

Golden's Boy

BOOK ONE

MAX
SWYFT





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By
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"It is said that our imagination is ninety percent of our sexuality. This dark tale comes from the largest organ of the hitman body: the mind. "

Max Swyft

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Author's Note

This book contains some elements from the **Cytherea Coterie** series (See the list of books on the previous page).

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

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

That such organizations exist is a fact. That most of the nineties have brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and analysts, the liberals of academia, there are many web sites that express this *real* male feminization.

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

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

The Players

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

WINTHROP CORTLEY: New Master of Cortley Manor. Young and innocent, impressionable, in love with his step-mother.

GOLDEN CORTLEY: Widow of the late Reginald Cortley, a robust woman suspected of having certain “powers.” She is banished from the manor before Reginald succumbs.

EMILY: Maidservant and lover of Golden Cortley. A plump mischievous woman who teases and torments young Master Cortley.

ANDREW: Prissy sarcastic chauffeur to Golden, and rival of Winthrop for the Mistress’s attention.

GRETCHEN: Portly older woman, housekeeper with stern demeanor who has her eye on Winthrop in a most corrective way.

ROCCO: Groundskeeper, menacing muscular handyman who doesn’t like Winthrop.

APOLLINA: Has the same dark looks of Golden. She possess a sorceress’ power of persuasion and suggestion, similar to but different from Golden’s.

JOHN STOLLER: A junior member of the law firm that handles the finances of Winthrop Cortley. He falls under Golden’s spell.

TRIXIE: Tall street gal who befriends young Winthrop, then seduces him.

MASTER REGINALD CORTLEY the third was born of wealth and raised in that pampered atmosphere known only to the rich. He was the only son of Reginald the second, the Cortley’s of the New York shipping magnet.

It is said the mark of the truly rich is that they live as they please while others hired by their barristers manage the family fortune. And so it was with Reginald Cortley. Raised by nannies and

educated in private schools, he attended Brown where he received his business degree.

He went to work in the Cortley Ship Yards where he had little to do. He was given an office and kept from administrative duties. Others managed the family's shrinking ship holdings. That the fortune shrank was not Reginald's fault. Nor could the family's diminishing returns be blamed on those who were hired to watch over it.

It was the modern era and competition that reduced the coveted Cortley wealth. When Reginald was confronted with the family losses, he was ill prepared to recoup or save what once had been. Almost helplessly he stood by while the family's wealth shrank to a mere shadow of what it once was.

Finally company lawyers advised him to sell his ship holdings, save the few millions which were left: Cut his losses and live the life of leisure to which he'd been accustomed. That is what Reginald did. He sold what was left, even the fine estate in South Hampton, then moved to New York City's sister city, Cyrenaica. New York held too many bad memories. Though Cyrenaica wasn't far, Reginald viewed it as a fresh start, a new beginning.

There he lived out his life on a new sprawling estate.

Reginald married late in life to a younger woman, a person much like himself who was shy and reserved, pretty but without personality or the proclivities of the society set. His sickly wife bore him an only son. Three years after giving birth to Winthrop, Reginald's wife succumbed to leukemia.

For years Reginald languished in loneliness. He was encouraged by friends to socialize in Cyrenaica's blessed society, find a new wife and stop mourning his dearly departed wife. It was to his great misfortune that the woman he fell in love was not part of Cyrenaica's social set.

Reginald met Golden in a bar in the Barrows. It was a place where would-be actors and writers congregated. It was a place where poems were read and alternate lifestyles were practiced with impunity. Golden was young and beautiful and he was immediately taken with her dark recusant looks. Her name was a contradiction. For her long mane of black hair was so dark it shone with luster. Her

voluptuous body was desired by many men, so perhaps Reginald could be forgiven his desire.

That night Golden was with a lover, a woman of flaxen hair, lean of body and near her own young age. Golden was aware of Reginald's looks, cultivated him and before the night was out he accompanied Golden and her lover to their tawdry digs where he watched the two of them make love.

