

HUSSY IN THE **HAMPTONS**
AND
SOMETHING
ABOUT A SAILOR

**TWO
BOOKS
IN ONE!**



BOTH BY **BEA**

Hussy in the Hamptons & Something about a Sailor by Bea

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and
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HUSSY IN THE HAMPTONS

Okay, by most standards I was reasonably well off. Wasn't exactly putting out exactly one hundred percent at school but with my step mom Stella and her daughter Hazel treating me like a poor relation, is it any wonder that Cindy's money seemed so attractive to me? Especially when she came on to me the way she did?

I'm not going to provide too many personal details here. I still carry my dad's name, and being the last of a fairly well known family around here, I'd just as soon not be dropping any more hints about my family than I have to - though why this should make a difference I don't know -I'm starting to admit that I'll be changing my name pretty soon anyway. But let me go back to the beginning.

After dad died and Stella took over the task of paying for my college expenses and upkeep, I started getting the feeling that neither she nor her daughter cared that much for me. Can't honestly say that she was a penny pincher, but any time my grades weren't too good or I needed a little extra, she'd drop all sorts of hints - you know, "What are you going to DO with your life Michael?" That sort of thing. And Hazel would always sneer down from her heights of a Masters degree in Math and a responsible job in one of the big brokerages -I mean a guy has his pride, right? And she'd give me this weird quizzical look when I tried to explain.

So, looking at my present circumstances, it may seem suspect that Cindy met me when I was working behind the cosmetics counter of a large department store. The truth is that being kinda small, my stock with the female side of the equation wasn't too good. - stunk if you want to know the truth. And? Like I said a minute ago -I was getting sick and tired of having to ask Stella for every dime I got. So? I figured that working part time - in a place where chicks were likely to hang out might be a good idea. Got myself a job at a big local store.

I'll admit that when Miss Temple - the supervisor of the part timers - assigned me to work in Cosmetics, I was seriously rattled. I mean to say! Amongst all those broads that seem to eat sleep and dream about makeup? Walk around dolled up to the nines? But then it dawned on me talk about working in a place where women congregated? Jesus! Scads of them!

But, like I said - I was stupid enough to protest. Not that Miss Temple seemed to give a shit. Gave me a stare and then put her arm around my shoulder. "Michael?" she said. "I hate to remind you - but you work for me? You go where I assign you. I'd just meant you to work there today. Now? I think I'll have you work there until you understand that I CAN do this - or until you quit. Is that acceptable to you?"

To tell the truth, I've always been intimidated by big women - and that means most of the female gender, because even though she was only about five seven she'd have towered over me - without the benefit of the stiletto heeled shoes she was wearing.

"Yes Miss Temple," I said, very conscious of the girls who worked there hearing every word. Then I blushed furiously as she added. "Mmmm! Maybe I'll order a smock for you too? Can't have you standing out amongst the girls, can I?"

I just stood there, too terrified to say a word, but she relented. "Well. I'll just have to think about that, won't I? But now? You'll act as stock girl sorry stock boy, I guess. Your job will be to supply the girls here with the cosmetics they need - so you're here to do what they tell you. Is that understood? Any problems?"

"Yes Miss Temple, I understand - and I don't have any problems." I said.

"Good boy!" she said - but with a lot of mockery in her voice, then patted me lovingly on the cheek. "And? It might be a good idea for you to learn about cosmetics too! If you're industrious and behave

yourself? I might promote you to working a counter!"

Well, it became obvious right away that any hopes I had of making friends with the girls that worked the counters was minimal. I mean - it was as if they thought I was a fairy for Christ's sake! Some of them even made it a point to talk to me like I was interested in lipstick and blush and all that other shit. But when I'd act like I didn't care, they'd smile and ask me if they shouldn't tell Miss Temple? One bossy bitch actually made me stand still and would put makeup on me - pretending she was demonstrating new shades of makeup for her customers - so there I'd be standing while she'd apply one kind of makeup or another - in front of an audience of sniggering high school girls or suchlike.

