

SIMON WENTLUKE



THE ATHLETE'S  
BRIDE

The Athlete's Bride by Simon Wentluke

**THE ATHLETE'S BRIDE**

by

**SIMON WENTLUKE**



**© 2004 MAGS INC. Written by Simon Wentluke  
Illustrations by Teeje  
Printed in the United States  
All rights reserved**

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by information storage and retrieval system, without written permission by the author and Mags Inc.

All incidents and persons depicted in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental and unintentional and is intended for purely parody purposes.

Denis Levitsky sighed in mild exasperation. That wife of his! She was always taking on more than she could handle and getting him to bail her out.

"What is it this time?" asked his and Kelly's secretary Tiffany. She was a petite redheaded bombshell who spoke her mind.

"This time, she wants me to step in at the last minute and co-ordinate that charity event down at Orca Place."

"Oooh," said Tiffany. "Will Marco Kolenka and Rip McCall be there?" These were two unmarried players on the west coast city's professional hockey team. "They are so hunk!" she added unnecessarily.

"Maybe," said Denis. "But this is for the players and their wives and girlfriends. Those two have neither at this time. Each takes shots at a goal with targets on it and whatever scores they get turns into dollars for their favorite charity."

"Neat," said Tiffany. "But it's Kelly's client, not yours."

"We'll, corporately we're a partnership, so it's once again into the breach dear friends."

Denis and Kelly ran a small public relations firm. So far, they had only one ongoing account, PR for the wives of the Orca hockey team. A friend of Kelly's in the organization had lined it up, with the hint that the team might hand over its main PR function too if Kelly did well. The team was doing well on the ice but losing fans and TV

Kelly was an Olympic medalist and star of the country's women's hockey team, she had an automatic entree with pro hockey players and her business was always busier than his & They had met at the Salt Lake City Olympics, which he had been covering for a sports weekly. After a whirlwind romance Kelly had lured him back to her hometown and into business with her.

As Denis's cab raced across town to Orca Place, he pondered anew that Kelly, robust, even muscular in a gorgeously attractive way, had

fallen for someone unmacho like him, who had fallen into sports writing accidentally, and whose first love was modern history. He pored through the file Tiffany had found for him on the event.

Some of the Orca wives and girlfriends could be a trial. Especially Gloria O'Byrne, wife of Defenseman Brendan O Byrne. They were a perfect match: a pure animal of a man mated to a trophy wife if ever there was one. Big hair, always made up and dressed to the nines. A knockout for sure, but he wished she weren't Kelly's best friend and he wished she would stop trying to undermine his marriage with her quips about how puny he was and about what a relief it must be for Kelly to come home to so "undemanding" a guy as Denis after hanging out with "hunks" like her husband all day.

Denis was on the small side, it was true. He was no slouch at badminton and golf but he'd never bulked up like his teenage friends and even today, at 26, he needed to shave his light blond facial hair only two times a week. All the workouts at the gym with Kelly just kept him trim. His arms remained slender, his waist narrow and body hair almost invisible.

Denis ran into the arena with two minutes to spare. On the ice, standing on a red carpet, were some of the hockey players with their partners, all in furs. That's right. It was a promotion for a local fur coat manufacturer who would use their pictures. As he descended to the door onto the ice level he saw his wife and Gloria.

"Look, there's your sweet little hubby," shrieked Gloria in her piercing voice.

Denis said, "What are you doing here, Kelly, I thought"

She held up an imperious hand. "I know, but things changed at the last minute. I m here for a while. And Kylenkov Furs wants a picture of me and you together so it's lucky you came."

Kelly explained the drill to the assembled players and partners. The women would each shoot for their charities and presumably miss.

"Not you Kelly," quipped Rip McCall, a tall, broad-shouldered man with curly black hair and bedroom eyes. "You'll ace it!"

