

**MACUMBA**

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**MAX**

**A SWYET**



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# Macumba Rumba

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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## Macumba Rumba Part One by Max Swift

### Author's Note

This book continues the Cytherea Coterie series (See the list of books on the previous page).

Cyrenaica (pronounced Cer En A she-ah), the city on these pages is fictitious. It is situated west of the Barrows River However, on a clear day, from the cathedrals of brick and glass in the business district known as The Canyons, can barely be seen its sister city and the outline of Manhattan.

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there may be some references to New York City contained in this book. In the vast business district of The Canyons is the Cypris Club. The Cypris Club is home to the Cytherea Coterie, a private and radical feminist organization that believes the world would be better served if it was ruled by women.

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and liberal academia, there are many institutions, including NOW and others that advocate and are instrumental in blurring the line between the sexes.

It is not the intention of this book to argue the morals of this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

This book contains vivid scenes of a sexual nature. If you are offended by fetishistic adult material pass this one up and go to the library. You'll not find this title there... at least not yet.

### The Players

Following is a list of most of the characters in this book. It is put here as a reference tool since some of these characters overlap many of the books in the Cytherea Coterie series.

**JODY COMBS:** Gigolo and beach bum who lives in the Florida Keys. Women are drawn to his tan slim body and good looks. He likes the kicked-back lifestyle, preys on wealthy older women.

**ADRENA FORCHIA:** Tall slim woman who migrates south from Cyrenaica to Macumba Beach, buys the old but famous Pink Chameleon.

**RICKY RYSLER:** Effeminate companion of Adrena Forchia, her "houseboy" and lover.

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RENE DEHAVEN: Headliner at Pink Chameleon. Her new boss wants to promote this tall vivacious transsexual to club manager, have her entertain out of town friends who have special needs.

IAN MACCAULLEY: Represents old money, lives on precious beach property which is coveted by business developers, is a frequent visitor to the Pink Chameleon.

CONNIE FAIRCHILD: Petite tranny, works at the Pink Chameleon, was once a hairstylist from New York City, is attracted to Rene Dehaven and kinky sex.

INGRID and IRIS MACCAULLEY: More than mischievous twin sisters of Ian, spoiled and beautiful, they come home in time to see their mother, Inga who is about to be released from prison. They'll go along with anything as long as it's spicy and jaded.

NORTON NORRIS AND MELVIS MORRIS: Macumba Beach detectives, who are familiar with the MacCaulley clan, investigated the crime which took place at MacCaulley's beachfront property years ago.

ANGELIA FORCHIA and LOUELLA COMBS: Mothers of the main characters, both assertive women who always had their way at home.

This novel revisits the setting of Nylon Slaves of Macumba Beach, and as such is a sequel of sorts. It reprises some characters from Nylon Slaves. However, Nylon Slaves need not be read to understand the plot or characters of this stand-alone novel.

## CHAPTER ONE

All this happened not two hours ago:

The babe with the great legs was responsible for getting me kicked out of my crib. I was walking along Macumba Beach, the sun hanging low on the horizon turning the sky red and the ocean coppery. A few sail boats were still out, the beach serene, a nice breeze rifling my long blond hair.

I looked up the beach, saw her walking along in a short skirt. Great legs, tanned all over, a sure sign she was familiar with the beach. As I watched her approach a Jimmy Buffet tune popped into my head, something about a smart woman in a short skirt, a woman who knows how to flirt. We would soon pass on the beach where the waves lapped at my ankles.

Wings outstretched and foraging for fish, a brown pelican floating along an inland air current skimmed the water near the shore.

I hummed the JB tune, tried to remember the lyrics, the two of us now closer.

I admired long blond hair which looked like it might hang down to the small of her back, wished I could grow my hair that long, almost did in high school back in Kansas until the kids made fun and the principal told me there was no place for hair like that in his school.

"Hey man, look at all the girls with long hair like that."

Discrimination I cried and the principal cried expulsion, called my mother, told her how it was going to be. So that was that, but I grew it out at Wichita State, and, after settling down in Florida, grew it past my skinny shoulders, my hair now sun-bleached, long and straight.

Ever closer. Great legs, man, and what a tan.

I caught her eye as we passed and turned on my heel, caught up with her in a New York minute.

"Babe, you are yummy."

She looked at me, smiled. "You mean it's not my eyes or you know me from somewhere, that line?"

The pelican dipped, its beak cutting the water's surface, flapped its wings and started ascending with a fish flopping in its ancient jaws.

I knew I had her then, let my eyes roam her slim bod, licked my lips. "You wanna hook up for the night?"

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Just like that. You wanna get laid? It worked for me a lot, not always but often enough. It was the long blond hair and blue azure eyes, both gifts from my mother. It comes natural, using my good looks on women, makes life a lot easier.

"Got smoke?"

"I can get some. Buddy down the beach. Bartender. We don't even have to turn around, we're headed in the right direction."

I scored a joint from my friend who worked the Bay Beach Bar and we cabbed to my crib, toked a Fat Boy till we had to hold it in a paper clip.

What legs, sticking from the hem of a short faded denim skirt.

She stripped off her clothes, grabbed my crotch and giggled, the Jimmy Buffet tune now forgotten while I played my own tune called, "Let's play hide the sausage."

I was about to get my nut, the girl's long legs locked high above my waist when she abruptly stopped, looked past me.

"Who's that?"

What the fuck!

