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# Macumba Melody

**Part Two**

**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

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## Chapter Eight

This is surreal. It's Saturday night, the final show. The showroom is packed, the beer and booze is

flowing and it's so damn quiet it's unreal. My legs are not so shaky now. This is my fourth set. I

did the closing show Friday night. Adrena said it would be like a practice.

When I got up there late Friday night I thought I'd pee my panties. I was that scared. I don't know how I got through the number, a slow Stevie Nicks ballad. I wore a long, form-fitting ankle length gown that was split in front, my feet tucked into three inch heels. I wore the heels all afternoon Friday, Ricky giving me tips on how to walk; take smaller steps, don't mince but get used to putting one foot directly in front of the other. That's how the runway models do it. Of course I wore sheer pantyhose to accent my legs which Rene claims is my best feature.

And she's right about that. It's amazing how good a guy's legs look without hair and in heels, even flats. My elongated muscles add to the feminine illusion. Ricky used makeup on my clean shaven chest to give me false cleavage. That and the aqua bags in the pushup bra made it look like I had slim but real breasts. My blond hair fell past my shoulders in a single large curl and I wore a gaff to make me smooth between the legs.

All the "girls" in the dressing room agreed. I could go out in public and wouldn't be clocked.

The spots followed me around the stage and, heart in throat, I parroted the words. When the number was over there was a lot of clapping, even a few whistles. And three guys were standing there at the edge of the stage waiting for me to come over, take their tips and buss their cheeks.

I did, too. Smiled, looked into adoring eyes. No doubt about what they wanted. I wanted to tell these eager boys I wasn't gay. Two of them sent me drinks, hung around after I got off stage. The fools wanted a date. I told Rene and she said she'd send them away.

I couldn't believe it. How well it went. And Rene was right about the tips.

Between shows some of the other "girls" told me stories about other dragons. Some of them were married. Many wives approved. Some of the drag queens had long time girlfriends. Most of them got along. Some of the women whose guys and husbands played the clubs even enjoyed ménage B trios with other men or dragons. Sometimes even the tourist or admirer wives participated.

Listening to these tales I wondered if it were true.

Now as I move about the stage ... glide ... I still have fear but not as much. I'm the new kid on the block. Ricky told me not to let it go to my head. New blood always makes the boys pant, gives them diamond cutters.

I stand at the edge of the stage, wear a short black skirt that is pulled taut across my thighs. My legs are in black pantyhose, feet shod in three inch spikes. I mouth the words of the Stevie Nicks song, look at the four guys standing in front of the stage beneath me.

Each of them holds money in their hands. From the tips I got earlier most of the money is fives with a few scattered tens. An occasional cheapskate will pass a couple dollars. All these guys want me. They know it's an illusion but they want to have sex with me anyway.

It's sort of flattering. I need to put the word out that I'm heterosexual. Not quite like them. But it might diminish tips. Ricky told me not to let them know about my sexual preferences. Just take the money and flirt with them. Which is what I'm doing. Flirting as I sing the song.

Between shows the juke is turned on and many of the patrons lock-up on the dance floor. Adrena encourages the girls to work the crowd and they ... we ... are often asked to dance. So far I've shied away from dancing between sets, but like the other girls, I have joined customers at their tables, had a drink with them, even flirted a little. The wives and girlfriends are always nice.

Now I squat and take this older guy's hand, lean forward, kiss his cheek.

I move on to each of them, take their bucks and buss their cheeks.

One of them whispers to me, "I want you real bad, baby. I'm willing to pay."

"Sorry, I'm spoken for, honey."

The last guy is short, brown-skinned. Hispanic I think. His dark eyes peek up my skirt and I stand over him, put one foot forward, tease him a little. I remember peeking up gals skirts, trying to see all the way to "heaven."

He's doing the same. Though what I got up my skirt isn't the same.

He wraps a hand around my ankle, makes it awkward for me to retreat.

Nothing to do but squat, knees together.

I pry his hand from around my ankle. "That's not nice, sweetie. You're not supposed to handle the merchandise."

"You putas all the same."

Maybe so, amigo, but you'll never find out.

