

TV DINNER

By Linda Gregory



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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TV DINNER

By Linda Gregory

Dedicated to all those who couldn't care less about goddesses and muses.

CHAPTER 1

Dishpan Hands

The steam rushed out of the scullery gear as Tony opened the watch to remove the tray of cheap china. The heat and vapor flew past his face and caused his brow to moisten more heavily than before.

As he carried the tray out to the counter, the sweat dripped off his face and onto the dishes that had just been cleaned."

How's it going Tony?"

"Okay, Candi," he responded. "you're on today?"

"Sure, I ain't here for my health!"

A typical, matter-of-fact Candi response. She was always to the point and never afraid to speak her mind.

"Hey Candi," an old geezer at the counter bellowed, "how's about some coffee?"

Candi didn't even look at him when she answered. "Keep your shirt on Mac. Life's too short."

The old geezer just mumbled to himself, like he had a choice in the matter. He was going to get his coffee when Candi was good and ready to give it to him.

"Hey Tony," she said softer than usual, "when you get a minute, come see me, okay?"

"Sure Candi." Tony replied. *What was this all about. Candi never saved what she had to say for a time convenient to others. She just said whatever she wanted whenever she wanted.* He emptied the waitress station and took the load of dirty china and silverware back to the scullery. He busied himself sorting the pieces and prepping his trays for further scullery runs.

He also had the unappealing task of hauling the garbage out and cleaning the morning kitchen ware. He hated the scrapping the most. The harsh detergents stung and burned his hands no matter how coarse and rough they had become.

He had just started working at Jerry's Diner a few weeks ago. He dropped out of college when his presence there seemed pointless and hitched his way north. He was

left stranded at Jerry's and had to pay his tab by cleaning dishes. He did so well, Jerry hired him full-time.

He didn't know how long Candi had been at Jerry's, but he figured it must have been forever. Everyone who came in knew her name, even the truck drivers who came through once every blue moon. Though she had to have been at least forty, she was still the most sensual woman Tony had ever seen. Whether she wore pants or a dress, she always looked better than any of Jerry's specials. No doubt she was a big part of the reason Jerry's was the most popular stop in town.

When he finally had a chance to take a break, he had to decide between Candi and a trip to the head. He was in the stall in the men's room when his priorities were readjusted.

"Tony! You in here?" Candi shouted into the rest room.

Damn Tony thought. Maybe if I stay quiet she'll go away.

"Hey Tony, I know you're in here."

Oh man, a guy can't even have privacy when he's taking a dump in this place.
"What is it Candi?" he half moaned.

"Oh you are in here." she laughed.

Tony was a bit uncomfortable. He didn't often talk to women from a commode. He started to fix himself up as discreetly as possible.

"Hey Tony, Jerry tells me you speak French. Is that true or is he full of s@#t?"

"Its true." Tony groaned. As he reached for his pants, he saw Candi's feet at the door of the stall. She was wearing tan stockings, yet he could still clearly see her pink nail polish through the nylons. He had never noticed just how pretty her feet were. Even in her canvas work sandals they looked splendid.

Then, he could see her go on her tippy toes. He looked up and just about slipped in to the bowl when he saw her two eyes peering back at him from over the stall door.

"Candi!"

"Sorry," she giggled without turning away. "I just wanted to know if you could translate something for me."

Tony struggled with his underpants and trousers, annoyed with the fact that he had an audience but too embarrassed to say anything substantial about it.

"Candi," he pleaded.

"Aw don't worry Tony, you ain't showing me nothing I ain't seen. Besides," she giggled, "you ain't got too much to show off!"

Beet red and eyes widened, he glared at the middle-aged vixen staring down at him as he adjusted his pants. She didn't seem to care. The redder he got, the more amusing she found him. He was self-conscious about his size. He always took a lot of ribbing about it back in school.

Finally he was dressed and ready to face his quarry on equal footing.

"So what is it that's so important?"

“Take it easy **little** boy, I'm trying to be nice.”

Nice? What would she have done if she were trying to be mean?

“Okay, Candi what can I do for you?” he said very apologetically.

“Translate a letter for me.”

He looked at her and considered. He would have immediately taken up the conversation but the glow emanating from her expression and the aura of her sensuous curves took him back. She was no more than 5'4" in heels. Her hair was long, blonde, and curly. Atop her head, was a little waitress's cap, cocked to the right in a very flirtatious way. Her order pad protruded from a breast pocket which already protruded very demonstrably. The buttons of her pink polyester waitress's dress could barely contain her swollen chest. The first few buttons were left opened allowing him to see her deep cleavage. Around her neck she wore a colorful neckerchief with the knot tied to the side.

She was smiling at him. She knew he was checking her out. She loved it. Men half her age were bowled over by her and she never tired of it.

She reached behind and lifted her right foot to meet her hand so that she could adjust her ankle bracelet. Tony's eyes were immediately fixated on her legs. Years of waitressing had kept her gams in perfect shape.

Gosh, I'd like to screw her.

She looked at him and marveled at how entranced he appeared, but time was wasting and she needed to get back to work.

“So, will you do it?” she asked.

“Huh, what?” he said as he returned to the real world.

“Translate my letter for me, silly!” she laughed heartily. Tony's innocence delighted her.

“Sure, Candi. Where is it?”

“I don't have it here. What are you doing after closing?”

That was a redundant question. Tony never did anything after work, or before work for that matter. He didn't have any money to do anything. Jerry had allowed him to live in a trailer behind the Diner and that had pretty much become his one and only retreat.

Still it was nice of Candi to ask so he honored her with a response.

“Nothing.”

“Good, com'on over to my place when you get off. Okay?”

She could be so sweet when she wanted to be.

“Sure, Candi I'll be there.”

CHAPTER 2

The Victorious Warrior

2:00am. Why did I tell Candi I'd go to her place after work?

Tony finished mopping the dining area and was busy getting his last batch of utensils through the scullery. Emilio, the cook, was in the kitchen finishing up the floor. Jerry was at the counter tabbing up the receipts. Everyone else had gone home. Candi, along with the other waitress had left around 12 when the last customers left.

Damn, I bet she's already asleep. Why couldn't this letter wait? Better yet, why couldn't she just bring it in?

Once all the mats were loaded into the scullery, Tony gave the area the once over to make sure he hadn't forgotten anything. Satisfied, he added the detergent and started the machine.

"I'll see ya Jer." he called as he left the diner. He didn't even hear Jerry's growled acknowledgment.

Back in his trailer, he removed the soiled sweaty white trousers and tee shirt and threw them into a pile of dirty clothes. He carefully removed his fragile hair net so as not to tear it. As he did this, his long dirty blond locks fell to his shoulders. Soon he was in the shower and cleansed of all the sweat, grease, and dirt he had collected at the diner.

He didn't own many clothes. Just a few pairs of jeans and a couple of T-shirts. He did keep his stuff clean though.

He had to walk to Candi's house because he didn't own a car either. It was about 3 miles away along an old two lane highway. Though the thermometer was above freezing, he used his parka to keep warm. That along with his boots were probably the two most valuable things he owned.

It was 3:00am when he knocked on the door of Candi's house. He could see that the kitchen light was on but that was no indication she was up. Lots of people left the kitchen light on these days when they slept.

She didn't answer after the first round of knocks.

This is swell, I walk all the way out here at this lousy hour and she doesn't even have the decency to be awake when I get here.

He knocked on the door harder. He stopped when he saw the parlor light come on. The door flew open.

"What the hell..." Candi started.

Tony just looked at her. He was pissed. He was so pissed, he couldn't adequately enjoy the sight he was privileged to see. To be sure her face and hair were mussed a bit. After all she'd been asleep, but from the neck down she was pure heaven. She wore only a thin faded nightgown which revealed every hill, valley, and cleft of her body.

"Oh...Tony, I thought you'd blown me off," she said with a yawn. "Come on in."

Without saying a word he stepped inside. A long time ago he'd been told that if he didn't have anything nice to say, he should keep his mouth closed. He was still angry with having been talked into coming out here.

“Do you want anything to drink, beer...soda...?” she asked as she took his coat.

“Water would be nice.” His throat was dry. Although a beer sounded good, he didn't want to accept anything but water. *Why make her feel better by accepting her offerings?*

She went to the kitchen to fetch a glass of water. He chanced to look about the room. The house was dimly lit but he could tell it was very old and not all that well preserved. Candi was a great waitress, but not much of a housekeeper.

“Here Tony,” she said as she handed him a cloudy glass of water. “make yourself comfortable.”

He obliged and took a seat on the old sofa. He felt the dust swirl about as he hit the cushion. The refreshing effect of the water was mitigated by the questionable cleanliness of the glass. Still, he was happy to be inside and out of the cold.

“So,” he said finally, “where's the letter.”

She stared at him as if confused, then the question registered within her conscious. “Oh...yeah, hold on, I'll get it. You'll have to excuse me, I'm still a little groggy.”

Sure, you're groggy and I'm stupid, stupid for being here and not in bed.

She went upstairs to get the letter. This allowed Tony a chance to look about some more. He had never been inside Candi's house. He only knew where it was because he had passed it once before when he ran an errand with Jerry. The inside of the house was typical of what he expected. People in these parts didn't have much.

Soon Candi was bounding down the steps like a child. She was wide awake now, and exuding energy. She jumped on the couch right up against Tony. Now, he had not only seen every bit of her, he felt every bit too.

She didn't seem the least bit inhibited sitting there in her almost nonexistent nightgown pressed up against him. Had he been wiser and more experienced, he probably would have appreciated the situation. Instead he was too embarrassed to enjoy it.

“This is a letter from a boyfriend of mine. I met him a few weeks ago. He speaks English, but I think he prefers French. I think he's from Canada or something.

Tony took the letter. The greeting and first few paragraphs were in English, these passages were all very casual and friendly. Then the writer changed abruptly to French. In this language he was much more eloquent and romantic. Soon the letter got very graphic, so graphic Tony had to put the letter down.

“Who **is** this guy?”

“I told you, he's a boyfriend.”

“He's a perve!”

“Aw, what do you know kid? Just spare me your opinions and tell me what it says.”

Not wishing to incur her famous wrath he obliged. He translated as best he could while he read:

My dearest Candi, your name does not do you justice. Though candy may be sweet, it has never tasted as delicious as you.

I lie here alone, thinking only of you, delighting in the memories you have given me. Close your beautiful blue eyes dearest, so that you may join me.

Candi, sweet mouth watering candy, come to me. Let me slowly remove your wrappings, enjoying all that they conceal. Relax as I lick your smooth sugary surface and allow me the pleasure of arousing you over and over as you shower me with your inner surprise.

And, when you lay before me dearest Candi, fully spent, I will deliver to you my own gift of love. Deep inside I'll deliver, reaching you where no other man has gone.

Awaken my dearest Candi, we have yet to start.

Tony could hardly get through the passage without blushing. Never had he spoken to any woman words such as these, not even in recitation.

Candi's reaction was much different. The words made her warm. Tony could feel her skin heat up and the eyes of her breasts come alive as he read and reread the passage to her.

“Do you want me to read it again?”

“No.” she said dreamily.

He examined her expression. It was so serene. He put the letter down and tried not to stare at her. He looked at his shoes but could not help but dart his eyes over to the middle-aged beauty beside himself. He tried to think about something, anything but what was at hand. The warm soft feminine form beside him ended any chance of that.

“So,” he said trying to make conversation, “who'd you say this guy was?”

No response. She did look at him though. She smiled and put her arms around him.

“Candi?” Tony choked. He had next to zero experience with girls and certainly no experience with women.

She on the other hand, had plenty of experience. Indeed she was somewhat of a legend in these parts. She was not used to being denied and right now Tony was the only male around to oblige her.

Tony was much too frightened to make the first move or the second or third for that matter. The vixen took all the initiative. Soon her lips were on his and her hands were on his sides.

The young man could not believe what was happening. Surely Candi was the stuff fantasies were made of, yet not even in his wildest dreams, had he ever imagined something like this happening.

What should he do? Resist? Accept? He never really did make a decision..

Frightened and excited, he trembled as her lips forced his own open. *The Canuck wasn't lying, she did taste sweet.*

Soon he felt her hands on his thighs. He was already at attention. He'd been that way from the moment she sat beside him.

She felt his manhood which would have been more aptly described as his boyhood. Other than when she had diapered her nephew, she hadn't ever felt anything this small. Still, she was in heat, and he was the only game in town. She removed his T-shirt and put her lips to his chest. As her tongue played with his nipples, her hand stroked the tiny bulge between his legs. Suddenly he started to convulse and shake.

It can't be, she thought, he couldn't possibly be cumin already.

Despite her disbelief, the small sticky wet spot that formed in his jeans wiped away all doubt.

What the? This guy is pathetic. How could I let myself be with someone like this?

The thoughts which ran through Tony's mind were entirely different. He felt so good, like he'd just experienced the ultimate partner.

As he lay back in the sofa, strung out like a victorious warrior. Candi's disbelief gave way to amusement, when the hilarity of the situation struck her. She broke out in a soft giggle.

Tony was far away. He was in the land frequented only by satisfied lovers and he was alone. Suddenly the solitude he was enjoying was disturbed by a far off noise. He tried to distinguish it.

Laughter?

He didn't know what to make of it. *Why laughter?*

Still the sound continued. It stopped momentarily, a smile came to his face. That's when the laughter returned louder and harder than before.

His eyes opened. The beauty that had been beside him was now doubled over in hilarity.

“What is it?” he asked good naturedly.

She didn't respond.

He asked again and this time she pointed towards his lower half. He looked down to see what was the matter.

Horror replaced satisfaction on his face. Rubescence replaced rosiness in his cheeks. A stutter replaced confidence in his voice.

“I...I... cccc...,” he tried to say.

On hearing this, the vixen looked over at him. The scared frightened look combined with the stutter and the wet spot were far too much. She nearly wet herself.

My goodness, he thought, what did I do. What should I do?

Realizing his distress she tried to quiet herself. When she finally stopped laughing she chanced a look up at him.

He looked like a dejected puppy that had just lost control and pee'd on the carpet. It was too much. She burst out louder than before.

Tears formed in Tony's eyes as he tried to hide his shame. When Candi clutched herself and burst into laughter once more he jumped up, grabbed his coat, and was out the door.

She called for him but he was already gone.

He ran off the porch and onto the drive. He intended to run all the way home. But, when he hit the drive, he stepped in an oil slick and slipped into a mud hole.

He screamed out of reflex and tried to get to his feet. Candi was at the door.

"Tony," she cried, "are you okay?"

He didn't answer. He was covered with mud and shivering like a small child.

Soon she was next to him. She wasn't laughing anymore. She was genuinely concerned.

"Tony, are you okay?"

Do I look okay? Or have you just used concern as an excuse to mock me some more?

"Com'on Tony," she said very maternally, "lets get inside and get you out of those clothes. You'll catch your death out here like that."

Covered in mud he sat and contemplated the situation. He felt so ashamed and inadequate. He hated this moment.

He went inside, what else could he do?

CHAPTER 3

Now I lay me down to sleep

The warm stream of water from the shower felt too good for words. Though he was no longer shivering, he was still searching for his pride.

He entered the bedroom with a towel around his waist.

Candi called out to him from the hall. "I left some things for you to wear on the bed."

He looked at the bed. Lying upon it was a flannel nightgown and a pair of ladies briefs.

*I **can't** wear this*, he thought.

"Candi." he called.

"What's the matter?" she answered as she entered the room.

Instantly he checked to ensure his towel was secure.

"Am I supposed to wear this?" he said as he pointed at the nightgown.

“Sure, why not?”

“But...”

“Com'on Tony, stop trying to be tough. Its just a nightgown. I don't have any men's clothes.”

Maybe so, but surely you have something more suitable than this, he thought.

He was too shy to bring it up though. He considered the alternatives. He could sleep in the buff but Candi would have none of that.

“Okay,” he said, “but why did you leave...those?” he said pointing towards the panties.

“That is a pair of panties. They're for you.” she giggled. Then affecting an authoritarian manner, “Surely, you don't expect to put my gown on without those.”

“But I...” he protested.

She lost patience with him. “Listen Tony, all girls wear their panties to bed. All decent ones that is.”

He didn't say anything. He was too afraid.

She left him. He put on the panties and slipped on the nightgown. He chanced to see himself in the mirror. With his long hair slicked back and the ruffles of the gown up his neck he looked quite feminine. The sight frightened him. What kind of man allowed himself to be dressed this way?

CHAPTER 4

A woman's work is never done

The savory smell of hickory filled his nostrils. Tired as he was, his senses were begging him to awake. Though his eyes remained closed, a very beautiful picture formed in his mind. The sun was shining, and the air was clear. He was back under the crisp sheets of the bed of his youth.

Soon the sweet voice of his mother called him, “*Time for breakfast Tony, you better get up, your bus will be here soon.*”

He tried to respond but couldn't. He just smiled and drank in the splendor.

In the kitchen Candi lit up a cigarette as she waited for some butter to melt in a frying pan. She was on her second cup of coffee, but still felt very tired.

She cracked a few eggs and dumped them in the pan. More than just a few pieces of shell entered with the whites. Soon a smoke cloud formed over the range as the bacon began to burn.

“Damn it!” she screamed.

Tony's dream was interrupted by the foul odor of burning grease and the noise of harsh language.

