

The Prize



Cheryl Lynn

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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THE PRIZE

By Cheryl Lynn

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO WIN SO WHY SHOULDN'T
IT BE ME

Contests, all kinds and types! Doesn't matter what kind; if they are giving away prizes I want in on it. Did you know that every year companies give away hundreds of millions of dollars worth of trips, cars, cash, jewelry, clothing, and other neat stuff? In almost every one of them, all you have to do is write your name a few times and you're in. I mean how easy can it be to make a few bucks? Write three hundred words on why I like laxatives or just signing my name and address a zillion times doesn't matter. This stuff's practically free, man!

I am addicted to "contesting.. Bet you didn't know that it is considered a legitimate hobby and has its own newsletters. Aficionados such as myself adhere to the code of the three Ps: patience, persistence, and lots of postage. I enter each and every one I can find or that finds me. I have piles of postcards, envelopes, stamps, felt tip pens, black ink only of course, stored in a tackle box. I even threw away all my lures, hooks, weights, and corks just to find a place to keep my contest stuff.

I have had pretty good success with contests too. I won four tickets to the Super Bowl. Do I have to tell you what my friends thought about me then? Oh, a lot of guys drooled over my success and a few tried to get on my good side, but I just took my only true

friend, Phil, along. I sold the other two for outrageous prices at the game.

Then there were the tickets to Cancun. Had to go on that one by myself. The gal I thought was going to go chickened out on me. Ah, she was a real loser anyway.

I have won other prizes, like tickets to a Willie Nelson concert.

Joanie went with me to that one since I had front row seats and backstage passes. A real dog, though, if you know what I mean. No! Not Willie, man; Joanie! The bitch stiffed me by going with me, then left me hanging, if you know what I mean.

Yes, I was addicted to contests, big ones, little ones; it didn't matter. Well, at least that's the way I used to be many years ago. Before I won "The Prize."

That was the last contest I entered. I can assure you that because of this contest, I have absolutely no desire to ever, ever enter another contest!

Why and how does a confirmed contest junkie quit cold turkey after winning a major event? It makes for a complex, if not unbelievable history; one that changed my life.

It all began...

Phil and I were shopping in the mall; you know the big Eastside complex. We had just come out of Jacque Penyeahs, as we called J. C. Pennys, and were heading north up the main corridor. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of a sign and the word "contest" just leaped out and grabbed me. I stopped so quick some good-looking chick walking behind me plowed into me with her great big tits.

I still remember thinking, *"How lucky can you get? I find a contest and a chick bashes her tits into my back."*

Well, we would find out just how lucky a bit later, but I pulled Phil along with me over to the store with the contest sign.

It was in the window of one of those specialty cosmetics shops; you know like a Merle Norman, but a different brand.

The word "Contest" was printed in big bold black letters across the top of the sign that essentially said, "Grand Prize: A COMPLETE MAKEOVER INCLUDING WARDROBE! A \$175,000 Value. First Prize: A Luxurious getaway for two to the U.S. Virgin Islands for two weeks. Plus \$1,000 cash."

I did not bother reading anything further and walked into the store. Seeing a pretty young thing standing behind the counter, I sauntered over, trying my best to look like my hero John Wayne.

"Howdy, Missy!" I said real cool like. "I see by the sign in your window that you're running a contest in here and I want to enter. Where do I sign up?"

"Oh, I...I am sorry, SIR!" the blond bimbo said, emphasizing the word "Sir." It was obvious she was one of those feminists that needed a lesson in equal rights as she continued. "This contest is for our customers only! You know. You can't enter! You're a man!"

"*No shit, Sherlock!*" I thought as I was taken aback by her outright refusal to let me enter her stupid contest. But if the prize was worth \$175,000, there was no way she was going to keep me from entering. I didn't care about winning the makeover and wardrobe. But converting it into pure cash? Now that had possibilities!

"Lookie here, Missy!" I said, leaning on her counter and looking her straight in the eye. "You mean to tell me that just because I am a man, you are going to discriminate against me! You are actually going to refuse me the right to participate in your silly contest because of that? I could understand not letting me enter if it was based on a purchase, but your sign did not say anything about buying your products. Isn't it a federal crime to discriminate based upon sex, race, or religion? I believe that it was the last time I looked! Now, where do I enter, or do I need to call the cops?"

