



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# TV Competition

Monica James



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# T V Competition

**By Monica James**

Lucile Sandeen picked up the telephone in the dormitory hallway.

"Lucy? It's me, Dori. I'm so glad I found you."

"How wonderful. Are you in New Orleans? Where are you staying? Is David with you? How did you track me down? I thought I covered all my tracks; just kidding."

Dori laughed. "Slow down. I can explain everything. David and I are in an apartment on Prytania Street. He is enrolled in Tulane University and I'm starting my piano studies again."

After a frantic exchange of cell phone numbers, Dori turned to talk to David.

"Who was that and what's all the excitement?"

Dori smiled. "You remember Lucile from school? She is in grad school now. Her mom gave me the number at the dorm. I finally got her to answer."

David put his arm around his girl and hugged her. "So, are you going to meet up?"

"I want to," Dori answered.

David was thoughtful before he commented. "Just remember, if you discuss that I'm still cross-dressing, keep it super secret. I wouldn't want to risk my finance connection at home. If my folks knew ..."

Dori interrupted. "I'll not say a word. Just girl talk, OK? And, you don't need to be defensive with me. I approve, don't forget."

Dori and Lucile strolled, arm in arm, down Royal Street and across the civic building plaza to the Napoleon House. They ordered wine coolers and spicy sandwiches. The double doors opened onto the street allowed a stray breeze, which ruffled Dori's skirt.

"You look wonderful," Lucile said as she took Dori's hand across the table. "You and David doing OK, like, you know, the cross-dressing he does?"

"Oh, sure. I do have some other concerns. He is attracted to a clique at school, all cross-dressers as well as some far-out interests I'm not aware of. He seems distant at times; not like when we were high school sweethearts."

Lucile was quiet a long moment and took some time to watch passersby. "I hope you don't mind my curiosity. Did you and David have sex as a regular part of your life?"

Dori smirked. "Before he left for college, when we were planning all this we now have, I was desperate, like out of control, with the idea of him so far away. Making him promise to be true to me was so totally difficult because I had always, up until then, over so many dates, encouraged him to keep our relationship pure."

Lucile listened intently as Dori explained her lifestyle concerns. She nodded to show Dori she understood but waited until her friend was comfortable with stopping. Then, "So what did you do to cement your agreement? Hand job? Mouth? What?"

Dori squirmed, suddenly anxious without knowing why. "I let him go down on me. I'd not had that before and it was, how shall I say, interesting? But, with all the discussion, that's what he wanted to do."

Lucile rested her head with elbows on the table and, cupping her chin over both hands, spoke very softly. "You are very lovely. He would not need much encouragement. You are, as they say now on the street, hot. That's h-o-t, hot."

Dori laughed "So, my secret is out. Now, what about you, Lucile? "You were ahead of me in school but even so I don't remember you with a steady."

"Maybe I talked myself into a corner here," she said laughing. "I didn't have any sex at all until I was a sophomore in college. And that was an adventure I like to remember. How about you? Was your oral trick with David something you liked?"

"Well, if you're asking if I like being frenched; yes and no."

"The 'yes' part first, please."

"The sensations were definitely there. But, maybe this won't make sense to you; I couldn't help feeling there was something missing that David could do to make it better. Maybe not. I'm not sure."

"And the 'no' part? How does that play out?"

"I'm beginning to feel a need to bond with my partner. I can see me participating in oral sex as long as I am attracted to whoever is there at the time. That make any sense?"

Lucile took Dori's hand and pressed it. "Not to worry. You sound totally normal to me. Think of the trouble we'd be in if we just dropped our panties every time someone wanted us to do that?"

Dori laughed. "We'd all have AIDS."

"Um, yes; point," Lucile answered and looked around. "Time for another drink? Then we can think of going home."

“Yes, let’s get one more. Maybe you don’t recall but I have fainting spells rather easily. Doctors say it is low blood pressure, a genetic condition. David tends to worry if I’m out of touch for any length of time..”

“You told him we were meeting, didn’t you? Did he think I was going to lead you astray?”

Dori laughed and waited for the waiter to serve the fresh drinks. “And how, pray tell, would you lead me astray?”

Lucile, suddenly very serious, stared at Dori. Their eyes met. Lucile wet her lips nervously. “Do you remember that I told you my first sex was in my sophomore year? You didn’t ask about that partner.”

“Oh, right. As usual I am so wrapped up in something on my mind, I miss the important stuff. Come on. Confess.”

