

A woman with dark hair pulled back is reclining on a dark, tufted leather chair. She is wearing a black, sleeveless, draped dress and a chunky, multi-strand necklace of dark and light beads. She is looking off to the side with a contemplative expression. The background features heavy, patterned curtains and a wall with ornate, dark wallpaper. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a moody atmosphere.

COMPULSION

by Doft Julian Winslow

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

Compulsion
by
Don Julian Winslow
ISBN: 9781950910427
A Pink Flamingo Ebook Publication
Copyright © 2020, All rights reserved
For information contact:
Pink Flamingo Media
www.pinkflamingo.com
P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI 49083
USA

Email Comments: comments@pinkflamingo.com

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

Also by Don Julian Winslow

Agents in Harm's Way

Captive Women

French Postcards

Obsession

The Blue Butterfly

The Fall of the Ice Queen

The Little Red Dress

The Art of Erotic Spanking

The Mistress of Rosedale

The Pleasure Machine

Secrets of Cheatem Manor

Slaves of Rome

Email: dwin5866@gmail.com

Compulsion: "A feeling of being irresistibly driven to perform some irrational act."

— Webster's Abridged Dictionary

Chapter One

Compulsion

The, "gang of four" as they called themselves, were women on a mission; thoroughly modern women, proudly independent, and self-declared as "truly liberated." They fought male dominance with ruthless determination, and all the zeal of dedicated crusaders. Only one man stood in their way of the sweeping changes they were demanding as their rights: a man who understood something about the power, and sex, and the particular appeal of sweet revenge.

Paige Robbins couldn't help fidgeting in her seat. She tried not to make her growing impatience so obvious. Smoothing back the shock of shiny black hair that angled down rakishly across her brow, she leaned over with pen in hand, ready to jot down some new entry onto the list of meaningless buzz words on the pad before her. She worked with the conscientious air of a dedicated note-taker. Her fellow panelist, Lydia Wyngate was, as usual, dominating the proceedings, holding forth interminably. The fleshy, big bosomed woman, stuffed in that awful print dress, just wouldn't shut up. Once a bright and shining light in the Movement, she now had turned into a boring old windbag. It was embarrassing! Especially in front of Ms. DeWitt, their invited speaker.

But if Hillary DeWitt was bored she showed no sign of it. She kept her cool, unruffled air, an attentive smile on her calm blond face as she listened to the effusive old woman expounded *her* views on what she called "de-structured feminist thinking." Paige gave an inner sigh of admiration for Hillary DeWitt: the short blond hair, brushed severely back, the expensive black suit with those tailored slacks and the trim jacket that smartly fitted her compact form, that smooth, practiced poise. The woman had a brilliant legal mind: a practicing attorney who fought sexual harassment in the trenches, and one of the rising stars on the faculty of the law school. It had been a coup to get her as speaker for

their Women's Group meeting. Paige tried to meet their guest's eyes, wanting to offer a little polite smile to the perfectly composed woman at the podium, who nodded politely while blathering old Wyngate rambled on.

She craned back to sneak a look at Maddie Fox over Lydia's hunched shoulders. Maddie turned slightly and caught her eye; the two women exchanged knowing glances, looks of grim forbearance. Maddie gave her mop of russet hair just the slightest nod. Both panelists shared identical views of their middle-aged colleague; instantly recognized the same in the other.

No doubt about it: the old woman was over the hill! Still, Paige well knew that such a heretical opinion could never be spoken openly. Although she was sure hers was a pretty widely-held feeling on the faculty, it was clearly not the politically correct one. And Dr. Paige Robbins was someone who instinctively held all the right opinions. In her own modest way, she thought of herself of the very model of the modern feminist professor. So, while she had her doubts about her colleague, she publicly acknowledged the company line: Professor Wyngate was a brilliant pioneer, whose contribution to the Movement was monumental; they were privileged to have her on the faculty of their Department, etc.

With Professor Wyngate droning on, Paige let her eyes sweep the student audience. There were even a couple of males present, she noted with grim approval. Good! They were learning! But her eyes were not idly scanning the young faces of her before her, for Professor Robbins was keeping an eye out for a very special someone. And then she saw her! There, toward the back of the room in a clump of graduate students, the lithe, freshly-scrubbed blonde in the black baseball cap — Jamie McDonough.

