

# MARIANNE & DAWN



Morgana Stevensen

AL



Copyright © 2016

Published by Mags, Inc

All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address

Mags, Inc.

P.O. Box 5829

Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[www.magsinc.com](http://www.magsinc.com)

# **New Authors Wanted!**

**Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.**

**Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.**

**If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book. Get published, and get paid for it.**

## **Contact**

**magsinc@pacbell.net,  
reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call  
800-359-2116 to get started.**

# MARIANNE & DAWN

By Morgana Stevensen

## ONE

The sounds of some boys fighting drew Dawn's attention, "What the Hell?" she muttered. Rounding the corner of the building, she saw four larger boys beating and kicking a much smaller one who knelt in the street while they pummeled him repeatedly.

"Fuckin' pansy!" shouted the largest of the boys, Jerimiah "Jerry" Caine, a bully she had crossed swords with many times in the past.

"Hey, you there, Caine!" she yelled angrily. "What's going on here?"

"Get lost, Maynard!" Jerry growled as he looked around. "This here's nunna yer bees wax, so butt the fuck out!" he ordered without looking at her.

She grabbed his wrist just as he was about to strike the defenseless boy again. "Not on my watch,

## 2 Morgana Stevensen

asshole!" she growled. "Back off, I tell you!" she demanded.

"Ah, screw you!" he growled as he balled his fist preparatory to striking her.

She struck without warning, her left fist belting him in the solar plexus. And as he bent over, trying to catch his breath, her right fist caught his chin with a short uppercut. She followed this with a short kick of her toe squarely between his legs, catching him on his unsuspecting sex. He gasped loudly, grabbed for his hurting crotch and fell to the hard ground, unconscious.

"Whut'n'a Hell?" his cousin, Big Dick Caine growled as he drew back to hit her.

A short left to his belly caused the loss of his breath and like his bigger cousin, he bent to be met by a hard right fisted uppercut and an equally accurate pointed toe to the crotch that laid him out cold on the ground beside his cousin.

"Holy fuckin' crap!" the third boy, Charles "Chuck" Burkle exclaimed as her fist doubled in preparation. "Whu'fo youse did that there fer?" he gasped.

"Ah dun believe it," the fourth boy, Sammy Herd, exclaimed in utter disbelief.

"Believe it, asshole!" Dawn growled. "Now, get that garbage outta here, P.D.F.Q.!"

Hurriedly, they dragged the two unconscious boys from the scene.

Dawn turned her attention to the still sniffling smaller boy. "Hey! Why were they hitting on you for?" she demanded.

"I . . . I . . . don't . . . don't know," he blubbered. "I was just walking to school when they jumped me and started calling me names. Then they began hitting me and broke my glasses and my school supplies are ruined!" he pointed to the twisted spectacles and trampled articles strewn about on the ground.

"They'll buy you some new ones," Dawn promised. "I'll make sure of that! Now, do you have spare glasses

at home? And more clothes that are clean and not torn like these are?"

He nodded. "Yes, older ones," he admitted shyly.

"Better'n a poke in the eye with a sharp stick!" she grinned. Then she helped him gather all his belongings, took him by the hand, and taking his books and things, walked him back to his house where they were greeted by his distraught mother.

"Heavens, Marian!" she exclaimed. "What happened to you?"

"Some bullies were beating on him till I sent them packing with a coupla choice words and a few well-placed punctuations," Dawn explained. "Marian got his glasses busted and his clothes are a bit dusty but he'll live."

"Oh, thank you so much, Miss. . . er, Miss. . . what was your name again? Our last name is Mason."

"It's Dawn, Dawn Maynard. My dad owns Maynard's Dairy just outside of town."

"Thank you so much, Miss Maynard," the woman gushed.

"Hey, it t'weren't nuttin'," she replied modestly. "'N I'm Dawn."

"I thought by moving here we would be rid of this harassment at a new school, Dawn," the woman sighed. "Obviously I was wrong."

"Why?" Dawn asked. "Why'd you move?"

"Partly because Mr. Mason, my husband, was transferred to your city and partly because Marian was the constant target of bullies at his old school. I had to walk him to and from school to circumvent what happened to him today," she explained.

Dawn turned to Marian. "What grade are you in, Marian?" she asked quietly.

"Freshman, I guess, as that's where I would have been at my last school."

