

Hot Wheels²



Briana Vermont



A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Hot Wheels

Part 2

by Briana Vermont

The Story So Far

Danny Wheeler played roller hockey for the Newton Iowa Newts, and was on a road trip playing against rival teams when an accident put him in the hospital. He was fired from the team and left behind in Santa Editha, California, with no money and a hospital bill for \$5,011.97. Danny soon found out that not only was he abandoned, but now Sergeant Dillon of the police was looking for him for non-payment!

Alex Carter was a manager at the Roller Palace, and jokingly offered to hide Danny if he was willing to work as a roller-skating waitress. In desperation, Danny took her up on the offer. Now not only is he her employee, but her roommate as well! And to make matters worse, Alex has told everyone that the new girl's name is 'Baby'. No matter how bad things

get, Danny can always count on Alex finding a way to make them worse!

Brett Carter is Alex's brother, and also the roller hockey player who put Danny in the hospital. Whenever Danny appears as a man, Brett either beats him up or tries to get him arrested. And whenever Danny appears as a woman, Brett either grabs him under his tiny waitress skirt or kisses him. Or both. And now Alex has manipulated things so that the two are out on a date!

Chapter Ten Best Day Ever

Danny walked awkwardly with Brett through the hall of the apartment building, trying to stay out of the man's reach mentally, if not physically. No one spoke as they waited for the elevator, or again during the elevator's long descent. Then crossing the lobby, that was awkward. Then they came to the front steps.

Brett quickly dropped down the five steps to street level, before noticing that Baby was no longer with him. Turning around he saw her, still standing at the top of the steps. Danny was tentatively placing one foot halfway down to the first step, pulling it back, and then trying the other foot before pulling it back, all while holding his knees tight together.

"Are you coming?" Brett called up to Danny.

Danny placed his naked arms out to the side, trying to maintain his balance as he attempted the step again, unsuccessfully.

"I've never worn these shoes or this skirt before," he said as his face turned red with shame. "I don't know how to walk down stairs in them!"

Brett laughed and bounded back up to the top. "It's okay, Baby! I'll help you. Give me your hands."

Danny's face was red enough to glow through the layers of makeup Robin had applied, but he held his

hands out to Brett. With Brett steadying him, he found he could walk down the steps in the unfamiliar wedge heels. On the second last step, Brett grabbed him by the waist and lifted him high in the air, causing Danny to squeal in surprise. Brett turned and placed Danny lightly on the sidewalk. A few passersby laughed and applauded at the cute scene. Danny blushed at the attention, but then decided to laugh as well. Maybe this didn't need to be the most mortifying event of his life.

Brett took the boy's hand and asked, "You okay now?"

"Yes," said Danny with a laugh and a self-mocking curtsy to an elderly couple that had stopped to applaud the romantic scene. "Thank you, Brett. Let's go!"

Danny turned and ran down the street, pulling Brett along with him. They quickly reached the street market, which was filled with people as usual, slowing their youthful sprint to a gentle stroll. Danny noticed he was still holding Brett's hand, and tried to take it back, but Brett held on.

"Oh well," Danny thought, resigning himself to holding the man's hand. "I'm on a date with Brett Carter. Nothing to be done about it! Maybe if I just try acting like a girl I can get through this."

"You know, when I first saw you at the apartment I hardly recognized you," Brett said.

Danny laughed, thinking about the wide eyes and arched brows and tiny puckered lips that he had seen earlier, and were still visible on his face to everyone, and said, "Tell me about it! This is Robin's idea of what a girl on a date looks like. Believe me, I've never looked like this in my life."

"Well, you look gorgeous," Brett told the beautified boy.

Danny smiled shyly and gently bit his lip. Brett really was being nice, and after all the effort Danny

went through to look this way, it actually felt good to be complimented on the result.

“Thank you Brett,” Danny said quietly, squeezing the larger man’s hand.

Brett took this as an invitation to put his arm around the boy’s naked shoulders, pulling him close to his side. The feel of a man’s hands on his exposed flesh was a bit much for Danny. Seeing a nearby market stall, he stopped and pulled away from the larger man.