Suddenly the crisp sheets became oily and flimsy, the sun was no longer shining as bright as before. His eyes opened and he was back in the real world.

“Sonofabitch, lousy stove!” he heard from the kitchen.

He pulled himself out of bed and did a momentary double take at the sight of his attire. He looked around for his clothes but they were not in sight. He thought about leaving the room but was hesitant.

“Tony, com'on down and get some breakfast.” his hostess ordered from the kitchen.

He didn't move. He wanted to cover up before he displayed himself before the woman. He had already suffered enough embarrassment in front of her. He didn't want to add to his shame.

She called again. This time there was more force in her voice. He looked around for cover but could find nothing to make him look less feminine. Finally he gave up and went downstairs.

He went to the kitchen. The woman standing there was wearing the same faded nightgown he had seen before. Only now with the morning light, it offered less cover. He was too ashamed to look at her after last night. He turned away when she spoke to him. The woman hid her delight. This was her first time to see him in her clothes. She tried to be casual.

“Hey Tony, you want some bacon and eggs?”

“Sure.” he responded happy to be accepted. The food may not have smelled so good, but he was hungry.

Try as she did, she couldn't help but look at him. She smiled and he blushed. He didn't look all that bad in her gown. Considering his inadequacy as a man, perhaps she mused, she had found his true calling.

He took a seat at the kitchen table and poured a glass of orange juice. She brought him a plate of wet eggs and burnt bacon.

“Not as good as Jerry's huh?”

“Don't worry Candi, it looks fine to me.” he lied. He didn't see any point in being nasty.

The kitchen was cool yet Candi wore nothing over her nightgown. Tony could hardly believe his eyes as she sat across the table. Her big brown aureoles were staring right back at him. When she stood up to put the juice away he saw her from behind. She had beautiful buttocks. There were some signs of age, but it was still very inviting. Hungry as he was, he had a hard time eating with her in front of him.

Unlike the previous day in the rest room, Candi was oblivious to his attentions. Tony was just a kid who had stumbled into the diner one day and became the dishwasher. She regretted that she had gotten romantic with him, and was actually happy that it hadn't gone very far.

Still she liked him and saw something in him now she had never realized before.

“You know,” she mused, “I bet you would make a beautiful girl.”

Tony choked on his food. Soon he was coughing up eggs and gasping for air.

“Easy kid,” she said as she slapped his back.

He regained himself.

“You okay?”

He nodded.

“You really need to relax, Tony.”

“Yeah, I'm sure your right,” he agreed. Hoping for a return to normalcy he asked, “By the way, where are my clothes?”

“Oh,” she said as if just only realizing, “they're on the line drying out. I washed them last night.”

“When do you think they'll be dry?”

“Oh, it will be a while. Its cold outside and not all that sunny either.”

The youth was slightly perturbed. He felt silly dressed as he was. Even though he had nowhere to go on this day, he wanted to get going. Today was Sunday, Jerry's was closed and it was his only full day off for the week.

“Are you doing anything today?” she asked.

“No, not really.” he said foolishly.

“Good, you can help me with housework!” she exclaimed. She was very happy to have the assistance. She hated doing housework on her day off. With Tony around it would go much faster.

“But I gotta get going,” he protested.

Candi smiled as she mulled that over.

“Sure hon', which would you prefer, my pink taffeta or my leather hot pants for the walk home?” she laughed.

Damn, how do I get myself into these things, he wondered.

Within a few moments he was in Candi's room, getting a change of clothing.

“Hmmm,” Candi thought as she scanned her closet for something for Tony. He would be doing domestic chores so she didn't want to give him anything good. She passed a bunch of pretty outfits and finally settled on an old house frock.

“Here, wear this.” she ordered as she handed it to him.

He frowned as he took the dress.

He hadn't even noticed she was pulling something from her dresser until she handed him a small brown bundle.

“What is this?” he asked.

“Its a pair of pantyhose.”

“I'm not wearing that!” he protested.

“Tony, what is wrong with you?”

Before he could answer she continued.

“Last night I give you a chance most men in this county would kill for, and what do you do?”

He tried to defend himself but she continued.

“I’ll tell you what you do, you go ahead and blow your half ounce of wad outta that tiny little pee shooter of yours before I even get started.”

She was glaring at him as he cringed in shame. She wasn't finished.

“Now, I'm doing you a favor by lending you one of my dresses and all you can do is act like some kind of macho bad ass. Get real! You are the least macho **male** I've ever seen.” She couldn't bring herself to say 'man'.

“But why do I need to wear pantyhose?” he cried.

“Because,” she said very matter-of-factly, “Its only proper.”

The youth just shook his head, There was no logic in her argument and hence no way to defeat it.

Soon he removed the nightgown and put the nylons on over the silky briefs he was already wearing. Candi showed no intention of giving him privacy. The youth just did as told.

Nice legs, she thought as he pulled the pantyhose over his rump. *This guy definitely shows more promise as a gal than as a man.*

He put the frock on and stood before the woman as she inspected.

She became pensive as she pondered the vision before her. *Something's missing.*

Then her eyes brightened when she realized what was needed. She took a brush to his hair and fixed it into a pretty pigtail with ribbons. The youth protested but she paid little heed.

“You don't want this to get in your way while you work,” she said as he reddened.

When she finished, she took a step back to admire her creation. Frock, nylons, and ribbons, he looked positively cute.

“I think that will do.” she said happily.

Tony looked at himself in the mirror. *I don't believe this.*

“Okay Tony...” she stopped to correct herself. “Maybe we should give you a more fitting name.”

The youth went from embarrassed to confused.

“Huh?”

“You know,” she explained, “something more **feminine.**”

“Candi,” he pleaded, “don't you think this has gone far enough?”

She giggled. *I haven't even started you silly little sissy.*

Tony didn't know what she was thinking, he was too scared to ask. He decided not to protest any longer.

“Tonya is a nice name.” she smiled. “Do you like that...Tonya?”

He looked at her pleadingly but said not a word.

“Good,” she said proudly, “Tonya it is, now wait for me downstairs while I get ready, darling.

Tony, didn't need to be told twice. He was out of the room in an instant.

For herself, Candi choose blue jeans and a cotton blouse. She didn't put anything on her feet or do anything special to her hair.

Tony was shocked when he saw Candi sans any of the refinements he was forced to wear.

Why isn't she wearing nylons or ribbons?

He was too afraid to confront the vixen with the question. She did see his frown as he looked at her feet and hair. She delighted in his anger. Just to rub it in, she told him to adjust the wrinkles in his hose.

“But...” he protested meekly.

“Come now Tonya, you want to look pretty, don't you.” she said with amusement.

He almost shot back that he didn't want to look pretty. He stopped himself though. He was too afraid of incurring her wrath.

Soon the pair was busy cleaning up the home. Candi assigned the downstairs to her newly created little girl. She took the bedrooms for herself.

Five minutes or so after he started scrubbing the toilet, he heard the phone ring. Candi picked it up and started what became a very long conversation. She didn't do anything but talk on the phone for an hour or so.

All the while Tony was busy loading up the washer, scrubbing the tiles, and wiping finger prints off the walls. He was finished with the dusting and in the middle of vacuuming when Candi came into the living room.

“This place looks great!” she exclaimed.

The youth smiled. Finally he had done something right.

“Do you think you could do the upstairs when you're done down here? I'm gonna take care of the dishes.”

Tony just nodded. He didn't want to say anything that may cause her to bring up his accident again.

While he was busy cleaning up the master bedroom he heard the doorbell ring. Candi answered it. Inwardly he hoped whoever it was would go away.

That was not to be. Soon the house was alive with the voices of adults and children. From their greetings he could tell the voices to be that of Candi's sister and her family. He had never actually met them, they weren't frequent customers at the Diner.

This is terrible. What if they come up here? My goodness, what will I do if they see me like this? the poor youth fretted.

Time went by slowly. He tried to remain very silent as he busied himself with his chores. No one came upstairs and as far as he knew, no one but Candi was aware of his presence.

He heard a dog barking in the yard. He looked out the window and saw Candi's niece and nephew playing with a big German shepherd. They seemed to be having a very nice time.

That's good, as long as they stay outside, they won't come up here.

One of the children ran across the yard and slammed against the pants hanging on the line. Tony's heart went to his throat when the pants fell off the line and into a puddle.

The children laughed at the sight. The niece had a devilish idea. She picked up the pants and started dancing around with them. Her brother yanked the pants away and soon they were playing a full fledged game of keep-away with Tony's pants.

"Stop, please stop." Tony pleaded from the closed window. He felt so powerless and scared. There was no way for him to do anything without making the guests aware of his presence.

I guess I'll just have to wear muddy trousers home.

As the boy charged around the yard waving the soiled blue jeans, his sister gave up trying to take them away. Instead she ran over to the clothesline and plucked the pair of jockey shorts that hung from it.

No!

The dog was going berserk trying to join the game running from one child to the next. The little girl laughed and taunted the dog with the underwear she was holding. She would hold it out before the dog and snatch it away just before his jaws closed down on them.

Please!

She did this one time too many. On the last try the jaws snapped like a steel trap on poor Tony's jockey's. The animal was so worked up, he tore the briefs to shreds instantaneously.

Oh no, this isn't happening!

The children were hardly phased. The fight for the trousers renewed as soon as the girl lost the briefs.

Oh well, its just my underwear.

The dog, unsatisfied, sought new quarry once the underpants were ruined. In a leap, the animal had the pants in its jaws and broke out in a full sprint. The children shouted gleefully as they went after it.

"Come back, come back, don't do this to me." cried Tony silently. *Why is this happening to me?*

As the tears started to well up in his eyes, he heard the voices of the children coming from the yard.

He rose to look out. They and the dog were back but the pants were nowhere in sight!

Panic struck. Never before had Tony felt so powerless. He cried as anxiety overcame him.

He muffled his sobs so as not to be heard. He was trapped in skirts.

“Well Candi, we really have to be going, you take it easy now,” said her brother-in-law

“Okay Jeff,” Candi responded, “that goes for you too”

“Oh, Candi,” her sister said, “do you think you could lend me your navy blazer?”

“Sure hon', you know where it is.”

Tony's heart sank when he heard the response.



He dashed from the master bedroom and into the guest room. Soon he heard Candi's sister rummaging through the closet of the master bedroom. He was breathing heavy, that had been too close.

*What's wrong with Candi?
Why did she send her sister up here?*

“Hey Candi,” she called, “I can't find it.”

Candi yelled back, “Try the guest room.”

Huh?

There was no escape, the door opened, Candi's sister saw the strange girl that was Tony and screamed. He tried to calm her but that only made her scream louder.

Outside the dog went mad at the sound of its mistress's scream and the entire family ran to the bedroom.

Jeff rushed to protect his wife, the children stared at the sight of

the lanky girl in disbelief, Tony tried to cover himself with his hands, and Candi just burst out laughing.

“What's going on here?” demanded Jeff as he tried to calm his still trembling wife.

“Don't worry gang, its just Tony. **He's** the dishwasher at Jerry's.” Candi, quite singularly, was enjoying herself.

The family looked Tony up and down with a look of shock. When Jeff saw that this 'he' was not only in a dress and pigtails, but nylons as well, his look turned to disgust.

“You're sick.” he said to the stranger. Then he took his wife and children from the room.

Tony was far too embarrassed to object. He heard Candi try to explain the situation to her sister and brother-in-law between outbursts of laughter as they parted.

It didn't really matter though, they didn't believe her. Everyone knew Candi had a kinky side and this was just proof of it.

Soon they were gone and the house was quiet.

CHAPTER 5

The Dishwasher washes a sweet dish

Candi walked into the guest room. She saw the feminized youth sitting on the bed with his head in his hands.

“What's the matter sugar?”

Tony didn't answer. A better question would have been what wasn't the matter. Everything was going badly for him.

She eased up a little and addressed him by his masculine name.

“Tony,” she said softly, “don't let it worry you. Jeff and Daisy have seen far worse in my house.”

That was a true statement.

The woman felt sorry for the boy and sat beside him. She started stroking his hair and repeating reassurances.

“You know Tony, I think you look more attractive as a girl than as a boy anyway.”

That wasn't what he wanted to hear. He wanted to hear all the things young men like to hear from beautiful women. Things like 'you're so strong' or 'you're so handsome'. He didn't want to hear he was 'pretty'.

The woman knew Tony wanted masculine encouragement but as his elder, she decided she knew better. She had been with many men, real men, and Tony just wasn't in their league.

That's not to say she didn't like the youth. In fact she liked him very much. Sitting there next to her, all cute and vulnerable, she couldn't help but love him.

“Candi,” he said without looking up, “my pants, they lost my pants.”

She fought back the urge to giggle. Somehow nothing about him could be taken seriously.

Gathering all the self-control she could muster, she inquired, "Who lost your pants?"

Still looking down he responded, "The children, the dog."

"Oh you're just being silly," she answered. Then she went to the window to prove it to herself.

"Oh my," she exclaimed as she put her hand to her mouth to hold back the laughter, "they are gone!"

Tony sensed her amusement. He was even more depressed. Just how was he supposed to get back to his trailer now?

They both inspected the front yard. The pants were no where in sight.

"Don't worry Tony," she assured him. "I'll get you back to your trailer."

Tony was hardly relieved.

Then the woman looked about, she still wanted the house clean before Tony left. They spent the rest of the morning finishing up. Rather, Tony finished, Candi was back on the phone.

The woman, noticing how remarkably clean and bright Tony had made her bathroom, decided to take a long luxurious bubble bath. Tony had really made the dingy bathroom immaculate.

"Tony!" she called to her waif from the tub.

Great. What does she want now?

He scurried to the bathroom. "What is it?" he said from outside the door.

"Come in here."

He hesitated.

"Get in here, I won't bite you, silly!"

He stepped into the steamy chamber. His stockings moistened against the wet tile. He purposely avoided the tub so as not to see Candi. He was too ashamed.

Candi giggled at her silly little toy. He was really too precious.

"Its okay hon', you can't see anything."

His eyes darted towards her. It was true. Aside from her neck and face, everything was covered by bubbles. Then again, it wasn't as if he hadn't seen all of her already.

"Could you please scrub my back?" she said as she pointed to a loofa sponge.

It was pointless to refuse.

She leaned forward to provide him access to her back. When she did this, the bubbles parted and he had a clear view right down to her buttocks. He looked away and grabbed the sponge. Then he dipped the sponge in the water and put it to her back.

"Use some soap silly." she giggled.

He didn't respond verbally. He did as commanded, taking the soap from her hands and doing as ordered.

He sponged her soft smooth back and repeated the process of soaping it up every once in a while.

Candi really was enjoying this. Tony had a gentle touch. His actions had a massage-like affect on her. Her eyes closed and she moaned softly as his hands and the sponge worked her.

Suddenly, when he went for the soap, he lost his grip and the soap slipped into the tub. Candi was so relaxed she didn't even notice something was amiss until a few moments after he stopped.

"What's wrong?" she said from her trance.

"Th-th-th-the soap." he stuttered.

She opened her eyes and smiled at him. "Its okay baby, you can get it."

He looked at her meekly.

"Go ahead," she cooed.

His hand went into the water. It searched everywhere but the area next to her body.

"You'll have to search better than that," she said with a giggle.

Tony could hardly believe what was happening. He was so afraid of having another accident like the night before.

"Go ahead honey, its all right."

He did as she ordered. He was a good girl.

His hand brushed against her backside.

"You're cold." she mused.

He brought his hand around along her delightful thigh. How many times had he stared at these? Now he was touching one. His panties tightened.

"Warmer baby."

He took a gulp of air as he moved his hand down her leg. "Oh honey, you're getting colder." she teased.

This was getting too intense for the youth. The bubbles had been all but stripped away by his searching arm. There was very little of her concealed from sight. He tried not to look at her.

"Maybe you should pick it up?" he whispered. He was too scared to go any further.

The woman had no intention of letting her student off the hook so easily.

"Don't worry dear, I won't hurt you."

Oh man, I can't believe this is happening to me.

His hand crossed over her ankles and glided up her other leg.

“Warmer,” at the calf, “warmer,” past the knee and to the waist, “oh now you're getting cold.”

That could mean only one thing, he thought. He knew were the soap was.

Candi knew the fear he was experiencing and was loving every minute of it.

She looked at the youth. His neck craned as far away as possible. His eyes were closed tightly and his whole body shook.

I better help this boy out before he has another accident.

Taking his hand in her own she guided it to where her legs met. His shivered as his hand brushed against her pubis and came to rest near the soap. She didn't release it.

“Tony, look at me honey. Don't be afraid.”

He turned to look very slowly. Her eyes met his as they opened. She was smiling, not in a mocking way but in a friendly and reassuring way.

He didn't have an accident.

She released his hand and he removed the soap.

“You see sugar, that wasn't so bad.”

He nodded.

“Now finish up Candi's back darling.”

He went back to work on her back. He'd been over it several times. The woman was so relaxed and soothed by the action, she had no intention of letting him stop.

Finally after several minutes of repeated rubbing he got up the nerve to ask, “Is that okay, Candi?”

She awoke. “Oh sure Sugar, you do that so well.”

He got up to leave.

“Oh Ton' could you do one more thing?” she said very nonchalantly.

