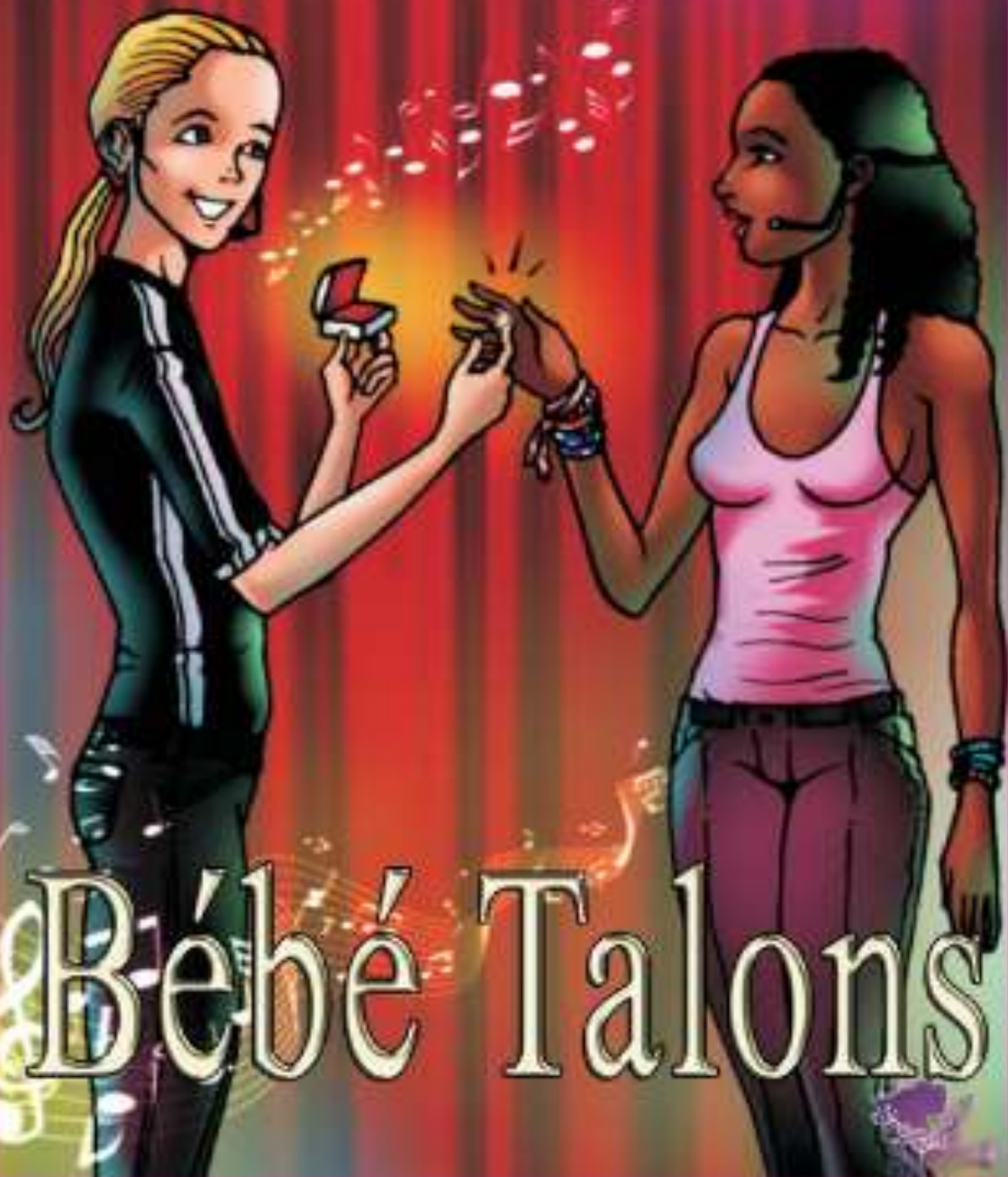


CRÈME ou CAFÉ



Bébé Talons

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By Bébé Talons

I - "WHUT YOU WAN', WHITE GAL?"