The girl's large brown eyes met hers, each silently acknowledging the others presence at this vitally important seminar. Jamie had a lot of potential. A bright, young woman

who was always hungry for the truth. She only needed to have her eyes opened to the injustices all around her. The girl listened attentively whenever Paige spoke. Paige gave her advice, showed her what books to read. Young Jamie hung onto Paige's every word. Jamie was the hope for the future.

They spanned the generations, the "Gang of Four" as she knew they were called: her and Lydia, Maddie and Jamie. It was a name they got for one reason, she thought with pride: they were strong women; a definite threat to the male establishment.

The next morning, Paige was at her computer, still basking the glow of the highly-successful seminar; remembering the rush of eager students surging around Ms. DeWitt like she was rock star, their excited faces, eyes shining with the gleam of anointed crusaders ready to venture forth into the brave new world, to take on the male foe in the holy war. These gratifying thoughts were going through her mind as Paige opened her e-mail, and began to scan the list of senders. Her smooth brow wrinkled in annoyance to see another message from Marcus Wolfe. Damnit! The man really was impossible!

A male chauvinist pig if ever there was one! It was bad enough that the old lecher (old enough to be her father) looked at her with that leering grin, practically undressing her with his eyes. But to make matters worse, the man was a hopeless Freudian! If Lydia Wyngate was past her prime, Wolfe was a dinosaur. She grimaced in disgust. But they'd deal with him once she and Maddie had managed to ram the curriculum changes they wanted through the wimpy committee. Then, the man, and his hopelessly outdated courses, would be consigned to the garbage heap of history — where they belonged!

Without thinking, she highlighted the message line, and then...she hesitated. The idea flittered through her mind to

delete the offending entry, sight unseen. But instead, her little finger tapped the “Enter” button, and the blank message box popped up before her eyes. Another glancing keystroke instantly opened the attachment, and she was greeted by the softly pulsating light she recognized as one of those odd messages that Wolfe had been sending to her....how many times?

The lights took on a life of their own, throbbing like a beating heart, letters formed, hazy and indistinct before her unseeing eyes, only to dissolve into the pulsing background. The young woman sat up in her chair, wide-eyed, seemingly mesmerized by the pulsating lights. A warm and pleasant feeling came over her; the lights were friendly; their dance, curiously addictive. She liked the lights. Such pretty little lights.

Then, abruptly, the pretty light show was over. The lights faded, sucked into a black hole. As the screen went blank, the spellbound girl let out a tiny “oh” of disappointment. When the screen surged on again, the proper list of messages were there, all lined up in order, prepared to wait patiently for her attention.

Paige let out a long sigh; her rigid body slackened, shoulders sagging. She fell back in her chair. For some reason, she felt flushed, and she passed a hand over her brow to find it warm and slightly damp. There was this tingling feeling throughout her body, a quiet thrill that that rippled through her and only slowly faded, leaving a niggling tickle in her vagina. With hands on the keyboard, she straightened up, while under the desk, her thighs clenched, rubbing together through her thick, brown corduroy pants.

The youthful professor with the cropped dark hair, sat at her computer in her flannel work shirt, and for the next the next 20 minutes briskly dealt with her voluminous e-mail correspondence. She couldn't shake the feeling of vague annoyance that had come over her, but neither could she quite pin it down. Did it have something to do with Wolfe?

Glancing back over the list of e-mails didn't help. Nothing there from the old bastard. She shrugged off the feeling, and got back to work.

But work didn't come easily that day. Increasingly, the usually competent, efficient woman found she was having trouble concentrating, following the words of people who kept coming up to talk to her. Then it happened. One of those things that unhinged her. They seemed to be happening more frequently, these momentary pauses in her well-ordered life.

Paige was passing the row of secretaries' desks on her way back to her office, when she noticed Josie Veranick who, intent on her typing with eyes glued firmly to her computer screen, casually stretched out an attractive, nyloned leg to send her toes hunting for a discarded pump that lay on its side next to her desk. Paige stopped in her tracks, suddenly fascinated by the sight of those smooth feminine contours in the honeyed pantyhose, as the stockinged toes blindly groped for the footloose shoe. Paige felt a slight shiver run through her. The word 'sensual' flashed through her mind. 'How odd,' she thought.

