

Carroll Hollister

Plus Nun Such



Bèbè Talons

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Carroll Hollister

by **Bébé Talons**

BZZZ! BZZZ!

It was early evening and I had just started typing when the damn phone rang. Startled, I stared at the screen of the word processor sitting on the desk before me, my red polished nails hovering over the keys, seeing, but my eyes no longer comprehending nor understanding, the words I had typed just moments ago. I tried to ignore the damn phone and concentrate on the page before me, but again, the damned thing rang incessantly, each ring jarring my thought processes with mind-numbing regularity. . .

BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ!

It's grating tone raced through my mind like some sort of express train with wheels that needed greasing in the

worse way! I had just finished my dinner and was relaxing at my desk, fully intending to at least start my latest novel before I quit to watch *Voyager* reruns on the scy-fy channel. I glanced at the phone and saw that it was from someone not on the approved list of those I usually answer, so I tried to ignore it, concentrate on what I was doing. But. . .

BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ!

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" I shouted at the irritating thing. "Will you just shut the f*** up?"

BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ!

Of course it didn't answer me! Damn things can't talk! Good thing too!

But it just would not shut up!

I grabbed the head piece and growled squeakily, "You had better have a damn good reason for interrupting me when I'm trying to work, whoever the Hell you are!"

"Hello?" came a deep, masculine voice, the kind that irritates me the most because I do not have one! Mine is high, thin and scratchy-squeaky most of the time, and I really have to work at it to make it sound moderately human and male.

Tonight it came out as a shrill, fishmonger's screech, similar to a bald eagle diving for its prey. "Yeah, what in the Hell d'ya wan'?" I snarled.

"Is this Ms Linda Hunter to whom I am speaking?" came the voice, reminding me for all the world of Ernestine, the phone operator from the old *Laugh In* TV program.

What was her name again? Oh, yeah, Lily Tomlin. I wonder where she is now?

Actually, my given name is David Carroll Hollis, but I have been Carroll Hollister since becoming a public defender right after my admission to The Bar. You see, my late Father was the original US District Court Judge David Carroll Hollis, Esq., BS, MS, Ph.D., J.D., MD, etc., etc. (an over-achiever of the first rank, by far!), and not wanting to be known as just the Judge's son, nor to be a success by riding in on his broad coat-tails, so to speak, I had changed my name to just Carroll Hollister, Esq., J.D., Public Defender.

"State yer business, buster," I snapped. "Ya gots two minutes!" I deliberately chose my crudest street language for this guy, hoping he'd just go away!

"Is this Ms Linda Hunter?" the voice repeated.

"Ya gots one minute and fifty three seconds left!" I snapped.

"Ms Hunter, this is Dan Quincy from Digest America," he went on.

"And I'm the Queen of the May, so what?"

"I'm calling to tell you that you are one of the five finalists in our annual sweepstakes drawing and we would like you to come to New York City as our guest for the final selection!" he crowed importantly.

"Look, Queenery, if this is something Charlie Smythe dreamed up as a way to get back at me for screwing with his ex-wife, you can go straight to Hell!" and I slammed the receiver down.

Now, where was I?

It wasn't two seconds, and, BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ!
BZZZ!

"Damn it all!" I snarled, grabbing for the phone. "Look here, you s.o.b.," I began.

"Quincy," came the rejoinder.

"Hunh?"

"Quincy, my last name is Quincy."

"Whatever, stop calling me or I'll report you for violating the do-not-call list! You are breaking the law big time, you know! You're carrying the joke too far!" I added sarcastically.

"Ms Hunter, this is no joke!" the voice insisted. "You really are one of the five finalists drawn in our annual sweepstakes and. . ."

"G'wan! I never entered no damn contest," I protested. "You got the wrong Babe, Bub!"

"No, I assure you, you are the right Ms Linda Hunter! Do you not subscribe to 'Young Miss' and 'The Teenage Experience' and 'Young Fashion' and 'Country Miss?'" he asked.

"Yeah, I gets them fer me four daughters. So f****n' twat?"

"Those four magazines are published by our firm, 'Digest America!'" he crowed, like I cared a good sh**. . . well, you get my drift, don't you?

"Never heard of ya!" I was being deliberately rude, hoping he would give up and go away. I didn't care if he was pissed off, just as long as he quit bothering me and went away!

