

# PICTURE PERFECT

*By Jacki Petti*



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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## PICTURE PERFECT

By JACKI PETTI

“Don't be stupid,” Kim declared, looking over her little sister's shoulder, out the bedroom window, “That's a guy.”

“Look at his face, look at his hair,” Tina insisted.

“What about his hairy legs? How many girls do you know with hairy legs?”

Tina could be so ignorant at times. Little sisters could be so dumb.

Tina hated it when Kim was right and she hated having to admit it when she was.

“Well, he could be a girl.”

Kim looked again and laughed. “He's certainly pretty enough. Wash his hair and put on a little make up, no one would know the difference.”

The boy was slender enough. His dirty, uncut, mop of hair was easily long enough to be styled like a girl's.

“Can you just picture it?” Tina said laughing.

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Rob was really pissed at his parents for shipping him off to his Uncle for the summer. They told him, when they made the decision to send him to Florida, that they were fed up with his attitude.

“We don't know what to do with you any more.”

Rob was eighteen and just graduated from high school. He had no plans. His parents wanted him to go to college but he said no. He was done with school. He'd been nothing but trouble, they said. Just because he wanted to live his own life. He was old enough, he told them, to live life under his terms, not theirs.

His parents hoped that some time away, with his Uncle, working hard and supporting himself, would change his attitude. Uncle Chris had told his father that he'd be happy to put Rob to work with one of his crews. Uncle Chris was a pool contractor and he had lots of work for Rob.

Rob hated the thought of hard work in the awful heat of Florida's summer. He hated the idea of being put out on jobs, working for the slave drivers his Uncle hired for foremen.

Rob was expected to work his ass off and from the money he made he had to pay his Uncle room and board. He put him up in the little apartment over his garage. He

had to keep it clean, cook his own food, do his own laundry. This was the agreement his Uncle made with his Father.

His Uncle told him that if he didn't pull his own weight he would send him home and his parents would throw him out. He'd be on his own.

Uncle Chris thought that scared Rob.

Rob wanted nothing more than to get out. He had his own ideas of how he wanted to live. Fortunately for Rob, his Uncle was paying him pretty well for slave labor. He had everything figured out. He was going to do as little as he could get away with and still appease his Uncle, stash as much money as he could over the summer and then take off. He had no intention of going home to Ohio.

To him, the plan was a simple one.

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This was Rob's third pool. He came on the jobs after the rough excavating was done and stayed till the end. Today he had to do the cleanup work in and around the hole that the dozers and backhoes left. They'd left him stranded without a way of getting off the job. His only tool was a shovel and he had to bust his ass before the others came back to pick him up at the end of the day.

Rob hated his Uncle and Ben, the foreman. He'd never done manual labor in his life. He was a musician and that's all he ever wanted to be.

"Go ahead if you want," Kim told her.

"I just want to get a better look at him." Tina was so curious.

She watched from the sliding glass door as Tina took out the glass of lemonade to the boy. Tina had been right about the boy. He certainly looked like a girl. His facial features were remarkably feminine. He had a little nose and full lips. His eyes weren't too wide apart or deep set like most guy's. He actually had pronounced cheekbones. Tina was definitely right. It wouldn't take much to transform him into a girl.

*Wouldn't it be fun to dress him up and fool her friends,* she thought to herself?

Kim had come over that morning to help her mother. She didn't want Tina home alone with men working at the house. She had also left them a list of chores she wanted done while she was at work. Kim was too intrigued by the boy to give the chores a thought.

"You looked a little hot," Tina said, walking up to the edge of the big hole in her back yard.

Rob, startled, looked up to see the girl standing there. He was taken back a little, she was cute. Blond hair, blue eyes and one hell of a figure. He realized he was staring.

"I am."

"Would you like some lemonade?" She asked, holding out the glass.

"That'd be great, thanks."

Even his voice could be a girl's, it was sort of high pitched. She had doubts that this guy had even reached puberty. She handed him down the glass of lemonade.

“They left you here to do all this work yourself?”

“Yea,” Rob grumbled.

“I'm Tina.”

“I'm Rob. You live here?” It was a stupid question and he only realized it after he said it.

Tina didn't give it a thought. “Yes, we just bought it.”

“Nice house.” Rob hated making small talk with girls. He wasn't good at it. He always felt so awkward. He didn't hit it off real well with girls. That's probably why he was a loner. He was content to be off by himself. It's also probably why he got into music.