Kelly blushed prettily. "Well, the other women. So when they miss, their partners will gallantly step in and make their charities lots of money from Mr. Kylenkov" she gestured towards a smiling, balding middle-aged man beside her "who in return gets a bunch of nifty promotional shots of you sexy men and women in his glamorous fur coats and she pointed to two racks of fur coats hanging in wheeled racks on carpeting of their own.

"Do we get to keep the coats?" asked a slender, winsome blonde, Natalia Potova, apparently in all seriousness. Everyone laughed.

"Of course," beamed Mr. Kylenkov. "If you pay for them!"

The women took some practice shots as the charity representative's video and still cameras. As each shot went wide of the net the people from the charities groaned histrionically.

Now the event began in earnest, emceed by Kelly. It went like clockwork: Mr. Kylenko fitted each couple into their coats: the woman stepped up to the carpet, took her shot and missed; her partner stepped up with her and under the guidance of Kylenkov's photographer, adopted various helping stances, then took the shot with his girlfriend or wife enclosed in his brawny, furred arms. The players easily scored on the nearby net and the charities applauded.

As the event proceeded Kelly sidled up to Denis and said: "Love, can you take over, I gotta rush!"

"But I thought you and I"

"No time. Just do the emceeing and when it's your turn, do what Kylenkov tells you." And she was gone.

Denis knew the team well enough to introduce the players and partners. When all were done, Gloria called out: "What about Denis and Kelly? Don't you have a charity to shoot for?"

Denis looked at the program Kelly had left and saw they were indeed slated to shoot for a children's Christmas fund.

Kylenkov appeared at his elbow holding a model's release form, which he signed. "Please to take your best shot Mr. Levitsky" The players and women applauded, some mockingly. Rip McCall and Gloria and Brendan seemed particularly insincere in their cheers.

Embarrassed, Denis slipped into a heavy ermine coat, which seemed a bit high in the waist. "Sony," said Kylenkov. "Is a woman's coat? I have plenty of men's in your size, but did not bring."

Denis took his shot and as expected he missed, setting off groans from the children who had come along with that charity's representative.

"Who will help Denis?" asked Kylenkov. There was a long pause while Denis writhed inwardly in embarrassment. Suddenly, looming up beside him was Marco Kolenko, the Orca's boyish star scorer.

"I will help Denis," he said softly. And he put his arms around Denis and grasped the stick as everyone cheered. He took the shot and scored, to more cheers. But Kylenkov's photog wanted more shots so Denis remained in Marco's arms for what seemed an eternity. At one point he looked up and saw his wife, standing between her mother and Gloria O Byrne. Oh great! He thought. My two worst enemies get to fill my wife with poison while I'm in this ridiculous position. Kelly's mother Anna had been a world-class athlete in her day and was still a world-class bitch. She attempted to control his wife's life and had done her best to prevent her marriage to Denis. Long-divorced, she had gone through a string of lovers, all jocks, some much younger than herself.

He could just imagine the comments they were making about his manliness. He glanced up and saw that, indeed, Gloria and his mother-in-law were going all the talking, while Kelly gazed at him thoughtfully, nodding.

Finally the ordeal was over, the charity volunteers all escorted from the office, and Denis could return to his own work. That night his

wife brought it all up over dinner. He threw it back at her, pointing out it never would have happened if she had been doing her own job.

"In fact, how about never asking for my help again," he snapped.

After a few moments she responded apologetically: "I'm sorry love. I just was taken aback to see in a situation that could damage your reputation. I mean, everyone knows that Kolenka is gay."

"First off, how could it hurt my reputation with my clients in the movie biz: half of them are gay too? Secondly, Marco isn't gay, he's homosexual."

Kelly rolled her eyes. Denis could be a bore on the meaning of words. "Okay," she said grudgingly, "I'll bite. What's the big difference?"

"It's a big difference to Marco. He's very traditional. He admits he's attracted to men but he doesn't act on it. In fact, he plans to marry and have children."

