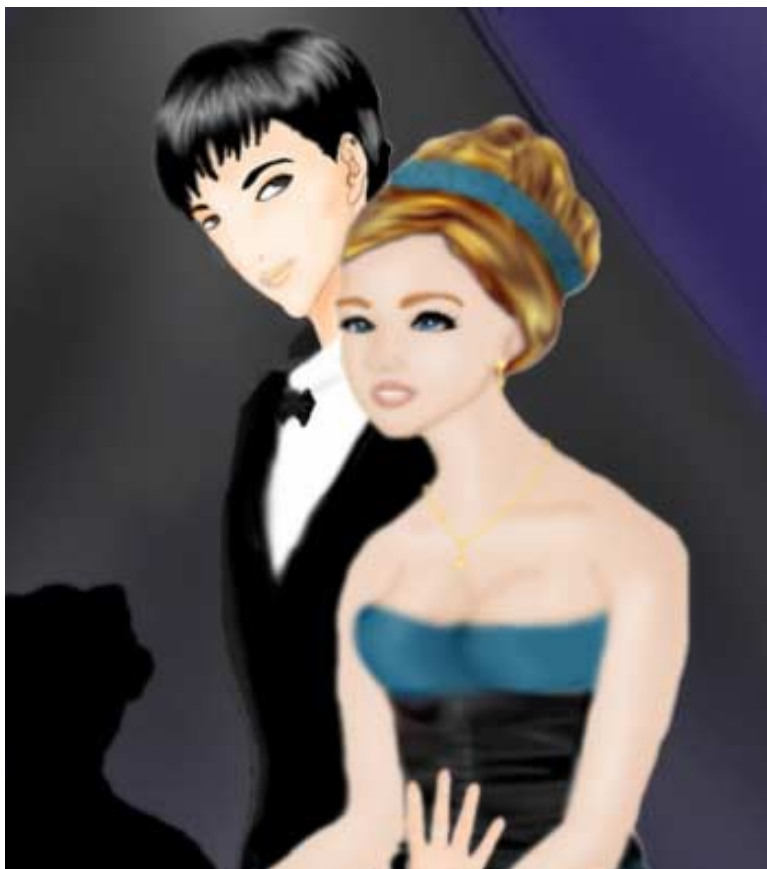




Reluctant Press presents:

Honky Tonk Darling

Jackie Divine



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Honky Tonk Darling

By Jackie Divine

Chapter 1

The bar was caught in a haze by the many cigarettes smoked by the characters that inhabited the place. Tammy Wynette played on the jukebox singing about standing by your man. Chelsea sat alone, sipping a bottle of beer. Another Saturday night, another weekend.

The place was crowded tonight. Everyone was out to have a good old time, to let loose, dance and get drunk. Chelsea was no different. She had gotten off work at five. She was a waitress at a nearby truck stop. It was not the best job but it paid the bills. She had ambitions about becoming a hairstylist but that cost money; in another year she should have enough put away to apply to the school of her choice. Until then, she did the best she could to make ends meet.

At twenty-two, she was every man's fantasy. At five foot eight and one hundred and twenty pounds, Chelsea turned heads wherever she went. Her long sandy blond curly hair flowed to her waist. Her hair always shone with a luster that made even women stop and take notice. Chelsea loved to dress sexy and did so whenever she had the chance. Maybe it was the waitress uniform that she wore at work that made her do so but on her own time, her choice was short, low-cut and sexy. She loved high heels, stilettos were a favorite.

The men at the honky tonk took notice when Chelsea walked in that night; then it started. Like a bunch of strutting roosters in competition, they tried to woo her, outdo each other for her attention. Little did anyone know that Chelsea had once been Christopher and had been dressing as a girl since the age of fourteen!

Christopher Walker, a natural-born sissy. Being born naturally femme was a blessing, really. Most trans individuals have to practice being a woman and even more to be a passable woman. Christopher took to womanhood like bees to honey.