"Er, excuse me?" the small blonde spoke to the slight, balding white male seated in front of the massive bar of the *Grotto Blanc et Noir*. "My name is Catharen Marcel Chanteuse, and I was referred by the Connors Agency because Miss Honey Love needs a versatile, all-round musician."

"Can you play more than one instrument, young 'un?" the man asked laconically, arching an eye.

The blonde nodded eagerly. "Oh, yes, Sir. I can play piano, tenor and alto sax, lead, rhythm and harmony guitar, zither, flute, cello, mandolin, violin, bass viol, harpsichord and banjo. But I'm not so hot on a coronet or a tuba or a French horn. Not enough wind!" the blonde admitted ruefully.

"Sure, go on in," the lounge manager invited. "Honey's been looking for a musician what can play more'n one instrument for some time now!"

"Oh, I can certainly do that!" the short blonde assured the man in a soft, squeaky, almost falsetto voice. "I wouldn't be here otherwise."

"Yeah, well, don't let them two bruisers of hers back there scare you off. That's what they was hired to do and they do a pretty good job too!"

"I won't," the blonde assured him with a tiny laugh. "I've argued with bigger bouncers than they are many times!"

"Yeah, well, don't say you weren't warned!" he chuckled.

"Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir," came the calm, totally at ease voice.

Confidently, clutching the instrument case under an arm, the blonde pushed the swinging door open and strode confidently through, only to come face to face with two of the biggest males, one black and the other white, that had ever been seen! They looked like giant pro wrestlers or giant gorillas with all those bulging muscles and deep chests and shaved bullet heads and beady eyes and long arms and glowering expressions and matts of black hair spilling out of their shirt necks!

Catharan Marcel "Mark" Chanteuse, male, eighteen years old, five foot two in his stocking feet, a hundred pounds even, long blonde hair caught in a pony-tail, blue eyes, baby-smooth skin from face to toes that made him appear to be a prepubescent person of indeterminate age and sex, a recent music school graduate, and even more recently arrived in The City, looking for his first job as a professional musician, stopped dead in his tracks, stared and clutched his instrument case tightly against his chest.

"Hey!" the closest ape, the white one, snarled. "Whut yuh wan', white gal? H'ain't none buddy 'lowed back stage while'st duh Boss Lady's uh sleepin'!"

"I am *Mr.* Catharan Marcel Chanteuse and I came to audition for her as a musician," he squealed, half in fright. "I have a scheduled appointment with Miss Honey Love, I do, I do!" he squeaked.

"Yuh do, do yuh?" the other ape laughed. "Whut c'n y'all play? Duh skin flute?"

At this, both men roared with laughter, high fiving one another while the boy blushed with shame.

"I came to see Miss Love at her personal invitation," he squeaked.

"Yeah, 'n' I'm duh f****n' Queen uh duh May!" the first man laughed.

Again, the two men high fived and almost collapsed with laughter at the boy's expense.

Then, the dressing room door opened and a tall, buxom Black Lady filled the space. "Whut's goin' on out c'here?" she demanded. "Damn it all, y'all knows ah lak's peace 'n' quiet befo' uh gig!"

"Yeah, Boss Lady, Ma'am," the one man replied sheepishly, trying to stifle his laughter. "Us'n's wuz jus' funnin' wif' th' li'l honkey c'heer."

The woman turned her gaze on Mark. "Whut'cha wan', white gal?" she demanded, making the same mistake the two men had.

Mark held out a sheet of paper. "My name is *Mr.* Catharan Marcel Chanteuse and I came in response to your personal invitation to audition. Everyone calls me Mark," he explained softly.

The woman took the letter and looked at the two men. "Listen up, youse miserable house apes, cain't neither one uh youse bozos read?"

"But it nev'r showed us dat thin'!" the one protested.

"D'ya ask it?" she demanded.

"Er. . . no, Ma'am, Boss Lady, we jus' thought. . ." they admitted in unison.

"No, youse two bozos jus' assumed, and y'all know whut dat means, don' yuh?" she blazed.

"No, Ma'am, Boss Lady," they replied in unison, shaking their bullet heads in puzzlement.

"Hit jus' makes a nass outta y'all 'n' me!" She glared daggers at them and turned back to Mark. "Come on in, youngster. Don't be afraid of these two big gorillas. They don't know any better. They're all muscle and skin and bluster and damn few brains! Yuh can' hardly get good help no how these days!"

