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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.

Not far from the boutique they sat at a window in a sidewalk café, the weather warming, the sweet promise of Spring in the air. Outside on the sidewalk people moved in both directions, some of them already wearing light spring attire, anxious for the weather to turn.

Extracting a pack of cigarettes from her purse, she flipped the box top open, tweezed one between long fingernails, looked at him, smiled when he reached in a little plain leather clutch on the table, found a packet of matches. The plain brown clutch was not quite a purse but suited his persona. It took several strikes on the narrow band of flint before the match flared.

His hands shook imperceptibly and she cupped hers around his, sucked the cigarette to life. The smoking police had yet to infiltrate this quaint part of Old Town. Adrena held his hands in hers a little longer than necessary, noticed the manicure and rather long nails.

Finally she leaned back, blew smoke over their heads. "Do you carry your makeup in that cute little clutch?"

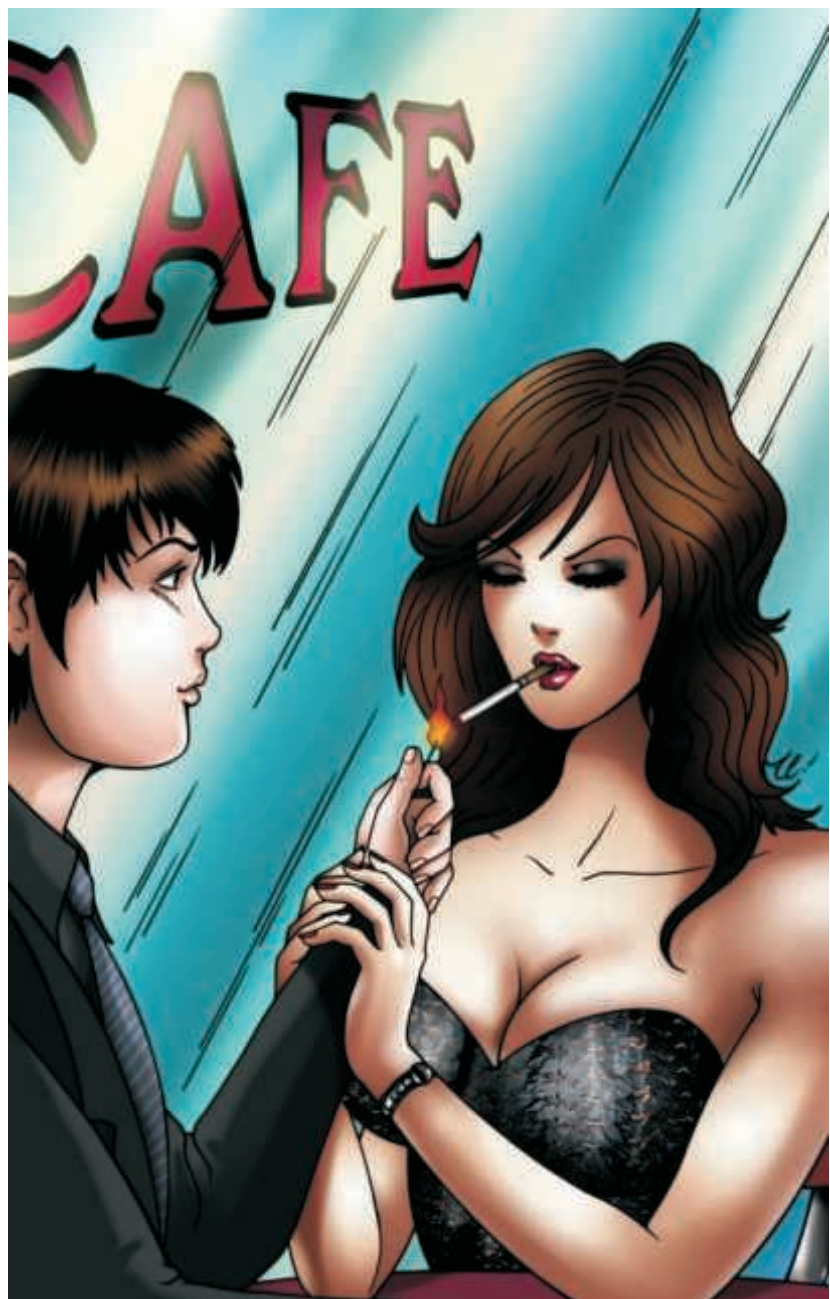
Ricky blushed, looked at the small clutch, pulled it off the table onto his lap. "I don't like fanny packs."

The waitress appeared with scones and small demitasse cups of strong coffee.

"Have you decided?" said Adrena, taking a delicate sip of the strong black brew.

Ricky looked at the menu, said, "What are you having?"

Adrena chuckled, waved a finger at him as if scolding a



naughty child. "Not fair, Ricky. Order what you like. I'm sure you've ate here before, this being so close to the boutique."

The waitress, looking bored, stood ready to write down their order.

"Hmm, the vegetable quiche is really good," he said, then blushed when the waitress rolled her eyes.

"That settles it," said Adrena. "We'll have two of the vegetable quiches."

Taking the paper menus, the waitress walked off without a word.

"Must be having a bad day," said Ricky.

"I like your hair. And you don't overdo the makeup. That's good."

Ricky resisted the urge to fluff his hair which was cut just below his ears. "You have beautiful hair, style it like that old movie star." He decided to ignore the comment about makeup, knew his was discreet, complimentary of his fair features.

"Oh?" said Adrena.

"Yes. Veronica Lake. Your hairstyle is very similar to hers."

"Huh. You're too young to remember Veronica Lake. So am I."

Ricky blushed again. "My mother learned from her mother. She taught me early on about hairstyles, wanted me to follow in her footsteps."

"She says you're very good. That when you lived in New York you did some of the up and coming models. Hair and makeup. And you're so young. Fourteen I'd guess," she teased.

Another blush which delighted Adrena.

"Well, you know how mothers are," he said disparagingly. "I got my beautician's degree while attending high school," he added.

"Oh yes, I know how mothers are."

"May I ask you a question, Ms. Forchia?"

"Yes but don't be so formal, Mr. Rysler."

"Okay, Adrena. You're a very beautiful woman. Why did you ask me to lunch?"

"You're a pretty man. I like pretty men."

Ricky looked away, didn't know what to say, felt himself blushing under those dark eyes.

"My turn," said Adrena.

He caught her eye, waited while she inhaled the long thin cigarette, a Virginia Slim he thought.

"Ricky, are you gay?"

The waitress appeared with their order, generous slices of quiche topped with melted cheese, the plates decorated with grapes and orange slices. "Will there be anything else?"

Adrena waved her away impatiently, kept her eyes on Ricky.

"I can't help it that I'm effeminate. God made me this way."

Adrena picked up her fork, took a bite of the quiche. "I like effeminate, Ricky. That's why I asked you to lunch."

She looked at his rather thin lips, wondered how much nicer they'd look with some of the new lip plumper or perhaps collagen treatments.

"You're very bold," he said and made himself busy with his dish, wouldn't look at the tall Italian woman.

"I'm sorry if I put you off. I didn't mean to upset you, Ricky."

"I'm not upset," he said.

"May I ask you one more question?"

He looked up from his plate, said yes, watched her chew, realized he was holding his breath.

"Do you eat pussy?"

"Oh yes!"

And a beautiful relationship was born.

Chapter Three

It's the next morning, around nine. I put on a short nylon wrap, look at my image in the mirror on the back of the bedroom door, shake my head. How do I explain this to my friends? Al will go ballistic, call me dirty names, be ready to categorize me, see me as one of them, which is not the case. It will be hard to explain it to him. He won't understand. I will simply have to avoid my few friends, both male and female, as long as possible, maybe until I find a way out of this sticky situation.

The thing is, I've listed Al's address for my mail. I should change it to a PO box but it's too late for that now. With the holidays so near I'm sure to hear from my mother, Aunt Linda, too. Maybe even my father. The last mother wrote, her sister was in divorce proceedings against her rich husband. He's a turd, started cheating on my beautiful aunt almost from the beginning.

I pause at the closed door of my room, listen for several long moments, decide I can safely exit the cottage without waking Adrena or Ricky. I heard them come in late, a couple hours after the MacCaulley twins were through with me. I tiptoe down the hall away from their room.

Slipping out on the porch, I softly close the front door of the cottage, make sure the screen door doesn't slap against the doorframe. I know I'll have to face Adrena soon, but I'm a consummate coward and wish to delay any unpleasantness.

Soon enough for that later, perhaps after they have breakfast. I'm not a breakfast or morning person, am used to partying late and sleeping till noon. But this business with Adrena Forchia has my system out of kilter.

Maybe there won't be any unpleasantness, I think wistfully.

I walk south away from the cottage, in the opposite direction from the MacCaulley place. The sun is yet to warm the beach and an incoming breeze sends chills over my arms and legs.

High overhead a frigate bird sails on the currents looking to pirate a meal from the spoonbills or white pelicans sailing near the surface. The frigate bird with its majestic wingspan is the true pirate of its species, usually marauding other birds meals.

Egrets and herons roam the beach in search of breakfast, the lesser birds unaware of the hungry scavenger circling overhead.

Scavengers. It makes me think of last night, smoking that Fat Boy with the twins. Later they invited me inside "to play." One of them went to the wine cellar, found a bottle of expensive red, laughed about how mad it would make Ian, snatching one of his prize wines.

With bottle and corkscrew and wine goblets in hand, and one on each side of me, the three of us ascended the stairs, a striking ostentatious chandelier hanging from the cathedral ceiling of the great room lighting our way. My libido had kicked in, was working overtime, my hand pointing the way, occasionally being groped by one of the twins, the two of them exchanging glances and giggling.

Being in the company of these bold young women made me a little apprehensive but I ignored it, thought of drinking the wine, having another joint, and of course, fucking them both.

Jeez, what guy wouldn't jump at the chance to bed these two beauties?

Why should I feel intimidated?

If I had declined their intimate invitation and heeded that tweak of fear, my asshole wouldn't be so afflictive now.

But alas, and to my chagrin, the temptation was too great.

Down the hall we went, the two of them stroking my cock, patting my butt, complimenting me on how good I looked and . . . were Ricky and I having a lot of sex together and did that tall dark-skinned Italian woman watch and partake in our lewd festivities.

I laughed at them, said they had wild imaginations, that nothing of the sort happened.

They didn't mind, were actually intrigued by such a scenario — ignoring my comment — wanted to be included.

"We could spice it up even more," said Iris (?).

Into a large bedroom at the end of the hall they pulled me. I didn't know why but I was suddenly dragging my feet.

We stopped in front of an old four-poster bed that looked like it could handle our debauchery.

One of them, Ingrid I think, rolled a joint while Iris opened the bottle and poured.

They put me between them and stripped me naked while we smoked and drank.

"Ooh, you have such fair skin," said Ingrid.

"Soft like a girl's," said Iris.

We like soft and girly," said the other.

I protested to no avail, was distracted as they kissed and caressed my body.

One of them shot-gunned me and I drew the acrid cannabis smoke into my lungs, held it as long as possible before exhaling, then chased it with wine, the taste of which seemed awful.

We finished the joint and I found myself on my back, one of them sitting on my face while the other sucked my cock.

"You've a nice cock," Iris (?) said before swallowing me.

"Yes, we're going to put it to good use," said her sister, just before splaying her pink nether lips with her fingers and sitting on my face.

She tasted a little gamy but I was too far gone on pot and wine to care. I slid my tongue into her slick cavern, my legs twitching as the other one swallowed me whole, started nursing on my meat like she was a starving Ethiopian.

Somehow, and I don't remember when, I found my arms and legs tethered to the four-poster bed by stockings, the two of them laying on each side of me, petting and tweaking my smooth naked flesh.

I raised my head, looked at them questioningly.

"These have runners," said one, misinterpreting my look, as if that explained it.

"You two are really bent," I said and giggled, feeling an attack of the munches coming on.

"Oh, baby, you have no idea," said the other.

"I'm hungry," I said, smiling, feeling pretty good for being tied helplessly to their bed.

Iris, I think it was, stood over me, legs spread, wine bottle in hand. She smiled at me, sloshed the wine bottle over neatly trimmed pubes. Droplets cascaded on my face as she squatted, her pussy about a foot above me.

She turned the bottle up and red wine poured over her bush and pussy and my face, then she smothered me with her wine-drenched vulva.

I expected to feel the other one settle on my stiff tool but felt the bed give way, her getting off it.

"Get me off, Jody," hissed the one sitting on my face. "I need it."

What about me, my mind screamed.

"That's it, sweetie, eat my clam. Do a good job and you'll get a treat." She giggled and fisted my long hair in her hands, tried to tug my head up inside her moist and musky cavern.

What crazy fucking twits!

"Make her cum, bitch," said the other one.

I felt her buckle something around one ankle then the other.

Iris or Ingrid, whoever was sitting on my face, rode my mouth to a humming orgasm, while the other sat beside us stroking my cock and stoking my lust.

Finally she felt away. I gasped for breath, looked at the one who was jacking my hammer. My eyes went wide when I saw what was between her legs.

