

Wildcats

Bébé Talons





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WILDCATS

A NOVEL BY:

Ms Bébé Talons

ONE

Shrill, feminine voices shrieked from the sidelines as Michelle Grayson dribbled up the court, dodged by her arch-enemy, Golden Chips center, Marjorie Mae Lawson, paused, stretched and shot the ball. Upward, arching forward, downward and right on the money, the ball got nothing but net as it scored, a three pointer, just as the referee's whistle blew ending the half.

In the locker room, the girls were exuberant, their cheering squad praising them obsequiously, shrill voices adding to the din.

Michelle sat alone on a bench, there but taking no part in the celebrating going on around her.

"Hey, girl," called Jaime Hudson, "Why so blue? It's not as if we're losing!"

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“You tell ‘em, Jaime!” enthused the smaller brunet girl clinging to her arm.

“Beats me,” Michelle admitted. “But I just can’t get into the swing of things.”

“What you need is to get laid!” Jaime retorted with a smile. “When was the last time you took a hot piece to bed?”

Michelle smiled. “Any suggestions?”

“Sure, take that Marjorie Mae gal, she’s got the hots for you! Give her a chance!”

“Marjorie Mae? All that girl wants is to beat my ass!” Michelle giggled.

“That can be fun too,” Jaime responded with a leer. She hugged the girl clinging to her arm. “Ain’t that right, Baby Girl?”

The adoring light in the girl’s eyes left no doubt in Michelle’s mind as to the truth of Jaime’s statement.

“OK, Ladies, break’s over!” came the commanding voice of their Coach. “Back to work! Let’s hit it with a great exuberance!”

The room was filled with groans of dismay, but no one lagged behind as they burst forth onto the court.

Tip off.

Marjorie Mae leered at Michelle. “You’re gonna wish you stayed in the locker room afore I get done with you, dearie!” she boasted.

“It’ll be a cold day in Hell when that happens!” Michelle snarled as she rose to tip the ball to her waiting teammate.

And the second half was officially under way!

Ten seconds into the half, Michelle sank a three pointer, the ball being passed to Marjorie Mae who started up court, stopped short, got set, threw, three points to match Michelle! And the war was on!

Back and forth, the ball swished through the net as girl after girl took her turn, driving the score upwards.

Then it was the final minutes of the game, the Wild-cats trailing the Chips by two points when Michelle got the ball from Shorty Dawson (so called because she was only five foot seven inches tall, one of the shortest girls in the league!) and raced for the basket, Marjorie Mae hot on her heels!

Faking Marjorie Mae, going left when she feinted right, Michelle was in the clear. She set her feet, glanced at the basket, rose to her toes and shot! Once more the ball arched high and dove for the waiting net just as the referee's whistle sounded the end of the game, the net swishing audibly as the ball went through, getting nothing but air!

Another three pointer!

Score: The Golden State Wildcats 96; The Golden State Chips 95, once more gaining membership in the final four of the Pacific Women's League Championship Cup for the third year in a row!

Smiling with self-satisfaction, Michelle grinned at the sad, downhearted face of Marjorie Mae Lawson. "Better luck next year, Marjorie Mae!" she retorted.

"Our turn's coming!" Marjorie Mae snarled.

"Not in my lifetime!" Michelle muttered under her breath.

Midge Dearson slapped her on the back. "Great shot, Grayson! But then, you always come through in the pinch. How do you do it?"

Michelle giggled. "Just close your eyes, aim for the basket and let 'er rip!"

"Yeah, like that's all there is to it," she scoffed.

"Would I lie to you, sweet cheeks?" Michelle teased.

"In a heartbeat!" she laughed, enjoying their camaraderie.

"Great game, Ladies," Ms Maggie Helman enthused as she came up to the girls. Maggie was their coach and just because she was only four foot ten inches tall, did not mean that she was any the less effective on the court. Her voice was often the loudest when berating some hapless referee for a call she didn't agree with!

"Could'n'a done it without ya, Coach!" Michelle replied.

"Humph, wisht the front office thought the same way!"

"Buncha cheap bastids!" Helen Matthew, a guard, interjected.

"Hey, Miss Helen," one of the cheerleaders interrupted. "Do you want me for anything right now?"

"Why, Josie, you got somewhere to go?"