“I just want to take a quick look in here!” he said as he left Brett in the busy aisle outside the stall. Brett quickly followed, but the hugging moment had passed.

“Do you see anything you like?” asked a young salesgirl as she approached Danny. “Hi, I’m August! Everything here is handmade locally.”

Danny looked around the tiny space for the first time to find he was standing in a jewelry shop. Just his luck; he really had no interest at all in jewelry, but he really needed a few minutes away from Brett. This date was getting way too physical, way too quickly! Maybe a long, boring girls’ time in a jewelry store was exactly what he needed to calm Brett down.

The jewelry was the typical handmade selection of macramé bracelets, stained glass pendants, and dangling bead earrings, some tasteful and some tacky. It was all a bit too girly for the faux femme, but exactly what he needed to cool down his hot-blooded date.

“Oh, these are so pretty!” Danny said, picking up the nearest available item.

“These necklaces are a big seller,” August informed him. “My brother does the metal work for the pendant, and I do the leather work, and shell and bead designs.”

“So cute!” said Danny, picking up a necklace with a brass elephant on a beaded string.

“I know. I just love that one!” August agreed.

Danny looked over at Brett. He was leaning against a pole, waiting. He looked bored, but still impatient. Danny needed to make him wait a little longer, until he was just bored.

“Show me these!” Danny said, gesturing at trays of glass rings.

After a bit more girlishly fawning over colored glass and plastic beads formed into wearable knick-knacks, Danny looked over at Brett. The poor guy had that look a man gets after he’s been forced to listen to girls talk for five minutes. Danny had broken him!

“I just can’t decide,” he told August. “Can I come back tomorrow with my girlfriend?”

“Oh. Of course!” August said, in the way a salesgirl will when she realizes she’s not making a sale, but hopes the client will come back with an even better sales person – her girlfriend! “That will be so much fun! I’d love to meet her.”

“Okay, see you tomorr...” Danny spun around to leave, and for the first time saw the other side of the shop. The other side was just another selection of more girls’ jewelry, but one tray was like nothing Danny had ever seen.

“What are these?” he said, mesmerized, as he lifted one of the bracelets out of the tray.

“Aren’t those amazing?” August exclaimed, seeing hope for a sale returning. “I call them water-bracelets.”

Danny turned the bracelet around. It was made from a clear plastic tube, filled with colored water, glitter, and tiny beads. Danny looked more closely at the water in the tube and saw tiny plastic seahorses, shells, and other creatures reminiscent of the sea. As he turned the bracelet, the glittery contents spun and sparkled in a way that fascinated him.

“Here, these ones match your outfit perfectly. Try them on!” August said as she took the boy’s hand and slipped three colored bracelets onto his wrist. “There! Pink, yellow, and pink. Just like your top, skirt, and shoes!”

Danny had never seen jewelry on his naked arm before. Something about it just looked so sweet! He couldn’t get over it. He lifted his narrow arm, letting the bracelets slide up and down, watching the glitter spin through the tubes like a lava lamp.

“I can’t decide which one I like,” Danny said, watching the bracelets as he turned his arm back and forth. His long, naked arm looked so feminine with the cute accessories. He really couldn’t get over it.

“So take all three!” August suggested. “They look great on you.”

“Really?” Danny asked. “A girl can’t wear three bracelets at once, though, can she?”

August laughed. “Of course you can! There are only two rules for wearing jewelry, and that’s to wear as much as you want, whenever you want! And they’re only five dollars each.”

“Oh!” Danny said, the price bringing him back to reality. He didn’t have five dollars for jewelry, let alone fifteen dollars! He still owed Alex for the clothes she bought him the other day, and his pink skates. And he was behind on the rent. Not to mention he hadn’t even started saving to pay his \$5000 hospital bill! If he was going to start spending fifteen dollars on jewelry, he may as well decide to be a girl forever.

“I’ve got this,” Brett said, walking up to the two girls and reaching into his back pocket for his wallet. He pulled out three fives and handed them to August.