Lucile kept a firm hold on Dori’s hand and watched her carefully. “My first sex was with a woman. She had just come ‘out’, as they say, and wanted me very much.”

Both girls were quiet. The tension that grew between them was palpable. Then, “Are you shocked?”

“I don’t know. You are, in my opinion, what did you say, hot? She probably wanted to capture some of that sexual allure. I can understand that, sort of.”

Lucile sighed. “Thanks. We both can think that over. Maybe you are just being generous because we’ve been friends for so long. And, maybe I struck a chord there someplace that launched a ship of curiosity. Shall we finish this discussion later?”

“I think we should. Wait! I sense a danger here. Caution; I do not want to even hint that I am drawing away from you. No way; I value our friendship and am very happy with our time together today. Please don’t leave here thinking you did not tell me in all honesty about yourself.”

“Then we’ll go with the generous part. Ready? Let’s go.”

When the streetcar approached Napoleon Avenue, Dori turned to face Lucile. “Would you like to come and see our apartment? David would like to see you, I know.”

“Well, yes. Thanks. I’m glad you’re not afraid to be seen with me.”

Dori was confused by that remark but let it pass. Lucile, she remembered, was addicted to making off-the-wall comments with no connection to anything in particular.

They waited for the streetcar to rumble across the Avenue. Dori took Lucile’s hand and they walked in silence for a long while. “Don’t even think that. I’m proud to be seen with you and more proud that you are my friend. I so don’t care what your sexual interests are; certainly not anything to rival David and his cross-dressing.”

“Yes,” Lucile answered thoughtfully. “You are tolerant, for true.”

At the apartment there was a note from David saying he went out and would return late. Dori apologized and led Lucile to the sofa. She poured a glass of white wine from the refrigerator. “Please don’t apologize. There will be other times. But, be sure to tell David I was here.”

Dori became immediately nervous. "He's probably out with his friends. They have a hangout somewhere in the French Quarter. There is a strong interest there."

Lucile drained her wineglass and stood up. "All to the good, honey. I think it's time for me to run back to my lonely room." She said it with such an ironic tone that Dori picked up on the mood right away.

"Then be off, fair princess," she said holding the back of her hand to her head. It was a dramatic ploy and one Lucile could not resist.

In one swift move Lucile captured Dori around the waist, pulled her close and kissed her fully, but gently, on the lips. Then she turned to go leaving the distraught girl standing in the middle of the room with tears glazing her eyes.

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"Lucile was here," Dori said as David came into the apartment. "She said she had to get back and would meet another time."

David sounded unusually gruff which confused her until she caught the unmistakable aroma of whiskey on his breath. "Forget it, babe. I was out. Had a good time. Met some new people." He sat on the edge of the bed and watched her as she hung up her blouse and stepped out of her skirt. "Next time I go to meet those folks I'm going to dress for the occasion. I just wish I had your shapely legs."

She pulled at her pajama-tops and buttoned the front of her tops. "Tell me about them. What was so interesting?"

David remained quiet, pensive in the moment. "I guess I owe you. Tonight, after partying all day with my friends, I began to talk to one guy on a one-to-one. His name is Jayce. He was dressed in a starched smock with heels and fishnet stockings. His wig was streaked blonde-on-black and his makeup including the eyes was smashing. I was absolutely obsessed with him."

Dori tucked a pillow beneath her head and stretched out her long legs. He reached over and patted her naked thigh. "So," she asked, "who seduced whom?"

He smiled. "Nothing like that. He asked me if I ever dressed up and when I told him I did he invited me back. We danced a slow number, old time music, and he kept moving me from side to side like a tango. In a while some friends of his came in and, all of a sudden, I was alone while they left in a group to parade down Bourbon Street."

"David, this is really important. Do you want to have sex with Jayce?"

He frowned then perked up. "Yes, I think I do. At the moment we were together he could have done anything and I'd have loved it. He did not apply overmuch lip-gloss, just enough to be interesting. And I wanted it. Are you angry?"

"Not at all. Being honest with each other is keeping us even, don't you think? Let's say, just for the moment, that you want to experiment, call it curiosity, with your new flaming-friend. You know, don't you? From what you told me about him running off with his crowd that it will be a major make-over for you to fit in there.

He thought that over. "Yes, you're right as usual." He went to the refrigerator and opened a beer. Next, sitting on the side of the bed, her body just inches from his, he spoke up. "Dori, I trust you and value what we have. Will you go with me to the Quarter? Meet with these people? Be my date?"