His mother often wondered why he had not been born a girl. While carrying him, she felt like she was going to have a girl but she gave birth to a healthy baby boy. Slightly underweight, but healthy all the same.

At first, nothing seemed different about Christopher. His personality was of a very bright child who noticed more things than the average child.

Christopher's imagination was interested in tales and stories of princesses, something that consumed his mind after seeing "Sleeping Beauty" and "Snow White." One day while he sat at the kitchen table eating a bowl of Fruit Loops, he looked perplexed.

"What's wrong honey?" asked the young concerned mom. Christopher stopped chewing and swallowed what was in his mouth.

"Mom, I want to be Snow White." It was then that Christopher's mother knew that he was different and that she had her work cut out for her.

"Ted, Snow White. He said he wanted to be her, what are we going to do?" she asked when Christopher's dad got home from work later that evening.

"Linda, don't over react, the kid's only five. It's just fantasy, certainly nothing to be worrying about," said Ted, tired and worn out from working at the new hotel's construction site all day. His muscles were aching, he was hungry, not in the mood to be told that his only sun just might grow up to be a pansy. Life was tough now, money was not flowing in like he wished. If they were ever going to get out of the trailer park, things would have to start improving.

The table was set for supper. Ted washed up in the bathroom and then sat in the living room while waiting for the call to come to the table. A rerun of Cheers played. Good show, Ted liked it. Christopher walked over to Ted and crawled up into his dad's arms. "How's my little man today?"

Christopher looked up into his dad's face with a sad look. "Not good daddy, I'm sad."

Ted frowned. "Why are you sad, little man?"

Christopher looked off with a distant stare. "I want a dress like Snow White. I think she is so pretty, I want to look like that."

After supper that night when the trailer was silent, the two parents lay in bed side by side. "Ted, I tell you, Chris is different. How will we deal with it? I don't want a homosexual for a son." Ted felt the same inside.

"Well," he started, "I think we should not encourage this behavior, ignore it. Maybe it will just take care of itself."

They ignored, dismissed and walked away whenever Christopher acted up about being a girl, wanting dresses, etc. But it did not stop. If anything, things progressed.

At ten, Christopher, formed new friendships on his own. He refused to get his hair cut and it grew long in a natural curl. With his lithe build, he fit in with the young girls in the trailer park. Raelene and Darla were his "best girls" as he re-

ferred to them. In private, they would go into the nearby woods and climb high into a large oak where they had built a small treehouse out of scrap lumber they found.

“Welcome to the first meeting of the Lavender Girls Club,” announced Christopher. The other two giggled in delight; they loved the fact that Christopher was a boy but so much like themselves. “Christopher, you’re not a girl,” giggled Darla, not meaning any harm. This made him fume and he snapped back at her without abandon.

“I am a girl! From this day on, you will no longer call me Christopher or Chris. My new name is Chelsea! Any objections?” The two girls looked at each other and shrugged. “No objections here.”

When Christopher turned thirteen, his secret was out. Word was out in the neighborhood. Some of the men thought that he would turn out to be a faggot! The boys in the park did not treat him as a boy; they knew he was but he did not look like one. Danny, another boy in the park, was very femmy but to them he was obvious. They teased and taunted him day in and day out, calling him queer, sissy boy, panty sniffer, all the usual immature names. But Christopher, they left alone.

“Linda,” sighed Ted, “he should have been born a girl.” Linda nodded her head in agreement, sitting at the kitchen table. They had just finished going through Christopher’s bedroom and what they found disturbed them. Under the bed was a large stash of ladies things: bras, panties, make-up, perfume and a couple of dresses. They were not surprised. What it was coming to, though, neither could tell.

Christopher blew out the fourteen candles that topped his buttercream birthday cake.

“Did you make a wish?” asked Raelene.

Christopher smiled. “I know what I wished for is going to come true, but yes, I did make a wish.” Linda cut the cake into pieces and handed a plate each to Christopher, Raelene and Darla. Christopher finished his cake.

