

Golden's Boy

BOOK TWO

MAX
SWYFT



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by MAX SWYFT

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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 human body: the mind. "

Max Swyft

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Author's Note

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

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

Cyrenaica is a thriving metropolis of teeming masses much like the real cities of New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. Indeed, there may be some references to New York City contained in this book. In the vast business district of The Canyons is the Cypris Club. 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 has brought about the feminization of the male is also a fact. As feminists gain prominence and emerge as leaders of our society men will become subservient to them. It is part of the feminist creed and is undisputable. In addition to countless scholars and 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 this phenomena in our society, but merely to tell a tale about one such organization and the lives it effects.

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

The Players

Following is a list of most of the characters in this book. It is put here as a reference tool since 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 possesses a sorceress's 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.

Chapter Nine

Trixie's apartment was more than Winthrop expected. She had depreciated it to him, so now he was a little surprised. Cats. Lots of cats. Two live ones; a large Tabby and a smaller silver Siamese. Cat pictures on the walls, one, an embroidered mural, hanging on the wall over a comfy three-cushion, early American sofa.

The two-bedroom apartment in the Barrows was on the second story of a four-story walk-up. The guest room had been converted to an office and computer room but one wall held a concealed fold-down bunk for the occasional guest.

Winthrop wasn't too happy about Apollina being here but it wasn't his place. Apollina reminded him of Golden, her dark hair and dark skin, those eyes. The two of them looking like sisters, though Apollina's broad ass wasn't anything like Golden's firm round one.

Glancing at Apollina, he thought of when he had spotted Golden a few days ago at that sidewalk cafe, the way she'd turned, looked directly into his eyes. He thought she would come after him but she just sat there, sipping something from a small cup, then turned her back to him.

Like she was dismissing him.

The urge to go to her was overwhelming. If it wasn't for Trixie tugging at his sleeve, he probably would have crossed the street and confronted her.

To say what, he wondered.

I know that you're trying to feminize me, is that what he'd say? He would sound ridiculous telling her that, especially the way he was dressed that day. Flaunting his newly pierced ears and faux diamond- stud earrings, wearing subtle makeup, his once mousy brown hair in a ponytail now tinted a lustrous brown. Wearing tight women's faded blue jeans which showed off a parity line, and a white nylon blouse over a pink nylon cami.

Looking more like a girl than a boy.

Loving it, yet hating it too.

He sat in front of the monitor while Trixie leaned over him surfing the net, showing him there were many, many others out there like them. He felt uncomfortable sitting beside Apollina who had her hand on his thigh, his

legs revealed in satin short shorts (One of the old sixties outfits Trixie had picked out for him the day he spotted Golden), feet in pink lace ankle socks and tucked into flat penny loafers, pantyhose on his smooth cleanly shaven legs. The top went with the short shorts, had thin straps and a scalloped bodice.

Trixie hit the enter key and after a few moments a site loaded on the screen to a picture of a cute blonde in a tight mini who wore skyscraper heels, a plunging V-neck blouse that did little to conceal an ample bosom and jutting nipples.

Winthrop was aware of Trixie's slim breasts against his shoulder as she clicked on a word titled "Galleries." The monitor changed and pictures of the blonde appeared quickly (Trixie had a T-1 connection). She gave Winthrop the mouse, told him to scroll down to the hot photos.

And there the blonde was, wearing the skyscraper heels, hard round breasts exposed, the mini discarded beside her on the floor, and a real hard cock sticking over the waistband of a pair of panties, pointing at him from the screen. The blonde's breasts were much larger than Trixie's and were too perfect, didn't look as natural.

But except for her hard cock she looked all woman.

Trixie let her hands trail down the front of Winthrop's satin blouse. She fingered his nipples, whispered for him to take a good look.

Apollina's hand moved higher on Winthrop's thigh and his Petey strained inside his panties.

Trixie prompted him to move to other Galleries where Winthrop found more of the same. Provocative poses of the blonde on a couch, in bed, on the stairs, kneeling in front of some naked man whose back was to the camera. The girl held his hard rod. lips mere inches from the helmet as she smiled at the camera.

Trixie helped Winthrop surf other sites. The results were the same. Some of these "girls" didn't expose their privates but many of them did. Some of them were terribly risqué . . . and terribly exciting. Trixie wanted him to see others, many of whom she said had started out like him, albeit with enthusiasm and not reluctance.