Kelly's mouth hung open in amazement. "And just how do you know information about Marco that the tabloids would kill for?"

"Um, we got talking at that reception at City Hall last year: the season kickoff?"

"Right."

"So despite all the PR you've put out about him being Ukrainian, he's actually Estonian"

"Ooooh, like you!" squealed Kelly."

"Exactly, you see he went to school in Ukraine and played for the Ukrainian nationals. Estonia has no hockey to speak of."

"And you two talked about your sexuality just because you're both from Estonia?"

Denis laughed. "Well, mostly we talked about Estonian history."

"I might have known," sighed Kelly. Her husband was a history nut.

"It turns out history is Marco's second love. And guess what? Hockey isn't his first love; it's Estonia. He's a real patriot. Says the country is going to the dogs. The old Communists are back in power, more corrupt than ever. He plans to make his fame and fortune in hockey and return to Estonia and clean things up. It's still a traditional kind of place where gay rights don't exist. Part of returning in style means returning with a beautiful wife and some lovely children."

"Wow, Denis, I'm impressed. While everyone else at that reception were taking about condos in Maui and Whistler, you were worming your way into the great star's confidence."

"Please, Kelly, worming's unfair. He was just so lonely and when he discovered I could speak Estonian he just talked a mile a minute."

"So answer the big question: why won't he participate in PR functions?"

"He hates them. They're boring as hell and he's shy about his language skills. The other players are typical jocks he finds boring. He doesn't drink or do drugs or fool around because he's saving himself and his earnings for Estonia. He's really quite noble."

"Well, he's obviously got your vote!" said Kelly, thoughtfully. Kolenka was the team's biggest star but he was a dud as far as PR goes. He was painfully shy, shunned public events and had it written in his contract he didn't have to do PR at all if he didn't want to, which was most of the time.

"What are you thinking?" Denis asked, noting a faraway look in Kelly's eyes.

"Um, that what we need to find for Marco is a female version of you!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Denis. "You think that would get him out in

public more?"

"Exactly, you know the club needs to improve its community relations. Having a big sourpuss like Marco as the biggest star is hurting them with the public."

Kelly thought of the conversation she had had with Gloria and her mother at the rink. They had mocked Denis again about his lack of virility and castigated her for staying in the marriage. "Look at him," his mother snorted derisively. "He could be a girl."

About a week later Kelly asked Denis to fill in for her again. At least she gave him more warning, over breakfast on the day of the event. Could he rush down to a major department store where several hockey wives were attending a public lecture on makeup? Victoria's Roussin leaves a warm, caring personal impression.

After the lecture the wives were supposed to make up each other using the principles advanced in the lecture.

"You don't have to do anything, just show up," said Kelly. "Thanks lover." Sure he could, he said, grimacing slightly with a sudden stomach cramp.

"Oh dear, are you feeling sick?" Kelly asked, her voice dripping with concern.

"Yeah, for a couple of days now, some nausea and now these cramps."

"Probably just the flu," offered Kelly, standing over Denis and wrapping her arms around him from behind. Her hands drifted up to his face. "Oh," she said.

"What?"

"Well, it's just that you're going to be on display today- maybe you should give yourself a closer shave."

"Really?" Denis had very light, blond facial hair.

"Just for appearances."

"Okay dear."

"And don't forget those special vitamins Darla got from her new doctor friend," said Kelly, referring to her mother, Darla Smyth. "They'll stave off the worst of the flu."

"Sure thing, Hon," said Denis, reaching for the three pill bottles. "Though I don't see what's so special. The bottles just say Vitamins C, D and Multivitamin X."

Some enriched formula, Darla thought.

While Denis shaved again, Kelly called her mother. "He's got cramps. That's the first symptom, isn't it? Well, yes, he's already noticeably more agreeable. But it's the physical changes I can hardly wait for. Yes, the next step is today. Bye!"