"I'm a Freshman too, so I'll keep a weather eye out to see you get treated right," she promised.

## 4 Morgana Stevensen

"Oh, would you?" Mrs. Mason sounded so relieved. "I'd be glad to pay. . ."

"Fergit that kinda b. s.!" Dawn growled. "I don't take money from my friends for doing what's right. Now my enemies, that's a cow of a different color!" she grinned.

Indeed, Dawn was quite capable of her threats. She stood five foot eleven inches tall with one hundred fifty pounds of tough farm-girl on her twelve year old body, a body that was just beginning to show the signs of her impending womanhood.

Compared to Marian's five foot one inch, one hundred-one pound self, she was a virtual giant, a gentle giant for the most part, but a raging bull when her anger got roused as if had been by the sight of Marian being beaten up by the bullies.

"Hey, c'm'on, Kiddo," Dawn exclaimed as she glanced at her wrist watch. "Let's go! Don't want to be too late our first day of school, now do we?"

"No, Ma'am," Marian agreed, a glad smile wreathing his plump, kissable lips, lips that Dawn wanted desperately to sample. She blushed guiltily at the thought.

"My turn will come!" she vowed as she watched Mrs. Mason kiss her humiliated and embarrassed son good-bye.

"Just let me change into clean clothing?" he asked shyly.

"Sure, kiddo," she agreed as he hurried off.

"I really do thank you, Dawn," Mrs. Mason continued. "He's really quite helpless at anything overly physical," she explained needlessly.

"Aw, he just needs someone to show him what to do and where to go and like that," she demurred.

"OK, I'm ready," Marian announced as he returned to the room.

"Then we'd better haul ass. . . er, get a wiggle on," Dawn amended hurriedly.

"Yes, Ma'am," he agreed shyly.

Taking Marian's hand in her much larger one, they dashed out the door on their way to the first day of school and the first day of the rest of their lives.

'Together!' Dawn vowed.

Marian followed her lead obediently, eagerly, happily!

'I feel so safe with her!' he thought with a secret smile as he ran to keep up with her long strides.

"Enjoy yourself, dear," Mrs. Mason called after them.

Marian waved gaily as they ran off.

They were in plenty of time!

+ + + + +

## TWO

"It ain't right!" Dawn complained loudly to Mr. Haywood, the school principal.

"Unless it happens on school property, my hands are tied!" he smiled smugly at her angry consternation.

"Yer jist afraid you'd get visited by Deputy Sheriff Caine in the middle of the night! Alla youse're afraid of that worthless excuse for a sheriff!" she accused knowingly.

"Now see here, young woman," the man sputtered in outrage. "You can't come barging into my office and start barking at my heels like some junk yard dog!"

"'Bout time someone barked at yer heels!" she retorted. "Those damn bullies are shaking the smaller kids down for their lunch money ever day and you sit here on yer fat ass doing nothing! I'm sure my Dad will be asking you about it at the next school board meeting, which, if I have my facts straight, is tonight. So, get yourself ready for a royal ass reaming from my Dad, Buster!"

## 6 Morgana Stevensen

Turning angrily, she stormed out, slamming the door so hard that the glass rattled threateningly. The thoroughly cowed man picked up the phone and dialed.

A moment later, "Sheriff's Office," a nasal voice answered casually.

"This is Principal Haywood at the high school. May I speak with Deputy Sheriff Jeramiah Caine, please?"

"Ah'm sorry, Sheriff Caine is out on patrol but ah kin relay yer message," came the obviously insolent reply.

"Tell him I have to speak with him immediately. It's urgent as it concerns his son and both nephews."

"Ah'll tell 'im." The line went dead.

"Sum-na-bitch!" Haywood muttered. "Gawdamn fool's never around when he's needed. Damn waste of a good deputy sheriff's slot!" he muttered, then looked around guiltily, making sure no one had heard his vindictive criticism.

He was alone, his office door closed and locked. He sighed with obvious relief.

Ten minutes later, his desk phone rang. "Yes?"

"It's Deputy Caine on line one," his secretary's voice informed him.

"Thank you." He pressed the blinking light on the phone and started in, "Caine? Us'n's got big troubles."

"Whut's scorchin' yer bloomers naow, Haywood?" Caine asked rudely. "Damn, yer worsen' n uh ol' maid!"