He knew that Golden was not the woman for him, but try as he might he could not get the image of her dark skin and blazing eyes out of his mind. He returned again and again to the smoky basement bar in the Barrows in search of this exotic beauty.

When finally she appeared after two weeks, he asked for her hand in marriage. She laughed in his face. That first night she had felt sorry for him. The two women had taken him along because they recognized he was harmless and wouldn't interfere in their Sapphic lovemaking. Too, they wanted to tease the old man with their youthful bodies, make him excited, then deny his pleasure.

She told him she could never be true to any man. Perhaps a woman but *never* a man. Why would he wish to marry a woman nearly twenty years his junior? Someone who found comfort in the arms of another woman?

The next day Reginald took Golden to his gated estate, waved his arm to all that her dark eyes could see, told her it was all hers if she would take his hand in marriage. If she would just try and love him he would bestow the wealth of a queen to her. Albeit, a queen whose king's fortune is shrinking.

Golden was not stupid.

There in the early hours of a Sunday morning she dropped to her knees and took Reginald in her mouth, told him she would be happy to be his wife, only he must know that their marriage was certainly not made in heaven but in that other place.

And this is where our story begins.

Chapter One

“I have made many mistakes in my life, Golden. My last and greatest mistake was marrying you.”

“Hah! I told you from the beginning what it would be like you old pervert. This certainly isn’t your last mistake. I know you too well.”

“Know this you harlot.” He settled his light blue eyes on her beauty. “I am dying and I have updated my will. It cannot be broken.” He waved his hand around the patio and the pool, the garden where they took their morning breakfasts. “All this will be my son’s one day. Oh, you will have money so you will not have to fend for yourself. But what little wealth remains, will go to my son.”

“I’ll break the will you pompous old man!”

“I’m afraid not, *dearest*. You signed a prenuptial agreement. I am only obligated to give you what wealth and proceeds we’ve accumulated since our marriage. And what we *had* has dwindled. The rest of it goes to my son. It is not so bad, Golden. You’ll never have to lift a pretty finger to make ends meet. You’ll be well-taken care of. Of course you won’t be able to live in this grand style.”

“Fuck you Reginald. I’ll remain here, even as your son comes of age - and that won’t be long. Just like you, he is infatuated with me. Hah! after you’re gone I may even marry him. What do you say to that old man?” She leaned over the round table, in his face, eyes dark and challenging.

Reginald slapped her across the mouth. “No, I’ll not allow it. You are an evil woman and you will leave my son alone.”

A rivulet of blood leaked from the corner of her mouth. She licked at it with her pink tongue. Reginald knew this tongue, how much pleasure it had brought him over the years. If anything, her eyes went darker. She stood and opened her ankle length chiffon robe showing him her naked body. “You, like every other pig of a pathetic male, cannot resist this. Nor, can certain women. Your wimp son has already seen most of this. And he shall have his fill of it.” She cupped the dark thatch above her pink vulva. “I will remain here within these gated walls long after you have rotted in the grave.”

Reginald rose slowly from his chaise chair. His pale cheeks gained some color and his thin lips trembled. "Get out! Get out now." He pointed a bony finger toward the high stone wall that fronted the estate. "I will start divorce proceedings in the morning. I will not die until your wickedness is struck from this place!"

Her dark eyes blazed and she whirled around on the sole of one marabou slipper, the ankle-length chiffon nightgown billowing around her seductive body like a matador's cape. Reginald Cortley looked after her. In spite of the turmoil, he felt the wane response beneath his cashmere robe rise like a Judas, a feeble spear conditioned by this vixen with the dark eyes and hair... her cold dark heart.

"Where is step-mama, father?"

"She is gone son. Gone forever."

"But father, I love - "

"You know not of what you speak. Listen to me now, son. I have not done well by you. By that I mean I have not prepared you to meet the outside world. You are an innocent. For too long now I have looked the other way because of my weakness for the mistress of this house. Remember this: She is an evil woman. Years ago I fell under her spell.