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“Yes, Miss Helen, the other girls and I were going next door for a burger and fries, if that’s all right with you,” the small blonde replied obsequiously.

Michelle giggled. “I just love it when he calls you Miss Helen!”

Helen grinned. “Get ‘em young, train ‘em right, and yer prollems are done for from the get-go!” she laughed knowingly. “Bout wore my hand out on his fat ass before he got the message!”

“And it’s such a cute little fat ass when he jumps around in those outfits we got for ‘em!” Michelle laughed.

“Well, when you got an ass like that, you just naturally want to show it off!”

“Amen to that!” Michelle agreed, thinking of her own rounded rear.

“Hey, Grayson!” It was Marjorie Mae calling from the door.

“Yeah, Marjorie Mae?” Michelle replied.

“Wanna go for a drink or something?” she asked hopefully.

“Hey, thanks, but I just wanna go home and un lax,” Michelle replied. The truth was, Michelle just wanted to be alone in her misery.

Yes, misery. Michelle envied the other girls who all had companions of one sort or another and she felt an uncomfortable streak of jealousy when she thought about it.

“Some other time, then?” Marjorie Mae asked hopefully, her disappointment obvious to all.

“Yer a fucking jerk, ya know?” Jaime snarled as Marjorie Mae walked away.

“Hunh?” Michelle was surprised.

“Yer allus bitchin’ about having no one and when the star of a rival team asks for a date, you make some weak assed excuse and blow her off! What’s with you girl? Don’t tell me you’ve swore off girls, I’ve seen your face in the locker room with all those cute female tits and asses staring you in the face! You might be able to fool somma the girls, but you can’t fool me, no how, no way!”

Michelle blushed because she loved the sight of naked girl ass and bouncing breasts and the best part, in

her estimation, of being a girl on a girls' team was being surrounded by naked girl tits and ass in the locker room!

"Yeah," she alibied, "maybe I'm just not in the mood."

"Not in the mood? That's a crock of horse hockey and you know it!"

"I'm going home and go to bed. I really am tired." She feigned a tired attitude.

"Yer jist chicken!" Jaime taunted.

Michelle blushed helplessly. 'Was she? Chicken? Marjorie Mae was a beautiful girl and she had an ass to die for! Her rack wasn't all that bad either! That Marjorie Mae was a passionate girl willing to do anything to please was an attractive trait, but for some reason or another, Michelle knew it wasn't what she wanted!

'Why couldn't I find a sweet little TS like Jaime has?' she asked herself for the ten thousandth time. 'Or even a sweet little girl like Suzy Swift, Jaime Hudson's girlfriend, a tiny, five foot one inch gamin who kept Jaime constantly on her toes, not by a close, demanding cloyishness, but by an adoring affection shown at every turn!

It's the way it was but it just wasn't fair!

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TWO

Michelle sighed, got dressed in a tee-shirt, black denim jeans, her motorcycle boots and her Rebel Campaign Cap and left the building. She slid behind the wheel of her custom antique Morris Minor two door and started the engine. She stretched her legs to relieve the stiffness, put the little car in gear, looked behind her for oncoming traffic, pressed the accelerator gently, let out the clutch and drove off.

All at once she decided to go to a club and look the current crop over. Maybe there was something there to pull her out of these doldrums. Well, it was a thought!

Parking several doors down from the Pink Pagoda, she steeled her nerves, exited her car and pushed the

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club's front door open. The stink of stale alcohol and cigarette smoke almost made her change her mind

Ten minutes later, she realized that she had made a terrible mistake coming here. She hated to be hit on by the regular dyke crowd and the femme selection was even worse! 'God, what hole did these creatures come from?' she wondered as she drained her glass and left.

As she got to her car, she noticed another car, a new Lexus, jerk awkwardly as it left the parking lot. "Someone had a little too much good time!" she laughed.

Not thinking, she followed the Lexus as it made its way down Dallas Street, made a wide turn onto Lexington almost side swiping a parked Caddy before straightening out and continuing on its way.

Feeling some sort of responsibility for the car, she followed at a safe distance as it turned onto Oak Terrace, obviously heading for the freeway. As she turned onto Oak, she saw a car crosswise between the curbs and it was less than ten feet in front of her!

"Holy shit!" Michelle yelped as she stomped on the brakes, stopping mere inches from the driver's door!

