

Until Something Better Comes Along

Part Two



Rebecca Rafferty



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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UNTIL SOMETHING BETTER COMES ALONG

PART TWO

by Rebecca Rafferty

VIII. ONE OF THE GIRLS (continued)

“We have all been in awe of you all week,” Kate said. “You pick up things that the others have taken years to perfect. Donna said that you have perfect pitch in a song, and you do, whatever range you are singing in. You can dance like Fred Astaire or like Ginger Rogers. You seem to be a natural mimic, male or female. None of us can think when we ever saw anyone as talented and as quick a learner as you. You could be the savior of our little show.”

Kate began to kiss me in earnest then. She slipped down her panties and took my feminized hands and showed me how she wanted to be pleased. I didn't mind all the foreplay. I clung to her and held her small, femininely soft body to me while she smiled as her real breasts bounced on my false ones.

"Kate!" I whispered to her, reaching for the panties I wore to take them down like hers.

"No, Deirdre darling," Kate whispered to me. "That's my job. And I'm going to show you how we make love around here."

Kate didn't undo my taping to make me appear to be a woman. No, she didn't care about what she had done to make me flat at the front, as a woman should be. Kate caressed between my legs and up and down my thighs while I went slowly crazy. She kept my fingers working on her as she used hers in similar fashion on me. I couldn't help it. I had to fight her, turn her, rip away the taping and overcome the intense pains I felt and have her as a man has a woman.

Kate seemingly had come before, but she did react to me penetrating her. She pulled the bra tightly about my chest as she came. I came as well. Ooo, it was so fantastic as we kissed, hugged and rolled together.

Kate grinned at me as I rested a little on top of her. "Well," she said, stroking my arms. "That didn't go entirely in the way I'd planned." She frowned. "Um, Dee. Please, please don't boast about this to any of the others, will you? Don't, please don't, tell your brother what we were up to in here today."

"Or your mama?" I asked her with a grin. Kate was startled.

“Oh yes, my mama,” Kate said, hugging me. “Donna would get very mad at me for doing this with one of her girls.”

“Hey, I’m *not* one of—” I began. Hey, I wanted to say, quivering as I spoke to Kate like the Queen of England whom I’d imitated. Kate had told me to speak just that way as she made my face look so womanly.

“Yes, you are!” said Kate fiercely. “You are going to be a smash hit in Calumet City where Donna is going to offer you the show. Yes, she wants to retire, just do a few cameo performances, but let someone as talented as *you* take over and modernize the show—buy it from her, basically. Now, don’t tell anyone that, either, if you don’t mind, Deirdre Johnson. That’s just pillow talk between the two of us.” She sighed and wrinkled her nose so prettily.

“Am I as much a mess as you are, Dee?” Kate asked me. “We should have done this in my room, you know. We could have used my bathroom to clean up.”

“Janet would still have walked in on us,” I told her with a giggle. Kate stiffened a little before laughing with me as well.

“Well, I suppose it’s her bathroom as well,” Kate said, patting me and rolling me a little, to slip out from under me and stand naked before me. I reached for her hungrily, wanting more than we’d shared so avidly—but she took my hand, caressed it and returned it to me.

“Now, be a good girl, Dee,” Kate said with a brilliant smile. “Maybe later we’ll have some private time. Yes, and then, my lovely girl, I’ll show you properly how we girls make love to each other around here.”

“You don’t have to show me,” I told her, laying out, my male member erect where I could touch it myself.

“Now that’s being a very naughty girl, Deirdre,” said Kate with that lovely smile of hers. “Save that for later. Let’s get ourselves cleaned up and dressed properly first.”

“Dressed properly” meant dressed as a drag queen, in my black satin blouse, the black, slitted, shiny skirt, stockings, black underwear, the high-heeled boots, vivid makeup, and the dark-haired wig. The last item took Kate a lot of combing to get perfectly arranged on my head, once more.

I went meekly, satisfied a lot, down the stairs with my lover, her arm affectionately about me as mine was about hers.

“So here are the girlfriends,” taunted Terry Marvel, getting up from Frankie Morel’s lap which she seemed to think was her permanent property.

I admit I blushed at that. Kate squeezed me and said, “Jealous, Terry?” At the piano, Janet looked up at the two of us and shook her fine blonde head of hair at me.

“I’ve been trying to warn you,” Janet said in her husky voice. I found it rather sexy now, I must admit, as she was trying all kinds of elixirs that Kate had brought her, or so Janet said. Janet was no longer the gravelly-voiced emcee of the show that I had first heard in the Star Club.