"I know she has tormented you . . . teased you. I left it to her, the way you were brought up. I am an old fool. At first I thought I might change her but I became prey to her evil ways, the ways of her kind. She is a wanderer. No good will come of your association with this woman. I'm afraid she may even have magic. I don't believe in such things..."

"Go get her father. Bring her back! She is the only mother I've ever known."

"Listen to me. Winthrop. I am not long in this world. I will surely pay for my sins in the next. You will be well-taken care of financially. There are attorneys, old friends of the family who will look after you. You will be the master of this mansion. Though it is in i 11-repair, it still holds some value. However, what wealth I have left will not come to you until your twenty-fifth year. It may seem like a long time now but it will pass quickly. It is mere years. I warn you to not marry before your twenty-fifth year. The attorneys will see

to it, that if you do marry, your wealth will be withheld but protected. It was that way for me.”

Reginald Cortley’s end came quickly. He was buried in a January blizzard that next year. He held out as long as he could, almost to his only son’s twenty-second year. At the funeral the son saw his step-momma for the first time since she had been sent from the Cortley estate that previous summer.

The two of them had a tearful reunion in the limo. She held Winthrop and he inhaled her familiar perfume, noticed her comely knees hidden in the dark mesh of black hose beneath a modest black dress, saw the smart black ankle boots that hid her feet.

Winthrop felt firm breasts against his heaving chest and he knew that she was dressed all in black, from a fine leather coat all the way to her underwear. Step-momma wore the most exquisite underwear, the finest money could buy. He knew because he had helped her it out on many intimate shopping excursions.

The two of them had shared secrets over the years.

That wintry morning it was hard for him to not think of some the shared intimacies. He knew such thoughts were blasphemous to the memory of his dearly departed father but he couldn’t help himself. She was so close, smelled so familiar, felt so good.

Golden wiped away his tears with her gloved hand, pulled him to her bosom, whispered that it was all right for a grown man to cry.

Did she really think of him as a grown man?

By accident her hand found his excitement in the darker interior of the limo. She held it like she had in the past and he remembered her telling him things about what boys did. She knew about such things. Sometimes she even helped him.

While he dried his tears the two of them made a pact to secretly meet in the future.

They sat in a back booth of the Romana Club sipping whiskey-laced coffee. Winthrop didn’t much like it, only drank it because he wanted her to think of him as being a grownup. He was full of questions. Some she answered, some she didn’t, some she lied about.

Living alone in the manor was terrible. It was only he and the servants and the time passed so slowly. He thought winter was going to last forever. Winthrop missed her terribly and admitted that his

father had spoken ill of her before his death.

Winthrop didn't care.

He wanted her to return, become the mistress of Cortley Manor again. The attorneys would never allow it. Yes, he knew that but there must be a way. Where was she living? Had she remarried? What was she doing? Did she ever think of him?

Yes, of course, Golden had thought of him constantly.

She took his hands in hers across the table, looked into his fawnlike blue eyes, told him there was nothing she'd like better than to return to Cortley Manor again as the mistress of the mansion.

But why should she? He would soon be off to Harvard to follow in his father's footsteps. No, that's not what he intended. He saw no need in seeking a formal education now. Not when he'd have all the wealth he needed in several short years.

No, college wasn't for Winthrop.

What he wanted was for the two of them to live together in Cortley Manor.

Was he proposing an intimate relationship?

Winthrop blushed. Yes, that's what he was proposing.

But she was so much older.

He didn't care. And she wasn't that much older. What, she must be in her late thirties now, perhaps her early forties? He was twenty-two. The age difference didn't matter. He wanted her. Not as his step-mother but as his lady.

This was not something she had anticipated. They couldn't have a "relationship," not like normal people, anyway.

As long as she was by his side it didn't matter what kind of relationship they shared. As long as they were together.

Thus, Winthrop Cortley helped seal his fate.

"Your father would not approve," said the attorney.

"And who informed you of my plans to return Golden to her rightful place as mistress of this manor?" demanded Winthrop.

"You must understand son, we are looking out for your best interests in all of this."

