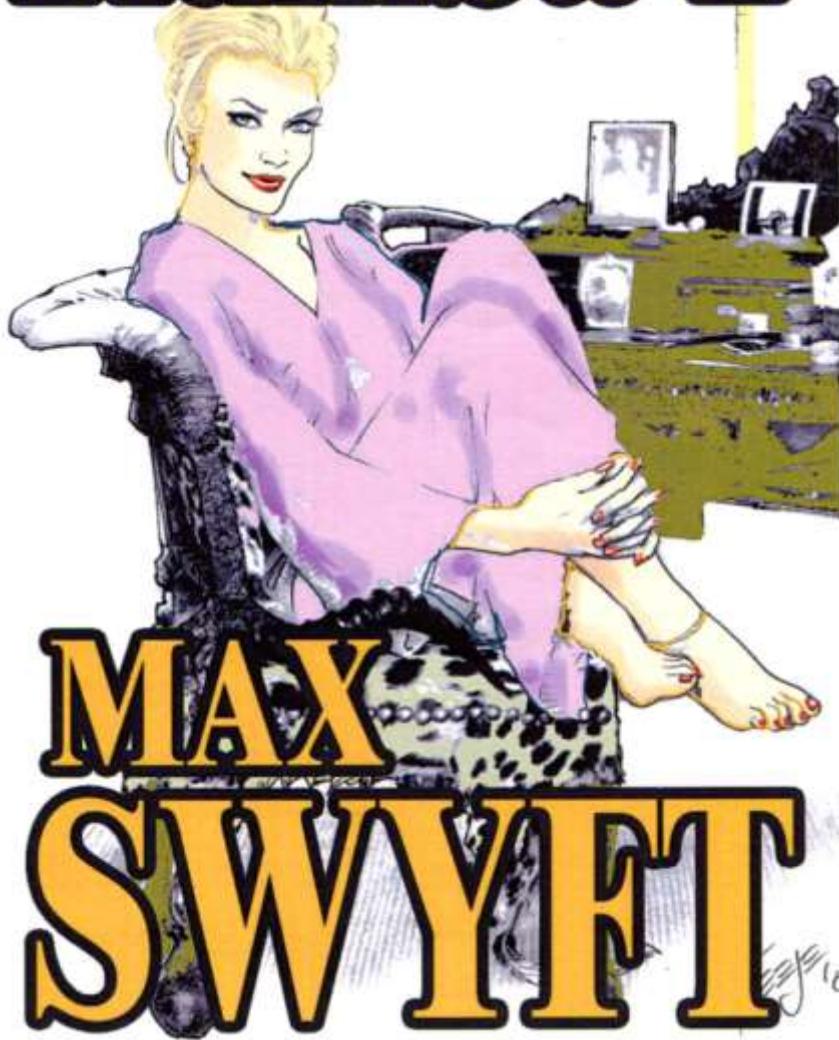


MACUMBA Rumba 2



**MAX
SWYET**



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Macumba Rumba

PART 2

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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David's Descent

Laila's Quest

Through the Glass Darkly Footsteps

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.

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.

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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. Also, if you like this read, look for Macumba Melody, coming the later this year or early next..

CHAPTER EIGHT

The short one with the paunch comes to get me the next afternoon. He stands in the hall looking through the bars of the holding cell. Scowling, trying to look mean, he actually looks sort of comical.

This morning I appeared before a judge. A woman judge at that. Just my luck. That's probably why she set bail at ten big ones. I tried to explain things to her. She waved her hand disdainfully, told me I wasn't at trial and did I want to enter a plea.

I just wanted to get out of jail. I pleaded not guilty. She made a note from the desk of her high perch, eyed me like I was a fish that had been lying on the beach for a few days.

"Preying on tourists is looked upon gravely by this bench, Mr. Combs. If you are found guilty I am inclined to give you a sentence that the law allows. We," she waved her hand over the courtroom, "do not take kindly to thieves or con artists."

She cleared her throat, said, "Your guilt or innocence will be determined at a later date. If you can't afford counsel an attorney will be appointed to your case." She looked at her calendar, then the bailiff. "We'll set his trial date for August 10," she said. If you post bail you will be released but must appear back here at the appointed time. Is that understood, Mr. Combs?"

I allowed that it was.

That was it. A uniformed cop led me back to the holding cell.

I had the rest of the day to contemplate where I would get ten grand for bail. I have no property and the money on me was confiscated to be returned to Miriam Webster of Boston.