“But I *like* being Kate’s girlfriend,” I said in lilting, high-class, English, female tones to Janet. Kate, beside me, blushed even worse than I did. I could see it

plainly, as she wore so little makeup—unlike all the men in the room, even Frankie.

“Is Dee your girl friend now, Kate?” asked Janet—with a little tension, I thought, in her manner.

I wanted to say to her what Kate had said to Terry. I wanted to ask Janet if she was jealous, as well. From the look in her feminized, made-up face, I thought that ‘she’ was.

“None of your business,” said Kate curtly, escorting me to the starting position for me, off stage. “Let’s do *I’ll Carry You*, Janet, if you don’t mind. Once through, Frankie, with the kiss on Deirdre’s lips, if you don’t mind.” Those words startled me. I know I shuddered then as I tried to object, but Kate just shushed and ignored me. “Give us an intro, please, Janet. You know the score.”

“Oh, I do,” muttered Janet in a voice so low that only I—right beside the piano, squirming as I waited, ready for my grand entrance, a smile on my face—could hear her. “I know the score only too well.”

I don’t know what got into Janet, but she played a much punchier version of the music than she ever had before. I was able to dance and swing with much more emphasis on posing like one of the many female models I’d seen in my life, my hair swishing across my face, as I took on the persona of a drag queen for a little while. I didn’t mind Frankie’s kiss at all at the end of the energetic re-interpretation of the song. I felt that I had to kiss him on the lips, as the dance and the music called for it—so I did.

“Wow!” said Terry, as I relaxed in Frankie’s arm and did another feminine pose, leaning against him, one of my legs lifted, a broad smile on my face. That

would show all these supposed ‘girls’ what they hadn’t learned to do as well as a male actor could. “That is so great, Dee. That is just so effing great! I wish I could do a number like that!”

“Oh, you will, in time,” said Kate, applauding me as she came forward as well. “Okay, that’s it for today. Janet, that was wonderful. We must get you that synthesizer and a drum machine. Dee interprets your music so well, don’t you think? Bobby?” she turned and smiled at my brother, whom I’d seen slip in to frown thunderously at my performance as ‘Angela’.

“Bobby,” said Kate with a smile, “could you help Frankie and the girls with the cases and trunks, and get them out to the cars and vans? We want to be on the road first thing in the morning. No staying up and playing musical rooms tonight, please! Frankie, Donna needs her beauty sleep for tomorrow night. Yes, you can nap in the cars if you aren’t on driving duty, but we do have an extra show tomorrow night, which will be after midnight. So, get your beauty sleep, girls. I want you all to be looking your best tomorrow night!”

“Yes, Mummy,” said Terry in the little girl voice she liked to use from time to time.

I sashayed over to Kate and put my arm about her. She was rather startled. She looked quite surprised in fact. Then, she shrugged and smiled at me while I saw Bobby staring at us, open-mouthed.

“You, Dee,” Kate said to me with her brilliant smile, “must get a lot of beauty sleep, as we are going to be depending on you quite a lot tomorrow night. We’ll be depending on you almost as much as we depend on Janet’s piano playing.”

I glanced at Janet who was putting her sheet music carefully into a leather briefcase. Janet looked up at me thoughtfully. I thought she was commiserating with me, in a way, for I'd done what she'd said I'd do, which I'd sworn I'd never do. I'd become a female impersonator, just like her. I'd have to talk to her and tell it was only for a couple of days, until the 'husband and wife' drag queens were back on their high heels.

That made me wonder if Janet's initiation, into becoming the remarkable woman she appeared to be, had been sparked in any way by a seduction that I knew I'd been subjected to—and was still being subjected to.

Janet wore only a little makeup. Her long, brown hair was pushed behind her ears and held there with hair pins. At the dress rehearsal, earlier, she'd let it hang loose and had worn huge earrings that danced over her face as she played. Now, with thin, light brown eyebrows, a little lipstick, a cardigan draped over her white, silky blouse, her stockinged legs crossed in her medium heels below her wide, dark brown skirt, she looked like a real woman. But then, I kept seeing the 'girls' I was with, dancing and prancing, and thought of them as girls. As far as I could tell, the only genuine female impersonators in The Donna Vallee Show were Donna and myself.

IX. READY TO SHOW OFF

"Well, did you sleep with her again last night?" Bobby asked me when we were stopped at a gas station. Kate was laughing with a gas jockey as we streamed the car and vans slowly through the pumps and filled up.

The other girls had moved easily into the convenience store to buy drinks and flirt with the customers. Donna stayed in the Dodge van with Frankie—who did all the talking to the attendants, I noticed.