"You've been spying on me and I'm not your son. I know I cannot dismiss you since you hold the purse strings to my fortune. But you cannot dictate how I live. When I reach the age of twenty-

five, my father's fortune will be mine." Winthrop summoned enough courage to look him straight in the eye. "At that time I will reconsider my options ... what legal services I will need."

The attorney rubbed his chin, looked at the slight young man. The firm owed a debt to his father. The old man and the deceased were old friends. Still, one must consider the money. "You cannot know what this woman will do, Mr. Winthrop. Please listen to reason. She is after your money. That can be the only reason for her willingness to return."

"I have considered this. What you don't understand is the bond between us. Golden is like a friend *and* a mother to me. She's the only mother I've ever known."

How pathetic this is, thought the attorney. He rubbed his chin again. Perhaps she can be bought off. He'd talk to the detective about such an offer. "In all good conscience, I must strongly protest *that* woman's presence in this manner."

"I've heard enough of this. Please leave immediately. How and who I live my life with is not your concern. Your *only* concern is to manage my wealth. See that it grows by the time I reach my twenty-fifth birthday. You will be handsomely rewarded.

"Now be gone!"

"I'm prepared to make you a handsome settlement," said the detective, looking around the dark interior of the Romano Club. He didn't like the old dock area of the Barrows. Anything might happen around the docks and often did. He looked at Golden, glanced at the other woman who sat beside her. "In addition to your award from the estate of Reginald Cortley."

Golden looked at him, dark eyes thoughtful. She felt Emily's hand on her thigh under the table. "On whose behalf are you making such an offer - and how much?"

"On behalf of your deceased husband's estate. Perhaps as much as twenty thousand." He noted the sudden gleam in her large dark eyes, glanced at the young curvaceous girl beside her, wondered about the two of them, Golden being so much older.

Out of sight, under the table, Golden put her hand over Emily's. "Huh, the blood suckers must really fear me."

"Blood suckers?"

“The damn lawyers in control of the Cortley fortune.” The young belle with the short black hair finally spoke.

Notwithstanding her beauty, the detective didn't like her much. “Who's the blood sucker here, Mrs. Cortley?”

“Look around you,” she said, waving a hand in the crowded and dingy bar. “You are not among friends here. These docks can be a rough place this time of night.”

“Are you threatening me?”

“I think I'll take my chances with my dearly departed husband's son. I'm the only mother sweet Winthrop's ever known. I've become very fond of the little guy.” She flashed him a wry smile. “He brings out the mother in me.”

Her sullen smile chilled the detective and he feared for Winthrop Cortley.

“But this is a very reasonable offer being tendered, Mrs. Cortley. You must know how Mr. Cortley spoke of you before he passed. The attorneys who represent the Cortley estate have seen fit to make this generous offer. It is in your best interests to accept and be done with Winthrop Cortley. You can't hope to influence such a young and impressionable man beyond the leverage that is held by those who protect the Cortley name.” “I'll take my chances with little Winthrop,” said Golden, smiling coldly.

From across the table the twin pair of eyes that fell on the detective put his hair on end. Again he was reminded of the surroundings, the unsavory atmosphere of the battered dock area. There was nothing more to be done with this woman. They would have to find another way to be rid of her.

Dressed from head to toe in zippered black leather, wearing knee length stiletto boots, her long hair in a severe ponytail, she looked like a black sorceress. It sent a delicious shiver over Winthrop's forearms. They were in the parlor, Golden at the antique love seat, Winthrop across from her in a matching rocker. The maid had served them tea and Winthrop couldn't take his eyes off his stepmother, the way the tight leather jacket swelled over her ample bosom.

“These servants must go, Winthrop.”

“But they've been here for years. They are loyal to me.”

“I will not live under their smirks and disapproval. Is that what you want?”

“No. I’ll correct them if they’ve been disrespectful.”

“No, you must dismiss them. All of them. I will hire new help. It will be better. You’ll see.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, this is the only way.”

“I, well, I’m not sure Golden.”

“Come here.” She pointed to the floor at her feet.

