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Macumba Melody

By

Max Swyft

“It is said that our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ of the human body: the mind.”

Max Swyft

Chapter One

It is dusk and the tide is coming in, washing the pristine beach in foamy waves. Off to the left on the far flat horizon, the sun is a giant red fiery orb. It will sink fast, and with its sinking the empyrean will become adorned with flashing sparkles of light, like so many glittering diamonds carelessly scattered on black velvet.

I didn't go to the club tonight with Adrena (Ah dreen uh) and Ricky, instead told them I was sick, had the flu or some kind of bug. And the flu is going around. But I don't think Adrena bought it. I did my best to hold those large dark eyes, stare back.

Before they left, Ricky ducked his head in my room and smiled, said, “Coward.”

I lay there listening to Ms. Forchia's sleek black Porsche, the soft throaty engine fading as the two of them pulled away from the modest oceanfront cottage.

Rolling over I socked a pillow. The house was quiet and the soothing sound of lapping waves lulled me into a nap.

I didn't sleep long, though, got up, stepped into a top and a pair of baggy shorts, looked at my legs and feet, shook my head.

I need to get away from Adrena Forchia and I'm still thinking of a way to do it.
I'll think of something.

I always do.

An incoming breeze off the ocean smells of brine and the salty sea.

Now, walking up the beach, foamy waves washing over my bare feet, I smile. I've been in fixes before but never one quite like this.

I can just leave. Yet if I do I'd probably have to leave Macumba, too, and this is my home. I love it here. Macumba is too small a community to avoid Adrena Forchia, so my options are limited.

And there's that court date hanging over my head. Thanks to Adrena I'm out on bail. If I skip bail, leave the tall Italian woman holding the bag . . . well, that might be worse.

What guy in his right mind would skip out on such a looker, anyway?

Adrena possesses a sensuous persona unique to but a few women. Some women try to emulate her magnetic aura but seldom are successful. You either have it or you don't.

Adrena Forchia definitely has it!

Strolling along the beach, thinking of her, I feel a rise in my briefs. Two days ago, while Ricky went to the store, I was going down the hall, glanced in her room. She was at a small table looking into a mirror that Ricky had hung on the wall for her - a makeshift vanity - and saw my reflection, smiled. I paused, watched as she applied some lipstick (coral red) to those pouty lips. I know some of the colors. It's a learning experience. Adrena helps me with colors and techniques, all that other stuff I don't want to think about. I didn't realize the choices or highlights, all the things that help make your lips sexy.

Kissable

Like this thing about makeup. To be successfully applied the face needs a thorough cleansing. Witch Hazel is one popular astringent, and then pat dry. Next comes a thin layer of facial moisturizer. Let that dry and apply makeup and over that face powder.

I didn't realize women go to so much trouble to look pretty.

Adrena Forchia is my mentor and lover, changing me from the Jody Combs I know into what?

She swung around on the stool, wore only boy-short panties, slim breasts bare, proud, the areola large, complimenting thick protruding nipples.

Right away my snake pulsed. I saw her smile.

Adrena waved me in and I went over, stood in front of her.

"Do you like this shade, baby?" she teased in that soft smoky voice.

Before I answered the sexy bitch lay her hand over the rising bulge in my briefs.

"Hmm, I think you might need a little attention this morning."

"Well," I said, looking at her perky nipples, long bare legs. "Where's Ricky?"

"Gone to the store but it doesn't matter."

There were no secrets in this quaint cottage on the beach.

Adrena cupped my tumescence through the filmy briefs.

"I can always redo my lipstick," she teased, sliding the tops of the filmy shorts down, exposing my cock. "In fact, there's enough room on this bench seat. You can join me after I take care of your little problem (she slowly stroked my shaft, cupped my balls in the palm of her other hand), maybe learn something."

"Er, jeez, I don't know," I stalled, thinking about what she was saying, not really wanting to go there.

"Jody, honey . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"Do you want me to suck your cock or not?"

Her large dark eyes burned into mine, as her hands continued between my legs.

"You know I do."

Looking up at me she smiled, licked coral red lips.

"Then a little lipstick lesson will be the price."

Her hands trailed about my hips and she encircled my buttocks, patting squeezing, finding the indentation, flirting through the thin material of my brief. Her cheek was hot against my hard reality.

"You're leaking a little, sweetie. Want me to lick it?"

I put my hands in the splendor of her long black hair.