Now this cop name of Melvis Morris eyes me through the bars. He looks down the hall and nods at someone. A loud chink - it makes me jump on the thin cot - sounds, and magically the door to the holding cell slides back, Melvis Morris standing in the space, hands on hips.

"I don't like slackers," he says contemptibly.

"Hooray for you."

"I've recommended Mrs. Webster press charges against you," he says gruffly. "Come along."

I follow him down the corridor into the booking room. Through another door he leads me to a wall with an open window. A cop is behind it, pushes a large manila envelope to me.

I look at Morris, his beady little eyes, that comical scowl. "Check the contents. You have to sign for your belongings."

"I'm being released?"

"Someone's made your bail. But this is not the end of it Jody Combs. Not by a long shot, buster. I'll be on you like sand on the beach."



"Who put up bail?" But I know. I picture the dark skinned Italian woman, Adrena Forchia, long legs and slim breasts, dark captivating eyes.

"I'll be watching you, buster," he says in a menacing tone. I sense his reluctance to let me go. "Best thing for you is to find the rock you've been hiding under and stay under it."

Macumba Rumba Part 2 by Max Swift

I sign my name on a clipboard, slide it back through the window to the cop on the other side, want to say something smart to this guy but decide to keep my mouth shut.

He points at another door.

I walk through it looking for Adrena Forchia but she's not there, just an older guy, hair greying at his temples. He wears a suit and when he sees me his eyebrows raise. Behind him, looking at a bulletin board is the other cop, Norton Norris.

He turns, follows the lawyer.

"Mr. Combs, I'm Barry Weinstein. I represent Ms. Adrena Forchia, have posted your bail and will clear up this little misunderstanding. I'm sorry I didn't meet you in court this morning. Prior obligations precluded my attendance."

I get the impression that Mr. Weinstein thinks I'm contagious with some fatal disease.

He gives me two cards, one his business card, the other Adrena's. "When convenient, Ms. Forchia would like you to call."

"Yes, thank you."

The lawyer, pushes back a cuff, looks at his watch. "I'll be in touch with Ms. Forchia should we need to talk." He shakes my hand again, looks at Detective Norris. "Don't talk to this man or discuss this matter with anyone but me."

He exits the municipal building.

I nod to the detective, follow in the lawyer's wake, anxious to be away from this place.

Outside in the sunshine I pause atop the cement steps.

Norris comes up beside me, smiles. "Jody let me give you a bit of friendly advice."

Using my first name, trying for friendly. "I'm not supposed to talk to you. Didn't you hear my lawyer?"

"Huh, you're referring to Adrena Forchia's lawyer. I've known grifters and cons, Jody," he says, fixing me with tired eyes. I don't blame you for fleecing the Webster woman but -"

"Will you tell that to the judge?"

He smiles wryly. "You're not good at this line of work. I've seen all manner of buncos and smooth grifters who knew what they were doing, knew how to

fleece pigeons. You're a rank amateur." He looks me over. "You better stick with letting wealthy women support you. You're pretty and it serves you well."

"Is that all detective?"

"We're returning the money to Mrs. Webster. I doubt she'll press charges so--"

"Your partner is encouraging her to have me prosecuted, Detective Norris. And for your information, this was all just a mistake."

He shakes his head, smiles ruefully, rubs beard stubble. "Let me worry about Melvis, Jody. He thinks he's Elliot Ness. His mother's on the city council, got him this job, and because I'm an outsider, retired here from Cyrenaica, they stuck Melvis with me. He's really harmless. "What I want to tell you," he says pausing, looking at me with tired eyes. "Is to forget Barry Weinstein. Tell the court you're indigent and have it appoint an attorney for you."

"Now why would I do that, detective?"

"Adrena Forchia is way out of your league, Jody. She's out of my league too. Beautiful for sure. But sometimes beauty has a way of sneaking up, biting you on the ass. Stay away from that one is my advice."

"Jeez, at the beach yesterday you couldn't take your eyes off her."

He shrugs, reaches inside his coat pocket, pulls out a pack of smokes. From his pants pocket he produces a lighter - looks like an old Zippo - and rubs his thumb across worn scratches on the surface. "I never got rid of this lighter," he says to himself, shrugs and lights up, draws smoke into his lungs. "A guy can appreciate beauty. That doesn't mean he's going to get involved with something so dark and exotic... and so dangerous."

"Dangerous, huh?"