“Mother, I have something I need to say, and it’s not going to be easy for me. I need to tell you and daddy.” Linda sat down on the couch. “Momma, I have these feelings deep inside of me. Ever since I was little boy, I’ve wanted to live as a girl!” There, it was out. Christopher waited for a reaction, a bad one. It did not come. Linda was not surprised, in fact she waited for this day to come.

“Both your father and I suspected this, Christopher. If it’s what you want, we will help you the best we can.” Linda then got up, walked to the bedroom, shut the door and laid on her bed and wept, for the son she had lost and worrying about the daughter she had gained.

From his birthday on, Christopher did as he intended, started living as a girl. Dressing as a girl was his dream. It went smoothly. He looked the part and had a female shape. Linda and Ted after a week began to call him by his chosen name of Chelsea.

School was a different matter. Principal Randell demanded a meeting with Ted and Linda after the first day Christopher arrived at school dressed as Chelsea. Chelsea looked smart, wearing a blue denim miniskirt and off-the-shoulder white cotton peasant-style blouse. She put her blond curly hair back in a pony tail and wore minimal but noticeable make-up.

You would think that the boys in the school would have harassed Chelsea but they did not. He looked too much like a girl, and a really pretty girl at that. If they beat him up, it would have been like beating up a girl and that was a no-no. The girls accepted Chelsea the first day, she was beautiful and very interesting.

The teachers were all abuzz in the break room. Mr. Perkins had a swig of brandy. What was the world coming to? Trannies were now in his classroom, for Christ's sake!

"What do you expect us to do?" asked Ted.

Principle Randell sat behind his large steel desk with his hands folded. "You know, I have not ever in all of my twenty years here had to deal with anything like this. I understand what you say about Christopher, uh Chelsea, but some parents here are definitely going to be upset with the idea of your son coming to school dressed like a girl."

Linda butted in, suddenly angry. "Its not easy for us either, sir. This is our one and only son your talking about, but he does have a right to an education and to be happy. We may live in a trailer park but we are far from stupid and if you try to suspend our son, we will take things a whole lot further. This meeting is over, good day to you!" Linda grabbed her husband by the arm and left the office, slamming the door behind her.

Chelsea sat on the toilet in a stall in the girls bathroom; she urinated and wiped herself. After flushing the toilet, she proceeded to wash her hands. Darla strutted into the bathroom giggling as usual.

"What ever is wrong with you?" asked Chelsea, putting on some cherry-smelling lip loss.

"I just overheard some boys talking about you. They think you are cute. Daryl Brown said that he would not mind going on a date with you 'cause you are prettier than most girls in the whole school. Isn't that just something?" Darla eyes looked off into space dreamily, "I wish Daryl would pay attention to me." Chelsea played it cool but inside she was all a glow. This was wonderful, the cutest guy in school liked her.

"So mother, what do you think I should do?" asked Chelsea at home when she was informed of the meeting her parents had with Principal Randell.

"Honey, I'm not sure what to tell you. Like we said, we will both support your actions." Chelsea loved her mother very much, and having her support meant the world to her.

"Mom, I just want to be me, nothing more, nothing less."

The parents of the classmates of Chelsea's were not pleased, not one bit. It was decided that nothing could be done about Chelsea coming to school dressed as a girl. The one thing that did come out of the meetings was that she did not have the right to be using the girls washrooms. It was decided that she would use the unisex handicapped washroom. When Chelsea was notified, she did not like the decision but she realized that she was lucky to be able to continue her schooling.

One day a couple of weeks later, Darla and Raelene had left for home, leaving Chelsea alone in the hallway. Chelsea stood at her open locker, sorting through books and papers. It was quiet in the hallway, deserted. "Hi," a voice said in a low male tone. Chelsea turned and came face to face with Daryl Brown.

"Hi," was all she could think to say back. Daryl stood looking as cute as ever in faded blue jeans and a soft fleece navy sweatshirt; he wore his baseball cap backwards. Chelsea liked everything about his bad boy style and demeanor. She adored the scar that crossed his left eyebrow, his dark green eyes that shone when he talked about something that excited him, the macho way he walked and talked when he horsed around with the guys.