It occurred to her that, unlike most of the women at the college, Josie never wore slacks. The sunny, outgoing blonde was always in skirts and blouses, or the occasional dress. The girl had a nice pair of legs, Paige had to admit, and she didn't mind showing them off. And although the secretary wore running shoes to work, she quickly changed into low heeled pumps once she made it to her desk. Paige looked down on her own baggy corduroys; the sturdy, thick, crepe-soled walking shoes. She absently plucked at the sagging flannel shirt, one of three she predictably wore with the sleeves rolled back on her straight, white arms. Her comfortable clothes had become her signature piece, almost a uniform, she now realized with a smile — a proud badge of defiance that flaunted all male expectations, of dedication

to the cause. Comfortable clothes suited her. Still...? For some reason, the image of that shapely leg, extended to its full, sinuous length into the aisle, pointed toes dipping into the sleek pump, was something she couldn't shake.

It was the second disturbing image that stuck in her mind, disturbing her thoughts at odd moments. The first one came to her a few days ago. She had been walking across the Quad towards the administrative building when she noticed a male student fixing something on his bike. The tousle-headed boy, lightly clad in a T-shirt and pair of khaki shorts, had his back to her, and as he bent down over the front wheel assembly, he abruptly presented her with a compact, squarish butt. The seat of the thin shorts tightened over the jutting curves of the boy's firm, young buttocks. The watching professor was stopped in her tracks. She bit her lower lip, as she stared, captivated by the bent-over guy's ass. The shorts had ridden up his hairy legs, straight and sinewy, with the kind of lean muscles that resulted from long hours of bike pedaling. Paige felt herself go all mushy inside. The words 'cute butt' came from somewhere — drifted through her mind. A shiver passed through her; she recognized it instantly for what it was — a jolt of sexual electricity. The wave of randiness passed over her, leaving her warm. She licked her lips, shook herself, and quickly lowered her head to stride on, beating a hasty retreat, with her eyes on the ground.

The revealing images held some sort of power for her. They came to her again and again, with startling regularity: the sensuous lines of the feminine leg; that hard muscled, masculine butt placed so appealingly before her eyes. The very next day, after her unexpected glimpse of the secretary's leg, young Professor Robbins felt the urge to do something she had never done before. Her students were amazed to see their professor show up for class wearing a skirt!

The floppy, checkered shirt had been replaced by a trim blouse, neatly tucked into her thin-belted waist of a black skirt. The blouse was pale violet and, while tailored in a mannish cut, it was still quite definitely a woman's blouse: its soft shade flattering to the brunette's crisp, good looks. She had found a pair of low-heeled black leather pumps, and had changed into those once in her office, just as the secretaries did.

Now, she paused in the ladies' room to study her slender, small-breasted figure in the full length mirror, noting with pleasure the way the above-the-knee length of her narrow skirt and the skin-tone pantyhose exhibited her long and shapely legs to their best advantage. She decided she looked pretty good — damned good!

If anyone noticed the startling transformation in the young professor's attire, you'd never be able to tell. The women on the faculty would studiously avoid commenting on what someone wore; though she knew they noticed. And if any of the campus males turned their heads to look twice at the tall, pretty brunette striding by with those attractive legs, they were much too cowed by politically correct thought to stare, let alone offer even the most modest compliment. Still, Paige couldn't help feeling pleased with herself as she pulled her chair up closer to the computer, eager to get to the morning's e-mails.

Paige Robbins spent a restless night, tossing and turning. The bedroom seemed insufferably close. It was hot and stuffy in the room; the tangled sheets, unbearably confining. She threw off the sheets, sat up abruptly to tear off her thin pajamas, freeing herself to sprawl out nude on top of the bed. She couldn't resist touching herself, her breasts, moving a hand down her naked body, to that place between her legs. Soon she was rocking, humping the hand jammed between her thighs, masturbating furiously. The orgasm exploded over her, intense and long, and deeply satisfying.

