



Reluctant Press

Wayward Cinderellas

Solon Plorry



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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A WAYWARD CINDERELLA'S FAIRY TALE

By Solon Plorry

It was a long stroll down High Street to the bottom of the small vale that part of town appeared built on, and Kerry was tired. She had been walking for hours it seemed, since he slipped off the freight train that brought her to Cinciville earlier that day. Reluctantly, the slender twenty year old hefted his shopping bag containing her possessions and went on. Kerry had looked at a transit map on a bus shelter and thought he was only a mile or two from downtown, where hopefully there were people whose acquaintance the kid could make. It appeared the map was deceptive. Kerry had escaped from Coxgrove Correctional Institution a day earlier and had immediately headed for Cinciville, or Sin City as it was known. She trudged along, deflated by events. He was a drifter, not so much through space, as through circumstances. A child of a single mom, who had had trouble taking care of herself much less a little boy, Kerry had been tossed hither and yon by fortune unworthy of that name. At the "Stooshion" (as the kids called the reformatory) Kerry had become the object of two gangsters' affections; it got so hairy she took Danny's advice and, with Oswald and Danny's help, fled the studies group during a day trip to the local library. As he ambled along, aimlessness written on her mien, Kerry got noticed.

His name was Wayne, and he was alone. He stood by an alleyway that was a short-cut to his apartment a few blocks away, and he saw the kid approaching along High. The dark-haired boy was carrying a plastic shopping bag, and was looking down as if beaten by life. Oddly, in the distance, he resembled Beck, an infatuation Wayne was bouncing back from. Wayne had a janitorial service, and his little outfit was doing well enough that Wayne's Work was able to hire full-time a topnotch ex-school janitor who, with a helper, now did all the work and put Wayne in a situation almost embarrassingly fortunate! Becky was a bit older then this stranger, who hadn't yet noticed Wayne looking at him. Her hair was a lot lighter, almost blonde by comparison, but Wayne's heart pounded anyway. He was an unremarkable-looking guy, five foot ten, dressed in his usual blue jeans and jacket. Wayne was "generically handsome" as Beck had told her friends, (meaning God-knows-what) but the thirty year old never cared. He had wined and dined Becky relentlessly for months, before finding out she was two-timing him with an airline hostess! Damn! It turned out the "help" Wayne gave to Beck was just bull; Becky's mom was alive and well, living in a gated commu-

nity north of Sin City. Busstat hated being used, and his heart still felt like a pin in a bowling alley!

Wayne walked into the alleyway, composing himself. Despite the outward appearances of worldliness, he was very shy, and conscious of his lack of distinction. Turning, he came back out of the alley, confronting Kerry, who looked up at him soberly. "Hi," Wayne said, stopping and looking right at the youth. The street was mostly deserted. Kerry looked around after staring at Wayne a moment, her brown eyes flickering on and off. "You look like a friend of mine," Wayne ad-libbed. The statement sounded hollow in the growing dusk as Kerry slowed and moved as if to pass by. Kerry was, like most young Americans, wary of strangers. Wayne racked his mind, trying to think of something to say that would at least stop the kid from walking by and out of his life. Kerry was pretty, prettier than Becky; suddenly, Wayne knew he hadn't a chance. Only in fiction do guys like Busstat successfully make the acquaintance of honeys like this. Wayne smiled wanly at the youth, telegraphing his reluctant acceptance of this fate. It was the right thing to do! Kerry saw the jean jacketed man, and he understood that the power was in her hands! With arrogance born of years of institutionalization, he looked at Wayne and said "What friend?"