Once more she glared daggers at the two cowering men.

"Yes, Ma'am," Mark agreed, sidling past the two huge men who grudgingly gave way.

Inside, the woman waved Mark to a seat and sat before her mirror, looking at him steadily.

Mark estimated that the woman had to be well over six feet tall in those high heels that had to be at least five inches high! And she weighed at least a hundred and fifty pounds, but it was very little fat! Her huge 38 DD breasts threatened to burst from their lacy confines at any moment and Mark swallowed nervously. Her waist was tiny, no more than twenty five or six inches around and her hips swelled her white nylon panties to a good forty inches or more. All in all, with her coal black, translucent skin, and her imperious mien, she was a formidable woman indeed!

"So you play an instrument, do you?" she asked, her contralto voice startling him from his reverie.

Mark nodded. "Yes, Ma'am, I play several," he admitted shyly.

“Piano?”

He nodded. “Yes, Ma’am.”

“Show me!” she demanded, turning and pointing to a small, upright piano to one side.

Mark sat on the bench and turned to her. “What would you like me to play?” he asked.

“My favorite’s, *I Enjoy Being A Girl*, do you know it?”

Mark nodded confidently. “Sure, everyone knows that one!” he giggled girlishly.

His fingers raced up and down the keys with a melodious intro, and then he began to play the notes with one hand and the accompaniment with the other. Smiling, he hummed along with his playing.

“Don’t hum, girl! Sing!” she ordered.

Mark nodded and ignored her reference to his gender, then sang, “*When I have a brand new hair-do, with my eyelashes all acurl, I float as the clouds on air do, I enjoy being a girl!*” Mark’s pure, sweet soprano rang out in the confinements of the dressing room and the woman stared at him in astonishment.

“A voice like an angel!” she whispered reverently. “Do, *I Am Woman*,” she ordered aloud.

Without missing a beat, Mark’s fingers changed to the old Helen Reddy classic and his voice rang out, soft and clear, “*I am woman, hear me roar, with voices too loud to ignore. . .*”

The woman stared in a trance until the last words had faded away. Then, “Unbelievable!” she whispered, awestruck. “Un-f****n’-believable!” She opened the door. “One uh youse gorillas go git Kitty ‘n’ t’other one uh yuh get Charlie! ‘N’ tell ‘em ah said, NAOW!”

“Yes, Ma’am, Boss Lady!” they yelped in unison, dumping their cards to the floor as they jumped to their feet and hurried off in opposite directions.

“Where did you learn to sing like that?” she asked Mark softly, closing the

door.

"I don't know," Mark admitted. "I've just always been able to sing."

A soft knock came at the door and it opened to reveal a short female of about Mark's height and weight, except that where he was blonde and blue-eyed, she had skin the color of cream in one's coffee and eyes as coal black as her long, straight hair! Mark stared at her as if she were a dream.

"Whass' up, Momma Love?" this dream asked politely, grinning at Mark.

"Kitty, Baby, I want you to sit down and listen to this kid. OK, Mark, Honey, do it again."

Once more Mark sang both songs, accompanying himself on the tinny piano.

At the end of his impromptu concert, he looked up expectantly.

Kitty was staring in disbelief. "That was wonderful!"

"I couldn't hardly believe it myself when I first heard it! Kitty Girl, we got to get this boy into our act! He's just what we have needed to freshen things up."

Mark's heart started to pound in his chest.

The larger woman asked, "Are you signed with anyone else, little girl?" she asked coldly.

Mark shook his head. "No, Ma'am, I just got into town this afternoon and Clarice Conners sent me right over to see you. I haven't even had a chance to find a place to live yet," he admitted.

"Don't worry about that, little girl," the woman replied, waving her hand in dismissal. "I'll take care of all your needs!"

"I am not a little girl!" Mark protested. "I am almost nineteen years old! I'm a grown man!" he squeaked in outrage. "And a Central City Music School graduate!" he insisted.