No. No more favors. Take your stupid dress and pantyhose, give me my pants, wash your own backside, and take me home.

Instead he obediently asked, “What?”

“Wash my little feetsie weetsies.” she said very girlishly.

He frowned and she smiled.

As she lifted the best legs in the county to the edge of the tub, she enticed him.

“Candi has such a hard time reaching you know,” she lied.

Once again he did as commanded. Up until the other day in the stall, he had never noticed how pretty her feet were. Now in his hands, he knew they were much more than just pretty. They were positively gorgeous.

“Do them just as you did my back hon'.”

He didn't answer, he didn't want to turn to respond. With her legs out there wasn't even a hint of cover from the bubbles anymore. He had narrowly escaped having an accident. He didn't want to have one now.

Think about baseball, that's what the guys always said.

“MMMmmmm.” the brazen beauty moaned as his fingers worked against her soles. “That's it sugar, do it just like that.”

He obliged, trying desperately to concentrate on something other than his work. He worked both feet for many minutes. Every time he tried to stop, the beauty begged him to continue.

“Candi...” he pleaded.

“Its' all right Tonya, don't stop.”

Great, now I'm Tonya again.

He was continuing his work when the phone rang.

“Do you want me to get it?” he asked, half hoping for a negative response.

“Naw, its okay, I'll get it,” she answered. Then, without blinking an eye she stood up from the tub. Tony could hardly believe the sight of the dripping, naked beauty. He turned away, too afraid and too ashamed to look.

As she dried herself off, the phone abruptly stopped ringing. She looked at her frightened student. *I've got to help this kid out.*

She put her robe on and spoke. “Tony, what's the matter?”

“Nothing,” he answered defensively.

“You're afraid aren't you.”

“No.” he lied.

Candi smiled. “Tony, I've been around the block more than once. You can't fool me. You're afraid of me.”

“Please let me go.”

Candi had no intention of letting him go. She enjoyed the attention he gave her back and feet. She wanted the rest of her body to feel his touch.

“There's really no reason for you to be afraid of me,” she lied. “Do you think I'll hurt you?” she smiled.

The youth shook his head only slightly. He didn't believe Candi intended to hurt him. It just always worked out that way.

Satisfied with his halfhearted response, the vixen led the youth to her bedroom for the next phase of his education.

“I want you to give me a massage, Tonya.”

He shook his head. “Candi, I'm not Tonya, I can't give you a massage.”

Big mistake.

“You're wrong baby. You are Tonya. You look at yourself in the mirror.”

The youth looked into the full-length mirror. Looking back at him was a girlish form that he knew was only himself. He reddened noticeably.

“Why are you so afraid. You're a pretty girl. With make-up and some better clothes you could look positively edible.”

He cringed, too ashamed to respond.

“Face it Tonya, you **were** never much of a guy,” she said only slightly amused. “Do you think you could ever please a woman as a man? You work in a diner doing dishes; your anatomy is barely that of a boy half your age.”

He shot her a furious look. She smiled at his anger.

“Don't be mad at me hon', I'm going to help you.”

He regarded her cautiously.

“Before we start though, you're going to give me a massage.”

“Will you take me home then?” he asked very meekly.

She laughed good and loud when she answered. “Honey, I have every intention of taking you home!” *Home is where the heart is and your heart certainly isn't masculine.*

CHAPTER 6

Busy bodies

Not much was said during the short drive home. Daisy had seen many strange things at her sister's house. There was the time she was helping with the cleaning and she found the clerical collar. And how could she forget the black latex outfit, complete with leather accessories, she saw Candi in last year when she dropped by unexpectedly.

Still the sight of this dishwasher dressed up in a house dress and pantyhose was tough to understand.

What the heck is she doing?

The curiosity and concern drove her mad. Her husband, Jeff, didn't want to talk about it. He was too upset. He expressed a low opinion of anyone who would expose children to such freakish behavior.

Not able to rest, Daisy called her friend Terry. Terry waitressed for Jerry just as Candi did. Maybe she knew what was going on.

Though it was early afternoon when she called, the person on the other end sounded as if she were just waking.

“....Hello...”

“Hello...Terry?”

“Yeah.”

“Hi Terry, this is Daisy. I hope I didn't wake you.”

“No use crying over spilt milk.” Terry was quick and to the point, just as her co-worker Candi was.

“Well...I'm sorry. Maybe I should let you go?”

Now the sleepy waitress was annoyed. “Go ahead Daisy. I'm up **now**.”

Daisy weighed her words. After all, how does one ask someone about this kind of thing?

“Is there anything strange going on with that dishwasher at the diner?” she said haltingly.

“You mean Tony?”

*“That's right, that was his name. ”*Yes, that's right, Tony.”

Terry had no idea of what this was all about.

“What about him?” she shot back.

“I'm asking you Terry.”

“I don't know anything about the kid. He's kind of quiet and weak, but other than that he seems okay.”

Not satisfied, Daisy continued, “have you ever seen him in...strange...clothes?”

Terry wasn't beyond hanging up on a friend and tired as she was its amazing she stayed on this long. But there was something about the tone in Daisy's voice that said this was for real. Her interest was piqued.

“What about his clothes?”

This line of questioning was going nowhere. Daisy regretted calling. She wanted to go.

“Oh forget it, its nothing.”

“Bulls@#t, you just woke me up. It isn't just 'nothing'.”

Daisy tried to get out of it but Terry wouldn't let her go. Finally she relented.

“Its just that I saw Tony at my sister's house a short while ago.”

That's strange. Why would Candi invite that little punk to her house? “And?” Terry coached.

“And...he was dressed a little weird.” Daisy felt bad already about spreading the story. “I have to go now, bye.”

Terry listened to the dial tone as she contemplated the preceding phone call. She dialed Candi's number but hung up after just a few rings.

What the hell am I gonna ask Candi? I don't wanna say 'hey, I hear Tony dresses weird'. To Daisy anything aside from Jeff's plain old duds might be weird. Still Daisy wouldn't have called me unless it was really weird. I gotta see for myself.

CHAPTER 7

Dishwasher dons Frederick's

“What would you like to wear now?” Candi asked matter-of-factly.

The youth was confused. “Huh?”

“What would you like to change into?”

He wanted his pants but wherever they were was anyone's guess. He asked, “why do I need to change?”

She shook her head and smiled. “Silly baby, if you're gonna be a masseuse, you have to look like one.”

This is a nightmare.

Without waiting for his response she led him to her armoire. From the drawers she removed several lacy, sexy negligee's. She had acquired many over the years. Men loved to purchase and see her in these things.

“I think you would look sexy in this!” she exclaimed as she held up a pink peek-a-boo nightie with matching garters.

The youth looked in horror at what she held before him.

Sensing his fright and taking a great deal of pleasure in it, she ordered him to disrobe.

Dutifully he removed his frock but was stopped before he could get to his pantyhose and panties.

“Unless you have the bucks for an expensive operation, you'll need to wear those things underneath all the time.”

Operation? He didn't understand, but he knew the futility of protesting.

Her eyes brightened as if a light bulb had just gone off in her head. “Hold on hon', I have to get something for you.”

She ran back to the bathroom and soon emerged with a small package. “Put this on.”

The youth looked at the small paper package. “What's this?” he asked very innocently.

The vixen could hardly get enough of his naiveté. She giggled despite trying to maintain control. Finally she explained. “Its just something to prevent you from soiling your pretty panties,...in case you have an accident.”

The youth reddened. *She won't ever forget that.*

Rather clumsily, he tried to put the feminine napkin on himself. The sexy matron allowed him to continue on his own, taking great delight in his inability to do such a simple task.

When she tired of the spectacle, she took the pad from his hands and applied it to the inside crotch of his panties. As she did this, she turned her hand over so that it cupped his genitalia. Though her hands were small, she had no problem holding all of him. She giggled at the sight of his tightly closed eyes and increasing stiffness.

“Feel another 'accident' coming on stud?”

He opened his eyes and saw the mocking grin on her beautiful face.

She saw the hurt expression her words evoked. It was positively heartbreaking. She let go and helped him with rest of his things.

Soon he was in the nightie. He looked very sweet.

“Here,” his feminine mentor said as she stuffed some tissues in his bra cups, “this will fill you out.”

He marveled at his chest.

“Now darling put these on.” she said as she handed him a pair of sheer pink hose. “They attach to your garters.”

He rolled them up. He had learned from the pantyhose that he couldn't just put them on like socks. As they slipped over his ankles, he extended his leg with toes pointed to prevent wrinkles.

He didn't want to be scolded again. Candi remarked at just how sensual the youth had become without his realizing it.

Tony thought that he was finished dressing, but knew there was more when Candi started rummaging through her closet. After a moment of furious searching, she emerged with a small shoe box. You'd have thought she were handling gold the way she held it so delicately.

She brought the box to her waif and removed the cover, expecting him to share her delight at the sight of the contents.

Tony could hardly believe his eyes. The box contained a pair of pink satin slippers with 4 inch heels.

“Put these on Sugar.”

He was too amazed at the utter bizarreness of his situation to protest. He slipped the slippers on and wobbled as he stood.

Now in full swing, Candi took eye make-up, rouge, and lipstick to her kitten. In just a short period of time, he was no longer identifiable as his former self.

“You're just about ready now.”

What else is left?

He soon found out. From the top shelf of the closet, the woman removed a pink set of bunny ears. She combed out his pigtail and gave his hair a full gorgeous look. She then topped it off with the head piece.

Standing back and marveling at the sight of her Tonya, she ordered him to smile. He tried halfheartedly. She gave a look of encouragement.

“Come on hon', smile for Candi.”

He saw himself in the mirror. The first feelings to flow were not unlike the feelings he experienced earlier. But on further examination, he saw something he had not seen before. He **was** very pretty and sexy. His expression went from forced smile to unabashed awe

“**Now** you're ready to give me a massage!”

CHAPTER 8

The fatted calf

Bam...Bam...

Not again.

Bam.

“Answer the door silly.”

What? The youth could hardly believe his ears. “You want me to answer the door...like this?”

She smiled. “Of course Tonya. You don't expect **me** to get up and answer it?”

Confusion came over his face.

Bam...bam...

She placed her hand on the front of his panties. For the past 2 hours he had put his hands all over her body while he massaged every muscle she possessed. Now, for the first time since starting, she was touching him. He blushed.

“Get the door Tonya.”

On instinct he did as commanded.

Outside on the porch of Candi's run-down house, Terry waited. It was a chilly day and she was already on the verge of a cold. After knocking several times, the door opened. From the edge of the door she saw only the hair, eyes, and bunny ears of the person opening the door.

Bunny ears?

The girlish youth peeked around the door only for a moment to see who it was. When he saw that it was Terry from the diner he shrieked and on reflex slammed the door.

“Hey!” the freezing woman screamed. “Open up. Its cold out here!”

“What's going on?” asked Candi as she came down the stairs.

Too terrified to speak, the youth just shook his head.

Bam..."Open up!" yelled Terry.

Candi frowned; she knew the voice. “Why did you slam the door on Terry?” The youth didn't respond.

Without hesitating, Candi opened the door. Terry hurried inside, happy to be out of the cold. Before she could even exchange greetings with her friend, her jaw dropped to the floor.

“Tony?”

“**Tonya.**” the better looking of the real women corrected.

“Damn, Daisy wasn't kidding.”

Poor Tony. There was nothing he could do except stand before the incredulous woman as she eyed him from head to toe. To the side stood his mentor, covered only with a robe. She beamed proudly as she showed off her creation.

The two women began talking of the feminized youth before them as if he wasn't there. They talked for some time before the prettier one addressed him.

“Go upstairs Tonya. Draw a bubble bath.”

The youth did as he was told, happy to be excused from the room.

Once he was gone the ladies went back to their discussion.

“I still can't believe its Tony!”

“It isn't Tony, its Tonya.”

“Okay Candi, **Tonya.** But I still can't believe its **him.**”

The beauty smiled at her friend's disbelief and continued confusion. “**Her.,**” she corrected.

Terry shook her head. She may not have been as pretty and sexy as Candi, but she certainly didn't lack experience. Though her waist was bountiful, she did not want for male attention. It wasn't long after her divorce, that her social roster filled.

Between herself and Candi, every eligible man in the county had been covered. That said nothing of the many who had only passed through the county. Still, seeing a boy dolled up like a whore was new to her.

“He...”

Candi scowled.

“**She...**”

Now a smile.

“...does look pretty good. How'd you do it?”

“It was easy. She's a natural.”

Terry laughed, “really?”

“Oh honey,” Candi said, “let me tell you!” From the men's room stall right up to present, she told her friend every humiliating and degrading detail of Tony's last 24 hours.

As he drew the bath, Tony heard every word spoken, except the occasional whisper. He didn't have a shred of dignity left when the two broke into a hearty barrel laugh.

When she finally got control of herself, Terry said, “you don't seriously expect me to allow that little fairy to bathe and massage me?”

Huh? Scrubbing and massaging a woman as beautiful as Candi was not something beyond Tony. But doing the same for a woman such as Terry was entirely different.

With Candi and her 10 plus body, he was only afraid of cuming. With Terry and her size 48 hips, he was afraid of puking. He shook his head and prayed for a reprieve.

“Don't worry hon',” Candi assured her buxom friend. “She's quite harmless.”

“Okay, what the heck. She washes dishes all day, why not try me?”

Help!

Both woman shared another good laugh as they headed up the stairs.

Despite a halfhearted protest, poor emasculated Tony found himself giving the hefty waitress a bath. Though she was at first shy to reveal herself to the youth, she became quite comfortable once immersed in the bubbles with hands and sponge working all over her bountiful body.

Candi watched the work of her student to ensure compliance. When she saw that he did for her friend as he had done for herself, she left the bathroom to start supper.

The new little girl toweled her mentor's best friend. Despite just having bathed, the musky smell emanating from the large smooth vagina of the husky woman filled the nostrils of Tony as he knelt to powder the lady's intimate region.

He marveled at the expanse. If he ever thought there was a possibility that his penis could please Candi, he knew from the start that his tiny equipment could never be more than a nuisance to this woman.

From the bathroom, they made their way to the master bedroom. The woman laid face down on the bed as Tony covered her lightly with baby oil, just as Candi had trained him. It took twice as much to cover Terry as Candi. Her buttocks alone would take more.

Terry enjoyed the slow, deliberate kneading and stroking the girl guy imparted. *This isn't so bad*, she thought. *I could really get used to this.*

“Roll over now, please.” said Tony very meekly. The fat woman complied without protest.

Trying not to consider the huge naked form before him, Tony went about oiling up the front of the lady.

Terry shivered as Tony's lubricated hands glided over her breasts and meandered down to her vulva. She opened her eyes as the youth worked the oil into her sensitive zone. The sight of Tony in the pink negligee, the pale pink stockings straining from the garters and the fluffy spiked slippers dangling from his toes was too much combined with the handiwork now occurring between her legs. The rush could not be controlled.

The muffled puffs of air and sound, followed by a streamless excess of moisture, caused Tony to stop and bite his lip.

What have I done? he thought.

The heavysset woman wouldn't allow the girl to stop for long. She wanted more, much more.

“Kiss me.” she murmured.

“Huh?” the youth pretended not to hear.

“Kiss me!”

Throwing caution to the wind, Tony leaned over to put his lips to the lady.

Before he landed, the lady grimaced and remarked, “not there silly.” Then she pointed to the area which had just been oiled, “There!”

Much to his revulsion, he kissed her there, and there, and here, and everywhere below the neck, until the thick musky smell coming from the woman filled every corner of the room. Many times during this lip massage, the lady exploded and drenched him. Both were at the point of exhaustion when Candi came to the door.

The sight on the bed before her, took the carnal homeowner by surprise. “My, you two have been busy!” she exclaimed. Neither party on the bed could muster much of a response. Terry just smiled as Tony shyly tried to cover up and hide his disgust.

“Don't just sit there Tonya, its time to eat.” said the beautiful mistress of the house.

Tony just looked at the woman, not knowing exactly what this meant to him personally.

Candi sensed the youth's confusion and brightened. “Set the table silly. Only make sure you set it for **two.**”

The expression on the new girl's face did not change.

“Hurry now,” the mistress ordered, “the food is getting cold.”

Tony gathered his negligee and dashed from the room. Despite being unfamiliar with the kitchen, he managed to set the table very nicely.

Once alone in the bedroom, the ladies chatted a mile a minute.

“So how did you enjoy your bath and massage?” the mistress asked, already knowing the answer.

Terry brightened like a rose. “It was fantastic. You've really uncovered a treasure there.”

Candi delighted in her friend's approval. “Honey,” she said, “you ain't seen nothing yet.”

CHAPTER 9

Blue is for boys

Tonya leaned over the sink as she took advantage of the few seconds afforded her to take a few spoonfuls of soup. That was all that was left of dinner, the women had eaten the rest.

In the dining room, the conversation was light and clipped. The waitresses were having too much fun ordering about their own sexy waitress. “More coffee sweetie.” they'd call. “You call that a sundae?” they'd complain. Each time poor Tonya apolo-

gized, they showed their appreciation by patting and pinching her silky bottom. He hardly appreciated their appreciation. Sensing this only caused them to do it all the more.

