



Reluctant Press

Revenge Of Miss Fortune

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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REVENGE OF MISS FORTUNE

By Solon Plorry

Wilfred was home. Sighing loudly in the empty SceniCruiser, he watched out the windows as the huge bus turned off the freeway, slowing on the long curve. Wilf had been away for over three years, and that was a long time to a twenty-three year old! He looked out, trying to see familiar things as the bus smoothly joined the traffic on Hoker Street for the trip into town. The scene outside was both familiar and shockingly strange. Memory never details things seen with the cruddy and worn out exactness that reality presents, and Wilf responded like all those returning to something loved after a long absence, with marveling. Wilf hadn't wanted to come back. Little Ready Crossing was too small for a dreamer, especially a dreamer with secrets like Wilf's. But Molly's letter had pulled no punches: someone was terrorizing the womenfolk and as the eldest, he had to be the man, what with their father getting worse and smoking more! The burden's weight pushed down on the young man. He wished he had saved more money.

When the Greyhound pulled up to the service center, Wilfred hardly recognized the place. Instead of a dusty old restaurant with a pair of gas pumps beside it and people waiting on a long bench on the walk in front, the restaurant was gone. The bus pulled off Hoker onto the asphalt in front of a glass and plastic store cum snack bar that also served for ticket sales and bus baggage. "Cheap and temporary" was a good name for the style. A self-serve gas pump took up most of the room where, last time Wilf had been there, three other structures beside the restaurant had stood! That included the old druggist, with the pool hall on its upper floor. Gone! Wilfred was shocked. The pool hall had been there when his grandpa went off to the war...and it was there when his papa went off to war...and it was there for Uncle Charles's war too! It was a town tradition that vets of the latest war had unlimited free pool table privileges until they wore out their welcome after a few weeks, and old Peretti would be forced to chase the vet out the door and down the street while everybody cheered! Now it, too, was gone and Ready Crossing was a poorer place for it.

Wilfred disembarked. No one was there to greet him. Probably no one realized he was returning. Since he had left, he hadn't had much contact with the family. Wilfred considered the fact he had few friends among the kids he'd shared his younger life with, a consequence of his difference and the secrets he had kept hidden, out of fear. When he went away and found himself in Cinciville (or Sin City, as it was known), it was such a relief to be around people who not only accepted him as he was, but at

times even shocked him with their outrageousness! He got his bag from the driver and went into the snack bar's waiting room. At one end was a little bar with a half-dozen empty stools, with racks of bars, chips and mags crowding the corner. The rest of the floor space was plastic chairs on steel pins constituting the waiting room and banks of coin lockers on the wall opposite from the glass frontage which looked out on the bus stop. It was so generic, and Wilfred wondered how little Ready Crossing could have fallen for it!

His hometown had such unwavering permanence about it, he'd always thought. That was why he hadn't tried harder to reestablish ties with his family, and the half dozen or so people he cared about enough to say prayers for in the years he'd been gone. Not that Wilf prayed often, but he simply did as he had learned as a kid: you prayed to the Old Timer for the good people you knew and met. Wilf decided to put his bag in a locker; until he had a better feel for what was happening, he didn't want to be lugging around luggage. Mollet hadn't been too specific when he'd written that Wilf had to come home. Someone was molesting the local girls and the damn cops were more interested in finding out about the girls than catching the culprit, Molly said. Mollet, or Molly, was one of the guys Wilfred had maintained a relationship with, mostly by letter but Molly also had visited Wilf and his girlfriend in Sin City the year before. He was one of the only people in Ready Crossing who had seen Wilf dressed up in his kit, when they'd spent a week "up the lakes" at a friend's cabin. But even Molly, who was a trim dark man with a Fu Manchu mustache, never openly discussed the secret. Some things just seemed to require ignoring for convenience!

Wilfred left the depot after locking up his bag. The sun was blaring down on the hot streets, made hotter by the smell of gas, which Wilf felt clinging to his long brown hair. Uncertain, Wilf walked out to the sidewalk and towards his home. He crossed Hoker, then followed the walk for two blocks before turning off onto Mill Street. He had gone no more than a few feet when a car that had just turned off Hoker slowed as it rolled by, going in the same direction. Molly honked a short one, stopping against the curb. Wilf looked a moment before realizing it was Mollet and he ran over, getting in the passenger's side. They greeted each other with smiles before Molly apologized for not being at the depot. "I was at the corner," he explained. "I thought you'd get out there." "Cool," Wilfred said, happy to see his chum. Mollet looked almost identical to the last time they'd been together, when he visited Wilf and Jerrine in Sin City. He always wore a Sun Valley work shirt and blue Teamster slacks, and he had a crestless baseball cap pulled down on his head. He was cute.