Shaking with adrenaline because of the near accident, Michelle sat for several long moments gathering her wits about her. Then she exited the Morris angrily and yanked the Lexus door open!

"You damned fool!" she raged. "I most hit you! If'n yer gonna stop, pull over to the side! Don't park the damned thing crosswise in the fucking street!" she stormed.

There was no response.

The young woman behind the wheel was out cold!

"Can't hold yer liquor, eh?" Michelle grinned. "I've been there a time or two my own self, but I never parked like this!"

The girl groaned, looked around. "Who're you?" came a tiny, cultivated voice.

"Hi, I'm Michelle Grayson, the center for the Golden State Wildcats," she explained. "I was going home when I almost plowed right into you! What happened?"

"Where am I?" the girl asked.

"You're parked across Oak Terrace, blocking traffic," Michelle laughed.

"I'm where?" the girl asked, puzzlement wrinkling her brow worriedly.

"Hey, did you have too much to drink?"

"I ordered one Shirley Temple at the Pink Pagoda and that was it!" the girl declared positively.

"You sure? 'Cause you sure act drunk!"

"Well, I'm not!" the girl insisted angrily. "Someone must have spiked my drink while I was in the ladies' room," she thought and nodded. "That has to be it."

"A date rape drug," Michelle nodded knowingly. "The Pink Pagoda's known for that! Happens all the time there. It's a wonder the cops haven't shut them down before this! Wonder who they pay off?" she mused.

"I don't feel so hot!" the girl exclaimed as she bent and retched.

Instinctively, Michelle put her arms around the girl and held her while she gagged and emptied her stomach.

After a moment, she stood up-right. "Thank you."

"De nada!" Michelle waved her hand. "I'll help anyone who needs it, and from the looks of things, you needed it!"

"I thank you again. Now, I really must be getting home. My brother will be some worried."

"Brother?" Michelle had noticed the wedding ring on the girl's middle finger left hand and had immediately thought she was married.

"Then you're not married?" Michelle asked, hope beating strongly in her chest.

The girl looked at her in amazement. "No! Whatever gave you that idea?"

"The ring," Michelle nodded to the obvious.

"Oh, that! It keeps most of the jerk-offs away," she explained.

Michelle felt ten pounds lighter at this news. "Great!" she exclaimed. "Er, I mean, I just wondered, that's all."

"Are you trying to pick me up, Miss Grayson?" the girl asked with a soft smile.

Michelle blushed. "Well. . . yeah, I guess I am," she admitted sheepishly.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I really do have to get home. Thank you for the compliment," she smiled brightly.

Michelle gulped, seeing this vision disappearing into the ether. "Can I take you to dinner? I mean, I think I owe you that much." Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

"OK, Miss Michelle Grayson," the girl replied. "It's a date."

"Great! Where shall I pick you up and is seven too early? Tomorrow night as we don't play again until Sunday."

"OK, seven is fine."

"Where should I pick you up?" Michelle continued.

"I'll meet you there, the Steak Barn, out on Ocean-side at seven. OK?"

Michelle felt as though she was fighting a losing game, but still. . .

"Fine. Seven, then."

"It's a rather up-scale place, so dress for it," the girl warned with a twinkle in her eye.

Michelle blushed. "Oh, you mean the biker thing." She passed her hand over her clothing self-consciously.

The girl giggled. "Exactly. They're a bit up-tight, you know."

Michelle grinned wryly. "I've been there before, er, not the Steak Barn, per se, but places like it where they look down their noses at bikers."

The girl reentered the Lexus. "Until tomorrow at seven," she smiled, closed the door and before Michelle could find out her name, the Lexus was half-way down the street and gathering speed!

"Like Hell, girlie! You ain't getting off that easy! Not a cold day in Hell" Michelle snarled angrily as she followed the twin, twinkling tail lights to the freeway and down the coast to Harwood Heights, a ritzy, gated neighborhood guarded by rent-a-cops twenty-four seven, three sixty-five!

For some reason, Michelle was not surprised. She memorized the license on the Lexus and when it was waved through, she turned around and went home.

Next day, she called Sergeant Bonnie Horton at Police Headquarters and asked her to run the plate for her. Two hours later, the call came back.

“Girl! What’re you up to? Do you know who that damned Lexus belongs to?”