“Really?!” Danny squealed in excitement. He had resigned himself to giving up on the bracelets, and hadn’t expected this. “I can pay you back, Brett, I swear. Just, not for a while. I need to...”

Brett put a finger to the boy's perfect lips, stopping his rattled rambling. "These are for you. It's a gift. You're my date, and if they make you happy, they make me happy." Also if it got Baby away from this booth, it was worth it!

"Seriously? Thank you so much Brett!" Danny said, contentedly throwing his arms around the larger man.

Danny and Brett left the jewelry stall and continued on their way toward the boardwalk. Brett had his arm around Danny's narrow, naked shoulders. Danny had one arm around Brett's waist, while he absent-mindedly stared at the way his new pink and yellow bracelets sparkled on his wrist.

* * *

Danny and Brett reached the boardwalk, and as they strolled toward the carnival Danny came to his senses. He loved his new bracelets, but he really couldn't get this close to Brett! So he slid out from under Brett's muscular arm, and let go of the larger man's waist. Brett wasn't fully prepared to let his date go, however! Before Danny could get too far Brett took firm hold of his hand. The couple fit right in with all the other lovers, strolling hand in hand in the late afternoon sun.

"This is nice," Brett said, pulling the boy back for another hug.

"Uh, yeah. Sure," said Danny in his Baby voice as he cringed under the weight of another man's arm on his bare shoulders. "Oh look! There's the carnival," he interjected as he broke away from Brett and ran to the carnival entrance.

The line was short, however it didn't take long for Brett to grab hold of Danny again, making for a seemingly long, awkward wait. The line inched forward, but it was really only a minute before Danny found himself at the ticket window.

“One please,” he said as he searched through his purse for his wallet.

“Make that two,” Brett said, pushing past the beautified boy and placing the price of two tickets on the counter. Brett accepted his change, and the attendant stamped both their hands with the paid-attendee identifying mark of the day, a cartoon dolphin.

Brett placed his hand on a confused Danny’s back, and guided him through the turnstiles and into the carnival.

“Wait a minute,” Danny said, stopping short and asserting himself. “You already bought me a gift! What, are you planning to pay for everything?”

“Well, yeah!” replied Brett. “I mean, this is a date, right?”

It was like a light clicked on in Danny’s head! “This is a date,” he said in realization. “And because I’m the girl, you pay for... everything?”

Brett laughed uncertainly. “Sure. I mean, that’s the way it usually goes, right Baby?”

“Yes,” said Danny. “Yes, that’s the way it always goes! And I’m the girl!”

“You are the girl,” Brett agreed, becoming slightly confused.

“What a scam!” Danny said with a laugh. “I get to do anything I want, and it doesn’t cost me anything! So if I, say, want an ice cream, then you have to buy it for me?”

“Do you want an ice cream?” Brett asked.

“Yes!” Danny shouted. “I want free ice cream!”

“Right this way,” Brett said, leading the ecstatic en femme to the nearest ice cream truck.

“What would you like?” asked the man operating the van.

“A chocolate cone for me, and the lady will have a strawberry swirl,” Brett told him.

“Hey!” Danny said, pouting his lower lip adorably. “Don’t I get to decide what flavor I want for myself?”

“No,” Brett replied mockingly. “You’re getting a little too full of yourself. This is just to help you remember, you are the girl, and I’m in charge.”

“Here you go Miss,” said the ice cream man, handing Danny his strawberry swirl. “Enjoy!”

Danny accepted the cone grudgingly. “Well, joke’s on you,” he told Brett as he took his first lick. “I happen to like strawberry swirl.”

“And that’s why I’m in charge,” Brett said. The two strolled along the walkway, looking at the various games and rides, as they finished their treats.

* * *

Danny and Brett approached the boardwalk’s tallest roller coaster – known to everyone as ‘The Big One’. The previous year they had changed the name from ‘Death Wish’ when people stopped riding it. They figured people took one look at it and thought – well, never mind. You know what they thought. Danny stopped in front to take a better look.

“Come on Baby,” Brett called from the entrance, after he realized Danny was no longer walking beside him. “What’s the problem?”