The woman smiled. "Yeah, sure. Don't get your panties caught in your crack!" She looked at him steadily. Then, "Stand up, girl!" Mark obeyed automatically. "Kitty? Kick off your heels and stand back to back with our

Junior bird-man here.”

The girl did as ordered and they held hands while the woman placed a huge road atlas atop their heads and gazed at them steadily. “Excellent!” she chortled. “Just abso-f****n’-lutely exel-f****n’-sent!” she whispered, awestruck. She opened the door. “Hey, one uh youse apes go fine Charlie ‘n’ tell ‘im ah sed ta git ‘is lazy ass in here toot suite!”

“Ah aw’reddy did!” one exclaimed in surprise.

“Well, tell ‘im agin!” she snapped.

“Yes, Ma’am, Boss Lady,” the man replied, hurrying off without being told to go.

A few minutes later, the man who had sent Mark back-stage in the first place appeared. “Yeah, Honey Buncha Love, wha’d’ya need?” he asked the woman adoringly.

Once more Mark had to sing and play the piano, only this time Kitty joined him in harmony, their pure, sweet soprano voices intertwining and complimenting each other perfectly.

“Do *Single Girl* and sorta alternate lines,” Honey commanded.

Without pause, the two voices combined to give the song a special quality that would have pleased the original artiste!

At the end, Charlie just stared. “Well, I will be sheep-dipped!” he exclaimed excitedly. “I ain’t heared nothing like them two since The Dixie Carolinas back in the late fifties, early sixties, only they wuz three uh them playing axes and saxes.”

Honey turned to Mark. “You are gonna sign with me, aren’t you, little girl?” she asked with a wide grin. “‘Cause if you don’t, I’ll sic Kitty and the gorillas on you!”

Mark shuddered delicately. “Kitty would be fine,” he mused aloud, “but I don’t think I could handle your two gorillas so easily, so I guess I have no choice but to sign!” he concluded meekly.

Honey gathered him to her almost bare breasts, his nose buried in the sweet cleft. “Good girl!” she soothed, “You bet I’ll take damned good care

of my little girl!"

For answer, Mark slipped his arms around the woman's waist and hugged her hard. "I am so glad!" he cried softly. "I have needed to belong to someone for so long!"

"You belong to Kitty and Charlie now, little one," she whispered, kissing the top of his blonde head affectionately, "and *me!*" she finished strongly. "Yuh gots uh family now!"

Mark just pressed himself tighter against the lush femininity holding him.

"Lemme get one of my contracts and we'll sign you up right now!" Honey enthused.

"Oh, OK," Mark agreed, almost smothering between the woman's cushiony breasts but making no move to dislodge himself from her embrace.

They waited while Mark read the contract carefully, then he sighed. "It looks OK," he admitted.

"Course it's OK!" Honey laughed. "I wrote it all up my own self," she boasted. "Course, Charlie helped me some on the hard words, like 'and' and 'the.'" She smiled at the man and he blushed deeply.

"Well, Kitty, my girl," Charlie laughed, turning to his daughter, "looks like you have a baby brother at long last!"

Kitty sighed. "I'd rather have a baby sister!" was her wistful comment.

"Well, it ain't 'cause Honey and me haven't tried!" Charlie complained wistfully.

"I know, Daddy," Kitty whispered in reply, "I know!"

"Tried?" Momma Love laughed. "Why that man has been after me constantly for decades, so it ain't my fault you don't have another sister!" Momma Love declared petulantly.

"I'm ready if you are," Charlie interjected with a wide grin.

"Not now, you over-sexed maniac! Us'n's got more 'portant things to discuss!"

“Spoil sport!” Charlie retorted.

“Now, then,” Honey spoke, “we got a spare bedroom upstairs that will do just fine for you. . .”

“Oh, no, Ma’am,” Mark objected shyly. “I won’t impose on you. . .”

“Ain’t imposin’!” the woman declared, her nostrils flaring angrily. “‘N’ if’n yuh knows whut’s good fer yuh, yuh’ll do’s ah sez, er else!” she threatened, lapsing into street slang.

“Well, OK, but only if I can pay rent!” he declared.

“Honey, lamb,” Honey chortled, “you will pay dearly in ways you can’t even begin to imagine! I got big plans for you and Kitty Love!”