"Let's go to my place," Molly suggested and Wilf agreed. They had lots to discuss, preferably before Wilf went home for the first time in three years. "Angie was the last one," Molly said, referring to a mutual acquaintance whom he had dated briefly when they were still in school. "And she's OK?" Wilf asked slightly alarmed. "Her butt's red and her asshole's sore, but beside that..." he replied, looking at Wilf as he pulled off the street into his dad's driveway. A Quonset hut behind the shed was Molly's home. Wilf reddened slightly at the graphic description and Molly laughed, shaking his head a bit. "I'm sorry," he said seriously, "but it's town's best kept secret...that's what people are jabbering about." Jabbering. Wilf got out and followed his friend along the fa-

miliar path by the shed to the old army-style Quonset, which they had fixed up while in high school with mattresses, stereos and a cooler for beer.

When they turned off the path, Wilfred was surprised to see flower pots with petunias on a bench by the door. Above, he saw a bundle of wire dropping from a pole on the far side of the garden shed to the very top of the hut. "You have electricity?" he asked Molly, amazed, while Molly checked a mailbox screwed to the siding above the flower pots. "No more extension cords?" "Yeah, everything," he said proudly, stepping aside to let Wilf enter his abode first. As Wilf did so, lights came up in the windowless interior of Molly's hut. "The mailman...?" "No!" Molly chuckled, "Mom brings my stuff out." He laughed at the joke. "Neither wind nor sleet!" he continued; the joke too obvious to not share. Wilfred laughed too, standing and looking at Molly, who suddenly grabbed him and kissed him full on the mouth! "You're back!" Molly said, looking directly at Wilfred. "Yeah," was all he could reply. Molly held Wilf close and Wilfred tensed, turning his head. He always tensed with Molly. He had known Molly too long and their youthful infatuation had gone as quickly as it had flared up.

"Miss Kara," Molly protested, "where's your things?" meaning Wilfred's luggage. "I locked them up," Wilf murmured, standing too close for comfort. Molly squeezed his visitor's ass once, then guided him to a small couch in the cramped living area. Molly thought of Wilfred as "Kara" which had a nicer tone than Wilfred. Karal was Wilfred's last name, so it was okay as long as Molly never accidentally put a "miss" in front! Molly flopped down on his bed, propping his head up on a pillow to look at Wilf. They discussed the reason Wilf had returned home.

Some guy was going around grabbing Ready Crossing's young ladies and "switching" them, as the polite phrase put it. It was so unusual for the small boring little town that despite the fact almost a dozen girls had been abused so far, the outrage hadn't been mentioned or talked about publicly! Apparently the "sex fiend" as he was known, was also giving them enemas; and no one dared mention that either! Wilf had only just found out his own sister Melanie had undergone the treatment several months earlier. Another woman, named Mrs. Donner, had been the most vocal and honest about what happened and that was surprising as she had been one of the oldest victims known. Many of the local people no longer believed all she said, although she was married to the town's assemblyman, after it was discovered she was having an affair with the county commissioner! Molly told Wilf that "Mary" Donner had told him about several other girls who'd been abused. Most of them, including Melanie, later denied the whole thing saying, "That's bullshit bullshit bullshit" if anyone asked. It was preferable they just forget about it, it seemed!

Molly told Kara his idea. The fiend always struck on Friday or Saturday evenings. The girls were either at Wild Park near the river, or walking along Beach Avenue (which was heavily treed and had lots of hedging) or they got caught coming from the Sundale Mall along the path across the railroad tracks. The fiend wore dark clothing and none of the victims had seen his face. He put towels over their heads, then he threw them in his car, which "smelled oily" they said. According to Mrs. Donner and Angie, the victims were taken for a fifteen or twenty minute ride, with lots of turns, before arriving at a house where they ended up in a bland bedroom. The fiend was very kind to the girls, it was reported. After their enemas, they took relief in the back

yard. The humiliation nearly killed some of the girls, Molly laughed. Wilfred rebuked him! “What’s funny about it?” he asked. Molly smirked openly. He didn’t agree with Wilf’s sense of decorum.