But luckily, nothing like that was going on the day that Cindy saw me. I saw her eyes widen with interest as Cathy, the counter girl - one of the nicer ones - asked me politely if I'd re-stock her Estee Lauder display lipsticks. When I came back with the stuff, Cindy was still standing there, talking to her.

Let's put it this way. Cindy is one spectacular broad. Even today, I'm still stunned every time I look at her. She's BIG - but beautifully proportioned. Perfect teeth. Voluptuous mouth. Glossy, short. Dark brown hair-that shows off almost perfect ears. Almond shaped, lustrous brown eyes - well, they're mostly brown. Change a lot when she gets mad -though she hasn't been mad at me recently.

Okay, lots of women look rich - but aren't. She looked a damned sight better than just rich - and I knew from the way the counter girls were acting that she was something other than just a good customer. (I was right - she was involved with a family who were major stockholders in the corporation that runs the store.)

She was also very direct. "Hey Michael, that was quick!" she said pleasantly. "Cathy here tells me that you're a big help to her and all the girls! What are you doing for lunch?"

I searched her face intently for signs of any mockery but couldn't see any. Looked at my watch. "Sorry. I don't get off for another hour and ten minutes. Sorry."

She looked at her own watch. "I guess it really IS kinda early. But tell you what? I'm getting measured for a dress. Why don't I come by here when I'm done, I'll stand you lunch then?"

I knew that every girl within twenty feet had their ears gaping wide open. What was I going to say - "No thanks"? Hell, they thought I was some kinda fairy now. Turn down a gorgeous woman like this? They'd have made my life a misery!

"That'd be very nice," I said as manfully as I could under the circumstances, but blushed horribly at the same time. She saw this and smiled. "Hi! I'm Cindy," she said, holding out a large hand. I held out my own and felt it being engulfed. "Pleased to meet you Cindy," I said.

I could feel her strength, but she didn't crush my hand as a lot of guys -or even some women - would have done. She just smiled. "See you soon then?" Let my hand go - and walked away with a long, athletic stride.

"Wow Michael! Do you know who that IS?" Cathy asked excitedly.

"Can't say that I do," I answered as nonchalantly as I could. "Daughter of some big shot?"

Cathy laughed. "Well, who she's the daughter of, I've no idea. But she's a power in the land - at least in this city. I think she's on the Board for this store anyway."

Cindy appeared less than half an hour later. "Ready Michael?" she asked. Then, when she saw me look at my watch, she added. "Oh sorry. Hope you don't mind? I asked Sue Johnston if you could be spared - said I wanted a lunch companion and she said for you to join me - and enjoy yourself. Okay?"

Now, I'd no idea of Ms. Johnston's first name - but she was the General Manager of the store! I knew I blinked, but with all the girls watching, felt a surge of pride go through me. So they thought I was some kind of fairy? I'd show them!

Cindy's Porsche Carrera was waiting for us at the front door, engine running. The valet parking attendant who I knew slightly - had made a couple of taunting remarks just out of my earshot - looked at me with jealousy written all over his face as Cindy opened the passenger door and ushered me in, closing the door behind me. We took off from there with a roar that let me know that Cindy was not interested in any speeding tickets she might acquire.

It was late when she got me back to the store (I wasn't sure how much clout she carried and was worried I'd get fired if I didn't sign out) but I needn't have worried. Miss Temple herself was all sweetness and light. Assured me that any friends of Miss Crawford (Cindy) was a welcome addition to the staff- and to please let her know if I'd any complaints to make in the future. She was sure she'd be glad to take care of them. I was positive she could smell the wine on my breath as she hugged me, but it didn't seem to matter.

Cindy had just been so masterful! From the moment I'd got in her car, she made no secret that she was attracted to me - had a hand on my thigh almost immediately, and it wasn't long until we were in a parking lot and I was in her arms, being kissed thoroughly. "MMM!" She'd whisper. "You're so soft! I love that in a man!" Then she'd kiss me again.