Twenty minutes after meeting, Wayne watched his companion eat the Deluxeburger at a Ubiquitous McDonalds equidistant from his apartment in the opposite direction. During the walk over, when he had relieved his delightful new friend of the burden of the shopping bag, Wayne listened to the childlike lies Kerry spouted with his ex-con verisimilitude. His eagerness grew as the tales became more far-fetched. Like many deprived kids, Kerry overcompensated and Wayne grew to like him even more as he listened to the boy's efforts to impress him. Between bites, Kerry continued to regale the older man with a story about "some fag" who tried to con him into posing for some pics. The nerve! Naturally, in the roundabout manner such stories have, Kerry got around to her heroics of relieving the bad man of a bunch of money, and hitting him with a lamp! Wayne feigned interest, ignoring the ridiculous part where Kerry and "this other kid" who popped up in the story magically out of nowhere and helped him set fire to the man's house, he said. Later they laughed after running off with their victim's pants, leaving him starkers on a deserted street. As Kerry ate, loose ends from the story waving around in every direction, she tucked a few away with explanations his active imagination produced on demand, then ended the effort and the story with a long somber pause, looking at Wayne. Suddenly her face lit with a genuine smile as he realized she wasn't alone now and didn't have to worry about downtown! Wayne smiled too, finally freed from any thoughts of Beck. And good riddance!

Finished, Wayne got takeout for Kerry in case his hunger pangs returned. Despite her slight stature, Kerry had a kid's appetite, honed by more neglect than Wayne, or indeed most middle-class citizens, could imagine. Wayne wasn't gay; not beyond what's natural and a weakness for pretty people, fairly common in all cultures. But he had never had much success in arranging his life; a thousand nights had passed with him all alone, so he was lonely. The affair had fallen into place thus far almost as if an invisible hand was at work. Wayne came to understand that Kerry was AWOL from a youth detention center a couple hundred miles distant, and he had no identification. The kid had slipped in her recounting of his adventures; and later realized she'd given

himself away to Wayne, who still nevertheless treated her with shy interest. The youth was unsure what to think, having been conditioned by others' greed and selfishness too long. He challenged Wayne, as she did all the tricks, making demands and flirting with outrageousness; suggesting that he had friends uptown who owned a rock band and she just had to call if he wanted silk sheets and trips to McDonalds in a limo, anytime she wanted! Wayne put up with the residuals, hoping the revelations didn't turn up any more shockers then he had learned of already.

Toting the takeout and Kerry's things, he escorted her to his place, where he had offered Kerry the couch. Wayne wasn't stupid, and neither was he such a troll that he would exploit the youth's situation. The young man was trouble, jail bait in its harshest terms. Wayne was a law-abiding small businessman, and it would be better for him to loan the boy some money and send him uptown in a taxi, where Kerry could go on as her fates determined. But Wayne knew he wasn't going to do that. He liked Kerry—a lot—and was willing, indeed compelled, to share life a while with him, regardless of the danger! It wasn't just loneliness either. There was something about Kerry that captured his imagination like no one ever had, an excitement that had nothing to do with her stories or even his bedraggled prettiness, although they were factors. It was the youth's aimlessness, the sense of abandonment and an almost overwhelming feeling of responsibility. It became increasingly difficult with every passing minute to think of Kerry as a man; he wasn't! "She" wasn't a woman either, and as Wayne opened his door and guided her inside the fairly unprepossessing apartment, he knew he had lost control.

Kerry looked about, pleased. There was a large TV against one wall, and a video player with a box full of tapes, which she intended to inspect in short order. Meeting a man was the first step in making some progress, but being invited to stay in his private home was icing on the cake. Kerry was quiet as Wayne showed her around; he wasn't married it appeared and the apartment was nice. The bath and bedroom were trim and clean, and the home smelled of incense, which suggested Wayne had a larger expectation of life. The tour completed, the two returned to the front room, where Bus-stat put on some music, melodious electronic music, which entertained without distracting.

Kerry was steered to a La-z-boy couch while Wayne modestly sat on a regular couch angled and facing it. In the time the two had shared, virtually nothing had been revealed about Wayne beyond his name. This was usual with Kerry's sort, who in their interactions with non-official older people, are always the focus of attention. Kerry now sat alone, leaning forward and waiting for the move that would end with them in bed. After all, why was he here? Wayne offered her a drink, a nice Wilfyrd brandy, and he accepted. Idle chatter dominated while he fixed, then served, the drinks. Both guys felt awkward while the arrangement hung undefined in space. Kerry expected more directness in approach, and when it wasn't forthcoming, was somewhat perplexed. As Wayne leaned back, nursing his glass, the girl slipped out of her chair and joined him.