He looks at me, nods, takes another look at the old Zippo he's been absently rubbing with his thumb and walks down the steps, shoulders slumped, squinting under the high afternoon sun.

I stand atop the steps of the new and pretentious modern city building, jail and combined courthouse. My pockets are empty. I have no money or place to go.

I've been in tighter fixes but I can't remember when.

THE PAST (1996), KANSAS

Bill Clinton was reelected President later that year. Al Qaeda bombed the United States barracks in Khobar, Saudi Arabia, killing nineteen servicemen. The Unabomber, Theodore Kaczynski was captured by Federal authorities. In Budapest, while filming the flop movie, *Evita*, the Material Girl gave Blikk (newspaper) an interview, stating her views on men who are "tops," and her desire, as a bold aggressive woman, to make such men her play-toys.

One of Jody's fave shows was *Married With Children*. He seldom missed it, especially when Kelly - Christina Applegate - sat on the couch in a short skirt which always seemed the case. He would often become lost in a fantasy, his head or his cock buried in that secret place. Shamefully, he'd get a twinge when Al Bundy, working in the shoe store, waited on some babe in a short skirt, fitting her for shoes. It made him just as hard as when Christina sat on the couch, but for different reasons.

Another of his favorites was *The X-Files* with Gillian Anderson and David Duchovny. As an older woman, Gillian was sexy and his libido came up with different scenarios where he became romantically involved with the star, though he didn't think she exposed enough of her legs.

Even though she was getting married Saturday, Linda took Jody to the movies. He'd never heard of Frances McDormand, William Macy, or Steve Buscemi. The movie, *Fargo*, was a big hit and Jody was very much aware of Aunt Linda sitting beside him. She wore a tight short denim skirt, tan legs revealed to the tops of her thighs. She didn't seem to notice his preoccupation with her legs but he couldn't help himself. The movie was almost over when she shifted on the seat, her foot and shin rubbing against his leg. Linda looked at him in the flickering light of the dark theater, put her hand on his leg and told him where and when to come to her - the morning of the wedding at her best friend's house who was to be the brides maid. Why? He'd understand when he arrived. She'd make up some excuse for him to come to her. She smiled, patted his leg, shifted in the small theater seat, crossed her legs the other way.

Jody swore he saw a slice of her panties when she crossed her legs.

Saturday morning Jody showed up at her best friend's house with a package - his excuse to be there - tucked under his arm, was admitted by a slim gal. Turned out the house was full of women about Linda's age.

The women made over him until he blushed. One of them led him down the hall to a bedroom. She looked at him for a moment, a sly smile materializing on her face. He felt uneasy and a little excited.

"Go on in," she said. "You won't be disturbed."

He stood there for a second, watched the young woman retreat down the hall, join the other girls, all of them giggling, whispering among themselves, before he pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Linda sat at the vanity, her body resplendent in frilly white underwear. His eyes drank of deep cleavage in the brassiere, flat tummy, wide hips disappearing into lacy white full cut panties. And her legs; bare, long and tapered, making his mouth water and his cock jump with passion.

"You brought it," she said.

Jody stood there uncertainly, couldn't take his eyes off his gorgeous aunt who was about to be married. "Yes," he said, voice croaking. Finally his legs worked and he went up to her, offered her the package.

Linda smiled. "Open it, honey."

The lid was loose and he turned back the flaps, gazed inside at a pair of shoes, something white and lacy, suddenly recognizing it as a garter belt, then a pair of stockings still in their flat cellophane package.

"I want you to help me," Linda said, a wicked smile on her face.

"Hmm, yes, of course," said Jody. "What can I do?"

From the vanity table she put a small bottle of lacquer polish in his hand. It was cool and he looked at her, then realized what she wanted. He blushed.

"You've done this before. Remember?"

Jody swallowed. His throat felt parched and his mouth was dry.

"You want me to, ah..." He looked at her feet, the toenails without polish.

"Yes."

Their eyes met for an instant before he looked away.

"We don't have much time, honey," she said softly. "Will you do it for me?"

The sultry tone of her voice made his cock jump and without realizing it, he went to his knees before his beautiful aunt.

She crossed her legs, put one bare foot above his knee.

"I'll never forget that summer," she said, drumming her toes on his leg, "when I found you in the living room on your tummy watching television."

"Yes," he said, swallowing, trying to get some salvia in his cottony mouth. Jody realized then he was in love with his aunt, his mother's kid sister.