She smiled at me, took it in hand, stroked it like she was stroking me.

The other one giggled.

She stood up, faced me, smiled, still stroking the realistic black dildo strapped around her hips. "I know what a femboy like you wants," she whispered conspiratorially.

"Yes," chortled the other. "A nice fat cock up your pussy-ass."

I struggled against my bonds, tried to close my legs, looked at my feet, saw the spreader bar, my ankles firmly secured to buckled leather straps at each end.

I was fucked.

Iris, or was it Ingrid, snuggled up beside me. "Why don't you kiss it, sweetie."

"Yes, lube it and it'll go in easier."

"Don't do this," I pleaded.

She leaned over the bed, the black dildo in my face. "Go ahead, kiss it, honey."

"Yes, kiss it," squealed the other one, who was reviving my deflated cock.

I shook my head violently. "No, don't do this. I'm not what you think."

"It doesn't matter what you are, Jody. I'm going to give you a good fucking." Said sweetly as if she was talking to a child.

"There's no sense telling us you're still a virgin," said the other one. Ricky and that long-dong, Rene Dehaven, have probably been having their way with you."

"No, that's not true. You don't understand." I tugged at my bonds, gyrated on the bed, felt absolutely helpless.

Which in fact, I was.

The one with the dildo positioned herself at the end of the bed, told her sister to fetch a couple pillows, elevate my ass.

She shrieked, got two pillows, told her evil twin to fuck me good and hard, that she could see I wanted it.

My ass was unceremoniously propped on two fluffy pillows.

I was fucked!

I watched in horror as she knelt close between my spread legs.

"Get me some KY-Jelly, sis," she said. "We'll go easy on her this time."

She took her hands, placed them on either of my ankles, pushed my legs up and toward my head. I looked between the vee of my legs, watched as the other one patiently scooped lubricant on her fingers, dabbed it around my anus. It was cool, almost soothing.

I flinched when she pushed a finger into my rectum.

“Relax, honey. It’ll be better that way,” she cautioned.

I couldn’t believe it, even as it was happening.

On her knees, the other evil twin positioned the hard black instrument at my vulnerable anus. I felt her rub it in my crack.

She met my eyes, smiled. “You’ll like this.”

I shook my head, started screaming.

The other one snatched a pair of panties from the floor, stuffed them in my mouth.

I spit them out and she slapped my face. “Listen bitch,” she hissed. “My sister likes fucking twinks like you. If you persist in screaming I’ll get my dildo and ram it down your throat.”

I shut up, felt my legs being pushed toward my chest, wished I’d heeded my earlier feelings of foreboding.

My cock had shrunk up like a cashew, lay helplessly in my neatly trimmed blond pubes.

She pushed at my nether gate, gradually increasing the pressure until the head of it popped inside my sphincter. I cried out in pain, got a warning look from the other one who had grabbed my cock, tried to bring it to life while stuffing the panties back in my mouth and telling me to suck on them.

And so it was that I was fucked by the evil twins.

It seemingly took hours and I felt thoroughly violated, my body bent in on itself, my cock staring me in the face while the two of them had their sadistic fun.

I felt so used and humiliated by these two slim women. Together they didn’t weigh two-thirty, these Paris Hilton wannabes.

When I thought it couldn’t get worse it did.

The other one, trying to synchronize her jacking with her sister’s thrusts, managed somehow to make me climax. The dildo buried deep in my ass, I felt the painful contractions of my sphincter on the black invader and, maybe my narrow anal canal as I climaxed.

She directed the spray of semen over my chest and face, squealed in lust, scooped some of it on her fingers, jerked out the panties, and tried to push her besmirched fingers into my mouth. I wrenched my face away from those spoiled digits, couldn’t help smelling the evidence of my degrading orgasm.

“What are the two of you doing to that girl?”

All three of us looked to the door. Standing there was an older stocky woman with a well-defined musculature. She wore white terrycloth shorts and matching top.

Stepping into the room, she looked at me. “Oh! She’s a guy.”

I felt the dildo plop from my ass, cried out from the surprising and excruciating pain.

“Please, set me free. These two tricked me.”

She looked from one to the other, slowly shook her head. Face contorted in distaste, she backed toward the door. In her shocked eyes was a look of loathing.

"Mother, won't you join us?"

"Yes, mother, we're just having a little fun. I think this one might really be a virgin."

Sometimes a guy thinks with the wrong head.

That was about how it went last night with the twins. What looked like a promising tryst with two Paris Hilton wannabes, turned too quickly to shit.

Now the ocean laps at my feet. I look at the faint blush of pink on my toenails, hold up my hand, fingers curled toward me, see the same shade on my longer fingernails, shake my head. Looking up and down the beach there isn't a soul in sight.

After first having Ricky paint my nails I looked at them the same way I'm now looking at them. She tsk-tsked and showed me how I should look at my nails, palm out fingers sort of splayed.

I look up and down the beach, just the birds and me, alone with my thoughts.

I lower the elastic band of the billowy nylon shorts, pee into the ocean, look above at the still circling frigate bird, wonder about myself and the situation I am in.

I might as well go back to the cottage, face the music.

At least Adrena doesn't know about the assignation with those little blonde devils.

At least not yet.

I find Ricky in the kitchen sitting at the Formica table eating a bowl of cereal. Again I'm struck by these modest digs. The Forchia woman could afford much better, yet chooses to live out here on the secluded spit of sand, away from the maddening crowd.

Ricky's face is fresh and clean, looks good without makeup, the slightly arched eyebrows, full lips and chestnut hair past her chin. She wears baby dolls, dark areola barely visible, imprinting the slick top.

Just a hint of breasts there.

Looking for all the world like a young woman.

Under the table I see her smooth legs crossed at the knees, one foot swinging to and fro.

Kind of gets my blood up.

I am doomed.

"Thought maybe you took off on us," she says, spooning cereal topped with sliced bananas.

"Naw, just took a walk on the beach. Is Adrena up?"

"I heard her moving around, think she's in the shower. It's still early but she has to go into town, see about some business. I made coffee. Don't forget your pills. They're on the counter."

I pour a cup of java, see the pills beside the coffee maker. "I don't know about these pills, Ricky. I think I can do without them."

"Think again, sweetie. They won't hurt you, really. All natural stuff, plant extracts actually."

"Still . . . " I say, looking at her chest.

She laughs. "It's taken me years to get these little sisters. A lot of exercise too. You've nothing to be afraid of."

"Exercise?"

"Uh-huh. I'll show you today. You hold your arms straight out," she says and demonstrates, flexing fingers and palms together. "It gives a little bulk to your pecs after thousands of reps. Then you just stop, the muscles sag and it appears you have small pseudo boobs."

"Yeah, well, jeez, I'm not planning to make this my life's work, if you know what I mean." I sip coffee. The girl makes good mud.

"Jody, give it a chance. You've a slim body, nice legs and skin. I think that's what Adrena saw in you, all that potential. And face it, with those large blue eyes you are pretty."

I blush at her compliments.

Or are they.

I feel a slight movement of air behind me, feel a pair of lips nuzzle the back of my neck through my long blond hair. She encircles my waist, hugs me and I feel her nipples against my back.

One hand cups me between the legs. "Are you feeling better today?"

"I'm feeling better now."

"Good. I'm going into town. I'll call my doctor, have her look you over."

"Jeez, Adrena, that's not necessary. I'm all better."

"I bet. You'd like my doc, though. She's a knockout. Young and stacked . . . and liberated."

"You don't have to go to all the expense. Must've been the twenty-four hour flu."

Adrena chuckles into my ear, lets me go, pours a cup of coffee. "You're worth it."

All this friendliness makes me wary.

She wears a short wrap, and I can, tell nothing underneath. Her long lustrously black hair is wrapped in a towel.

"Ricky, I may not make it back out here in time. I'm meeting with those two detectives, Norris and ..." she snaps her fingers "... the other one, can't remember his name."

"That would be Melvis Morris, the chubby one," answers Ricky, finishing her cereal and putting the bowl in the sink. "He pretends he doesn't like me."

Like her mentor, Ricky has great legs, only not as long. I see the lump in her panties, know what lurks there.

"Don't forget your pills, Jody."

Ricky gives me a look, rolls her eyes, pours a glass of milk from the fridge.

"Unh, about the pills, Adrena. I really don't think ..."

"You'll take them, hon," she says sweetly but those dark eyes are like daggers, give me a chill. "Let me do the thinking."

I decide not to push it, rummage in the fridge, find some orange juice and pour a generous glass. It will take a healthy drink to down all those pills.

"I'm glad you're feeling all better today, Jody," she says, picking out a long thin cigarette from a pack on the counter, lighting it and blowing smoke over our heads. "I want you at the club late this evening. No excuses. And don't panic. I just want you to get familiar with the club and see how we do things. Nothing drastic. Okay?" She fixes me with those dark eyes.

"Yeah, okay." What can I say?

"If you don't come back this afternoon how will we get to town and the club?" Ricky wants to know, gives me a sly look.

I know where her mind is going and I suppress a blush.

"I may get back in time. It all depends. I've meetings at the bank, with my lawyer, and later those detectives. Some members of the city council too. Try and persuade them that we don't need more hotels and condos here. If I don't make it back I'll send someone for you."

"Have you heard anything about Connie's murder?" says Ricky, finishing the milk, leaving a mustache on her upper collagen treated lip.

"No. That Norris is thorough, though. He knows his stuff, is retired from the Cyrenaica PD."

"Do they think it's somebody from the club, one of the other girls?" asks Ricky.

Adrena shakes her head, comes up to me, fondles my package through the billowy nylon shorts, finds my balls and cups them, slowly squeezes until she sees the strain on my face.

"You keep your equipment chaste today, hear?" She glances at Ricky, says the same thing to her.

Chapter Four

The Past (1996), Kansas

Joel and Ethan Coen make their most successful movie to date, Fargo. Frances McDormand, Coen's wife in real life, stars as the pregnant sheriff who pursues the killer in the cold landscape of the upper Midwest. The movie is a huge box office hit, has audiences laughing at the stark perversity of the plot. Tom Cruise proves his box office draw with Jerry Maguire, and two "new" actors, Renee Zellweger and Cuba Gooding Jr. Madonna starred in what was billed as her comeback vehicle for silver screen stardom, Evita, which

laid a sizable egg. Oprah, who was already sailing on high ratings, started her Book Club, which produced bestsellers just by being listed in her club. Dennis Rodman revealed in his autobiography a disposition to wear women's clothes and became a media sensation. Martha Stewart becomes the queen of domestic prowess with her television show, is soon on her way to becoming a billionaire.

Bill Clinton and Al Gore easily defeat Bob Dole and Jack Kemp to stay in Washington, proving the Republicans didn't have a clue about what to do, or who to nominate to counter Clinton's popularity, especially with media darlings.

Jody was home on a visit from Wichita State, caught his mom and dad partying on the patio that evening, entertaining another couple and a younger guy, maybe about his age. The young guy seemed a little out of place. Jody stood unseen in the shadows at the corner of the house, saw how Louella favored the young guy, patted his muscular thigh, looked at his dad, told him to go fix another round of drinks. His dad went around, gathered rock glasses and went into the house.

Jane and Dan Roberts used to live next door. Then Dan got several promotions where he worked, moved up from being a construction supervisor into site manager. They sold their home, moved into the new burbs, bought a nice brick ranch with in-ground pool.

Jane still looked good, a little stockier than Jody remembered but still a babe. Jody wondered if those bodacious ta-ta's of hers were sagging. Never used to sag. He'd seen them in a skimpy bra and once accidentally caught Jane bare-breasted. Her husband, Dan, was in Grand Island, Nebraska, on a job site and Jody had been mowing their grass, went inside the house for a drink of water.

Jane came down the hall wearing only panties, large firm breasts bouncing as she entered the kitchen, saw Jody standing at the refrigerator gulping cold water. She stood there for a moment, said, "Oh!, I didn't know you were in the house, Jody." Then she picked up a dishtowel, held it over her impressive rack. Took her time about it, thought Jody. He wondered if Aunt Linda's - big hooters! - were as impressive as his neighbor's.

"I was thirsty," he said, felt his face burning. And then he saw how tight were the full-cut panties on his neighbor's short meaty legs — no cellulite thank goodness — the outline of her pink nether lips imprinting thin nylon panties.

"Well, I'll make you some lemonade."

"It's okay," he said, shifting weight to his other foot, trying not to be so obvious about ogling Jane's compact body. Her legs weren't nearly as nice as Aunt Linda's or his mom's, but he wasn't complaining.

"It's no bother, honey," she said, moving to the counter, turning away. He saw how tightly the pink nylon panties stretched over her full behind.

The towel slipped, both of them watching as it seemed to slowly float to the floor. He bent to pick it up the same time she did, and they were face to face, looking into each other's eyes, her big tits within his clammy grasp.

He thought he imagined a look of challenge in her eyes.

She's doing this on purpose.

Suddenly the air conditioning felt cool on his sweaty bare chest and his little nips went hard, as did his dick inside tight cutoffs.