I couldn't do that, not dressed in a billowing skirt the way that I was, and a pretty top with short, puffy shoulders. I was in bright red high heels, stockings and, yes, a garter belt that I wanted no one else to see—and so I clutched at my dress, as it threatened to blow up at any moment.

The wind about my legs, on my stockings, was unbelievable in how it made my freshly shaven legs feel. I did feel effeminate and girly. I felt the pull of my bra straps and the tightness of the waist cinch about me. The long hair of my pinned and glued brunette wig blew about my made-up face, my lipstick renewed before I got out of the car to stretch my long, shapely legs. I would have to brush it again several times, I was sure, to re-arrange the girlish image I was striving to achieve with so many people looking at me.

“Was it that obvious?” I asked Bobby, countering his question about me sleeping with Kate, which I had, with one of my own.

Bobby stared at me. “You must have slept with her again,” he said churlishly to me. “You're even more a girl today than you were yesterday. Gods, Zenon, what kind of drug does she have you on?”

“Oh, Bobby,” I said, teasing him, moving closer to him and taking his hand with a big smile, as if I was a girl flirting with a boy friend. He had to be angry, as he called me by my real name again. “Really, you shouldn't knock it until you've tried it, sugar.”

Bobby almost jumped six feet from me as if I'd stung him. "I don't know who you are any more!" he said wildly.

"I'm Dee," I told him in my coyest of girlish voices. "We never get to talk these days, do we? I'm Dee, and Angela, and Cindy for the next two days, and then it'll be back to being boring old Douglas again. You will still be boring Bobbypins all the time, though, won't you?"

"Doug," Bobby said fearfully. In the background, I saw Kate turn and smile at the picture I must have made, being so girlish and coy with my stiff, uncomfortable brother.

"Dee," I corrected him. The wind blew even more strongly and my skirts flew up, showing off my petticoats and my stockings. I think that I was able to hang on enough that my garters and my panties weren't exposed. "I have to get back in the van," I told my brother, putting out my hand girlishly to him. "Why don't you come back and talk to me for a little while?"

Bobby had been driving the Dodge that was behind the Plymouth, in line to be filled up, while the Ford I was in had been parked a little way from the pumps. Bobby looked quite sick as he took my hand and walked me to the Ford, unable to match my mincing walk.

"You look ridiculous!" huffed my brother as I slid into the passenger seat of the car like a girl, smoothing my rustling skirts beneath me, having waited and forced him to open the door for me.

"It's so nice to be a girl," I cooed at him. My brother really got mad at me.

“You’re making a fool of yourself!” Bobby snapped at me as he got into the car. “Do you know what you smell like?”

Yes, I did. I was smothered in *Joy* on that particular day. “No,” I lilted femininely to my brother, batting my eyelashes at him. “Isn’t that heavenly fragrance of oil and gasoline all yours?”

Bobby began to realize how much fun I was having, teasing him. “You smell like a woman,” he said to me. “A pretty woman.”

“Oh, you say the nicest things,” I said with a shrug and squeeze of my shoulders in mock delight, bending my wrist limply as I touched his arm.

“Cut it out, Doug,” said Bobby angrily. “It’s me you are talking to, you know.”

“I’m still Dee,” I said to Bobby coyly, keeping my Queen of England voice going. It was getting to be so easy. “I think you had something to tell me, didn’t you? Did you finally manage to contact Agnes Schafer?” She was the female ‘agent’ that our parents had got for us when we were—what? Eight and nine years old, I think.

“You’ve been listening to my phone calls?” Bobby asked me in surprise, turning his head away. He was too embarrassed, I think, to look at me, at my chest and figure, as a woman. I noted, however, how he looked at my crossed legs, my stockings and my shoes, quite surreptitiously.

I had an idea of asking him if Bobby would like to trade places with me, if he’d like to be in Cindy’s place in the show. I could accuse him quite easily of being jealous of me, as I was beginning to think Donna had been quite right in what she’d said to

Kate. Bobby was fidgeting with me as much as he'd fidgeted with Terry, and probably still did. She'd insisted on riding in the van he was driving, to Calumet City, with him.

"I don't have to listen to your phone calls to know that you must have contacted our so-called agent, Lady Agnes," I told Bobby seriously, reverting to my regular voice which startled him. "I'll bet she had the usual tale of woe to give you and asked for an update of our resumes. Then she asked for a number to reach us at, before she said she'd get back to us in a week. We both know it won't amount to anything at all. What was the last job she got for us since you turned thirteen?"

"Wow," Bobby said unsteadily. "Wow again. I didn't think that I'd ever hear you talk like my brother again, Doug, er, Dee. It kind of shakes me up to hear you like that when you look the way you do."