"What are you doing? Cleaning out your locker?" asked Daryl.

Chelsea smiled. "Yeah, trying to make some organization out of this mess." Daryl put his hands in his pockets.

"Well, you should see mine then if you think yours is messy." For a moment their eyes met and locked. Chelsea broke the gaze first. "Listen," began Daryl. "Could we get together sometime? In private?" Chelsea shut her locker door and clicked the combination lock.

"Yeah sure, sounds cool to me. Where? When?" she asked.

"First of all, let's keep this between us. Do you agree to do that? No telling Raelene or Darla, or anyone for that matter, that I asked you out." Chelsea nodded in agreement. "My parents go out every Friday night, they leave at five and stay out until late. Come to my place at six. Its one-forty-two Montclair Avenue. Anyway, I gotta jet. I'm supposed to meet the guys like now." Chelsea watched Daryl walk away down the hall towards the man entrance of the school. Damn, he had a cute butt!

Chelsea kept her secret and her word. She did not tell anyone about her date with Daryl. Her first date with a boy! Her head was reeling with what might happen. She hoped he would kiss her. To have a boy kiss her would make her feel so feminine. Like all teenage girls, Chelsea sat in her room the night before the date and debated what to wear. A skirt was a given. Her black one. It went with everything. That and a sweater. She had a nice cream-colored formfitting one that her mom had bought her when she decided to start going to school dressed. Yes, that would look nice. She would put her hair in loose long curls, spray it up a little with hair spray to give it height and fullness. Oh, this date was going to be special. Chelsea could feel it in her soul.

Chelsea sat through each class in her own little dream world. Her classes all went by quickly and before she knew it, the bell rang to let them out for the day. Saying her good-byes to Raelene and Darla, Chelsea made her way home.

“Hon, how was your day?” asked her mom, standing at the stove, making Hamburger Helper for supper.

“It was fine mom, nothing special. Just the usual boring subjects. When is supper going to be ready?” Linda stirred the Helper and put the lid on the pot.

“Soon. Your father will be home in a bit, then we’ll eat.”

Chelsea went into her bedroom and looked at her outfit that was taken out for the date. She sat at her little desk and began to doodle on lined paper. “Chelsea Loves Daryl. True love always.” This she wrote over and over while day dreaming.

“Supper, hon,” called Linda from the kitchen. Chelsea walked out of her bedroom and sat down at the kitchen table with her mom and dad. Ted still was not used to looking at his son as a daughter but he said nothing and kept his thoughts to himself. Chelsea and her dad were definitely growing apart.

In the shower, Chelsea took her time and shaved her legs and under her arms. She had little facial hair and plucked what did grow daily. She pampered her body with exotic-smelling coconut body butter. It made her skin feel silky smooth. She dressed, then proceeded to do her hair which took the better part of an hour. Her hair was very long and demanded attention. Chelsea applied light, natural make-up. With a quick spray of cotton candy perfume, she was ready. She sat for a bit on her bed and listened to a dance mix CD she had picked up at the mall a couple months ago. Five thirty. It was a cool afternoon. She would walk to Daryl’s house. In her chunky-heeled black shoes, she was off.

Daryl had it all prepared. The house was spotless. He opened a bag of cheese puffs for them to munch on and had plenty of cola chilling in the fridge. Every since Chelsea started to come to school dressing completely as a girl, he had taken an interest in her. Now they would be alone. He was not gay, far from it. When he looked at Chelsea, he saw the hottest-looking girl in school. She was all female to him. He went to the stereo in the living room and popped in a mix CD. They would have a great time together.

Wow, nice house, thought Chelsea when she stopped in front of Daryl’s place. It was just a regular newly-built split level but quite a step up from her own trailer. Chelsea walked up the poured concrete path to the front door and knocked twice, then waited. The door opened and there he was.

“Come in,” said Daryl, motioning for Chelsea to enter. Chelsea found herself in the front hall. She removed her shoes and followed Daryl into the living room.

