleasure but there’s no rule that the pleasure must be in one specific way.”

Martha suddenly got a very faraway look in her eyes. She continued to caress my breasts and gently play with my nipples as she spoke.

“A long time ago...” She looked at me smiling slyly. “...when I was still into doing boys...almost exclusively...I had this simply lovely boyfriend. We would fuck every chance we’d get. I suppose the

chemistry was right and the hormonal levels were off the charts. Anyway, every once in a while one or the other of us didn't cum."

Martha turned onto her stomach so that she could look directly at me. She smiled and kissed my nipple and then continued.

"Well...the first time it happened to him, he was put off completely. How dare his cock fail him!" She used a gruff voice to emphasize her words. "The first time I failed to get off he took it personally. I liked that about him. He was as concerned about my enjoyment as he was about his own. Anyway, I knew that it wasn't him. It was I." Martha chuckled. "I just couldn't...relax enough to orgasm. But I enjoyed him none the less."

Martha embraced me and kissed my breasts several times.

"If you enjoyed yourself, I wouldn't worry. Anyway, you saw Weintraub and everything was fine. If you would feel better about it..."

"No..." I took Martha's face in my hands and smiled. "Anyway, I suppose this isn't anything I wasn't expecting sooner or later anyway."

Martha brought her leg over my tummy and rested it as she snuggled back into my shoulder. She rubbed my tummy and then reached down to grab my scrotum. She gently massaged me.

"I think you'll find that you will receive more pleasure than you ever thought possible once these things become completely useless. You've certainly have had your moments thus far, haven't you." I laughed. Martha was right, as usual. She turned and shut off her nightstand light. "Just wait until I fuck what little to squirt you might remain with out of you, my little slut. Then you'll really understand what having an orgasm is about."

As she snuggled back up upon my shoulder, I thought about what Martha said. She was right, of course. Giving her pleasure certainly gave me pleasure and watching her orgasm time after time was very exciting for me. Everything about what we did was exciting. I think that nothing is more intimate than kissing another person's genitals. I found the closeness, the afterglow, and the personal intimacy, to be the most exciting of all.

**T**he following morning I was able to corner Mr. Stone in the garden when Martha went inside to use the facility. I sat at the round table opposite him, folded my hands upon the top, and quietly stared at him as he read his newspaper. When he moved it aside and observed me staring, he folded the paper in half, placed it down, and returned my stare.

"I need to know what happened to Emma." I spoke slowly and softly. I knew I might get a bit further with him if I assumed a pleading quality to my voice and demeanor.

Mr. Smith looked into my eyes with his cold and intense blue eyes. I suppose he was mulling over my request and I could almost feel him weighing his response. He leaned forward and folded his hands on the table, looked quickly toward the back door, and then back to me.

“Emma left the office to have a drink with some unknown person and was murdered sometime afterward.” Mr. Stone’s voice was soft as he spoke slowly and precisely. It was as if he was giving an official report. “We received the call early the following morning that her body had been found downtown at an abandoned warehouse alley way near the (Hudson) River. Martha and I went to identify the body.”

I could see that Mr. Smith, in spite of his calm demeanor, was unsettled by what he was relating. As he continued, I began to understand why. He looked down at his huge powerful hands.

“It was a long evening.” He glanced up at me with his steely blue emotionless eyes. “By eight Martha was frantic. She insisted on us heading downtown to check the usual haunts. But there was no Emma. In fact none of the usual people had seen her.” Mr. Smith sat back in his chair and exhaled fully. “She was nowhere to be found so we widened our search to include several places in Chinatown and Little Italy. By eleven we decided to head back and await her return.”

Mr. Smith took a sip of his coffee. I couldn’t imagine how upset Martha must have been. Emma was more than a child who had forgotten the time. Emma was an adult who was obviously in trouble of some sort.

“And the killer hasn’t been caught?” I had to ask. The question seemed to make Mr. Stone a bit uncomfortable. He fidgeted in his chair.

“No. He hasn’t.” The disgusted look on his face matched the tone of his very gruff voice. And it’s a ‘he’???” “And I’m fairly sure there will be more murders.”

“Oh my God!!!” I couldn’t believe it! “How do you know it’s a man?”

“What?”

“You said ‘he’ hasn’t been caught...yet.” Mr. Smith shook his head and fidgeted a bit more. Maybe he had said more than he intended?

“Women don’t kill the way this guy kills. He cuts them up...disembowels them while their still alive. They bleed out and die.” I felt really ill at this point but...I had to know what Martha knew to understand her.