She slapped my hands away, said, "That's a no, no, baby."

I closed my eyes, felt her lips along my shaft, tongue darting, teasing, her hands moving ever upward, sliding over my stomach, reaching until devilish fingers found my chest. She massaged my chest through a filmy tee shirt, fingers finally finding stiff pebble nipples.

Adrena tugged on my nips and her mouth encircled my helmet, tongue washing, licking, driving me mad with lust.

I stood passively as she stroked my body and slowly swallowed more of my cock.

Her hands slid down my body, found mine, held them over my chest. I knew what she wanted, looked down as more shaft disappeared into her hot wet mouth.

One hand slowly stroked my shaft as she fellated me.

I dropped my hands to my sides.

Her eyes opened and she took her mouth off my cock, frowned.

"Play with your nipples, darling. I insist."

"But I ..."

"No buts, hon. Do it. You need to get in touch with your erogenous zones."

There was more to it than that but I let it go.

She didn't take my cock back in her mouth until I returned my hands to my chest, tugged on my nipples.

Adrena went to work on my penis, alternating with her hands and that large sensuous mouth, holding the crown just inside full pouty lips.

Her tongue swirled over my glans as those magic hands danced along my shaft.

She opened her eyes, glanced upward, satisfied that I was stimulating my nipples.

She sucked and swallowed, took it to the back of her mouth, slowly withdrew, used her hands, alternating, sucking and jacking, teasing my crown with lips and tongue.

I flexed my hips, tried to find her throat but Adrena seemed to move with my thrusts, keeping up those expert ministrations, prolonging the inevitable . . . making me want it all the more.

What a consummate bitch!

I wanted to grab her head, drive my lance down her throat, make her pay for what she was doing to me.

Even in the throes of impending orgasm, I wanted to get away from her, all the dark fetishes, what she was making of me.

But I can't deny her, or her depraved will.

My glans hummed and she renewed her effort.

Emitting a guttural cry, I exploded into her mouth.

She kept jacking and sucking, keeping my cockhead near her compressed lips.

It was like a knotted cord was being ripping through my urethra, draining me of precious essence. Adrena made sure she got it all, working my cock, holding her mouth on me.

I tried to pull away but she held me fast.

Finally my tormentor took her mouth off me.

Our eyes locked, her dark orbs glistening with lust and triumph.

No coral red lipstick on those thick lips now, just glistening semen, some of it in runnels down her chin.

I watched as she scooped it on a forefinger, sucked it into her mouth.

How could I leave something like this, I wondered, as I scuffed along in the surf, looking at my toenails, legs, how I was dressed. I'm still surprised how easily and quickly she achieved her desired results. All of it had been wrapped up in silky trappings of sensuous delight.

Few men could resist such a tall beautiful woman or her sexy seduction.

The baggy shorts barely conceal my revived tumescence.

Not far up the beach is the MacCaulley place, mother and son, and, of course, the twins - Paris Hilton wannabes. Inga, Ian's mother, is home now and the future of this pristine stretch of beach may well lay in her hands. Ian wants to sell this coveted land which has been in the family for generations, since the Keys were first settled. While Inga's been away, it's been left to Ian to manage the family's dwindling fortune. Rumor is, Ian hasn't done a very good job of managing the family's affairs. The twins, Ingrid and Iris, are in from Miami Beach. The slender sleek, golden toned goddesses look fresh off the pages of Cosmo or Vogue. But the bookend blondes are greedy bitches. They are urging their brother to sell out to land developers, real estate moguls and hotel barons, a consortium that wants to put up extravagant hotels and condos, turn Macumba Key into another tourist trap.

As if there isn't enough of that already in Florida.

My feet have kicked the sand around this part of the coast for many a year. Enough snowbirds migrate here during winter. Just enough. Life in the Keys is slow and sunny. I for one, want to keep it that way.

So does Adrena Forchia, herself a snowbird from Cyrenaica. Not so long ago she bought the Pink Chameleon, is renovating the place, competing with all those other provocative clubs in the Keys; La-Te-Da, Tea by the Sea, The Crystal Room, just to name a few. During the winter Randy Roberts usually headlines at the Crystal. She's made several guest appearances at the Pink Chameleon, always packs 'em in, does that girl.