"Ms Hunter, please!" now he was begging. "You *are* one of five finalists and we would like you to come to New York City for the taping of the final selection. Our first prize is ten million U.S. dollars!" he was just about creaming himself with ecstasy! "And it could be you!"

"Yeah, right, like I give a good damn! And I'm still the f***ing Queen of the f***ing May!" I yelled as I slammed it down again.

As you might have guessed, two seconds later, BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ!

The S.O.B. must have had speed dial! I stared at it for a moment, then muted the damn buzzer. I was expecting a call from a juicy little quiff out in the valley, and this guy was pissing me off royally, not to mention interfering with my soon-to-be, if ever, love life!

Then I heard the answerer pick-up, "G'day a**hole. I ain't here now and ain't gonna be here any time soon. So, leave your name and phone number after the beep and if I feel like it, I might even call ya back sum day. But don't bet the farm on it!" Beep.

Immediately, "Ms Hunter, this is Dan Quincy from Digest America and you really are one of the five finalists in our annual ten million dollar sweepstakes drawing. The minimum prize is two hundred fifty thousand dollars for the fifth place winner; six hundred thousand dollars for fourth place; two million dollars for third place, five million dollars for second place, and ten million dollars for our first place winner!

We will be sending you an informational packet in the mail within the next few days with all the details, plus two first class, round-trip airline tickets and V.I.P. reservations at the Lincoln Suite at the Plaza Hotel for the two days that we will be taping the program for television. And I sincerely hope that you will be our first place winner!"

"Yeah, right, and the R's're gonna reform Congers!" I muttered as the thing clicked off.

I turned to the waiting screen and read, "'Her pounding heart burst with excitement as Jon turned, his brawny

shoulders filling the doorway as he. . .' as he. . . what?" I yelped in frustration.

"Damn telephones, ought to be sent to Hell!" I muttered angrily to myself. "Sumbuddy shoulda shot old Alex before he invented the damn thing! Right? Right!" I giggled at the thought.

No one answered because I was all alone in the place.

Well, as alone as anyone can be with an active, nosy, insistent Yorkshire Terrier Puppy who was even now growling low in her throat and glaring at me for disturbing Her Royal Niblets' nap on top of my foot when I tapped my toe in irritation.

I leaned back, took my coffee cup and sipped slowly. Damn stuff was cold! Warily, my high heels click-clicking rhythmically as I minced over to the sink, poured out the cold stuff, refilled the cup with steaming, fresh stuff, and click-clicked back to sit and stare at the screen, again earning a disapproving glare from Her Royal Niblets as she settled her head once more atop my nyloned toe. Maybe I had better explain a bit.

No, maybe I had better explain a whole lot!

You see, I write bra-buster novels for fun and profit. The magazines old Quincy was yammering about are just one of the many sources of inspiration and/or background for my stories. For some reason, looking at those magazines and others like them, I seem to get all sorts of ideas for my novels' hero(ine)s.

Yeah, H-E-R-O (I-N-E) (S).

I got my start writing when I was in Law School writing for Law Journals and then I used to be a technical writer for several rather high-brow scientific journals (very low paying, I might add - the damn cheapskates!). I wrote my first bra-buster almost nine years ago on a sort

of a dare from a close friend when I made the rash statement that, "anyone could write that crap!" I was surprised when a check showed up in the mail for twenty-three hundred dollars (US!) and a request for any other material I might produce! I was off and running. . . er, I mean, typing! I write under the name, Ms Linda Hunter (among others, like Agnes Moorehead and Stella St. Louisa and Marvel Schwartzkoff and Myra McQueen and Henrietta Smoking and Darla Prints and Lady Marissa Prince-Royale and Margaret Smythe-Jonz and so on and on and on.), and since I started this new "career," I have churned out over two hundred and fifty books (novels)(stories) that have been published, earning me a healthy sum, a sum that I have kept hidden from my three ex-wives; vultures, one and all! It was easy. I still have my day job as a public defender and as far as they know, that's my sole and only income. I pay the applicable taxes on my writings' earnings under my pen names (all attributed to Linda Hunter), and I also have a social security number, driver's license, credit cards and other viable ID for "Ms Linda Hunter" too!

Illegal?

Only if you screw the pooch and do something stupid, like tell one of the vultures!