In the blissful aftermath she fell asleep, but the sexual fury was not done with her. That night she had the most intense wet dream she had ever had in her life! The next morning, the erotic dream stayed with her, continued to haunt her; a vivid memory that wouldn't leave her alone.

In the dream, she was in her office. She was naked, or very nearly so, wearing nothing but pantyhose and heels. But it didn't seem unusual for her to be naked; she was simply sitting there before her computer, her back to the door, when she heard a knock. Someone had entered, but she continued working as the unseen figure stepped up behind her. Dream-like she rose to her feet, leaned over her desk, lowered herself to rest on her forearms, thrusting back her pantyhose-encased rearend at the intruder. She remembered the feeling of hands on her hips, hands that slid around to lower her pantyhose, peeling them down over her jutting bottom., exposing her bottom to his eyes. She turned to look over her shoulder at the mysterious figure. It was then she saw the full face of the figure, smiling back at her with a wicked grin on his bearded face: Marcus Wolfe! His curled fingers had slipped into her pantyhose at each hip, and were tugging the stretchy nylon down her thighs, while she arched her back, presenting her naked buttocks to him, wagging her butt in lewd invitation. She shuddered at the thought of it; but a ripple of randiness slammed through her, obliterating her feelings of revulsion in its wake.

In another bedroom, several miles away, Maddie Fox had also tossed about in troubled sleep. She seldom had vivid dreams, the kind that stay with you, and she couldn't remember when she had last had an *erotic* one. But now as she sat up in bed, and took a deep breath, she tried to shake off the persistent memories from the night that seemed so real.

She had been in the arms of a mysterious stranger. He stood behind her with his lowered head buried in the crook

of her neck. His strong arms enfolded her, and his slow warm hands were moving up and down her hungry, writhing body. She was wearing a shiny silk top, and her lover was taking his time, languidly exploring her body. His hands were slowly moving the slippery material that slid over her naked breasts, while she squirmed in the intolerable heat of burgeoning arousal. Then, his lips moved, his tongue touched her, drew a wet line up her craning neck. A bold hand plunged down the front of her blouse to find and cup a small, bare breast, and fondle it in a most pleasant, dreamy caress. Her nipples were alive, tingling, the sensate tips excited, stiffening out to press into his cupping palm.

She arched back, surrendering to her masterful lover, as he felt her up and nibbled his way up her ear. Then he turned her in his arms, and she looked up for the first time, to watch in wonder as Marcus Wolfe undid the buttons down the front of her blouse, one by one, quite deliberately exposing her body to his lustful gaze. It seemed impossible; incredible. Of all people to invade her dreams! She shivered at the memory, shook herself, ran her fingers through her hair, then got up to stagger towards the bathroom.

Maddie Fox, her reddish brown hair darkly plastered to her skull, emerged from the steamy shower and meandered, stark naked, down the hall and into the bedroom. It was quiet in the house. Scott was already gone. He had left for the office early and, except for Spencer and Kate, the dogs, she had the place all to herself. She would take her time getting dressed, quite content to pad around the carpeted floor in the nude. For some reason, she was feeling slightly randy this morning. When she woke up she found Marcus Wolfe, of all people, on her mind. Images of that erotic dream came to her in bits and pieces; thoughts of the bearded lecher, Wolfe. She considered the image in a curious, detached way.

It was odd, because nowadays she never gave sex much of a thought. Scott really was sweet — an intelligent and sensitive guy, tolerant to a fault; but after seven years of marriage, both seemed to be drifting. Sex just no longer seemed very important to their marriage. She still loved Scott, but her needs were less frequent. Maddie didn't take much notice as sex faded away from their life together. She threw herself into her work, determined to carve out a niche for herself as a recognized scholar on women's issues. She traveled extensively, invited to seminars and conferences where she presented papers to like-minded women, and listened attentively to their paper, in turn.

She pulled her thoughts away from her marriage, and turned them to Paige, and the committee meeting they would face that afternoon. Maddie had pushed for them to hire Paige. She instantly liked her, and knew they thought alike. The two women were determined to transform the stodgy old Department into a leading light for professional women everywhere, raising the consciousness of all academia about the issues that really mattered.