Jane snatched the towel, stood and covered her breasts, smiled, said she better get into some clothes, stopped at the hall, looked back at him. "I know boys have a difficult time with raging hormones. I'll make a pitcher of lemonade, bring it you."

That was his cue to go out and finish mowing the lawn.

That memory flashed quickly while he stood in the darker shadows at the corner of the house.

While his dad was inside making another round of drinks, Louella spoke quietly to the young guy who quickly glanced at the patio doors. Again his mom's hand went to the guy's thigh, rested there for a moment.

Something going on here.

Jody found out later from Jane, the kid was barely eighteen, a nephew of hers. He was working for Dan, saving money for trade school. Since he was from out of town and didn't know anybody, they brought him along. Though it seemed to Jody his mother and this kid acted like old friends.

Jody envied the guy's physique, sitting there in shorts and a tight muscle shirt. He had tried bodybuilding but couldn't stay with it, never saw any visible results. He was resigned to being slender, but he did have a gracefulness, wasn't awkward or gangling like a lot of taller skinny kids.

His dad returned with fresh drinks and Jody took that moment to announce himself, moving from the shadows at the corner of the house. His mother rushed into his arms and, for a while there was glad-handing all around. His mother introduced him to Jimmy and didn't elaborate.

The homecoming soon turned awkward and Jody excused himself, went into town to look up some old buds, do a little partying with them.

Louella felt more than naughty sitting on the boy's lap. Hardly a boy, eighteen at least, she thought, as she spread her legs and swallowed more of his cock, squeezed it with the inner walls of her vagina. She knew he was near, had to really coax him to do it in the den on the couch.

"But what about your husband?" he'd whined.

"Jeremy? Forget him. He's had plenty to drink," she said. "In bed passed out be my guess."

"But what if he walks in on us?"

"You don't want me?" she said, faking a hurt expression, raising off him and going to her knees, taking it in her hands, feeling it spasm. "Want me to suck it?"

The kid looked at the darkened hall, his face mixed with trepidation and pleasure, nodded.

She didn't want him to go off too soon, was really horny, thinking her husband, Jeremy, might be awake, listening. If anything it made her more excited. Jeremy wasn't much of a lover. She'd finally told him so, said she wanted to be satisfied and he should understand.

Jeremy didn't understand.

It took Louella months to condition him, ridicule his performance, praise him when she made him use his mouth. Men thought with only one head at a time. Jeremy had been sexually frustrated for months. Louella began to lead him around by his penis (figuratively), had read all about it in a book, the cover depicting an imposing woman, hands on hips administering to a kneeling cowering man. A feminist book wrote by some radical sexist from New York or Cyrenaica.

She found it one day browsing the back isles of Barnes & Noble. The glossy jacket caught her interest. Just looking at the kneeling man made her panties damp. On impulse she bought it, felt guilty paying for it at the counter, looked around to make sure she didn't see anybody she knew. The young clerk, glanced at the cover, smiled, gave Louella a look, said, "This is a popular book. A lot of women ... married women ..." she emphasized, "have bought this title." Louella looked at the girl who might've been college age, no older.

She'd always been a flirt. Jeremy knew that, confronted her about it once after they married, complained she was his now. "You knew I was a flirt when you married me." He pouted for a while. That night she gave him a blowjob. His reward for not being too upset. Her flirting continued and her husband seemed to resign himself.

She really loved seeing the anguish on his face when she did it. She'd look at him, get bolder and Jeremy reluctantly began to accept her slutty behavior. That's how she thought of it, as slutty behavior, especially in front of her husband. It really turned her on, and she wasn't quite sure why.

She had an affair with another married man and somehow Jeremy found out about it, confronted her. She admitted it, said she was sorry, but if he had taken better care of her sexual needs it might not have happened.

She used guilt as a weapon, thought maybe this wickedness was part of who she was.

And it was so much fun.

Now, after reading the book, she'd taken it a step further.

Jane had given her a look early that evening out on the patio. A shared moment between the two women, Jane nodding and smiling, suspecting what might be going on between Louella and Jeremy. Jane, looking at her nephew, started to see him in a new light.

Louella had to drag her husband out partying. She usually dressed provocatively if they weren't with friends. Of course there was the chance they'd run into couples they knew, and Jeremy had complained about it, the way she dressed.

She was always sure to let him see her in sexy underwear, tease him, fondle his package, once putting on lipstick, seeing his reflection in the mirror as he ogled her body, watched her paint her lips. She crooked her finger at him, fumbled his hard out of his pants and sucked it to the verge of orgasm. He gasped when she quit, told him he'd get it when they got back home.

Louella was partial to younger guys, tried to pick ones with muscles. She wanted Jeremy to feel intimidated, did this instinctively, not realizing how it would effect her husband. He'd sit at their table or booth and watch her flirt and dance with several guys. As the evening wore on and they drank more, she'd lose what little inhibitions she had left, let the guy fondle her on the dance floor, tried to make it happen so her husband could see.

Once he accused of her fondling a guy on the dance floor. She looked at him, put her hand in his lap under the table, not surprised to discover his growing excitement, she'd knead him unmercifully, tell him he must be mistaken . . .

"But I did feel him against my leg. I think he's got a big one."

"You're a slut," Jeremy said, knocking back the rest of his drink.



Her hand busy under the table, she said, "You don't seem to mind so much."

"I do mind." And he'd push her hand away.

They were in a booth that time and she slid out of it, short skirt to her thighs. She looked at Jeremy. "If you were a better lover I wouldn't act like this."

"You bitch!"

"Have another drink, Jeremy." She got to her feet, smoothed the short skirt. "Since you've accused me I'll think I'll do it."

"Please, Louella, don't act like this."

"You're excited," she challenged. "I can see it in your eyes. And your dick's hard."

"No. Let's go home. I'll make you happy."

She looked over her shoulder, made eye contact with the young buck sitting at the bar watching them. Hands on hips she leaned over, knew how the tight skirt would show off her backside, grinned at her husband. "I think his cock is bigger than yours, honey. But that ain't sayin' much."

Now she was on her knees wearing only panties (in a hurry she had inserted his stiff prick through the leg hole), sucking this kid's dick, slurping it, making as much quiet noise as possible.

She felt his glans hum and stopped, gave him a warning look. "I want to ride it."

The kid grabbed her breasts, mouthed them as she sat on his lap, pushed his cock inside the leg band of her panties, easily swallowed his manhood in her wet dripping pussy.

Their rhythm was awkward at first and she tried to time her movements with his thrusts. Soon they were bucking on the couch in the throes of sweaty sex.

"Yes," she hissed too loud. "Fuck me. Make it good, lover."

The kid's frantic eyes darted to the darkened hall.

She took his face, pulled it to her tits, told him to suck her breasts and fuck her hard.

Said it in a loud stage whisper.

The eighteen-year-old construction worker, nephew to Jane and Dan Roberts, lost it and shot his load into her pussy.

It was too soon but Louella did manage a mild orgasm.

The kid couldn't get out of the house fast enough.

Louella never saw him again.

She sat on the couch for a moment, felt his discharge seeping into her panties, cupped her breasts, roughly pinched her nipples.

She sighed and went down the hall, saw the bedroom door was ajar, went to the bed. She suspected Jeremy was feigning sleep, thought about the book secreted away in her closet.

"You're not asleep so don't pretend," she said softly.

No answer.

He lay under the sheet like a dead man.

"Is it hard, Jeremy," she said softly, sliding into bed beside him where he lay with his back to her. "Jeremy, it's your fault."

She put an arm around his middle, noticed the slight paunch.

Her hand slipped under the sheet, petted his belly, roamed down and inside the nylon boxer shorts she'd bought him, a pretty fuchsia color with lace piping, almost feminine. She'd come home from shopping, had stripped down to sexy underwear, still in her heels, told him she'd bought him a present and to try it on.

He looked in the package, gave her a dubious look. "Now?"

"Yes, now. Get naked. I want to see how they look on you."

A gleam came into his eye as he looked her up and down, stripped and donned the cute nylon shorts. She told him he looked good, his boner rising in the slick garment.

She went up to him, fondled him through the shorts, knew how sexy she looked standing before him in heels, hose, skimpy bra and matching dark blue panties.

"I need it," he'd said that afternoon.

She stroked him through the filmy briefs and asked him if it felt good.

"So good, I'm afraid I'll have an accident," he'd said, touching her breasts.

"That's not unusual for you, having accidents. I'm used to it. Go ahead and cum," she whispered at his ear.

"No, I don't want to soil the shorts."

"You like them then," she said.

"Yes."

"Cum in them. I want you to."

"Let's make love."

"Jeremy, you know how you are, how you've become. You'll go off like a teenager, leave me hanging."

"No, I want to fuck you."

She stopped stroking him, caught his chin in her hand. "It's this or nothing," she said, and began stroking him through the cute fuchsia nylon shorts again, thinking of the book, how predictable men were when excited.

He stood stiffly while she masturbated him, made quick work of it.

"Yes, that's it, get it all out. I'm glad you did it in my sexy present. But my, you are quick."

She knew the words stung him.

"You're already hard," she said now, her hand inside another pair of sexy but feminine briefs. She was slowly converting his underclothes and would soon have him in panties.

"You're a tramp," he whispered, staying on his side.

“Lay back. I want you to suck me through my panties. Show me that you love me.”

“But I do love you.”

She rolled over, swung her leg over his mid section, pushed down on his chest.

It was everything Louella could do to stop from smirking, as she moved up his supine body, looked at her husband in the darkness and settled her panty clad pussy over his face.

“Lick me real good and I’ll grant you release.”

She didn’t understand his muffled reply, but hunched his mouth as his tongue laved her wet, cum-stained panties.

She tugged the leg band aside after he worshiped her soiled panties, told him to stick his tongue in her honeypot for his husbandly reward. If he’d been a better man, this wouldn’t have happened, she reasoned out loud. Her hand went to his stiff cock, jacked him as he tongued her, sending shivers down her back, making her nipples hard.

Before he was through licking his wife’s violated vagina, she brought him off with her hand. He bucked his hips as she sat on his face, sent great geysers of semen into the air, sprinkling her arm and hands and buttocks with his long-denied climax.

Louella had more affairs, usually with younger men. Jeremy suspected she was cheating on these long nights away from home, confronted her about it. After the tryst on the couch with Jane’s nephew, Louella saw no reason to hide these mostly one-night stands, and often came on to her husband afterward. It became almost routine for her to demand Jeremy service her orally. Though he refused and acted offended, she would pet and stroke him into a sexual frenzy until she got her way. The exhilaration of power she held over him was like a narcotic. The more she demeaned him the more she became empowered sexually and, in nearly all other aspects of their marriage. She’d ridicule Jeremy, and only on rare occasions did she let him penetrate her. When he did she talked about how he was an inadequate lover, sensed the repressed passion that he tried to hide.

One afternoon while out shopping with Jane Roberts, her old friend told her there was talk around town about Louella’s infidelities, that sooner or later word would get back to Jeremy who was the editor of the local paper. There were few secrets in their small Kansas town. In fact, one of the reporters on the local paper had dropped hints about his wife’s occasional excursions.

The night that Jody made an unexpected home visit from Wichita State, the night that Louella balled her young stud on the couch in the den, signaled the beginning of the end of their marriage.

It was about 3 a.m. when Jody stumbled into the house the next morning. His mother was on the couch looking through a woman’s magazine. Jody, more than a little tipsy from drinking with his buddies, asked about his father. Louella said she’d sent him to bed, that he was no fun anymore.

Sitting in the quiet house with his mother, the inebriated Jody told her about the drama professor he was involved with on campus. But he didn’t tell her all of it. It would be too embarrassing to reveal Eva Pangor’s dark sexuality.

Louella advised Jody to enjoy it, that it wouldn't last. One or the other of them would grow tired and move on. That was the way of things.

Returning to the Wichita State campus the next evening, Jody went to Eva Pangor's condo, noticed the racy midnight blue Riviera in front, knew she was home. She let him drive the coupe around town, especially if he'd pleased her in some way, which was usually something sexual. For a while Jody denied that she was in charge of their relationship, but finally, near the end, admitted it to himself. At first she coaxed him to do things, gradually escalating her requests until they became increasingly kinkier and demeaning. After months Eva became even bolder. Once, having a strong grip on his hard cock, she led him naked into the predominantly mirror and chrome decorated bathroom, had him kneel and lower her panties. She sat on the toilet with feet propped on the seat, splayed her puffy pink lips with one hand and tugged him by the hair, his face close while she urinated into the bowl. Then she demanded he lick her.

With a shiver of submission, his cock hard and dripping, he did just that. Licked her until she had an orgasm while sitting on the toilet.

He stood uncertainly in the parking lot, wondered if she might be entertaining one of her students, having sex. Why did he keep coming back, he wondered.

He dated other coeds on campus, one of them a bubble gum chewing chick with a great body, but she didn't know how to use it. That, and she chewed incessantly on the gum with her mouth open. With that stunning body he'd expected more, was disappointed when she just lay there while he drilled her. It was like she wanted him to get through it so she could go back to chewing gum. Another girl was pretty and slim, had a pug nose and dimples, had been raised on the rich farm land in Kansas, had no sense of her body. It showed too, she walked and acted like a farmer. On more that one occasion Jody had imagined the girl in stockings and garter belt. She had the legs for it. Yet he'd never seen her in hose, only ankle or athletic socks, flats or unattractive chunky heels. His mom and aunt knew how to dress, show off their legs.