Sitting beside the pretty thing was all Wayne could have wanted, but he looked right in Kerry's eyes, questioning her. Kerry just smiled; this was his area of expertise and she knew the ropes. Wayne liked him, that was more than obvious, so she moved close to him, smiling mischievously. Wayne's arm became trapped between them, so

he raised it up, and Kerry ducked under, to be held. Wayne rested his hand on her shoulder, tugging her perceptibly closer. Kerry snuggled, looking at his man, wanting a kiss. Their faces only inches apart, Wayne decided to clear the air.

“What are you going to do?” he asked softly. “Whatever you like!” Kerry replied, her boldness almost jaunty. “No..I mean with yourself,” Wayne explained. Kerry sat back, looking at her friend and, curiosity on his face, asked Busstat what did he mean. Wayne turned to face her, and told Kerry that he had no intention of using him, he already cared for her too much. He did not use folks! Kerry stared at him with mouth slightly opened, again too inexperienced in life to understand that not all people think only of their own desires. Talking truthfully wasn’t familiar ground, but with someone who clearly wanted for him, it was strangely exciting! Kerry hemmed and hawed while examining Wayne to see what unusual scheme, if there was one, was being cooked up!

Over the next couple hours, Wayne and Kerry talked. Kerry confessed that she was in jail because he had been part of a shoplifting gang that harassed malls up and down the freeway. One day, the police came and dragged a dozen young thieves out of bed; most of them had gone back to sleep in the paddy wagons. While at the Stooshion, Kerry had gotten involved with an older guy, a gang leader, who occasionally loaned her to guys for undisclosed returns. While recounting all this, leaving out the embellishments, Kerry became enraged then hurt by the details of his story, as if she had never really looked at what happened to him! It was a sorry and sordid tale, and Wayne held the kid tight as she cried her eyes out.

Fortunately, he had met two guys at Coxgrove who, like Wayne, had no designs on her. There was a black guy named Oswald who never got in fights because he was too brutal looking, Kerry said. Oswald treated Kerry with decency her flirting and sexing didn’t deserve, although Kerry never understood why. Jails are just pressurized society, and the routine prejudices and contempts of the “outside” is very present inside. Even worse, actually, because the young hoods prey on sissies and abuse them just to earn each other’s approval. In fact, relatively few of them aren’t eager to get it on with the pretty boys. Oswald was one of the straights. It was odd, Kerry realized now talking about it, that the straight guys were generally the ones least prone to leer or sneer at the “bitches”! There was another one named Danny, a really cute guy who had an aura of self-discipline so effortless that even when the sissies talked about the guys, they only noted he was “hunky” without dirty speculations beyond that. Danny never failed to smile at Kerry, and encourage her to try to improve himself. Sitting in Wayne’s apartment, her eyes asparkle with tears, Kerry told Wayne how another gang leader “borrowed” her then defied the rules by claiming Kerry as his! A couple of the lieutenants had a fist fight in the days leading up to the end over it and Oswald and Danny combined to advise her to run away, before the Stooshion shipped her to an adult joint. It was so unfair! Danny had gotten Kerry included on the Library field trip somehow, and Oswald briefed her on how to get away from Coxgrove on the freights.

Wayne had the idea, and at first Kerry demurred. The home was big enough for two people, and Wayne needed a girlfriend, especially as he had dropped his courtship of Beck. Wayne explained. Becky was his ex, who was two-timing him with a flight attendant. For months, Wayne had fallen for her enticements, even giving her money for