"You painted my toenails that night while everyone slept. I'll never forget how respectful and careful you were." She gazed into his eyes, smiled at the redness blossoming on his cheeks. "I felt like a fairy princess being attended by a devout... servant."

The last word soft, emotion making her voice quake a little.

"There's a little step-stool in Barb's closet. Fetch it and we'll begin."

Jody looked into her eyes.

"Unless you don't want to," she said.

"No - I mean yes," he said, wishing his cock still, unable to rearrange it in front of his aunt. He saw where her eyes looked and he hurried over to the closet. His back to her, he managed to rearrange it in his shorts so it wouldn't be so noticeable.

He returned with the little stool.

Linda smiled, put one foot on the stool.

"Shall we begin?"

Jody nodded. He shook the bottle of pink polish while Linda put a handful of cotton balls on the stool. As instructed, he carefully inserted balls of cotton between her toes.

As he began his hand shook.

"If s alright, honey. You'll be okay."

And after a few clumsy attempts, which he cleaned with nail polish remover, he was okay, did an admirable job, Linda's soft voice coaxing him along until it was finished.

"Blow them dry, honey."

He bent his head and blew on her toes.

"To make sure, touch your tongue to my big toe."

Jody did so, couldn't help but kiss the top of her foot.

Linda sighed, called him a real sweetie, offered her other foot. His lips lingered and he wondered of his acute excitement, knew that this was somehow a sexual thing for her, too.

He blushed and throbbed in his shorts.

Linda stood, handed him the lacy garter belt.

He knelt, his face inches from the mystery of her sex hidden in a veil of white wispy panties. He saw a slight indentation, wanted to kiss her there but dared not, afraid she might be offended.

She helped him with the garter belt, commented about his moist shaky hands, said she understood, turned around and instructed him to snap it closed in back.

Jody did so.

Linda handed him the gossamer white nylons. Would he like to draw them up her legs?

With shaky hands he did one leg then the other, fingers clumsy with the snaps.

Linda peered down at him, closed her hands over his and it was done.

"The shoes, honey. Put my shoes on for me and then sit on the bed. The girls will be in soon to help finish dressing me." She looked at him for a moment. He blushed. "You can stay and help them if you like. Would you like that?"

"Ah, no, I better be getting back."

"Yes, but you can't walk out of here like that," she said, looking at his crotch. "Sit on the bed. I have something to tell you."

He sat on the edge of the bed, watched as Linda shifted around, crossed her legs, and thought of the professor, Eva Pangor, her long slim legs, his face glued between them, feasting on her pink gash, licking her to orgasms. She loved his face between her legs, sometimes kept him that way until she achieved two or three orgasms. When he was finished she'd lean down, kiss him, lick his face, tell him how good she tasted on his cheeks and lips.

"This is about your mom and dad, Jody." She looked away, then said, "Things are not going well between them."

"I know."

"It's not getting any better. My older sister is ..." her eyes drifted from his.

"Mom's really sexual, like you. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

Linda nodded, patted his knee. "It's not her fault, Jody. It's just the way she is. You'll learn about these things eventually. Your mother and father have sort of drifted apart. Now that you're almost on your own... well, I wanted to tell you."

"I'm not surprised, Aunt Linda. I've seen things between them, how it is."

"It's kind of complicated and private."

"Mom's been having affairs with younger men," he said, looking at her.

"Hmm, well, yes she has."

"Dad can't satisfy her anymore. Is that it?"

Linda looked at him for a long moment. "Yes, something like that."

"I could see it coming. But thanks for telling me."

Linda stood and Jody took that as his cue to also stand, his hard-on now tame and forgotten.

"Give me a kiss. I have to finish getting ready."

At the door Jody heard the voices of the girls down the hall. He turned, took one last look at his mother's kid sister standing in front of the vanity wearing only bra, panties, garter belt, nylons and smart white pumps, his handiwork hidden in the rounded toes of the shoes. "If you ever need my services again I'd be happy to oblige."

Linda smiled and nodded. "Yes. I'll remember that."

Jody turned to go.

"One more thing, hon."

He stood in the open door, peered at several young women advancing down the hall.

"Yes?"

"Don't fall in love with that professor at Wichita State, Jody. She'll only break your heart."

Some years later after ranging aimlessly, Jody decided to leave Wichita State without getting his degree. He came home, explained it to his mother, how his heart wasn't in it. She drew her only child to her bosom, said it didn't matter, he'd find a way. He was handsome and inventive and had always picked up things easily. He was young and she'd already figured he was a wanderer, that one day he'd come out of it and settle down.