Phil tried to get me to back off, but I roughly shoved him aside.

"Phil, you stay outta this, you hear! I'm not going to let some blond bimbo shove me around and get away with it. I have as much right to enter this contest as anyone. Now, let me do what I have to do!"

You should have seen that bitch squirm as I reeled off my threats to call the cops and sue her pretty little round ass off because she was discriminating.

Oh Wow! Man! You should have seen her eyes. They got bigger than saucers and it seemed to take her about five minutes just to get her act together enough to reply.

“But...but SIR! You don’t UNDERSTAND!”

She tried to bullshit me some more, but I stepped right back in. I wasn’t about to give her a chance to weasel out of this. Besides, now I really wanted to enter this contest. Women were getting everything nowadays and I was still upset about losing my scholarship to some bimbo just because she was a she.

This was my chance to get even.

I heard Phil groan behind me. He put his hand on my shoulder, trying to pull me away once again. I shoved his hand off my shoulder without even bothering to look at him and ignored his request to get out of there. Kick my butt for not listening to him then, but you know what they say about spilt milk.

“Now YOU listen up, Missy!” I said as cold and threatening as I could. “If you don’t let me enter the contest right here, right now, I am going to yell as loudly as I can for the cops! I don’t give a rat’s ass about you trying to keep it for Women Only!”

I paused to let my point sink home in her dull little mind.

“I am sick and tired of everybody except us poor white males being given all kinds of special privileges! I’m fuckin’ tired of being treated like a second-class citizen! Now, are you going to let me enter or what?”

Judging by her reaction and Phil’s continued background noises, I must be doing pretty good, so I finished with a coldly uttered, “Well?”

That must have pulled the right string because I could see her visibly shrink away from me.

Phil kept poking me in the ribs and whispering loudly for me to give it up and to get the H out of there but the clerk had my dander up and I was now bound and determined to enter her stupid contest, no matter what!

Besides, I was winning my argument.

“Alright! Alright, fine. You can enter the contest. Just stop yelling and making a scene,” she protested, giving up at last. “Here, read this, sign the acknowledgment statement. Your friend there can witness it, then complete the back side in its entirety.”

I took the pale pink paper with the “Crystal Palace Spa and Health Center” logo. I glanced at the almost full page of small print and, foregoing any further delay, signed the bottom and dated it.

Phil reluctantly signed as one witness, the sales clerk as the other after asking me if I had any questions and fully understood the release.

“Stupid bimbo!” I thought as I pulled the piece of paper back to complete the other side, *“Of course I don’t understand one friggin’ bit about what I just signed, I didn’t fuckin’ read it!”*

Women! They just don’t know nothing. If I won the prize, whatever I just signed wouldn’t make any difference, would it? So what if my picture appeared in an ad or on TV winning the grand prize from some woman’s store? I mean how difficult can entering a contest be? Sure this one was a bit more detailed than any other I had entered, but what the hey!

She took my finished application and placed it in a pink envelope, sealed it with her tongue and, putting the envelope into a barrel, gave it a spin. My application was all mixed in with about two hundred others just like it. I wouldn’t have to worry about the bimbo removing it after I left.

I smiled sweetly to the bimbo and said, “See you in the winner’s circle, babel!”

Without waiting for her reply, I turned and, telling Phil to get a move on, headed for the door.

As we left the store, I savored my victory by repeating to Phil everything he had just heard.

He tried to put a damper on my mood by asking stupid questions about what that entry would require me to do. He had never heard of a contest where the contestant had to sign an affidavit, let alone have it witnessed as well. It sure looked legal to him.

“Much too legal looking for a silly giveaway,” he told me. “Are you sure you wanted to enter that contest? Something just doesn’t feel right about that thing.”

What a bummer! The dude really needed to chill. I told him where he could put his jealous concerns and idiotic notions in no uncertain terms even this lily-livered twerp could understand. Phil wasn’t much fun for the rest of the night and soon afterwards we parted company.

I don’t think I saw Phil again until well after I had won “The Prize.”