The farm girl adored Madonna so he took her to see the new movie, Evita, had suffered through the boring (largely fictional) movie, thought of screwing her afterward but the girl seemed mesmerized by the rock singer, didn't want to have sex. He'd said, "What about a blow job then," and she shook her head, said she was saving that for marriage. She did jack him off, though, thought she was doing him a big favor.

With his good looks, long blond hair and big blue eyes, Jody never had a problem picking up girls. Quite the contrary. Growing up, Aunt Linda used to tease him about it, told him to make sure he used protection, didn't get some girl pregnant and then have to marry her.

There were other girls, a couple of sorority sisters who had a little class. But after meeting Eva Pangor (and being seduced by the older woman) the coeds didn't measure up, even though Eva was skinny, almost flat-chested. The girls didn't have that strong persona that unconsciously Jody was drawn to, nor did these young girls have that mysterious sexuality, the unstated but undeniable lure of dark, forbidden sex.

Standing in the dusky shadows in front of her condo, Jody vacillated, knew he should leave the older woman alone, knew she was trouble. Yet he couldn't help himself.

With a sigh he went to her door and rang the bell. He'd long ago figured Eva to be bisexual, wondered if maybe she was in bed with some girl right now. Or maybe a boy and a girl.

She was partial to one of her male drama students, an effeminate but handsome lad, who Eva had introduced him to at the pub she frequented. She told him she was after the girl who seemed this guy's constant companion, enticed Jody with the images of a ménage à trois. A looker, Eva hinted the girl was eager to get it on with her.

Perhaps it was fate, meeting Eva Pangor on the campus golf course. He'd felt somebody staring at him, looked at the skinny lady with the challenging eyes, immediately noticed comely bare legs in an abbreviated flirty golf skirt. He'd returned the stare of this older woman. She faced him, hands on hips, her body language challenging. Under her intense stare he felt uncomfortable and his skin went a little prickly.

It was Eva who approached him, offered to buy him a drink, that is if he was old enough. Many of the off-campus restaurants and bars overlooked underage students. It was sort of an unwritten rule; let the kids have fun.

He flashed his best winsome smile and boldly caressed her body with his big blues. She laughed, asked if he liked what he saw.

After a couple drinks in the clubhouse, they set up a meet in an off-campus pub where a lot of the drama students hung out. He'd heard about the bar and its racy reputation, agreed to meet her and later found himself in her condo, on his knees eating pussy.

Eva Pangor really liked guys who could eat pussy, guys that were willing to please a lady. He fucked her doggy style that night and she encouraged him to ram her hard, she could take it.

He asked her once what she saw in him and she flashed a wicked smile, said she liked his blue eyes, slender body and fair skin, the way he wore his long straight blond hair below his shoulders. She thought he was sexy, wanted to get in his pants from the moment they accidentally met on Braeburn Golf Course. He had discovered he had a knack for golf, was going to try out for the team but then didn't make the cut. Had he practiced more instead of chasing chicks and becoming embroiled with Eva Pangor, he might've made the team and went on to greater things.

But Eva proved to be too big a distraction. Young Jody Combs easily succumbed to her strong personality and bold sexuality.

She made good on her promise to invite him into bed with the buxom drama student. The sight of two wanton women making love to each other consumed him with lust. Jody later found out the price of admission to these Sapphic delights was Eva's insistence that

he make it with the effeminate young man. The questionable clothing she bought and made him wear was one thing, but sucking another's guy dick was another thing altogether.

As it was, he narrowly escaped Eva's planned bisexual orgy with her gal and guy pal. He'd been on his knees while the two women stroked and stoked his passion, the guy dressed to the nines in fetching lingerie, looking very girlish.

Convincingly so.

Except for the hard lump in his panties, which Eva, kneeling beside Jody, had extracted and demanded he suck.

Scared, Jody ran from the kinky tableau and Eva's evil clutches. For days he tried to deny what she'd almost made him do, denied his lust at that moment of truth. It was the two women who had tricked him, fired his passion to encourage his compliance and debasement.

All of these things didn't come until weeks after the night he returned to Wichita State. She greeted him at the door in a slinky short wrap, kissed him hard on the lips, sent her tongue into his mouth. Stripping him of his clothes in the alcove of her condo, she pulled him to the plush carpet, put his face between her slender legs and made him satisfy her with his mouth, then later rode atop him, tweaked his nipples, demanded he send his cock deep into her vagina while she talked dirty to him about what they were going to do with her buxom bi student.

Chapter Five

To pacify Ricky we're on the front porch doing the ridiculous pectoral exercises, gazing at roiling sudsy waves wash onto the beach. Overhead the sky is churning, turning a gun-metal gray. The wind off the ocean is in our face and rain is on the way.

Egrets and herons roam the beach, pecking up tiny morsels. They seem unaware of the imminent storm.

Jimmy Buffet music is playing on the stereo in the living room and Ricky is swaying with the music, lip syncing "One Particular Harbor" from one of his greatest hit CD's. A new CD of the conch king has already been released, and though its not vinyl, like other Parrot Heads, I'm anxious to buy it, add it to my collection of LPs. I'm an LP purist, refuse to recognize the advantages of CDs. For one thing CDs are LOUD and harsh. I have a direct drive turntable stored away at my buddy Al's along with my vinyl collection of not only JB but Bob Seger and The Bruce, all of it old stuff. It's getting harder to get into Bruce Springsteen's newer stuff since he's gone so political, but I still get nostalgic when I hear "Thunder Road."

Adrena left earlier and Ricky and I lounged around, took a walk along the beach around noon and then surfed the boob tube - what boring programs - trying futilely to find something interesting. With television it's more for less.

Ricky wears light makeup and tight spandex workout shorts. More than once I've caught myself looking at how smooth she looks between the legs, no sign of her real sex. The spandex hugs her butt and the thin spaghetti-strap cotton top highlights a hint of roundness which is topped by jutting nipples.

She's told me more than once she owes her figure, nips and soft skin to the vitamin supplements and the pec exercises, says I've a long way to go. I don't bother to correct her. I'm not one of them and never will be. I'm not doing this by choice.

I've yet to figure a way out of this sticky situation.

The thing is I really like Ricky. She's fun and witty and it's hard to think of her as a male. Adrena Forchia is another sultry lure that is affecting my participation in this drag club scene and transgender game.

The olive-skinned Italian is very attractive, has legs to die for and a strong persona that consumes me with longing and lust. Besides owing her for getting me out of jail, I'm stalling for time, want to be near her.

I don't like the scenario but there seems little I can do about it. For now anyway.

The wind picks up, brings large cool rain drops with it.

Soon Ricky and I are wet.

I wear loose terrycloth bottoms and a thin-strapped cotton tee, look at my smooth hairless legs, shake my head. The pink nail polish on my toenails only adds to my predicament. I hate to admit it but these legs look great for being attached to a swinging dick.

Inside Jimmy slides into "La Vie Dansante", one of my fave's and Ricky slows her gyrations, glances at me to make sure I'm holding my arms out straight in front of me, flexing my fingers and palms, building my pecs, all of these reps repeated ad nauseam to finally one day stop, let my pecs lose muscle tone so they'll form little titties.

The vitamin supplements and special lotions and creams will enlarge my nipples, make them look more womanly.

This is what Adrena wants, how she likes most of her men.

I'll be long gone before that happens.

By now the two of us are drenched and, looking at the way Ricky's top is plastered against her chest, I catch her looking between my legs, glance down and see how the wet terrycloth shorts hug my snake, which for some unaccountable reason seems to be on the rise. The tubular devil growing, wants to peek out, take a look around.

As the wind and rain assault us, Ricky grins, moves over until we're slapping hips. Her hand drops, curls around my frisky little devil.

I have to stop thinking of him as a her.

She catches my eye, licks pouty red lips. I notice her naturally long eyelashes which are enhanced with mascara. She wears just a touch of eyeshadow and her cheeks are slightly rouged, giving her a high-cheek bone look.

She turns, takes my hands, puts them on turgid nipples, flexes her hips against mine. My cock throbs, gets harder, sort of slides into the spandex vee of her slightly spread legs.

She looks up into my eyes, says, "Jody you have dreamy blue eyes." Then, "I want to suck it," and pushes her hips hard against me.

"Adrena told us no hanky panky, remember?"

"Fuck Adrena," she whispers. "She don't have to know."

"Hmm, well if you really want to," I say (Louella Combs didn't raise her son to be a fool), pushing against her, tugging on her nips.

Ricky looks into my eyes, hands busy between my legs. She pushes on my terrycloth shorts, frees my hard cock, strokes it with both hands.

"Kiss me first."

"Ricky, I can't you're a . . . boy."

"Is that how you see me?" Doing that thing with her pink tongue on those glistening red lips.

"Uh, no, but Jeez . . . "

"No kiss, no blow job, baby."

Her hands are really working my cock now.

What's one little kiss gonna hurt?

My face descends and her eyes go out of focus.

Our lips just –

Honking! Damn honking!

We both come out of the clutch. I look over her shoulder, see the Jimmy emerging from a line of sea grass bouncing along the road that winds its way to the bungalow, the windshield wipers slapping at the incessant rain. I know that Jimmy. Adrena must've sent Rene Dehaven after us.

I flashback to an earlier ride in that Jimmy with Rene. She brought me out here on my first visit. I'd went to the club to see Adrena and was brought here. Riding along the very road the Jimmy bounces over now, Rene had her hand between my legs. The tall transsexual took my hand and put it where it shouldn't be.

My face goes red thinking about it, the way her face descended on mine.

"It's for you, Norton," says one of the detectives in the open bullpen. "Line two."

Detective Norton Norris picks up the phone, punches the blinking light in the row along the front of the phone. "Detective Norris."

"Norton. How are you?"

Nearly immediately he recognizes the voice from the past. "Gladys," he says, trying to think of something to add.

There is a soft hiss on the line. Unspoken moments.

Finally, "How did you find me?"

"Your sister. I called her. She said you'd moved to Florida. Retired from the force."

"Yes," he says, and fumbles in his shirt pocket for a Marlboro.

"You can't smoke in here," says his partner, Melvis Morris, who sits at an adjacent desk. A shiny new wooden desk his mother bought him, his mother being the ex-mayor. Like her son, who is of some girth, she is fatter. Since she lost her bid for reelection she ran for a seat on the city council and won, now is president of the council. Norton thinks it was a sympathy vote but it was before his time so he's not sure.

The woman is still trying to run city hall, only now from a city council seat.

Norris gives him a look, wonders about this call. "How are you, Gladys?"

"I'm fine, Norton. Really fine. And you?"

"Fine. Just fine."

"Is it nice in Florida this time of year?"

"Yes. Warm and sunny. Nothing like it must be in Virginia now, before the holidays."

"It's so good to hear your voice, Norton."

"Uhm, Gladys. I haven't talked to you in years. Ever since you packed up and went back to Virginia."

"You're back doing police work. Like before when we lived in Cyrenaica," she says.

"Yes, well. I discovered I missed it," he answers. His work was one of the reasons for the divorce. That and he was sterile, couldn't give her kids. "How are the children?"

"Oh, my, growing like weeds. I have pictures. All three girls look like me. It's amazing."

"Is there something wrong Gladys?"

"Oh, Norton . . ."

He hears a sob.

"What's the matter Gladys?"

"Everything's not all right. I'm miserable."

Norton, fingers the pack of smokes in his shirt pocket, feels sorry for his ex-wife. "Uh, what's the matter, Gladys?" Why do women walk around the issue, whatever it might be. It takes them a long time to get to the point.

"My husband. He left me."

Norris doesn't know what to say, wants to comfort her, something he's never been good at.

"Just up and left. I didn't have a clue. He came home one day with this new Toyota. Never told me he was going to buy a new car. We really couldn't afford it and I told him so."

"I'm sorry," says Norris, wondering what a new car has to do with it. He feels uncomfortable, inadequate in the face of his ex's marital problems.

"Yes. This saleslady who sold it to him. The two of them are together now. She's going to take him for everything he's got. Which isn't much. The bitch stole my husband and I don't know what to do."

To his knowledge Gladys never used the "bitch" word.

"I'm sorry, Gladys. He'll see the light, come back to you, I'm sure." Trying for optimism.

"She's very pretty."

"I'm sorry," he repeats, wishing he could somehow comfort her, not knowing how.

"And young."

"Well, he must be an asshole to leave you, Gladys." Gladys is very religious - or was. The word just slipped out and he can't take it back.

"What am I going to do, Norton?"

Norton Norris looks past his desk at his partner whose at his new desk, an open box of Krispy Kreme doughnuts on the corner. Melvis is munching on one of the last sugary treats in the box. The other three detectives in the bullpen have all helped themselves.

"... Norton?"

"Yes, Gladys."

"Can you come up and see me. I'd like to talk to you."