Darla Smyth smiled like the cat that swallowed the canary and put down her cell phone. "Who was that, mistress? Said a muffled voice from her throbbing loins.

"Never you mind who it is, slave," she told her latest, but not her only lover, Dr. Daniel Phillips. "You just keep licking." She ran her hand through her tousled red hair and luxuriated in the pleasure her slave was giving her, rocking gently on his face as she contemplated her daughter's scheme. Dr. Dan was her gynecologist. He had been after her for months and now he finally had her. Only it was she who had him. She had quickly sized him up as a submissive and taken complete control of their relationship. He was supplying her with female hormones, ostensibly for a female friend past menopause. She too could hardly wait for them to take effect.

The lecture had already started when Denis arrived. He sat down beside three of the wives, Josie Laporte, Gloria O Byrne and Laura Bixley. Gloria immediately leaned over and whispered, "You're in trouble, Tiger. You're short one wife." She grinned unhelpfully.

"I'm sure we can work something out," he whispered back, but frankly couldn't see a problem.

When the lecture was over and the wives mounted the stage to do the makeovers, the store manager told Denis his deal with Kelly was that two hockey wives would make up two others. "That's what the crowd he gestured towards a gathering of about 100 women came to see."

Gloria appeared at Denis shoulder and said, "I have a suggestion."

"What's that Gloria?" he asked irritably.

"Why don't I make you up?" She turned to the manager. "He's a novelty rather than a celebrity, but if I could make him up to be beautiful, it would prove how good this makeup system is, wouldn't it."

The manager looked dubiously at Denis and turned to the lecturer, a handsome middle-aged woman. "What do you think? Could he be made up to look like a woman?"

The lecturer studied him closely, even holding his chin in her hand and moving it gently to one side.

"Yes!" And not just any woman, but a beautiful one!"

Denis gaped. "W-w-what are you talking about?"

Gloria smirked at him and took him by the hand. "C'mon, Denis, or should I say *Denise*? You don't want to blow the contract do you?"

Denis swallowed his objections. She was right. He couldn't burn this client. Darn Kelly for not nailing down four wives. Gloria led him to the lectern and said over the microphone. "Ladies, this is Denis Levitsky of the Levitsky Kelly Agency. In the unexpected absence of one of our ladies, Denis has agreed to let me make him up."

There was a round of applause and some wolf whistles from the crowd. Gloria's idea was a winner.

"Good idea, Gloria," he told her.

She smirked again and led him to a table where the makeup kit being promoted sat ominously. She sat him down and fastened a flowered smock around his neck. At that moment he was dazzled by a bright flash. It was the lecturer, taking "before" pictures of him and the other makeover subject, Ludmilla Petrova. Denis blushed furiously at his predicament. But the good-natured reaction of the audience relieved him somewhat. They clearly saw him as being a good sport and not as someone lacking virility.

Gloria began by washing his face with cleansing tissue, and then carefully matched his skin tone with a sample in the manual that came with the promotional makeup kit.

"You are an Ivory Rose," she advised him. She found the right bottle and began to dab it on his face. "Notice how I put on little amounts of foundation all over rather than a big glob all in one place & It makes for a much more even coat."

Denis wondered why she thought he needed this information. He was never going to put on makeup.

Consulting the manual, Gloria next gently rubbed a cool cream into the skin around Denis eyes. The lecturer leaned over Gloria's shoulder to say, into a hand-held mike, "the skin is so soft and vulnerable around your eyes, ladies. You simply must apply this protective cream before any makeup. Every time."

Next Gloria studied his face closely and consulted with the lecturer. Together they examined a page in the manual. The lecturer reached out and touched a point on his cheek. "Put the top of your triangle there," she told Gloria. The pushy woman nodded and Denis now experienced the soft touch of Gloria's fingers rubbing a different cream into the skin over his cheekbones. His whole face tingled now from the foundation and blusher.