I let the screen door slam shut behind me as I entered my dorm complex. It was pouring outside and I was soaked to the skin. Luckily, it was early summer and the rain lent a coolness to the thick moisture laden air that refreshed. I stopped at my mail slot and opening it, pulled out the routine junk, several bills, and one legal-sized pink envelope.

Carrying it all in my left hand, I quickly went up the stairs to change and dry off. My room was the first on the right and I was the only person left. Everyone else had gone home for the summer. I was fortunate and managed to get a summer job as dorm manager. I got to stay for free plus I picked up a couple of hundred bucks in the process, but now it was somewhat lonesome.

Hey, I could get real used to being alone after spending over nine months confined with a bunch of animals.

Tossing the mail on my desk, I went into the shared bath and took a shower. I didn’t give another thought to the pink envelope. I had completely forgotten about that contest by this time.

It wasn’t until two days later that I shuffled through all my mail. I’m one of those weird people that likes to stack up their mail until they have a pile of it before I even think of opening the first one. Usually, because I entered so many contests, I opened my mail twice a week. No matter how important the letter looked, even if it said “certified,” it had to wait.

The first envelope that caught my attention was from a national breakfast food company. I was being notified that I had won a free months supply of cereal and had two coupons attached.

“That was good for a start,” I mumbled to myself. Next were several bills I just put aside and then there it was. The Pink Envelope!

At first, it did not compute.

“*What is some woman’s organization doing sending me any shit,*” I thought. I had completely forgotten about that contest I had entered way back before Christmas, but I opened it anyway. Seeing the company letterhead, “Crystal Palace Spa and Health Club” brought the memories flooding back. I could even see that blond bimbo in my mind and felt kind of sorry for not getting into her pants.

My smile got bigger as I began reading.

Dear Ms. Bobi Evans,

You have been selected by our panel of independent judges as our Crystal Make Over Girl. Your entry... provided all eligibility standards have been met and you can show that you are not an employee of...

I skipped over the rest to get to the nitty gritty.

As our Grand Prize winner, you will be flown to our beautiful headquarters in our company jet where you will be chauffeured in our company stretch limo to meet with our corporate officers.

So far so good, I said to myself. I was having a hard time trying to read the letter as I was shaking with nervous energy and excitement at winning, because by now I had remembered that the grand prize was worth \$175,000!

I took several deep breaths to steady my hands before continuing:

At our headquarters you will be given a private guided tour, settled in your very own deluxe accommodations, and interviewed by our senior beauty analyst, Doctor Gloria Jobe. Dr. Jobe will personally develop, based upon your own physical characteristics, a blueprint to a new more feminine and beautiful you. She and our professional staff will then work and dote upon your every need over a three-month

period to accomplish Dr. Jobe's plan. After that, as we promised, you will have a one-year employment contract guaranteed with all the fringe benefits which include room and board here at our headquarters.

Once Dr. Jobe has finished, you will be fitted with a whole new complete modern wardrobe. When we say complete, we mean just that, Bobi! Not only will you receive a complete under and outerwear ensemble for each season, but all accessories including shoes and a silver fox jacket! Of course, you will need new luggage to tote all your new apparel home. To help you maintain it, we're giving you a generous \$2,500 cash! Yes! It's all yours, Bobi! Won't this be exciting! To claim your prize, all you have to do is contact the store representative where you filed your entry and give them this letter. Once they have verified your eligibility, we will set up a convenient time for you to fly here to our headquarters.

I was impressed to say the least by the time I had read this far, but I couldn't find anywhere in the letter where it said I could exchange all this great garbage for cash. I reread the letter three more times but still didn't discover anything different.

Once I got back to that store in the mall I would just pull my macho John Wayne persona out of hiding and make them give me my money.

I entered the store in the Eastside Mall, walked over to the counter where an elderly lady was standing talking to the blond bimbo that I remembered from before. They looked up at my approach but returned to their conversation.

As I reached the counter, I heard the older woman say, "Yes. The winning entry did come from our store! Can you believe it! We'll make the national press, Sheri."

"Uh hum," I cleared my throat loudly to get their attention. "Do you mind? I need to see whomever is in charge of this place right now!"