I look out at the ocean. An incoming breeze flirts with my long blond hair. The gigantic red sphere of the sun has slipped below the horizon. Gazing above at the dark velvet curtain, stars begin to twinkle brighter, which makes me think of a Jimmy Buffet tune. His songs, that laid-back attitude, dominate the atmosphere here on Macumba Beach.

Thinking of JB, sparks another memory; Captain Tony Tarracino, proprietor of Captain Tony's Saloon. Jimmy Buffet immortalized Captain Tony on his album, "Last Mango In Paradise," The Legend Of Captain Tony. Tony was around before Jimmy, was once the mayor of Old Key West.

As it gets darker, like so many diamonds, the stars go on and on, farther than the eye can see.

Diamonds . . .

I should've never stole that ring.

But the fat cow had so much bling I thought she'd never miss it.

But she did.

Miriam Webster discovered my sleight of hand after flying back to Boston, must have figured out my subterfuge, reported it as stolen and turned me in.

Services rendered, is what I figured.

Making the supreme sacrifice, I even ate the cow's pussy one night.

Jeez, I'd earned the price of that ring.

I thought the plump middle-aged tourist an easy target. And she was! I'd went to see Al, an old buddy who bartended at The Conch Bar, hoping he would help me out of my sudden predicament. I'd just been kicked from my crib by another rich bitch who had class and wealth and . . . bling, to say nothing of a usually absent husband who was of substantial wealth.

Betty Auriworth had been keeping me up for months, from a nice apartment to clothes and enough denaro to take her out to the finest restaurants and clubs. The one thing Betty wouldn't tolerate though, was another woman.

She'd laid the ground rules from the very start. Other women were verboten. I was to be exclusively hers. There was no other way. She'd made it plain enough when she set me up with money, clothes and a nice crib.

But that's how she caught me, boning a young leggy blonde. I was drilling the coquette on the very satin sheets that her husband's money had bought. The babe and me had scored some smoke and went right to the workbench, only to be interrupted by buxom Betty. The harridan was quite upset, ordered me gone or pay the consequences. The consequences being her chauffeur, a rather formidable broad-shouldered — no doubt on steroids — hulk who could crack walnuts in the crook of his arm.

So I beat feet, went to my buddy Al with my tale of woe. Low and behold, what was sitting a couple stools away but Miriam Webster, of the Boston Webster's, on vacation and ripe for the plucking, wearing a sarong dress that hardly disguised her plump figure.

Plucked her I did, copping a little bling as I saw her off on a plane which would take her back from whence she came, back to Boston and her banking career.

One night I took her to Kelps Oyster House. Afterward she insisted on seeing the Pink Chameleon, had read about it in the tourist brochures, couldn't believe the appearance, the dilapidated facade of the derelict building, a faded and peeling sign announcing Diamond Brothers Imports.

Now of course, since Adrena Forchia's acquisition, the facade has been renovated, a new storefront complete with a new sign: The Pink Chameleon, which is bordered in pink and yellow neon lights. As an afterthought, at the urging of Rene Dehaven and others, Adrena kept the old Diamond Brothers Import sign. The townspeople and regulars know the Pink Chameleon by the Diamond Brothers Import sign, so it survived the renovations.

Miriam and I met Rene Dehaven in the flesh that night.

We were seated at a table near the new owner who was entertaining two young babes. Later I learned it was Iris and Ingrid MacCaulley sitting with her, openly flirting with anyone and everyone who dared to look at them.

Days later, after fortifying her with wine and seeing Miriam off on her plane to Boston - after hocking the diamond ring - I ran into Adrena Forchia per chance in the Treasure Ship Lounge at the Marriot. Macumba is a somewhat small community. I was on the hunt again for any rich bitch, tourist or local, who wouldn't mind buying my companionship.

Adrena was with her companion, Ricky, and Ian MacCaulley. She invited me out to the beach for drinks and to watch the glorious Florida sun set over the ocean.

A nice tranquil setting for the two of us to get acquainted.

It was about then that my scheming and good luck nose-dived into the toilet.

There we were, sipping fruity and frothy drinks, when two of Macumba's finest approached, inquired as to my identity and promptly slapped the cuffs on me. I was just sizing up the olive-skinned leggy Adrena Forchia when I got busted.

She came to my rescue, had her attorney bail me out.

That's how I became indebted to the strong-willed knockout from Cyrenaica.

Had I known then about her intentions, I might not have been so eagerly rescued.