"Eyes next," said Gloria, winking. "This is where we make or

break. Hold still now." She leaned close enough Denis could smell her peppermint breath and examine the perfection of her skin. Her artfully made-up eyes were like pools of mystery and allure drawing him in.

"Soon your eyes will be just as glamorous," she said softly, reading his thoughts. "Don't worry." As if he was worried about that! He thought indignantly.

She carefully ran a narrow, brown-colored brush slowly along his lower lids, then his upper. "This is eyeliner. Black would be too dark for your hair and skin colors. The cool touch of the brush tickled his skin luxuriously sending a shiver through his body. "Hold still," she admonished, but her tone was kind. Gloria's attitude seemed to be changing as Denis underwent his transformation. Gloria held up a flat, container like a box of watercolors and pointed to a little compartment of blue-grey eyeshadow. "A subtle shade for day use, Denise. For night you would go to two tones for something more dramatic."

"Please don't call me that," Denis pleaded.

Gloria did not reply as she carefully brushed the shadow on with her fingers. "Good girl," cooed the lecturer. "Brushes are just too rough for the eyelid," she told the audience. "Our makeup line is designed to preserve and protect your skin."

The chatter from the crowd was growing louder, Denis was vaguely aware. Every so often the lecturer would take another picture of Denis and plug her camera into her computer to project it onto the overhead screen. Each successive picture drew cheers from the female audience.

"I'm just going to clear away a few eyebrow hairs," advised Gloria, instantly pulling out several before he could refuse. "No more," he pleaded. "People will notice."

"No they won't," she replied. "Besides, I have to do more now just to even you up." A few more and a few more and finally she and the lecturer agreed it was enough. Would he have anything left, he

wondered. Darla gently rubbed his eyeshadow upwards to his new brow line. She penciled in the brow and applied mascara to his upper and lower lashes.

For the first time in his life Denis could actually feel his lashes. They were heavy and thick and obscured his vision.

Darla rubbed lipstick onto his lips. He licked it: it tasted of strawberry. Finally she dusted powder all over his face and stood up. She took Denis hand and led him from his chair to the front of the stage, blushing. "Voila!" she said to the crowd, who cheered wildly.

The lecturer brought a mirror for Denis to see. At first, he didn't recognize himself. He saw a strikingly handsome woman with hypnotically intense and enigmatic eyes, luscious red lips and high, gracefully arched eyebrows.

"How do you like being beautiful?" asked the lecturer, holding the mike up to Denis. The crowd quieted, waiting for his response.

"I'm stunned," said the dazed young man. "I never expected this at all."

The lecturer praised Gloria's work and again pitched her makeup kit. She thanked all the hockey wives but especially Denis for being a good sport and gave them each a complimentary makeup kit. "Here's my card," she said, looking at Denis straight in the eye. "Call me. I must go now and sell the kits. Thanks to you they will sell like hotcakes."

The hockey wives crowded round Denis and praised his beauty. "You know, this isn't just the makeup or even my skill applying it," said Gloria. "You've got lovely bone structure and skin. And I feel like killing you for those long lashes. No one would ever guess you were born male."

"Yes, well," said Denis nervously. "Where can I take this stuff off?"

At that moment his cell phone rang. It was Tiffany. "Denis, did

you forget your jean modeling event?"

"Oh darn!" he cried. "That's next week isn't it?"

"No dearie. It's right now. And you've got to get 10 blocks in the next five minutes or you are in big trouble. Gloria and Ludmilla are in it and you are emceeing so get on over there. I just got a call from the store wondering where you are."

"What wrong?" asked Ludmilla, a slender, blonde ex-figure skater who looked slightly whorish after her makeover.

"That contest at Jean Junction. It's right now!"

"Sure, we know. We thought it would be okay because we were with you," she said.

"Not?"

"Not," he replied. "We've got to get over there right now but I can't go like this!"

"Sure you can," said Gloria. "Just go as a woman, come on, let's grab my car."