The large woman, upon finishing her dessert, decided it would be nice to get a better feel of her waitress. "Come to mama honey." she said as she pulled the boy to her lap. He squirmed shyly as the woman pulled away at his negligee. All the while both ladies openly discussed the pluses and minuses of there little toy.

"Oh, she really is too cute!" The large one exclaimed when he showed his dismay. She responded by wrapping her arms around him and massaging his tummy.

"Be careful hon'," cried Candi, "we don't want her to have an accident!"

Tony's painted face made a pout.

"Oh Tonya honey," Terry cooed, "you needn't worry 'bout having an accident. Candi tells me you already, (giggle), have your napkin on!"

They took devilish delight in humiliating their waitress. They were not unaware of the fear and embarrassment the girl they created was going through. They had experienced it themselves and had grown numb to it. Only now they were on the giving rather than receiving end and it felt great. So great they went beyond there own experiences.

It's a wonder after so much abuse, that Tony worked up the nerve to ask his mistress the following question: "When will you take me home?"

Home? Candi hadn't considered it since Terry dropped by. She had other plans. Still she took great delight in falsely building up the youth's hopes. "Soon child, soon," she cooed. "But first we have to go somewhere."

Tony didn't like the sound of that. He was too obedient though to say anything but ask, "where?"

Candi looked over at her stuffed friend and saw her smile. Both women had already discussed the evening's plans.

Without looking at her creation she announced, "we're going to a square dance." Tony went into a state of visible shock. Not able to contain themselves, both ladies broke into laughter.

When she got a hold of herself, Candi announced it was time to get ready for the dance.

"Really Candi," asked the frightened boy, "do you think this may be going too far?"

"Relax Tonya, this is my square dancing club. I go every Sunday night. You'll love it."

"But what about..."

Candi read his mind. "Don't worry about the other people. No one will know you're a male after Terry and I get you ready. I'll tell everyone your my niece from out of town." She gave a sly smile and a wink to her friend. Both ladies were enjoying the boy's anxiety.

The ladies put a lot of effort into preparing their toy for the dance. They struggled to fasten tight the corset he wore to give him an hourglass figure. He winced with pain as they pulled tighter and tighter. When they finally finished he struggled to breathe. He blushed as they dressed him in pale blue, ruffled, pettipants and petticoat. Candi had made him so smooth it was impossible to tell what was hidden beneath them.

“Blue is a nice color for a boy.” remarked Terry with a smile. Candi nodded agreement.

Over the wide, full petticoats he wore a blue and white checked dress with a thin feminine belt in the center which pulled in the dress and exaggerated the lines of his figure even further.

He reddened when he realized the dress barely covered the full petticoats. Every time he so much as breathed they bounced up to reveal their blue frills. This gave the women much pleasure.

A pretty white neckerchief was tied around his neck and his face and hair were done up very glamorously.

As Candi handed him a pair of strapped dancing pumps, she remarked at just how pretty he looked.

“Do you think you may have overdone it?” asked the thoroughly emasculated youth.

“Nonsense.” remarked Candi. “You're going to a square dance not a disco. This is how a girl dresses for a square dance.”

“Let's go.” said Terry.

Tony looked at the two women. Neither had changed into anything special. “Aren't you going to dress up?” he asked almost too afraid to hear the response.

They chuckled at the question. Candi spoke, “Silly, this is just a weekly square dance club get together. I don't have to doll up like that every week. Hardly anyone dons all their finery for the weekly get together. We gals usually wait for the big hoe-down at the end of the month.

“But...” the would be girl tried to protest.

“This is your first square dance darling.” reassured Terry. “You want to look pretty for all the men, don't you?”

Tony nearly froze in shock. *Men!* They intended to parade him before men dressed like this! Before he knew it, he was in a car headed for the dance club. Candi covered him with a full satin cape. It was the only thing she had which could fit over his outfit.

While they rode over to the club, Tony pondered his situation. He began to wonder if Candi and Terry ever planned to let this day end. *Tomorrow I have to be at work*, he thought. *They couldn't possibly keep this up till then. Or could they?* He shivered at the thought.

Candi looked over at her charge and saw him shiver. “What's the matter honey? You cold?”

The sissified youth still had enough pride not to admit that it was fear more than anything which made him shiver. Still, until Candi had mentioned it, he hadn't realized how cold he felt. Though the heat was on, the interior of the car was very cold. The women were wearing slacks and boots, so they weren't as affected by the chill as poor Tony. The cape kept his bound torso warm but the pantyhose, pumps, and petticoats did little to keep him warm below the waist.

Fear of what was unraveling was enough to keep his mind off the cold though. He thought about being presented to a group people as Candi's 'niece'. What if some of the people were regulars at Jerry's. Surely they'd recognize him. How would he ever be able to show his face if the truth were revealed.

As they sped along he saw the silhouette of Jerry's diner. His heart sank. *What would happen if I just jump from this car now?* He never found out, he was too afraid to try.

Upon entering the square dance, he was mildly relieved to see a few other girls dressed up in frills similar to his. Most of the women though, were dressed casually just as Terry and Candi.

Both women mingled in with the crowd effortlessly. It was obvious that neither was too ashamed to flirt with every man in the club. This in spite of the fact that almost all were married and accompanied by their wives.

Tony was happy to see Terry and Candi steal so much attention. He was happy to play wall flower. That didn't last for long though. Candi took great delight in introducing her 'niece' to everyone in attendance.

Many men looked him up and down like he was a piece of meat. Even the grand fatherly types, though mostly friendly, counted some hawks amongst their ranks.

Though Tony had never square danced in his life, there was no way he'd be able to play wall flower at this gathering. Candi and Terry were always on the dance floor. That left Tony to fend for himself on the sidelines. One big country boy wouldn't take 'no' for an answer and practically dragged him out on the dance floor.



He found that it was impossible to square dance without showing his frilly undies at every turn and spin. He could see the smiles of the men and even the ladies about the room. The whole thing seemed terribly exploitive.

The visual exposure was bad enough, the pinches, pats, and thinly veiled gropes as he passed from one partner to another was more than he was ready for.

"You sure are a pretty little thing," a rather homely redneck whispered in his ear. "You think you and I could maybe take a walk?"

Tony swallowed hard and shook his head more demonstrably than necessary. The redneck took offense and pulled Tony close enough so that he could feel his crooked stiff shaft. Tony whitened with shock. This only amused the redneck and made him smile as he pressed his hand to his partners buttocks.

"You jest need a little time to git to know me."

"Maybe." Tony lied. He pulled away and excused himself. *This has got to end now.*

Amid the hoots and howls of the square dancers, pretty Tony scurried out of view. The hall was so small though, there was really no place to evade the eyes of everyone. Without even thinking of the implications, he walked straight into the rest room, the men's rest room.

Standing at the urinal was Lem Walters, farmer and elder of the church. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the damsel standing before him in full feminine splendor. He nearly caught his penis in his fly as he rushed to zip up.

Tony saw the surprise on the large man's face and instantly realized the error he had made.

"I'm very sorry Mister." he cried as he ran out.

This was not enough, apparently some others had seen what all had assumed to be a girl walk into the men's room.

"Just what do you think you're doing young lady!" cried Lem's wife.

"I'm sorry." cried Tony.

"We don't go for that sort of thing around here," said a very pious old fart.

"I didn't mean to..."

"Sure you didn't, sassy." intoned some hag. Then under her breath, "Just as brazen and wicked as her aunt."

To make matters worse Candi arrived on the scene. When the situation was explained to her she broke out laughing. All around looked at her in disbelief, as if she were drunk or on drugs.

Tony watched in disbelief too. Soon he had the overwhelming fear that Candi was about to reveal his true identity. Luckily though, the band defused the tension by breaking into a spirited version of some hillbilly standard.

Most of the irate crowd went back to the dance floor. Though many of them still gave the 'sassy girl' evil looks. Worse than this though, were the sly looks he was get-

ting from the big country boy who had dragged him out to the dance floor in the first place.

I have really got to get out of this place, thought Tony. It was plain Candi and Terry had no intention of taking him home. He had to find another way. He looked about the room. Only a few of the faces were familiar. None of them had shown any indication of recognizing him. If he walked out now, he might actually be able to put this entire day behind himself.

Taking the satin cape from the hook it hung from, he decided to brave the cold and head along on foot along the highway for the safety of his trailer by the diner.

Fortunately there was no wind, but this evening was much colder than the last. He felt the cold worst below his knees. The pumps were no protection from the elements and were nearly impossible to walk in along the gravel.

Just as he thought it could get no worse, a large truck passed him. The funnel of wind that followed went straight through his frills and into his bones. He shuddered and hoped for no further traffic.

CHAPTER 10

Let's stop for a snack.

“Hey chief, did you see that?”

No response. Just the sound of a sleeping man.

“I gotta get me a piece o'dat!” the driver said eyes wide.

His sleeping partner awakened when he felt the unexpected deceleration of the truck. The driver swung the wheel radically to execute an illegal U-turn.

Floyd spoke, “Jim, what the hell you are doing?”

“We're stoppin' for a snack,” he answered as he masterfully executed the turn in a space few would have been able to maneuver a van, much less an 18 wheeler.

As they sped along the route they had just traveled, Floyd started to regret having passed the wheel to his partner. He scolded the large driver for wasting valuable time, but his words fell on deaf ears. Jim was too intent on the prey, almost unsure he had really seen what he saw.

Soon a figure appeared in the headlights on the side of the road. Floyd could make out only a cape. *Who wears a cape? Superman?*

When they got closer he saw the blond locks cascading above the cape and the shapely legs below it. “Hot-dog!” screamed his jubilant partner.

The sound of the air brakes startled Tony. When he saw the big rig come to a halt he froze with fear.

Two huge black men peered out the window at him.

What do I do now?

“Look at those hips!” the driver exclaimed as he admired the vision in his rear view.

The seconds passed like hours as Tony contemplated his next move. Should he continue past the truck or should he dash across the road. He wrestled with the opposing options.

Inside the cab of the truck another battle was occurring.

“What the heck are you doing Jim, we gotta get to Plattsburgh.”

Jim only grinned.

“Man Jim, I'm telling you. That sonofabitch dispatcher is gonna nail us to a cross if we're late!”

Jim grew tired of his partner's fears. “Don't worry Floyd, I'll get us to Plattsburgh on time. You know I can make up the time.”

Floyd only grumbled. He knew it was true. Jim could make up time better than anyone he'd ever driven with. He decided to let up and allow his friend the opportunity to seek his quarry.

Outside, Tony had made up his mind.

*Screw it! Why am I afraid? Its not as if I'm a **real** girl.* Foolishly, the youth proceeded past the truck. As he passed he heard a voice from what sounded like the driver's side.

“Hey baby, you need a lift?”

Frightened, Tony put his eyes to the ground and increased his pace. Still the voice continued.

“Com'on honey, its too cold to walk.”

The youth shook his head instinctively. As the distance between him and the truck opened he heard the great vehicle come to life and slowly follow him. All the while the voice went on.

“Why are you acting this way baby? Our truck is plenty warm.”

Floyd grew restless. He could see that though the girl ahead of them was a rare catch, (after all, how often does a trucker see a blond babe in a wide skirt and cape trudging along a lonely highway at night), the situation was going no- where.

“Hang it up Jim, she don't wanna play.”

“Oh, she wants to play all right. She just needs a little convincing.”

The truck pulled over to the extreme right and came up alongside Tony. He wanted to run but he knew there was no way he could out pace a truck. Though he didn't dare to look up, he could tell the driver was hanging out of the window, all the while shouting his plea over the roar of the diesel.

“Why you so stubborn baby?” he said. “ Jim only wants to help you.”

The pursuit continued without end. Now that the driver had gotten a clear view of the youthful pretty face that went with the body that turned him on at 65 mph, there was no way he was going to give up.

Finally, Tony got the nerve to look at the man pursuing him. He thought he had worked up the courage to defend himself, but when he saw only the big white eyes and teeth of what seemed the ugliest man he'd ever seen, he let out a gasp and broke into a run.

The truck barely had to accelerate to keep up with him. The driver continued to shout. Tony felt the cold sweat on his brow and damned the unsuitability of the pumps on his feet. This was getting him nowhere. Jerry's was still not in sight.

Floyd became alarmed. This was going beyond a simple game of 'pick up the tramp'. What they were doing now could land them in jail. He tried calmly at first to convince his partner to retreat.

“Com'on Jim, let's go. The bitch don't wanna play.”

“That's why you don't get much pussy Floyd, you give up too easy.”

Floyd didn't particularly like that remark. Though it was true, it wasn't as if he **had** to resort to hookers for sex, not like his big ugly friend.

Under his breath, Floyd muttered, “at least I get pussy.”

That incensed the driver. He responded by passing the girl and slamming his breaks. The truck screeched to a halt.

“I'll show you, you ole motherf@#&*%!” he spit as he jumped from the cab.

Floyd went from angry to scared. He knew too well Jim's temper. There was no telling what he'd do to a woman when he was horny **and** pissed off.

The man who only wanted to make it to 'Plattsburgh by morning', grabbed hold of the crowbar under his seat. He didn't want to have to use it, but he hadn't gotten this far in life by not being prepared for the worst.

Tony could not believe the sheer size and speed of the man approaching him. He tried to dart out to the highway but a set of sewer pipe arms were about him before he reached the pavement.

Oh why aren't there any other cars? he cried inwardly.

He struggled as the arms subdued him.

The feel of the frail, blond, frill bedecked, would-be girl excited the large negro. Her struggling only aroused him more.

“Whats' matter with you bitch? You don't like black men?”

“No!” screamed Tony.

“So you're a prejudiced little bitch.”

The sight of another man, crowbar in hand, frightened Tony so much he couldn't speak.

"Take it easy Jim," the second man said calmly, as if talking to a child.

"Shuddup Floyd, this little mare's mine." the big man responded. Then to the youth, "you gonna be nice to your stallion. Aren't you?"

The slobbering grin before Tony was too much. He looked away from the hideous face and then pleadingly to the other man. He seemed to be reasonable.

Floyd saw the horror in the face of the girl. He tried again to calm his partner.

"That little mare is just a colt, Jim. You better let her go. There'll be others," said Floyd, affecting the accent of the other in a desperate attempt to soothe him.

"Naw Floyd," the powerful one said as he tightened his grip. "She's insulted me. She don't like blacks."

Though the nice man showed no intention of relenting, Tony felt obliged to explain himself. For the first time he spoke more than just a word to them.

"I don't dislike black men any more than I dislike white men..."

Both men were stunned by the depth of the voice.

Jim thought he had it figured out. He spoke before the boy could finish. "You one of those bull dykes I heard about?" The words almost caused Floyd to laugh. No bull dyke he had ever seen looked like this.

"If you are, this is your lucky day. I'm just the man to straighten you out."

That ain't no bull dyke and it sure as heck isn't a gal, not with a voice like that. What the heck is she? Floyd's heart raced as he finally realized just what the 'girl' really **was**. *Jim will kill that kid if he figures out he's a guy.*

The struggling youth started foolishly to further explain. "I'm not a dyke, I'm a ..."

"Shut up Bitch!" shouted Floyd.

The calmer man's sudden change in attitude silenced the youth.

"You tired of her smart mouth too, huh Floyd?"

"Yeah Jim," he answered as he gave the slightest wink to the youth. He had to think fast. There was no telling how soon Jim would reach up her dress and find the truth out for himself.

He moved closer to the pair. He saw the naked fear in the youth's eyes. There was no telling when this kid would blurt out again. There was no time to lose.

"Hey Jim," Floyd said calmly., "You forgot to set the break," now rising, "the truck's rolling away!"

"Huh?" said the big man as he turned dumbly to look at the truck.

Before he could turn back around, Floyd slammed the crowbar against his head. The grip around Tony's waist was broken as the big man fell to the ground.

"Get in the truck kid!"

Tony hesitated. His first instinct was to run away from the truck, not get in it. Floyd saw his hesitation.

“Get in the f@#&*% truck!” Tony was in the cab immediately.

Floyd dove into the driver's seat, reached over to lock Tony's door, then locked his own door, and then rolled up his window furiously.

Within a second he had released the break and was putting the transmission in gear. Tony could not understand the feverish speed the man was moving at. *Was this just another trap?*

He didn't voice his fears. All too soon he saw the reason the man worked so furiously. The big man had gained consciousness and was going into a fit beside the cab.

“I'll kill you Floyd !”

“Damn it!” cried Floyd. “He's got the crowbar!”

Tony turned pale white at the sight of the monster wielding the iron bar before the truck; oblivious to its size, ready to take **it** on.

“I'm gonna bust you wide bitch!” he howled as he looked Tony in the eye. The boy hid from view and prayed for safety.

BAM! BAM! The night became very black. The maniac had smashed the headlights.

“Get outta the way you bastard,” screamed Floyd.

BAM! Fuvshhh! The bar lodge into the radiator. The truck hiccupped and Tony cried tears of real fear.

It was too dark to actually see what the monster was doing but from the sound of it, he was trying to work the bar loose from the radiator.

“Damn that sonofabitch,” said Floyd trying to remain calm. He listened to the sounds of his partner trying to free the bar as he weighed his options. He couldn't accelerate, not without the risk of running over the crazed beast. He couldn't crawl forever either. At the rate Jim was going, the truck would be dead inside a mile.

I could just throw him the kid. Then he looked over at the shivering frilly pulp beside him. Luckily, Tony could not read the mind of the driver. He'd have died of fright if he could.