It seemed Winthrop sat in front of the monitor for a long time surfing T-girl pages and transsexual sites. By then Apollina and Trixie had stripped

him naked and worked his tortured body to a fevered sexual state.

Trixie came around in front of him and unbuttoned her faded cutoffs, pulled her hard rocket out of her panties and smiled at him. He looked at Apollina who had scooted out of the way and slightly behind him. The dark-haired woman nodded, said it was okay. She knew he wanted to do Trixie. It excited her to watch, she said.

Winthrop's body shuddered in lust and loathing. Trixie slowly stroked her hard cock, rubbed it across Winthrop's pink-hued lips. He put his hands on her skinny hips, opened his mouth and took his transsexual friend and lover into his mouth.

As he fellated Trixie, Apollina trailed her hands down his bare chest, cupped his burgeoning mounds and thumbed the nipples. His cock stood at a forty-five-degree angle from his lap, hard and dripping pre cum.

He tickled her corona with his tongue, swallowed more of her reality, put his hands at the base and sucked . . . just like he had in the alley not too long ago.

These jaded events were sweeping Winthrop along. Part of him wanted to spit out Trixie's slender but impressive penis and part of him wanted to swallow it all, and bring immense pleasure to this lovely creature who had befriended him after he'd escaped from Cortley Manor.

This was the second time for him to suck cock. That is if he didn't count the horrific encounter with Rocco, the groundskeeper at the manor. He hadn't sucked Rocco's thing but it had brushed his lips. He remembered the tumbling emotion and fear that coursed through his body and mind while Rocco had him on his knees in the dark and dusty shed. He didn't want to admit it then; the strange desires which stirred him as he knelt and held Rocco's instrument, brushed the velvety head over his lips, smelled the sweat and manliness of him. Now he realized what that unspeakable stimulation was, that strange yearning to take Rocco's cock inside his lips, lick and suck it.

If just for a brief moment.

Winthrop looked up Trixie's flat belly. She fingered her nipples and cupped her breasts, just like Apollina was doing his.

He thought of Rocco, of his veined shaft perilously close to his face, the animal grants of passion. Trixie on the other hand, smelled of sweet

jasmine and mewled like one of her cats as he sucked on her cock and took it fully to the base, the blunt end threatening his throat.

Apollina's hands were driving him crazy and he pushed Petey between his knees, squeezed it, felt a runnel of seminal fluid secrete on his soft smooth skin. He wished Apollina wasn't here to see his debasement, this private act of devotion.

It was humiliating her being here. Doing Trixie was humiliating, too, but somehow different. One part of him hated what he was doing, the other part enjoyed it and wanted to please this tall skinny contradiction.

His head lunged on the shaft and he felt saliva leak from his lips. He cuddled Trixie's balls in his hands and swallowed all of her, withdrew the head to his mouth, sucked and laved it with his tongue. Over and over again he performed this intimate oral ritual and instinctively knew it would soon be over.

Trixie mewled and Winthrop felt one of the cat's swathe his ankles. He renewed his effort, licking, sucking, swallowing Trixie's cock. He felt the head swell in his throat, drew back and felt the tiny spasms, very similar to what he felt when he had knelt in the alley sucking her.

He tasted a hint of saltiness before the initial blast hit inside his mouth. His tongue swam briefly in hot paste and he swallowed. Another blast from Trixie's cock bathed his tongue and cheeks. And another and another. He couldn't swallow fast enough and some of her pearly essence oozed from his lips and down his chin.

He was aware of Apollina's hands all over his body and then he too came. Shot great spurts over his thighs, past his knees to splash on Trixie's shins and ankles.

Trixie's cock slipped from his mouth and he kissed the head, wiped it over his face, felt errant runnels of semen begin to cool on his face.

Trixie bent and kissed him, softly at first in that special way of hers, and then harder, flicking her tongue deeper into his mouth.

When they broke the kiss, Apollina pushed Winthrop's face to Trixie's cum-splotched legs, bade him to lick it up too.

"I don't think I like Winthrop anymore," said Trixie. He was in her bed on his stomach and she was massaging his body with a rose scented lotion.

He felt her flaccid cock on the back of his leg, tried not to think of what he'd done earlier that day. It bothered him now, not just what he'd done but how much he had enjoyed it. Maybe that was the worst part, the exhilarating secret enjoyment of the act.

"Oh? And why don't you like me anymore?"