Off in the distance I see the fuzzy glow of lights. It's the MacCaulley place that sits back from the beach. A great room with high windows overlooks a large deck which faces the ocean, this the stately structure where Ira MacCaulley was found murdered. I didn't know any of these people then, only read about them in the papers, heard the rumors.

As I meander up the beach, frothy waves bathe my feet. Once again I look at my toes, wonder of my predicament and what's coming. Faking illness will only prolong the inevitable. I sense Adrena isn't endeared to slackers or that she possesses much capacity for patience.

Ricky, her longtime companion, is very encouraging. I remember the day Ricky and I strolled up this beach going after Adrena, who was trying to persuade Ian from selling out to the land barons and developers. She did not migrate from Cyrenaica to the relative restrained lifestyle of the Keys only to have it spoiled by high-rises, condos, extravagant hotels and an insurmountable influx of tourists.

That's why a woman of her means leased one of the three modest cottages down the beach from the MacCaulley's. It is secluded and private, practically devoid of tourists, the human flotsam of large cities.

She forsake Cyrenaica for sunnier climes, left the pollution, the crime, the teeming masses behind.

Many of us who love this spit of sand want to preserve it, keep out the infection of people and greedy developers, all of what would certainly follow.

Inadvertently my path is drawn from the sea toward the lights coming from the high windows of the great room of the MacCaulley place. Peering at the windows the place looks deserted.

I recall strolling here with Ricky not so long ago. We'd come up to get Adrena from her meeting with Ian MacCaulley. I had been bailed out that afternoon, went to see my friend

Al at the Conch Bar, had him drop me off at the Chameleon Club, the two of us riding in style in his restored vintage Cadillac convertible.

I'd taken his kidding about the club good-naturedly, was there to see my benefactor, Adrena Forchia. Adrena hadn't arrived yet but Rene Dehaven was there, kept me company, met me at the front bar which was separated by a wall from the show lounge.

I remember following the statuesque Rene through the deserted show lounge, around the stage and down a hall past the girls' dressing room into Adrena's office. She left me, went after drinks. I sat there, leafed through entertainment magazines advertising other clubs in the Keys, felt a little embarrassed by my thoughts about Rene Dehaven, how she got my blood pumping.

Rene returned with a rock glass, Grey Goose over rocks with a twist of lime. Just the way I like it.

Adrena wasn't coming in till late and Rene offered to take me out to the beach where Adrena lived. Once there Ricky took me up the beach to the MacCaulley place.

Now as I approach the pretentious place, long narrow rectangles of light streak across part of the large wooden deck, the rest of it cast in shadows by the three-story house, what some might call a mansion

A mansion on the beach. Kind of sounds like lyrics from a yet penned Jimmy Buffet ballad.

On the deck are several loungers built of wood in Adirondack style. It wouldn't hurt to rest a bit before heading back to Adrena's quaint cottage.

Uncertain of trespassing, I hesitate near the steps of the deck and a familiar pungent aroma tickles my nose, the hint of cannabis in the air.

I hear a titter, glance at the shadowy recesses in the corner of the deck.

"We've got company sis."

It's one of the twins, Iris or Ingrid. The two blondes are matching bookends and hard to differentiate.

"Hark! Who goes there?" mimics one of them.

"Could it be a seafaring stranger," says the other one and giggles.

A spot of glowing ember briefly illuminates a pretty face.

"Perhaps a well-endowed sailor?" pans the other.

These two aren't the riot they pretend. In fact, the two of them are a little scary. You never see one without the other. "It's me," I say, hesitantly going up the steps, "Jody Combs."

"We're smoking a Fat Boy, Jody."

"Come sit with us, honey, there's room for one more."

I just make them out, reclining in a double lounger, two pairs of long tan legs peeking from abbreviated terrycloth robes.

"All alone, Jody?" one of them wonders. Iris, I think but can't be sure.

The other one pats the lounge between them, smiles.

Not much room between them.

I stand at the foot of the lounge, watch one twin pass the Fat Boy to the other.

"There's room for you, honey. You can help us smoke this Fat Boy. Ingrid rolled one that would make Willie Nelson proud."

They stare at me expectantly. I feel like I'm being sized up, as if the two of them are hungry and at the butcher, staring through the glass at a piece of meat.

I shiver involuntarily.

"I like your hair, Jody," says the one I think is Ingrid. "Did Ricky do it?"

"Uhm, no," I say. "She took me to a salon."

"Ricky knows her stuff," says the other one. "But I bet you know that."

