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# **Cheryl, Sweet Cheryl**

**by Bebe Talons**

**3:00 A.M.**

*Bzzzz! Bzzzz!*

Groggily, I reached my silk gloved fingers for the telephone, thinking to myself, 'Now why didn't I shut that damn thing off before I went to bed?'

"Grrr," came a low, soft warning growl from the foot of the bed as I disturbed Her Majesty's beauty sleep by moving my feet! Her Majesty is a pure bred White West Highland Terror puppy. . . er, I mean, a "Terrier," puppy, and she's the Bigga Boss of the

house, and don't you forget it! But make no mistake about Her Majesty! At six and a half pounds of squirmy puppy-dom, she is afraid of nothing! I have seen her attack German Shepherds ten times her size and send them scurrying in terror!

"Shut up, Maje," I growled myself. I grabbed for the phone, but it slipped out of my fingers and fell to the floor. "Oh, sh\*\*!" I snapped. "Now look at what you made me do!" I scolded.

She just glared at me in utter disgust.

Scrambling, I retrieved the damn thing and growled, "Yeah, who is it? You better have a damn good reason for waking me up at this hour!"

*Time for some back-ground. . .*

I am a defense attorney in The Big City, pre-fortyish with long auburn hair that I keep covered by an obviously false wig (most people think I am bald under it and I do nothing to counter-act that thought!). I have hazel eyes, stand five foot seven in my three inch high heels and/or the lifts in my male shoes - take your pick - weigh some one hundred thirty two or three pounds, depending on the scale and make a pretty convincing woman when en femme! I even have breasts, enhanced, of course, 36-B's, and I am as proud as punch of them! My first ex-wife would not have been so accepting. . .

In case you haven't guessed, I am a life-long transvestite bordering on transsexualism, and it is my fondest hope to have S.R.S. in the not too distant future and assume my true sex, the sex that Mother Nature meant for me to be, not this transient male thing at all!

I had been up until shortly after midnight writing a draft of my defense for Maurice Hubbard, a foolish kid

who just couldn't stay out of trouble. His long suffering parents had spent several thousands of dollars with me to keep the little bugger out of the County Lock-Up. Not that I was complaining, you see, it's just that he was getting to be a real pain in the girth!

This time he was accused of driving a stolen car when apprehended at a drinking and driving road block. Maurice had been the designated driver, only no one had told him the car was stolen. When he was stopped, everything was going along swimmingly until one of the younger police men decided to run the car through their computer, and sure enough, it turned up as stolen.

The defense was obvious but still entailed a brief argument and a court appearance. The only problem was getting the Judge to see Maurice's plight as "innocent bystander."

Still, I didn't think it would be too great a problem as we (the Judge and I) both belong to the same law fraternities and occasionally we "hang out" together at our favorite watering hole.

But, that was Hubbard.

This was something else.

Finally, I had the damn phone under control and I growled into it, "It's yer dime, go ahead but make it snappy, I don't have all night!"

"Mr. Diaz? Mr. Leonid Diaz?" came a flat voice that could only belong to a cop.

"Naw, it's the tooth fairy, you damned idiot!" I snapped. "Of course it's Leonid Diaz! Who else would be stupid enough to answer the f\*\*\*in' phone at this ungodly hour? What in the Hell do you want?"

“Mr. Diaz, this is Officer Dennis Mulligan of the Paris Police Department and. . .”

“Sorry, I don’t do France!” I snapped and hung up.

“Stupid a-hole!” I growled as I settled back into my comfortable nest. Her Majesty walked around atop me, not being gentle about it, and finally settled down on my belly with her head resting between my breasts as she stared accusingly at me. “Don’t blame me!” I told her. “I didn’t do anything!”

Her eyes closed as I closed the light, and the damn thing rang again!

Bzzzz! Bzzzz! Bzzzz! Bzzzz!

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake!” I threw back the blanket and swung my nylon covered legs over the edge of the bed, reaching for the phone and disturbing Her Majesty all over again! “Hello!” I bellowed. “I told you, I am not the pizza parlor nor do I do France! Now leave me alone and let me get some sleep!”

‘Sumnabitch!’ I told myself. ‘I shoulda unplugged the damn thing when I had the chance!’

“Mr. Diaz, this is Officer Dennis Mulligan in France and I am sorry to interrupt your sleep, but we have a situation on our hands up here that requires your attention.”

“Like I said, Officer,” I snapped, “I don’t do France! Bad enough here in the good old U. S. of A.”