He pushes a bill into my hand and I palm it, stand up. I blow him a kiss, feel his fingers hard on my ankle as he reluctantly gives me up. I look into his brooding face and dark eyes. A little involuntary shiver runs down my back as I step back from the edge of the stage.

The number is about over.

The spot grows smaller as Stevie finishes the torch song, I mimic and glide back, my fist clutching the tips.

Later I find a fifty among the fives, tens, and one twenty.

The fifty disturbs me. I know it's from the Mexican. I wonder how I can get it back to him, let him know this girl's not for sale.

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He strolls along the shore, hands in pockets, a blustery wind off the ocean billowing the long baggy nylon pants he wears. Above, unseen clouds blot out some of the starry firmament. It's going to rain soon but he doesn't care if he's caught in it.

Things have become complicated since the transvestite's death. Death...that's not really right now, is it, he thinks. It's murder. The word sends a little shiver along his spine. Suddenly the money isn't so important now.

Getting away still is.

But that will have to wait until everything blows over.

He still has all the money. A lot of it.

He needed it to be one of the investors. A minor player for sure, but the projected profits from shore development were astronomical.

He had it all figured out, too. An offshore account in the Bahamas where his share was to be deposited and added to over time. He could draw on it whenever needed. And he'd found a small place on St. Martin, or somewhere near South Beach. He figured he get a pilot's license and small plane, come back to Florida when he wanted.

Everything was falling into place, just like he planned.

But the tranny's death, well that changes everything.

He stops, faces the ocean, the wind blowing his hair, buffeting the baggy nylon pants. He shakes his head, peers at the black ocean.

Now everything is different.

Conrad getting offed makes it all complicated.

Now everything's turned to shit.

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I ask about Wendy whose name is on the rusty pole sign by the street, on the door, too. Wendy's Whistle Stop Diner. Nobody seems to know who she is, just the long-forgotten proprietor of the old railroad diner that everyone claims has been here since time immemorial. Though it's a greasy spoon I like the old time decor. Chrome and wood, sort of rustic, the once burnished wood now dull, having lost its luster long ago. We sit in the one of the booths along the window side. Sparse traffic passes by outside on Palmetto. A narrow isle separates the booths and the Formica counter which is marked by short red vinyl upholstered stools where sit a couple customers.

Through the window opening behind the counter a cook prepares our food; eggs, hash browns, a cheese omelet, pancakes, a double cheese burger for Jody. Coming from a faux old Rock Ola at the other end of the diner, Jimmy Buffet is going up to San Francisco wearing his hush puppies, the music courtesy of Jody who looks a little crammed sitting in the booth beside Rene. He's humming along with his island idol but it's barely audible.

Good thing, too. Jody might be a J.B. wannabe but he needs the proverbial bucket.

After closing the club, Rene and Ricky suggested coming here.

This early the railroad diner isn't crowded. Yet the couple in the back don't go unnoticed by any of us. Rene tells me who the girl is; Darlene Johnson, once old man's MacCaulley's mistress. Ira and her had a thing going before he turned up suddenly dead all those years ago.

She and Norton Norris seem an unlikely couple but maybe they're both early risers.

A chubby waitress wearing a stained apron comes by, refills our coffee cups, gives Jody the once over. He ignores her, gives Rene a quick, almost startled look. Makes me wonder what Rene's hand is doing under the table.

The thought brings a smile and I say, "Jody, you did very well tonight."

He tries to scoot closer to the window in the small booth, put a little distance between him and Rene. "I tripped a couple of times in those ridiculously high heels Rene insisted I wear." He shoots her a look of disapproval, gets a smile in return.

"Nobody noticed, sugar."

"You were great," adds Ricky.

"Had a lot of the clientele standing at the stage," I say encouragingly. "Several women, too."

He smiles. "Now the women I can handle."

"I'm jealous," pans Rene. "All those guys and gals flocking to the stage, tripping over themselves to give you the money."

Ricky bumps my leg with hers. "Jody you looked good up there in the spotlight. Already you have most of the moves."

I suppress a smile. He's basking in the praise but doesn't want to seem too eager. Trying to be modest, yet eating it up. One thing this guy's not is modest.