her mom, who, she claimed, was on her last legs with some unstoppable disease! Wayne had discovered the flight attendant when he had followed Becky “home” which turned out to be a nice place on Monitor Street, where a parking place cost more than his apartment! Wayne had been planning to set out his extensive purchases as a birthday present to surprise her, at her mom’s place. He was also prepared to pay for her SRS—sexual reassignment surgery—too! Luckily, he found out in time that Beck was lying to him. A private detective he later contacted through a friend had filled Wayne in on the news that Beck’s mom wasn’t ill; the family was very well off; Beck had a girlfriend, a German t-girl who worked as a stewardess. Apparently, many of the beautiful women in the air trade are really young ex-men. Now all the clothes and things Wayne had gotten for Beck were going to go to waste...unless. And the down payment for the SRS was lost unless and until he could get someone to impersonate Beck and get the refund. That was twenty thousand dollars. Furthermore, Wayne had foolishly, despite reservations, told her too much about his business, so besotted had he been with her! She was also, the private eye quietly told him, a product of St. Ephraims, a famous private school which actually bragged in its brochures that its scholars expended more on prepared papers and final essays to cheat during national exams than any other school in the nation! Ruthlessness is the best policy, they taught. So Beck had means and mind to force Wayne to do her wishes. Wayne’s Works was a small company and its bonds were lifeblood to the renewable accounts, especially the municipal and government contracts. A few nasty phone calls could get Wayne’s bonds raised or even suspended if believed! But a girlfriend on his arms when he dropped.

The brandies relaxed the soon-to-be young woman. The next day, Kerry would begin her transformation, and once the idea became clear, Kerry was ecstatic! In his regular dress, she was often mistaken for a girl; in fact he often used the ladies room instead of putting up with the bother if there were young guys in the mens. Women thought he was a flat-chested boyish girl and guys often thought she was a small-breasted effeminate guy! But if there was anything on earth Kerry wanted, it was to be free of constant uncertainty. If he could put into words her greatest desire, that would be it. Like almost all little creatures, Kerry pined for a world where the unexpected was a treat, rare and therefore fun! The life he lived was just constant tension, filled with uncertainty, where anything could happen at any time. She had made the most out of it, but it had worn her down, nipped pieces out of his exuberance; systematically ground away at her interest in life. Sex had always been her primary weapon in getting through life; for others who weren’t blessed with good looks, brute force and nerves were the means of survival. Either way, life was harsh to losers. And without dwelling on it, Kerry foresaw that eventually, she’d be a loser.

Wayne held Kerry near, aware of how ripe he was. It only took a suggestion to get her agreement, and Wayne went to run a bath. Kerry liked the music, though it was polar opposite to the banshee rock that rattled teeth at the Stooshion. This music was at a subdued level, and it had a gripping quality when listened to. The effects of the brandy, the music, the warm considerate atmosphere of the apartment and tomorrow’s prospects all cheered her much more than he was used to. When Wayne returned to fetch him for her bath, he had to wipe tears from her eyes!

Kerry soaked luxuriously in the tub. Mounds of warmth encased his head and Wayne knelt beside the tub, his arms disappearing in the suds. He scrubbed the dirt off the youth with a sponge, seeing him come alive from the sensual comfort and generous attention. He had been amused at Kerry's shyness as he stripped the grubby clothes from his body; and the way she blushed when Wayne helped him peel off her panties to stand nude and pale before him. Wayne held Kerry's hand as he stepped into the hot steamy bath, and enjoyed it when a long sigh escaped as she sank down. For a survivor of group homes and reformatories, a rent boy while on her own, Kerry was well put-together. The institutional care of her parts; eyes, teeth and overall health, indicated the government's base standards weren't too bad. Street kids did much worse. Of course the fact was, Kerry was fetching in the extreme, and would have been well-cared-for anywhere. Yet Wayne was thankful. Kerry was tax money well spent, and charming.

After his bath, there was a super soft beachtowel to dry her off; a set of Beck's unused night wear, with a delightful pair of fresh pink Skin Kisser panties to underscore his welcome as Wayne's guest. Kerry had had a long and eventful day, her eyes were heavy with tiredness, so once his hair underwent Beck's ex-dryer a minute, Wayne led the youth to the bedroom, tucking her in like a father with his child. Kerry felt incumbent to reward Wayne, as only he knew how, in a way that was almost comical in light of her strenuous efforts just to remain awake. Wayne chuckled as he squatted by the bed and murmured nothings at him, brushing the hair from her eyes and watching as sleep kidnapped him away. In seconds, Kerry's soft breathing indicated she was gone to wherever the innocent go. Wayne kissed her for the first time, and slipped from the darkened room .