Anyway, I was getting close to my fortieth birthday and I had promised myself the day I was accepted at the Bar that I would work until I turned forty, then walk away from the rat race, come Hell or high water, good or bad, rich or not, devil take the hindermost! And since as Linda, I had almost two and a half million bucks stashed away in various niches, I was ready to chuck it all in.

Well, almost everything. I intended to keep right on writing bra-busters because it was easy and profitable and lots of fun and I enjoyed it!

I might just as well tell you everything before we get too far along.

I am a practicing transvestite who is deep into transsexualism. Even now as I sit staring blankly at the screen, I am dressed as a fashionable woman of the Gay 90's Era, circa 1899. My corset is pinching the blazes out of my waist and my heavy woolen forest green hobble skirt causes me to mince when I tried to walk in my four inch high heeled button boots. I wear lisle stockings held up by six garters attached to the bottom of my corset and I wear long legged taffeta bloomers that rustle and slide about under my long, taffeta slip, and that excites me pleasantly as I slide my butt around on my hard-bottomed, wooden seat chair. On top, I wear a muslin blouse (with back fastened pearl buttons) with long balloon sleeves closed with pearl cuff links in their French cuffs and a high, stiff "priest's" collar that forces me to keep my "chin up" and allow my thirty-eight C's to bounce daintily and proudly while being displayed in their lacy C-cups, but it's OK because I love the effect my ensemble produces, that of a quite proper, turn-of-the-twentieth-century secretary with her hair piled high atop her head, fashionable earrings in her pierced lobes, pale red lip-color, blusher, a touch of eye-shadow, granny glasses, and a slim golden band on her third finger left hand, although in "real" life, I have been married and divorced three times, and am presently unmarried.

My Yorkie, Her Royal Niblets, barks at me everyday when I get home from my day job. She pretends that she doesn't know me in a suit, and she keeps it up until I have changed into my female persona, which she obviously prefers me to be. Me too!

Damn dog thinks she's king, er, I mean, Queen, of the roost! Or is that hill? Whatever.

Some years ago, right after I had been divorced by my third wife, I found a doctor surgeon (also a TV) who agreed to give me breast implants and a steady supply of female hormones. He had high hopes of making me his female slave, but I don't swing that way, slavery, I mean. Still, it didn't stop me from getting what I wanted, and with the persuasive aid of some rather explicit Polaroid pictures with him in some very embarrassing situations and a gentle hint of dire consequences otherwise (a.k.a. "black-mail"), I had ensured that my resupply of hormones and other meds would not cease any time soon!

Funny how tractable some people can be when faced with even the hint of exposure!

Anyway, I liked wearing my lacy bras with my bouncy thirty-eight C's filling the cups more than adequately! I loved the way they bounced and jiggled when I walked and I loved the way my arms would brush against their sides when I reached forward. Let's face it, I was intending to go the whole route and have S.R.S. as soon as possible after "retirement."

At least that was my present line of thought. . .

Yeah, I know, thirty eight C's are hard to hide, but that's why they make surgical tape. With bands of tape wound tightly around my upper body, I look like a very chesty male. Everyone thinks I lift weights because of my rather large upper body mass and I do not discourage their thinking. Oh, well, their problem and not mine! Like Momma said a long time ago, "People see what they think, expect, and want, to see. So don't disappoint them." A very wise woman, my Mother!

Anyway, I make a pretty presentable woman when I'm all gussied up, and I think that's why my books have been so successful. I can relate to what a woman thinks and feels.

Or at least, that's the way I look at it. Whether it's true or not, I don't know and I really don't give a hairy rat's a**, just as long as the books sell!

I'm not a big guy, standing only five five in my stocking feet, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds and I have black hair down to my waist with dark, black eyes that sparkle in the sunlight! My waist is only twenty four inches around when I'm being a male and can be whittled down to twenty-one inches when I'm properly corseted! I wear lifts in my cowboy boots when I am "male," and that boosts me up to a relatively acceptable five eight or nine or so. I wear blue tinted contact lenses with my long, black hair wound up into a bun on top of my head and a sort of snow white, Don King Afro wig, snow white bushy eyebrows and a full, snow white beard and moustache disguises me so that no one knows one is the same as the other and/or vicily versaly.