“How many others?” I could barely keep breakfast down.

“Three. And all were butchered the same way.” Three???! OMG!!! “And all three were...well...transitioning? Is that the word?” I barely heard his question though I did nod.

Oh...my...God!!! A killer who strikes...people like me? Small wonder why Martha was so concerned about me when I’m not with her. This explained so much indeed. I leaned across the table and clasped his now folded hands with mine. In truth I thought I might become ill and barf.

“Thank you for telling me Mr. Smith.” I managed a weak smile and disengaged my hand from his just as Martha returned to the garden.

I rest of the entire day my demeanor remained somewhat subdued. Every time I looked or interacted with Martha in any way my mind was brought back to how she must have felt on that

terrible day, and the awful days that followed. I didn't know how she managed to go on with her life after such a horrid event. But I found a new respect for the inner strength she possessed to be able to continue on.

**M**y maintenance seemed to drop quicker than anyone might have thought. After my third laser treatment, with hardly any swelling or pain, I was told I was finished. My face and neck were now forever smooth and hairless.

After the fourth month on hormones, something quite unexpected occurred. The 'collar' on my dick slipped off. I was completely shocked and afraid that Martha would think I had somehow loosened it. Upon showing her, she laughed.

"Good! That means you're shrinking."

"Shrinking?" Shrinking!!! I was getting smaller than I already was???

"Yes. Well...you know the old adage; use it or lose it." Martha laughed. She actually laughed whilst I was panicking. "And these..." She gently cupped my scrotum in her hand. "...may already be completely useless."

"Useless???" USELESS!!!

"And should probably come off."

"WHAT!!!???" WTF!!!

"Oh don't sound so shocked." Martha scowled. "It's not like you didn't know what was coming...pardon the pun." She chuckled. She cast her steely-eyed gaze at me. "Don't you forget; I know all of your dirty little secrets. I know you've been looking into the entire process."

I blushed. My computer no doubt betrayed me. I really betrayed myself for that matter. Martha, still cupping me, and now massaging my 'useless' scrotum, smiled gently.

"Since these are probably of no further use, perhaps you could do without them altogether. It would only require one little snip." Martha smiled into my terrified eyes. The very thought of losing any piece of me, regardless of its insignificance, was simply too much. "No doubt Mr. Smith has knowledge of such procedures. I should inquire..."

"No!!! Please!!!" I began to tremble with fear. I don't know why I was so very vulnerable to Martha's...games. Tears welled up in my eyes at the very prospect of someone like Mr. Smith simply slicing them off! This must be every male's nightmare. Martha released me. As good as her touch felt, her imagery was frightening. She embraced me.

"Ssshhh... There now sweet heart; calm yourself. Nobody will do anything you don't want to have done. I told you that before, remember? You must be aware though. Testicular cancer is estrogen driven. Anyway, you won't need them to experience the greatest pleasure you've ever felt. But we must wait."

“Wait for what? Why?” I felt so...juvenile...whining and ready to stamp my foot. But I was so very frustrated with my...mini ‘O’s’. I must admit that Martha’s fingers and her technique were...wonderful compared to what I knew before her...with Karen. But I felt I was missing...I don’t know...something.

“Very well. Don’t go anywhere.” Martha laughed.

As if!!! I was tied to the chair, which seemed to be a more frequently occurring event. My legs were placed over the chairs arms and my hands were tied behind my back; same old...same old. Just where was I supposed to go? And I did have the blinders on. I was expecting Martha to do her finger thing to finish me off. Normally I would have been pained from the teasing, but I wasn’t; another not to exciting first.

I heard Martha quickly return and felt her kneeling at the front of the chair. I tried to jump when I felt her hand suddenly upon my dick.

“A bit tense are we?” She giggled. “You’re ass had better be cleaner than clean tonight sweet heart.”

She admonished me as she put a bit of lubricant on my butt hole and began her tease of rubbing her finger gently around my anus.

“Does that feel good slut?”

“Yes...it feels ...wonderful.” The sensations reverberated though out my body; everywhere except the one place they really should have.

“Yes...I see...we do have a little problem, don’t we slut.” I nodded my head. “Nothing seems to be happening with your little cock. Hmm... Let’s see what this does.”

Martha quickly jammed two of her fingers up my butt hole. I felt as though I nearly tore the legs off the chair as my body reacted to the sudden intrusion. It felt so...good...so...natural at this point and I moaned my approval.