Mark felt a slight shiver race up and down his spine and he lowered his eyes in consternation.

“Hey, Markie,” Kitty whispered, “don’t pay any attention to Momma Love! She just likes to think she’s the Queen Bee ‘cause her name’s Honey!” she laughed softly.

“Oh.”

“Bet’cher sweet li’l fat ass!” Honey laughed. “Now, g’wan, get outta c’here, bof’ uh yuh!”

“But I do not have a fat ass!” Mark protested weakly.

“C’mon,” Kitty urged, taking his hand in hers, “let’s go up and I’ll show you your room, OK?”

“Well, OK, I guess. . .” he agreed reluctantly. To himself, ‘But my ass is not fat!’

“G’wan, chile,” Honey urged. “Let Miss Kitty show you the ropes.”

And she and Charlie laughed uproariously.

Obviously, it was an inside joke.

And it went right over Mark’s head.

* * *

II – A Big Deal - October 19th

Reluctantly, Mark followed the young girl through a side door, up the concealed stairs to the second floor, down a long hallway before stopping in front of one of the doors at the far end. "This will be your room, Markie," she began. "It's right next to mine and we share the bath between."

She opened the door and ushered Mark into the room. Mark took two steps through the door, then stopped in confusion. "Hey," he objected, "this is a girl's room!"

"Yeah, it was Kath's," Kitty explained.

"Who's Kath?" he asked, puzzled.

"My twin sister," Kitty went on, "she was raped and killed by a crazed fan of Mom's two years ago come the end of next month."

"What happened to him?"

"Mom's bodyguards' caught him in the act and they beat the man to death," she explained shortly.

"Wow! Then, why aren't they in jail?"

"Oh, they were, both of them. They spent a year each for unlawful taking of human life, except that the Judge said in open court that Kath's assailant wasn't human, which pissed the assistant D.A. off no end! She tried to get the Judge censored by the Bar Association, but she lost her job instead. Just goes to show you, don't piss off the wrong people, like my Mom and Charlie and certain Judges, who shall remain nameless! And Mom's two gorillas!"

"Is Charlie really your biological Father?" Mark asked gently.

Kitty nodded. "And Honey Love's my real Mother."

"Wow!" Mark exclaimed in wonder. "Neato!"

"So, what do you think?" Kitty asked, waving her hand in a circle. "Nice, hunh?"

"It's great. . . for a girl!" Mark admitted.

He gazed around at the soft pinks and pastel blues and the white French

Provincial furniture that included a canopy bed, a double dresser, two lingerie chests, twin bed side stands, a vanity bureau, a fragile looking upholstered chair and a huge Hope Chest in front of the foot of the bed. The wall-to-wall carpet was a deep, rich maroon that complimented everything else perfectly.

“Oh, pooh!” Kitty exclaimed. “I think you will fit in just right!”

Mark looked at her with alarm in his eyes. ‘How can she know?’ he thought wildly.

The truth was that Catharine Marcel “Mark” Chanteuse was a life-long, “sometimes” transvestite, having been raised as a girl by his Mother, his two Maiden Aunts and his maternal Grand-Mother for years until he had been forced to wear pants when he started grade school. They had still kept him in skirts when not in school, or on a holiday or during school vacations.

As a result, Mark had had very few friends as a boy, turning to music instead as an outlet for his loneliness. Long hours of practice had given him a smooth familiarity with all instruments, and that had proven advantageous in acceptance by others while he was in high school.

His Mother, Aunts and Grand-Mother were all dead now, and Mark missed them very much. That was why he had almost broken down when Honey Love told him that he belonged to her now!

The loss of his former mentors would now be filled by Honey Love and her daughter, Kitty Love, and in another manner of speaking, by Charlie Love too!

Hesitantly, “Would Miss Honey be angry if I made some changes?” he asked shyly.

“I don’t think so,” Kitty admitted. “But, if I were you, I’d tread softly for a few days.”

“Yeah, I can see your point,” Mark replied, smiling shyly. For some reason, he was in awe of this tiny girl and didn’t know quite what to say to her. Fortunately, Kitty was talkative and when Mark kept silent, she just

rambled on without thought.