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So here we are in my crib, me mounted and ready, her long tan legs around my chest.

Her dilated eyes look over my shoulder and I turn my head.

Mrs. Betty Auriworth stands in the open door, keys in one hand, purse hanging over her shoulder. She wears a nice blue muslin outfit that I know cost five Franklins, a Bebe outfit. I was with her when she bought it. Betty is a clothes hound. Bling hangs all over her. The gold chain around her neck cost three large. I was with her when she bought it. She likes to see me in fine clothes, too. My closet is full of her purchases. The rich bitch likes to show off her kept man in the finest threads.

Jeez! Of all times for Betty to show up. Bad timing. Very bad timing!

Her cold smile sends a chilly ripple over my arms and I lose my hard in the blink of an eye.

Mrs. Auriworth slides into a rattan armchair (she's furnished everything in this apartment), crosses her legs. "Don't let me interrupt," she says coolly.

Macumba Rumba Part One by Max Swift

"Hey, what is this?" the girl says, relaxing her legs, scooting away. "I ain't into no kinky shit or girly-girly play. Not with this old bitch anyhow."

The flame of a spark lights Betty's eyes as I scramble around, pull purple satin sheets over my nakedness. "Uh, I can explain this, Betty. Don't go off half-cocked."

She gives me a frosty smile, eyes now like hot lasers that could bum through two inch steel plating. "Looks like you're already half-cocked, Jody. Losing your stamina?"

The girl hurries into her clothes, gives Betty a wide berth and is out the door.

"I expect you to vacate the premises forthwith... you snake."

"Now, Betty, we can talk this out. It's a minor indiscretion is all, honey."

Betty sets one foot to kicking back and forth, bling flashing from her toes, waves a hand through the air. "I pay for all this. The clothes on your back. Every fucking thing! And I catch you fucking some slut behind my back."

"Look, let's reason this out, baby," I say, giving her my patented winsome smile. "We can get past this."

She stands, comes to the foot of the bed, smiles when I shrink back, pull the satin sheet to my chest. "What we're working out here, baby, is you. O-U-T! Out! I'll be back in the morning with my chauffeur. You remember him, don't you, baby. The guy that can crack walnuts in the crook of his arm. If you're still here in the morning Jody, he's going to crack open your head like a damn coconut and spill all the Grey Goose I've been buying you on the floor."

"Betty, one little indiscretion," I say, holding up my hand, thumb and forefinger a smidgen apart. "Think about the good times we've had. Think about how good it feels when I lay face on you, baby. You know how you like that pussy licked, said I did better than the last guy. You said he couldn't hold a candle -"

"Yeah, I'll give you that Jody Combs. But I told you, kept telling you about other women. No other women. Nada. The one and only condition and you can't even respect that'. I know you remember." She waves a hand in the air. "I give you all this, feed and put the clothes on your back, you ungrateful ingrate. I come by, gonna take you to Kelp's Oyster house," she says raising her eyebrows, "help out you're stamina, you know. I'm coming here to give you a fucking hummer before dinner for chrissake, and find you splitting the legs of some teenager."

"She wasn't a teenager." I shouldn't have said it.

Macumba Rumba Part One by Max Swift

She glares at me, stomps her foot on the floor. "Look you Jimmy Buffet wannabe, be gone by morning or have that pretty little head of yours split wide open."

"Betty, calm down. You know how much I think of - "

"Jody, I do so much detest the sight of blood. Buy if you're still here in the morning ..." She grabs her purse, turns and stops in the open door, smiles sweetly. "I can't be responsible for what my chauffeur will do. You know how loyal he is to me."

Naked, I hurry to the window, watch Betty slide behind the wheel of her Jag convertible, speed off down the street.

I look around the small but comfortable apartment. Nearly all I own can be stashed in a suitcase, and Betty bought that, a nice leather one that cost three hundred bucks - chump change to her. I have a lot of nice threads, am not about to leave them behind. I have to figure a place to stash what won't fit in the suitcase.

The image of her muscle bound chauffeur makes me wince. All the guy thinks about is pumping iron and drinking health shakes, going on stage to flash his abs and pecs. He's a Neanderthal and as loyal as a Doberman to Mrs. Betty Auriworth.

Not an early riser, I set the alarm, can't risk oversleeping.

I check my wallet. At least she didn't demand the cash back; enough to keep me afloat for a while, providing I can hole up with one of my buddies.

I shake my head, try to picture the young thing I picked up on the beach. It hadn't been worth it, but I've always been a sucker for a nice pair of legs - "a woman in a real short skirt."

I didn't get my nut either.

Mentally I make a list of buddies, try to think of one that owes me but come up blank.

Maybe an old girlfriend but I can't remember a liaison that ended amiably. Most girls are attracted by my boyish looks, but once past the physical attraction - I hate to admit it - find me to be a bit lazy, "A guy with too much time on his hands."

Any kind of work breaks me out in a rash. I can't help it that I'm allergic.

The old broads, especially the ones with money, don't care so much that I'm not self-reliant. They don't mind keeping me. It seems a small price to pay to have such a handsome gigolo escorting them. Most of them trying in vain to recapture their youth.

Macumba Rumba Part One by Max Swift

Well, fuck Betty Auriworth, I don't need her or her money.

It's just growing dark. Too early. I flop back into bed, pull the satin sheet over my nakedness. I will sleep till ten. The night is my world, always has been.

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