Thoughts of x

The next day, Wayne attended to business while Kerry slept. It wasn't until noon that Wayne was able to get back, and he felt bad about leaving her to wake up alone. He considered the temptation Kerry might feel, maybe to rob him blind, but also thought that giving her space to choose his future would also assist in her growth. To help him the way they had discussed would require some skills and the confidence to use them. Busstat had been tempted to enjoy Kerry, and certainly Kerry would have enjoyed it, being an aggressively sexed waif, but Wayne remembered the calmness in her voice as she recounted the part played by Danny and Oswald. This was as opposed to when she spoke of some others, when a noticeable bitterness crept in. Wayne was no saint, but he knew that Kerry, for all his flaws, understood right and wrong without effort, and self-discipline was a common virtue for Wayne's people. When he went into his apartment, he found the kid still in his pajamas sitting silently on the bed. Kerry stood and smiled. She went to Wayne, embracing and kissing him with cool sweetness.

After the greeting, Busstat rubbed his hands, putting on news radio to infuse the place with domestic sounds. Then he took his guest to their kitchen, where he broke

out the fixings for a late breakfast. It appeared Kerry had, beside availing himself of the bathroom, spent most of the morning waiting for Wayne in the way he found her. They had been together less than a day yet Busstat had trusted her, for hours, with his apartment, and he didn't have to. After a quiet breakfast Wayne went to the back closet where Becky's "birthday present" and a few other of her things were stored.

The good news was that Beck and Kerry were similar in weight, height and build. Wayne and Kerry lugged the rack of clothes, much still in its store wraps, to the front room. Besides an assortment of dresses, gowns, jackets, skirts, blouses, suits, corsets, garter belts, brassieres, panties and nylons, there were shoes and an entire makeup kit from Genteel Cosmetics. Beck had left behind a couple of her wigs, a natural auburn and a monofilament ash blonde, both from Best Value Products, a quality line. Kerry marveled. All this just for some one's birthday! She looked at Wayne with amazement. For most of her life, she had dressed androgynously, and had worn women's underclothes whenever he could...Kerry had never disputed others' assumptions about her sexual identity. Why bother?

The cornucopia of riches thrilled the young man, probably more than she had ever been in life. Kerry had never really dressed as a girl, with all that entailed; as she looked at the finery, she was eager to begin. Fortunately, Wayne had a bit of experience in crossdressing. The Beck episode appeared to have one useful and positive result! Without any of the previous evening's shyness, Kerry stripped off his night wear and began trying on things. It was fun. Whenever he needed a look, she skipped into the bedroom where there was a floor-length mirror. Carefully, after trying on each item, Kerry followed Wayne's habit of putting the items that were on hangers back. Wayne noticed that Kerry was different from Beck in one way; she had no body or facial hair at all, just a soft down! Beck, who was twenty-five, needed to shave her entire body every couple of weeks. Wayne knew that that was a hassle, after a few weeks of it! Kerry also, like Beck, had a barely discernible Adam's apple, and small, very pretty hands, which were going to make his crossdressing a less exacting affair. It was Wayne's turn to marvel at Kerry!

The hours flew by for both of them. The logistics of getting dressed up gave a sharp focus to their relationship and created a good opportunity for each to see how the other worked. Kerry had a natural effeminacy, that had been smothered while in the group homes and reformatories and halfway houses that for so long had been his residence. Kerry was an actor, Wayne saw, and when the girl forgot himself, her voice and manner became more natural. Busstat almost rubbed his hands in pleasure. Relaxed and emboldened by it all, Kerry laughed at his pretentious tough girl antics, which, though impossible to believe, were still demanded by the youth society with whom he'd shared experiences. Few kids lived as "puffs" she said, smiling and shaking his head, although it was evident a majority of them were exactly that. As they tried on different outfits, sometimes barretteing her hair, sometimes matching getup to wig and fixing the hair to achieve a multitude of effects, they made a shopping list of necessities to buy. When Kerry's belly rumbled in mid-afternoon, Wayne warmed up her takeout from the night before, then had the joy of watching him eat. Sitting at the table, a hamburger in one hand, chewing away with her lightly-done face, mascara, blush and

shadow; and the auburn wig framing her face, she looked captivating. There was so much to talk about.