“Yeah, Mom can be a little bitchy at times,” Kitty went on, “but she doesn’t mean much by it. It’s just her way. Her two gorillas have been with her for years and I don’t think there is anything they would not do to protect her! She doesn’t go anywhere away from the club without them, and neither can Charlie or me without one of them trailing along behind.”

“Yeah, I can see that,” Mark agreed.

“Yeah, Mom used to be a big hit with the R & B crowd back before Kath and I were born, and she retired from the big time just before our birth. She and Charlie bought the *Grotto Blanc et Noir* right after that and have run the place ever since.

“Up until Kath died, we did a twins act with Mom until the blue noses stopped us for performing in an alcoholic establishment with us being under-age and all. Mom still wows the crowd night after night, except for Wednesday when we’re closed.

“Every other night of the week, the place is packed and she gets encores to beat the band and she loves it! I swear, if she couldn’t hear the applause, it would probably kill her.

“She’s pushy as all get out, but she usually knows what’s best and Charlie and I and the boys in the band and even her two gorillas have learned it’s best to agree with her in the beginning and save all that hassle down the road!

“So, just go along with her and you’ll be all right, Markie.”

“OK,” he agreed softly.

“Now, I don’t know exactly what she has in mind for you, but she does have a plan, and like I said, she is usually right.

“Besides, if you disagree with her, you’re liable to find yourself going north over her lap and your pants going south just before her big, hard, black hand beats a tattoo on your bare behind!” she teased.

“She wouldn’t dare!” Mark gasped.

“Wouldn’t she?” Kitty scoffed. “You should have seen her on my

eighteenth birthday when I told her I was too big to spank!" Kitty giggled. "Well, eighteen years old or not, on October 19th this past year, she warmed me up good!"

"What did you say?" Mark gasped in astonishment.

"I said she warmed me up good," Kitty repeated.

"No, I mean before that, did you say October 19th?"

"Yeah, so?" she asked belligerently.

"That's my birthday too!" Mark admitted in wonder.

"Hey, we're twins, Markie!" Kitty exclaimed excitedly. "Wait'll I tell Mom! She'll pee her pants!"

"I don't think that's such a good idea. . ." Mark answered as Kitty dashed from the room.

Five minutes later, the door opened abruptly and the angry black lady stormed into the room.

"Whut's this s*** ah hear 'bout yer birf' day?" she raged.

Mark just stared, dumb-founded. "It's true!" he whispered. "I was born on October 19th shortly before 8:00 p.m. at Sisters of Mercy Hospital, and I have my birth certificate to prove it!" He turned to his instrument case, rummaged through some papers and handed her one of them. "Here! See?"

Honey stared at the form in disbelief. Then, "I still can't believe it! It's like you came here to take my baby's place! And your given name is 'Catharan' like my Katherine!"

"But, I'm not a girl," Mark stammered.

"Yeah, too bad!" she agreed, grinning. She looked around. "Well, how'd'ya like your room?"

"It's a little girly for me," Mark admitted slowly.

"Oh, well, it'll grow on you or you'll grow into it," she grinned. "Now, I have an idea for a duo with you and Kitty, one of you singing lead for one song with the other as back-up, then switch and the other does lead and the

other does back-up. You can even harmonize on a couple songs too, for variety. Your voices blend so well! How about it?"

"Well, sure. . ." Mark stammered, "if Miss Kitty wants to. . ."

"Miss Kitty?" Honey smiled at her daughter. "Well, I must say, Baby Girl, already you're getting him trained!"

"Oh, Mom," Kitty cried in embarrassment.

"Watch yourself, girl, or your Miss Kitty will have you curtsying in no time!"

With a soft laugh, she spun and departed, her footsteps heavy as she walked down the hall.

"Don't pay any attention to her," Kitty warned. "She's full of it!"

Mark just nodded his head dumbly. He had already caught himself about to curtsy to the girl more than once!

"So, let's get back downstairs and see what she's got in mind, OK?" Kitty asked.

"Sure, Miss Kitty," Mark agreed. "Whatever you say!"

Kitty looked at him, a dawning look coming over her face. 'Miss Kitty,' she thought. 'I like that! I wonder what other talents he has that I can develop. . .' she mused silently. She studied Mark closely as they left the room.