As a mother, Lou could never find fault with her son.

On their way to visit Linda, Louella brought up his father, who had moved out and back to Iowa, Lou tried to explain their failed marriage. For one thing

she'd had many arguments with his father about his upbringing and, in the end had won them all. His father ultimately and always gave in to Lou's decisions... and her whims. Lou was strong-willed and adventurous, and Jody's father was no match for her spirit. Jody was the best thing that ever came from the marriage.

His mother tried to explain other things about her and his father. She was having a time of it as Jody drove her car along Interstate 70. Jody was only half listening, his thoughts on his aunt and their erotic encounter the day before she married. He hadn't seen her since and just thinking about her gave him a boner. These thoughts always made him feel shameful. Yet the anticipation of seeing his mother's kid sister was palpable.

Jody looked at his mother. She was still a looker and dressed like a young woman who was proud of her body and good looks.

She didn't know how to tell her son so he helped her: "Dad was no match for you, not only running the household and raising me, but in bed too. Is that what you're trying to tell me, mom?"

She shifted in her seat, smiled. "Yes, Jody. I don't want you to think less of me but..."

"A woman has needs," he added. "Even a mother. I know. Aunt Linda sort of explained it to me when she got married. If you remember, the morning of her wedding I took something to the house where she was getting ready. I borrowed the car, left you and dad at grandma's."

His mother looked at him, an ironic smile on her face. "You and Linda were always close. She doted over you, still does I guess." She fell silent, gazed out at the oceans of soon to be harvested cornfields along the interstate, the wind combing through the tops, making them sway and dip, the stalks ripe with corn. She looked at her son, face serious. "You adored Linda as a kid, and I know she flirted with you shamelessly. We're sisters and a lot alike. I used to scold her about how she teased you so."

She fell silent, looked out her window again.

"Yes?" Jody prompted.

"Nothing," she said with a heavy sigh. "I don't want to know."

"Nothing ever happened, mother." He thought about the truth of what he'd just said. It was true, nothing really ever did happen and wishing it so didn't count.

"Now that you're home, is this thing with that professor over?" Louella said, changing the subject.

"Eva Pangor. Yes, it's over," he lied, not understanding why he said it was over when clearly it wasn't. He thought about the jaded Eva, the things she was getting him into, how he couldn't deny her. Eva had become an addiction. He was obsessed with her, wondered about himself, too, why he was going along with Eva's dark inclinations. If only he could talk to someone about it, but there was no one. These things he had to keep to himself.

At Bunker Hill, Linda was waiting for them at grandma's. A big feast was set on the table and Jody ate like a starving Ethiopian, consuming great quantities of roast beef, mashed potatoes, dumplings, homemade rolls, seasoned green beans and grandma's famous apple pie.

They stayed with Linda at her nice sprawling ranch house out in the country which was surrounded by fields of corn and soybeans. Her husband was away, on a fishing trip and Jody sat around with mother and aunt drinking beer and reminiscing.

Over his mother's objections, Linda decided they'd take Jody with them that night. They were going dancing and bar hopping. Linda was a familiar figure in the community, and because of her husband's prominence in the local society, she didn't think they would have any trouble getting Lou's underage son into the bars. Jody figured his mother thought he might cramp her style, that she couldn't be herself. Jody reassured his mother, called her Lou, said he knew about things between her and his father long before Linda had clued him in.

Mother and sister exchanged a look, smiled at him.

That evening while Lou napped, Jody preformed his little ritual the last time for Aunt Linda. It was not nearly as erotic as when she got married but he still became excited, thought back to Eva Pangor, she having him do her nails after he'd let it slip about what he'd done for his aunt.

Linda wore a pair of tight short shorts and he couldn't help notice how her vulva imprinted the crotch. He knelt and clipped her toenails, used an emery board this time, did as good a job with the wet red polish on her toes as he had on her fingernails.

After, sitting side by side on the bed, Linda raised her leg, arched her foot, turning it in and out, admiring his handiwork, said, "I wish my husband would do this. But he's too macho, thinks he's a stud. But he's not. You don't know how good it makes a woman feel." She looked slyly at Jody. "If you weren't my nephew I'd throw you on the bed, give you a good ride."

Jody looked at her with hopeful eyes, saw her blush, and turned away.