Suddenly all became silent. *Thank goodness,* thought Floyd. *He's giving up.*

CRASH!

The crowbar shattered the windshield. Without worrying about the consequences, Floyd slammed on the accelerator and sped onto the highway as best as he could.

CHAPTER 11

Government Inspection

There never seems to be a cop when you need one. The caveat to this corollary of Murphy's law is that there's always a cop when you least desire one. Tony certainly could have used a cop when he was pursued. Floyd didn't need one when he barreled down the highway in his dilapidated truck sans headlights.

The patrolman had a hard time believing his eyes when he walked up to the cab he had just pulled over. He was expecting to see a drunken trucker and nothing else unusual. He was quite unprepared for what he saw. He called in for back-up stat.

Tony remained in the cab as Floyd stood outside with the officers trying to explain the situation. "This ain't what it looks like."

"What does 'it' look like?"

Floyd ignored the question and went into a long rambling explanation of what had transpired. Everything he said only seemed to get him in more trouble.

"We...I mean my partner saw this here gal and chased...I mean..."

"Huh?"

"Never mind that. You see he's a big son of gun and he was crushing her. I had to hit him with a crowbar when he--"

"You hit who with a what?"

"My partner man! He was trying to get us. That's why I ran him over...S@#!"
Why'd I say that?

Before he could say anymore the cops had him up against a squad car and were frisking him. Another officer approached Tony.

"You better come with me, miss."

"But I didn't do anything."

The officer considered, for a moment, the sound of the girl's voice. Then he went on, "That's okay miss, we'll need a statement."

Tony considered all that was happening around him. He had just spent his day as maid and masseuse to two over-sexed, middle-aged women, been stalked by the biggest, ugliest man he'd ever seen, and saved by a crowbar wielding trucker who was now being cuffed and stuffed into a police cruiser. All of which occurred while he pranced about in the garb of the opposite sex. He rightly considered it time to end the charade.

"Officer, I'm not a 'miss', I'm a **man**."

The cop looked at Tony in disbelief. "What did you say?"

"I'm a man." Tony answered almost as much to reassure himself.

The cop called the others to the cab. Then he told Tony to tell them what he just said. None of them were sure of what they saw.

"How do we know she's telling the truth?"

"She sure sounds like a guy."

"I am a guy!" cried Tony. "I work at Jerry's Diner. Call Jerry if you don't believe me."

All of the patrolmen were familiar with Jerry's. One of them finally realized who he was seeing.

"You're that drifter he hired to wash dishes."

"Is this how you make money on the side?" said the other.

"What?" Tony could not believe his ears. The cops couldn't believe they had not only come across a renegade black trucker, but a transvestite hooker to boot. What a catch!

Back at the station, a sergeant listened to Tony's story with characteristic pessimism.

"So tell me again kid, why were you hanging out by the highway?"

"I wasn't 'hanging out by the highway', I was walking home."

"Sure kid." the sergeant smirked. "You always walk along the highway in a dress waiting for some trucker to come by and take you **home**?"

"No," cried the youth, "I've never done anything like this before."

The sergeant cringed at those words. How many times had he heard guilty men say the exact same thing. Just the sight of the youth made him sick. To think, here was a white kid so desperate to make money, he dressed up like a girl and prostituted himself to black truckers. *Disgusting.*

The interrogation was interrupted by a subordinate. Word had just come over the radio that they had found the other man.

"Let's go check it out." said the sergeant. He was relieved to have the opportunity to end the interrogation.

As he donned his coat, he looked over at the boy dressed up like a girl. "Take care of this...okay?" he said to the subordinate.

"What do you want me to do with **it**?"

The sergeant became annoyed. "Lock him in cell for all I care."

The words hung in the air as the sergeant disappeared from sight. Tony looked at the lower ranking police officer in fear. He didn't believe they would put him in a cell. He begged him not to do it.

The officer disregarded all the pleas and dragged the youth into a nondescript room. Two other curious officers followed them in. Tony shook with fear, unsure of why he'd been dragged in, and feared a replay of his earlier pursuit.

"Take off your clothes, ma'am...I mean sir." ordered the officer who had dragged him in. He had trouble with the last word.

Tony looked at the three of them. They were doing a poor job of hiding their delight. This was all too much.

"Couldn't you let me try and call my boss again?"

“You already made a call.” This was true. Tony hadn't connected though.

“Please...”

“Shut up freak! The sergeant says you're going in a cell and that's where you're going.”

“But...” the desperate youth cried.

“But nothing, take your clothes off.”

“We gotta make sure you ain't hiding nothing underneath there!” The jist of this made one of the cops laugh. He was reprimanded by the other two.

“Com'on, we ain't got all night.”

Tony, with tears in his eyes, acquiesced. One by one the garments of the square dance outfit came off. First the blue checked dress, then the bountiful, pale blue petticoats, and then the tight corset.

The officers took delight in watching him shimmy and shake as he struggled to free himself from its confines. None offered to help.

The youth stopped undressing. He was naked from the waist up and clad only in the frilly pettipants and nylons below. He hoped he would have to go no further.

Remarking at his lack of breasts, one of the cops exclaimed, “At least we know he's not a woman!”

The one he had been originally handed over to snorted. Then he smirked and said, “You ain't finished.”

The youth sighed and mechanically stripped himself of his last shreds of clothing. He couldn't bear to look at the men before him. He was more ashamed of his naked form than his feminine one.

The officers looked at the boy and then each other. All were amazed at the near nonexistence of male genitalia.

“No wonder he wears a dress.” mumbled one.

“You been operated on?” asked another.

Tony only blushed. These men didn't look that much older than him, yet he felt so inadequate before them. He never felt so ashamed.

After the search, he was allowed to put the clothes back on. “Couldn't you let me wear prison overalls or something?” he asked.

“What do you think this is kid, Alcatraz?”

Tony put the frilly underpants, pumps, and dress on. The rest of the stuff he carried in his arms.

As he was brought into the holding area, his mood went from resignation to unbridled terror.

The other detainees could not believe what was being brought into there midst. They hooted, whistled, and shouted with glee at the sight of the fresh, square dancing honey.

“Oh honey come to me!”

“I want your stuff bitch.”

Outstretched hands came from the confines of the cells. All were trying to grab and paw the misplaced youth.

There were only three cells. The door to one was broken, so it was left empty. The second was larger than the others and held several men. It was from here all the commotion was raised.

The last held only one man. He did not look up at the youth. Hoping that this would be his cell, Tony anxiously asked about the man.

“What's he in here for?”

The officers ignored his question. Then one of them started to unlock the door of the large cell. Tony peered in at the mingled faces. Some were wild with glee. Others were blank and depressed. He heard the sound of water splashing and turned to see a man crouched over a filthy commode. The man saw Tony looking at him and took delight in spreading his legs, allowing the youth a full view of a diseased penis.

“No! No! No! I won't go in!” the youth cried.

The inmates cheered and the cops subdued the youth as he struggled desperately against their attempts to shove him in the cell.

The door of the cell nearly crushed the youth's fingers as it closed on him. The officers strolled out of the holding area. As they left, one couldn't help but say, “Enjoy your dinner boys!”

CHAPTER 12

Food for fancy

Down the highway, off a short gravel road, stood the bookstore, lighted only by a cheap fluorescent sign. There were no windows. There were only two cars in the parking lot.

One of the cars, a broken down Chevy, belonged to the man behind the counter. Like his car, he was broken down and in need of repair. He'd been in cages most of his adult life and now, though there were no bars, was no different. He was still trapped inside a cesspool, if only for economic reasons.

He looked down from his high cluttered counter to check out his one customer. A quick glance was all that was required.

He won't be any trouble, he thought and went back to his perusal of the stained newspaper. He hardly ever read the stuff he sold.

The customer strolled through the tight, filthy aisles. The shelves were lined with heat shrink wrapped magazines. Titles like 'Lovely Legs' and 'Big-Breasted Bimbos' left little mystery to what their pages contained.

Down another aisle he marveled at the myriad of sexual aides and toys. Whips, plugs, pumps, and studded collars in all sizes and colors amazed the man.

"Do people really use this stuff?" he asked himself. He was an inexperienced man. All his life, he'd confined his sexual experience to the mainstream myth of make-out and missionary.

Another aisle revealed a wealth of video cassettes. The titles both revolted and intrigued the man. *Where do they come up with these?*

For all his searching, he had not come upon the material he was looking for. The last aisle gave reason for hope. Here were more magazines wrapped in heat shrink just as the others. Only these magazines were titled differently. 'Punk Hustler' and 'Biker Studs' amongst others, embarrassed the man. He wondered if the person behind the counter thought less of him for being in this aisle. Did he think he was a queer?

The truth is the customer had little to worry about.

The man in the aisle searched for the subject of his interest in this last of aisles. Tucked in the corner, on a bottom shelf, he saw the stuff he'd been looking for. He choose two of the magazines and strolled over to the counter.

With his eyes on the floor he laid the books on the cluttered counter and fumbled for his wallet. The whole process of paying took less than a minute, but it felt much longer to the man. He did not feel relief until the books were placed out of view in the plain brown sack.

Once in his late model Buick, he could not contain his anticipation any longer. Like an animal deprived of food, he ripped into the heat shrink of the first book and poured over the pages, quickly at first, then slowly and deliberately once more from start to finish. He perused the second book in much the same manner.

He could not get enough of what he was seeing. The first book depicted beautiful ladies in all manner of dress. There were ladies dressed casually and many dressed for formal affairs. They were truly beautiful and sexy yet, not a one, had been born unlike himself.

The second book was much more risqué. Here the girls were less convincing yet no less sensual than the ladies in the previous magazine. These girls revealed the secrets of their skirts. Everything, almost everything, was right. Garters, breasts, hair, make-up, stockings, and corsets, all were as they should be. The paradox of it all grew from the center of each model. It was this paradox which excited him most.

The words 'transsexual' and 'shemale' were interchangeable to the man, who knew not of any difference beyond the obvious. He was, as yet, unconcerned with the difference.

The pages of the books filled him with anxiety. The twitch between his legs built and grew to the point he could no longer contain himself. He took himself in-hand and brought momentary relief while fixating on the pictures before him.

He hid the magazines in the trunk of the car. He tried to think of other things during the drive home. Partially disgusted with this newly emerging aspect of himself, he tried like the devil to concentrate on one thing, anything but what had just given him satisfaction.

He stepped inside the house trying to appear as nonchalant as possible. *Would the wife see something different in her man? Would she see this new, diminishing masculinity?*

The woman did not notice anything unusual in her husband, save for what seemed like a better than usual performance in bed that evening. *What, she wondered, inspired him so tonight. Was it my nightgown or is it just his 'time of the month'?* She laughed the idea away and never brought the question up. Not unlike millions of her sisters, she was too bashful to discuss sex with the man whose children she'd borne.

Had she asked him, its doubtful she would have found out anyway. Tonight, while he pressed against her, he did not think of beautiful movie starlets. Nor did he fantasize an encounter with one of the office cuties like he had on countless previous evenings. He didn't even imagine himself with his sister-in-law, a sure subject of immediate and sustained orgasm. Tonight, instead, he watched the ladies of the magazines parade before him. With their slim hips and well defined features, they enticed him to heightened performance.

The parade had been interrupted though. A crude daughter of the ladies of the pages appeared before the eyes of his conscious. She was someone he saw in the flesh that very day. She was forbidden, yet attainable; sensual yet untested. Her appearance brought him to climax instantaneously.

In the aftermath of the marital encounter, he lay thinking of what he had just experienced. Hadn't he told the boy 'he was sick'? How could he, a man who fathered two children, feel anything remotely sexual for one of his own sex. He broke into a sweat.

He was happy the lights were out. He didn't want his wife to see his embarrassment. "Good night," he said to her.

Already half asleep she answered, "Good night, Jeff."

CHAPTER 13

"Number 47 said to number 3, "You the cutest jailbird I ever did see!"

In 1956 Senator John F. Kennedy wrote a book called *Profiles in Courage*. It was a collection of stories of men who had demonstrated courage in situations of extreme

duress. Had the Senator known of Tony, one wonders if his experience would have been added to the collection.

Consider, if you will, the youth's predicament. Dressed and primped like a *Hee Haw Honey*, he has just been tossed into a crowded police station holding cell. The men in the cell, though for the most part not hardened criminals, are unscrupulous and filthy. Their reaction to Tony spans the range of human emotions, from elation to indifference. Is it any wonder the youth braced in terror?

"He sure is a pretty little thing, ain't he?" voiced an individual covered with matted hair and soiled clothes.

"Bout' the purtiest thing I seen all week." mused another man. This one was leaner than the first, though no less filthy. They both wore overalls and, though they were no where near the Ozarks, looked like descendants of either the Hatfield's or McCoy's.

The lean one took a step towards the feminized Tony and placed his muddy hand against the boy's cheek. "She's soft too!"

The other men in the cell watched hungrily. None seemed the least bit moved by the boy's cowering and pleading.

"I'll bet that mouth of yourn' feel pretty good, huh girl?"

The youth spoke no response. He just shook his head and pressed his back up against the bars.

"You gonna be a good girl ain't ya?" he said with an evil grin.

Tony wasn't sure how to answer. He didn't want to say or do anything to either encourage or enrage this hillbilly. He did know that he didn't like the feel of the lean hillbilly's bony hand. It was cold and oily; it felt inhuman as it explored the contour of his face. He tried to plead with the man, to try and reach the soul which surely had to be somewhere underneath that filthy exterior.

Tony didn't understand that all the pleading and begging aroused the hillbilly all the more. He did not know that this was a man who took pleasure in deflowering all that was pure and beautiful, not necessarily sensual. It did not matter to this loathsome individual what the relation or species his prey was. He was basic and carnal. Education, what little he had, had been wasted on him.

"Hold still baby." the hillbilly ordered. He was less than an inch from the youth. He intended to kiss the boy with his crust covered lips. He always kissed his human victims first. It made him feel that much more the conqueror.

The boy screamed. Save for the painful grimaces the other detainees made at the noise, there was no reaction. The sound gave way to muffled yelps as the lean hillbilly plunged his pimpled tongue into the youth's mouth. His lips delighted against the firmness of the boy's teeth and gums. His own were so rotten and soft, he could feel them deform as he pressed against his prey.

No one in the cell seemed to care that he was witnessing the beginning of a rape. At least it seemed that way to poor helpless Tony.

There was only one officer left inside the station. All the others were at the site where the man known as Jim had fallen. This one officer was too busy tending to a personal call on the other side of the station to pay much attention to the commotion coming from the holding area.

Most humans, when face to face with unspeakable horror, experience a particular incredibility. All question, *'this can't be happening to me?'* Tony felt no different. There was relief when he was saved from the monster of the highway. In this cell, he wondered why had Providence not stepped in again.

“On your knees girl!” ordered the hillbilly. He intended to orally sodomize the youth first. That, he had discovered, was the beauty of raping a human. They were the only species which could be trusted to perform this act under duress or otherwise.

The boy didn't fall to his knees on command. He cried for mercy but was met only with a hard slap. Harsh as it felt, he did not fear another more than what awaited him on his knees.

“On your knees girl!” the creep shouted louder, raising his hand for all to see.

The boy cried uncontrollably and braced for the blow of the impending slap. It was then that one of the cellmates spoke up.

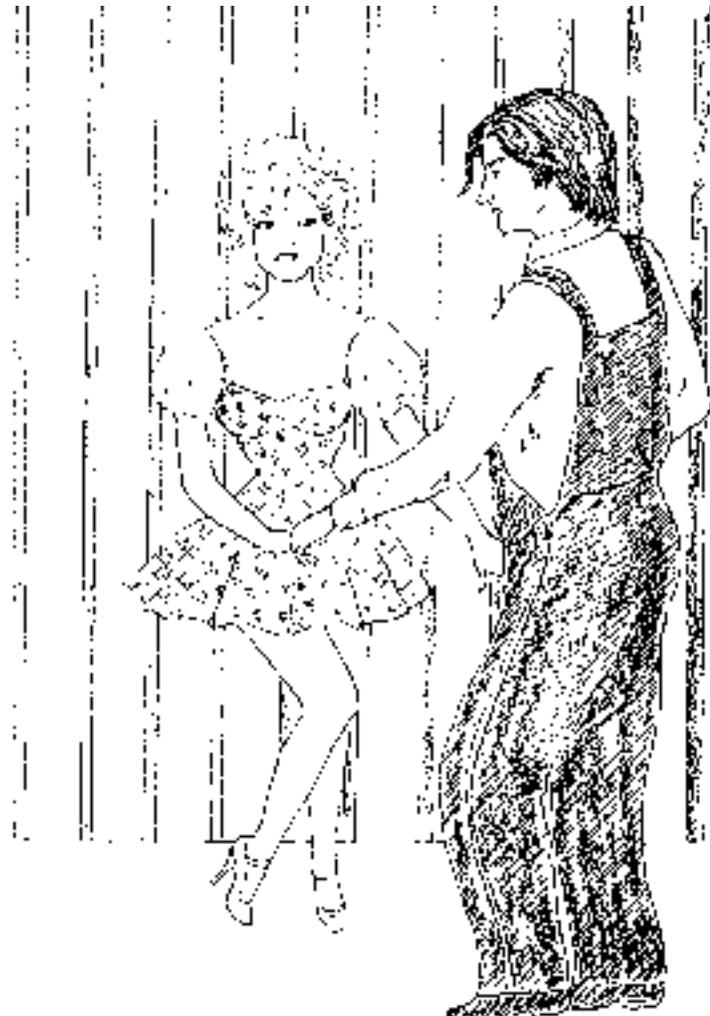
The voice was that of the man who saved him from the highway beast. The youth found reason for hope.