She was quick. "I must admit to being curious. It's hard for me to image a guy as beautiful as you describe. But, I do need an answer to all this. I'll go with you, if that's what you want. However, if we go together you have to promise we'll leave together. No stranding me in the street next to a forlorn lamppost. I know I'm no beauty but enough alcohol and I'd be the Belle of Bourbon Street to the local intelligentsia."

David laughed. "You do have a way with words and, yes, I do agree. Let's do this. Best to go is this Friday, which gives us time. I'll decide on what to wear, you get some guy clothes and cross-dress as my date. That OK?"

"Agreed. Now, let me get some sleep, will you? I'm auditioning tomorrow at the music studio to get a teacher in line with my skill level. I'll let you know what happens."

He pounded the pillow and closed his eyes. "I'm glad you're doing that. Kind of neat."

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"Lucile, we have to talk," Dori said with a panic tone. "Something is happening and I'm not sure how to handle it."

"Get off the streetcar at the Audubon Park stop. I'll meet you there. And bring something special for me, will you?"

She was exasperated. "Like, what?"  
"Your wits. Calm down. It's not the end of the world."

They strolled by the lake and found a shady spot under a timeworn oak. Lucile spread a linen coverlet and they sat facing each other, buttocks resting on their heels.

"Now," Lucile said quietly. "What's going on?"

Dori blurted out the story about David and Jayce; the cross-dresser's ball (she called it) and the plan for Friday night. Lucile was quiet. Dori wiggled nervously. "I need a plan."

"More than that, you need a wardrobe and a make-over."

"I'll do whatever you say. I don't mind cross-dressing. Lots of gals doing it as an every-day thing."

Lucile cocked her head and looked at the distraught girl. "Let's go to the Goodwill. I'm betting you will make a gorgeous boy." She was silent waiting for Dori to answer.

"Glad you think so. But, lots of guys wear long hair; not like mine."

Lucile smiled. "I was hoping you would come to that conclusion. Are you willing to get a boy's haircut to complete your ensemble?"

"Wow. Is this all for David or is it for both David and Lucile?"

"Only you can answer that. You want to start with the haircut? Just a short walk from here." She smiled and waited. At that moment, for Lucile, Dori never looked lovelier. Her

molded riot of hair fell to her shoulders, eyes were moist with feeling and there was a tilt to her head that was beguiling. "Or do you want to think it all over?"

Dori stood up and extended her hand to help Lucile. "I'm done thinking; exasperating, ideas swirling around knocking at the back door of my mind. Let's do it. Are you with me? I can't see this through without you and, if I delay, I'll never do it, never."

They walked back toward the avenue. Lucile took Dori's hand, entwined fingers and sighed. "I'm thinking a little ahead," she said quietly. "This is really about a future; where you are going, where David is going and, hopefully, a measure of bond between you and me. Time will tell."

"Oh, Lucy, you are a very best friend, ever." She returned Lucile's gesture by pressing the hand holding hers. "I owe you."

Lucile laughed. "You owe me nothing. I only wish to see you happy."

They walked along the sidewalk broken with century old tree roots. "What will make you happy, Lucile?" she asked. "Or is that what I owe?"

"One thing at a time. You don't get to be a great pianist overnight, don't forget."

At the barbershop, Lucile scooped up a wad of Dori's fallen hair and tucked it into a plastic bag. "A keepsake," she explained. "One day we will want to remember how much you sacrificed to validate your relationship with David."

The barber, an oriental lady so short she kept moving a step stool to get the angle she needed, finally finished and turned to face the girls.

Dori was afraid to look in the mirror. When she did, she saw Lucile smiling fully while standing behind her. The oriental lady had a look of accomplishment on her face wholly unexpected of such a stoic person. With the swoop of brush, comb and scissors, Dori had a new look and the result was enchantment. Her eyes sparkled with delight. She turned to Lucile and they hugged each other.

"I love it," Dori exclaimed. She ran her fingers through the short bob of hair.

"I love you," Lucile whispered to herself.

Dori fussed with her new image to impress David with her willingness to support him. She found a small-bill cap and some scuffed work shoes at a second hand store. Next she went to Goodwill and tried on some brushed wool slacks, very threadbare, and some bulky shirts that she could rely on to hide her breasts. A black jacket completed her outfit and she couldn't help thinking she was a throwback to the hippie generation.

David whistled at her when he came in. "Dori, you look terrific. Exactly what I had in mind. Honestly, I didn't think you had the nerve."