The older woman looked me over, then asked what she could do for me as she was the manager. You should have seen that ol' bitch's face when I tossed that pink letter on her counter as she read it. I bet her

jaw would have dropped all the way to the floor if it hadn't been for the counter top. As it was, she just stood there for several seconds gasping like a fish out of water.

I would have laughed if I hadn't been looking for \$175,000.

"OK, already," I stated. "Yeah, it's me and I won your stupid contest. So if you'll just validate that thing and give me my money, I'll be on my way and leave you alone. It ought to be painfully obvious, even to you bimbos, that I don't work for your stupid company and I will attest to the fact that I am not related to anyone working for it either. So where can I get the dough?"

"Excuse me, Sir?" the manager finally said. She still looked flustered, but the color was coming back into her cheeks.

The blond bimbo standing beside her kept pointing her finger at me saying over and over, "It's him! It's him!"

"Oh, get a hold of yourself Sheri," the manager said to the bimbo. "So this is the guy you were telling me about earlier, huh!" Turning back to face me she continued, "It says here that a Ms. Bobi Evans had won the contest! Are you claiming to be BOBI? I must have some viable identification if you please? Preferably a photo ID!"

"Yeah, yeah, hold your horses, I've got my driver's license right here. And yes, I am Bob I. Evans. It looks like your contest people must have screwed up and put my middle initial at the end of my name. See, Here's my ID! It says Bob I. Evans! Now how do I get my money?"

"Well, now just wait a minute! You may be correct and you do have the letter in your possession. I do not doubt what you are saying, but I will still have to confirm it with headquarters. Now, er, Mr. Evans, if you'll give me a daytime phone number where I might contact you..."

I did not give her a chance to finish as I jumped right in.

"Whoa there, Nellie!" I almost shouted. "Lookie here, that's my letter telling me that I have just won

\$175,000 and I have brought it here like it said. Now where's my friggin money? I don't care a flyin' flip about your mistakes, or anything else. Your contest said \$175,000 to the Grand Prize winner and THAT IS ME!"

"Sir! If you please! I have other customers in the shop. I would appreciate it if you would lower your voice and speak in a more moderate tone. After all, *Mister Evans...*" she said, stressing the *Mister*. "We are not some riffraff and I will take care of this once I am satisfied that you and this letter are all in ORDER!"

"Ok, ok, don't get your panties in an uproar!" I responded, somewhat taken aback by her sudden show of authority. "I just want what's comin' to me. As long as I get it, everything is going to be just fine. If you got a problem with my ID or anything else, just call your darn company and get them to fax you a copy of my original entry. That should prove what I've been saying and it shouldn't take all damn day!"

It took longer than I thought it should but finally the fax came in and it proved what I had been saying about them closing up my middle initial.

"Yes," they had to agree that I was none other than Bobi Evans and yes, I had won their grand prize.

Whoopee and hallelujah!

They had seen the light. Now to get my money.

Now that is where the rub came in.

After some more fussing and clamoring from the manager and the bimbo, they said that under the rules I had to accept the prize as offered with no exceptions.

"The rules were quite clear," the manager said. "See? Right here it very plainly states that the winner will represent the Crystal Palace Spa for the entire year and the winner, that's you, must be willing to work for the Spa for the entire year. That's why there is a clause about the employment contract. You would, of course, have to appear before the public and in the media. You signed the release. See? Right here on this page."

She paused to make sure that I was following along on my copy of the fax, before continuing.

“Now, if you will examine this page which is a fax of the back of the entry form, you have agreed to give the Crystal Palace Spa your power of attorney and authority over your every activity for one full year commencing from the point that the Spa pronounces you fit to represent them in public.

“The Spa has acknowledged that in turn they must do everything in their power to make you presentable in a manner typical of the results of their extensive beauty and grace enrichment programs.

“Of course, an independent judging panel will affirm the Spa’s decision, in order to protect your rights.”

It was all there in black and white but I figured that I did not have anything to lose so I wadded up the fax copies in my right hand and threw it against the wall.

“I don’t give a shit about all this bovine fecal matter you’re trying to feed me,” I said. “All I want is my money! It should be obvious even to you dunderheads that I could never pass as a Crystal Palace girl, EVER!”

