

# Impersonator

A Romance



Gabrielle Johnson

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by Gabrielle Johnson

"But I ain't had anything to eat all day!" moaned Ray Sparks.

"You can't stop on a winning streak," I laughed at him. It wasn't me with a bagful of chips that I still had to cash out.

"You listen to your cousin," said Moroney. We always call him by his last name, sometimes just the first five letters.

"You don't come to Vegas to eat!" said Dave, slapping Ray behind the ear.

"Room service ..." said Moroney, putting the two checks he had for his winnings in his back pocket. Yes, he'd cleaned out two of the five-dollar slots and had even won on his next machine. But he had lost six in a row and we'd persuaded him to call it a night before he lost it all. Yeah, start again the next day, he'd finally agreed, when he wasn't as wound up as before. Besides he couldn't even see the screens any more to read the directions.

"Hey," I yelled to a guy in the casino uniform, just drawing the doors on a show room. He was standing in front of a big, pink poster with black and white photographs of girls in various poses and skimpy burlesque costumes.

"I gotta close for the show, mac," said the guy.

"Where can we get a steak at this time?" I asked him. "Anywhere in this place?"

One reason for us stopping was that the place was really dead. I was down a couple of hundred in blackjack but there were only two of us and the dealer left at the table. The other guy didn't seem to speak much English. Yeah, the whole place was dead. I expected we'd have to leave to find real food.

"You could come in here," the guy said doubtfully. "But you'd have to sit at the bar or in the back tables. You wouldn't see much of the show!"

"Cover charge? Tickets?" I asked him.

The guy glanced around and considered for a moment. "Let's say ten each and I'll order for you guys," the hustler said, nodding at me.

I didn't care about putting forty in the guy's pocket. All I wanted was a New York cut with all the trimmings. Trust Moron to try for spaghetti, Caesar salad and maybe a little meat sauce.

"Four steaks," I told our new friend, pulling Moron into the club as Sparkie and Dave began to berate my idiotic friend with all the money. "All the trimmings, and Jack Daniels on the rocks!"

The hustler had us in the club, the doors locked in seconds, the forty bucks not

in sight.

So, the seats were pretty far back, but the waitress arrived with drinks in a minute, bringing us a basket of bread and sauces that filled Sparkie's mouth and stopped him from complaining about busting a winning streak for a few minutes.

The switch from canned music to live music was very abrupt. A curtain swept back and a line of squealing girls came dancing across a rounded stage, the guys sitting in a big semi-circle smiling and clapping, I think it was the guys and not a soundtrack. Like all Vegas showgirls, they were gorgeous, with long hair and wicked figures. One or two must have been ex-models as well as they were really tall for girls.

"The one on the end is mine," muttered Dave, as the girls pirouetted and the end girl laughed as she swirled her long, blonde hair around, her enormous earrings floating about her as well as she came up to microphone where another blonde woman, older, stockier, had appeared.

"You'll see a lot more of Brooke later in the show," said the older woman, putting glasses up to her eyes to read what appeared to be a playbill in her long, brightly lacquered, red-tipped fingers.

"Our own Diana Ross," was a black girl, who did a few words from *Baby Love* before flouncing off.

"Cher, naturally," was the dark-haired girl with legs that didn't seem to stop. She tossed her long, straight hair and strutted off, with far more to show than the real Cher ever had.

Christina naturally had to show us her sexy tush while Britney had cute, little girl pigtails and ribbons.

Barbra serenaded "the luckiest people in the world" and then it was time for the 'Ladies of the Chorus'.

Oh, man, could those girls dance. They did everything from Spanish, to Can-Can, to belly-dancing and finally, to Rockette high kicks. I really liked the little blonde one on the end. She just had such a sexy way of moving. So she didn't have huge gazoombas like others did, bouncing all over the place, to yips and applause from the audience. And it was a surprisingly large group for a Tuesday, I thought, when all the rest of the casino was so sparsely attended.

"You can have her, Seth," said Ray Sparks, who was a very distant cousin of mine. We'd only found that out in high school after going through grade school together. "I want that girl in the middle, the one who popped out! Come on, baby! You can do that over me any time!"

"You do know where you are, don't you?" asked the older waitress as she brought us fresh drinks and breadsticks before taking more drinks to the guys in the audience in front of us. That was when I counted and saw only about half a dozen girls besides the waitresses.