“Oh, but Sir, this isn’t France Paris. . .” Hunh?

Then, through my daze, I remembered that there was a Paris about fifty or sixty miles from The Big City. In fact, my second ex-wife, Doreen Dean, lived there with her two obnoxious, destructive brats and the pres-

ent "love of her life," the equally obnoxious Elizabeth "Liz" Horson.

"So?" I tried to sound as disinterested as I could, but I felt a lump in my throat as I thought about Doreen, my ex. . . "I got no ties to Paris any more," I told the man peevishly.

"Well, yes, Sir, in a manner of speaking," the man continued, "but not entirely true."

"Doreen and I are divorced. The decree was final last summer in mid-July. I have the signed court order in my safe here at home, and. . . and. . ." I tried to explain.

"Are you still an attorney?" he asked.

"Yeah, so what?" What in the Hell did he want? Get to the point!

"The ex Mrs. Diaz shot herself three days ago, Mr. Diaz, and. . ."

"Why bother me? Why don't you tell the great love of her life, Lizzy Baby, or Carla Baby, or her first ex-husband, dear sweet old bob, Gerald Dean? Or her older sister, Petunia Clerise, who lives right around the corner on Perrune Street. Why bother me with all that crap?"

"There's a will. . ."

"So? Why me? There are plenty of probate attorneys up there. Let one of them sort things out."

Then it hit me.

Suicide!

My little Doreen had taken her own life! She had shot herself!

Hot tears stung my eyes as I snapped, "So? It's no never mind to me," I repeated.

"There's more to it, Mr. Diaz."

"What are you talking about? Get to the point, man. It's almost four in the f\*\*\*ing A of M here for God's sake!"

"It's your step-son, Cherleese Dean."

"Good grief! What's that little bastard done now? And he's not my step-son!" I snapped angrily.

"Excuse me," he apologized. "There was a shooting a few hours ago and Cherl. . ."

"Why tell me? Tell the little bastard's real father, dear old Gerald Dean, and quit bugging me!"

"Mr. Diaz, please don't hang up on me again. If you do, I shall be forced to have the State Police take you into custody and bring you to Paris."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" I bellowed. "I told you, I have no connection to that family anymore and further more, I don't want anything further to do with them whatsoever, no how, no way, no siree bob-tail and that's final!" I exploded angrily.

"Mr. Diaz, there was a shooting at the local Seven-Eleven. A teenaged boy was murdered."

"And Cherleese did it? And you have the little bastard in custody, I assume? Good! Lock him up and throw the f\*\*\*ing key into Lake Whatchamacallit!"

"True, he was at the scene," he admitted slowly.

"Christ on a f\*\*\*ing pogo stick, get to the point! Did he murder the boy or didn't he?"

"He was in the get-away car."

Damn! Getting information out of this guy was like pulling hen's teeth!

"Look, Officer, er, Mulligan? Why bother me to involve me in all of this?"

"For starters, you are mentioned in Mrs. Diaz's will," he explained.

"So? Whatever she left to me, sell and send me the money," I growled. "Like I said, I have had no connection with her for several years."

"There's more," he continued, "Cherleese has asked that you represent him in court."

"What?" I bellowed. "After all that little so of a bitch did to break us up, he has the unmitigated gall to ask me to defend him on a murder charge? No! Hell no! Not never no how and no f\*\*\*ing way!"

"Talk to him, Mr. Diaz, please?"

And before I could hang up, a threat of State Police or no State Police, I heard the familiar whine of the one person I detested most in the whole wide world, "Leo? It's Cherleese and I really do need your help this time."

"Oh, *now* you need me?" I snapped sarcastically. "I thought you said three years ago that you and your sister, Noreen, didn't need me for anything at all ever," I reminded.

"That was then," he admitted slowly. "Mom told us that if we ever got into real trouble to call you. She said you were the only man we could trust to do things right, and I'm in trouble deep."

"Yeah, killing someone can do that to a person," I spoke sarcastically, but it went right over his head. He always was a mite slow on the pick-up, if you catch my drift.

“Mr. Diaz? Officer Mulligan again. There’s more to it. . .”

Naturally. With Cherleese it always was!

I hated myself, but, “And?”

The Officer told me how Cherleese had been joy riding with another boy and when apprehended after the shooting, Cherleese had been dressed in female clothes.

(I remembered that Cherleese had been a sort of sissyish person and I had suspected that he wore his Mother’s clothes. More, I suspected that Doreen had encouraged him!)

