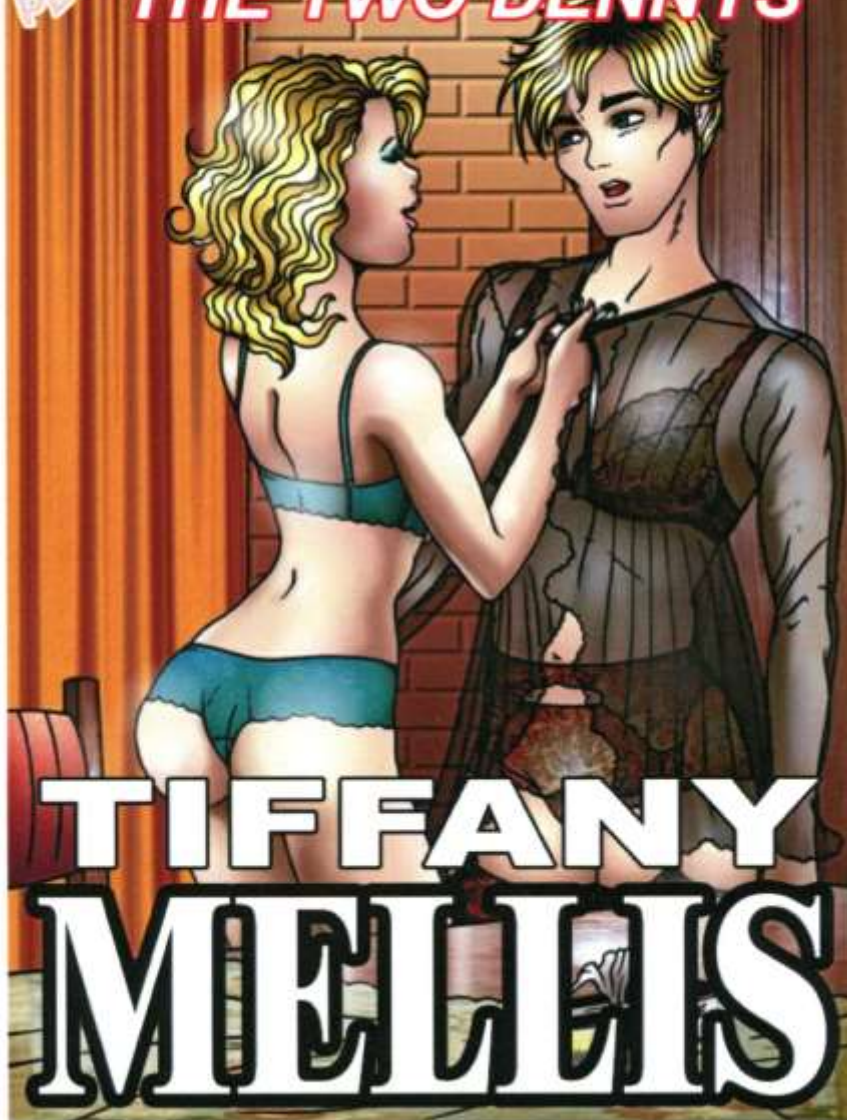


# RITA

PLUS THE TWO DENNYYS



TIFFANY  
MELLIS



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# RITA

By Tiffany Mellis

"FUCK YOU!" I shouted at the motor cyclist who had just cut me off. Rolled the power window down and stuck up my rigid left arm with my mid finger fully extended.

Melanie fussed with the ribbon that tied her straw hat onto her head. Gazed at me from behind her expensive sun glasses. "Dennis? That language is disgusting! I don't know how many times I've asked you not to do that! On top of that, he did nothing wrong that I can see. He has a right to the road too, you know!"

"Road rat!" I stormed, waving my finger about. "Think they own the goddamn road!" With that, I pressed my foot down on the accelerator and almost brushed him off the road.

"DENNIS!" Melanie screamed. "You almost killed that man! Now behave!"

"Serves him right. Asshole!" I muttered, maintaining speed and raising the window again. The motor cyclist disappeared into the distance. Frankly, I had come a LOT closer to him than I'd meant to – but no harm no foul, I muttered to myself.

"Darling? I know it's been a long drive for you – but it was you that insisted that we drive across country. Said it would help you unwind. Now I hear practically nothing but you cussing and looking for fights. Spoiling this whole time if you ask me. Thank goodness the motel isn't far!"