"It's that son and nephews of yours and their damn cohorts who're causing us trouble. They've been shaking down the smaller kids for their lunch money and some of the parents want action. They're about to petition the school board about it."

"Forget it, Haywood. It's offa school prop'ty 'n nuttin' dey kin do'll change duh law," he bragged confidently.

"No, you don't understand. It's that damned dairy farmer, Charley Maynard. He wants the Sheriff's Department to protect those kids."

"Good luck wi'h 'at there!" Caine chuckled. "Ain't gonna hoppen whilst I'se still Sheriff uh this here county."

"That's just it. Election's just two weeks away. What if you get voted out?"

Caine laughed. "Dey ain't gots duh balls tuh fire me! Ah gots too much on alla 'em, 'n dey know it!"

"Not Maynard! He could run as a write in and if he's elected, the gravy train's over, kaput, finished, done for and long gone outta the window Charlie!"

"Ah gots duh boys watchin' duh polls so nuttin' gets by us. Us'n's'll be looking over they shoulders whilst dey marks they ballots, so what'cha worried about? Asides, us'n's gots duh graveyard vote sewed up!"

"Maynard. He's got enough pull to kick the feet right out from under you. So, get your son and his gang to back off until after the election. They can afford to wait a bit."

"Yeah, well, Jerr never did pay much attention tuh me," Caine admitted.

"He'd better or we're all facing time in State's prison or a Federal penitentiary for a whole buncha years! I don't know about you, but that holds no appeal to me!"

"Quit c'her worryin', ol' woman!" Caine growled. "Ah'll handle Maynard."

"You'd damned well better!" Haywood retorted angrily and hung up, slamming the receiver onto its cradle. "Idiot!" he muttered angrily.

"Yeah, screw you 'n duh fuckin' horse you rode in on, too!" Caine growled into a dead line.

+ + + + +

### THREE

"So what are you doing about the bullying of the younger students by those who steal their lunch money day after day?" Mr. Maynard demanded of Principal Haywood.

"It happens off school property. Our hands are tied," he explained smugly.

"That's a crock of bull and you know it!" Maynard thundered back. "According to State Law, if it affects a student's safety and well-being, jurisdiction extends as needed. That means you can stop this bullying immediately, if not sooner."

"Now see here," Haywood gasped. "Are you threatening me?"

"Damned straight I am!" Maynard shot back. "You're just a lily-livered boot licker for Caine and his cohorts. If you don't do something immediately, you'll find yourself out in the street on January 3<sup>rd</sup>! I can promise you and *Deputy Sheriff* Caine that! Then all you crooks will be inside a jail cell looking out instead of outside looking in!"

"That's telling him!" came a woman's shrill voice from the audience.

"Let's vote the bastids out!" advised another loud male voice.

Shouts of approval drowned out Haywood's protests and he slunk down in his chair in defeat. 'Now what?' he asked himself.

He noticed a stir at the back of the room and saw Deputy Caine slide quietly out the door. A moment later the sounds of a speeding patrol car came to his ears.

'Damned coward!' he thought.

No further business was discussed, since all important decisions had already been made in the back room, but it was more that no one was interested.

Next day, Mr. Maynard had an unpleasant visitor, Deputy Sheriff Caine!

"Hey, Maynard, gotta minute?" Caine hailed the dairy farmer.

"Yeah, at most for you," he agreed. "What's on yer so called. . . mind?"

Ignoring the implied insult, Caine growled menacingly, "Ah heared sum rumors yuh been thinnin' uh runnin' fer sher'f's uh write-in candydate?"

"Yeah, I heard the same rumor. What about it?"

"So, ah'd advise yuh agin h'it!"

"Oh? And why is that?"

"Well, fer one thang, yer'n uh unknown'n duh voters don' la'k change."

"Says you."

"Sez histry. Yuh cud look h'it up."

"Caine, there are twelve thousand sixty registered voters in this county and about twelve thousand of them are fed up with you and your incompetence as a Deputy. Like the Bard says, 'It's time for a change,' and that's what I'll give them, honest government administration, I won't turn a blind eye to what's been passing as lawful representation of the citizenry like you and your crooked cronies do."

Caine laughed. "Youse reformers're all ala'k. Yuh don' wanna change duh system, youse jist wanna git in on duh gravy train!"