“You have a very nice home, Daryl.”

Daryl nodded, “Yeah, my mom and dad are proud of the place. The house we had before this one wasn’t much.”

They sat down on the couch together. There was a weirdness in the air. They both felt it, they were each very nervous and it showed.

“So,” Daryl started, “how is everything at school?” Then he stopped and began again. “I mean, is everyone treating you OK there? You know, being the way you are?” Chelsea looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“The way I am? Daryl, its OK. I am quite open about myself, but yes, people have been great.”

“Can I ask you then, how much of a girl are you?” asked Daryl, very curious to find out more. Chelsea did not mind this line of questioning at all, questions meant interest and in that case it was all good.

“Well see Daryl, in my mind, I am a woman. That’s what I see myself as. I look like a girl on the outside and while that’s great and all, its more important how you feel inside. I do have my male part but it’s only that, a part, nothing more. Other than that, there is nothing male about me.” Daryl was blown away, he had never encountered anything like this before. But damn, she smelled really good, like a girl!

Daryl left and went to the kitchen and returned with two ice cold colas. “Daryl, what have the guys really been saying about me? I’m very curious to know,” asked Chelsea, getting braver and more relaxed with Daryl.

“Well they think you’re pretty, and that you really should have been born a girl. Other then that they have said nothing else really.”

They talked about other classmates and played Nintendo for a while. Daryl found himself liking Chelsea and she liked the way she felt in his company. Just before she left to go home, Daryl gave her a tour of his house. In his bedroom he showed her his model car collection. Chelsea was thrilled to be in his bedroom, such an intimate personal space. She sat on his bed while he showed her things that were important to him. Then he sat next to her. Silence. Then it happened quickly. He kissed her on the lips quickly, then turned away. “Thank you,” said Chelsea. “Daryl, I liked that.”

Daryl turned back to her with a grin. “Lets do this again soon, but remember it’s our secret.”

Chapter 2

The two did not acknowledge each other in school but did see each other in private. A romantic relationship it was not. After that first kiss, nothing else happened again but they became friends. Best friends, the kind that care for each other in a way more than regular friendship but not romantic.

Chelsea found in Daryl a boy who was becoming a man. He made her always feel like a girl and, when she turned seventeen, their friendship stopped being a secret and came to light in a big way. Three years had gone by since Chelsea transitioned at school. No one now looked at her as a boy. She was all woman, a young lady growing into womanhood.

The school year was almost over and graduation was coming up along with the final big dance to end their high school days. Chelsea had yet to be asked. She was not going to be some dateless wonder that people stared at and talked about. She would be the topic of no one's conversation that night. She half-thought that Daryl might ask her but then he went and asked Raelene. It hurt Chelsea; even though they were only friends she felt like Daryl was hers. Her man. It was down to a week now and still Chelsea remained dateless.

With the little money she had saved, she went shopping for a prom dress. At the mall, Chelsea went straight to Roddingham's. They carried all the best prom wear. There it was, the dress to die for. Pale yellow, strapless, flowing organza lined skirt. Chelsea tried it on. It flowed on her when she walked. She had enough money and snapped it up. With package in hand, Chelsea decided to hang out for a bit before going home. Chelsea sat in the food court with a cup of strawberry tea. She loved the flavored teas, plus they were good for keeping her figure trim.

"Mind if I sit here?" asked a strange masculine voice. It was Trent, Trent Palmer.

"Yeah go ahead," replied Chelsea.

"So what ya up to?" asked Trent. Trent had graduated a year earlier. Tall, with dark, classic features, Trent could easily model. His black short hair shone under the bright lights of the mall. Chelsea could smell his cologne. He had a two-day stubble. Very sexy.

"I just picked up my prom dress," replied Chelsea.

Trent tapped a finger on the table. "So, who is the lucky guy?" Chelsea was taken by surprise. Trent had never spoken to her before and now here he was, at her table in the mall, chatting her up like he knew her all his life.

"No one, I don't have a date yet."

Trent bit his lower lip. "If you want, I could take you."