His boy friend had stopped at the Seven-Eleven just outside town to get some pizza slices and had gone inside leaving Cherleese in the car with the motor running, the windshield wipers were clickity-clacking and the radio had been turned up as high as it would go. When the boy had returned with the pizza, he had said nothing about shooting the clerk and, according to Cherleese, he had known nothing about the incident inside until the police had stopped them.

Anyway, when questioned by the police, the boy friend, an older, thirty-something hoodlum, Marlo Thompson, had accused Cherleese of instigating the whole thing. Cherleese had not been charged as yet, but was being held as a material witness pending investigation of the salient facts.

There was also some mention of larceny and breaking and entering and a few other criminal acts. Cherleese had been a busy little beaver since his Mother’s earlier suicide!

Finally, I agreed to go to Paris in a day or so and look into things. To which the Officer replied, “Oh, Sir,

Judge Katherine Rebut would be most displeased if you weren't here in person this morning for the arraignment hearing at 8:30."

"This morning?" I growled, "Like today's this morning? At 8:30 A.M.?" I couldn't believe my ears.

"Yes, Sir," he answered. "The hearing is set for 8:30 A.M."

"And I'm supposed to be there?"

"Yes, Sir."

"My God! It's a four hour drive and I'm still in bed." I equivocated.

"You used to make it in two hours and thirty minutes when you were commuting back and forth and living with your ex-wife," he commented laconically.

"How in Hell would you know that?" I was astounded.

"We have our ways of keeping track of comings and goings," he admitted slyly. "Don't be late!" And this time, he hung up!

I lay back on the bed with Her Majesty cradled in my arms as I silently cried for my loss. Mage tried to lick my face to make me feel better, but I cried bitter tears anyway.

So seeing that I had been neatly boxed by circumstances, I got dressed and was on my way to whatever by 5:00 A.M.

Now it wasn't all that simple. First I had to switch my identity as Bébé Talons back to my male self, Leonid Diaz, my birth name. Off came the silky nightie. Off came the wasp-waist corset. Off came the nylons. Off came my lacey bra. Off came the make-up. Off came

my feminine jewelry, including my earrings, my bracelets and everything else. Finally, off came my pseudo pussy and Leonid was once more in charge.

Almost.

I still had to wind a tight compressor band around my breasts - yes, I have breasts! Real ones! Or as real as plastic surgery can make them! No, I didn't go hog-wild, and although I had dreamed of having a pair of Double D's, I settled for better than B's. I have had to bind them to keep things at a minimum in Court Appearances, but it was well worth it. At least, to me, it was well worth it!

And that what counts in my book!

\* \* \* \* \*

**8:31 A.M.**

Finally I was transformed into the well dressed, successful attorney I am by day, and saying, "Good bye," to Her Majesty as I dropped her off at my neighbor's, Mrs. Grant, a sweet old lady, retired, who was more a Mother to me than a neighbor! I went down to my old Chevy sedan and set out for Paris. It was 5:30 A.M.

It was a painful drive as I passed the familiar landmarks, each one a searing memory for me. At times, I felt like stopping and just crying and saying, "to Hell with all of it!" And I had thought all my crying was behind me long since! Guess one never knows how one will react in certain situations.

Arriving in Paris, I saw that it was 8:25 by the town hall clock and by the time I found a parking space, then hurried into the court house and located the court room, it was 8:31 A.M. and I fully expected a royal chewing by some dried up old prune who should have been put out to pasture eons ago!

Imagine my surprise to see a quite pretty, 40ish woman seated behind the bench! She was bent forward and studying a paper on her desk. "Mr. Dizzy?" she called. "Is Mr. Leonid Dizzy in Court?"

I strode through the door just as she mispronounced my name and hurried forward. "If you mean Mr. Leonid Diaz, Your Honor, that's me."

"It says here that your name is Dizzy," she retorted, waving the paper at me.

"Begging the Court's pardon, I know my own name after having worn it for the past forty years!" I replied with a wide grin.

She handed the paper to the embarrassed Bailiff. "See that these papers are corrected before I see them again!" she ordered gruffly.

"Yes, Ma'am," he mumbled as he turned and hurried from the court room.

"Are you here to represent Miss. . . er, Mr. Cherleese Dean?" she asked querulously.

"That's what I was told over the phone earlier, Your Honor," I admitted.

"Why are you late?" she asked, and I could see that she was royally pissed at something.