"Yes, Adrena," coos Rene. "Our girl here is going to be a star!"

Jody gives Rene another look, is about to say something when the waitress appears with our food. Conversation dies as we all dig in.

To my surprise the cheese omelet is quite good.

Later Norton Norris and Darlene Johnson stop by our table on their way out. An unlit cigarette hangs from the corner of thin lips. He's going to brace me about the Connie Fairchild murder but then surprises me, doesn't bring it up. This guy makes me weary. He's just too nice but a definite improvement over his sidekick, Melvis Morris.

Those tired eyes rest on Jody and I try to see what he sees: A slender and tanned good looking guy with long blond hair done in a large girlish flip, hangs below the shoulders. A remnant of mascara clings to now curly lashes and compliments large azure blue eyes, eyebrows femininely arched. The shirt he wears is ribbed cotton, has lace at the short sleeves and reveals a smooth upper chest area in the low square neckline. I bought him the shirt which is not too fru-fru but definitely fem. Slender hands are accented by longer, lacquered fingernails...a bit much for a guy.

Norton hopes we enjoy our early breakfast, takes Darlene by the elbow and they move toward the door. Darlene gives Jody a backward glance and then whispers something to Norris.

Thinking about Melvis Morris, I decide to have another go at his mother at the municipal building tomorrow. The woman is determined to bring in condo and motel developers, make Macumba Beach just another tourist trap.

I've heard talk of an amusement park, too. God, does the world really need another Disney Land? The thought makes me ill.

Macumba is such a nice place, laid-back and untainted by the masses. We don't need more hotels and condos here, spoiling the untarnished atmosphere and pristine beaches.

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Waves roll along the sandy shore, reach my ears through the open bedroom window of the quaint cottage. A candle flickers in a gentle breeze from the open window, casting floating shadows on the wall. Dawn will soon be upon us, and soon, after Jody's reward, the three of us will fall into an exhausted sleep...perhaps in the same bed.

Though reluctant to go on stage, Jody has outperformed my expectations, thus I'm rewarding him, giving him my sweet Ricky's talented mouth, who knells beside the bed trailing soft kisses along the inside of his legs, from knees to inner thighs.

We are all three naked. My breasts are pressed into Jody's back, my legs wide, thighs cradling his hips. I slide my hands under his arms, peer over his shoulder as Ricky gets closer to his erect prize. I gently circle his areola with my palms and when finally I finger his nipples they are already hard, like pebbles made smooth from a babbling brook.

I tenderly cup his pecs. They are a bit fleshy from the pills. The pectoral exercises Ricky has taught him will help round them out with time. The lotions and creams have also helped soften his chest and bloat the nipples. Not as pronounced as Ricky's but coming along nicely.

At the club I watched Jody perform on stage from my usual table along the bar-side wall. My initial instincts were correct. He's going to make a convincing female mimic. Indeed, the more he is under my tutelage the more feminine he will become, and, the better lover for me.

I've thought about throwing caution to the wind, increasing his regime of phytoestrogen, the one with the Black Cohosh root in it. Phytoestrogens have estrogenic effects, are estrogen-like compounds contained in certain plants and berries. Phytoestrogens support female hormone levels by mirroring and increasing estrogen effects on the body. Herbs and berries containing phytoestrogens also have other compounds, such as flavonoids, which control the effects of other hormones.

Unlike pharmaceutical estrogens they do not induce unfavorable side effects which commonly occur with the more potent, chemical versions.

Phytoestrols provide hormonal building blocks and allow the body to create the precise amounts of hormones needed to enhance a more feminine persona. Using phytoestrol-rich herbs eliminates the need for excess chemical hormones and takes the guess work out of knowing the proper dosage. A smorgasbord of choices...all these herbal pills found in Nature's greenery...helps the body create the hormones it needs from the building blocks supplied by the plants. The phytoestrogens eliminate the excess harmful estrogen from the kidneys and liver.

When Ricky first started out I gave her a breast pump, look at Jody and wonder if I can con him into using one.

He is a flight risk. I don't want him to bolt the nest, find greener pastures elsewhere. The one thing I've got going for me is the locale. This is his home and he wants to stay here. So the sweet guy is torn between rejecting this alternate lifestyle and staying put.