“Haven’t a clue, Bonnie. It’s just some girl I almost run over this morning after the game,” Michelle explained.

“Great game! When you made that last shot, I almost peed my pants, I was so excited!” Bonnie gushed.

“I haf’ta admit, I was a little persighted too!” Michele giggled. “Now, who’s the mystery woman?”

“Haven’t a clue.”

“Hunh? Wha’d’ya mean, girl?”

“Lexus’s registered to Jan Van Skylar at 3784 Skyline Drive way out in Harwood Heights, one of the ritziest conclaves in all of California! They ain’t nun buddy tuh fuck with, girl!” Sergeant Horton huffed.

“Cool yer jets, Bonnie!” Michelle laughed. “I have a date with the girl for tonight at seven at the Steak Barn out on Oceanside. I just wanted to know more about her.”

“Well, the girl is Janey Van Skylar, sister to the aforementioned Jan Van Skylar. She’s unmarried; she’s an attorney for her company, Van Skylar Productions, a high end manufacturer of electronic boards, electronic doodads of one sort or another and she’s ranked in the top one hundred of Fortune’s 500 on Wall Street.

“She’s high class and there’s nothing else in her dossier. She’s clean as a new born baby! You watch your step around her. Oh, and she, or rather, her brother, owns the Steak Barn and about fifty percent of Harwood Heights, land her grandfather bought in the mid-30’s for a song.”

Michelle laughed. “I always did like them high class dames!”

“You watch yer ass with this one, baby girl!”

“Yes, Mother,” Michelle giggled as she hung up.

“Yuh been warned, dang it!” she heard as she broke the connection.

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THREE

‘So,’ she thought, ‘Miss Fancy Panties is a rich bitch!’ she giggled. ‘Picture that. Who’d a thunk it?’ She shivered delicately.

‘Now how do you impress a woman who obviously has everything? No matter what I give her, she’s got it all ready, and better! Damn!

‘OK,’ she scolded herself, ‘Quitc’her belly aching! Just be your charming self. Wow her with your animal charm! Yeah, easier said than did!’ she scoffed.

Having no idea what she was doing, Michelle chose a conservative woman’s business suit with a starched white shirt, black bow tie, black jex socks, and black ballerina flats to minimize her height.

‘Damn!’ she thought. ‘Height is swell on the court, but it sure is a bitch out in the real world! God, she’s prolyl a petite five nothing! Just my luck!’ she be-moaned the fates that had given her six feet two inches and thirty eight inches of wing-span!

‘Oh, well, can’t help it, so fuck it! Dun worry about it. What else can you do?’

Promptly at six forty-five, she parked in front of the restaurant and waited, her patience worn to a frazzle by her unconscious fretting.

Seven came and went. Seven oh five and she was beginning to think she had been stood up when she saw the Lexus drive into the lot and park in a no-parking slot right in front.

“Hey!” she greeted as she approached the car, opening the door for Janey who swung her legs out giving Michelle a good look at well-toned, nylon encased legs shod in operas with five inch high heels.

As she stood up-right, Michelle saw that she was a good five foot nine in her heels and she was relieved for some reason. She was wearing a little black dress with cap sleeves, tight bodice, fitted waist that curved nicely in back, garnering Michelle’s rapt appreciation!

“Hey, girl, how’s by you the fambly?” she greeted jokingly.

“Are you a Sabra? A Jewess, I mean?” the girl asked in alarm.

“Michelle laughed. “Hardly! My Irish parents would have a cow if I were!”

“Not that I have anything against Jews because we have many working at Van Skylar Productions and they are OK,” Janey replied, reddening slightly.

“S’OK,” Michelle soothed. “My bosses, the team’s owners are evenly divided between Jews and Catholics and Mormons. And they are all cheap-skates!”

The girl giggled.

“Hey, I can’t keep calling you, ‘Hey, You,’” Michelle scolded. “What’s your name? You never bothered telling me last night.”

“Oh, I didn’t? No, I guess I didn’t,” she admitted. “It’s Janey, Janey Van Skylar, if that makes any difference to you.” Again that brilliant smile!

“So what do I call you? Janey? Jan? What?” Michelle asked.

“Oh, not Jan! That’s my brother’s name! Most people just call me Janey.”

“OK, Janey it is! Now, let’s go inside. I’m starving!”