Winthrop set aside his tea, went to her, and knelt. She ruffled his shaggy brown hair, pulled his face to her thigh with a gloved hand. “If I am to be the mistress of Cortley Manor then I will make the decisions.” She snuggled her boot between his slightly spread legs.

“Yes, of course.” He squirmed under the pressure from her boot, inhaled the intoxicating aroma of her leather britches.

“A new staff would be most beneficial. Do you agree?”

Winthrop nodded his head, squirmed around until his face was higher on her thigh. With trembling lips he kissed her there, felt the sharp tug on his hair, being pulled back until he was looking into her dark eyes. “You don’t take liberties without permission.”

The harsh words cut into him and he nodded. She twisted her fist in his hair, smiled. “Mother knows best, Winnie.” She nodded his head with her fist, pulled his face back between her now spread legs. “I know you want to kiss me here. In good time. All in good time.” “May I, please?” came his muffled voice.

“Please what, Winnie?”

“Kiss you now?”

The gloved fingers of her other hand dipped between her legs, cupped her sex. “You mean here? Do you want to kiss me here, Winnie?” “Yes,” he whispered. “Must you call me Winnie?”

She jerked his head back until his back was bowed, looked deeply into his eyes. “It’s one of my pet names for you, darling. You know that.”

“But... our relationship, I want it to be different.”

“Oh, yes, Winnie. It will *definitely* be different. Now, you haven’t been touching yourself, have you - don’t lie!”

“No. I want you to . . . you know . . . “

“Touch it? You want me to touch it?” She didn’t wait for his answer but nodded his head using her fist. My sweet little pervert, you’ve so much to learn. And mother will teach you. Remember how excited you get when I spank you?”

He nodded, lips trembling, aware of his brittle excitement pressing hotly against the calf of her leather boot. “I shall continue to administer them. *I so enjoy it.*”

“I’m not a child anymore, Golden. There’s no need to.”

She ran gloved fingertips over his pouty mouth, slid her forefinger across his teeth and pressed her advantage with her boot. “You’re like a dog smelling a bitch in heat, Winnie. Look at the shameless way you press your little sausage against my leg.”

“Please, Golden, I love you.”

“Yes, I know.” She put a hand where her boot had been, squeezed it. “Oh, my, Winnie. It feels like you’re ready. Want me to touch it, hmm?”

“Yes, you know I do.”

Golden glanced quickly at the door which opened on the hall. “What if someone comes in, catches us?”

“They won’t.”

In quick order she stripped him until he was naked from the waist down, trousers and cute satin underpants about his knees. She took him in hand, feathered it. “Winnie, you’re so pale. Such pale skin will need conditioning. Does mother know best?” He nodded, flexed his hips at her maddening, leather-gloved hand. “You will put yourself in my charge. Is that understood?” she said, quickening her hand on his brittle penis. “Yes, yes, Golden. I love you.”

“And I you, pet. Soon you will dismiss the servants.” She smiled at his nod. “I will have the last say in all things.” Another grateful nod, hips pistoning as she masturbated him. With her other hand she cupped his gonads. “Mother knows best. Say it.”

“Yes,” he said breathlessly, feeling himself near the precipice. “Mother knows best.”

She leaned closer, her face inches from his. “Are you ready to spill your seed, Winnie?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Good, darling. When I kiss you I want to feel you squirt on my gloves. Is that understood?”

He nodded and parted his lips, felt her tongue slide inside his mouth, felt her hands tighten on his privates.

Winthrop whimpered around her probing tongue and climaxed. His penis spit, purged his balls of their gluttonous bounty. It seemed to go forever.

Finally Winthrop fell away from her, pinning his feet under his legs.

Golden smiled, brought her besmirched hands to her face and licked the heavy opaque evidence of his pleasure, smeared it over the fine leather of her gloves. She reached out to him, held his face in her befouled hands, ran them through his shaggy brown hair.

“It is my wish that you don’t wash until you rise in the morning.”

Winthrop nodded, smelt the distinct odor of his release and said, “Yes ma’am.”