“Kara, you dress up so we can catch the guy,” Molly suggested glibly. Wilf looked at him! “You serious?” he asked, preparing to argue. Molly shrugged. “You know Brad Stanley?” he asked. Wilfred thought about the name. “Of course, he was...” “Yeah,” Molly continued, “first string and he used to be the biggest boozier in school! He exaggerated, saying he was always drag racing out on highway ten. Well, he’s the local police chief now...” Wilf waited, getting bored. Molly seemed to detect the restlessness, so he leaned over and got a couple beers from the fridge, giving one to Wilf. “Stanley is a creep; he’s like three hundred pounds and he acts like he’s fifty,” Molly said, unaware that he’d mixed up contexts. “He really did a job on Angie,” he said. The police had gotten the report about the kidnapping and had spent most of their time asking about Angie’s sexual habits. They even forced her to show them the marks made by the switching, which made the whipping of the victim’s butts with a wire hanger sound almost innocent. In fact, that was the reason Molly thought Wilf would want to help. The cops obviously thought the assaults were funny and they’d been reported telling jokes about how “the best local cure for lady constipation” was to hang out where the guy liked to nab single women!

After the beer, Wilf kissed his friend and went home. The Karal house was smaller than Wilf recalled, but he also remembered that *everything* looks smaller when one goes home! At the house, Wilf saw a small car parked in the middle of the double garage’s driveway. It looked defenseless and out in the open, abandoned. Wilf didn’t have much money and Molly had assured him that a car would be available if he came to town. His Dad rarely went about anymore, apparently, having recently taken an early retirement from the mill where he had worked for too many years. One other sister, Lexa, still lived at the house with their parents.

Wilf and his mother made up a bed in the spare bedroom. Lexa, who was sick, though she looked healthy enough to Wilf, was in the doorway sitting cowboy-style on an auditorium chair that she carried around with her. Her elbows rested on the chair back as she looked curiously at her older brother. Wilf’s dad looked old and decrepit, with his work shirt pocket stuffed with pens and papers. He hovered in the hall, looking into the room past his youngest kid with a hunch to his posture. Wilf’s mom kept up a salutary commentary about family affairs, bringing Wilfred up to date with all the news. She had a perky air as if she was trying to compensate for the reality that the family wasn’t doing very well. The two other kids rarely visited anymore, although one lived nearby. It was formality that had governed the family life. It had only broken down later, and the exuberance Lexa displayed gave some indication of what should have been. Unlike the others, she was openly affectionate to the family members, especially their father. When Wilf had come in, Lexa shrieked and ran up from the basement, which she used as a semiprivate apartment. She carried her chair and she was naked under the open housedress, which amused Wilf but had their mother chasing the laughing girl back to put on clothes after she hugged and kissed her brother!

Wilf never mentioned the sex fiend. Neither did his mother; when the bedroom was ready and towels laid out, they retired for tea in the kitchen. Lexa got their father, who

wasn't even sixty years old but seemed very tired, settled and then pushed away a normal chair to sit in hers, again cowboy-style. It was hard for Wilf to tell all that was going on in his life. The day before, "he" had been wearing nylons and a mini dress from Glamour Boutique, and her styled hair with the mother of pearl barrettes had hung past her shoulders. Unlike Jerrine, Kara never used hormones; her natural effeminacy took care of most necessary traits. Again, unlike Jerrine, Kara never got too upset over a little hair. Kara had first crossdressed at thirteen, quite late for hard core transies, which she certainly was. She had never truly identified herself as anything else since then, although she'd been forced (she thought) to keep it secret.

It was Lexa who mentioned the "assman". Then she said "oops" and blushed prettily while covering her mouth. "T-girls!" the mother scolded while their father smiled and chuckled at his little girl. After a few moments of confusion, Lexa insisted, "Well, that's what they call him!" before agreeing with the mother to refer to the bad guy as the "fiend". Wilfred wasn't sure "fiend" meant the same thing as what this guy represented, but it was a nice term compared to "assman" or "enema spanker", which upset the ladies. It was strange to be sitting at their table, talking about such things. Lexa seemed most informed, while their mom seemed to be in denial that such outrages could be affecting the quiet unprepossessing town. Wilf wondered if his parents knew that Melanie, who was twenty-one years old, had been a victim. As he watched his parents and their youngest kid arrogantly describing how she'd "neuter the creep if he ever..." Wilf thought he understood why Molly had asked him to come home.

After the snack, Lexa retired to get dressed; sick or not she wanted to be with her brother. Wilf's mom got very busy, cleaning up the mess, encouraging Wilf and his dad to go in the main room and "share their views". His father guided Wilf into the living room, and surprised "her" by saying "Sit, Kara!" then taking a place right beside "her". The existence of Kara had been an unfortunate family issue when it became known, so Kara was happy it was out in the open between he and his dad. The old man lit a cigarette and a full ashtray attested it hadn't been his first package. Suppressing the strain of incipient emphysema, his face pale from lack of air, he offered Kara use of the car, to go get her things. Kara, or Wilfred, was still uncomfortable with her father.