I looked at my lovely fiancée. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever met and she was attracted to ME! Yes, I know that I'm good looking. But I'm fair skinned and actually delicate. Don't seem to attract most women for some reason, but probably cover up my innate shyness with a lot of bluster and, I must admit, foul language – which I really don't like. Melanie didn't like it either and was constantly on my back about it, but something about my combination of looks and bluster had attracted her. Unfortunately? Her liking me just seemed to make me worse.

I drove along for a while then noticed the motor cyclist behind me. I wasn't sure, but it seemed like the same one. He wasn't trying to pass me this time, just sitting on my tail.

"There's that bastard again!" I muttered. "I think he's looking for trouble!"

"What are you talking about?" Melanie said, then added "Oh dear!" as I swerved onto the soft shoulder, raising a cloud of dust and gravel behind me.

"That'll serve the bastard right!" I laughed seeing the cloud behind me.

That tactic brought a smile to my face as the cyclist then kept his distance. Every so often I'd move over onto the soft shoulder again and make his journey unpleasant, but I wasn't able to get him again the way I had the first time. A jolt of uneasiness went through me as he took the same side road as we did, heading for the motel. "He's looking for a shit-kicking," I muttered aloud.

"Darling? Don't be causing any trouble!" Melanie spoke. "With your training you KNOW you can't get into physical fights. You'll damage someone, and they'll throw the key away on you." She laid a soft white hand on my arm. "Please darling? Just for me? No trouble."

"Okay!" I sighed reluctantly. "I won't start any trouble. But he better not either!" With that, I pulled up outside the motel's registration office, stopped the car, and got out. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the cyclist pull up close to me and dismount. Didn't seem to be in any hurry, so I started to head for the office.

"Hey fella?" I heard a muffled tone behind me.

"YEAH?" I said aggressively, turning to see the cyclist taking off his helmet.

"You drive real nasty. Know that?" he said slowly, his mouth still choked with dust I suppose.

I shrugged. "So? What're you going to do about it?"

His shoulders slumped. "Actually? I didn't intend to do anything. It was just that people who drive like you need to be talked to now and then. The idea is that if you get it brought to your attention that your driving habits are not nice? You might start behaving yourself."

"Sir?" Melanie said, coming up behind him. "You're absolutely correct and we're very sorry – at least I am. Dennis isn't really that bad. Are you staying here?"

The guy took a second to take in the sight of Melanie in her polka dotted sun dress, the straw hat and dark glasses. White sandals and white purse...

"Wow!" He said. "You sure are beautiful ma'am. I don't have a booking, just followed this car to talk to your friend here. But now I see you? I think I'll see if they have a room."

I was incensed. "Well? You've talked to me. Now piss off before I give you an ass kicking!"

"My friends call me Rita, and I think that you're absolutely beautiful!" the cyclist said to Melanie, totally ignoring me.

Melanie reacted to the flattery the way she always does. Heard only the flattery and nothing else. Turned her pretty head to show her best side. "Thank you kind sir. Maybe after we get cleaned up we can buy you a drink?"

I figured I was safe now. Wasn't about to admit that I knew I was now dealing with a girl, pretending along with Melanie that I hadn't heard. "Buying this shit - nothing!" I said angrily. "Maybe a black eye if he's not careful."

"Oh Dennis – behave!" Melanie sighed. Then I think that she actually heard what had been said and she spoke to the cyclist. "Rita? Please don't aggravate him any further, he's a specialist in unarmed combat and can't afford to get into trouble. I don't think that he'd hurt a girl – but these days, I'm not very sure."

Then the cyclist came clean. His voice had been muffled at first by the helmet, then his voice had been distorted by what I'd taken to be road dust (some of which I'd thrown in his face). His hair was tied up in a do-rag bandana which he now removed – and long dark, wavy, hair came tumbling down to his shoulders – he was revealed to be an absolute GIRL! And a pretty one at that! A surge of relief went through me as I knew I was safe for sure now.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know I was talking to a girl!" I said shortly.

Rita stared at me coldly for a moment then spoke to Melanie. "I wouldn't say this normally ma'am but I'm guessing that what he's told you is horseshit – sorry for the language ma'am" Then she turned to me and I could see the fire in her eyes.

"You may be out of sorts. May actually be a nice fella. But if you ever act to me like that again? I'll kick your ass. Understand?"

I swallowed. This girl was NOT kidding. There was a confidence and charisma there that said she could do what she said, or would die trying. I picked up a lot of sense in that short moment. Even then I could probably have got myself out of a jam – but hadn't got enough sense. "Easy for you to say!" I sneered. "Hiding behind your skirts!" Melanie looked away in disgust and started heading for the registration desk inside. "I've had enough of this nonsense!" she spat as she went.