“Thanks. We like it.” Tina wanted to know more about him. “You live here?”

“Here?”

“In town?” she clarified the question.

“Sort of. I live in Ohio.”

Tina didn't follow.

He saw the question on her face.

“I'm staying with my Uncle for the summer. My parents wanted to get rid of me.”

He was about to explain when they heard, “Hi.”

Kim decided she wanted a better look at him too.

He saw the other girl come into view over the edge of the hole. “Hi.”

She was even more beautiful than Tina. She was older too.

*Twenty, twenty two*, he wondered?

“This is my sister, Kim,” Tina noted. She was glad Kim came out. She was going to tell her she had to go out and get a better look later.

“Hi,” Rob repeated for the second time.

“Kim, this is Rob.” Tina returned to the question she had been about to ask. “Why do your parents want to 'get rid of you'?”

Rob, his eyes going from one girl to the other, gave his side of the story. He told the girls his parents were unreasonably strict and that they didn't understand him. He told them they were completely unreasonable, not wanting to let him pursue the career he wanted to.

“What do you want to do?” Tina asked.

Kim had been staring at him in disbelief and was barely paying attention to what he was saying. From the house, she had a fairly good look at him but up close she was even more amazed with his face, his build. Her mind was racing with ideas.

“I'm a musician. I play guitar. I'm going to start a band.”

“Are you good?” Tina asked, seeing the sparkle in his eye when he spoke.

“Yeah, real good,” Rob bragged.

Kim was listening now. Normally, guys that bragged the way this one did annoyed her but he gave her the germ of an idea.

They listened while he went on to tell them about his music, how he'd written a number of songs that would all be hits one day.

Tina was enthralled just watching him. She wasn't really paying attention to him ramble on. Her mind was working almost as fast as Kim's. How could a guy grow up to look so much like a girl, she wondered with amazement? He was like no guy she'd ever seen. She tried to envision him with make-up on, in a dress, with clean, styled hair.

How adorable he'd look.

The plan was firming in Kim's mind. They could do it. She needed to work out a lot of details, but if Tina was willing ... Judging by the way she was looking at him, Kim was sure she would be. It'd be a blast.

Rob was thrilled with their interest. He couldn't remember when any girl was so interested in him, and there were two of them, both knockouts.

“Rob would it bother you if Tina and I were to try to get some sun. It wouldn't annoy you would it?” Kim asked sweetly.

*Get some sun? In bathing suits? Right there in the back yard?*

“No, it wouldn't bother me at all,” he assured them.

*What was Kim doing, Tina wondered. They hadn't planned on doing that. Soon they'd have to get started on the chores that Mom left them to do.* Tina knew her sister well enough to know she was planning something. She found out what when they went inside.

*This job I'm going to enjoy,* he told himself smiling, after the girls went inside to change. The great thing was they were interested in him. He fantasized about having the two sisters at once. Two beautiful girls, competing for him. It was the first time he forgot how much he hated the job as he picked up his shovel.

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“What was that all about?” Tina asked Kim as soon as they were in the house.

“I've got an idea. You're gonna love this.” She didn't have it all figured out yet. There were some details to work out and their timing would be critical.

“What?” Tina asked again, dying of curiosity.

“I think we can do it,” Kim said with a twisted smile and raised eyebrow.

“Do you mean...?” Tina started to ask, excited.

“I think we can get him to do it,” Kim told her sister.

“Wonderful!” Tina couldn't wait to hear her sister's plan. “Tell me! Tell me!”

Kim laid it out for her as they changed into their bathing suits.

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The heat was brutal. The backhoe driver was incompetent as far as Rob was concerned. He could have done a better job of cleaning out the hole with the bucket instead of making Rob's job harder. Sweat was just pouring off Rob and he took frequent breaks.

“You want some more lemonade Rob?” Kim asked.

Rob looked up to see her standing there in the little bikini. He couldn't help but stare.

“Sure, thanks Kim.”

“You ought to take a break. That looks like hard work and you've been at it a while.” Kim knew he was goofing off most of the time. She'd watched him. She just wanted him to think she was impressed by how hard he worked. It was good for his ego.

“You're right.”

He was glad that she was impressed by him. Rob climbed out of the shallow end of the hole. That's when he spotted Tina, stretched out on the patio in her little two piece. She wasn't as busty as her sister, but that blonde hair and her blue eyes did something for him.

Kim was beautiful though too, in a more sophisticated way than her sister. She had short brown hair. He liked blondes better but her build kept drawing his attention, those big tits, trying to burst out of her top. Kim was not to be ignored.