Norris thinks about Darlene Johnson, the young woman he's recently taken up with. Like him, Darlene's a smoker. "There's nothing I can do, Gladys," he says, feeling inadequate, wishing he could somehow comfort her.

Up North, in another life, he'd come home, didn't notice Gladys sitting in the dark living room. It was late. He went to the kitchen for a bottle of rye whiskey in the cabinet, poured a stiff one, then wandered back into the living room, was about to sit in his armchair, then saw her sitting in the shadows, three suitcases at her feet. She was leaving him, didn't like life in the big city. He was always gone and she was lonely, going back to Virginia to her mother's. He sat there for a long moment, drink forgotten. Finally he said maybe they could work it out. No, her mind was made up and nothing he could say would change it. Why don't you wait until morning, he'd suggested. No, there was a bus leaving after midnight and she intended to be on it. Didn't want a thing, just wanted to go home. Would he take her to the bus station? He nodded, told her if that's what she really wanted. She said it was. The two of them sat there in the dark in silence. Finally he rattled the ice in the rock glass, took a drink of whiskey, felt it burn down into his belly.

"What should I do?" she says, breaking into his somber recollection.

"Do you own your home?"

"Hmm, yes but its not paid for yet."

"Get a lawyer, Gladys. Sue the bum (not asshole) for divorce. Get support for the girls. Make him pay."

"Do you think he might come back to me - I mean after he's come to his senses?"

Norris pictures his ex-wife, doubts the guy will come back.

"Huh, maybe. Don't count on it. Get a lawyer, make him pay. That's what you should do."

"Thanks Norton. I'm sorry to burden you with all this. Uh, Norton . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"Do you have somebody?"

He doesn't know how to answer the question, thinks of Darlene, doesn't know where that's going, is flattered the younger buxom woman has taken him into her bed. It'd been so long for him with another woman, and then to his horror he discovered he couldn't get it up. "Not really."

Why hurt her feelings?

"You need to talk, Norton. I never knew what you were thinking. It was like living with a stranger. It was one of the reasons I left you."

"I'm sorry Gladys." Sorry for her circumstances and sorry about the past.

"Yes, I know. Well, anyway, it was nice to hear your voice again."

"You too, Gladys."

"I won't bother you again."

"It was no bother. Get an attorney. Talk to your mother. That'll help."

"Yes, I'll do that. Goodbye Norton."

"Goodbye Gladys. Call me if you need to talk," he blurts, then feels the fool.

"Oh . . . Norton," she says, her voice cracking.

The anguish in her voice etches deeper lines into his craggy face. He holds the receiver tightly, listens to the sibilant hiss of the phone line, realizes she's hung up.

He puts the receiver in the cradle, looks at the phone for a long moment.

"Last one."

Norris looks up. Melvis Morris is holding the open box of doughnuts out to him, one last glazed donut in the box. He shakes his head, absently fumbles inside his sports coat for cigarettes.

"You never eat," says Melvis.

Norris looks at his chubby partner, scoots back the chair and stands.

"Where you going?"

"Outside for a cigarette." He starts out of the open room, feels the eyes of the few other cops at his back.

“Those cigarettes are going to kill you, Norton.”

Norton looks at the open box of doughnuts, watches as Melvis plucks the last one, takes a bite, shakes his head, thinks: God is punishing me for some transgression in my earlier life.

“I wish I could tell you more. But I hardly knew her.”

It's late evening, early customers drifting in, having a few drinks, getting primed for the first show. Each appointment had dragged on, making me later and later until finally I called the Macumba Police Department, left a message for Detective Norton Norris; I can't make it today, would try and catch up with them tomorrow.

Now here they are. I don't have time for this, notice the heavysset one trying to unobtrusively scope out the “girls” as they pass, a few of them with their faces on and dressed, mingling with early customers.

The older one with the tired eyes and craggy face looks at me. “Huh, you knew her well enough to pay for her out of state burial, give her grieving mother some money.”

“I felt sorry for Connie's mother, sensed the woman was never comfortable with her son's lifestyle. It wasn't that much, really. You know, detective, we've gone over most of this before.”

Detective Norton Norris nods, flips open a notebook from inside his sports jacket, skims through several pages. “Connie Fairchild, A.K.A. Conrad Ferris, had a jacket back in Columbus, Ohio. Prostitution, possession of drugs with intent to sell, assault on ...” He looks up, catches my eyes “... another transvestite.”

“Jacket? What do you mean jacket, detective?” I say wearily (I know what a “jacket” is but don't want to seem to au fait), and fix his sidekick with a stare. He's been ogling me, and my girls. He averts his eyes, smoothes a flat hand over his ear and prematurely receding hairline. His comb-over brings a smile.

“Uhm, criminal record is what we call a jacket, Ms. Forchia. He skipped out on bail, had a second offense drug charge hanging over him. With his priors, if convicted, he'd end up doing time. We've had the meth analyzed by the state police lab. Its high-grade stuff, what pushers refer to as Glass. ”

He gives me a look with those tired eyes, but his look is deceiving.

“That's why you think he came to Florida then?”

The old cop shrugs. “Why didn't you come by the municipal building today?”

“I was going to but it's been one of those days, detective. Several meetings, one with . . . ” I give his sidekick a look, “his mother and Ian MacCaulley. I'm sorry, time got away from me.”

"The city council has offices in the muni building, Ms. Forchia," Norris says, those old eyes steady, trying to read my face.

"We met at my attorney's office. I'm trying to convince (I can't think of this fat cop's name) his mother to back off the proposed shore development. Her and Ian MacCaulley both."

"The attorney that's handling Jody Combs case?" I nod. "Ah, I'm with you on that, Ms. Forchia. Macumba is a quaint community. One of the reasons I decided to settle here." He smiles.

"Well, Detective Norris at least we agree on something."

"You can forget that," adds his sidekick. Mother is adamant about broadening the tax base, opening Macumba Beach to development. Think of all the condos, hotels, restaurants, the attractions that would bring tourists. The MacCaulley's have controlled that land for ages. Time to put this city on the map."

Norris and I both give him a look. He wouldn't understand why we want to keep this area relatively pristine and unsettled. The glitz and glitter will come soon enough. It's one of the reasons I decided against opening a club on South Beach in Miami. That and the lease on South Beach is higher than Mount Kilimanjaro.

The older detective frowns at his partner. "You're not from the North. We're both ..." he nods at me "... from Cyrenaica. New York City isn't that far," he says patiently like he's talking to a child. "That's why the snowbirds come south, Melvis, to get away from people."

That's it!, Melvis Morris.

"Lookie there!" exclaims Melvis Morris. "Isn't that Jody Combs in the flesh walkin' down that hallway."

Norton looks, frowns, is about to say something but is interrupted by his partner.

"Lookin' kind a girly, he is," says the short one, and gives me a look. Proud of himself.

Simpleton is the single word that flashes to me. How did this guy ever become a cop, let alone a detective? And then the answer comes to me: his mother. She was once the mayor of Macumba Beach. Before my time.

"Is there anything else, detective?"

Norris looks at the small pocket notebook, thumbs to a blank page. "I understand you're the new owner of the Pink Chameleon, ma'am (This guy's so polite and we're from the same city, but he's so different from most of the abrasive assholes up north), but we need to talk to her friends, some of the other girls she worked with."

His use of the word "girls" isn't derogatory. I like that, not looking down his nose at the lifestyle.

"Yeah, the girls," says Morris unnecessarily.

I wonder what the chubby guy was thinking earlier when he was scoping them out.

"Rene Dehaven has been here the longest. Let me find her." I look around. People are watching us. Do they, like me, smell cop? I turn and point to the hall near the stage and

dance floor. "At the end of that hall is my office. Why don't you make yourself comfortable in there while I find Rene. Can I get you something to drink?"

"Sure," says Melvis Morris. "Whiskey and Coke for me. Make it Crown Royal."

"And you, Detective Norris?"

"An iced tea would be nice. Sugar please."

The two of them take off toward my office. Melvis is a lot like his dowdy mother, two of a kind. I don't like her, either.

Chapter Six

The performers are drifting in, stripping, putting on girdles and other accouterments, sitting at makeup mirrors, putting on their faces. I watch one skinny guy who's donned some sort of strap between his legs as he struggles into a padded panty girdle. It gives him a nice looking feminine butt. I'm surprised how male some of them look.

I'm very uncomfortable and Ricky is enjoying my discomfort while she puts subtle foundation and blush on my face. She had me thoroughly cleanse my face with witch hazel and apply a thin layer of moisturizer before fixing my face. A clean face will hold the makeup better, she explained.

Rene Dehaven sits in a chair behind me enjoying my irritation.

"I really don't need this, I'm not going on stage tonight," I say. This is one of many protestations.

"You want to look nice, don't you sugar?" the tall transsexual teases.

I glance at the oval makeup mirror to my left which is highlighted with a ring of non-glare bulbs, see her smile, those large collagen-treated lips, think about them around my cock. The thought gives me a little twitch in the confines of the briefer I wear.

Maybe it's her size, her convincing femininity. I don't know. But Rene has an almost irresistible magnetism. She wears tight cropped slacks, bare feet in spiky sandals. I've unobtrusively glanced between her legs a couple times but she's smooth and flat. No telltale bulge gives her away. And she does have modest but real boobs. I've glimpsed not only cleavage but a slice of bumpy brown areola. Her nipples look large and fat through the skimpy bra and diaphanous blouse.

My mind wanders to the time I rode with her in her Jimmy when she took me to the modest beach cottage where Adrena and Ricky live, what she did; feeling me up, taking my hand putting it between her legs, maybe to let me know she had a sizable package, I'm not sure. Getting out I fumbled for the door handle and she leaned over and, before I could escape the Jimmy, kissed me. Then another time, here in this club, she came to our table where I sat with Adrena and the twins, insinuated herself between me and Adrena. She was all dressed in leather, looked like a dom and Adrena put my hand between her legs. Her package was unencumbered but inside leather panties. When I drew my hand away,

Adrena put it back, gave me a look. I couldn't look at the twins and my face was flushed with embarrassment. The Forchia woman was pushing the envelope, as they like to say, and I was indebted to her.

I'm not gay, yet both times were erotic.

This lifestyle is more than confusing. Maybe my buddy Al is right when he said this stuff grows on you. I hate to admit it, but with each passing day I become a little more comfortable with my new image. It is almost but not quite acceptable.

"Close your eyes and I'll highlight your lids a little, put a little mascara on you."

"That's not necessary, really."

Rene sits back, chuckles, gives Ricky a look. "Just a shadow. You'll like it. Now shut your eyes, sug."

I wear beige, zipper-front slacks with no back pockets but with front pockets. The slacks are very tight and underneath I wear some kind of spandex briefer which stretches from the top of my thighs to just under my chest. A tan button-front shirt with long billowy sleeves complements the rather femmy outfit. On my feet are low-cut flat, rounded-toe shoes with tassels. At least the shoes aren't made of patent leather. In the darker interior of the club they could almost pass for men's loafers.

Almost.

Adrena Forchia comes in, looks me over with a critical eye, nods her head. "You look nice Jody. Ricky will be with you tonight. I want you to mingle with the customers. She'll show you."

"I'm not ready for this."

The svelte Italian smiles. "You'll do fine, hon. Just follow Ricky's lead. Visit with women. They'll readily accept you."

I don't know what to say, feel my armpits leaking.

"Rene, those two cops are in my office," Adrena says. "They want to see you and any of the other girls who knew Connie."

"Again?"

The Forchia woman nods, wants Rene to humor the cops, tell them whatever she knows.

A girly boy brings ice tea and the expensive mixed drink for the two cops. Rene Dehaven goes in Adrena's office, notices the hungry eyes of the chubby one. She'd do him just to hear the hypocrite squeal, the brief thought bringing a smile to her face.

The older one is leafing through a Key West night scene mag, looking at the photos of some stage celebrities. He looks up, says, "Thanks for talking to us." Looking at the magazine he adds, "These girls really look good." Then hurriedly adds, "You all look good."

"Thanks detective." She sits on the love seat beside the chubby cop. "I'd like to see whoever stabbed Connie put in jail. She was a friend."

Norton Norris sips iced tea. "Good, I hope you can help us. The two of you were pretty close," he says, flipping open a small notebook.

"Yes we were." Rene gives the chubby cop a look, bats her lashes. "Does that make me a suspect?"

"Everybody's a suspect," says Melvis Morris. "We're you two getting it on?"

"Getting it on. Hmm . . . , you mean having sex?"

"Yeah, that's what I mean," Morris says impatiently, shifting around on the love seat, nudging Rene's leg. "Who else was she seeing?"

"Huh, well, Connie and me, we fucked like a couple a sex crazed animals," she says, winking at the cop beside her, leaning toward him. "I don't know if she had time for anybody else."

Rene glances at the older cop whose looking at his partner with a blank face but something unfriendly in those tired eyes.

"She was selling, wasn't she?" Norton says.

"Selling?"

"Drugs," he answers.