I paused to let that tirade sink into their little female minds before I continued. “Look, why don’t we all be reasonable about this? Just give me, oh say, ummm, \$150,000 and I’ll call it even. How about that? I get some money and you get off without all that embarrassing publicity of a man posing as the Crystal Palace Girl, hahahaha!”

They looked appropriately shocked at my statement.

The manager shook her head, sending her gray hair swirling, but recovered her composure rather quickly.

The bimbo? Well, I just disregarded her completely since she wasn’t qualified to do diddly squat.

“MISTER Evans,” there the store manager went stressing the ‘Mister’ once again, “I have already told you, I DO NOT HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO AUTHORIZE ANY SETTLEMENT! I cannot spell it out any plainer than that!”

She just stared at me for a few seconds, before shaking her head some more.

I just stood my ground and did not utter a single word.

“Very well,” she said with a note of defeat in her tone. “I’ll tell you what. I am going to contact the Crystal Palace and talk to the front office staff and see what we can come up with. Just give me a number where I can reach you this evening and I’ll try my utmost to get this situation resolved. That is the best that I can do, MISTER Evans. Now that number if you will.”

I wasn’t going to get anywhere talking to these underlings and lackeys. I should have gone straight to the top to begin with. I was winning, wasn’t I?

Deciding that she was probably right, I agreed to let her contact the big chiefs and gave her my home number. I made sure that she fully understood that if I didn’t hear from her by eight that night, I was going to call my lawyer.

Feeling fully satisfied with myself, I turned on my heels and walked out of the store.

Sure enough, that evening about seven my phone rang and it was the store manager. She said that she had talked over our little problem with the senior corporate staff and as a result it had been decided that I would be flown to the Crystal Palace headquarters. There I would meet personally with them so that some kind of mutually agreeable settlement could be decided. They were sending down the corporate jet immediately and wanted me at the private airport in an hour.

No, I didn’t need to pack as everything would be furnished gratis by the company, all first class by the way.

Since I didn’t have to pack and I would be picked up in a stretch limo right outside my dormitory and driven to the airport, I decided to go along with their idea. I wondered if the limo had a bottle of good champagne iced down in the back as I hung up the phone.

The limo was better than I expected. It was a great big white Caddy with bright gold trim and real plush rolled and pleated gray leather seats. You could have put ten people in the back and have room left over for

a swimming pool. Yes, they also had a bottle of “Dom” iced down and waiting for little ol’ me.

“Man, this is the way to live,” I thought as I popped the cork on the Dom. Needless to say by the time we arrived at the airport, I was feelin’ no pain. This was really going great. *“Oh Boy! Did I ever win me a prize. Eat your hearts out, peons.”*

The plane was the latest model Lear and it was something else again. If I had thought that the limo was fancy, you could have picked my chin up off the floor of the jet. It was fabulous and that descriptive adjective was a disservice to the plushness of the jet. The entire interior was done in varying shades of white, pale pink, and lavender. The aisle carpeting was done in pale pink and the walls in lavender. The ten seats and lounge were in white rolled and pleated leather. The seating was all deluxe recliners with built-in heat and message units. The lounge sofa could be pulled out into a queen-sized bed if needed. Even the rest room was impressive containing a full bath and shower stall.

The drop dead blond stewardess that greeted me and handed me another glass of Dom as I stepped into the plane was an even better attraction. She was about five five and very well proportioned, if you know what I mean. She was wearing a straight skirt in navy that just reached to her mid-thigh, a pale cream-colored poly blouse with padded shoulders and a frilly little collar that fastened with a satin bow. I could easily see the lacy camisole and shoulder pads through the thin material.

Talk about your instant hard-ons.

As she turned to show me to my seat, her beautifully rounded firm rear end drew my attention. Oh, how it bounced and wiggled down the narrow aisle. I almost inhaled my glass of Dom as I followed closely behind.

My mind, dreaming of all the possibilities, was in seventh heaven. I quickly reached down and shifted my stiffening penis into a more comfortable position as my eyes followed the heart-shaped curves of her ass. The long smooth legs covered in sheer navy hose and the three-inch patent leather heels were like the icing on a cake. Almost too pretty to eat, but given

half a chance I would be more than willing to go diving in her lagoon.