“I see my little slut likes this, as usual.” Martha chuckled. “And your little dickie just drooled into the rubber. Isn’t that interesting dear?” She cooed as she continued her ministrations.

I moaned with each thrust of her fingers when suddenly she withdrew them completely leaving me in the lurch; and I was truly lurching away as best I could.

“Relax sweet heart.” Martha cooed as I imagined the wicked smile on her lips. “This will be something new; my own personal relaxation device.”

‘Personal relaxation device’? I thought. ‘Device’? I suddenly felt something large and smooth at my butt hole. I thought it was a dildo or perhaps a vibrator of some sort. ‘Some sort’ indeed! I felt Martha start to push it in. It really wasn’t much larger than three of her fingers and slipped in fairly easily. It wasn’t very long, perhaps three inches or so.

My sphincter closed around it and yet I still felt it moving up into me. It seemed to be attached to something very thin and strong; a shaft (pardon the pun) of some sort. Martha pushed it in and

began a 'thumping' motion against my prostate. She swiftly pulled off my nipple tubes and wiped the excess cream off. I knew something was coming (again pardon the pun) but I had no idea of what it might be.

"Is my slut ready?" Martha cooed. I felt her breath on my face. I nodded.

Martha chuckled and fastened her lips upon one of my nipples. She sucked and pressed and licked it and I bucked and moaned. Suddenly the wicked device within me began to vibrate with an incredibly strong intensity. My world exploded! I cried out as I began to orgasm almost instantly.

Martha pressed the vibrating thing tighter against my gland as she tortured my nipples with divine pleasure as only she knew how with her mouth. I moaned and groaned and groaned and moaned and even threw in a few squeaks when voice failed me. She clamped her mouth over mine and kissed the screams of ecstasy out of my soul. I felt as though I was peeing into the condom and not simply spurting and it wouldn't stop!!!

The explosion went on and on and at some point I must have lost consciousness for a few moments. The next thing I remember was the sound of Martha laughing and embracing me with one arm. I was breathing heavily and I felt completely drained of any energy. I sat limply in the chair. The vibrator was still on and I spasmed from the aftershocks of my personal earthquake.

"Well..." Martha said quite breathily, and with a brilliant smile. "...I think that was a good one. Wouldn't you agree...slut?" I nodded my head and smiled. "Well...let us see what you produced."

She shut off the vibrator and gently removed it from within me. Next the shades came off of my eyes. They were still closed as I savored the most intense physical experience I had ever had. Martha then freed my legs although I was too drained to remove them from the chair's arms. Then she carefully removed the condom from my dick.

"Oh dear..." She said with a feigned expression of shock. "...there's hardly anything in here for all the noise you made."

Martha held the rubber up for my inspection and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I thought I had squirted pints into the condom and yet there was no more than maybe a teaspoon of mostly clear fluid! I looked down at my tummy to see if perhaps it didn't leak out but I was clean...and visibly shaken!

Martha helped me into a sitting position and released my hands. She gave me the condom to hold and I carefully inspected it. I looked up into her beautiful eyes and spoke.

"I can't believe it! I thought...well...I felt like I had cum like never before!"

"You did and without even being erect. Now what do you think of that?" We both began to laugh in the same instant.

"You know...sometimes I feel like I'm walking around broken glass with you."

I was lying in Martha's arms afterward. This was the time I enjoyed the most, especially at the days end. It was a tender moment. But in spite of the tenderness she physically exhibited I always

felt that there were things I wanted to ask, or talk about, but felt too uncomfortable not knowing how Martha would react.

“What do you mean sweet heart?” Martha’s eyes were closed as we drifted toward sleep in the dimmed light of our bedroom.

“Well...you seem to know everything about me but I know so very little about you. And I feel that if I ask? I’m intruding or something.” I continued to gently rub her belly.

Martha remained silent. She took a deep breath and exhaled. I felt her hand start to stroke my neck. I thought she was completely disregarding what I said for some unknown reason.

“I was almost married once.”

I was shocked. I never expected Martha to utter with such a statement. I couldn’t image her being with a man; especially after her several rants.

“What happened?” I perked up. I really had to hear this! Martha lazily opened her eyes and glanced at me, smiling.

“Oh...” She looked at the top of the canopy wistfully. “...it didn’t work out. We couldn’t seem to really give one another what we needed.” She was silent again for several moments. “He wanted...dominance...over me.” She gazed back at me. “And I wanted...intimacy.” She chuckled. “And so now I’m guilty of that.”

“I didn’t mean...” Martha rolled over taking me with her before I could finish. She stared down into my eyes and smiled.