The three settled down into the lawn chairs the girls had set up. They intentionally arranged them so the boy would sit between them.

They knew by now that he was a little self centered and, given a little encouragement, he would gladly tell them all about himself. He didn't disappoint them.

He rarely found someone genuinely interested in him. Now he had two knockouts hanging on his every word. Rob was in his glory.

Kim had calculated how much time they'd have to kill, listening to his boring dissertation about his life and how misunderstood, how unappreciated he was.

They'd been outside for almost an hour when she suggested they go inside where it was cooler.

“I'd love to hear you play,” Tina told him. “I have a guitar.”

Rob thought that was a great idea. He hadn't given a thought to the work he hadn't done or the consequences of Ben showing up and being mad that he hadn't finished. He wanted to show off for them.

They took him to Tina's room and she pulled out the guitar that she had gotten out of the garage before going outside. It had been her Dad's before the divorce and he gave it to her. She didn't play but she didn't have the heart to toss it out. Now she was glad she didn't.

*Not bad*, Kim thought to herself. He was better than she expected. Listening to him play gave her another idea. Her first thought was just to trick him into putting on her wig and a skirt and blouse. Now she could envision something even better. She hoped she could pull it off.

"I've got to go make a call. I'll be right back," she announced to Tina and the boy.

He hoped she wouldn't be gone too long. He was really enjoying himself.

"Till ten? That's perfect." Kim responded to her friend. "I'll tell you later."

Her friend wanted to know what the surprise was she was bringing over.

Kim wasn't about to spoil it. So far so good. She checked the clock. It was almost time.

Tina couldn't tell him enough, how great his playing was. "You wrote that one too?" she asked in apparent amazement.

"You're wonderful," Kim added. "I can't believe you don't have your own band." She pumped him up. "Your parents were crazy for not supporting your music."

"I know. They think they know it all." Rob was on top of the world. He knew he was good but to hear such praise from these two was a real ego booster.

Tina sneaked a look at her watch when he wasn't looking. He was late.

"Play another one Rob, please," she begged him. He had to be playing when her father got there.

"Yes, please!" Tina echoed.

Rob didn't need any more encouragement than that. He had barely started when they all heard, "Girls? Kim? Tina? It's Dad."

Rob stopped playing when the girls jumped up.

"OH SHIT! OH SHIT!" Kim said in panic.

"What's wrong?" Rob didn't understand what was wrong.

"OH GOD!" Tina looked hysterical. "I forgot he was coming!"

"What is it?" He was up on his feet now too.

Kim, still panicked, said, "It's our father."

"So?" What was the big deal?"

"He can't find you here!" Tina said with dread in her voice.

"Why?" Rob asked, confused by their reaction to their father showing up.

They ignored his question.

"He's got to get out!" Tina exclaimed excitedly to Kim.

*She looks like she was on the verge of tears*, Rob thought.

"How?" Kim asked her sister impatiently. "He's in the living room. There was no way to get past him without being seen."

"What's going on," he asked again.



“Keep him quiet. I'll go out and stall,” Kim told her sister. She wrapped a towel around herself, covering her bathing suit. Kim made a point of leaving the door ajar, so the boy could hear what she said to her father.

Both Rob and Tina listened at the door.

“Hi Daddy.”

“Hi Sweetheart. You're not ready yet?” Rob heard the father say.

“We were just about to jump in the shower. We're running a little late.”

“That's ok. Just try to hurry or we'll be late for the movie. I'll watch the news.” Then he added, “Who's in there with your sister?”

Rob saw Tina tense up.

“Just a friend,” Kim answered her father.

“He'll kill us if he finds out you're in here,” Tina whispered to Rob.

Rob didn't say anything. He questioned her with a look.

“A few weeks ago I had a friend over and Daddy came in unexpectedly. We were only kissing, but he went ballistic.

“She plays well.”

*He heard me playing when he came in,* Rob realized. He started to ask Tina what happened when she put a finger to her lips to tell him to be quiet.

Tina wasn't the actress her sister was. Kim had agreed she should be the one to tell him the story they had concocted.

“We'll try to hurry,” Kim told her father.

Tina and Rob could hear her coming back down the hall. They stepped back from the door, out of sight.

Kim closed the door behind her. “We've got to do something.”

Rob could see she was worried.

“What's the big deal?” He whispered.