The lean hillbilly did not appreciate being interrupted by the black trucker. He was enjoying his unexpected transvestite treat. The intrusion, was at first, simply an aggravation. He ignored the voice.

The voice however, did not relent. The hillbilly became annoyed. He took his eyes from his fancy and stared at the trucker. Tony shook with momentary relief. He had not even seen the trucker in the cell.

“Whatsa matter nigra, dis a friend of yourn?” the hillbilly hissed.

“Yeah, he's my friend.” answered Floyd. Then to Tony, “Com'on over here kid.”



Tony took a welcomed step towards his friend but was stopped when the hillbilly grabbed him.

“Listen nigra, I don't know what you and your little missy are gonna do in your corner, but I ain't taking sloppy seconds.” The hillbilly was being a sportsman by his own way of thinking. It wasn't that he wanted to be a sportsman. Its just that unarmed, he feared an entanglement with the trucker who looked tough enough to put up a good scrap.

Not showing the least bit of fear, Floyd walked over to the pair and took Tony by the arm. “This is my bitch, cracker. Now unless you want to make something of it, I suggest you let go.” His words made plain his intention of denying the hillbilly not only sloppy seconds, but thoughtless thirds and everything else.

The hillbilly looked around for support. There was none forthcoming. He decided to take the easy way out. He pretended not to care. “I didn't want the little queer anyway.” he laughed.

Floyd wanted to bloody the sickening hillbilly. He was already in a world of trouble though, so he let it rest. He didn't want to add to his woes by involving himself in a jail house brawl.

Tony tried to thank his rescuer, but the trucker told him to 'shut up'. The two just sat in the far corner of the cell without saying a word. When the rest of the detainees realized there would be no sex show in the corner, they went back to milling about mindlessly as they had prior to Tony's arrival.

When anxiety overcame him, Tony tried once more to speak to the trucker. “They found your friend.”

“He wasn't no friend of mine kid.”

“What's going to become of...”

“Shut up kid.”

Tony quieted. Both times, he thought, this trucker had rescued him only out of pity. He laughed at himself for thinking someone may have actually cared.

Tony had misjudged the trucker. Floyd did care about the youth. Try as he may, he couldn't stand by and watch the boy get slaughtered. First, out on the highway, he just wanted to avoid trouble and get his rig to Plattsburgh. But, when he saw the fear and terror in the eyes of one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen, he felt an overwhelming rush of chivalry. It was this rush which gave him the power to stand up to both Jim and the hillbillies.

The fact that he was in jail, his rig was wrecked, **and** this 'pretty girl' was actually a male troubled him. He didn't want a conversation with the boy. He just wanted out of the trouble he was in. Somewhere, down in his heart though, there was a growing feeling of tenderness towards the youth. He was determined to suppress it.

The haggard, unlikely couple waited out the night in silence. Floyd never closed his eyes, remaining ever vigilant of the other inmates. Tony fought a losing battle against his weariness. Within an hour he was fast asleep. Shortly after closing his eyes, his

head came to rest on his hero's shoulder. On reflex, Floyd nearly shrugged him off, but after a moment of reflection, he allowed the boy to remain against him.

One of the other detainees stared at the two. Floyd put him in his place in short order. "What are you looking at!" he growled. The stare ended abruptly.

CHAPTER 14

Dishwasher for the defense

When the police found Jim, he was still alive. Luckily for Floyd, he was delirious and made a full confession of his felonious actions. The Teamster's lawyer had no trouble getting the judge to drop all charges against Floyd. The trucker was free the following afternoon.

Tony did not have any such organization to speak for him. The police were still convinced the youth had been soliciting favors while along the highway. It didn't matter that no one had been picked up along that stretch of road before for prostitution. The police just didn't see any other reason why a 'drifter' like Tony would be out in the middle of the night, dressed as he was, for any other reason besides solicitation.

"Tell us what happened Mr. Walters." asked the prosecutor.

"I was doing my...um...business in the rest room, when this here a ... young man...walked in."

Many snickers were heard in the crowded courtroom. The judge appeared annoyed. Lem Walters reddened. The prosecutor was alone, unaffected.

"And how was that 'young man' attired sir?"

"He was dressed like he is now, only...," he searched for the words, "...only more so."

The gawkers turned from the witness to the defendant. The youth was still attired as he was following his strip search. He sat in shame as a crowd, consisting of traffic violators and misdemeanor assault perpetrators, looked down upon him.

The arresting police officer gave his account next. Nothing he said gave Tony any reason to hope he would be let off. All his hopes rested on Candi. She was seated with Jerry in the back of the courtroom.

The prosecutor called no further witnesses. Tony asked that Candi be allowed to speak on his behalf. The judge acquiesced.

The middle-aged temptress took center stage in the courtroom. Though it was the coldest day of the year, she was dressed in a very short, curve-hugging, mini dress. Jerry had told her to wear something nice for the hearing. She wore what was to her, the nicest dress she owned.

Her appearance awakened even the most bored in attendance. The judge couldn't help but drop his glasses a notch to get an unencumbered view of the witness. The prosecutor delighted in the spectacle. This was supposed to be the boy's defense?

The youth was dismayed at the sight of his key witness. Right now he desperately needed credibility. The clothes he was currently wearing did nothing but damage his credibility. Candi's attire wasn't going to help him either.

There was an even deeper, more retrospective, ponderance occurring within the defendant. The spectacle Candi was causing seemed so pointless to him. He always considered her so special, so sexy.

The experience leading up to his arrest changed his opinion. He'd been transformed into a feminine sex-symbol and lived through a period of all out pursuit. Men had found him attractive and hunted him down at the dance, along the highway, and in jail. He told himself that he did not enjoy the experience, which he could hardly be blamed for. He looked upon Candi, dressed to entice, and wondered not how wonderful it would be to reach under her skirt, but just why would anyone want to dress in such a manner.

With flirty eyes and exaggerated hand movement, Candi told her story to the amusement of the audience. She got very carried away. Originally she planned to keep it 'short and sweet', just as Jerry instructed her, but the attention and focus upon her was too much. She simply **had** to tell the world the whole story.

"You see your honor, the poor boy has trouble...performing."

"Performing?"

"You know...performing...in bed."

Errant giggles from the crowd.

"How so?" asked the judge.

Candi smiled as she pondered the question. She even winked at someone she recognized in the audience. Then she spoke to the judge, "Let's just say he was kind of quick on the draw."

More amusement from the gallery. The youth hid his face in his hands.

"Don't get me wrong judge," she started with a smile to reassure those in attendance. "I never intended to get ... romantic with the boy."

The judge nodded impatiently. "Continue Miss," he ordered, becoming more annoyed with the levity of the examination.

"So anyhow your honor, I kind of felt sorry for the kid. After my sister's dog destroyed his pants, I offered to let him wear some of my things."

"And he accepted?" asked the judge more incredulous than he would have preferred.

"Yes sir!" she answered enthusiastically. "You should have seen him then. He looked a heck of lot prettier than he does now."

The crowd loved that. The prosecutor just sat back and let Candi ramble on. He'd have called her himself, if he knew she was going to be this damaging.

Slamming his gavel against his desk, the judge called the court to order. When quiet ensued, he proceeded with the questioning.

"What happened after he put on your clothes?"

The witness glanced over at Tony and saw the pain in his face. The pity she felt for the boy brought her back to reality. She became less animated and described the manner in which Tony attended to her. She told of the bath, massage, and dinner in frank but subdued language. She mentioned Terry but did not allude to anything extra Tony had done for her.

The prosecutor took special interest in this part of the testimony. From the change in the witness's attitude he could tell there was something being left out. He intended to get that information into the record.

"Tony did all these things because he's a sweet kid. If I hadn't persuaded him into my clothes and talked him into doing all these other things, none of it would have occurred." The witness said all of this so sincerely it brought a smile to Tony's face. Surely this would support his innocence.

The judge noted the witness's sincerity as well but was impatient to conclude this testimony. "What happened at the square dance?" he asked wearily.

Tony's smile did not go unnoticed by the witness. It made her happy to see him happy. Her flirtatious manner resurfaced.

"Oh the usual thing." Candi answered quite unabashedly.

The judge looked at her sternly. "I mean concerning the defendant!"

"Oh!" said the temptress, not the least taken aback. "He danced."

"Really?"

"Really!" she answered as her eyes widened. "You should have seen him skipping and twirling, showing everyone his frilly undies, just like a happy little girl." She took the hem of her dress and made a twirl for affect.

The crowd went in convulsions, even the bailiff lost control and broke out laughing. Tony's smile disappeared along with the rest of him as he shrunk into his seat. The judge pounded his gavel wildly to silence the crowd.

As incriminating as her testimony was, the prosecutor knew it did not prove guilt. He got the answer to his prayers when Tony foolishly took the stand in his own defense.

The boy made a long rambling statement in defense of his actions that led up to his arrest. His rasping voice and soiled dress made him appear so distraught, many in the courtroom were moved to pity the youth. The entire mood in the courtroom went from mirth to despair. The prosecutor was undeterred. He cross examined without pity.

"How often do wear women's clothing Mr. Blaine, once a week, every day?"

Tony was taken aback. How could anyone think he dressed like this on a regular basis? "I never wear women's clothing!"

"I see Mr. Blaine." answered the prosecutor with a condescending glance at the youth's attire

"I mean until last night." he answered sheepishly.

"Did you massage, bathe, and otherwise act as servant to two of your coworkers?"

Tony barely had time to say 'yes' before the prosecutor went into his next question.

"Did you perform any other services for these women hereto undescribed in the preceding testimony?"

Tony paused. The memory of kissing the fat woman all over passed before him. Was it possible, he thought, that the prosecutor knew of these details.

"Come now Mr. Blaine, we don't want to add perjury to your list of offenses."

Tony whitened. Terry had not been called to testify. Was it possible the prosecutor had spoken to her? Was she being held as a rebuttal to his own testimony? Suddenly he wished he'd never taken the stand.

"Your honor," demanded the prosecutor, "the witness is avoiding the question."

Tony looked helplessly at the judge.

"Answer the question Mr. Blaine." the judge ordered as sympathetically as jurisprudence would allow.

"Yes." he spoke, barely audible.

"What's that Mr. Blaine?"

"Yes, I...I performed 'other services'."

"Please describe these services."

"...I kissed her."

"Speak up Mr. Blaine."

Now louder he answered, "I kissed her."

"Who did you kiss? How much did you kiss and where," the prosecutor shot back with fury, "did you kiss her?"

There wasn't a sound in the courtroom save for Tony's heaving chest.

"Do I need to repeat the question, Mr. Blaine?"

The youth shook his head and looked away from the people before him.

"I kissed Terry...all over."

A hypocritical gasp came from the crowd as the prosecutor grilled Tony into giving a full blow by blow description of the sleazy encounter.

"Were you paid to do all this?" the prosecutor asked as if there was hardly any need to expect anything but an affirmative response.

Tony hadn't even considered that anyone would think he was paid for what he did. "No." he answered with renewed force.

Not deterred, the prosecutor went on to fertile ground.

"Why did you attend a square dance with your coworkers in ultra-feminine attire?"

That was the question all had been waiting for. Everything that preceded this, was almost plausible. Not plausible for the average man in attendance, but plausible for the inadequate youth Candi described to them.

The poor boy struggled for an answer. He wished he knew himself. Why had he allowed himself to go out in public? Could he admit it was all done out of fear, out of being so submissive and vulnerable, he allowed himself to surrender to the whims of two crazed women. Even he had not sunk so low to admit that. Better for these people to think he was doing all this for money. There was more honor in being a hungry prostitute, than an emasculated sissy.

"I don't know." he whispered in delayed response to the question.

The prosecutor ignored the answer. "Why did you leave your friends and stroll out along the highway?"

"I wanted to get home."

"Did you walk to the dance?"

"No," the boy answered calmly, "we rode."

"Oh," the prosecutor feigned, "did your car break down when it came time to leave?"

"No."

"Then why did you walk?" the prosecutor said with exaggerated exasperation.

Tony was excited and became very defensive. "I walked because I wanted to leave and I had no other way of getting home!"

"Why did you want to leave? Weren't you having fun at the dance?"

"No!"

"Come now Mr. Blaine. There were plenty of people who saw you enjoying yourself at the dance. Do I need to call them all as witnesses? Your own witness, Candi, said as much."

"I don't care what she said. I hated the dance!"

"No Mr. Blaine, you loved the dance, you loved being a 'happy girl!'" the prosecutor shouted. Tony could only shake his head. "You left the dance because it was time to do business! When Mr. Walters refused your advances, you decided to try your luck along the highway. Didn't you Mr. Blaine?"

The boy shook his head in disbelief. That wasn't how it happened at all, yet it all sounded so plausible to the audience.

"Answer me Mr. Blaine," ordered the prosecutor. "You wanted to perform 'other services' just like you did for Terry."

"No, I didn't. I just wanted to get home."

“So,” the prosecutor started sarcastically. “You decide to leave the dance and set out on a two mile hike, in the freezing cold, in the middle of the night, along a highway frequented by roguish men, dressed only in full petticoats and pumps, all for the purpose of 'just to get home!'”

“Yes,” the boy answered, “ that was correct.”

“Come now Mr. Blaine. If you 'just wanted to get home'(with sarcasm), why didn't you just go in a car?”

“Because I didn't have a car.”

“Why didn't you ask for a ride?”

Here again the boy was at a loss for words. He hadn't asked for a ride because he was too ashamed. The truth was, his decision to set out on foot for home, was the most manly decision he had made that entire day. Now it was the one decision he regretted above all others.

Seeing the boy could find no answer, the prosecutor concluded his cross examination.

The judge gave the floor to the prosecution to make its closing remarks. The prosecutor made an eloquent summary of the preceding testimony and closed with an impassioned plea for the judge to rid their county of undesirable intrusions.

Tony was too shook up to say much. He restated his plea of innocence and begged the judge to disregard all testimony that 'simply wasn't true.'"

The judge recessed the court. Prior to making a finding, he needed time to sort through all the data of this unbelievable case.

CHAPTER 15

That wasn't on my grocery list!

As soon as the judge walked out, the noise level in the courtroom reached an almost deafening pitch. Though some people stood up to exit for either a trip to the rest room or just to stretch their legs, most stayed put and gabbed.

Tony sat still and listened to the people behind him discuss the bizarre nature of his story. He didn't enjoy listening to total strangers talk about the most personal details of his nightmare adventure. But he had no choice.

The last 36 hours had been a nightmare for the boy. He went over every detail and tried to see where he had done anything which warranted his being brought before the bench. *I did nothing wrong, stupid maybe, but nothing illegal, did I?*

Jerry and Candi interrupted his seclusion.

“How's it going kid?” Jerry asked.

Tony could see from the look of concern, his boss was truly on his side. "I'm okay Jerry."

The older man nodded. Candi added her two cents. "You'll be all right Tony. This whole hearing is a joke."

"It may be a 'joke', but why did you have to make it more so?" Tony didn't voice this question. He knew **now** that any woman who voluntarily dressed as Candi did, could not be held responsible for her actions. Instead he changed the subject and asked about the diner. He was interested in knowing who was running the place while Jerry, Candi, and himself were in court.

"Emilio and Terry are holding down the fort." answered Jerry.

Tony mused over that. He had been so paranoid, he worried the prosecutor was holding Terry somewhere secluded just so he could use her as a surprise witness. As a result he told the judge every sordid detail of his encounter with her. The whole thing made him sound like the whore the prosecutor said he was. Now it was this testimony, unnecessarily given, which worried him most.

He didn't have long to ponder that though. Soon the bailiff called the court to order; everyone went back to their place. The butterflies in Tony's stomach fluttered uncontrollably as the judge took his seat and ordered the defendant to remain standing.

"There is no doubt this ranks as one of the most bizarre cases to ever come before me." The judge wasted little time getting to the point.

"From all the lengthy and colorful testimony, (looking at Candi and then the prosecutor), there remain only three pertinent facts which have any bearing on this case. The first is that you, Mr. Blaine, walked along the highway last night. The second is that you wore a dress, a rather flamboyant one at that. The last fact is that at some point along your trek, you met up with some truckers."

Tony queased at the mention of the latter. The horror had only been blotted by subsequent events, not erased.

The judge continued with force. "This state does not possess any laws which prohibit any of these actions. I find the defendant 'not guilty' on all charges.

The prosecutor sighed as the judge slammed his gavel. The prosecutor then pretended to be surprised, but both men had known all along there was no real case against the boy.

Tony, had been unaware of the strength of his case. He had actually felt during the testimony, he was on a train bound for the county correctional facility. He was ecstatic with the favorable finding.

Those in attendance, particularly Jerry and Candi, were ecstatic as well. Everyone likes a winner.