He wanted to tell her about Professor Eva Pangor, how she had him do her toes but was afraid if he got started he might tell his aunt about the other things. And that would be too shameful. Aunt Linda turned, took his hands in hers. "Jody, when you find the right woman, promise me you'll do this for her

- this little intimate task. I'm sure other women will appreciate it as much as I do." Jody kept silent, looked at his aunt's bodacious boobs through a loose tee shirt, wished she wasn't wearing a bra. "I think I've given you a little foot fetish," she said with a sly smile. "Or maybe you had it all along. It doesn't matter."

Then Aunt Linda told him about her husband, how she found out that he started screwing an old girlfriend a few months after their marriage. Jody was incredulous. How could he?

Linda shrugged, said it didn't matter, not now anyway. She was dealing with it, said the fine house and the money was a trade-off. Someday she'd divorce the guy and get a handsome settlement, make him pay for his infidelities.

Men didn't like to think so, but women were smarter.

"Anyway sweet one," Linda said, lightly kissing him on the lips, "you'll always be my favorite. When we go out tonight maybe you'll understand how I'm going to act around other men, me being a married woman. I'm not saying I'm going to hop in the sack with some guy but I will get some small measure of revenge on my husband."

"I understand."

"Your mother will feel inhibited having you around. We'll just have to convince her that it doesn't matter."

"I can play like horseshit and hit the trail," Jody said.

Linda laughed. "Whatever, honey. You may corral some young thing on your own."

And he did, went home with an older divorcee who threw her legs over his shoulders, couldn't seem to get enough of his young cock. He couldn't help but notice her pedicure, the lustrous pearly polish on her toenails. Couldn't help inhale the attar of her bare feet that had been confined in worn leather pumps all evening. And while fucking her, couldn't help holding the soles of her feet over his face and eventually.. . kissing and licking her toes.

It drove the divorcee wild. She kept slamming her hips against him, mewling and moaning and Jody ejaculated deeply into her wet clinging pussy, the memory of her stale leathery feet lingering as he lay panting beside her.

CHAPTER NINE

Ricky pulls the canvas tarp over the Porsche, tightens the elastic slip-cord around the body. I've been told about the salt in the air, how it will scourge paint from a car in no time. I love the Porsche, know it's a little extravagant,

but fell in love with it the moment I saw it. Angel - mother - ridiculed my extravagance, but mother's a skinflint, always has been.

We've just come back from an afternoon stroll along the beach. Heading north past the MacCaulley place, we spotted the twins sitting on the broad veranda that fronts the ocean. They shouted and waved, until reluctantly, we joined them.

The two of them were in string bikinis that looked like dental floss, their skin sleek and golden. If they stay in the sun they will both have skin like prunes before forty. Ingrid or Iris, gave me the "look," fawned over Ricky, his highlighted chestnut pixie.

"You're really a boy?" said one of them incredulously.

Ricky blushed and nodded. I had to admit, he looked great in a two- piece, the top padded, his penis smoothly tucked.

Ricky basked in their praise and I thought the twins might invite him into their bed there and then. I asked about Ian, saw one of them - I still cannot differentiate between them - frown. He was out of town at a meeting with one of the development companies that covet Macumba's shoreline.

"He's not going to sell is he?" I asked. If so, it meant I'd have to start looking for a new place, and I liked the quaint bungalow, the privacy of this stretch of beach.

They shrugged in unison, gave each other a sly look. "We hope so," said one, and the other added, "Just think of all the money the asshole would have to share with us."

Ricky gave me a look and we excused ourselves but not before the two of them invited us to supper - again in unison.

Now, with the black Porsche safely tucked inside its canvas cocoon, Ricky and I go inside for a bite to eat before going to the club.

Ricky doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to put him on stage at the Pink Chameleon. He possesses all the attributes, fair unblemished skin, a petite body and enough feminine mannerisms to fool Pat Ireland.

I have misgivings about putting Ricky on stage. Over the years I've grown very fond of him. He pampers me, fixes my hair, helps me with makeup, is such a good cook, as well as housekeeper. He's also a good listener and a wonderful lover. Though male, he knows just how to give me long and soft Sapphic kisses, knows how to use his tongue in intimate places besides between my legs. When I met him at one of his mother's boutiques I was drawn to his effeminate persona. It was years later that I decided he should cross the boundary and enhance his effeminacy into a more daring and pleasing

Macumba Rumba Part 2 by Max Swift

femininity. His mother saw to his submissive personality and it was easy for me to continue his training in the ways of the Cytherea Coterie.