She took Mark's soft hand in hers. "C'mon then!" And they ran down the hall, down the stairs and burst into the dressing room where Honey had just emerged from her shower, toweling herself. She looked up with surprise. "What the Hell?" she muttered, making no move to cover her lush nudity from Mark's shocked gaze.

Mark stopped dead in his tracks and tried to avert his eyes from the naked woman, but Kitty spoke right up, ignoring her naked Mother entirely.

"Hey, Momma Love," she enthused. "I had a large brainstorm when you left and I wanna try out a few songs with Markie and maybe make our debut tonight!"

She paused a moment, "Er. . . if that's alright with you," she amended.

Honey sat on a plush chair and wound the towel around her wet hair, making no move to cover her lush, naked glory! "Lay it on me, girl!"

"I thought we would do the *I Am Woman* thing, then swing into *I Enjoy Being A Girl*, with Markie playing the piano and me doing stand-up with the mike while we sing the song, then switch right in the middle and I play the piano while Kathy does the stand-up. What do you think?" she asked excitedly.

Honey gazed at the blushing Mark. "Kathy?" she asked softly.

"I . . . er . . . I . . . er . . ." he stammered, his blushing face averted.

"Sweetie, it's just me, Honey Buncha Love," Honey crooned. "My old naked body was meant to be seen! God knows I have showed it to enough men not to be embarrassed about it." She paused, then, "Kathy? I thought you were Mark? Look at me! Come on, look!"

Shyly, Mark raised his eyes and gazed at the rounded femininity seated before him. Her face showed her African heritage and he saw that she was the same black from head to toes, except between her toes and deep between her legs, she was pink! Her firm, proud breasts with their erect nipples stood upright and solid. Her slim waist flowed into lyre shaped hips that crept downward to her perfect thighs, calves and feet. Mark swallowed nervously as he stared at her worshipfully. He cleared his throat and managed, "You . . . you're . . . beautiful!" he finally got out.

"Thank you, Sweetie," she whispered, gathering him into her arms and holding him tightly against her welcoming breasts. "I'm going to like having you around!"

"Oh, Miss Honey," he whispered.

"Why don't you call me Momma Love, like Kitty does?" she asked. "I won't mind."

"I . . . I'd like that," Mark replied shyly, "Momma Love."

She kissed his trembling lips tenderly. "Welcome to the club, Kathy Love!"

Mark just snuggled close to her firm pillows and sighed with pleasure.

"Any time you two are done making out like love starved monkeys," Kitty

broke in, "what do you think of my idea, Momma Love?"

"Kitty Love, you and Kathy go right ahead and practice. I don't want to see you practice, but if your performance is not up to par, your bare bottoms will feel my displeasure!"

"Not to worry, Momma Love," Kitty smiled. "We can't miss!"

"Have you thought about stage wear?" Momma Love asked in passing.

Kitty looked sideways at Mark and hesitated.

Seeing her reluctance to speak, Honey told Mark, "Kiddo, why don't you run up-stairs and take a nap before you and Kitty start rehearsing. I imagine you are a bit tired, uhhmm?"

Mark blushed as her nipples grazed his lips temptingly. "Yes, Ma'am, I am some tired."

"Fine. Off with you now!" She gave him an affectionate pat on his rounded behind as he left.

When the door had closed, Honey turned to Kitty. "OK, Baby Girl, what's up?"

"I was thinking of using one of the costumes Kath and I used to wear, the black and pink ones, only Kathy will be in black and I will be in the pink one. He's the same size as me and I was the same as Kath, so he will fit into hers with no problem."

Honey thought a moment, rubbing her chin. Then, "You are referring to the ones with the snug short trunks with the semi-sheer tops over the appropriate body suits, black for him and pink for you and panty-hose, black for him and pink for you and heels, again black for him and pink for you, right?"

Kitty nodded. "Yes."

"With your long hair flowing loosely about your shoulders and with his flowing around his, the two of you will have every man in the place creaming his drawers!" Honey laughed. Then, "How do you know he'll go along with it and won't object?" she asked, amused at the idea.