"Not this time," Maynard vowed.

"OK, us'n's'll see whut us'n's'll see comeded Tuesday." Caine spat on the ground in front of Maynard's boots and left without a backward glance.

"That we shall," Maynard called after his retreating back.

His answer was a spray of gravel as Caine sped away.

## 10 Morgana Stevensen

Voter turnout that First Tuesday in November was the highest the county had ever seen. Fully sixty percent of those who were registered voted, and of the more than

seven point four thousand votes cast, five thousand twenty were write in votes for Charles Maynard for County Sheriff!

At the polls, every voter had to prove he was who he said he was and that one fact all but negated Caine's "graveyard vote!"

Caine was astounded. He called his cronies together and demanded to know what had happened. "Too many ol' codgers tuh keep 'em at bay," one man offered.

"Yeah, there was uh buncha dem at my place too. Dey jist took over ever'thang 'n ah coun't get muh boys in position 'cause ever time one was, dey crowded 'im outta duh way so's us'n's coun't never see whom dey voted fer!" another offered.

"'N us'n's had to show identification ever time us'n's tried tuh vote 'n that threw uh big monkey wrench intuh thangs!" another explained.

"Well, us'n's gots till January 3<sup>rd</sup> tuh make contingent plans," Caine announced.

"What's 'at thar mean?" one of his cronies asked doubtfully.

"Cover yer asses, yuh idjit!" Caine snarled.

There was silence in the room.

Mr. Maynard called on Principal Haywood. "You're out, you know. I hear the State Auditors are looking into school finances for the whole time you've been here and it don't look good, Charlie! Too many unaccounted for items to be accidental and the new D. A. is thinking strongly about an indictment, unless. . ." he paused meaningfully.

"Unless. . . what?" Haywood asked, fearing the worse.

"You turn State's evidence and help us put Boss Caine behind bars where he belongs and the D. A. will

offer you probation and community service for ten years. Of course, you know that you'll have to resign as School Principal."

Haywood blanched. "But, how will I live?" he gasped. "My salary is all I have!"

"Should have thought of that before you got your fingers caught in the cookie jar!" Maynard laughed. "My heart bleeds for you. . . *not!*" he added, laughing.

"Bastard!" Haywood hissed angrily.

"That's *Sheriff* Bastard to you, *Sir!* And don't you ever forget it!" Maynard retorted as he left, his laughter trailing behind him long after he closed the door.

The investigation went forward at an accelerated pace due to Haywood's coerced cooperation and at the local Party machine's annual New Year's celebration, the former Deputy Sheriff, Jerimiah Richard Caine, was arrested and charged with grand larceny, intimidation of a witness, ballot packing and several other assorted crimes.

Not believing that they could possibly be affected by his father's arrest, Jerry and his buddies beat up three little kids and took their lunch money.

The kids immediately went to the hall monitor and reported the theft as they had been instructed to do. The hall monitor called the new Sheriff who went to the nearest magistrate, swore out a warrant for the culprits, found them in a vacant lot where they had gathered to drink beer and gloat, and arrested them on the spot.

Jerry tried to resist by striking a police officer who immediately defended himself by cold-cocking the boy and laying him unconscious on the ground. Jerry woke up with a headache the size of Oklahoma, a sore jaw and additional charges of resisting arrest, striking an officer of the Law, public nuisance, drunkenness, making a public display of himself with lewd behavior and obscene language, molesting and threatening a minor child with bodily harm, petit larceny and aggravated petit theft from a minor or minors.

## 12 Morgana Stevensen

Because the four boys were over seventeen years of age, they were charged as adults and, if they could post it, were then released on bail.

Because of his father's presently restricted financial straits, Jerry stayed behind bars and glowered at his buddies when they visited.

"Whut'n duh Hell's dis c'here aggravated petit theft shit?" Jerry demanded.

"Means us'n's done it more'n onct," Dick explained.

"'N beat 'em up too," Sammy Herd added.

"But us'n's're still minors," Jerry insisted. "Us'n's ain't not eighteen!"

"Us'n's useta be minors," Dick corrected. "But as uh January first, by a naction uh duh State legislature, persons over seventeen kin be charged as adults, at duh discretion uh duh local D. A., 'n he said us'n's wuz adults in his estimation."