"I don't know about that," Rene says, and for the first time feels a little uncomfortable. The skinny cop may look slow and old but looks are deceiving. Then as an afterthought she adds, "There was this one guy, a Mexican, I think. Kind of full of himself. Broad shoulders, walked with a swagger. I couldn't see what he was so proud of. He wasn't very tall, about the height of Melvis. He came in the club from time to time to see her."

Melvis gives her a look, smells her perfume sitting this close, peeks at her cleavage.

"What kind of relationship did she have with the guy?" Norton asks.

Rene shrugs.

"Was it intimate? Were they like girl and boyfriend?"

"Could've been. I'm not sure."

"Do you have a name, maybe where he lives or hangs out?"

"Don't know about his digs, detective. The name though," she says thinking. "Something like Gonzalez or Garcia. I'm not sure. I didn't like the guy so I stayed away when he was around."

"Just the one name?" Norton raises an eyebrow, pencil posed over tiny notebook.

Rene nods.

"Not much to go on," Melvis says. "A Mex maybe, name of Gonzalez or Garcia."

"Sorry, sugar," says Rene in mock seriousness. She pats his knee, tries not to smile when he jumps a little. "Loosey Goosey, huh?"

Melvis looks away.

"Think he might've been a mark or a dealer?"

Rene looks at the older cop, shakes her head. "I don't know."

Norton taps his pencil on the small notebook. "What about Connie and Adrena Forchia?"

Rene gives him a puzzled look, doesn't follow.

"Could they have been working together?" Norton wants to know.

"Uh-unh. Connie was here first, before Adrena bought the club."

"Yes but, the Forchia woman could've sent her to scope this place out," reasons Norton. "I never thought of that." Rene thinks, shakes her head. "I don't think so."

"Why?" asks the older detective.

She shrugs. "Doesn't feel right."

"Huh," says Norton. "The influx of drugs came about the same time Connie and Adrena hit Macumba Beach. I don't like coincidences."

"Adrena doesn't want drugs in her club. Told me herself."

Norton looks pensive, writes something in the notebook. "Could be a ruse. Was Connie into anything else that you know of?"

Rene raises an eyebrow. "Like?"

"Hell, I don't know. You tell me."

"Connie was a good girl," she says looking at Melvis, notices his thinly veiled but lusty eyes.

"I don't care if she was turning tricks," says the old one. He shrugs for emphasis. "Meth- amphetamine, crystal, coke and heroine, it's all been coming into Macumba, Rene. Connie's death could be drug related."

"Yeah, we're gonna bust all you perverts," says the fat one, sitting forward, giving Rene a narrow-eyed look. "Maybe we can't bust ya for suckin..."

"Pul eeese, Melvis, will you shut up!" Norris shakes his head, apologizes to Rene.

Rene, smiles, pats the chubby one's leg, leans into him with her breast. "We could have some fun, you and me, Mr. Detective."

Melvis draws back, and, as his face goes red, he hems and haws.

Rene suppresses a chuckle. "I do a little smoke. That's all."

"I don't care if you main line," Norris says. "I want Connie's killer. She has a drug related rap sheet. Dealing and using. We both want the same thing. You could run some interference for us with the other girls. Let them know we're not going to bust them for using. We want the killer."

"Not now, anyway," Morris claims, reinserting himself in the conversation, staring at his partner.

Norris shakes his head.

"She was close with another girl name of Alice. But she's at one of the club's in Key West for a couple days." Rene looks at the cop from the snow country, then looks away.

"What?" asks Norris.

"Uhm, I don't want to implicate anybody. Just because the two of them were sort of an item doesn't mean anything." She bites her lower lip, thinks she's already said too much.

"I'm sure you're right," Norris says reassuringly. "But this girl may know something that we don't know."

"It's not one of the girls who works here," Rene says, looking down. "But Connie and Ian MacCaulley were pretty close."

The Past (2004 - 2006), Fairmont Indiana

Katie Couric turns 47, January '04. Mad Cow disease scare reaches the U.S. Liberal lefty columnist, Maureen Dowd of the New York Times, gives rare praise to George W. Bush. When the paper hit the streets it is rumored several right wingers fainted. New Jersey Governor, James McGreevey, comes out of the closet at a press conference, announces he's gay. Bush nominates the first black woman, Conoleezza Rice, as Secretary of State. In Angkor, Angelina Jolie, shooting scenes for the upcoming movie, Lara Croft: Tomb Raider, funds a program to donate cows to Cambodian farmers.

"You missed the turn, Nesto" said Conrad.

"You shoulda tole me," he said.

"I did tole you," said an exacerbated Conrad. "Turn that damn Selena music down and you might hear me."

"You makin' fun a me, puta? Selena, she a martyr."

"I'm not a whore, Gomez. Turn around and head..."

"Yes, you is my Ho. Dey say des in the hood ... Ho.' You my Ho muchucha." Gomez checks his rear and side mirrors for cops before he pulls a U-turn. "Wouldn' do to get stopped de cops now."

Conrad combs lacquered fingers self consciously through bottle-blond hair, thinks; I'm not a fugitive yet, hombre. "I don't need a Green Card, sweetie. Drive careful."

"Des 'es estúpido, Connie. Des fuckin' James Bean, 'e been dead a long time. You tink you gonna run into his ghost or some-ting?" He adds, "I don need no Green Card. I'm all legal now."

Conrad smiles, likes to be called Connie. In fact looks like a Connie, not a Conrad. "It's not Bean, Nesto, it's Dean, you loco Mex. James Dean. My grandmother told me stories about him when I was little. I used to sit up with her in that slum apartment where she lived, watch old James Dean movies on her television."

"We get stopped in 'es one horse town, 'et not so good, you know. I still got ou . . . how you say?"

"Outstanding warrant. Don't break any laws, Nesto. We won't be here long. I just want to see it, okay."

"Hokay."

The town was small. Connie feel silent as Gomez made a U-turn on the main drag, headed back toward town. Park Cemetery came up and they turned into it. The place was deserted, looked cold and desolate. A thin layer of snow covered the ground, revealing patches of dead brown grass. In Columbus four inches covered the ground.

Gomez drove along the narrow lanes, asked again about the directions she got at the gas station off the I-69 exit. She thought they'd already missed it. After a while they came back to the entrance, tried again.

"There!," cried Connie. "Follow the right fork up the hill."

He looked at her, thought about smacking some sense into 'es Ho, after heading back to Columbus. There he'd pick up his stuff and let his other dealers know what was what. He had to get back across the border, go deep in-country, then come back to the states later. He wasn't lying to her about the green card shit but it was getting hot in Columbus and Connie had been busted for dealing. She said she wouldn't rat him out but he wasn't so sure. But then he had her hooked on meth, good Glass, stuff she couldn't get in prison. But Connie was different too. She didn't want the powder constantly like a lot of tweakers. But if she kept doin' it, her teeth would fall out just like the rest of dem.

They crested the hill and she pointed to the right, popped the door and was out on the frozen ground before the car came to a stop. On top of the crest the wind was fiercer, whistling and cold.

She stopped in front of a grave, hands deep in the pockets of her car coat, the wind whipping her blond hair.

He watched from the car, listened to the wind whistling at the doors and windows. Finally after about ten minutes, just when he'd reached the limits of his patience - which was stretched to breaking - she turned, walked back between the graves to the car, got in.

"Let's go," she said.

"De nada, bitch. Tank you fo' nothin.'"

They traced their path back along Main Street through Fairmount, Indiana, turned on state road 26, took it back to the interstate.

"You one fuckin crazy puta, you know dat?"

Connie looked at him but he could tell she wasn't listening, probably tinkering 'es dead movie star, James Bean.

They drove south on I-69, headed back toward Indianapolis, from there east to Richmond and then into Ohio, through Dayton on I-70 to Columbus.

It was a long drive.

Her Gramma knew about her even before she knew about herself. Conrad spent days with Gramma at times, usually when her father was drunk and hitting on her and her mom, which was most of the time. It got worse as Conrad got older.

The old woman always wore a crochet shawl over her shoulders, even in summer when her tenement was hot, didn't seem to mind it. She'd sit at the window that overlooked the street in an ancient and squeaky rocker.

From across the street Conrad would look up at the window when he was on her block, smile at her sitting in the window. As often as not she'd wave to him.

Gramma's third floor walk-up became Conrad's refuge. The old woman knew about her father, she didn't have to tell her. It was safe in her arms. The BO was okay, too. It didn't matter. What mattered was the nurturing and understanding he got from Gramma. Mom was too busy working, fighting with the old man.

Always fighting.

Until the old man up and took off one night, never came back.

He remembered how he and his mother would huddle, cringe in fear when they heard somebody approaching, thinking it was him come back to beat on them some more. After weeks they didn't shrink in fear every time somebody approached. Neither of them spoke about him not coming back for fear the very thought would bring him upon them, that and all his anger.

On the streets, in school, Conrad turned to drugs. Pot at first, then crack, a little smack on occasion, and then the meth. She boosted to support her habit, ran with a band of kids who stole whatever they could. They were so young suspicion didn't fall on them.

Not right away.

Until one of them was caught and ratted the others out.

His mother was disappointed. It was the first of many disappointments, the greatest one, finding out her son was gay.

But Gramma knew.

They'd sit on the threadbare couch, watch television, Conrad huddled in her old bony arms, finding safety and comfort.

"You're different, Conrad. But that's okay. I love you anyway."

"What you talking 'bout, Gramma?" he'd ask with those large lovely eyes.

"Oh, I know you're not so innocent. But you're so young and this innocence will be taken from you quickly. Too quickly."

"But, Gramma, what do you mean by different?"

She hugged him against her flat breasts, told him he'd find out soon enough.

"Find out what?" he wanted to know.

"Things. About yourself. Then when you know, you will decide, accept what you see or not. Some things you can't fight. Or they're not worth fighting."

"Gramma, you talk in riddles."

The first movie they saw together was *East of Eden*. Gramma was so in love with Cal Trask. Conrad wanted to know more and she told him all about the handsome James Dean. The next one was *Rebel Without a Cause*. That's when it hit Conrad. He got a crush on the defiant movie actor. At first he thought it was the actor's independence, the fact that no one understood him.

Later Conrad felt emotions that troubled him.

Thoughts he couldn't voice to anyone, not even Gramma.

But she knew, somehow.

The two of them watched *Giant* at least three times together.

It was his greatest film and his last. Just after finishing the movie, James Dean was killed in California while driving his new silver Porsche, a Spyder 550. He creamed a car that turned in front of him, was pronounced DOA at Paso Robles Memorial Hospital.

When he was fifteen, Conrad told his Gramma how it was with him.

"So now you know, too," she said, rocking smiling at him.

"You knew, Gramma?"

"Yes. I've know for years."

"But ..."

"You can't help it. I love you just the same. It doesn't matter. Love has no restrictions, no conditions."

"Mom doesn't see it that way."

"She will in time, Conrad. Give her time."

Gramma was right. His mother did come to accept him. But it took a while.

One day Conrad anxiously went to see his Gramma. He was upset, agitated, didn't know why. Crossing the street he looked up at her window, saw her familiar shape there, breathed an unaccountable sigh of relief, waved to her but she didn't wave back.

As usual, he was out of breath when he reached the third floor tenement. Yet he had a feeling of urgency, and as he pushed through the door the urgency was still with him, like a sharp claw digging at his chest.

But there she was, sitting in her rocker, arms and shoulders shrouded by the familiar shawl. He called to her but she didn't turn and look, kept staring out the window.

Conrad went up to her, saw her eyes were closed. Gramma's asleep, he thought. I shouldn't bother her. Yet she was very still.

And then he knew. Gramma had died in her favorite chair by her favorite window. Perhaps waiting to see his familiar figure sauntering down the street.

It was after dark when they got back to Columbus. Gomez waited until then to tell Connie he was going back to Mexico and that she'd better not rat him out to the DA. Connie assured him she'd never do that, wanted to know what difference it made if he was going back to Mexico.

"I need to make arrangements. I'll be back. You rat me out seZorita, and I make you pay."

"How will we stay in contact?" Connie wanted to know.

"I will send word at your mother's."

Connie got out of the car, watched him pull away, shivered in the cold and went inside.

It was later she decided to skip on her court date. She didn't have much trust in her court appointed attorney who said she'd probably do time, since this wasn't her first offense. She thought about it a long time, remembered what Nesto Gomez told her about being a butt-boy in the joint. It wasn't so pleasant on the inside.

Her and another girl skipped to Key West where she worked a couple of clubs for a while. She did a weekend at the Pink Chameleon, was immediately taken with the old converted warehouse and the people, decided to stay in Macumba Beach.

Gomez got word to her through her mother and before long he came to Macumba Beach too.

Chapter Seven

We are at the beach cottage. It's late. Ricky is out partying with some other girls from the club, will probably be gone most of the night. Adrena insisted I start with her feet, told me to take my time about it. Give them the proper attention they deserve.

I did, too.

Knelt in front of her naked, wearing light makeup, my lips refreshed with her own lipstick when she did hers. Her feet have an odor, sweat and shoe leather. Somehow the scent spurred me on and it didn't take long for me to come to attention.

Kissing and licking her feet while her dark eyes watched me.

Starting with her little toes she had me suck each one, lick between them.