Kim took a calming breath. “Three weeks ago our father caught Tina in bed with her boyfriend. He went nuts. He beat up the kid and then came back and did the same to Tina.”

Tina showed him the black and blue on her hip. He didn't have to know how she really got it.

The story was essentially true. A little exaggerated, but true, Tina recalled. Her father screamed at Doug, he threw him out but he never touched her. The exaggeration was necessary to their plan.

Now Rob was a little scared. “I'll just climb out the window and take off.” He started toward the window.

“They've got locks,” Tina said.

Rob checked. They did. “I'll wait till you're gone and slip out.”

“Our Mom's going to be home any minute. That won't work. She'll tell our Dad,” Kim told him. *She better be home on time*, she told herself. *The whole plan would be a bust if she wasn't.*

“We have to do something,” Tina said, trying to bring tears to her eyes.

Rob didn't have any idea what to do. He certainly didn't want to be beat up by their father.

Kim stood there looking at him, thoughtfully, for a moment.

“There's only one answer.” She turned to Tina. “We're going to have to trick Dad.”

“What do you mean?” She asked innocently. She wanted to laugh.

Kim looked back to Rob. “Rob, were going to have to make him think you're one of Tina's girlfriends,” she told him very seriously.

He was taken back. “You're kidding!?”

“I don't know what else to do,” Kim answered, looking forlorn.

“Do you think we could,” Tina asked hopefully.

“I can't do that,” Rob insisted, backing away from them a step.

“Do you have a better idea?” She asked him.

She had thought her plan out pretty well. He didn't have any other options she could think of. It had to work.

Rob stood there dumfounded. He couldn't sneak out of the house with the father in the living room. He couldn't wait till they were gone because the mother would catch him and the result would be the same. He knew he'd be on this job for days. He was trapped.

Kim didn't want to give him too much time to think.

“If we're going to get away with this we'll have to get busy, now,” she told them both. “It won't be easy to fool him, Rob,” she knew it would be a snap.

“Tina, you better start the shower running, or Dad's going to wonder what we're doing in here.” Kim moved ahead with her plan.

Tina went in her bathroom and turned it on. She was so anxious to see how he'd look.

Kim asked her when she came back into the bedroom, “Do you still have that wig I left when I moved out?”

They had gotten it from the box in the garage, where it had been stored with her other things she left. Tina had already brushed it out and put it on her closet shelf.

“Yeah, I think it's in my closet. On the top shelf.”

Rob couldn't believe this was happening to him.

“I don't think...”

“Rob, Come over here to the dressing table,” Kim told him. She had him sit down. “I need to fix your hair so the wig will fit.”

It would have been better if he didn't have to wear the wig but it would have taken too long to wash, cut and style his hair. It was easily long enough.

He sat there nervously while she pulled his hair back into a tight bun, held with a rubber band, at the back of his head.

"There, that should do it." She took the wig from Tina who was standing behind him, watching.

Rob watched in the mirror as Kim tried the wig on him. He felt so ridiculous as she pulled and tugged it into place.

"Not bad," Tina remarked. "This might just work."

"See if you can find him something to wear," Kim suggested to her sister.

They had thought this out too. Tina had raced around, cleaning her room, picking up her clothes and putting them away, before they went outside to sunbathe. She didn't want him to see any of her jeans or anything else he might suggest he could wear. She had an outfit in mind that would look cute on him. She continued to play the game.

The wig was almost the same color as his hair. It covered his head well enough that he had trouble telling which was his real hair and what was the wig. Kim was kneeling in front of him, combing out his bangs.

"Not a bad match, we're lucky."

"I'll look ridiculous. We won't get away with this." He was sure he looked too masculine.

Kim and Tina thought just the opposite.

He was starting to look pretty convincing.

Still, Kim had to play along.

"You're right. Those eyebrows of yours are a dead give away."

"What are you going to do?" Rob worriedly asked when she picked up the scissors.

"I have to try to make you look more convincing. I have to do something with your bushy eyebrows," Kim told him. "I *have* to trim them a little, they make you look so masculine."

They really weren't that bad. The boy really just needed them shaped a little and she was working up to that. One step at a time.

The navy print romper was Kim's idea.

Tina thought her white jeans skirt and red top would look great on him but Kim talked her into the other. She was worried what his reaction would be to the short outfit.

How strongly would he object?

"This is the only thing I can find," she said, trying to appear less thrilled than she really was.

"I can't wear that," Rob said, shocked at Tina's suggestion.