I live in a small Up-State city and because of my writing talents, I now own the building I live in. I occupy the top floor (#15-B, the smaller penthouse), and rent the other fifty or so apartments in the building to other mostly professional persons. Like the feller says, it pays the mortgage and the taxes with a few dollars left over for "Linda" to spend on clothes and things. There are two large penthouses on the top floor, but I rent mine from Linda who bought it when the old lady who had lived there since the building was built, died. Her husband had had it built and I (Linda) acquired it from her estate. So, as far as my ex-wives know, I rent my apartment from the "Linda Hunter Corporation, Ltd."

I try to keep a low profile and to that end, I drive an ancient automobile that I had inherited from my Father's estate. It's a blazing maroon, 1937 Lincoln, dual-cowl Phaeton, four door (suicide doors) convertible with a white

top and a continental kit, and I keep it in mint condition. Almost! I drive it.

I had the old mechanical brakes changed to hydraulic brakes for safety's sake and when the old twelve cylinder engine threw a pair of rods, I swapped it for a 1953 Olds 98 V-8 engine system and HydraMatic transmission. I had the hubs modified to take late model Lincoln rims and now ride on the best white wall tires available. I never drive it in winter and have therefore been able to avoid salt erosion completely. Well, almost, but a good car wash gets rid of what I do get.

It's about as pretentious as I get.

Anyway, penthouse15-A, Linda's, is twice as large as penthouse 15B and I move back and forth as the mood (or clothes!) strike me. I do that because I like to walk around on my fenced in, secluded, patio as a woman and I don't want to put up with any neighbors who could see me and gossip. Hell and Damnation, I don't want nor need any neighbors period!

I have a private elevator that goes directly to my floor and it is key-pad operated. First, you need a code to open the elevator door. Then you need another code to make it go up. You also need a third code to open the doors at top. Down is no problem, just push the button and down she goes, the door opening automatically when it hits ground zero! I like that. My and Linda's code-keys operate all the locks while anyone else has to have all of them. So maybe it is a little over-done, but I like my privacy and security, especially since I've been threatened by a few of the "alleged" criminals that I've defended unsuccessfully over the years.

So, there I was, dressed to the nines, a fresh cup of coffee in my hot little lace gloved hands, my "faithful" puppy sleeping on my foot while I stared dumbly at the

unblinking screen in front of me. I reread the last line. . .
“Her heart burst with excitement as Jon turned quickly,
his brawny shoulders filling the doorway as he. . .”

‘As he. . . what?’ I wondered anew.

I closed my eyes and hit a key at random and an “s”
came up.

Giggling, I did the same thing again and a “t” ap-
peared.

Suddenly, I knew what was going to happen! I put the
cup down and typed, “ared at her heaving bosom hun-
grily,” and I was off and running, er, I mean, typing!
Many hours later, I typed “The End” and sat back in my
chair. I was exhausted, but I knew it was a good one!

I picked up my coffee cup, long since gone stone cold
and reached for the phone, fully intending to call my pub-
lisher when I saw the clock on the wall. Holy cow! 11:45
in the A. of M. on a bright sun shiny Saturday morning!
I’d been at it for hours since that idiot, what was his name
again? Prince? Priest? Pruitt? All I could remember was
that his stupid name had started with a “P.” Or was it an
“S?” Or “V? Or whatever?”

I shrugged and promptly forgot all about him and his
damn contest.

Who needed his crapola?

Certainly not me!

Ten minutes later, I tossed my corset aside, slid into
my heavy, dusty rose muslin night dress with the long
sleeves and floor length hem and slipped between the
smooth satin sheets on Linda’s queen-size (you were
maybe expecting a king?) bed, disturbing H.R.N. and
earning a soft growl and a disgusted glare just as I turned
out the light.

‘Now, what if. . .’

I have no idea what I was thinking because I had fallen asleep in mid-thought.

I find that happens a lot as one ages. . .

Not that I'm old by any means.

Oh, Hell!

You know what I mean.

And if you don't, you're shouldn't be reading this anyway!

* * *

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That next Monday morning when I stopped in the local post office to mail in my latest manuscript, in my mail delivery box was this official looking envelope from that idiot Peach or Preach or whoever from Digest America. I was going to throw it in the garbage can when a tiny voice inside me told me to hold on to it and look it over later.