“No...you’re right. It hasn’t been easy for me...or for you.” She kissed me softly and then continued to gaze at me. “I am lucky I found you.” Martha said as she swept a lock of hair away from my face. I embraced her gently around her waist.

“I simply wish I could...”

“...ease my pain?” Martha laughed. I pouted.

“No! See your vagina!” It was the only response I could think of.

“What?!” Martha’s shocked look caused me to giggle.

I mean...I really wanted to...okay...ease her pain? But that wasn’t going to happen without her allowing me to get close. Intimacy; the word almost sounds obscene. And Martha was expert in distancing herself from whatever she chose to. There were several questions I would have wanted to ask but I didn’t think she wasn’t ready to hear them. They all had to do with Emma Granville; my archrival.

So...what is the next most intimate thing I could request? I mean I’d never really seen it per say. Oh I’ve felt it with both tongue and nose and I had a fairly good mental image of it. But I’d never seen it. I’ve only ever seen one and that was Karen’s. I’d seen others in magazines and realized that each one was uniquely different. Martha’s certainly was with its long thick lips and distended clit.

“Surely you can’t be serious!” She laughed.

“I am serious and don’t call me Shirley!” I pouted, but couldn’t help but start to laugh.

“Oh!!! You are the one!” Martha said as she got to her knees atop me. “Stay still and lay flat. I’m coming up to visit.”

Martha slowly and carefully made her way up to my head. She grasped my hands in hers and pinned them beneath her legs. I looked up at her with a pained expression on my face.

“You said look...not touch!”

Martha laughed as she lowered herself to within inches of my face. Her scent was heady to say the least. But the light was too dim to really see and with her soft pubic hair already matted from earlier...activities? I whined even as that special tingle began to emerge from deep within me.

“Alright...I will turn up the light a little BUT...” Martha admonished and punctuated with her index finger. “...you had better not move even an inch.” She scowled but there was laughter in her eyes.

Martha moved off of me enough to reach the lamp’s switch. On her return back she suddenly began to laugh and pointed at my crotch.

“You forgot to bind yourself. It is your responsibility to do so; not mine. And now look!”

I raised my head to see that I had a little bit of a stiffy. Oh my God! So it wasn’t completely dead after all.

“If you make a mess on these sheets I shall be absolutely livid. AND you’ll be the one to sleep in it!”

Martha was actually upset. I had ruined the mood unintentionally. But whether intentioned or not, I had to think of a way to get it back...and quickly. I smiled innocently at Martha.

“I guess you’ll need to punish me.” I said in my sweetest, most teasing voice.

“Yes...” Martha hissed as she thought a moment. “...perhaps another tattoo.” She said as she smiled and resumed her position atop me. “Or maybe a tongue piercing. I hear that they are simply divine for having one’s cunt laved.” She laughed. “And...after all...I am your cunt you know.” Martha smiled thinking about her tattoo.

I was too absorbed with looking up at Martha’s vagina to really pay attention to what she said. She was only a few inches away from me and again I was overwhelmed by her scent. I could feel myself stiffen even more. I couldn’t resist the urge that was overpowering me. I craned my head upward, broadened out my tongue, and lapped her distended clit. Martha squealed with surprise.

“My...you are a dirty little slut tonight.” She laughed. “I don’t suppose you have any idea of how wonderful that feels, do you.”

I looked up at Martha with pleading eyes. She had taken the object of my affection mere inches out of my reach. It might have been miles! I so wanted to taste her; to please her; unfettered by the nightshades. I had no idea of what she felt when my tongue bathed her clit but I knew it had to be marvelous from her reactions.



“You’ve never really had your...” Martha hesitated and smiled wickedly. I sort of knew what was coming by this time. “...little cock sucked, have you dear. Your Karlee felt herself too good for that sort of thing, didn’t she?” Karlee? Karen! Hmm...perhaps she felt that. “Or maybe she didn’t feel it to be necessary...at least for your attentions.” ‘More likely true’ I thought.

“Let me ask you this...” Martha squatted down so that her vagina was just beneath my chin. “...when you sucked on Jerry’s cock...” Jerry? GARY! “...did it make you feel like a real woman?”

“What?” My chin rubbed Martha just enough to elicit a slight moan as she closed her eyes for a moment. Martha rubbed herself ever so slightly against my chin as she spoke.

“I asked you...” She again smiled wickedly between mini spasms of pleasure. “...did sucking a cock make you feel more like a woman?” I thought for a moment...it did...I had to admit. I nodded. “Then...does licking my cunt make you feel more like a male?” Martha laughed as she raised herself just enough to gently tug on my nipples.