"Just keep the drinks coming and I won't care at all where I am," Dave grinned at her as the music ended. The girls were applauded, skipping off daintily as they waved to us, bright smiles on their heavily madeup faces, the little blonde doing a sexy shimmer and back kick as she went off last of all. Oh, yes, I could really go for that girl. I liked them short and sassy.

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"Where did all these people come from?" asked Charmian, gasping for breath as we whipped the dresses from our thin bodies and slung them onto the trolley. Earrings, panties and high heels followed as we had to slip on new fringed costumes over the tape that protected our private parts from being exposed.

"I bet Hugo's packing them in with his own cover charge," said Diane with an outraged sniff that she used all the time.

"More drinks and tips," murmured Caroline, turning so that I could fasten the back of her skimpy costume, she arranging her boobs in the shaped parts for women's breasts. She turned me as well. I barely got my arms through the thin straps over my mostly bare shoulders before she was pulling my little breasts tightly against me.

We scrambled to get into our new, green high heels, pin the feathers into our hair that made us look so tall, and put on all the glittering earrings, necklaces, bracelets, rings and anklets that we could.

"The older guys in the middle are mine!" whispered Miranda. "They didn't take their eyes off my breasts once!"

"How could they?" asked Nadine. "That's the fifth show in a row you've popped out, Mirrie! And they've been here every time. They know where to sit!"

"Shush," warned Charmian. "Ready to giggle and wobble, girls!"

Of course we were. We were chorus girls and we could giggle girlishly and wiggle all over the stage at a moment's notice. Cheryl finished her opening monologue, only using the f-word half a dozen times. Must be a good audience. The less they laughed at Cheryl's jokes the more f-bombs she unleashed on them.

I clung to Caroline's waist as Miranda was clinging to mine as we danced back

in front of the crowd. There were even people at the back tables! Sylvia looked as if she was actually serving dinner to some of the guys back there. It was hard to tell how many with the dark tiles surrounding that area.

I wiggled after Caroline to the left of the center that Charmian had taken. Miranda moved inside me, which wasn't supposed to happen, but I didn't argue. I just smiled and went further to my left until I was on the very outside, Vera next to Miranda as she always was.

I pushed my arms together so that my breasts would have an even more pronounced cleavage and kept my legs together as well as I shimmied with the rest of the girls. I should have known what kind of night it was going to be as I felt a hand on my leg. Looking down in alarm, I saw one of the men almost lying over the table jammed against the stage, grabbing me and waving a bill at me.

We did do a strip later on when we got down to g-strings, that's all, and we loved to have the men in the audience tip us then but this was way too soon.

The idiot was insistent and so I dipped down to him, smiling still in my most girlish fashion. "We do that later," I whispered coyly to him as the other girls were turning, pirouetting and showing off their lovely figures as they pouted over their shoulders at their admirers.

The guy wouldn't, couldn't be stopped. It was a hundred dollar bill, no, two one-hundred dollar bills that he wanted to stuff between my breasts. And, of course, he wanted to kiss them as well.

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My girl, I was thinking of her as that, handled the drunk really well. He wasn't going to be stopped from kissing her breasts and so she let him, smiling at him as if she loved it, her nipples surrounded by wet spots on the pink bikini top as I thought of it. She thanked the guy with a smile, planting a red, lipstick mark in the middle of his forehead before sliding back in her heels, high-kicking and making even the drunk fall back before he was hit.

His yipping, hollering companions were laughing as they hauled him to their side of the table. They were waving bills at the girls as well but the dancers stepped back from the edge and avoided getting in range of being trapped again.

"The girls will do their pole dancing and stripping later in the program," said Cheryl Rivers, no, she was nothing like the real comedienne her name implied, "and you gentlemen will be able to show your appreciation then in a tangible fashion."

"I want my girl out here now!" the drunk began to shout. "I want the little one,

right here, on my pole!"

His friends tried to shush the guy up as Cheryl Rivers glared at him. She introduced Diana Ross in a long, sequined dress that swirled about her when she sashayed about the stage. I laughed when the drunk called her to come over but she stayed well away from him. Several people behind him began peppering him with napkins and ice cubes, I think. He was quickly on his feet, facing away from the stage, ready to fight, but his friends hauled him down and held him in his seat.

Our steaks arrived and they were great. So were the Diana Ross impressions while Cher was a little off. I couldn't really tell about Brittney or Christina as I don't know them that well. They seemed all right to me.