The two of them exchange a chilly smile, and one pats the lounge again.

Knowing I shouldn't, I kneel on the lounge, slip between them.

Maybe it's Ingrid. She passes me the expertly rolled joint, tells me to have a toke.

As I draw the acrid smoke into my lungs they both sort of move on their sides, caress my bare legs.

"Ooh, I like your legs," says Iris (?), and her hand moves into my lap, searching, kneading, making me squirm.

No preamble with these two.

"Is that a Fat Boy you have your hand on, sis?"

"Hmm, it'll do."

"And the holidays so close," says the other.

The holidays are close, makes me think of mother and Aunt Linda, where and what my dad is doing now that he and mom are divorced.

"We wanna party, Jody. Wanna party with us?"

I expel the smoke I've been holding in my lungs, feel the familiar rush, wonder; what's a guy a to do.

Chapter Two

From my office I pass by the dressing room. The door is open and I see Ricky helping one of the newer girls with her hair and makeup. I had doubts about bringing Ricky from Cyrenaica to Macumba Beach with me but I see now it was the right decision.

The first show is at ten but it's still a little early.

From the hall beside the dance floor I watch Rene Dehaven escort a couple to a table. The woman is in a white muslin pantsuit and flat sandals, the man wears tan slacks and a white muslin sport coat. He wears canvas boat shoes on bare feet.

Tourists most probably. Curious about the club and the lifestyle, maybe feeling a little adventurous. Since buying the Pink Chameleon I've learned this happens frequently; a carefree couple on vacation, fortified with exotic frothy drinks, feeling frisky, partaking of forbidden fruit. Letting go, doing what they wouldn't do back home. Then returning home and telling about all they've seen, the decadent lifestyle in the Keys, but leaving out the part about taking on one or more of the girls.

Rene Dehaven catches my eye, looks around the show lounge which is about half full. She shrugs. The second show usually has the best crowd.

Rene looks good tonight, wears a short, form-fitting skirt that accents her booty and generously displays those long, long legs, her feet in modest heeled sandals. Slim breasts are hidden by an open vest that compliments a billowy white long sleeve blouse.

Before I bought the club Rene was the headliner. She was reluctant to give up the stage but I convinced her to be my hostess. I've provided her a most provocative wardrobe for her new role as fem fatale extraordinaire. Her small apartment won't accommodate all the outfits so she keeps some of them in a locked closet here at the club in the girls' dressing room.

On rare occasions she dons one of those outfits, wears it on stage to the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Catcalls and shrill whistling usually accompany her appearance. Indeed, when Rene is up there wearing either leather, latex, or body-hugging spandex, she looks like she's just stepped off the pages of one of those glossy fetish catalogs.

Most of the men - and some women — melt at her feet.

It's amazing that so many men want to debase themselves in front of her. A sure sign of the changing roles of the sexes. Angelia, my mother, educated me early about the emerging matriarchy of our society; how readily men are to recognize women as their superior.

Rene comes over. "Looks like a slow night, Adrena."

"It's early. Maybe we'll get a better crowd for the late show."

"Have the detectives been around this evening? I was running late," she says.

"No." I frown, thinking of Connie Fairchild, a.k.a. Conrad Ferris. His mother came to town, claimed the body. I met her, discreetly slipped her money for funeral expenses and getting poor Connie back home, somewhere in Ohio. Connie was before my time but I am not without sympathy for the girls.

I look at Rene. "You and Connie were close. Do you have any idea what happened?"

Rene slowly shakes her head and her eyes go sad. "Connie was good people."

"She did drugs."

Rene gives me a look. "That's not a question."

"Well?"

"I don't know, Adrena. Like most everybody else she did a little pot."

I search her face for a lie, can't tell, decide to set her straight. "A lot of us don't do drugs, Rene. Not even pot."

Rene gives me the stone-face, changes the subject. "I thought this was Jody's first night."

I frown. "He's stalling, claims he's got the flu. I may have to take him in hand."

Rene smiles. "I could take him over my lap, wear one of my outfits, get him to come around."

"Yeah, that sounds good. But you might scare him off. I don't want him to rabbit on us."

"Well, he already looks good."

"A natural, eh?"

"I like him," she says, smiling. "That day Ricky took him around to the spas and salon, shopping and all. It was quick the way you did it and I sensed he was almost comfortable with it."

I nod. "I think he secretly likes it, or is at least willing to accept it."