"Oh, I still like you. If anything more than ever. I just don't like that name. It doesn't fit you now." Trixie squirted more lotion in her palms, rubbed them briskly together to get the lotion warm, started on his soft girlish buttocks, pressed her fingernail against his exposed sphincter, smiled as he squirmed beneath the pressure.

"Uh, what do you suggest?" said Winthrop.

"That's up to you. You should have a name for your other self," she said, pressing her forefinger at his sphincter. "Push back, use your butt."

"Uh, I don't know," said Winthrop, sliding around satin sheets, feeling himself come to life. Gasping as Trixie slid her finger inside him to the first knuckle. "She called me Winnie."

"Who called you Winnie?" whispered Trixie, leaning over and biting his earlobe.

"Golden."

"And who is Golden?"

"Uh, it's kind of complicated. She was married to my father." "Your step mother then."

"I never thought of her as my step mother - at least not when I grew older. What are you doing back there?"

"Don't you like it?"

"Hmm, kind of . . ."

Trixie slid her other hand between him and the mattress. "You're hard. I think you *do* like it," she said huskily, pushing her semi-hard rod on his hip.

Winthrop pushed back, felt Trixie's finger slide all the way in him. Her other hand slowly stroked his hardness.

"I want to fuck you, Winnie."

Winthrop went still, felt the finger sliding in and out of his anus,

Trixie jacking his cock. He could just let it happen. He did wonder about it, how much it'd hurt, if it would be erotic. His body said yes but his mind said no.

“No, I don't think so.”

“Want me to bring you off then?” she said, fisting him faster. “No,” he said, biting his lip, really meaning “yes.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I better go home.”

Trixie withdrew her hands from his body, got off the bed.

Winthrop sat up. Trixie stood, her hard cock betraying her soft body and slim womanly breasts. She stroked herself, Winthrop's face inches from the betrayal. “Then do me,” she said, softly, tracing his lips with a finger.

Winthrop looked at it. A little tear of clear seminal fluid blossomed on the tip. Did he want to kiss it, take it in his mouth, fellate this tall skinny transsexual?

“Do it,” whispered Trixie.

Winthrop turned his head, slid away from her, started putting on his clothes. “I'm sorry. I can't. I'm confused.” He looked at Trixie, wanted her to understand.

Trixie stepped into her panties, tucked herself, the bulge unsightly. “Call me tomorrow. We'll go shopping. The weather is supposed to be nice.”

“I don't know. I have to think things through.”

“What's to think about?” Trixie wrapped her arms around him, bussed his lips.

Winthrop looked up into Trixie's eyes, felt her lump against him, willed his rocket to keep still, remain dormant. “Everything. Everything's to think about.”

“Go with it, Winnie. You want it. You want to be this way.” “I'm not sure. I just need some time alone. Give me a few days, okay?”

Trixie nodded, let her hands slip from around him.

“You like the clothes, how they feel against your body. It's terribly wicked, this femininity. Lingerie is like an aphrodisiac. It makes you excited... and more. You have an irresistible urge to have these sexy unmentionables

against your body - a body that with each passing day becomes soft and smooth. Your body yearns for sexy underwear. You want to be sexy . . .

“There is more. It’s shame. It’s the way of it - Your Curse. The humiliation of knowing what you are, what your mind and body want for you. You’re not complete as a boy or a man. When dressed you feel sexy, the excitement of it almost overwhelming. You know you’re more suited to panties and bras and all manner of things feminine.

“You pass. Men find you desirable. Women, too. You know that with the proper guidance and training you will become a demur girl, yet you will always have the shame of your deceit hidden in silky panties. In your heart of hearts, you wish to please women, especially the Dark One. She sees you as her little plaything and you wish to be with her in whatever manner she describes.

“Men find you desirable and you are attracted to them, and at the same time repulsed. It is your fate to be, to become her chattel. To do her bidding and debase yourself for her because you know this excites her so, that it sets her on fire and pleases her.

“The indignity of your actions will haunt your psyche and ignite a burning sexuality inside your mind and body. You can’t be a man, nor can you completely be a woman. There will come a day when you want to be her sissy, her sexual play toy.

“But you will embrace the awareness of what you’re doing, the shame and humiliation of it will kindle inside your body and haunt your consciousness. You will always know what you are. ”

It was raining and Winthrop wondered why it always seemed so dark in Apollina’s apartment. He knelt naked before her, doing her toenails while she waved her hand through the air to dry the polish he had just applied. He looked between her legs, the way her mons veris imprinted the panel of black panties.