Unexpectedly, her father suddenly said something that changed their relationship.

"Why are you dressed like that?" he asked. "It's not anyone's business how you dress," he continued, shyly looking away. "You and the little one go get your stuff!" he ordered "and get dressed...properly." Kara felt tears welling up and she grabbed her old man, kissing him and feeling full of love. Like many older men, the display of emotions was very difficult, yet her father hugged Kara back. He smiled and said "Why, you're such a pretty stranger!" Kara replied happily, "Not any more, Daddy!" and she meant it. Lexa dramatically burst in to give the two an escape from the emotional contact. As Kara stood looking at her Dad, she understood that things were much better now and she was glad she had come home!

Enroute to get the luggage, Lexa was beaming. The family had been battered pillar to post by the last few years events and the least explicable issue was her brother's transvestitism. Lexa simply couldn't understand why people who loved each other allowed something like style to come between them, to the point where Christmases went by without word between them! Now that Kara was home, she intended to get

them all together and the afternoon thus far indicated things were going well! Lexa understood that it was going to take time, so she brought up “Mr. Ex Lax” as some light relief from the heavy subject of the family.

Kara drove, resisting the impulse to laugh as Lexa talked about Mrs. Donner, who was so turned on by the “assault” she orgasmed while reporting it at the cop shop! “The woman cop could smell it!” Lexa marvelled. “So Mrs. Donner enjoyed it?” Kara asked. “After it was over, I think a few of them did. I mean they were terrified at the time!” Lexa said, shaking her head. “Are there any ideas who’s doing it?” Lexa laughed. “Like too many!” she said. “It’s like a big joke!” she finished. As Kara parked the car in the depot parking lot, she looked over at the young girl and asked her straight out about Melanie. Lexa shook her head. “She says no, but she couldn’t sit down for a week after” “My God!” Kara said, the reality of the “big joke” striking home “Oh, Melly...!” Lexa got out of the car, spying friends across the street. With her chair dangling over her shoulder, she shouted greetings at the friends. Kara went in and retrieved her luggage, suddenly feeling odd in the borrowed manly clothes, out of sorts. Outside, Lexa leaned against the back of her chair; her legs were wide with the toes pointed inward. She was hurling insults at the girls across the road, black kids who laughed and hurled insults back. “Bitches!” she shouted as Kara joined her. “Slut!” they shouted back as they moved off. Lexa tossed her chair up and they went home.

In her room, Kara took her clothes from the bag. She had brought things she hadn’t really expected to wear until she was leaving town. Lexa tipped back and balanced herself on the chair, which their Dad had repaired a dozen times. It was probably the most repaired stacking-type auditorium chair on Earth. “You’ll fuck it, Hon,” Kara warned, but the kid ignored the warning. If it broke, Daddy would just have to fix it. Kara was feeling comfortable with the youngster, who at eighteen seemed world-wise compared to their Mom, who blushed if anyone farted. Kara held up a few outfits, getting Lexa’s opinions before stripping down to panties and fishnet stockings. Her chest was hairless and her arms had a soft down that seemed feminine. Kara put on a size AB form bra with underwired cups from Glamour Boutique. She then slipped on a Fantasy Girl pantsuit ensemble in a businesslike tan brown with powder white top. Without hesitation, she removed her cosmetic case from Genteel Cosmetics. Kara did her face with steady skill, having received numerous lessons from experts. She then barretted her hair back and threw on a pair of faux diamond earrings. Lastly, she slipped a pair of blue passion pumps on her feet. Standing, Kara examined herself while her sister watched. “You look heaven sent!” Lexa proclaimed, dashing from the room. A moment later, she stuck her head in and said, “They’re in the living room.” Kara took a deep breath and went down to join their parents.

Lexa was in the kitchen doorway, her chair balanced upside down on her head, its back down past her shoulders. The television was on at low volume. Kara went in and her father pushed at the couch, standing up. There was a moment’s quiet before their mother said, “Oh she is...*you* are lovely, Kara!” The Daddy nodded, walked over to Kara and showed her to the couch beside his wife. Lexa flipped the chair off her head, catching it and slipping it between her legs as she sat right in front of them with a pleased look on her face. Kara’s Mom gripped her eldest’s arm saying, “Oh dear!”, unable to talk. Father sat on the other side, close to Kara, as if he wanted her strength.