Janey laughed. “Hardly!”

Inside they were met by the maître de who asked Michelle, “Do you have a reservation?” Then he saw Janey and his whole manner changed. “Oh, Miss Van Skylar! I didn’t realize she was with you!” he apologized.

She laughed. “I’m sorry, Maurice, we forgot to make reservations.”

He bowed politely. “I’ll seat you in the dining alcove,” he whispered as he kissed the back of Janey’s hand. “Walk this way,” and he wriggled his way between tables.

Michelle giggled. “If I could walk that way, I wouldn’t need the talcum!”

“What?” Janey asked, distracted.

“Nothing, not important,” Michelle replied sotto voce.

Maurice showed them into a private room and seated them at a long table. “I do hope this will be to your liking, Ms Van Skylar.”

She smiled at him brilliantly. "This will be perfect, Maurice. May we have two menus?"

"Certainly!" He snapped his fingers and a small blonde girl scuttled in. She curtsied. "Sir?"

"This will be your table tonight, Joy. Be sure to give them the best service!"

"Of course," she replied, curtsying again as he bustled away.

"Joy?" Janey asked.

"Yes, Ma'am?" she replied, curtsying.

"Oh, stop that infernal bobbing up and down! Makes me dizzy!" Janey scolded.

"Yes, Ma'am," Joy replied, catching herself half-way through a curtsy.

"OK, Ms Basketball Star, what do you recommend?" Janey asked.

"Steak, medium well, French fries, coffee, house veggies and spumoni ice cream smothered in heavy cream with hot chocolate on top for dessert. How's that strike you?"

"Oh?" Janey's eyes arched. "I thought you played basketball, not baseball!"

Michelle stared at her a moment, then laughed. "Strike! Funny."

"Oh, you're Michelle Grayson, star center on the Golden State Wildcats, aren't you?" the girl asked, obviously awed.

Flattered, Michelle nodded. "Yep, in the flesh!"

"Oh, Ms Grayson, I have watched you play so many times on television! You're just magnificent!" She exclaimed, then turned to go about her duties.

"Thank you," Michelle replied, even more flattered than ever.

"Seems you have a big fan," Janey teased.

Michelle blushed. "I get that all the time."

"I think you like it," she continued.

Michelle sighed. "Yeah, it does sort of beef up the ego."

Janey smiled.

They were interrupted by their waitress. "Excuse me," she apologized. "I forgot to ask if you want anything to drink before your steaks are grilled?"

“Just ginger ale over the rocks, for me,” Michelle replied. “You?”

“Lemonade over the rocks, if it’s not too much trouble,” Janey smiled.

“Nothing is too much trouble for you Ms Van Skylar!” the girl gushed.

Janey had the courtesy to blush.

“Seems I’m not the only one with an admirer!” Michelle commented. She stood, held out her hand, “Shall we dance, Miss Van Skylar?”

“Surely, Ms Grayson!” Again that flashing smile that played havoc with Michelle’s heart action!

Janey moved into Michelle’s arms as Michelle led her not too gracefully around the floor. “Oh, my, a regular Fred Astaire!” she gasped as Michelle stepped on her foot.

“More like Fred’s two left footed brother,” Michelle grimaced as she stepped on Janey’s foot once more.

Janey giggled. “Well, one can’t have everything, I suppose,” she teased as she leaned in close, resting her head against Michelle’s soft shoulder. “This is so nice,” she whispered.

“Sure is!” Michelle agreed passionately.

Soon enough, their subservient waitress interrupted them. “Your steaks are ready, Mesdames,” she whispered.

“Good! I’m starved!” Michelle announced as she led Janey back, seating her before sitting herself.

“My, such manners, yet!” Janey teased a blushing Michelle.

“I was taught manners when escorting a lady,” she defended herself.

“Oh, now I’m a lady?” Janey smiled. “Last night I was just a common drunk rolling around in the gutter!”

“You never!” Michelle gasped, then saw the humor in Janey’s eyes. “Oh, a joke, eh? Oy vey, another out-of-work comedienne, yet!” She rolled her eyes Heavenward.

“You absolutely sure you’re not Jewish?” Janey teased.

“Well, I was never circumscribed! Does that count?” Michelle shot right back.

“Talk about comediennes!” Janey giggled.