Though he pretends reluctance, I recognize his attraction to the life, its bent glamour and the lure of the stage. His vanity and pretentious personality are an asset for us and keeps him within our influence. I think he secretly likes the attention he's received both on and off the stage.

I suspect given time, Jody and Ricky will become lovers. That's fine with me. The spice of a ménage B trios with two fem boys makes my juices flow. I'm going to encourage Rene to push him over the edge, too. She can't deny she's taken with him. Her larger than life physical presence and dominant personality have already served me well. She has entertained several wealthy friends of mine from the north. Friends, which shall I say, have peculiar tastes. Many wives, especially after learning of the exotic ways of the Cythera Coterie, have seduced their husband's into our lifestyle by controlling their libido.

We are all jaded to some degree, whether we want to admit it or not.

I tug on Jody's swollen nipples, feel the heat between my legs, the wetness as I push my pelvis into his backside.

Ricky has yet to fondle his unit. She rubs her palms along his smooth girlish thighs as she kisses his balls, licks them and gently sucks each one into her mouth, alternating, drawing on the bloated jewels, teasing him unmercifully.

Jody moans and leans back into me. I kiss his neck, flick my tongue into his ear and tug on those thick sensitive nipples.

It seems man has taken eons to discover the delight and pleasure of his own nipples.

With seductive skill, and when manipulated properly, it is the key to enslaving him sexually. The thought of enslaving Jody, or any man, by exciting his nipples is sexually in-

vigorating. What makes it more rewarding is giving him a bit of cleavage and enhancing his chest to more pleasing dimensions.

Thinking of Jody filling modest bra cups makes me weak and excited.

Jody's hands help Ricky to his hard prize.

"Take your hands from her hair, dear," I whisper and press my pelvis into the small of his back. "Put them at your sides. That's a good . . ."

He shivers in my arms.

"What was I about to say, hmm?" I prompt as I tug on his nipples. In time I see them to be almost an inch in length and thicker, more womanly.

Ricky licks his shaft from the base.

Our eyes meet as I prompt him again: "Finish for me, hon."

A passionate sigh escapes his lips as Ricky licks his shaft like a lollipop but evades the helmet.

I'm sure it's driving the poor boy crazy.

"That's a good . . . what?" I ask, massaging his soft chest.

"I . . . don't . . . know," he says.

"Yes you do, sweetie. That's a good . . . girl." My lips at his ear when I say the last word in a hushed tone. "Now say it for me."

He slowly shakes his head and his hands reach for Ricky's head, wanting her to take his cockhead into her mouth.

"Uh-unh, sweetie. That's a no no. Now be a good girl and let Ricky work her magic."

"Please, Adrena, I need it bad."



"Hmm, yes, I know you do. But you have to be a good girl first."

He closes his eyes as Ricky works her tongue and lips over his organ. All but his circumcised head.

"Are you going to be a good girl and let Ricky do it for you?"

"Yes, yes. Of course."

"Then tell me you're a good girl."

The candle flickers and Ricky makes little sucking sounds along his shaft.

"I'll be a good girl," he finally says in a small hiss.

"You want to be my sweet girl, don't you?"

"Yes."

I give Ricky a nod and she swallows his cockhead.

A whoosh of breath escapes Jody's lips and Ricky swallows more of him until her fat, collagen treated lips reach the base of his organ.

"Doesn't that feel good, honey?"

"Oh . . . yes. So g o o o o o d."

"If you're a good girl you'll get rewards."

"Yes," he says.

Ricky's pace quickens on his clitty stick.

"Do you want to cum in Ricky's sweet mouth?"

He nods and moans.

"Like a good girl?" I prompt.

"Yes."

"No, sweetie. I want to hear you say it."

"Yes, like a good girl."

"You want to be my good girl, don't you?"

"Yes."

"My sweet little slut."

"Yes."

"Do you like what Ricky's doing?"

"Yes."

"She's such an accomplished cocksucker."

"Yes."

"She loves it so. And I love her because she's a good cocksucker."

"Yes," he says with a tremor in his voice.

I pinch his nipples, whisper at his ear. "My sweet little girl may cum now."