The music changed and all these poles came up from the floor and the chorus girls came strutting out in different costumes to do pole-dancing. My little blonde girl was in a schoolgirl outfit, her mini so short that her black garter belt and stockings were exposed as she eased up to the pole like the other girls did, licking it as a girl would lick you-know-what.

All the girls were doing the same thing, the nurse, the maid, the secretary, the meter maid and so on. But I only had eyes for my little girl. As she slid down, the pole between her legs, I was definitely aroused! I was getting a hard-on for a girl I didn't know at all. As her long, pink tongue ran slowly over the poll, I almost had an ejaculation on the spot.

And she was so serious! That increased the sensuality of her movements tenfold to me. She snapped her stockings and lifted her legs high, stroking them before she kicked off her high heels. Then she began so slowly to take off her stockings as she sat there. Guys were waving bills all over the place as the little quartet of musicians played music to strip by. These girls knew exactly how to do that, taking off tops and skirts to reveal panties and bras which meant that the audience close to the stage could reach them with the money they wanted to slip into the girls' g-strings and bras.

My girl made a mistake. She wasn't watching the drunk as well as she should have. She had her back to the audience as she unhooked her bra and that was when he struck. I don't know how he got over the tables and shelving and onto the stage but he did.

My girl was shrieking and squealing as the drunk grabbed her by her breasts and began to pull her to the back of the stage. Gods! The front of his pants were undone and his manhood was flapping in the air! I don't know why I ran at the stage as no-one else was. The drunk's friends were laughing and standing, taking chairs in their hands, to defend the space around them where the drunk was rolling with the screaming girl, trying to pull her g-string down and rape

her.

I shoved the guy who tried to fence me off with his chair, right into his partner and they went down. I vaulted up beside the drunk, who was kissing the girl's small, naked breasts as he forced her down with the sheer weight of his body. I grabbed his hair and pulled. Hair came out in between my fingers but he held onto her, she weeping and pummeling him with the tiny, girlish fists.

It seemed like the only way at the time. I kicked him right between his legs. He stiffened. I suppose that I didn't have to kick him again but I did. Then, I could grab the big guy's arms, roll him over the footlights and onto the tables where drinks went flying. I put out my hand to push the lovely, little girl back but her g-string was broken. I touched then something that no man who admires a pretty girl would ever expect to touch.

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"Look out!" I screamed at my stunned rescuer who was holding onto my penis. My hand shook as I pointed with a gleaming, pink-tipped finger at the figure looming behind him, a chair in his hands.

My knight in shining armor moved his head enough and stopped caressing between my legs long enough to deflect the downward descending chair. I know I was squealing and so were all the other girls as I was hauled out of the fray, completely nude, the oaf having torn off all my carefully positioned taping.

A bare-breasted Caroline was squealing as well as she helped me to my feet, through the curtains, just as Leanne, the Cher in our show, all six three of her, bounded forward in a black, white-trimmed lace Teddy and began kicking and rolling the drunk, who was spewing everywhere by then, off the stage.

The club, of course, was in an uproar as Caroline laughed at me, tweaked my breasts and hugged me, her almost naked body as smooth and girlie as mine.

The other girls save for Cheryl and Leanne huddled into the dressing room.

"Do we change for the next routine?" squeaked Vera in the little-girl voice she was trying to master. We were all helping her but she sounded like she was five years' old.

"I think the show's over for tonight," laughed Carrie, but it wasn't.

"Schoolgirls for Brittney's routine," Cheryl came back, barking in her male voice, smacking Charmian on her fleshy, girlish rump.

"My clothes," I gasped, meaning my schoolgirl outfit, "are all over the stage!"

"Then you can stay here, Barbie Doll," Cheryl sneered at me. "What were you doing out there? Flashing your tits at a looney and then your family jewels? He

was too drunk to lay anyone! You should have ...”

“He wasn’t that drunk!” I squealed at her.

“You were feeling his crotch?” Cheryl taunted me grossly.

“He was shoving it in my face!” I screamed, shaking all over.

“You’re supposed to be tucked,” Cheryl went on, not having seen that I was and that my g-string had ended up stuck on the drunk as he had broken it and the tape about me, giving me a nasty mark right across my upper thigh.

“I was,” I said, trying to stop trembling and calm down.

“We’re going on again?” asked Charmian, tossing her long, loose hair back, which Caroline caught for her and began to twist and pin so that she could be a prim, little schoolgirl again.