“No problem,” Danny said after some hesitation. “I just wanted to take a look at it is all.”

“And?” Brett asked when Danny didn’t move.

“And, it’s really tall!” Danny said with a slight crack in his voice.

“Of course!” said Brett, laughing at him. “That’s why it’s called The Big One! That’s kind of the whole point. Let’s go.”

“Okay. Just a minute,” Danny said, still looking up at the metal mountain towering above.

“You’re not scared, are you?!” Brett asked, deriding his doubting date.

“No,” Danny replied timidly, a quiver in his painted lower lip giving him away. “I’m just not a big fan of dying a messy death.”

“You really are scared, aren’t you Baby?” Brett laughed again. “It’s no different than any other roller coaster!”

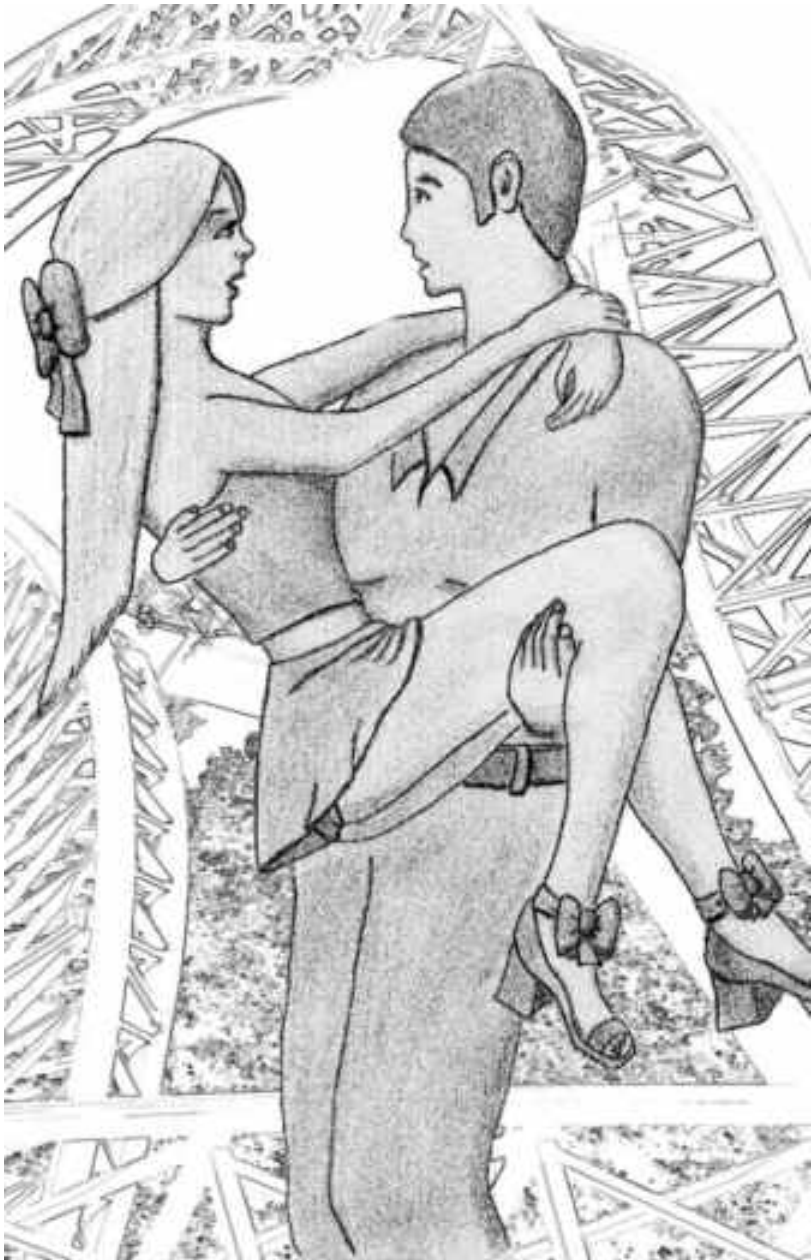
“Well I’ve never been on a roller coaster!” Danny shot back, tired of being humiliated in front of all the people passing by.