By the time she escorted me into the restaurant, I was a mental mess. Knew I had her lipstick all over me - but she wouldn't let me clean it off. "Let's everybody know that you're MINE, Michael!" she purred -then re-applied more lipstick to her own lips before kissing me again. Thank goodness she'd booked a private room - I'd have been embarrassed to be treated that way in public - almost as if she were the boy - and I was the girl. Could practically feel the lipstick on my lips

-and even saw it when she loaned me her compact so that I could comb my hair.

To tell the truth? I'd actually forgotten about it so that when Miss Temple suggested that I refresh my makeup when I got back to the store - it didn't pay for cosmetics workers to have messed up cosmetics? It took me a few seconds to realize what she was talking about. Then, when I blushingly said that I would, nothing would do but she gave me some cream to use to get rid of it. "May as well get into good habits as far as cosmetics are concerned Michael!" she told me. Thank goodness there was nobody in the bathroom when I cleaned the lipstick off. It wasn't until I was back at the counter and one of the girls asked me if I was wearing perfume that I realized that the cream had been slightly perfumed.

Over a short period of time, Cindy laid on a campaign that completely won me over. Let's face it - she was gorgeous, athletic, and rich. I was none of those three things. She was also very aggressive sexually -another thing I wasn't. Gradually, however, over the next few weeks I discovered what it was that attracted her to me. "I'm really afraid of men," she told me one time.

"Aw come ON!" I said. "We're not that bad!"

"Oh _ I wasn't talking about you Michael darling! You're sweet and kind - and vulnerable! That's what I like about you. Not like a man at all! You don't frighten me in the slightest. I think I love you!"

She'd go on and on in this vein and every so often - I'd try and prove how much of a stud I was by making a move on her. But she'd just giggle and as often as not, turn the tables on me. But although she protested about how much she loved me, she'd never allow us to have sex. "I'm keeping myself for marriage Michael," she'd say sincerely -her hand on my erection. Then she'd kiss and fondle me until I came. A few times she'd bring a condom - don't want you to mess your panties," she'd laugh - but it wasn't too long before she occasionally started to push me down on my back then undo my pants and take my erection

into her mouth. It was lovely - but I did sometimes feel that I was just being used - though was completely incapable of stopping her.

I wondered aloud one time if she could possibly wangle a transfer out of the cosmetics line for me. She looked pensive for a while, then added that she probably could - but did I realize that my working there was one of the things she'd liked about me. "It's so unusual to see a man working in cosmetics, darling. Other than some fairies - not that I have anything against homosexuals dear - but they're not much use to a girl like me, don't you agree?"

And, feeling somewhat superior, I'd agree. "So, where do you think you'd like to go to? The bridal salon is lovely - or maybe the lingerie section?" she suggested.

I looked at her - shocked. From cosmetics to a bridal - or lingerie section? Good grief! I'd never be able to look another male employee in the eye again! But I could see that she was serious, so hastily assure her that both departments sounded great - but it might be best if I stayed where I was? Gained some experience in cosmetics?

She nodded agreeably, then suggested that she start asking me questions about cosmetics? That way I could show her how I was progressing in the study of makeup applications. This made me realize what a hole I'd dug for myself. Now, I really had to learn something about cosmetics -or suffer Cindy's wrath!

And, no doubt about it - Cindy had a temper! One night I'd complained about her not letting me take the initiative in our sexual get togethers. She'd turned a cold eyed stare in my direction. "You saying I'm bossy? TOO bossy for you?" she snarled.

"Oh NO Cindy!" I answered, scared of this angry young woman.

"Well? What ARE you saying?" she demanded. "That you don't like me?"

"Of course not!" I replied quickly.

"You saying I'm a liar now. Is that it?"

"I never said any such thing!" I replied. Thoroughly frightened now. Where was she going with this?"

She wasn't going anywhere - I was. Over her knees where she walloped the hell out of me! Later, she held me in her arms and comforted me. "'I'm sorry Mikhel." She said, giving my name a sort of Russian pronunciation. "I didn't mean to make you cry - but thank you - thank you very much!"

"I don't understand why you're thanking me," I sniffled.

"Why? For goodness sake! You let me spank you! And I know that most men would never have the strength of character to allow a woman to do a thing like that! Not only that? You're even pretending that I hurt you! Crying even! And you don't think I'm smart enough to see through you? See what a nice person you truly are!"