Of course it was demeaning, and I think that's the point she wanted to make. Let me know who I was and where I stood.

Humiliation was part of it. Only I didn't know humiliation could be so exciting. Not since being with Eva Pangor, anyway. And that seemed a lifetime ago.

Now, after Adrena refreshed hers and my lips for a second time, I am doing one of the things I do best. For a brief moment I think of Eva Pangor. She taught me well, and now it is serving me well, having my face between the long elegant legs of Adrena Forchia.

I like this part, even love it, bringing a woman to sexual exhilaration with my lips and tongue. Her legs are over my shoulders, feet, which still are damp from my saliva, crossed at the ankles. In moments Adrena emits soft moans, tugs on my long blond hair, tries to pull my face into her womb.

I will mount her tonight and there will be no interference or play from her feminized playmate, Ricky.

We are doing this dance the way it should be done, the way it's been done since ancient times. Never mind that my lips are coated with lipstick, or that my face still holds remnants of makeup that Ricky had applied at the club.

None of that matters now.

What matters this moment, right now, is Adrena and me.

I will bring her to a satisfying oral climax. Then before she descends from that sexual plateau, I will mount her, slide my fair-sized cock deep into her vagina, fuck her like man has done to women from time immemorial.

Licking her feet and sucking her toes is not too great a price to pay to be able to give this tall Italian vixen a good ride.

Hey, it wasn't that bad, anyway.

I got a kick out of it in a perverse sort of way.

Hard to explain but I'll do it again if I have to.

Adrena's soft moans go up an octave and she hunches her hips at my face as I stab my tongue as far as it will go.



Soon I will fasten my lips around her clitoris and nurse it and her to orgasm.

Is she very liquid when she climaxes, I wonder.

I've been with some babes who positively leak like a faucet when getting licked or drilled. Their milky substance is slick and abundant and the taste just drives me wild.

I hope Adrena's plumbing is so equipped.

I want her to squirt into my mouth, taste her intimate dew, savor it on my tongue before I mount her. If she is very liquid I will hold some in my mouth, spit it back into hers. It will drive her crazy, I'm sure.

Her clit is more prominent than other women I've been with and I easily capture it in my lips, gently suck on it.

I hear ragged breathing and she flexes her thighs on my head, her hands almost painfully pulling on my long flowing hair.

This wonderfully long blond hair I've worn nearly all my life.

I think about the principal who, years ago made me cut it, how disappointed I was by "his rules," how things were going to be. I think mom was almost as disappointed as me. I'd like him to see me now. The asshole was probably jealous of my hair, wanted it for himself.

If I saw him today, what I'd do is jam my fist down his throat.

Adrena is in a frenzy, squirming on the edge of the mattress. I lose her clit, then quickly find it again, renew my lavish attention, suck on it, try to hold her by the hips so it doesn't slip away again. She seems to settle and her thighs relax a bit, but her fingers are twisted in my hair, tugging, pulling, wanting more of my talented mouth and tongue.

Humming. That little nubbin of pink flesh is humming, signaling her impending orgasm. I suck a little harder, dither the tip of my tongue on its tiny head, hold her hips as she starts bucking and . . . coming.

Raising her hips off the bed, her clit spasms and I do my best to hold it inside my lips, bathe it with proper attention.

She starts thrashing. For a moment I lose it, then find it again, as she thrashes, scoots her ass around, tries to evade my relentless mouth.

Suddenly she flexes her legs and tries to escape, digging her heels into the mattress. I move with her, my face glued to her plump pink labia. She wants to escape my incessant ministrations but I want her to know she's been ate by a consummate crotch cannibal, not some stinking lesbian.

Someone who knows what he's doing.

In the middle of the bed the bitch is on all fours, looking back at me, long black hair a stringy curtain which partially obscures her face.

I see the outline of her ribs, the curvature of her backbone, the gentle sway there, those modest but nearly perfect breasts pointing straight down at the bed sheet.

Doggy fashion.

That's what I thought but I was wrong.

No, Adrena is giving up her rosebud, wants me to do her in the ass.

In preparation she fellates me, gets my pole slippery with saliva.

By giving up her ass, she is denying me the prize of fucking her.

But that's not all.

No, she demands I prepare her anus by licking and sticking my tongue inside it.

For a moment we stare each other down.

I have little choice, really.

I'm ramrod straight and hornier than a puppy with two peckers.

She scoots to the edge of the bed, has me kneel so that her ass is in my face, tells me to take my time and do a good job, just like I did on her pussy.

Fucking bitch!

Another demonstration of who's in charge, that's what this is.

And more.

She smiles seductively, asks if I'd like to freshen my lips, says I look so good wearing lipstick, that she might make me wear it all the time.

What I should do is stand up, use the palm of my hand on her upturned ass, show her whose really in charge. Spank that cute tight butt until it becomes rosy red.

That's what I should do, but I don't.

I kneel at the end of the bed and take it like some cringing wimp.

Adrena spears me with those dark smoldering eyes, tells me to get to it.

I'm glad Ricky is not here to see my debasement.

I push my face in the crevice of her firm white buttocks but she corrects me, instructs me to kiss each sphere, lavish attention on her with my tongue. She wants her ass cheeks glistening with my saliva. I should show the proper respect and devotion, she adds, and cups her majora labia with her fingers, frigs herself.

I need to get away from this quaint cottage on the beach, get away from this femme fatale and Ricky. Rene Dehaven, too. All of this is getting to be too much. I'm losing my sense of who I am, what I'm all about.

Thinking this, I lick each sphere, hear her fingers squishing in her pussy. Maybe she'll let me fuck her after I do her in the ass. She's got to be tight back here, so it couldn't be all bad.

It's just this demeaning demonstration; me kneeling, licking her ass like she's some kind of goddess. In a way I guess she is. And not so long ago I thought she'd be an easy mark, that I could play her for a big score.

All my luck turned sour when I took Miriam Webster, the tourist from Boston with the large rear end and cellulite thighs. The bitch was begging to be taken. She wanted me. Maybe I shouldn't of boosted her ring but, hey, what the hell, it was mine for the taking. Small price to pay for my good looks, company and sexual prowess.

That's why older single women are easy targets. Especially tourists. They know what the score is. They've come here to party and get laid by some handsome hunk. Okay, maybe I'm too slender to be a hunk but with my long naturally blond hair and good looks, few women can resist me.

That's how I looked at it.

Now here I am, on my knees and swallowing my pride, licking this elegant leggy Italian's ass, getting ready to lave my tongue at her anus, push it inside. In prison it's what they call "tossing your salad."

The brief vision makes me shudder as I start my journey along the furrow of her firm round buttocks, licking downward, tasting the bitterness and sweat here, the stale odor, all of it doing strange things to my bruised libido. Somehow spiking my lust for this damnable woman.

I can't figure it out.

Being in this subservient position, I'm so excited and don't know why.

Acutely so.

Adrena encourages me with soft whispers, takes her hands and spreads her buttocks, tells me to push my face hard into this dark place and bathe her rosebud with my tongue, work it over, shove it inside her little puckered hole.

Which is exactly what I do.

It's not easy, either, takes a while for me to get the hang of it. Furrowing my tongue, I sense her relaxing and my target opens just a bit. I stab with furrowed tongue and her hands pull her cheeks even further until . . . the tip slides inside the rubbery ring.

Renewing my effort, I stab my tongue deeper and still deeper, agonizing fractions at a time.

She tastes a little bitter and I try to keep my mind off what I'm doing.

The rubbery ring of this forbidden place spasms a little. To my surprise my tongue lodges deeper.

All the way in, I guess.

Preparing this tight dark hole for my hard, hard cock, which now is leaking profusely.

My cock betrays me.

It's like the little kid whose confused about the difference between his heads, asks his mother while holding his pecker, "Do I think with this head?" and she smiles and says, "No, not yet, dear."

I don't want to be excited doing this. But I can't help it. My best friend betrays me, wants to go where my furrowed tongue is lodged.

It occurs to me this is how I'll exact a bit of revenge for what this leggy elegant woman is making me do. Soon I'll kneel behind her on the bed and force my cock inside this little hole, fuck her with a vengeance.

Make the bitch pay.

Her hands release the pillow of her buttocks and their softness nestles my cheeks. Though I can't see, I'm sure her fingers are busy at her pussy, frigging herself, wanting an orgasm.

Adrena's breath becomes more ragged and again her sphincter spasms, continues to spasm as she moans and hunches her ass on my face.

I can hear her fingers busy at her wet lips, sense she will soon climax.

Her rosebud, grips my tongue and I'm aware of my drool leaking down my chin and into the crack of her ass.

The tiny spasms of her asshole makes her cry out and I stab my tongue, press it as far as it will reach, ignore the bitterness of her anal canal, as finally she climaxes.

Adrena falls forward, huskily commands me on the bed, tells me she wants my pathetic cock in her ass. And wants it there now. My cock isn't pathetic but it doesn't matter. I jerk the perverted bitch to all fours, position my cock at her wet anus, grab her hips so she can't scoot away, imagine the demented look on my face for what I'm about to do.

I slam forward with my cock and the head pops in. She grunts. Instead of telling me to go easy, she spreads her ass cheeks, commands me to fuck her and fuck her hard.

This is one crazy woman.

I'm glad to oblige her.

I ram a couple inches into her, hold her hips, feel the tightness.

It is oh so tight, as tight as I've ever had.

More she says breathlessly.

More.

And I give her more, slide a couple more inches in her dark orifice.

Keep ramming away until my balls are slapping her ass.

I thought she'd be squirming in pain but it seems to excite her.

I ram fully into her and she hisses a sibilant yes, demands more, wants me to fuck her like a man, not a wimp.

I do my best and she takes all I give, wants even more.

Her fingers are busy squishing inside the real prize as I feel the familiar rumble in my balls.

No, this is too soon. I want to punish her for what she made me do.

I want her to pay, but somehow she is triumphant in this decadent embrace.

“Fuck me you sissy!”

The bed is squeaking. Sweat pours down my face as I pound my cock into her anal cavity, wonder of her capacity for what surely must be some amount of excruciating pain.

I toss my head back getting my blond locks out of my face, pound into her, want to keep at it but know I'm near.

Adrena moans and her dark place throbs on my cock, squeezes it in a tightly profane grip.

I arch my back, stab my cock as deeply as possible inside her and explode in a gut-wrenching climax. Again and again I spew inside her.

So much it feels like an avalanche of semen.

The way the breeze is coming across the deck at the back of the MacCaulley place, Norris can smell the cologne off Ian, thinks he must've taken a bath in it. He is aware of the hostile looks from Inga, Ian's mother. In fact, if looks could kill, he'd be possum bait.

“Where were you the night Conrad Ferris was killed?” demands Melvis Morris.

Norris suppresses a sigh, wonders if maybe he should give it up again, retire, be rid of this imbecile who the department stuck him with. Being an outsider he understands why he was assigned this “black marble.”

The black marble term pops unbidden into his consciousness, makes him think of Joseph Wambaugh, the author who was once so prolific, wrote entertaining and fascinating tales about cops. He'd read every one, thought the nonfiction, Onion Field, though labored, to be one of his best.

“Why are you hassling my son, Detective Norris?” Inga says. “You just won't leave it alone.”

Inga wears a cropped tee shirt and terrycloth shorts. Her skin is pale from too much time on the inside. But her body musculature is impressive. She didn't have such a well-defined frame before prison, thinks Norton.

“I'm not hassling your son, Inga,” Norton says patiently, giving his partner a look.

It is dusk and the sun is a sinking orange-red orb on the far edge of the gulf.

This is why Norton came to the gulf coast. Unlike other tourist destinations you can still get a good view of the ocean without getting out in front of all the high-rise motels, condos, and tripping all over tourists. The tourists in most of Florida's sunny destinations remind him of cockroaches, there's so many of them.

Ignoring the look from his partner, Melvis presses on. “You gonna tell us where you were or not, Ian?” His voice drips with sarcasm and contempt.

Ian looks at the fat cop, crosses his legs, feet sock-less and in expensive Topsiders. He shakes his head. "I voted for your mother, Melvis. When she ran for mayor and then the city council."

"Cuts no slack with me," he says. "You and this fairy were seeing each other. I know that for sure. Yo' mama can't protect you."

Inga looks at Melvis, shakes her head, stabs her eyes at Norton. "Get off my property. Both of you. We don't have to put up with this."

"I don't blame you," Norton says reasonably. "And I don't think for a minute that Ian had anything to do with Connie's murder."

"Then why you here?"

"Trying to find out about this poor kid. Mrs. MacCaulley, we have to question everyone who had any connection with Connie. I hope you understand."

The matriarch of the MacCaulley clan looks at Norris, considers his words.

Norton wills Melvis to keep his mouth shut. He's glad the twins aren't present. Those two unholy bookends give him the creeps. He wouldn't put it past them to have killed the transvestite, but he's hard pressed to think of a motive. Then again, with those two who needs motive. It wouldn't surprise him if they might do it just for the thrill.

"Am I suspect, detective?" Ian wants to know.

Of course you're a suspect. Norton shakes his head. "No."