Thoughts of the tall, cool brunette were going through her head as she plunked her naked bottom down on the satiny pillow of the vanity bench, and gazed up to confront herself in the mirror. The pixie-like face that looked back at her from under those damp bangs, met her gaze with serious, green eyes. She took in the compact shoulders and teardrop-shaped breasts — small, plump tits with just the slightest sag to them, that presented with wide brown nipples. She thought of Jennifer, a lanky kid who always sat slouched in a front seat in her "Intro" class, her long, slack-limbed body sprawled out like a lissome colt.

Jennifer was one of those free spirits, who, as far as Maddie could tell, didn't even *own* a bra. Her apple firm breasts, their well-defined nipples pressed boldly against straining T-shirts, invited the boys to look — which they did, to the point of walking into walls! Maddie watched them in

class, sneaking furtive glances at Jennifer's chest. Drooling like helpless puppy dogs!

Then, yesterday, as she was waiting for class to begin, she watched one of the boys, a guy named Kyle, who had been talking quietly to Jennifer, lean closer to whisper something into her ear. The girl giggled, and gave him a playful shove, and Kyle eased back in his chair, a pleased smile on his face. He was wearing pair of denim shorts and as he slouched back in his seat, he opened his legs, letting his knees fall apart, presenting to Maddie, who had a direct view to the boy's crotch, an unmistakable bulge, thick and hard, brazenly tenting the tight denim. The thought of that young prick, swelling up in the flush of arousal, hard and ready for the girl he was flirting with, gripped Maddie like a vise. She became aware, searingly aware, of the heightened male horniness. She could almost smell it: the sexual excitement stimulated by the jiggle of the frisky girl's unfettered breasts. Suddenly, a wave of randiness swept over her, and she had to gulp down a knot of lust and lean back against the podium for support, as she ran a hand over her brow.

Now before her mirror, she brought up a hand to cup her own left breast, hefting the little weight on her curled fingertips. An extended thumb rubbed thoughtfully over the pliant nipple. The words 'bare breasted' came to her. A wicked thought raced through her. Why not? After all, in the dearly days the burning of the bras were burnt publicly in an act that became the signature ritual of the Liberation Movement. Of course, it would be silly to actually destroy her underwear, but the thought of going around wickedly bare-breasted under her blouse, brought a smile to her lips sent a wicked thrill rippling through her.

She jumped up to slip on a pair of panties, and then stood before her closet considering a top. It was a sleeveless blouse that she selected, almost a vest, made of shiny purple silk. She buttoned the front and coaxed her

breasts into place, delighted with the feel of the slippery fabric rubbing over her nipples. The top few buttons could be left open; wide collar smoothened down into two flattened triangles.

Maddie ran her hands down her flanks and over her hips, and then back up again, to lightly cup herself through the thin slick fabric. Smiling to herself, she sat down on the bed to struggle into a pair of pantyhose, though why she chose to put up with the damned inconvenience of pantyhose, she couldn't say; but when she pulled them into place and ran her flattened hands over her nyloned haunches, she felt good. She stepped into her dark twill pants, and finally, slipped her stockinged feet into a pair of flats.

Now, completely dressed, she settled once more before her vanity, to blow dry her damp hair, rake clawed fingers through the unruly mop, fluff up the bangs. On an impulse, she opened a drawer of long-ignored cosmetics.

She selected some blush. A little makeup wouldn't hurt, she decided, even if it violated some stern feminist injunction. It had been a long time since she considered makeup at all — the primping before the mirror to make oneself more attractive (to the male of the species?); it was all sort of repugnant, if you thought about it! She knew it simply perpetuated the “sex object” myth! Paige would be shocked to see her using makeup. She was really adamant on the subject, but Maddie wasn't so sure. After all, one could only take sisterhood so far. Surely, a bit of blush to add some color to the cheeks, and maybe even a touch of lipstick, something subdued, of course. It couldn't hurt? At least, once in a while?

She sat regarding her frank cat-eyes in the mirror, large and green and thoughtful; no longer young, with crowsfeet starting to appear at their edges. She approved of the subtle definition of her now highlighted cheekbones, the muted pink lipstick, carefully blotted, that defined her pursed lips.