What was I to say? She sounded SO sincere! Admit that she was too strong for me? That I was too weak to have stopped her? And this way, I managed to salvage some pride out of what had been a major humiliation. So? I may have pretended that I'd been caught out - but just a little - enough for her to giggle and point out how manly I was in not admitting that I cared for her.

Then, one night in her luxurious apartment after she'd plied me with one or two nightcaps, she took me into her arms and started kissing me. Having learned my role, I lay there passively as she played with my breasts and fondled me more and more. This time she didn't put a condom on me. I tried to protest, but her tongue was deep in my mouth and her fingers were stroking me faster and faster. Finally, sighing, I ejaculated. Felt the warmth spread all through my jockey shorts - and the front of my pants - shirt as well.

"Oh Mikhel" she giggled as her hand found the stickiness. "Have you messed yourself? Oh goodness! You'll have to learn some control! That's one of your masculine traits that I've learned to love - but really!"

Look at yourself! Why don't you go and have a bath? You can't go outside looking like that! Matter of fact, why don't you stay the night?"

There was no sense in arguing with her. I was, as usual, exhausted after being jacked off and looking at my pants, shuddered at the thought of being seen wearing such a thing - light fawn pants show stains very easily - and mine were no exception! She ran the bath for me herself -didn't want to disturb her maid. I have to admit, it was lovely lolling about in the perfumed, bubble bath. She powdered me herself, after demanding that I let her dry me. Then, exhausted, I made no protest as she gave me a pair of her pajamas to wear. Felt embarrassed as she told me how adorable I looked in them. Feeling like a child in grown up clothes, I asked if she didn't have anything smaller.

She shook her head, then aid. "Hey, wait a minute! I've a shortie set of baby dolls that would fit you a lot better! Bet they'd look super on you! Pink chiffon top - Satin panties!" Then she laughed uproariously. "Just kidding!" she said, then added. "Let's go and neck on the couch, huh?" But she had a strange look on her face.

I was scared that she was going to either fondle me some more, or blow me, but she seemed somewhat pre-occupied - although she did kiss me often enough to get me sexually interested again. But then she stopped. "Michel? I've got a terrible confession to make. Will you promise not to get mad - or laugh at me?"

"Of course, Cindy. Why would I do either of these two things?" I asked. (Laugh at her? I'd have as soon laughed at an angry gorilla!).

"Oh, you're SO sweet! SO understanding! No wonder I love you!" she sighed, kissing me passionately.



Then she did something she'd never done before. Sat up on the couch where we'd been lying and sat me on her lap. I felt nothing but tiny and vulnerable but was too scared to disturb her train of thought. "You see Mikhel? I'm a pervert!" she suddenly blurted out.

"Never!" I said, in all honesty believing what I said.

"But sometimes? I get this insatiable urge to make love to a . a.. GIRL!" She whispered guiltily. And I could have sworn I heard her voice tremble. "I must be a LESBIAN!" she added, almost sobbing now.

I wanted to take her in my arms and comfort her, but was instead, locked in her arms practically incapable of movement, so did the only thing I could. Tried to console her verbally. "Well Cindy? I can understand a woman being attracted to other women. After all? You all smell so much nicer. Feel so much smoother - and you're MUCH prettier! I don't see anything to be upset about. It's just a sign of your own humanity - that's all."

"You really mean that?" she gasped. "You're not mad at me?"

"Of course not!" I said grandly.

"But? I've never made love to another woman - I have to tell you that!" she said. "It was just... just..." And she stopped.

"Just what?" I asked, curious.

"Well? Earlier on, when I said you could borrow my baby dolls? I was just joking!" And she stopped again.

"I know that!" I said. "What's the matter?"

She kissed me, softly. "I got this picture of you, wearing nice baby dolls-and got one of those insatiable urges I just told you about. I just can't get it out of my mind! I want you SO badly!"

"You really want me to wear a pair of your baby dolls?" I asked incredulously.

"You mean that you will! Honestly, it's no wonder I love you!
Just can't wait until we get married! Come on! Let's see how you look!"