So, when my errands were done and I was finished with my last guilty-as-Hell wannabe criminal client, I stopped at Cirolli's on The Avenue for a spaghetti supper. Cirolli's is the best Italian restaurant in my city and Naish and Rosa serve the best garlic bread and anti-pasta in the whole State, bar none!

And their spaghetti sauce is out of this world!

I was pleasantly stuffed and feeling in an expansive mood after the joviality of Cirolli's as I strolled home, thumbing through the rest of my mail. There were two bills, a renewal offer from one of my fashion magazines, a circular from some damn furniture outlet, a political flyer from some idiot that I wouldn't vote for as dog catcher much less as a state senator, a political flyer from his equally inept opponent who was just as big a crook as the former - too bad there's not a "none of the above" slot on the ballot! I sighed and glanced at the rest. A magazine and a reminder that my Bar Dues were due - again!

Upstairs, H. R. N. drove me into my proper attire, I fed her dinner, turned on the teevee news and, sitting on Linda's sofa, I opened Quinky's letter. To my great surprise, there was a sort of official looking pair of airline tickets to NYC and two reservations at the exclusive Plaza Hotel in midtown. There was also a phone number, which I called.

Enough was enough!

I got a recording telling me that, "The law offices of Jonas, Torrance and Jonas are closed and normal office hours are from 9:00 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. daily, Tuesday through Friday. Your call is very important to us, so please call back during those hours. Thank you. Good bye."

"Damn bunch of shysters!" I grumbled, making a note to myself to call them tomorrow.

Which I did and found, to my surprise, that Old Quinky Baby was for real and that Linda Hunter was indeed a finalist and she was asked to be present for the taping of the presentation and that the check would be drawn on The New York Savings Bank, Fifth Avenue Branch, and she was guaranteed a minimum of two hundred thousand dollars in prize money.

So, I called New York Savings, Fifth Avenue Branch and when I was put on hold, I hung up, called right back and growled, "Look, you put Hovacky on the line right now or I'll have him on Riker's Island on rape charges so quick it will make his head ache!"

"Yes, Sir," came the astonished squeak from the operator, and almost immediately, a voice came out of the phone. "Yes? Who in blazes is this? And what sort of rape charges are you talking about? I'm an officer of this bank and I have never raped anyone in my whole life!"

"Calm down, Hovacky," I soothed. "I had to have some way to get through the sound barrier without being put on hold for an hour."

"I'm a very busy man, dammit!" he snapped. "Who are you and what do you want?"

"My name is Carroll Hollister and I am a lead attorney for C*****r County Public Defender's Office in Up-State and I am representing one of the five finalists in your Digest America sweepstakes with a guaranteed prize of no less than two hundred thousand dollars American!"

Immediately, his tone changed at the scent of money. "Yes, Sir, and how may I help you?" Professional insincerity oozed from the phone!

"Once Ms Hunter receives her prize check, she will be coming to your bank to process it," I explained, "and I wanted to make absolutely sure that you would be on hand to see to the salient details so that she is least inconvenienced."

I tend to use convoluted expressions for V.I.P.'s, or those who think they are!

"Of course, Mister Hollister," he smoozed.

"Fine, she will see you on that Thursday after the tapping or Friday if it runs over."

“We close at three every day,” he sniffed.

“Bet on her appearance long before that!” I snapped and hung up.

Well, well, what do you know?

It was all on the up and up after all!

Heavens to Murgatroyd. . . Betsy, too!

And all that b.s. . .

Er, I mean, jazz!

But how to shield my winnings from the three vultures?

That was easy. Ms Linda Hunter would be claiming her own prize money and I would be nowhere in sight at the taping! I mean, not as Carroll Hollister. . . I’d be there, but I wouldn’t be there. . .

Oh, Hell, you know what I mean!

And it wouldn’t be that much of a loss because I would have at least one day to shop around NYC and there were a hundred places I wanted to see and visit.

It was almost too easy!

Like I said, I make a very presentable woman when properly dressed, so I made a duplicate reservation at the same hotel in Mister David Carroll Hollister’s name, using his credit card, and after Linda obtained her winnings and had the cash in hand, she would walk into the hotel as Ms Hunter and after a slight change of costume, so to speak, leave later as Mister Carroll Hollister, Esq., with no one any the wiser.

Like I said, it was almost too easy.