"Uh-huh, but he won't admit it. That night I took him out to your place he was hard as a rock, kept looking at me. He just sat there in my Jimmy when I kissed him."

I chuckle. Rene Dehaven is tall, has a strong feminine persona. "Rene, you'll get your chance."

"You're not saving him for yourself?" she says, giving me a look.

"Yes. However, I'm willing to share. You know what I want, what I like. Ricky's befriended him. Not only that. She's crazy about him but doesn't want me to know. For all I know the two of them may already be intimate."

"They're two of a kind, I think," Rene speculates. "He's clever. Maybe he's waiting for a chance to stroll out on you. Wouldn't surprise me. He's a player. From what I've heard he's been living off wealthy women."

I smile, think of running into him at the Marriot when I was with Ian MacCaulley and Ricky. We'd went out to the beach to watch the sunset and he was busted by Norton and his chubby sidekick. "Playing the gigolo got him trouble. When those detectives busted him I was sure he was about to make a play for me."

Rene nods, looks over the crowd, senses their restlessness waiting for the show to start.

We both turn as a waiter pushes open the double doors from the front bar. We hear the jukebox, the music louder, funneling into the show lounge through the doors.

I make a mental note to have the volume turned down on the auxiliary speakers from the juke.

"Ah," says Rene, "more customers."

She walks off to greet them. I marvel at her stature, how good she looks . . . how convincing.

The Past (early 2000s), Cyrenaica

Bill Clinton puts an exclamation point at the end of his immoral presidency when he pardons a large group of people who were considered unpardonable. Welfare reform looks to be successful. Clinton takes credit for it, but the reform was largely due to his opponents. Hillary makes history by running successfully for the New York senate seat, the first woman to do so. The Internet proves to be a boom to the economy and makes up for the administration's confiscatory taxes. But as the boom slows the country tilts into recession.

As George W. Bush rises to power, so does Starbucks coffee, a Seattle based firm which is yet to become a household name. A relative rookie to politics, Bush brings with him experienced personal, Dick Cheney, Donald Rumsfeld, and others. He makes history by appointing Colin Powell as the first African American Secretary of State.

Crime is on the decline, has been so for several years. "More Guns means Less Crime," is a mantra that proves to be true, but left wing liberals ignore the stats, claim America is unsafe. New immigrants from India, Iran, and Pakistan invade large cities, as well as an influx of Latinos from Mexico. Wal-Mart begins to flex its muscle, opens outlets in small towns and near suburbs.

Angelia Forchia was buying a small chain of boutiques from Rita Rysler, who was an enthusiastic feminist and member of The Sisterhood. The two women shared the common bond of female superiority. That was how Adrena met Rita's son, Ricky Rysler, purely by chance while visiting one of the salons. Adrena had accompanied her mother who was going over the books, finding ways to trim overhead, save money. In this way Adrena's mother, who was a successful financial officer at one of Cyrenaica's larger banking institutions, hoped to make some if not most of the payments on the bank note.

Ricky was brought up in and around salons. For a time he broke the strong apron strings to his mother, moved to New York and quickly started doing hair and makeup for up and coming fashion models. For one so young, he quickly built a name for himself.

Ricky had been back in Cyrenaica for several months, working at the newest boutique, when Adrena and Angelia Forchia happened into the salon. Though making good money, living in the fast lane in Greenwich Village had taken a financial toll on the poor boy, and his mother quickly tired of sending money to her pride and joy.

She refused his last tearful petition for assistance but promised to set him up if only he'd move back home, work at one of her salons. Not under the thumb of his domineering

mother, he enthusiastically partook of many of the sinful temptations in the Big Apple. At the time Ricky was embroiled in a ménage B trios with a cute bisexual girl and her boyfriend who were living an open and free lifestyle in the Village. Confused and frustrated with the changing emotions and relationships of the love triangle, he reluctantly agreed to move back to Cyrenaica. His mother set him up in his own modest apartment in Old Town and put him to work at her newest boutique.

While Adrena's mother and Rita Rysler were in the office going over the books, Adrena roamed about the spanking new boutique that provided tanning beds, nail care, massage therapy and all manner of hair, facial and body products.

Near the back by the tanning booths, Adrena spied the rather effeminate looking boy as he worked on an older woman's hair. He fussed and traipsed around the dowager - one of his mother's oldest friends - sniping here, forming there, doting on this woman, completely consumed in his work. He wore tight black slacks with no back pockets and through a white ruffled-front shirt, she saw the outline of a thin-strapped tee shirt or cammi.