The three coworkers rejoiced and celebrated the whole way back to the diner. Once in his trailer, Tony bid farewell to his dress and happily pulled on his dishwasher's uniform. The white trousers and thin tee-shirt never felt so good.

Though he had little sleep in the past 36 hours, he was back in the scullery in less than one hour following his hearing. He was too happy to take the day off, which his boss offered. He wanted his time occupied and filled with the mundane routine he had come so close to losing.

Terry, Emilio, and Jerry's regulars delighted in the news of Tony's acquittal. Tony blushed when he realized everyone knew of his predicament. He was so happy though, he quickly dismissed it.

After an impromptu toast, Candi excused herself to call her sister and tell her the news. She let the phone ring long enough to ascertain her sister's absence from home. The clock on the wall read 3:15. "*That's strange,*" thought the woman. Daisy was always home at this time of day.

Candi was right in questioning her sister's absence. She should have been home at this hour. She'd have been there too had she not run over a nail and punctured one of her Buick's tires.

A man stopped to help Daisy change the flat. When he retrieved the spare from the storage well, he tossed aside the parcel which was lying alongside it. The flat was changed and Daisy was on her way to the grocery store.

She didn't make it home until 3:30ish. She unpacked her trunk, instinctively taking all the packages into the kitchen. It wasn't until she began unpacking that she noticed the flat brown parcel. "*What's this?*" she thought. A wave of shock overtook her when she viewed the contents.

"Oh my goodness!" she said aloud to an empty house. The pictures and antidotes contained within the pages of the transsexual and shemale publications were unlike anything she'd ever seen or ever **imagined**.

When she got past the shock of the parcel's contents, she realized the more pressing reality that this package had not just materialized in the trunk of the car. Someone had placed these magazines in the trunk, but who? *Jeff?* She shook her head. "No, it couldn't be Jeff." she said to herself.

The woman tried to convince herself that someone else had placed the books inside her car. Someone was playing a joke, surely that was the answer. Hadn't she seen that dishwasher, Tony, in a dress at Candi house just yesterday? That had to figure into this she thought.

If only she knew just how much that figured into the situation before her. Then she might begin to understand the latent desires Tony's appearance awakened in her husband.

She looked at her watch. It was time to pick the children up. Placing the magazines back in the brown sack, she ran out to the car and hid the books under the front seat. She needed answers but that would have to wait until she and Candi could be alone.

She tried hard to convince herself that Jeff had nothing to do with the package. Still she couldn't help staring at him when he came home. As he ate he caught her gaze.

“What's the matter?” he asked. “Is something wrong?”

She looked away and lied. “No, no there isn't.”

Happily, he let it rest. The rest of the evening she repeatedly told herself there was nothing wrong with Jeff. By the time she had a chance to speak to Candi, she was very upset.

“Why did you put those horrible books in my car?”

Candi looked at her sister. *Is she finally cracking up?* “What are you talking about?”

“You know damn well what I'm talking about!”

“No,” Candi assured, “I haven't the slightest idea of what you're talking about.”

Daisy frowned. Much as she hated to believe it, her sister seemed sincere. That could only mean that Jeff was involved. The very idea enraged her. She was determined to make Candi the fault of her rage.

“Don't tell me that sis, you had to be the one who put those books in my car!”

Candi was exasperated. “What books?”

Daisy threw the books before her older sister. Candi gasped at the sight of them. Her surprise was genuine. There was no doubting her innocence now. Daisy knew her sister too well.

“Daisy, I swear to you, I've never even seen these magazines before.”

“...then who...” the younger woman tried but could not finish.

Both sisters were at a loss for words. Both knew it could only be Jeff but neither wanted to say it to the other. Candi was a woman of the world. This kind of thing would not really cause her to think less of Jeff, but she knew her sister was different. She knew Daisy had known only one man and the thought that he may be something other than what she made him to be, was probably overpowering her. Candi offered to help.

“Put the books back where you found them.” ordered Candi.

“But I don't want Jeff to ...” The younger woman caught her words. She'd started to voice her suspicions and now she was thoroughly embarrassed. Candi saw the hurt in her eyes. She sought to reassure and comfort her.

“We don't know if Jeff has anything to do with this honey,” she said maternally, “but just leave it to me and we'll find out.” The younger woman nodded as she wept. Candi hugged her well into the evening.

CHAPTER 16

Preparation for the feast

Candi devised a plan to determine whether or not Jeff was an admirer of cross dressers. In order for the plan to work, she had to have Tony's compliance. Considering his initial coming out experience, that could prove difficult. She certainly couldn't just ask Tony to put on a dress and seduce Jeff. He'd refuse flat out. Nor could she or Daisy just ask Jeff if he liked cross dressers. He'd deny it vehemently, even if confronted with the evidence, or so she thought.

In order to get Jeff to prove or disprove to Daisy that he had the hots for boys in dresses, he would have to be caught in the act of coming on to one. Candi came up with a plan and put it into motion about a week after Tony's hearing. She met Tony in his trailer right before the diner opened.

"Do you remember my Canadian boyfriend, Tony?"

"How could I forget,." the half asleep youth thought.

"Do you Tony?" she pressed.

"Sure Candi, I remember him."

Candi brightened. "Well he's paying me a visit this Sunday."

Tony forced a smile. As yet he'd not figured out why this information warranted an early morning visit to his trailer.

"...and I was wondering if you could come over and act as sort of an interpreter?" the woman asked with a giddy nod.

"I don't know Candi..." answered Tony hesitantly.

"Com'on Tony. Without you our conversation will never get past the weather." she pouted.

Tony could see that Candi was upset. She stamped her foot against the floor causing the trailer to shake slightly and her boobs to bounce vividly.

"Okay, okay," he gave in, "when should I be there?"

Calm and delight replaced her ire. "Don't come any later than 2 o'clock, okay?"

He nodded and she left happily. As he put on his clothes for work, a knot formed in his stomach. *"Oh man, what have I done?"*

Candi called her sister later that morning. "Its' all set Daisy. All you have to do is drop the kids off at Mom's and get Jeff over to my place Sunday evening."

"Gee Candi, do you really think this is necessary?"

The older woman considered this statement impatiently. She had spent so much time consoling her little sister after she found those books, the thought of continued shoulder crying sessions infuriated her. "No!" she snapped. "I don't think all this is necessary. So what if your husband likes men who dress up like girlies? Maybe **he** likes to dress up too. Why don't you offer him your pantyhose. Better yet, doll him up in a pinafore and bring him before your congregation this Sunday. What the heck do I care if your husband's a sissy!"

Daisy was aghast. "You don't have to get nasty!"

Candi grinned. It was a good thing her sister couldn't see her face. She'd have seen just how much her big sister relished her role as Jeff's pimp.

To understand why Candi felt this way, one would have to know the feelings of jealously the woman harbored towards her sister and her sister's family. Candi hated how everyone always asked, "Why don't you marry a nice man like your sister?" She did a good job of pretending not to care, but underneath she cringed every time she heard the words. She was very envious of her sister's 'perfect family'. Candi never had any children nor did it look like she ever would. Though she'd known all kinds of men, there were only a few as honest, hardworking, and loyal as Jeff. She'd known them in her younger, 'crazy' days and let them slip through her fingers. Now, she knew only selfish men. Men who showered her with presents, always wanting something more valuable in return. Men who cheated on their wives and never stayed long after satisfying themselves. Yes, Daisy was right. She didn't have **to get** nasty. She already was.

CHAPTER 17

Basting the bird

On Sunday afternoon, Tony showed up at Candi's right on schedule. He was happy to see that the house looked relatively clean. He didn't want to get talked into cleaning it like last time. Also, he was happy to see Candi already dressed for her date. There wouldn't be any baths or massages.

Candi put Tony at ease right away. She pretended to be interested when she asked him to teach her some French. She was euphoric when he accepted her offer of alcohol. After a couple of refills she sprung her plan into action.

Out of the blue she told the youth it was time to change.

"Change?" he asked. He was quite surprised.

Candi spoke as if it all was quite natural. "My boyfriend is loaded. He's going to take us somewhere nice. You can't go out dressed like that."

Tony looked at himself. He was wearing his best jeans and tee-shirt. "But I ..."

"Com'on hon', I've already picked out a nice outfit for you.

The youth tried to formulate a protest but the booze clouded his thought process. Soon he found himself led to the guest room. Laying on the bed, he saw the feminine finery Candi had chosen for him.

"No! No way!" he shouted, too drunk for further words.

The woman looked at him with forced tears in her eyes. "Oh Tony, I didn't think you would mind."

“Are you crazy?” he demanded. He fought for the words, “I was...thrown in jail...and nearly raped...the last time I went out like that.”

“I know Tony, but this time is different. You don't have to worry. My boyfriend is going to take care of us. You'll like him.”

Tony shook his head. “I can't Candi...”

“Yes you **can** Tonya.” The boy cringed. “You can do it. You can do whatever you want to do.” She said all this while rubbing up against him and stroking his blonde locks.

Tony tried to protest but the booze and her affections got the best of him. He was stripped of his clothes before he could voice the next thought which occurred to him.

“But why must I dress as a girl?”

“Because silly,” she said with incessant affections, “you're much too beautiful to stay hidden beneath those ugly boy things.”

“Really?” he queried hazily.

“**Really** Tonya. And, don't worry about my boyfriend. He's a true gentleman. He'll treat you better than you've ever been treated before.”

“Won't he find me strange?”

Candi handed the youth another drink. “No hon', he's very open-minded about these things. In fact, you're better off dressed up so pretty. If you hang around us in masculine clothes, he may consider you competition. Silly as that may be.”

The youth shook his head drunkenly in disbelief. He missed her thinly veiled insult.

“It's true dear. We'll have so much more fun if you do as I say.”

He couldn't say he gave her either a positive or negative answer. Instead rather, he surrendered. Despite all the inward voices telling him to run, he stayed and transformed into Tonya.

Candi had chosen well for her student. Previously, she dressed the youth in flamboyant finery and provided little instruction in the art of femininity. Today was different. She dressed the youth elegantly and lavished attention on him. For her plan to work, Tony had to be both convincing and seductive. Anything less would not do. She determined that Tony must look and act so seductive, even a confirmed, hard-core, straight male would fall in lust with him.

The youth had bought Candi's story hook, line, and sinker. He really believed he was asked over to Candi's house to act as interpreter. He didn't know he was being set up as bait in a trap to net a closet bisexual. He was too naive and a tad too intoxicated to realize his transformation was a preliminary to bigger and better things.

Candi led the prettified youth into the living room and began elocution class. “First of all we must teach you how to walk properly. A woman doesn't so much walk, she sways.” Then she turned to give the youth a view of her backside as she glided across the room. “Now you try.”

The boy went ahead but the pumps and liquor hindered him so. He left much to be desired. Candi didn't give up. Tony was at least making an effort and that was half the battle.

“Tony, you're not moving your hips enough. You have to wiggle a bit. Don't be shy.”

The youth blushed. He hadn't wiggled before when he was dressed. Still it hadn't prevented him from being desired. Now he tried and soon he was doing it well enough to satisfy the woman. He would never tire of seeing her demonstrate the proper way to wiggle, swish, and sway across a living room floor.

Next came voice lessons. “Don't try so much to change the pitch.,” the woman spoke as if giving away a secret. “Instead, try to slow your voice, speak softly.” Then in a voice that was nearly a whisper she said, “Like this darling.”

The youth tried, the voice was easier than the walk. “Like this Candi?” he murmured.

“Close hon', but softer and don't call me Candi. Gals prefer terms of endearment.” she encouraged.

Despite a note of hesitation, he proceeded. “Like this sugar plum?” he cooed, inwardly very amused with himself.

Candi nodded animatedly. “That's it hon'!”

Tony took another sip of his drink. He was happy to please his mentor. He didn't mind the voice. It even made him feel well, sort of sexy and more at home in his current attire. Soon he was even thinking in his new voice.

“What's next dear?” he asked ever so sweetly.

“Now we learn how to sit. Watch me.”

Tony watched the woman take a seat. She didn't sink into the seat like a man would. Instead she formed her body to the outline of the sofa, placing one knee tightly over the other. She finished the display by giving her head a slight snap as it came to rest fluidly in her left hand. She fixed her dreamy countenance on the mesmerized youth. He was in awe.

“You try it child.”

Without hesitation the youth mimicked her every motion. Candi could hardly contain her delight. He was acting with confidence. He may not have been very lucid, she thought, but that would have to do considering the short time she had.

“My Tonya, you're picking this up so well!”

“Thank you dear.”

The boy was so awkwardly feminine and seductive, Candi had to suppress her urge to giggle. That would wreck his confidence and undo all she had done. Time was short. She would have to go into the next phase of the training.

“Have another drink hon'?” she inquired.

“Certainly darling.” The youth accepted his glass with pinky extended. That was something he picked up on his own.

“Are you enjoying yourself Tonya? Are you comfortable?”

The youth considered. “Yes, quite.”

“You're very sexy Tonya. Its amazing. As a man, you would never cause even the most pitiful head to turn...” The youth frowned. Candi continued, “...and as for pleasing a woman with your...well...” she choose her words carefully, “**limited** equipment and fortitude...” The frown turned to cringe. “...that's pretty much out of the question. But...” she brightened, “as Tonya, you're very desirable.” A smile overcame him. “You could cause even the handsomest head to turn and...” she paused for effect, “your limited equipment and fortitude becomes quite an asset!”

“How so?” he queried.

“Why should I waste such knowledge on you?”

“What do mean?” The boy was quite confused and Candi was elated. Not only was Tonya going to play along, he was going to **beg** to do it.

Now she began in earnest to twist her fly to the hook. “Why should I tell you if you don't care to be attractive to gentlemen?”

He sipped the cool liquor. “I don't mind being attractive to a **gentleman.**”

“You're just saying that to make me happy.” she said with an affected pout.

“No, it's true.” he slurred. He was anxious to find out. The thought of being a sex object in the presence of safe company was turning him on.

Satisfied with his urging, Candi presented the effeminate boy with a wealth of sexual experience. For his part, the youth could put only comprehend a fraction of what he heard. He allowed the information that was above him to pass, but that which he had grasped, he questioned.

“So,” he started slowly, “my small...penis...” he had trouble with that word, “...is an asset to me as Tonya?”

“Yes,” Candi smiled. “When a gentleman kisses a girl down there, his favorite part to 'kiss', is her clitoris. Tony may have the world's smallest penis, but you, my dear Tonya, have the world's most perfect clit!”

The youth neither grinned or frowned, he continued. “And what about my...lack of...”

Candi picked up the thought before he could finish. “Your **ability** to cum so quickly would delight any man. Do you know how frustrating it is to a gentleman to make love to a non-orgasmic woman?”

The youth shook his head, not even noting the absurdity of a woman asking a male that question.

“Its drives him crazy. It ruins his whole performance. Why do you think so many of **us** fake it.”

“No kidding?”

“No kidding hon',” she nodded. “but you don't have to worry about that. You'll let a man know right away you're satisfied. That will inspire him to new levels of performance!”

Tony allowed the words to sink in. In his drunken state the absurdity escaped him. All he could wonder was, *why didn't I think of that.*

Tony spent the rest of the afternoon learning the finer points of feminine seduction from the middle-aged sexpert. By sundown, the fly had been finely tied.

CHAPTER 18

Sunday Dinner

Still in his Sunday best, Jeff drove to his sister-in-law's house. His wife had gone out with the children and left him alone. His 'chore' for today was to help his sister-in-law prepare her income tax return. He was happy to do it. Not only because it made him feel needed, but because he rarely ever spent time alone with the sister of his wife. Though he **knew** he could never cheat on Daisy, he didn't mind feeding his fancy with this kind of experience.

Unawares to him, Daisy was also headed to Candi's. She dropped her children and the dog off at her parents house. A knot wound tighter and tighter in her stomach. What if Jeff really did like boys? The idea of a man, her man, finding another man attractive, repulsed her so. Even if the man was dolled up prettier than a June bride, the distinction hardly mattered to her. She didn't want her life **complicated** by this new dimension in her husband. “*I hope he bashes the little freak's brains in.*”

While the married couple vectored towards Candi's from opposite directions, the mistress laid the bait in the trap. “Are you ready to try out all I have taught you...Are you sure you're ready to go through with this?” she asked him.

Through eyes glazed by too many drinks, the youth responded in the affirmative.

“Remember, the man coming here mustn't know I'm in the house. That might sidetrack him.”

Tony nodded understanding.



“Don't use French either. I don't want you to start a conversation I won't be able to follow. Remember, I'll be in the guest room listening to all that happens. If you get in too deep, I'll save you.”

Tony smiled. The booze and Candi's false concern made him feel warm all over. Just to make sure he knew what to do, Candi went over the instructions with him.

She: What's my boyfriend's name?

He: Jeff. *An unusual French name.*

She: Where will I be?

He: In the guest room.

She: And what if he asks about me?

He: I'm too tell him you stepped out, but plan to be home soon and that he should feel free to make himself comfortable.

She: Will you speak French?

He: No.

She: What will you do when Jeff comes in?

He: Make him **comfortable**.

She: How will you do that?

He: *(trying but failing not to giggle)* By treating him to all the things a man needs, but hardly ever gets.

“Very good dear, help yourself to another drink.” she answered as she looked at her watch. *Jeff should be here any minute.*

Then, as if on cue, she heard the door of the Buick slam shut. Tony's heart raced.