Without any seeming haste the cyclist came and took a hold of my elbow. All of a sudden the breath left my body with the pain there. A soft "Ooh" was all I could manage.

"Know what?" she whispered so that only I could hear. "I think you're a little loud mouthed pansy. That what you are?"

"Please don't hurt me anymore?" I managed.

"I asked you a question. You a little pansy? Nod if this is too painful for you."

I didn't hesitate for a second. Nodded frantically.

"Good! Now you're going to tell that good looking broad that you're with that you've asked me to join you for drinks afterward in the lounge. I think she's VERY cute and I'd like to know her better. Think you can do that – pansy?"

"Yes. Oh yes! Please stop?" I moaned.

She let me go, then patted my shoulder. "Don't forget now. I don't want to come and look for you. If I have to do that? You'll be very sorry! Got that?"

I could only rub my elbow and nod obediently.

I made my way into the desk where Melanie had already confirmed our previous booking and was just waiting for me. There was no sign of the cyclist.

"I thought he – she – was going to try and get a room here as well," she said – and there seemed to be a tinge of regret in her voice.

"Maybe too expensive?" I said with some sudden hope. I knew – that place was NOT cheap!

"I hope that you made up with her Dennis?" she said reproachfully. "That was a disgraceful scene that you just pulled out there!"

"Once I realized that she was a woman – somebody I couldn't fight? I was a perfect gentleman!" I said. "Matter of fact? I said we'd buy her a drink in the lounge after dinner if she wanted."

She was taken in by my bullshit. "Oh Dennis! See, you can be so sweet when you want to be!" With that, she linked her arm in mine and happily, I led her off.

The room was okay. We got settled in and had a few drinks sent up then showered. Picked one of the restaurants that the place had. Dinner wasn't bad and I breathed a sigh of relief when we got into the lounge later and there was no sign of Rita. Maybe she had taken off. Melanie seemed disappointed. "I thought you said that girl was going to be here?"

"Probably changed her mind when she saw the prices," I laughed, feeling easier, though a pang of jealousy did go through me. "You sound very disappointed?" I commented. "Fancy her a little, huh?"

My gorgeous companion smiled secretively. "Maybe? She WAS nice to me you know – and I liked the way she stood up to you outside."

"Ah – she's just a mouthy broad!" I retorted. "If I wasn't brought up to be a gentleman, I'd have probably taught her a lesson."

She pulled her arm away from me and stared hard into my eyes.

"Dennis? I wish you'd stop being such a chauvinist at times. It can get really wearing, you know?"

She had turned serious and I felt my heart lurch, but I couldn't say I was sorry. The idea of showing her how weak I could be was totally outside of my ken. Accordingly, I just made a face.

"Let's go to our room," I grumbled, the idea being to get her in bed..

"Nah," she said coolly. "You go if you want. Anyway. There's that girl! I can at least get some company!"

I didn't recognize the woman who was coming our way at all - except for the tumbling dark hair. She had on a dark red cocktail dress that looked like it cost a LOT of money. Nor was there any question about her gender either. Voluptuous and feminine in her high heels, she was almost as gorgeous as Melanie. "Hi gorgeous!" she said to Melanie, then she turned two cold brown eyes on me. "Go over to the bar and get me a Long Island Iced Tea" she said. "And I want you to watch and make sure that they put in equal parts of gin, vodka, and rum. Take your time about coming back I want to get to know your girlfriend here."

Melanie batted her eyelids at Rita and held out her hand. "I'm Melanie, " she said.

"Hi!" Rita said seductively, taking Melanie's soft hand in hers. "You know my name."

"I'll call the barmaid," I said, starting to lift my hand, but Rita was looking at me again. "Didn't I tell you what to do? SCAT!" She turned her back on me contemptuously then sat down close to my fiancée.

I saw Melanie's puzzled look as I left, but I shrugged as if to say 'what the hell' then went up to the bar. The place was practically deserted so I got myself a Jack Daniels on the rocks and Melanie a Martini. Feeling kind of stupid, I ordered Rita her drink, then watched the barmaid intensely as she made it, keeping an eye on the two women all the time. They seemed to be getting on famously. Finally, I took the drinks over to the table where by this time, Rita and Melanie, seemed as thick as thieves.

"Hi!" I said as cheerfully as I could and placed the drinks in front of them. "One martini and one Iced Tea coming up!"