Across town, in a small pub that catered to a “special clientele”, Becky Rapier daintily sipped a Virgin Teaser, which she didn’t particularly like, but always called for because it was expensive. It separated the “groan from the grab” as Beck referred to the finely-scented suitors who insisted on buying her drinks. It let them know they were playing hardball, although it was doubtful they needed reminding. The doorman alone expected the equivalent of a working man’s daily wage just to enter the rarefied atmosphere of the pub. There were no tacky signs to indicate that it was a publicly licensed establishment. All was style at “2750”, which was actually the postal box number of the place, and the only name it had or needed. People like Wayne Busstat were not welcomed at 2750; the gangsters there were high-class right down to their thousand-dollar ties. Becky nevertheless was thinking of Busstat, and his sudden deserter act. Beck had cultivated Wayne after encountering him the year before at a cookout attended by some businessmen. Busstat was a joke, a wallflower dressed in a sportscoat that looked USED. But someone introduced them, and Beck hadn’t gotten where she was just by exercising her upturned nose! Practical concern sometimes meant mucky shoes; and that was fine if it prevented crude assaults on one’s bank account.

The next day was an important one, when Waynes Works stripped and waxed the floors at the water department offices, an all-night job. Wayne needed to personally inspect the job site for his first foreman, and detail the equipment and supplies needed for the task. Plus he had to oversee the regular work during the day as the second foreman was still quite inexperienced and Wayne had to buck him up. The fact was, both his foremen knew worlds more about the actual work than Busstat ever hoped to, but he was the “suit” and just being around gave the man the confidence needed to get the work done. Wayne had stumbled into the business a few years earlier, starting with a truck and a one-man crew. At the time he was unemployed and bored, watching his savings shrink. He was in fortunate position when the government inexplicably decided to contract out such basics as keeping the offices clean. At first, his crew worked almost round the clock to fill contracts.

The bizarre thing was that many experienced janitor service men also became available for hire as a result of the government cutting back...it was almost a crime, Wayne thought. The governments now actually paid much more to get less than their in-house services had provided and Wayne made money hand over fist paying street wages to guys worth three or four times as much, and banking the difference. It didn’t make sense in many ways, but when private concerns also began contracting out. Wayne realized the game was hardball, and he better stay small, or else. In fact, Wayne had seen other companies bigger and better equipped and staffed than his suddenly run into terrible and costly problems, until the principals were bankrupted. It almost certainly had to do with being too ambitious, so Wayne cut back and maintained a modest, almost shabby, lifestyle. He knew, without a shadow of doubt, that he could and would be destroyed if the “big guys” decided to make that happen. Truthfully, that was his concern, and his emerging scheme involving Kerry was at least part self interest that she could not comprehend.

Kerry attacked Wayne, knocking him back and grasping him. She was wearing a blue Indian headband, made out of an old kerchief, and a black sailor girl square-necked top with powder blue panties and fuchsia fishnet stockings. Her feet were in some Davy Crockett slippers, and Wayne slapped her pretty bottom once too often. 'It's a compliment, a compliment!' he yelled at the tigress as she threw her puny energy into wrestling him. Laughing, Wayne tumbled and struggled, ending up on the floor on his back. The girl grimaced mightily as he held him down. Her face flushed, she looked at Wayne, her eyes flickering in contact. She was one of those people who never learned how to maintain eye contact, a serious disability. Huffing from the battle, she smiled knowingly before dropping her head to Wayne's chest. Wayne balanced her slight form on top of him, running his hand down her back and resting it on her butt. Kerry lay there, eyes wide and staring away, suddenly intent. Wayne looked at the top of her head, at the long-lashed eyes looking off in the distance, and he wondered if he could ever really know such a distant creature. "What have they done to you?" he said softly, petting the boy and encasing her in his arms. Had Kerry begun sucking her thumb, Busstat would have understood. For a long moment, they lay in a magical space. Neither truly understood it, but Wayne knew it was right!