"If you got nothin' to hide why'nt you tell us where you were the day the queer was stabbed to death?"

Norton sees the muscles in Ian's handsome face clench. He admires the man's tan, all that swept back black hair. Looking at Ian makes him think of the actor, George Hamilton. Only a younger version.

Norton thinks of his partner: you're talking about his lover, stupid.

But that's why Ian is high on the suspect list. There's no reason to tip Ian, warn him but it's too late now. Melvis, as Norton's ex-wife would say, "done spilled the beans."

"Not that it will do any good," says Inga MacCaulley, "but I'm going to talk to your mother Melvis, tell her how rude you are. I know your mother and you were brought up better."

Melvis gives the older woman a contemptuous look, shrugs. "You and my mother are at odds, is what I hear," he says. "She wants to open this land to development, increase the tax base, bring prosperity to our little community, but you want to stop it."

"Yes, it's true, your mother and I have differences," answers Inga. "Nonetheless, you need to learn some manners young man."

Inga flexes her legs and her biceps pump up a little. She might teach him some manners herself. Picturing Inga tossing his partner around brings a smile to Norton's craggy face.

"So what's it gonna be, Ian?" Melvis says. "You wanna tell us where you was that day this homo, Connie Fairchild was killed? You can tell us now . . . or," he smiles before continuing, "we can haul your ass downtown and you can tell us there."

Ian looks at the fat one for a long moment. "Fuck you, Melvis."

"That's it!" Melvis jumps up, brandishes a pair of cuffs from the back of his belt. "You're going downtown!"

Inga jumps to her feet, looks at Norton, takes a step toward Melvis, who backpedals, looks a bit panicky. "Get off my property Mr. Norris. And take this jerk with you."

Norton sadly shakes his head.

Norton reaches for a Cowboy Killer on the night stand, lights up, looks at Darlene Johnson who sits on folded legs beside him.

"I wish I would've been there," she says smiling.

"Melvis has about as much business being a cop as Al Sharpton does being President."

They're both naked. Darlene looks between his legs, catches his eye. They are waiting for the Viagra to kick in. She gave it to him the moment he stepped into her apartment.

"Do you think Ian did it?"

Norton exhales, shrugs. "I don't know."

"I think he's capable. When I was going with his father, Ira, told me Ian had a terrible temper."

Norton looks at the buxom woman who was once Ira MacCaulley's lover. He's flattered the younger woman has taken him into her bed. "Could've been a hate crime, Connie being gay."

Darlene looks at him. "It doesn't bother you about this guy being gay. You're going after the killer just as hard as if he'd been normal."

"What's normal?"

"Yeah, you're right," she concedes, puts her hand on his penis, strokes it a little. You treat everyone the same. Doesn't matter that's it them, does it?"

"Nah, why should it?" He looks between his legs, feels blood flowing into his dormant organ. "There's one guy, though. It seems he's fallen in with them."

"Yeah, whose that?" Darlene smiles as Norton's unit magically rises. She doesn't have to encourage it now.

"Jody Combs. Do you know him?"

"I think so. Tall, young, good looking, has long blond hair to die for. That the guy?"

"Yeah, that's him. The Forchia woman bailed him out of the can. I tried to warn him away from her but he didn't listen."

"Hmph. I've seen her, I think. She's really good looking," says Darlene, straddling Norton's legs. "Has a certain air about her. Regal's the word, I think."

Norton nods takes another hit off his smoke before mashing it out. "She's doing things to that kid, changing him."

"Oh yeah?" Darlene says, scooting over Norton's lap.

"Yeah. I hope it's not too late for the kid. He's a player and a gigolo but everybody's got to be something."

"A guy that good looking wouldn't give me a second glance," says Darlene.



"That would be a mistake, Darlene. You're good looking and you got a good heart."

"Thanks Mr. Detective. Kinda looks like your friend is up for some entertainment."

He smiles. "Want me to get on top?"

"Naw, you just lay back and relax. Let me do all the work. You look tired."

"I always look tired."

"I'm hot, done with this stuff."

"No, you're not don'. You're in des jus' like me. The bitch is dead don' change a thing."

"Yes, it does." The guy looks around wearily. They're in the deserted city park near the beach, sitting on opposite sides of a picnic

table that is in the deep shade of a bushy maple tree. It's hot and this time of afternoon the park is empty. "I'm being watched."

"So be careful, homeboy. Deal down to Marathon, some of the other clubs in the Keys. All your pals get high on this shit."

"I told you I'm through."

The other one stubbornly shakes his head. "No, you ain't." He jabs a stubby finger across the table. "I'll tell you when you're done, amigo."

They both fall silent as a police cruiser drives slowly down Macumba's main drag.

Those impossibly long legs go on forever, look especially good in short shorts. Tight short shorts. It makes me wonder how she hides it. I mean, she's all smooth and flat between those gorgeous legs. Just like a woman. Only there's no indentation imprinted on the crotch of the shorts.

Her shoulders are a bit broad and she is a little narrow at the hip, has a boyish ass. But other than that, he's all woman.

For a moment I'm lost in a fantasy, picture Rene in spiked heels, stockings and garter belt, bikini panties and skimpy bra. I see myself with my face between her legs, licking her pussy. Only this tall babe doesn't have a pussy.

From what I've heard she's got a long thick schlong. I shake my head to dispel the erotic vision of her.

I've gotta get away from Adrena Forchia and these people. This stuff is sneaking up on me. I don't want to admit it, but I'm drawn to them. Especially Adrena. Hell, what guy wouldn't want a piece of her?

But this other stuff. The trannies. I don't know. I know Ricky is a boy but I think of him as a girl. A pretty young man who was maybe meant to be a girl but was tricked by fate or the gender gods.

"Jody, are you listening?"

I look up on the stage where stands Rene Dehaven. She holds a microphone, one of those wireless ones. The equipment in the club is pretty modern. The spots, everything, is like you'd find in an upscale nightclub in New York or LA.

It's weird. These people really get into these shows. I've never been to Las Vegas but I've heard La Cage is one of the classiest shows out there. It packs in the tourists, most of which are straight.

And of course being gay is in today.

"Yes, I'm listening," I say.

She stands at the edge of stage, towers over me.

"When you finish your number there will be a line of guys along the edge of the stage where you're standing. They'll want to tip you, give you money. Fives and tens most likely. You'll make a lot of money from these admirers."

"You should squat down, let them give you the tips. They'll want a kiss, will be happy if you just buss their cheeks. Hold their hands, give them a good shot of your legs. You've great legs so we'll put you in a costume that emphasizes your legs. What for now is your best asset."

"What ya mean, for now?"

She gives me a look. "Sugar, you're in the life now. Might as well get used to it. You should consider having breast implants, have your nipples enhanced. It's a lot easier today to do these things then when I was coming up."

"I'm not having breast implants, Rene. Don't you get it? I'm not one of you. No matter what Adrena says. I owe her. That's it. Once the debt is paid I'm outta here, girl. Got it?"

She looks down at me, one leg cocked, hands on hips. "Oh, yeah, sugar. I got it. But you don't strike me as the kind of guy who worries about owing anybody. Why don't you just pick up and leave? She couldn't really stop you."

"Yeah, I've thought about that. But the truth is, I like Macumba Beach. It's my home. I don't want to have to start all over someplace else. If I don't go along with her kinky games she could make it rough on me. And hey, she's a babe. What guy wouldn't want a chance at her?"

"So that's why you're sticking around, huh? Because you owe her and want to fuck her?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"Hmph. What about Ricky?"

"What about her?"

"Don't you like her?"

"Yeah, but we're just friends."

"I see. And what about me, sugar?" She bats her eyelashes, strikes a pose.

"What about you?"

"Don't you like me?"

"Sure."

"Don't you wanna go to bed with me?"

"No. You're not really a girl. I mean I like you and everything but I'm not gay."

"Of course you're not. The night when I took you out to Adrena's bungalow on the beach. Remember that?"

I nod.

"I kissed you and you didn't exactly run for cover. In fact, your willy was real hard."

"You were playing with it!"

"Hmm, yes I was. And you liked it. Didn't exactly back away now did ya?"

Rene comes down off the stage, stands in front of me.

She's so damn tall. I look up into large challenging eyes. She's intimidating.

"So?" I finally manage to say.

She walks off down the hall to the dressing room and I follow.

Standing at one of the closets the tall transsexual goes through clothes hanging there. "You can use these outfits," she says. "You're about her size."

"Whose clothes are these?"

She gives me a look. "Connie's."

"I'm not wearing some dead girl's clothes."

"She won't mind, sugar. The dresses and skirts will be a bit short on you. So that's good." She turns back to the clothes, pulls out a jeans skirt. "Try this one on. It will emphasize your legs. That's your best asset right now. Your legs."

Rene watches as I strip down to panties, step into the skirt. She points at a long mirror on the wall. "Now for shoes."

Bent over she rummages in the closet and I scope out her ass. Tight, looking good. I feel a little heat in my panties, think of something else. Wouldn't do for her to see me excited. She might get the wrong impression.

She hands me a pair of scuffed black mules, tells me to try them on. I do. They're a little small, my bare heels hanging over the back but they do the trick.

We both look at my legs in the mirror.

Nice.

Really nice.

She's right, my legs are my best asset.

"Walk for me," she says.

"Come on, Rene. I'm not a convincing drag queen."

"Yes you are, honey. The boys will go crazy over you. With bean bags in your bra and makeup you'll look just fine. Ricky will style your long hair. You'll be the star of the show."

"I don't want to do this," I carp.

"Sugar, there's nothing to this. Your body is hairless, nice and soft. You're practically a real girl already. So stop fighting it."

Practically a girl already. I bristle inside.

But her flattery is getting to me. I walk to and fro in the long narrow dressing room. Rene watches, instructs me to put one foot directly in front of the other. That's the way the runway models do it. Small strides, one foot in front of the other.

"It gives your hips a natural swing," she encourages.

"This is all wrong, Rene. I don't want to do this. Can't you go to bat for me with Adrena?"

"I could, sugar, but it wouldn't do any good. This is what Adrena wants and she's the kind of woman that gets what she wants. You know that. You're scared is all."

I look at her. She's right. I'm scared about going up on stage in front of everybody. Afraid I'll screw up, make a fool of myself. "Yes, I am. Scared to death."

"Stage fright, honey. We all have it the first time. Once you're up there it'll go away. Always does. You'll see. Besides, it'll be dark up there. Nobody will know you. After you're into your number the fear will go away."

"Really?"

She nods. You're thin. Got legs to die for. If you just relax, get into the mannerisms, you'll make a lot of money doing this."

"Jeez, you think?"

"Enough to get away from Adrena. Be on your own. You might even like making a career out of being a dragon."

"I doubt that."

"Just give it a chance," she says.

Standing there in short shorts, long lean legs, nice and smooth in the crotch. She looks so real and how does she hide it, I wonder.

"You keep lookin'. Tryin' to figure somethin' out, sugar?"

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to stare. It's just that I've heard about how big you are. But I don't see it." My face heats and I know I'm blushing.

She unbuttons the shorts, unzips them, steps out of them, wears full cut panties. Rene smiles, comes up to me, takes my hand and puts it between her legs.

I pull my hand back like I've been scalded.

In a quick deft move she strips off her panties and I see the veined shaft of her cock stuck securely between her legs. She flexes her legs and it drops from between them, long, soft, the head circumcised.

Her eyes drill into mine. "It's long enough I can just tuck it."

"Cowabunga!"

Rene Dehaven takes my hands, wraps it around the impressive instrument. "Play with it."

"Uh, no, I just wondered is all."

"Now you don't have to wonder," she says, looking into my eyes, holding my hand around her cock. It begins to pulse. "Play with it."

"Uh, I better not."

She puts both her hands on my shoulders. "We're all alone here."

It's like my hand has a mind of its own. I caress the length of her cock, feel it throb in my hand.

"Use both hands."

I put both hands on it, stroke it, look away from her piercing eyes.

I'm aware of the quiet dressing room. Just the two of us. Me stroking her large equipment, the musky scent of this tall transsexual.

"That's better. A lot of guys are afraid of it at first. But I can be gentle."

I drop my hands and she pulls me against her. I feel the thing pressing on my stomach then between my legs. To my horror I start to get hard.

Her hands slide down my back and she pulls my ass into her. "You like it," she whispers in my ear. "Why don't you kneel and kiss it."

I struggle in her strong arms, break free and awkwardly run in the heels and skirt from the dressing room into the empty showroom where I will soon be on stage: A female mimic.

My cock is hard and my body trembles with self loathing.

I have to get away from this place. Away from Adrena Forchia and Ricky Rysler.

Away from the tall Rene Dehaven before I do something crazy.

I burst through the showroom into the outer bar, start for the door.

Suddenly stop.

I can't go out into the daylight dressed like this.

I have to get out of this short skirt and spiked mules.

I turn and try to calm myself, will my cock to soften, go back through the double doors and toward the dressing room.

Rene is waiting for me.

I must explain to her I'm not one of them.

But passing the dark silent stage as I go down the hall, I wonder what lies ahead in Part Two of Macumba Melody.