With my feet comfortably propped up while I relaxed in the most comfortable seat I had ever put my poor body down into, the jet taxied and quickly rose into the air. I was into my third glass of the bubbly when I realized that I hadn't told anyone where I was. No one would even know that I had gone because I did not remember to even leave a note. WI'd worry about that later, but now I had some more important things on my mind. Namely the two gorgeous breasts hinted at under the blonde's silky blouse.

"Hay Babe," I called out to her, "Come on over here and have a seat next to the best lookin' hunk you ever met. Better yet, why dontcha sit in my lap like a good little girl? Maybe I can come up with a toy for you to play with."

What can I say, I was feeling cocky and a little drunk.

She glared at me with stilettos flying out of her eyes, but kept a frozen smile on her lips as she said, "I'm sorry, SIR! But we are not allowed..."

We? Where did she get this 'we' shit. There was only the two of us in the cabin. Maybe she was referring to her titties? Hahaha, I must be getting a teensy bit intoxicated if I was thinking like that...

"...to socialize with the customers. Perhaps you'd like to take a nap. We still have a lot of flying time left. I think that you have had enough to drink. FAA regulations prohibit us from furnishing alcoholic drinks to intoxicated individuals. So I would appreciate it..." she droned on and on ad nauseam.

I let her slip out of my mind as I sipped on the glass of chill bubbly.

"Yes," I said to myself, "*Self, this is the life. I think that 'we' could learn to live like this real easily. I don't care what those bimbo executives say, I'm definitely in this all the way for the money. Yes sir! For the MONEY! Ain't no way they gonna get outta paying this kid off. I ain't gonna budge till I see some green stuff...and lots of it.*"

I let my mind drift off into all the various possibilities real money could provide me. My mind was a

whirl with all kinds of scenarios in which I was the central and only starring character surrounded by adoring big titted bimbos whose only desire and purpose in life was to make me happy.

I was so caught up in my dreams that I hardly noticed when the jet landed.

It was pitch black outside as I stepped off the plane. The blond bimbo had to steady me as I was a little wobbly on my feet. Too much of the bubbly, I guess, but you only live once.

Somehow I managed to stagger safely down the ramp and into the waiting limo. Once again, a great big stretch job. Inside was another chill bottle and two great looking babes—a redhead and a very big-breasted mattress thrasher brunette.

“Hi there, good looking. My, don’t you two look positively make-able,” I managed as I slid into my seat. “I’m big Bob and I’m new in town, hahahaha.”

They looked surprised at the nonsense coming out of my mouth. I wasn’t too damn sure what I was trying to say myself. Something to do with makin’ it with the babes, I guess. It didn’t matter anyway. Damn, I had to piss like a race horse. Nothing to do but wait it out so I grabbed the cold bottle and popped the cork. So what if the babes sitting across from me were scowling and lookin’ pissed.

“Mister Evans! Don’t you think that you have had quite enough?” the cute-looking redhead inquired as I filled my glass.

I examined the tiny bubbles flowing up to the surface as I held the glass up to the light coming in from the window.

“*Naw!*” I thought as I looked over in her general direction with a frown of disapproval on my face.

I offered her the glass, trying to act the gentleman for the moment, but she shook her head no. The other bimbo did the same.

“*BFD,*” I thought to myself and quickly downed the brew. I was a little confused by all this feminine flesh that accompanied me on this trip so far. What the heck was going on? Probably some devious plan the execs thought up to keep me from claiming the money. Yeah, that must have been it. Didn’t make

any sense, but women's thinking never made any sense. I began pouring another glass of champagne as I thought, "*What the fuck?*"

"Mr. Evans!" the red headed bimbo stated. "I would appreciate it if you would slow down. It is late and we still have a lot to discuss. Ms. Shelly will not approve of your drunken behavior one bit and she was hoping to get the matter of your winning the contest over with first thing."

"Look bitch!" I hissed almost falling off the seat in the process. "I won your sil...silly contest fair and square and xpec.....Ezpectz..exp...*hic*..expect...ya...yo...you to hon...or it."