Kerry lifted his head and kissed her lover, her eyes solemn. Something had connected between them, and Wayne Busstat had become the most important person in her life, in one single day! Wayne felt his resolve slipping; Kerry was the "hottest" human being he had ever been with, and he wondered if she could feel the jackhammer pounding in his chest. Because of her situation, Wayne was determined to give any physical contact more time, so he could operate under her own true best interests. She grew in his estimation with every passing moment. But some line was approaching; Wayne could feel Kerry's interest growing, small and knob hard! Wayne loved the feel of ass under the panties, the cool firm cleave inviting his fingers. It was murder to resist. Some things are too intricate to describe, and Wayne never tried to. Yet he remained convinced that sex is too easy, too immediately gratifying, in the circumstances the lovely kid inhabited. Busstat felt she was more than her body, much more, and it was he who had a duty or responsibility to her. For her part, Kerry was horny.

The older man lay back as Kerry gave her horses rein. She was already flushed from the terrific battle against mighty Wayne, and as she ground her excitement against him, her breath became labored, deep in his throat. She was like all young guys, pulled in many directions and somewhat confused by the smorgasbord of delights available when sexually excited, and it showed. Usually, sex for Kerry was a hinge upon which other, more needed things hung, but not now. Maybe she wanted to give her best to her man, to make him feel the raunchy ecstasy, but actually, her little dick was throbbing with her desire, and her testes were aching from her lust! Wayne felt the youth; in his off-kilter headband she looked like some tantalizing puppysquaw. Her mascaraed face was hot with selfish desire, and he could feel his own hardness growing. Even their few years difference in age gave him wisdom of a sort, though, and he could control his lust. At least he could temper it enough so that it never got to the point where it got out of hand. Busstat had to stop Kerry before she inspired the lascivious element in him, and he was tormented.

“No honey, no!” he said to the amorous one. Kerry ignored him, huffing and getting frantic; her cock hurt it was so hard. The headband slipped further, covering one eye, and Wayne nearly laughed. She looked too cute. Finally, the interference was too much, half-blinding him, so Kerry wrenched at the fabric, once, twice, then, exasperated, a third time. The band came off, flying high up in the air before flicking itself behind the couch. Her hair was in disarray, sweat filmed her forehead as Kerry suddenly jumped ahead, pressing down on Wayne’s chest to raise up. Sitting on Wayne, she kicked off the Davy Crocketts, her face a study in determination. Barefoot, still looking intently at Wayne, Kerry suddenly knelt, her knees on either side of Wayne. She pushed at her panties, shoving them down and turning them inside out, with the crotch stuck between her cheeks. Her dick was small and very alert. It pointed up and silver excitement dropped like spider silk from the wide cut on the head. Her nuts, darkly haired, were larger than Wayne expected, and each teste seemed to glow. He moved forward on her knees, rocking her body, with her mouth set and eyes brightly intent. She was insatiable, and Wayne was defenseless.

Once he tasted his love, there was no going back! Kerry was delicious, the pre cum enchantingly vulgar. Wayne licked the delightful essence, his honey’s seed, from her hard-on, astonished by its salty sweetness. It was uncomfortable eating her out with her sitting on his chest, so Wayne reached up, gripping his arms, watching as Kerry jutted her lower jaw out. Wayne easily rolled over, half pushing, half pulling the waif and lowering him onto her back. Kneeling over her, Wayne grabbed the panties rolled up into rope just above her knees. He peeled them off, while Kerry stared unwaveringly at him. Wayne went down on her, despite his best intentions. Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Wayne swung her so he could take Kerry’s entire penis into his mouth, and did. The doorbell rang again. Wayne licked the balls. Pressing the legs behind the knees, Wayne spread her wide, getting a good look. She wasn’t very femme down there, in fact he was coarsely hairy, but that just added somehow to her extraordinariness! Wayne loved Kerry, and that she was a man no longer bore significance. He tasted her asshole, licking the tender knot and feeling her lurch up with delight, gasping loud. The doorbell rang again, then again, then again! Wayne was pissed, and looked around, his face flushed. Even the lovely one noticed.