She was teasing me to death with her cruelly sensual ministrations and I could feel myself leaking fluid upon my tummy. I was verging and she was barraging me with questions that were confusing...and very disturbing...to say the least!

Martha turned around so that her butt was in my face and her face...well...my God...I could feel her breathe on my dick. I wanted to scream aloud! I was so torn between wanting to play and wanting to simply be left alone. She had aroused all of these sensations and emotions in me that hadn’t been stirred by her barbed questions before...at least not to this extent.

There had always been a lingering question in my mind of whom and what I was...and who and what I really wanted to be. It never came into focus as clearly as this particular night. Yes. Sucking Gary’s cock did make me feel like more of a woman, or a girl anyway. That was the ‘me’ I saw in my mind and, on occasion, in the mirror.

But worshipping her vagina and having sex in the manner we did had little bearing upon whether I did so as a man or a woman. I willingly engaged in our little psychosexual dramas because they brought me closer to her. That is really all I wanted; the intimacy; the human contact; the touching of our souls.

Martha gently cupped my scrotum and pulled downward watching as my erect penis craned upward in reaction. She seemed mystified by this simple mechanism. She brought her mouth within a mere few inches or less and blew her breath on it. But I was lost in my thoughts and really didn’t feel her actions.

“Well? You haven’t answered me yet.” She said in a somewhat distracted manner.

“Neither.” I began to attempt to get out from beneath Martha’s legs. But her weight was too much for me to easily move and I didn’t want to jolt her off. She suddenly looked back at me.

“What do you mean neither?” She said calmly.

I was still trying to get out from under her and she moved her legs aside freeing my hands. I quickly scurried out and away from her. I sat against the headboard and clutched a pillow to my

breasts. I suddenly didn't want to be naked in front of her. Tears were flowing down my cheeks and I felt the world begin to close in on me. I drew my legs up against the pillow and actually considered curling up in a ball on the bed.

Martha sensed what was happening and came to my side. Her face showed concern at what was happening within me and she must have sensed my confusion. She embraced me and held me tenderly.

"What is it sweet heart?"

"Why do I have to be Peter or Petra? Why can't I simply be 'Pet'?" I whined through my tears. "Why must there be a reason for everything? Why can't I just be...me?"

Martha continued to embrace me and stroke my hair as I went on and on. I knew why I did those things. I sucked Gary's dick because I felt like doing it. There was no particular reason. I wasn't forced...not really. And I wanted him to fuck me. I allowed it simply because I wanted him to do it. Is that so terrible...not having a particular reason?

I loved his scent...the way his body's aroma hit my nose. It was intoxicating. It completely overwhelmed me in much the way Martha's did. I acted upon what I felt and not what I thought. Though I was dressed in girl's clothes, I wasn't consciously attempting to fool anyone and I certainly didn't fool him.

Much the same was true with Martha. She was the flame to my moth; the spider to my fly. I couldn't have resisted her any more than I could have resisted Gary. She was even more intoxicating to me. Indeed almost to the point of been toxic! I would do anything for her; anything and everything she asked without any thought of my own.

Perhaps there was a latent male aspect to which my subconscious bowed. I was with a woman who was not merely akin to my mother; Martha was the super sized version of my mother. Totally demanding, completely insatiable, and absolutely in complete control at all times was a mere faint shading of Martha Grey's nature. She steam rolled through life taking me, by the hand, in tow.

And yet, amidst my psychic dilemma, I had to admit that Martha changed me considerably. It wasn't the apparent attempt to alter my gender or sexual orientation. It was the influence of her broadening my world by mere association. She empowered me as no other person had ever done.

I remember one morning a month or so back when we attended the early Monday briefing. Martha was irate the previous evening. Marti Adams called Martha. Their conversation started off rather ordinary in nature. But then Marti asked when she might see their proposed deal. Martha was silent for a moment.

I could see her face begin to redden and her brow furrow as her anger came boiling up to the surface. She looked at me and I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders. As far as I knew, and that was very little, nothing had come our way; not even a memo. Martha profusely apologized to Marti and promised to see what the hold up was all about. I think Marti was a bit surprised that Martha didn't know and she as well promised to see what was happening.

That Monday morning was a meeting that won't soon be forgotten. Rather than simply sit and listen, Martha started right in. She got up from her seat and slammed a note pad down on the conference table. That certainly got everyone's attention. Mr. Willis nearly fell out of his seat!