“Don’t worry Baby,” Brett said condescendingly, hugging Danny tight. Danny knew he was being mocked and treated like a child, but he actually was scared and decided to allow it, since it actually felt good to have someone else take charge. “I’ll take care of you.”

Brett kissed the boy on the nose, eliciting what could have been taken for a shy smile. Brett held his arm over Danny’s shoulders in a reassuring way as they entered the line for The Big One.

The line took almost fifteen minutes, giving Danny plenty of time to get nervous. He found he could no longer even look up at the impending death machine, and instead cowered under Brett’s arm. Something about having Brett there made him feel safe, even as the larger man occasionally laughed at him, kissed him on the nose or the top of his head, and made derisive comments about his cowardice.

But eventually the couple found themselves standing beside the coaster train, getting into the front car. Each car took two passengers, seated side by side without an inch of privacy. A large padded bar



was lowered over their laps to make sure no one could move, which was a good idea because Danny was definitely thinking of bolting.

“I don’t want to die like this,” Danny whimpered. He snuggled his face into Brett’s shoulder, mostly because he had little other choice, but also because it really did feel safe to have the big man taking charge and reassuring him.

The train rolled forward a short way before turning a corner, where it was hooked by a chain that would pull them to the top of the first hill. Danny found himself tilted almost straight back, looking up at the long green rails that seemed to extend to infinity above him. After what seemed like hours of the slow, click-clacking ascent he was ready to explode.

“How tall is this thing?” he asked breathlessly.

“A sign down there said 350 feet,” Brett told the frightened femme.

“350 feet?! That’s...” Danny shrieked. He did some quick math in his pretty blonde head and said, “... 350 times higher than I want to be!”

That was the last coherent thought the boy would be allowed however, as the train finally reached the upper stratosphere, turned, and plunged back to Earth. Danny screamed as their near-vertical descent, safely (!) strapped into a box on rails, appeared no different than if he had been thrown off a building. Rapidly approaching ground was rapidly approaching ground to the primitive part of his brain that had taken charge.

The coaster reached maximum velocity as it hit the bottom of the hill, then turned 90 degrees and went immediately into its first loop. Danny found himself upside-down, looking at the park from an angle that was truly horrifying. He screamed as the coaster finished its first loop, then screamed as it completed a second loop, and then he screamed as it completed a third loop which took an unexpected twist at the top to curve back and through the first two loops.

Danny breathed in as the coaster then spiraled upward in an outside loop, so he would have breath to scream as it then spiraled downward in an inside loop. With plenty of speed remaining, the coaster completed one final corkscrew curve, before turning a corner and coming to an abrupt halt exactly where the couple had started.

The bar raised, and Danny used his newfound freedom to jump into Brett's lap and throw his arms around the man's neck. Danny continued to make short, panting, scream-like sounds, even as the roller coaster attendant attempted to get him to stand and leave. Between Brett and the attendant, they managed to get the trembling tranny off the train and seated on the ground to the side of the track.

"It's over Baby," Brett informed the breathless boy who could do little more than hold his hand over his wildly beating and attractive chest. "Let's go."

"I can't walk," Danny said. "My legs don't work!"

"They look good to me, Baby!" Brett said with a wolfish glance along the boy's long, smoothly shaven gams.

"Seriously Brett," Danny said, not too nauseated to still be annoyed. He raised his arms imploringly to the man towering above him, and Brett relented. He bent down and lifted the helpless girl in his arms, carrying him down the ramp and out the exit.

"I think I'm okay now," Danny said a minute later. Brett lowered the boy's feminized feet to the boardwalk, and Danny tried out his rubbery limbs. Once he had ascertained that they were once again functional he worked at controlling his breathing. Another minute was all it took to find himself back to normal.

"Let's go again!" he called out to Brett as he raced back to the roller coaster entrance.

* * *

“Oh yeah!” shouted Brett in victory as Danny lost his last life. “Final score: Brett, 1.2 million zombie kills, Baby, 975 thousand! In your face, Baby Cakes!”