"I can tell," I said to him, disturbing him as I re-crossed my legs in a swishing of petticoats and rustling of nylons. "Did I get it about right with Aggie?"

Bobby nodded uneasily. "Pretty much," he said uneasily. "I've been phoning around, though, and I talked to Nate in New York." Nate was an older actor friend, more Bobby's than mine, who had been in movies with him. "He gave me names and numbers of some new agents. I sent in both of our resumes to several of them at the agencies they work for."

"Good idea," I told him. He looked pleased with himself.

"I got a cell phone," Bobby said then with a smile. "I had to have a number to give out so they can call me back."

“Another good idea,” I said with a smile at him. “Did it cost you very much?”

Bobby gave me what I considered his guilty look. I knew then what he’d done. He’d probably signed up for a plan, the terms of which he had no intention of fulfilling, in regard to payments. I only wondered what name he’d used in the scam he was pulling, or if he realized what jeopardy he was putting himself in if an irate telephone company set someone on his case to track him down.

No, I didn’t say anything like that to him. “You have to have a phone,” I cooed to him in one of my girlie voices. I smiled as Bobby reacted nervously and looked at me. “I’ll give you some money soon to pay for it,” I told him with another smile and squeezed his arm playfully. Bobby again looked very pleased with himself. I was intrigued with how praise from a pretty girl—and I felt like a pretty girl—worked on a man, even when the pretty girl was the man’s brother.

“Don’t you have to get back to your van?” I asked Bobby as I saw Kate finally finish paying for everyone. Terry and Pearl were coming out of the store, laughing and smiling, giggling and being totally feminine, with some young guys from a red sports car.

“I suppose so,” said Bobby heavily. “I had to drive with Janet this morning until Terry got her to change at the rest stop we made at noon.”

It was quite an operation to get us ‘girls’ through the women’s bathrooms without other women filling the place—or worse. According to Pearl, who’d driven with me, little kids instantly seemed to know female impersonators from women, no matter how much we girls toned down our makeup and wore ‘drab’ clothes.

“Terry told me about Janet and Kate,” said Bobby, turning the key in the Ford and backing the van out of the parking stall and up behind Frankie’s Dodge while we waited for the giggling Terry and Pearl to re-join the convoy. Kate was heading towards us—with quite a smile on her face, I noticed—while Janet was behind the wheel of Kate’s car.

“What was there to tell?” I asked my brother lightly.

“Janet and Kate used to be married,” said Bobby, giving me a quick glance.

“I knew that,” I said lightly, forcing a smile, though I felt as if a dagger had been put through me.

“Did you know that it was Kate who persisted and persisted in getting Janet to become Janet and help her draggy father save his drag show?” asked my brother. I smiled as if I didn’t find anything gut-wrenching in what he was saying to me. “Terry told me Kate was playing you, in just the way she played Janet. Of course, Janet doesn’t mind now so much, but she did ask Kate not to make a play for you. Kate’s supposed to have said she wouldn’t.”

“Why would Janet ask that?” I said as off-handedly as I could, but I don’t think I fooled my brother one bit.

“Janet likes you as Doug,” said Bobby bluntly as Kate stopped beside our car and waved the Plymouth, with Cindy at the wheel, up beside us. “She didn’t want you to become a drag queen like her. She wants you as a woman wants a man, brother. How does that feel, Dee? Both the husband and the wife after you, and the three of you all as cute and girly as can be? I can’t work it out. You’ll have to let me know

what you're going to do. I have to go back to Terry and Janet."

My brother got out of the car as a smiling Kate got in and took over the role of driver. "You're almost as wind-blown as I am, Dee," she said to me with that flashing smile at me. "What did Bobby have to say? Is he regretting now that he didn't give the drag business a chance on his own?"

"No," I said, trying to order my own conflicted emotions as I sorted out all that Bobby had told me. Just sitting there in a dress, the long hair of my wig, swirling over my neck and face, wasn't easy to handle—nor the other femmy stuff on me.

"We should be there within the hour if we don't have any more traffic jams like we've had all morning," said Kate with a smile. "And we should have those guys in the Corvette at our show. They don't know what they're in for, of course. So, it should be a lot of fun if they show up to see Terry disrobing tonight!"

"She should be honest with guys," I suggested, wondering how Kate would react to that. "It could be dangerous for her if she led them on too far. They could be very disappointed as well and do something stupid to her, to us, or the vans."

"Don't worry about Terry," smiled Kate to me. "She's had a lot of experience with men. Stick with her tonight and she'll take care of you as well."

I recalled then that Pearl and Cindy had gone out into the audience at the Star Club after the cabaret had been completed. A queasy feeling began to come over me.