"Thanks dear!" Melanie said. Rita just looked up at me.

"Thanks," she said. "What's that you're drinking?"

"Jack Daniel's. Rocks." I said tersely and went to sit down on the other side of Melanie.

"That's a man's drink," Rita said evenly. "You don't deserve it. Put it here beside mine and I'll drink it later. Go back to the bar and get yourself a Shirley Temple. Then you can come back here – and you can sit here". She pointed to a seat on the other side of her" She took my drink where I'd put it down and moved it close to her own, then stared at me. "Want me to get up?" she said dangerously and obviously threatening me.

"I don't think I want a drink after all," I found myself saying in a strangled voice. "Think I'll go to our room," I said to Melanie.

"Pansy?" Rita said distinctly. "I don't have problems with pretty little sissies that know how to behave. Normally your room would be the best place for you. But I want you here." She shook her head and smiled at Melanie. "I'm sorry, but he's being very naughty." She turned her attention back to me. "Now go and get your drink, then you can come back here and sit with us real girls."

As I left them I could feel the blush burning my cheeks then Melanie say. "But Rita? I don't understand. " Then I heard no more as I was getting close to the bar.

When I got back with my pink drink in my hand, the two women were huddled together and I got the strangest feeling that Rita's hand was underneath the table, stroking Melanie. Melanie had a flushed expression too, which made me wonder, but I said nothing. Rita smiled up at me. "Got your nice girly drink? That's good. Does it taste nice?"

"Looks like shit! I haven't tasted it," I managed with some spirit.

"Tut tut!" Rita said to Melanie. "His language isn't very ladylike!"

Melanie giggled. "I'm ALWAYS complaining about his language! It's terrible!"

"You haven't spanked him for it?" Rita asked seriously. "A good spanking works wonders on little sissies. After you've spanked them on their panties? Why they're as good as gold!"

"Tee hee!" Melanie continued. "Spank him? He's a guy! And he's pretty tough too!"

"Tough?" Rita laughed. "I don't think so. Watch!" She spoke to me. "Give me your hand little sissy."

"No!" I said weakly, then added to Melanie's amazement. "You'll just hurt me, Rita!"

Rita shook her head. "Tell you what." She pointed to Melanie's side of the table. "That's the side of the table where the girls sit sissy. Why don't you go and sit beside Melanie, and you can be a little girl with her. Tell you



what? I'll even let you link arms with her – and I'll be nice to you. Let you be one of my girls. How does Melissa sound to you?”

“I don't know what you mean!” I complained, though I started getting a terrible idea...

“Simple Melissa.” Rita said as if explaining it to a little girl. “You give me one of your soft little fingers and then after a moment or two you admit what a little sissy you are. It might hurt a little. OR? You go over and sit with Melanie and become little Melissa for Rita. Wouldn't hurt one bit!”

Melanie gazed at me with big eyes as I went over meekly to sit beside her. She shook her head, but readied her arm for me to link with. Giggled. “I never knew that you could be such a sweet little thing!” she laughed.

“Call him Melissa – just for practice?” Rita suggested.

“You Melissa now?” Melanie said teasing.

“Answer her Melissa!” Rita commanded.

“Yes I'm Melissa,” I said softly and, with my eyes on the ground in shame, didn't know what Melanie was doing until she leaned to the side and kissed me. “It's SO nice having a girlfriend to talk with on this trip,” she said coyly – and she and Rita laughed uproariously.

There was a juke box playing to a small deserted floor. “Wanta dance with me? Melanie asked Rita shyly.

“Nah. But if you feel like dancing? Why don't you ask Melissa here?” Rita said.

“That's an idea!” Melanie said brightly. “Dennis – I mean Melissa?” She smiled apologetically at Rita as she stood up and held out her hand.

I wanted some time alone. Had to get out of that place. Led Melanie onto the floor, then held out my arms, waiting for her.

“What are you DOING?” Melanie asked.

“I'm trying to do as you want!” I whispered. Staying cool! Not getting into fights!”

“Huh?” she asked vacantly.

“What's so hard to understand?” I asked. “You asked me not to fight – so I'm not fighting. What don't you get? Some part you don't understand?”

She shook her head and laughed. “Silly! It was me that asked you to dance! That makes you the girl! Now stand properly!” And I was amazed as she moved my arms into the girl's mode. I actually stopped and started to move back into the proper mode, but she laughed lightly. “Want me to call on Rita? Have her come over here?”

So I danced the part of the girl for a few dances.