Adrena stood back, watched as he moved about, his movements graceful and somehow lyrical. In her thirties, Adrena was no stranger to effeminate young men. Indeed, she'd learned early on, while still in high school and later in college, that dating such boys had desirable consequences and advantages.

Her father, who she dearly loved, was no match for her mother's ambition and strong will.

Angelia had moved quickly up the financial ladder at the bank. After years of laborious work and promotions, Angelia became an officer in Investment banking.

As Angelia's career thrived, her husband's declined. It was a gradual process and Adrena found herself at home often with her father. They became close, shopped, cooked, went to movies together. Though Angelia hid her extramarital affairs, her daughter as well as her husband realized that the strong-willed woman's late nights were not all consumed by banking and investment strategies for wealthy clients.

As Adrena grew into pubescence she occasionally overheard the two of them in what was then a modest home. Her mother taunted her husband, ridiculed his manliness, even hinted of her affairs with men who could provide her with the pleasure she deserved.

At the time, young Adrena thought the sexual games her mother and father played, were quite unusual and bizarre, at least those she overheard or accidentally observed.

Angelia ruled the roost. As her daughter developed into a young coltish woman, Angelia educated her about men and the ways of The Sisterhood. During her college years Adrena joined the Cythera Coterie, learned more about profound feminism, the dominant role that women played in it and other organizations, and the continuing subservient involvement of men.

Standing in the busy boutique, Adrena recalled years ago meeting her mother downtown in The Canyons at the Cythera Club, relaxing in the Corona Room after a light lunch, sipping brandy and talking. Adrena didn't suspect the truth about some of the cute waitresses that hovered nearby, refilling snifters, emptying ashtrays and waiting on the

women in the smoking chamber. While some women smoked cigarettes, others smoked cigars.

Angelia told her daughter about some of these traditionally dressed waitresses, what was hidden under their skirts and petticoats, tucked smoothly into ruffled panties. By then Angelia was in the process of divorcing her husband. Knowing how close Adrena was to her father, Angelia hoped she wouldn't judge her too harshly for the separation.

Adrena's concern was for her father. Angelia reassured her that he was being provided for by another woman of the coterie who would see to his financial well being, while continuing to cultivate his gradual submission. Angelia had been developing her husband's submissiveness almost from the beginning of their marriage. From the beginning her dominance was subtle. With time his gradual submission became sensual and addictive.

Adrena, still young, attending college, had already enjoyed the joys of administering and dominating submissive male students, and, on occasion, emasculating other males. Though her experience at that age was limited she took to the dominant role naturally.

She was, however, a little confused about certain aspects of the lifestyle. It seemed there was a strong desire in a lot of women of the Cythera Coterie to enjoy trysts with masculine, well-endowed men. Adrena felt the need for it at times, and knew that her mother had taken several masculine lovers over the years.

Angelia chuckled and sipped brandy. "Yes, that's true. It is best at these times of raw lust and predilection to let the brute know who is really in charge. Ordering around an oiled Adonis is easy when his cock is flush with blood. All men are ruled by their lust. Even those who are not easily tamed. You will learn what you prefer as you explore. One technique a lot of us use, especially while training an effeminate young man or sissy, is to have them present. In that way they can see how a muscled masculine man performs. Having your submissive present reinforces his helplessness and indirectly encourages femininity.

Angelia paused, held her daughter's eye. "It is delightful to make the sissy or submissive participate in such affairs. Always in a demeaning role of course."

Fussing over the customer's hair, Ricky Rysler paused, looked over his shoulder, saw the elegant woman with the long black hair staring at him. The woman's hairstyle triggered an old memory. His mother teaching him about hair at a very young age, telling him about some woman he'd never heard of - Veronica Lake - an old movie actress, a blond who had distinctive flowing hair. This woman whose hair was not blond, but black, wore hers in much the same manner.

Ricky felt a little uncomfortable under the woman's intense stare, those eyes so alive and dark, boring into him, as if she was looking into his very soul. And liking what she saw. It sent a little shiver down his back.

He blushed, had to look away, flitted about the old woman in the chair, pretended to be occupied.

Later in his mother's office, Ricky met this dark-skinned Italian woman. She asked him to lunch. Surprised and feeling an undefined foreboding, Ricky accepted.