Boy was I getting loose and who was this Ms. Shelly anyway? First time I ever heard that name mentioned.

"As a ma..at..*hic*..ter, matter of...urp! par..pardon me *hic*..Look I...I want this th..thing *hic* damn hiccups! Thing over and done with ta...ta..nite! Jes...Jes...Just gimme...gimme my..*hic*..mon....ey, money!"

"Mr. Evans! If you please!" both babes said at the same time as I burped one more time real loudly. You know, one of those deep burps that start way down in the toes and just work themselves upward until they burst out loud and smelly. Real obnoxious stinker that was.

After that one ripped loose, I felt my stomach beginning to upchuck so I pushed myself forward, trying to hit the window button. My hand slid along the panel missing the buttons totally and I fell forward as I lost my balance. In a matter of seconds, I was face down in the redhead's skirted lap while my other hand was shoved up the brunette's skirt. I became aware of my predicament of having my nose pressed into the redhead's crotch and my hand resting firmly on the brunette's mattress when everything happened at once.

"Woo boy! Con...con..*hic*..control yer...yourselves sweet ca..cakes," I stammered as I tried to push myself back upright by placing my hand on the redhead's left breast for leverage. My right was being pulled out from its resting place at the same time. My

hands certainly felt good to me but apparently they didn't like it one bit. Pushing me upright, the red-head's hand came around quickly and landed solidly across my left cheek. It almost stung me sober as my head snapped back.

"Uh, Mr. Evans," I heard her say through the roaring in my ears from her stinging slap. "Mr. Evans, I am so so sorry! It was just instinct. I couldn't help it. Did I hurt you? Are you alright? Please, Mr. Evans, I am sorry, I didn't mean to..."

"Yeah, yeah, bitch," I mumbled. "No ya didn't mean ta, but I didn't neither. Ish...its alright..*hic*...doan...don't ya worry your little titties over it."

Man my face hurt.

"I'm sure the boss will see things my *hic* my way when we *hic* talk set...settlement. Yo..you just make damn su..sure *hic*..that she's there and ready to...to talk tur...key *hic* when we arrive. OK!"

The brunette grabbed the limo's telephone and, after punching the numbers, began talking.

I couldn't hear all that was being said but I did pick up on her relaying my demand to see the boss right then and there. She talked for a few more minutes and finally hung up. "We'll be right up, Ms. Shelly."

The limo ride was finished in silence.

I let the nearly full bottle of Dom just sit in the ice bucket rattling around. I had had more than my share. Besides, my stomach wasn't feeling too good. Should have had something to eat.

The limo pulled up beside a big barn of a building and I was ushered into its cavernous atrium. It must have soared upwards five or six stories all covered in bright stained glass. It was too dark to really appreciate but the massive crystal chandelier hanging in the exact middle of the atrium suspended by a long gold-plated chain provided enough light to see most of the details.

As the three of us began walking across the atrium floor of polished black marble, our footsteps reverberated all around us. I was like a country bumpkin in downtown New York City. I tried to see everywhere all at once and as a result gave myself a good crick in

the neck and darned near tossed my cookies. You know how it is when you've had a little too much and you start feeling dizzy? Well, that was me. I was having a difficult time walking a straight line, especially while trying to see everything around me. Boy, was I getting dizzy and I let loose with a few more good long and loud belches while I was at it.

Fortunately, my escort noticed my worsening condition and led me to a restroom . They used a gold key to unlock the door and let me in.

For a second there I thought that they were going to come in with me but I was left to pee and wash up in privacy. I played Hug The Commode for a bit and was mostly successful in hitting inside the bowl. I was still feeling queasy but a whole lot better than before. The cold water on my face did wonders to restore my composure. Cupping my hand under the faucet, I drank thirstily. It took awhile but I was finally ready and most of the cotton that stuffed my head seemed to be gone.

I smiled at the two bimbos as I walked out of the restroom and we headed down the hall. Boy, I was feeling a hell of a lot better now that I had the chance to freshen up and splash some water on my face. I was beginning to look forward to meeting the big wigs now.