"What the hell...is going on with the merger between us and Marti Adams! I haven't heard a single God damned..." I loved the way Martha would emphasize her expletives. I had to cover my mouth from the urge to giggle. "...word! Not even a God damned memo! If I don't have something to look at by mid week..." Her hand pounded the table top as she turned a deeper shade of crimson. "...I promise you all that I will be looking at different faces next Monday morning!"

Martha stared them all once in the eyes, turned on her heel, and walked out of the meeting. I kept my seat for a moment blushing and looked down at my folded hands on the tabletop. When I looked up, all eyes were on me. I turned to look at George Willis.

"She's right you know. Marti called last night and wanted to know when they could sign papers. It was embarrassing for her not to have an answer. This isn't about money for them so there really shouldn't be any issues."

"**Petra!!!**" Martha bellowed for me from her office. I quickly got up and started toward the door.

"If it's not about money, then what is it about?" Mr. Willis seemed very surprised at what I said. I turned to look back at him and I smiled.

"It's about sisterhood Mr. Willis." I giggled to myself and continued to Martha's office.

I never would have been able to do that in a thousand years if it weren't for Martha's ability to push me beyond my personal inhibitions and limitations. The fact that everyone looked at me as though; 'dear God...she has to live with that...bitch!' But in fact I knew different. I knew the Martha whose vision went far beyond what others could even imagine.

I managed to calm myself enough to stop crying and I felt myself return to 'normal'. Martha still held me in her arms and comforted me. I looked into her eyes as I sniffled.

"I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me." So I lied...a little. But I did feel sorry for ruining our moment.

"That's quite alright baby." Martha cooed as she looked at me sympathetically. "I ask you these things for a reason. Everything has a reason. There is no such thing as chance. The things we do, even the tiniest most insignificant gestures, have a reason." She smiled that matronly smile of hers; the one that seems to say 'mother knows best'. Martha sat back a few inches from me. She reached for some tissues and handed them to me and I wiped my eyes and nose.

"Soon...sooner than I thought... your changes will be irreversible." She was quite serious now; there was no smile. "I need, and you need, to know that what you present is truly what you are...and who you are. There must be no confusion in your mind at all!"

I nodded. I knew she was right. There was no bringing back what would be destroyed; what was in the process of being destroyed; my...maleness? My malehood? And I also knew things were progressing quicker than usual. I had to giggle to myself. 'I have only a few months to live as any semblance of a male' I thought.

"What you did with Jerry..." Gary! Gary! "...you did as a young teenage girl regardless of what you might have been hiding in your panty. I'm sure it felt quite natural." Martha's brows arched with the corners of her lips as she spoke.

She was right. I basked in every golden moment of what Gary and I did. After that first glorious time, there was no hesitation at all! He dropped his pants and I dropped to my knees, with a smile no less.

"What I need to know is about us dear. I need to know what it is that enables your bisexual nature to prefer me, a woman, above all of those available delicious males, and other women, out there." Martha took my hands in hers and kissed my fingers softly. "I need to know whether it's Peter or Petra that's licking my cunt."

I felt like asking why it mattered but I didn't. I'm not even sure it was a very fair question. I mean...what if it was Peter down there? She certainly didn't seem to care when I was doing it. I didn't know how to answer her.

"It's...complicated." I shrugged my shoulders and looked at our hands. "I really don't see why it has to be one or the other. Maybe it's both?"

"Good!" Martha grinned. "If it wasn't complicated, I would have been most disappointed. Are you happy?" Now there was a question. It was my turn to grin.

"Yes!" Hardly a hesitation; I was more than happy. I was ecstatic. I reached out and embraced her getting rid of the pillow I hugged in the same motion.

"Good." Martha said as she held me in turn. "Now..." She backed away a bit from me and, with her fingers, wiped the fluid I leaked off my lower tummy and put them to my mouth. I opened my lips and sucked her lovely tapered digits in, savoring the taste of myself on her.

"Now..." Martha said again with a giggle as I bathed her fingers with my tongue. "...I want you to trim your collar so that it fits properly and put it back on. Then I think it's time for lights out. I don't know about you but all of this drama tires me out."

We both laughed. Oh yes...my punishment? I got a navel piercing. I actually wanted one anyway. But I was so afraid she would have something truly vile tattooed on my other cheek that I was in tears by the time we got to the shop. Martha didn't understand why I was so shaken and when I told her, she chuckled. My 'error' wasn't nearly so severe as to warrant something so drastic.