“Why not?” demanded Cheryl. “They,” she indicated the audience part of the club, “paid for a show and a show they should get.”

“They did,” said Caroline smugly. “They all saw Barbara’s jewels!”

“That’s what they’d expect to see in a female impersonator show,” snapped Cheryl. “Come on, Charmian, Carrie, Vera, Miranda. You girls get out there and Barbie, you’re Leanne’s bride for the big finale. You get ready for that!”

I wanted to remind her that it was Vera’s turn and she was looking forward to it, but Cheryl was on one of her organizing rants and it didn’t do to cross her. Four, little schoolgirls tripped out of the dressing room while Diane, Nadine, and Cherry commiserated with me. They told me about drunks attacking them and stripping them, as I dressed in white lace and white silk lingerie and got ready to be Leanne’s bride.

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Where are the bouncers, I thought as a chair caught me a glancing blow, thanks to the naked queen I was holding pushing me away from it as she squealed in this really girlie voice at me to watch out.

I football-tackled the partly drunk guy. We both slid off the stage into Moroney’s arms and he cushioned our fall. Some other guys helped us then, and this one really tall girl, still in her Cher makeup and hair. Man, the perfume that wafted off her as she frogmarched the guy who had started it all to the doors and threw him out, right in front of security who put in an appearance, as usual, right when it was all over.

“Did, did you see that girl?” I asked Dave who was watching Cher in fascination. She flicked her hair back constantly as she told the security, in Cher’s voice, what had gone on.



"Hi, sugar," she said then to Dave, looking down on him and stroking his face as he looked at her statuesque breasts with awe.

"You, you were great!" stammered Dave. "You really are her, Cher, I mean!"

"How lovely of you to say so!" said the tall, willowy girl, in high heels, stockings and a corset, the shoulder straps down by her elbows. "You deserve a reward." And with that, she bent over Dave, kissing him passionately while he put his arms around her, around her wiggling tush, I should say.

"I think I'm in love!" Dave said as Cher broke free as quickly as she had kissed him and sashayed through the audience, stopping here and there to sit in a guy's lap, grope some of them, kiss others, who all looked inordinately pleased with themselves.

The chairs were upright. The band had returned from wherever they'd hidden out and Cher was entertaining the front seats, letting guys put the bills they'd been waving into her bouncing cleavage, letting them caress or kiss her, there or on her still, deeply colored lips.

"Did you see the girl I rescued?" I asked Dave as he had his eyes on Cher as a waitress tried to get us back to our table.

"She was gorgeous, as well," said Dave dreamily.

"She had a cock!" I had to tell him and the waitress overheard me and laughed.

"So she should," said the waitress archly, stunning us all. "This is a female impersonator show that you're watching." It was just at that moment that the Brittney impersonator came out with all of her schoolgirl friends, squealing and wiggling, putting down chairs then on which to seat the 'volunteers' that Cher found for them.

A female impersonator show! The words didn't seem right as the girls on stage treated the men just as if they were boy friends, wiggling and squirming on them and dancing with them, even kissing them which many of the guys seemed to like.

"The girl I helped ..." I gasped at the waitress, Sylvia was on her name tag. I stared at her and she winked at me.

"Barbie isn't out there but she should be," Sylvia said. "I guess after being manhandled like that she's having to sit this one out."

"You should have taken her place," Ray Sparks said, leering at the waitress.

"Oh, I used to be out there," said Sylvia seriously, "but my legs can't stand the pounding. No, all these are good for these days are wrapping around handsome studs like you guys!"

The look on Ray's face was priceless. "Another round?" asked Sylvia before

sashaying off, stopping to let guys at other tables caress her as they passed empty glasses to her and gave her new drink orders.

Ray had nodded in confusion and so we were sort of stuck. The 'girls' came to a showy end, applauding their 'volunteers' who seemed really loath to go from the stage! One guy didn't want to let Christina back, she with all long blond hair, with other 'girls' in pink wigs and not much else.

"Get the bill," I said to Ray as the waitress circulated with drinks. It was exorbitant. I wanted to pay it and get out of there as a huge finale was beginning. Sylvia sat on Ray's lap as we worked out who was paying for what and the tip.

"Thanks, guys!" Sylvia said. "You should stay for this one," she added, smiling at me. "Looks like your girl is going to be in this one. There she is! Barbara, our Barbie Doll! That's her, the bride!"