We turned down a side corridor and faced a solitary elevator with a fancy bronze door. The redhead pushed the up button and soon we were on our way to see the boss.

I tried to cover a great big yawn, but wasn't too successful.

"Won't be long now," I thought as the door opened onto a spacious outer office. No one was sitting at the receptionist's desk and I felt my elbows firmly grasped by my escorts as I was led into the inner sanctum of the Crystal Palace Spa empire.

The executive offices were huge and surrounded on three sides with floor-to-ceiling plate glass windows. A gigantic moon filled one corner and it looked like you could see into forever from the office's vantage point. These were some plush offices, believe you me.



“Man!” I thought, *“I have struck it RICH!”*

Standing beside a huge mahogany desk was a woman that I guessed must have been in her late forties. It wasn't until much later that I found out that she was sixty-two. She was dressed in a tailored navy pin striped suit dress with white silk pleated blouse. Navy hose and matching two-inch leather pumps covered a pair of good-looking legs.

She was leaning lightly against the desk as we entered, but straightened and started walking towards us. Also in the room were three other women all of whom appeared to be middle-aged, but very neat and severe in appearance.

It did not look like I had caught any of them off-guard like I had hoped to do by forcing this late night meeting.

“Hello, I'm D. E. Shelly, President and CEO of Crystal Palace Enterprises,” she greeted as she came up to us. “Mr. Evans, I am so glad to finally meet you. May I introduce Ms. Beth Cooper, my COO; Ms. Rhonda Dredbolt, our corporate attorney and general council, and last but certainly not least ,Dr. Ruthanne Sliver. Dr. Sliver really runs this place. If it weren't for her our little enterprise wouldn't be nearly as successful as it is. Now, Mr. Evans! I understand that you want to settle the matter of our contest tonight.”

“Yeah,” I managed to say after what seemed to me to be a long silence. I was having trouble getting my tongue to work with this very authoritative woman looking straight into my eyes. A real brilliant response right? NOT! “Yeah, I want what's comin' to me and I want it now. So what are you gonna do about it?” I finished lamely.

“Now, now Mr. Evans,” she said talking to me like she would a little kid. “I know that you have been told that our contest, which no one is denying that you won, does not have a cash alternative. The rules were very explicit about that! The grand prize is to be remade in the Crystal Palace image and be our representative before the media and public for one year. Now for obvious reasons, it would not be desirable for us to pursue this with a male. So, contrary to the rules and in deference to your vehement wishes, I am

prepared to offer you a trip for two to the U.S. Virgin Islands for five days at our expense plus....oh, let's say \$3000 in spending money. How does that strike you, Mister Evans?"

She stressed the *Mister* and struck a more authoritarian pose, if that were possible.

"What?" I managed to finally get out. "Accept a measly trip and pocket change for a prize worth over \$175,000! No Fuckin' way! You're gonna have to do a much better job than that to get me to pass on this. I want at least...at least...\$125,000 cash! Nothin' less! Otherwise, I am going to insist that you honor your contract!"

That ought to get their goat, I thought, as I settled back on my heels to watch them react to my demands.

"Ooooh boy, feeling a little dizzy there," I softly mumbled as I staggered to hold myself upright. Steadying myself, I enjoyed seeing the surprise on their faces when I mentioned making them stick to the prize rules and letting me, a male, represent the Crystal Palace. Ha! No way! They were going to have to meet my demands.

"Mr. Evens," Ms. Deadhead, or whatever the lawyer's name was, interrupted. "Mr. Evans, please be reasonable! We are trying to do the right thing here but you will have to be reasonable. You clearly understood the contest's instructions as you signed an acknowledgment statement to that effect on the back of your entry. See? I have a copy right here! Now, please understand our situation and accept our more than generous offer. We do not want this to be any more difficult than it has to be!"

"Of course you don't want to make it any more difficult," I replied, turning to face her. She was tall and skinny with mousy brown hair pulled up in a tight bun on the back of her head. By far the most plain-looking and non-Crystal Palace person I had met so far. Although, I had to admit she had nice titties jutting out from her white cotton dress shirt. Maybe if she let her hair down and...no...get your mind back on business, I had to correct myself.