“Its show time honey!” whispered Candi.

Tony just nodded as he watched Candi ascend the stairs and close the guest room door behind herself. Daisy was already in the room waiting. She had barely beaten her husband to the house. As planned, she used the back entrance and made here way to the guest room. Tony was oblivious to her presence. Candi had kept him too occupied.

The youth listened to the footsteps of the man approach the porch. He took a deep breath which was cut short by the restrictivness of his spandex undergarments and answered the door. The drink gave him the courage to test Candi's hypothesis. *Am I really better off as a female?* Putting his best leg forward, (and it was certainly a pretty leg in Candi's hose and heels), he resolved to give it a try. He would be female for as long the man visited.

'Surprised' would not go far enough to describe Jeff's reaction at the sight of the girl answering the door. Though she was much more convincing, he recognized her instantly as the dishwasher he'd seen two weeks earlier. This was the creature who'd awaken in him all the taboos that both tantalized and scared him to death.

He looked the 'girl' up and down. The first time he'd seen her, she was dressed for housework. Now she was dressed for an evening out. Her blonde hair was parted on the side and combed neatly over her shoulder. She wore a body-hugging black cocktail dress which showed off her well formed breasts and slim hips. The dress was long enough to be respectable but short enough for him to get a view of her remarkably sexy legs.

Tonya looked at the man and wondered why he looked so familiar. She'd seen him before but couldn't place where. Still, in his double-breasted blue suit, he looked very much as she expected Candi's 'loaded' boyfriend to look. "*Oh well,*" she thought, "*he is cute.*"

With a smile that was half drunken and half forced, Tonya greeted the guest. "Hello Jeff, won't you come in?"

"Sure...hi...where's Can-"

Sensing his confusion, Tonya cut him off. "Candi just stepped out. She told me to make you **comfortable** until she gets back. My name is 'Tonya'." She spoke very slowly, not wanting the 'French' man to miss what she said.

"Oh," he answered at a loss for words. He surmised the boy's slow deliberate speech was just another part of his attempt to appear feminine. He was doing a good job too. From a purely objective viewpoint, Jeff had to admit Tonya was beautiful. Still he wasn't sure just how he should react. His mentality was saying 'leave', his emotions were saying 'beat the faggot up', and his physique was saying 'hump her brains out'. He decided on none and settled for nothing. For now his course of action would be to just wait for Candi's return.

"Would you like a drink?" asked Tonya in the smooth soft voice her mistress had taught her just a few hours earlier.

"*That's what I need, a drink.*" "Sure *Tonya* pour me one of whatever your having."

He certainly doesn't speak with any kind of an accent, thought Tonya. Had she had less to drink, she may have proceeded more cautiously. Like many inebriated people though, she allowed her doubts to go unheeded.

The two sisters were listening to the exchange from the guest room. Daisy thought it strange for Jeff to accept a drink. He wasn't much of a drinking man. When he did drink, it was usually on Friday or Saturday nights, not Sundays.

Try as he may, Jeff couldn't take his eyes off his pretty hostess. Tonya pretended not to notice his incessant stare, yet reveled inwardly at the attention. She discovered that attention from a civilized gentleman made her feel quite sexy. It wasn't anything like the sick feeling the attention she received from the men she'd been near before had given her. Compared to the crazed truck driver and slimy cellmates, Jeff was Prince Charming. Just the fact that he accepted her, endeared him to the budding transvestite.

As Tonya prepared the cocktail, she considered her next move. Should she go ahead and make contact as Candi suggested or should she just sit back and let 'Jeff

make the first move. Candi had warned her not to do that. Jeff wasn't the type to make the first move. "Not even with the most wanton slut." she'd said.

Jeff's eyes followed the transvestite as she returned from the kitchen with two fresh drinks. He gave up looking at her when she stood behind his chair.

"Here you go *hon.*," she said handing him the drink.

Without looking at her, he thanked her. When he put the cool glass to his lips he felt a shiver. He removed the glass, but he was still shivering. It was then that he realized her hands were on his shoulders. He tensed.

"You need to relax dear, let me help you." Tonya could hardly believe she had said that. Like a train without brakes she continued at full speed. Her hands went to work on his back.

Jeff pondered his next action? Once again he choose nothing. He allowed the hands to remain. Soon they were caressing him. First on the shoulders, where it felt good. Then the hands forced there way down where it felt even better. In his mind it was all quite innocent. He had done nothing to encourage this, or so he thought. He didn't realize just how far forward he was leaning to give her access to his back.

"How do you like that honey?" she asked nearly whispering.

"That feels great." he moaned. He couldn't believe just how turned on he was feeling. Daisy had given him plenty of back rubs over the years, but she never made him feel this **good**.

Tonya delighted in his acceptance. Soon Jeff removed his jacket and tie. The liquor had loosed both their inhibitions.

The man moved over to the sofa and laid on his stomach. Tonya took her position above him and began to gently knead his back muscles and then, much to his delight, she moved down to his buttocks.

"Ahh, that feels good." he sighed.

"I'm glad you like it. Would you like it to feel even better?"

Daisy held her breath to better hear his response.

"Sure." her husband answered dreamily.

"Take off your shirt and slacks then." Tonya ordered.

Both husband and wife were shocked at the suggestion.

"What if Candi comes back?" the man playfully protested.

"Don't worry," Tonya reassured, " she won't be back for a while."

Not wanting to question her, Jeff acquiesced and stripped off his shirt and revealed his healthy firm chest. He stripped no further. Tonya smiled. She had never before found a man attractive. Now, though she couldn't understand why, she found the man before her irresistible. So much so that she took a chance and put her hand to his stomach, letting it rest just above his belt buckle.

Jeff, armed with the false impression that they were alone and would be left alone for some time, lost all inhibition. He took the girl in his arms and kissed her with a passion that had been submerged since his honeymoon.

“What's going on down there?” a very angry wife asked her sister. Candi could only smile and shrug her shoulders. She had a pretty good idea of what was happening in her living room. And her sister's anger made the whole scenario that much sweeter.

Tonya could hardly believe what was happening to her. She hadn't expected this. She wasn't ready to progress this far, this fast. Suddenly, all the soothing affects of the alcohol were gone. The man's groping, pawing, and slobbering shocked her. She tried to resist, but that only seemed to encourage him. Tears formed in her eyes as a wave of helplessness overcame her.

“Stop it please.” she cried.

He continued without heeding her plea. 20 years of sexual repression were unleashed at once. He was determined to devour her.

“Stop!”

“Why is he shouting?” a now terrified Daisy asked.

Candi grinned. “You tell me sis, what kind of a **man** is your husband?”

If looks could kill, Daisy would have slew her sister that very instant. It was bad enough to have all her worst suspicions proven before her, the chiding of her sister brought her to the brink of hysteria.

The struggle and pleas continued in the living room. Jeff's hands were now under Tonya's dress, rubbing her silky buttocks.

“I'm not ready for this!”

“Oh yes you are Tonya.” he growled as he gulped in the air.

Frightening as his voice was, it was the look in his eyes that horrified the youth the most. It was the same look she'd seen in the monster on the highway. It was the same look she'd seen in the police station cell. It was the same look she saw at the zoo during feeding time. *He's just like the rest of them!*

The man's excitement trebled when he caught wind of her fear. He hugged her tighter. He shuddered in ecstasy as he brought his hands to her bound 'clitoris'.

In desperation Tonya broke one of Candi's ground rules. “*Arrete s'il vous plait monsieur!*”

The foreign tongue excited the aggressor ever more. He was curious as to what she meant. Was she giving him the go ahead to pursue her further? “What does that mean baby?”

Emotions ablaze, Tonya answered. “You know what that means Jeff!”

Confused, he answered, “No, I don't know what you're talking about.”

Tonya studied him. He could see that the man wasn't lying.

“You don't understand French?”

“No,” he answered incredulously. “What makes you think I know French?”

“Your letter.”

“What letter?”

“The one you wrote to Candi.”

“Oh s@#*!” they heard from the bedroom. Frustrated, Candi hadn't even tried to prevent her voice from being heard.

Both man and transvestite looked towards the direction of the words.

Jeff went from sexy to enraged in nothing flat. “What the hell was that?” he demanded of Tony.

Tony didn't answer. He was still confused as to the identity of the man he had just seduced. If he wasn't Candi's boyfriend, then who was he and why had Candi led him to believe that this was her boyfriend.

Jeff's question was soon answered without a response from Tony. Before the husband could put his shirt and tie on, his wife and sister-in-law were in the living room. The wife was livid, Jeff thoroughly embarrassed. Caught in the act of sexual relations with another man, he thought he would die right there.

Candi controlled herself for the sake of her sister. She allowed herself to shoot a wicked, knowing grin towards her brother-in-law. Jeff saw her look and felt all the more humiliated.

Soon, the general mood of shock and revelation was replaced by a sustained period of screaming and denial as husband and wife, bared all before their audience. Every once in a while Candi was dragged into the fray, usually as some kind of expert witness. After all, who knew more of sexual perversions than her. Tony was pretty much barred from speaking. He was regarded by both husband and wife with little respect. Candi did little to improve his standing.

“How could you Jeff? How could you throw everything away for this, this freak of nature!” cried the wife.

“What do mean, 'throw everything away'? I wouldn't throw anything away for this freaking thing!”

After listening to the exchange for several minutes, Tony stopped listening to their words and listened to the voice within. *Who are these people to belittle me? Just because I'm wearing a dress, they think they're superior to me? Then he looked at Candi and remarked at her concealed delight. She is something else. I bet she thinks she's very clever, like she fooled me into this. Well the joke's on her. She didn't fool me into anything. I like who I've become. No one ever gave Tony the time of day, but Tonya, that is a different story. Tonya not only receives attention, **she**, by her very presence, **demand**s it!*

The revelation empowered the youth. Now he returned to the display before him. The wife was in tears, ignoring her husband, and lamenting to no one specifically. “Oh the shame of it all! How could I love such a sick man!”

“I'm not sick!” protested Jeff. “He's **sick**!” he said pointing at Tony.

Tony could take no more. “Shut up, all of you!” he screamed. Then to a snickering Candi, “And that means you too!”

Silence and shock overcame them. Tony spoke. “I am not sick! I am not a freak! If there's anyone sick or freakish around here, look no further than yourselves.” No one replied.

Tony continued. “She,” pointing towards Candi, “wanted me to believe I was inadequate. I was a fool because I believed her. Well, I know now that any person, man or woman, who feels the need to dress as you do, Candi, must be suffering greater inadequacies.”

Candi had never even considered her matter of dress a character weakness. Now, she nearly cried at the revelation. Unperturbed, Tony went on, “He,” pointing towards Jeff, “wanted to take me, selfishly, like every other man I've known.” Then he looked at Jeff. “Had you shown me one ounce of respect, I'd have given myself to you.” Then looking at both members of the couple, “Maybe one day you'll see past your prejudice and refrain from calling something you don't understand 'sick'.”

The last statement did not miss its mark with Daisy. It was to her he finished. “And you, you beat your breast and pity yourself, not because your husband is attracted to a man, but because he's attracted to someone more feminine than yourself. Someone who **happens** to be male.”

The youth didn't listen to their collective protest. No denial, no matter how vehement, could wash away the truth he had uncovered. Instead he left them, for good. He collected his last paycheck the following morning and was gone from their presence.

CHAPTER 19

Satiated

The midsummer heat was unbearable. Wanting only a cool drink, the man stepped to the lunch counter. There he was greeted by a very pretty face.

“Bonjour monsieur!” she said with smile.

Her effervescence and beauty overcame him. “Ahh...Hi there,” he answered weakly.

She smiled. “Oh,” she answered in a husky drawl, “you're American,” pretending to be surprised.

“Yeah.” he replied. He was happy she spoke English. He hadn't expected to run into many bilingual people, certainly not any that were beautiful, friendly and blonde, this far up in Quebec.

“What brings you here?” she asked.

He was taken with her friendliness. He had thought Canadians were averse towards Americans, particularly black Americans. Happily he responded, "I got a load to deliver, my truck's right outside. I'm on my way to ..."

Tonya heard nothing after 'truck'. Suddenly the vaguely familiar face of the American man before her was fully recalled. Her first reaction was fear, but she kept that well hidden, as well hidden as she kept her true identity. Nobody in her new surroundings knew what was really waiting underneath her skirt.

Floyd continued the conversation. He was totally unaware of the fact that this very same waitress and he had actually shared a jail cell together.

As Floyd spoke, Tonya's fear subsided. The man had obviously not recognized her. She allowed the conversation to continue and loosened up to the point where she started enjoying herself. Floyd was actually quite funny and not all that bad looking either. She already knew him to be an honorable, even heroic, man. It wasn't long before she found herself quite attracted to him. On impulse, she asked him how long he would be staying.

"Well" Floyd was taken back. He was so startled, he couldn't even make a sentence. Not even in his wildest fantasies had he imagined a woman such as this showing any interest in him. Tonya misread his ambiguity as rejection. She regretted she had asked him anything. "It's okay. I guess you have to be getting along." she answered dejectedly. Then she turned from his sight.

She didn't turn fast enough to hide her saddened expression from Floyd. Suddenly something about this girl looked incredibly familiar. He strained to get a better look at her as she waited on some other customers. *I know this girl!* "he thought, *but from where?*

As Tonya went about waiting on another customer, Floyd could not get over how eerily familiar she looked. The recollection was so unnerving, he felt like a man approaching a cliff. Had she not been so pretty, and friendly, he would have dismissed himself from her presence on instinct alone, but he was attracted to her so he stayed. When she came back to his spot at the counter, he found words to answer her.

"Actually, I plan on sticking around till tomorrow." he lied. Before he met her, he hadn't intended on staying more than a few minutes.

His words were rewarded with a big smile. The waitress was happy that he would be staying. Floyd couldn't have been happier himself, and now, with a smile on her face, she no longer seemed familiar.

"That's great." Tonya gushed.

"Hey," Floyd exclaimed as if the idea had just come to him, "maybe you can show me around when you get off work."

Tonya liked the sound of that, but the womanly art of 'playing hard to get', was something she practiced much better since her days at Jerry's. She didn't let on to the trucker just how much she was looking forward to getting off work and 'showing him around'.

Feeling lucky. Floyd continued. "Do you have any girlfriend's?"

Tonya looked at him questionably.

Sensing her confusion, Floyd laughed and said, "its just that my partner may wanna come along."

"Partner?" Tonya shot back with alarm. "You still have a partner!"

"What do you mean, 'still have a partner'?" Floyd asked. "Have we met before?"

Tonya only shook her head as tears started streaming down her face. She ran to hide in the kitchen.

Now it was Floyd's turn to be confused, but only for a moment. The look of fright on the girl's face jogged his memory to full recognition. She was the gal, no the guy, he had saved from Jim! He couldn't believe it. The whole thing was amazing.

Then, from the other side of the lunch counter, came a burly cook, shouting in French. He was demanding the trucker tell him what he had done to scare his best waitress. Floyd could not understand a word that was said but when other angry patrons started in on him, he knew trouble was brewing.

From the kitchen, Tonya heard the cacophony at the counter. Floyd was pleading his innocence in English as a dozen or so men berated him in French. Then there was another voice speaking in English, trying to defend the trucker. Apparently this voice belonged to Floyd's partner, but it didn't sound at all like the voice she remembered that awful night along the highway. *He has a different partner!* She calmed instantly.

Her calm would not last long, suddenly it became all too apparent that the men intended to beat up both truckers. "I can't allow that to happen," Tonya said to herself. She ran out to the counter just as the struggle began.

"Stop!" screamed Tonya. In French she explained to the cook and the other patrons that her tears had been the result of a big misunderstanding. The men didn't believe her at first but on her insistence, they dispersed and left the truckers alone.

Neither Floyd nor his partner, Sam, understood a word which had passed between the waitress and the lynch mob, but they were happy to be out of the fray.

"Thank you little lady." Sam said gratefully. "For a minute there I thought we was in for a scrap."

Tonya smiled. Sam was a bent-over, middle-aged man. He seemed rather reasonable and polite. She felt silly for thinking Floyd could still be driving with that monster she had met not so long ago. She answered Sam, "You needn't thank me, I owed that to your friend here." She said this as she cautiously looked over to Floyd. There was no doubt as to her identity now.

"Is that a fact?" Sam said as he glanced back at his partner for confirmation.

Floyd nodded and smiled widely, suddenly it didn't matter to him just what biological make-up this waitress might have. He liked her regardless.

Tonya, relieved at his acceptance, brightened noticeably. For several moments they just stood there smiling at each other. Floyd could not get enough of her sparkling eyes and her flirting stance. As for Tonya, she savored every facet of his radiant expression.

Sam looked from one to the other and back again. He had never seen his partner so happy before. Nor had he ever seen a woman like Tonya so enamored with someone like his partner. Soon even Sam was smiling. He smiled big and broad yet he knew not why.

The truckers did stay on into the evening. They dined over a simple meal Tonya prepared in her small apartment. Afterwards, Sam excused himself. That allowed Tonya and Floyd the opportunity to become acquainted more intimately. For Tonya it was proof that despite all her flaws, Candi had been correct, the sexual liabilities of Tony, **were** the greatest of assets to Tonya. For Floyd, it was the best dinner he ever had.