There was nothing he could do. Leaning up over her body, gripping her splendid cock, he kissed her, saying “I’ll go see. Wait” Busstat stood, surveying the room quickly. Kerry stared silently, grasping her own cock. In her small hand, the dick was better scaled than in Wayne’s; he could even see the bursting head a bit! Kerry waited, and Wayne went to see what was happening.

Wayne had a cell phone for emergencies. His house phone was on standby and he glanced at it to see if any messages had come in. When he broke with Beck, he had the number changed and a professional service had informed his contact list of business, family and friends. No red light flashing. Wayne knew it had to be Beck; it was for her he had gone to all the trouble, including throwing his old cell phone into a river. Approaching the front door, the bell began ringing incessantly. Hitching up his pants, straightening his shirt, Wayne pushed the curtain over the side window. Sure enough, Becky stood on the stoop in front of the apartment. She was dressed in a pale gray

pantsuit, with faux pearls at the neck, and she had on a pair of leopard skin pumps. By the curb her Nexus sat waiting, and Wayne could see the transvestite stewardess waiting inside. He hadn't expected Beck to lower herself to pounding on his door, but there she was!

The bell rang more. Wayne was angry, and he looked at his significant other lying wantonly on the floor. He had no intention of mixing it up with Beck now. Fuck her. Above the sill was a scraper, a heavy duty one for ice, and Wayne grabbed it. Though it would only take minutes to disconnect properly, Wayne felt it was a disgrace to interfere with his sweet sissy when she needed love. He quickly pried the cover off the alarm and bell panel, snapping it and sending it flying in several directions. The bell was ringing, and Busstat pressed the steel against the contacts, shorting them out. The bell went dead. Wayne had known Beck for about a year, and he had never seen her go to this length, so it confirmed that she was going to be trouble.

Kerry had cooled. When Wayne rejoined him, only a matter of minutes had elapsed since the interruption, but Kerry seemed defeated by the incident. Taking her in his arms, Wayne lifted her face, struck by the quiet sadness that he saw. Then Wayne realized the youth had "one-timed" him! The bottom hem of her sailor girl top was darkly wet, and cum cooled in puddles on her side and belly, drowning the pert navel. Kerry trembled. She was post-coital. Wayne sensed the deflation, the slight air of upset. Smiling, he took up his darling in his arms as a rapid knocking occurred once, twice, on the door. Outside, Beck thought she had burned out Wayne's buzzer, and she left the stoop, to peer in vain at the draperied windows. Finally, she and Helgana left, angry. Inside, Wayne had knelt beside Kerry, reaching under and lifting her up. Then he stood and, looking at the silent boy's large eyes with unblemished affection, carried her into the bedroom. He laid him on the bed, and taking some tissues from a box on the night stand, cleaned up the mess he had made, resisting the temptation to lick it off her because that might gross her out. He was still an unknown quality, a wondrous mystery Busstat wanted to discover. What had they done to her?

Helgana enjoyed the rumbling power of the Nexus as it hurried away from Wayne's and turned up High Street. The car was just one of many features of the good life beautiful kids were rewarded by the gods, who worshipped them, rather than the other way around. Helgana was from Coppermine, in the ore country of old Missouri, and she still wore her tailored blues with charcoal Fantasy Girl slacks which were the customized uniform for her line. Becky's message had reached her as soon as she got to the suite the airline maintained for staff in the Constellation Hotel. Helgana disliked the bossy tone Beck was using in her dealings more every day. If Miss Superior Shit wanted a showdown, she was more than capable at making that happen! Beck was cross; some cash source was drying up. If there was anything Helgana understood, it was the implications of THAT! But why abuse the innocent? Sighing, she looked at her lover, who was grimly aiming the vehicle toward Monitor Street, where they shared a pile. Beck exhaled a gust of wind, tossing her golden bangs away from her forehead, and told Helgana that they needed a man, someone to pay some bills, NOW. Helgana thought for a moment. Beck was losing it! A man to pay bills was what every gal in town was in need of, even more than a good bowel movement! Why mention it?