(Yes, it’s true. Alex eventually realized that she had missed a massive opportunity by neglecting to give Danny a last name. She corrected the oversight, so that he is now officially known by all as “Baby Cakes”.)

Danny placed his zombie gun back in its holder at the side of the “Zombie Armageddon” video machine.

“Not fair!” said the beleaguered boy, wrinkling his tiny nose and pouting his tinted lips in frustration. “You shot me twice when we were supposed to be working together!”

Brett laughed at the endearing exhibition of womanly weakness. “That’s the game, Baby! You know what they say; all’s fair in love and zombies!” He took Danny’s hand in his, and led his adorable date out of the arcade and into the bright afternoon sun.

Danny struggled for something to say that might salvage his masculine pride, even as he navigated the boardwalk in his high heels, short skirt, and tight corset.

“You may have won at video games,” he finally said, his paint and powder embellished eyes flashing with the sudden realization of just the right thing to say. “But I beat you so bad at bumper cars!”

“What are you talking about?” Brett replied mockingly. “Bumper cars isn’t even a game.”

“Not the way yooooou drive, I suppose!” Danny fired back. “But I was all over you. Smash from the back! Smash from the side! Smash, smash, smash! So ha, ha, ha.” Danny stuck his tongue out at Brett following his use of the fake laugh that has been used by women to taunt men since the dawn of time, looking more adorable than ever as he did so.

Brett stopped, and turned to face Danny. Holding both the boy's hands in his he said, "Okay, so I guess we need to settle this. One more game, winner takes all?"

"You're on!" Danny accepted, bouncing with excitement. He scanned the nearby booths, and saw just the one for their competition. "How about that game right there?"

Brett followed the nod of the adorable blonde's head to a nearby booth, and led her to it.

"This one?" Brett said incredulously. "The football throw? You can't be serious? Why don't we just save my money and declare me the winner?"

"Do you accept the challenge or not?" Danny said with a wicked grin on his sweet face.

"Okay, challenge accepted," Brett agreed.

Danny giggled. "Jokes on you, Brett Carter! Because I used to play football in high school!"

"Sure," agreed Brett. "But only girls' football."

"Whatever helps you to sleep at night," Danny said playfully. "So pay the man and let's get on with it!"

Brett turned to the man in the booth. "So how much for two of us?"

"Five dollars each!" called out the man, loud enough to be heard by everyone nearby. "Three tries for five dollars! Win your little lady a prize!"

Brett handed over two five-dollar bills, and the man set three footballs in front of each of them. Danny picked up his first ball, and indicated Brett should do the same.

"So, we'll throw together?" Danny suggested.

"However you want to lose, Baby!" Brett responded. The two took aim, pulled their arms back,

and let loose toward their respective football-sized hole...

“Yes!” shouted Brett as he watched his football sail through the hole, just as Danny’s dribbled off his fingertips and fell to the floor without reaching anywhere near the target. He laughed as he looked at his mortified companion. “I thought you played football in high school?” he mocked the boy.

“I didn’t have long fingernails in high school!” Danny shot back, while checking to see if he might actually have broken a nail. “No fair! That one doesn’t count!”

“You chose the game,” Brett said dispassionately. He picked up the next ball and said, “Round two?”

Danny glared at his date angrily, but lifted his next football. He held it in his hand, noting how his painted and manicured nails extended past the laces, and prepared to adjust his throw. The two took aim, pulled their arms back, and let loose...

Brett grimaced as his football hit the edge of the hole but did not go through. However his scowl turned to laughter as he saw Danny’s throw miss by a good three feet. His arm had glanced off his protruding breasts, throwing him off again.

“Stop laughing!” Danny said in embarrassment. “I didn’t have boobs in high school, okay?!”

This just caused Brett to laugh harder.

“Well, you didn’t do any better,” Danny said as he picked up his last ball.

“Oh, I think I did better than you bouncing off your own boobs,” Brett replied with mock-seriousness as he picked up his final football.

“I can still tie if I make this shot,” Danny said, concentrating on the target.

“Not if I make mine,” Brett said with a smile.