I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe the gorgeous woman stepping forward as the whole group did a medley of wedding songs. The girls looked so cute in their bridesmaid dresses but it was Barbara, the guy I'd saved, when his panties had been torn from him, that was the shocker. She sashayed onto the stage with the Cher impersonator, in a man's tux that she was bursting out of, hugging and kissing the top of Barbie's blonde tresses, while Barbie looked so demure and girlie as she looked up at the very tall Cher.

"My Sonny," said Cher, laughing just like the real woman. "My, how you've changed!" She kissed Barbie as if she was a man and Barbie, of course, kissed her back as if she was a woman. My groin was aching as I looked at the tableau on the stage, the 'bridesmaids' bringing up more volunteers to help them in celebrating the marriage of Sonny and Cher.

"Of course it's a fairy story!" said Cheryl Rivers with the last line of it all, the show over and the performers coming down off the stage to make a receiving line, as if it really was a wedding.

"Thank you so much for coming to the performance," I heard girlish voices saying, as everyone had to file past, chat and hug one of the performers at least. Autographs were given on pamphlets like the poster we'd seen being hauled into the club at the beginning.

"You were fantastic, as usual," I heard one guy saying as he hugged one of the chorus girls. She put her arms about him and smiled as his wife, yes, his wife, took their picture, even one of the husband kissing the bridesmaid.

"I liked that," said the chorus girl cutely, hugging the guy. He hugged her, until his wife finally took him angrily by the arm and pulled him after her, into the exit line from the club.

We tried to slide on by, but Cher wouldn't let Dave gulp and walk by. "My man!" she squealed. She was still in female makeup despite the suit and dickie she was trying to hold against her.

"It's my turn to be the bride tomorrow," she said with a smile to Dave, flinging her arms about his neck, kissing him as strongly as before, Dave's mouth disappearing into hers as she covered him in lipstick.

"Thank you, thank you," the bride was saying as guys wanted to hug her, kiss her soft cheek and have their photographs taken with her. "You are so kind. Come back tomorrow and we'll do that routine properly. Sure I'll kiss you now. Mmm, that was so nice. Thank you, thank you."

The crowd was thinning as she turned, a fixed smile on her face, and looked up at me. "My white knight!" she exclaimed in a lilting, feminine voice. She had to be a girl. She looked, she sounded and she smelled so girlish! "Come to claim your prize for rescuing a damsel in distress."

"No," I said, aware of Ray beside me, staring at Barbara, the bride. She was so girlie close up, her makeup so feminine, her eyes so vivid and her lips so inviting. Her eyes questioned me as she swished her lovely bridal gown against me. "We got into the wrong club by mistake," I said with a shudder. "We didn't realize ..."

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I froze as well, my manicured, feminine hand resting lightly on his forearm. Oh, the poor sap. He hadn't known I was a female impersonator when he'd come to rescue me, when he'd tried to pull the drunk's hands off me and when the two of them had torn my g-string right, breaking it. I should charge him for it, shouldn't I?

"But now you do know," I said to him with a smile. It sometime happened in the club. Someone wandered in, chatted to us, and didn't realize at all that we weren't real girls. We did, after all, work very hard on trying to make the illusion that we were real girls true! "I'm a female impersonator," I said with a smile at my rescuer. "And I really do thank you for saving me from a fate worse than death!"

I just meant to brush my lips on his as a thank-you response but the moment I touched him, tingles ran all through me. When my lips touched his, I went giddy in excitement at the way our mouths met and clung together. He was kissing me back as forcefully as I was kissing him, which I had to do as he was holding me so tightly against him, rocking my bouncy breasts against him.

"Hey, hey, hey!" said the friend with my saviour. "Leave some for me, Seth." Seth? What a nice, strong, biblical name, I thought. Then I remembered what

this guy had said about being in the wrong place.

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She swished her lovely dress against me and smiled as she brushed her mouth against mine. It was all too much then as I held this lovely, femininely fragrant girl to me. I really did want to kiss her. I drew her against me and it was exactly as I knew it would be. She was so dainty. She melted into my arms as I put mine about her. Her body was pressed against mine and I was kissing a real girl intently. She kissed me back, reacting in every way like a girl when a man kisses her.

I kissed and kissed her, hearing someone beside me saying something. But I was in heaven and didn't want to stop kissing Barbie. I pressed against her more tightly and she seemed to do the same to me. My hands caressed her lovely dress. It was only when Ray pulled on my arm that I realized what I was doing and came down to earth with an enormous jolt.