She laughed. "Then, since you approve, we're off to the party. Don't forget that you promise not to abandon me. I'm not sure how well I can handle a group-grope."

"Boys like you are now don't often get much attention in that crowd. You don't make the same statement and, for a start, that's precisely what I had in mind."

They found the address on St. Ann Street that Jayce had given David. The house was a double shotgun popular to the neighborhood but the steps and entrances in the front were



false. They were made to look like the old architecture. The entrance was through a door to one side that led to the patio in the back. The fence separated the walkway from the walkway that serviced the house next door. Dori was fascinated.

“How absolutely strange; super cool,” she said trying to contain her excitement. She was ready, she thought, for an interesting soiree. She was not ready for the effect they had on the small group lounging around the patio garden.

Everyone there looked up when they came in. There was absolute silence. They may as well have been the Border Patrol at a Latin American restaurant. After a few awkward moments, Jayce walked up and introduced himself.

Dori was wary. Jayce stood a foot taller than herself. His attitude was bordering on hostile except that he smiled in a benign way that smacked of irony. Broad shoulders and a muscled torso were difficult to hide beneath the printed blouse. His slender hips gave away his masculinity but the shadows hid the makeup on his face. Then she saw the reason for his unusual height. He wore boots designed to add six inches. He walked without affectation so, she assumed, he wore the boots often.

“I’m Jayce,” he said, looking down at Dori. He offered his hand and withdrew it when he realized she was terrified.

David only regained his senses when he realized he had put Dori in a difficult situation. “Come on, be a good date and dance with me.” He took her hand and tugged her onto the small dance area on the side of the garden. The stereo system drifted a slow waltz.

She moved gratefully into his embrace and they stepped easily to the music. “David, what are we doing here? These aren’t our kind of people.” Then she realized what she had said, knew instantly that they were indeed not her kind of people but, certainly, were his. A wall formed between them. The comfort they had known with each other vanished in a wisp of smoke that scented suspiciously like pot.

David looked away and, when an attractive transvestite tapped him on the shoulder, handed Dori over, away from him, in a gesture with palpable overtones. She was docile. The music surged and Dori was swept across the small floor. Her partner said nothing but she could not ignore the makeup caked on his face.

David accepted Jayce’s lead and Dori shuddered as she saw her friend and the strange man disappear inside. “Stay with me,” the partner said softly. He moved quickly to hold her closer. “Such a handsome boy, you are.”

“Oh, gosh,” Dori said and tried to extricate herself. The strength of the man holding her could not be denied and, suddenly, she knew he was going to kiss her. Her first natural impulse was to scream but she swallowed with wide-eyes open, steeling herself for the inevitable. ‘Not to make a scene,’ she thought. ‘It will all be over soon.’ He was a smooth dancer, obviously experienced and she sensed he was part of Jayce’s plan to get David alone for a quiet chat. Chat! She hoped that was all it was. The music dragged on and she was grateful for something to do, an activity that did not include ingratiating herself in the small group. Her partner moved her one way, then another, in a tango style step, each time she could feel a strong hand at her waist, then lower to fondle her firm derriere. “Stop it!” she demanded and stepped away from him. He grinned, shrugged and left her stand-



ing there. For a moment she was composed, looked toward the door where David had disappeared and next decided to go inside. Later she would agree her decision to locate David was probably ill advised.

The closest room was the kitchen, which led onto a sort of lounge or den. She called to him but did not hear a reply. Going further she moved into the bedroom that had a huge master bath open on one side. A hot tub gurgled. Then she saw David. He was in Jayce's embrace; skirt pulled aside, his body arched against the taller man. David had allowed Jayce to move one hand onto his crotch and was rubbing him there with practiced precision. The extension in David's tight skirt left no doubt he was aroused.

They were in a world all their own, she decided. As she stepped carefully away, making an effort to get out before being discovered, she rubbed against an end table. An ashtray dropped to the carpet and bounced. She deftly knelt and caught it to put it back on the table. Her 'dance partner' had followed her. His strong arms caught her and, before she

could scream, he closed her mouth with a lust filled kiss. The hands she had so strenuously objected to on the dance floor dropped to catch both her buttocks and pulled her against him. She nearly fainted. He pulled her back into the lounge, out of sight of the lovers, and touched her lips with his finger.

"Hush," he said. "Are you OK? I won't hurt you but I can't risk you disturbing our friends in the other room."

She nodded to indicate she was again in control. "Please, let me go. I won't say anything. I was wrong to come in here."