"Yeah? W'en mah dad gets his hands on 'em, dey'll sing uh different tune," Jerry blustered.

"Yer dad's goin' away fer twenny years if'n they catch him," Dick told him.

"Hunh?"

"Yeah, seems dey found where he had swiped over uh hundred thousand dollars from duh county since he wuz made Sheriff w'en duh other guy kicked off mysteriously!"

"Holy shit!" Jerry exclaimed. "Dat much, eh?"

"'N' more," Dick affirmed.

"So where's it all at?" Jerry demanded.

"He spent alla h'it," Dick repeated what he had been told.

"Alla h'it?"

Dick nodded. "So's he claims."

"Horse hockey! He never spent one damn cent if'n he cud git sumbuddy else tuh spring fer h'it!"

"Yeah, us'n's know dat," Dick agreed.

"Is he out?" Jerry demanded.

Dick nodded. "Yep. Got released on his own recognition and skipped the country. Last we heard he was in South America, Brazil or Argentina, so they say."

"Yeah, he'd go there aw rite. He kin speak Portuguese, Spanish 'n German, yuh know," Jerry mused.

"Ah din' know 'at," Dick admitted.

"'N' left us uh holding duh friggin' bag," Jerry moaned.

"Duh one dey really want tuh nail is you," Dick affirmed. "Youse made uh deadly enemy outta that there Maynard gal. She's out fer yer blud, boy!"

"Ah, screw her! What can that cunt do?" Jerry blustered.

"She promised us leniency, probation only if'n we'd blow you in," Dick told him.

"Whut? 'Course you telled her tuh go plumb tuh Hell, din' yuh?"

"Coun't," Dick admitted. "Ah don' thin' ah cud stan' ten years in State's prison!"

"Ten years?" Jerry asked incredulously.

"That's whut duh new D. A. sed," Dick added sheepishly.

"You guys heard what ah heard?" he asked the other two, Charles "Chuck" Burkle and Sammy Herd.

They nodded in unison.

"So whut'd youse tell 'er?" he demanded.

"Sorry, Jerr," Chuck whimpered. "She ain't giveded me nun cherce!"

"Friggin' traitor!" He turned to Sammy.

Sammy nodded. "Me neither, Jerr," he whispered.

"Me neither whut?" Jerry snarled.

"She ain't giveded me nun cherce needer!"

"Friggin' traitors, duh whole buncha youse. Jist wait'll ah gits outta dis shit 'n youse'll all be sorry, ah promise yuh dat!"

"Twenny years is uh long time, 'specially since dey'll give you straight up twenny th'out chance uh

parole 'n dat cunt'll make shore yuh does ever secont uh yer time!"

"Fuckin' bitch!"

"Good luck up-state, Jerr," the three said as they turned to leave.

Jerry slunk to the bunk, defeated and downhearted.

'Tuh think dis c'here could happen tuh me!' he thought.

"Hey, Caine," his jailor yelled. "Yuh gots uh nother visitor, wanna see her?"

"Mom!" he yelled as he stood to the bars expectantly.

Except that it wasn't his mother, it was Dawn Maynard!

"Whut're youse doin' c'here?" he demanded.

"Came to see my favorite bitch!" she chuckled. The boys up-state are just waiting to get your sweet little girl ass alone in a cell!"

"Dey woun't dare!" he blustered.

"Why not, you got no pull, no leverage, nothing to buy them off, so guess what? Yer cherry ass'll be passed around from one big prick to another until yer ass's big's uh sewer pipe!" she laughed.

"You fuckin' cunt!" he bellowed.

"You should have left the little kids alone, like I advised you in the first place. But, no, not you. You're too damn hard-headed to listen to good advice! Well, enjoy yer time up-state!" she laughed as she turned and walked away.

"Fuckin' cunt!" he groaned under his breath. "Sum day, ah'll git yer ass, Maynard, 'n den us'n's'll see whut usn's'll see! Yuh'll see!"

"Whut'd yuh say, sweet cheeks?" came a deep voice from the next cell. "Wanna come on over 'n tell me all about it?"

Struck with sudden fear, Jerimiah "Jerry" Richard Caine, Junior, cowered on the hard prison bed, his eyes filling rapidly with bitter tears of self-pity!

"Damn you, ol' man!" he cursed his father.