"Your Honor!" I protested. "I was informed of the present circumstance shortly after 4:00 A.M., and I got

here as soon as I could. I live in The Big City, you know," I explained gently.

"After 4:00 A.M.? This morning? Like about four hours ago or so?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I admitted.

"Another dedicated member of the bar," she stated with a sarcastic grimace.

"Yes, Ma'am." What else could I say?

"I must say, you made remarkable time at that," she commented.

"Yes, Ma'am," I continued. I didn't know why she was so pissed, but by then I just didn't care. "The officer who called me said that he would send the State Police to take me into custody if I didn't respond in time for a court appearance at 8:30 a.m. this morning. I was informed that you would be most displeased, as he put it," I told the whole story.

"Displeased? Me?"

"I'm sure Your Honor has the calmest disposition in the world, but the officer who called me was rather agitated," I added quietly. Why should I bear all the heat?

"Watch that Irish tongue of yours, Mr. Diaz!" she grinned. "I have been snowed by my own Irish husband many times with similar words, and I'm wise to all your Irish blarney!"

"Yes, Your Honor." I shut up as we shared a quick grin.

"We are here to consider a charge of pre-meditated first degree murder in that one Mr. Marlo Thompson shot and killed one Mr. Joseph Klein at the Seven-Eleven on South Marina Street in Paris at ap-

proximately 1:30 A.M. this morning, and that he was aided and abetted by one Mr. Cherleese Dean."

She looked up. "Are the attorneys for both defendants present?"

The other man stood. "Yes, Your Honor, I am here, Louis DeCaprice, Esquire," a greasy looking mouth-piece stood, smirked at Her Honor, then sat down with a self-important mien.

"Ah, yes, " she sneered, unimpressed. "Good to see you again, Counselor."

Then I stood. "Your Honor, I make a motion to be recused of the duties required to represent the accused, Mr. Cherleese Dean in this matter. As you may or may not know, I was married to Cherleese's Mother for some years until our divorce in mid-July of last year. There is no love lost between Cherleese and myself nor between his younger sister, Noreen Dean, and me, and I'm afraid that given my present state of mind and the great animosity I still harbor against the afore mentioned siblings that I would not do an adequate job in defending him."

"But Counselor, I understand that Mr. Dean specifically asked for you," the Judge shook her head in puzzlement.

I nodded. "Unfortunately, that's what I have been led to believe, Your Honor. However, any loyalty or obligation I might have entertained for his late Mother is not shared with her son. He and his younger sister were the cause of our break-up and subsequent divorce and I bear them great malice."

"Nevertheless, he has specifically requested you. So, unless there is some compelling reason why you cannot represent him other than your animosity be-

cause of your recent divorce, I am going to let his request stand. My advice is, do the best you can, Counselor."

"Yes, Your Honor, may I request a short recess to confer with my unwanted client, whom, I notice, has not arrived from the lock-up as yet?"

"They are on their way, Your Honor," the returning Bailiff assured her.

"They were supposed to be here at least fifteen minutes before the start of court!" she told the hapless man angrily. He cringed visibly. Obviously, Judge Katherine Rebut was not one to be displeased with your performance nor "crossed" in any manner in *her* Court!

She turned back to me. "Mr. Diaz, I know who you are and I will get to your stated request in a moment. In the meantime," she turned to the Bailiff, "where are the prisoners?"

There was a slight commotion as the two prisoners were brought in. I did a double take when I saw my client, Cherleese Dean, for the first time in two years. The arresting officer had told me that he had been dressed in women's clothes at the time of his apprehension, and I guess the jailers had thought it would be funny to keep up the charade as they had forced him into a too-tight orange woman prisoner's dress with the same stockings and high heeled pumps he had been wearing when arrested. And with his developing, feminine, curves, he looked quite believable!

And in spite, or because of, his disheveled appearance, he looked as pretty as any genetic girl could or would under the same circumstances! I was impressed and couldn't figure out why.

Cherleese slid into the seat beside me, carefully tucking his skirt under his thighs. "Took you long enough to get here!" he snarled.

"Look, you obnoxious little bastard," I snarled right back at him, "if I hadn't been threatened with detainment and arrest by the State Police, I would still be sleeping in my bed in my Big City apartment! Now shut your f\*\*\*ing cake hole while I try to get you out of this mess."

He turned his back to me in high dungeon. I was not impressed nor offended. It was not the first time he had pulled the same stunt. I guess you can ignore any insult if it is done often enough.

"Mr. Diaz, I have some other matters to attend to, so will a half-hour be sufficient time to talk with your client and get acquainted with the facts of the case?" the Judge asked kindly.

"It will at least let me get a feel of his case, Your Honor," I replied rising.

She smiled at my unconscious pun. "I'm sure, Counselor!" She banged her gavel. "This Court is in recess for one hour."

Cherleese turned to me and started to say something, but I cut him off. "Shut up! When I want any s\*\*t out of you, I'll squeeze your f\*\*\*ing cheeks!"

He stared at me in shock.

I followed the guard as he led us to a consultation room and I got the chance to talk with the little bastard who had demanded that I be his attorney.

"If it wasn't that Mom swore you were the best attorney to have no matter what happened, I would have gone with almost anyone else!" he snarled snidely.

"Big deal. I hate your guts too! How much money do you have?" I demanded.

"Why do you ask?" he was taken completely by surprise.

"I don't work for nothing!" I snapped. "Competent legal advice costs money and lots of it! Now, how much do you have?"

"I've got six hundred and fifty five dollars saved up," he admitted.

"Good God! Any competent attorney would charge a hundred thousand dollars for the sort of defense you need!" I exclaimed.

He blanched visibly. "I don't have any where near that kind of money!"

"Get yourself a public defender," I snapped, closing my briefcase and standing.

"Where you going?" he demanded in surprise.

"Back to the Big City! Like I said, I don't work for free, for anyone, and especially not you!"

His voice softened appreciably. "Please, Leo, I am begging you!"

"If you like," I smiled sweetly, "I can have Mr. DeCaprice represent you. I'm sure the man would welcome a client with such a sweet disposition!"

He shuddered delicately. "Oh, no! Please!" It did my heart good to hear the rotten little bastard beg for a change!

I sat down and reopened my briefcase. "Tell me the whole story and don't leave anything out!"

"We were driving along when Marlo decided to get some pizza slices. I gave him the five dollar bill I had

taken from Mom's purse earlier. He was mad at me, but it was all I had. It was raining when we pulled up outside the Seven-Eleven and Marlo went inside to get the pizza, leaving me alone in the car. He left it running for the heater and the damn windshield wipers were making so much noise I had to turn the radio way up to hear the music."

"It was always all about you and what you wanted!" I commented sarcastically.

He shot me a look of pure hatred, then went on. "A moment later, Marlo came back with the pizza and he burned rubber driving away. I asked him why the big rush and he told me that he and Roy had argued about the pizza, and that's all I know because the Police stopped us a short time later when they told me that he had shot Roy once right between the eyes and once in his right ear."

"And you knew nothing about any of this until the cops told you?" I demanded.

"I said I didn't, didn't I? Dammit, you never would believe anything I said!" he complained.

"That's because you seldom told the truth!" I snapped.

"Whatever," he dismissed my objections with a limp wave of his hand and a tired voice.

"Now, your boy-friend, and I use the term loosely, and his shyster lawyer, are going to try to lay the majority of the blame on you. Your boyfriend will turn State's evidence against you in exchange for a lighter prison sentence for himself," I started to explain. "And it will be your word against his, except that he will have the support of the District Attorney's office."

“But I didn’t do anything!” he cried, “I was in the car the whole time he was inside! I swear, I didn’t know anything about any shooting until the police told me!” he cried brokenly.

“He’s going to claim that it was all your idea from the get-go and it will be my unwanted job to get your trial separated from his entirely. His shyster mouth-piece will object to that as he will claim that you were completely responsible for the crime and that his client was an unwitting participant, even though he was the one who actually pulled the trigger. He will further claim that I want a separate trial for you to get a change of venue more favorable to your sweet innocence.”

“But, I wasn’t inside when he shot Roy!” he cried. “I wasn’t! I wasn’t!”

“OK, now we’re going back in there and I want you to keep your mouth shut. No matter what I say or do, keep your mouth shut! I am going to say and do things that will piss you off royally, but it is vitally imperative that you stay silent and in control of your emotional outbreaks. Can you do that?”

“Yeah, I suppose. . .” he agreed reluctantly.

“Like I said, you will be pissed off, but if you make a scene in Court, you will have lost any vestige of sympathy you might have had beforehand. T’is better to be thought a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt!” I snapped.

“You are an insufferable son of a bitch,” he snarled.

“So I have been told many times,” I agreed with a sly smile, “but I might be able to get you off if you do as I say and keep your big f\*\*\*ing cake hole shut!”

“I guess so.”