

Drag as a Career Option



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Drag as a Career Option

By Jessica Matthews

I answered the call reluctantly. It had been a long night, and this was far too early in the morning. Any time in the morning would have been too early.

“Hi. You don’t know me but I’d like to ask a few questions.”

This wasn’t a good start. Like I said, it was far too early and I usually hang up when someone calls like that. The question is usually about insurance or a new kitchen. But there was something in the voice which made me hold on. It seemed younger and less scripted than the usual marketing calls.

“You may ask,” I replied rather coldly. “But I may not have the answers.”

“That’s okay, only I’m trying to find someone.”

“And you think I’m that someone?” I asked.

“Yes... no... well, maybe you know them.”

“Maybe I do, but unless you’re going to tell me, we’ll never know.” The temptation to hang up faded away. My caller sounded so earnest that I was intrigued to know what was driving this call.

“Did you go to High School about a month ago?”

“I went to High School but it was far longer than a month ago,” I replied. “It’s a memory that I try not to think about.”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean it like that. Everyone goes to High School, but what I mean is did you go to *my* High School about a month ago.”

“We’re still not on the same page,” I sighed into the phone. “Why don’t you start at the beginning and I’ll pretend that I haven’t misunderstood everything you’ve said already.”

“Okay.” I could hear him taking a deep breath. “There was a lady, well she wasn’t really a lady, and she was in drag. She went to a careers day at my High School, but I wasn’t there.”

“So why weren’t you there?”

“My stepdad said I couldn’t go. He said it was degenerate and the school principal should be shot for thinking of it.”

“So he’s a prejudiced a-hole,” I said.

“Sounds like you know him.” My caller was getting less nervous now. I could hear it in his voice. “I heard about it from some of the guys who were there. She

talked sense about dealing with haters and allowing people to be different.”

“I thought you said it was a careers day?” I said. “I didn’t know that there was a career entry point for people doing drag.”

“I’m sorry. I’m not doing well, am I? It’s taken me a lot of nerve to make this call, please help me.”

“If you explain, I’ll do my best,” I said.

In truth, the poor kid sounded so desperate for someone to listen that I couldn’t hang up, although the temptation to go back to sleep was nearly winning.

“Okay, I wanted to go and see the lady. I thought that there was some career I didn’t know about. I wanted to ask her how I could apply.”

“And your stepdad would let you?” I asked.

“Heck No.” The anger was palpable. “He’d beat me, beat my mom for having raised me like that, and then probably throw me out.”

“Sounds like your mother made a bad choice.”

“She did that all right. He’s okay with my older brothers. They’ve left home and they’re both in the military. He thinks I should be the same, and can’t understand that it’s not for me.”

“But you’re stuck with him.”

“I guess that’s right, but I’m seventeen and in a few months I can tell him to go...” I heard a sob. “I daren’t tell him. I’ll have to get out of there.”

“What about your mom?” I asked.

“She’ll be fine. They only argue about me. Mom sticks up for me and he thinks I’m an embarrassment to him and his redneck friends.”

“So what did you want when you made this call?” I asked.

“I want to know how I get to be a performer in drag,” he said. “I’m a decent pianist, and I’m small and slim.”

“What about girlfriends?”

“I don’t have much success with girls and I’m sure it might be more fun trying to imitate one than trying to date one.”

There was an obvious question to follow this, but I didn’t have the heart to ask it. He might be gay, he might not. He may simply be some confused kid who wanted out of an uncomfortable situation. I decided to think about it some more before saying anything definite.

“Why did you call me?” I asked.

“I read somewhere that you run a decent place with real female impersonators. I figured you might be a good place to start, and you might know the lady I was asking for.”

“And you really want to be in drag for a career?” I was mystified, but convinced. I didn’t ask if he knew how unreal female impersonators could be.

“More than anything.” He sounded so earnest. “I don’t want to do that over-the-top drag. I want to impersonate a real lady. I want to be believable.”

“Can you call me back tomorrow?” I said. “I’ll ask around for you. Make sure you call later in the day. I don’t do mornings if I can help it.”

“Thank you, sir.” he said rather formally. I’ll call tomorrow and thanks for listening. I feel that you’re a friend already.”

I didn’t know if I wanted to be a friend to some confused kid that I’d never seen. Maybe he’d never call back anyway.

I walked the three blocks to the “Moon on the Water” which was the club I’d owned for more years than I cared to remember. I call it a club, but there wasn’t much exclusive about it. The best thing was its place on the waterfront. When you walked up the beach, we were the first place before town.

We were also one of the two places in town where there was anything like a drag show. I’d given up on the extravagant stuff. You know what I mean; the shows that are all bawdy innuendo; the performers looking like nothing you’d ever believe in.

Instead I’d gone for something more comfortable. I ran a show that wouldn’t frighten or appal the tourists. All the staff were hired to be believable and friendly, polite and respectful. Generally, it worked.

It brought in a lot of passing trade, and kept the kitchens busy. “The best seafood on the boardwalk” was the slogan outside. It was good, especially in the summer when we could use the deck outside. Only the smokers braved the deck in the winter.

Only Rosie was in and working. She was always in first and seemed to love the place as much as I did. I found her in the dressing room, bundling away her boy clothes and getting into her dress for the day.

It was a rule. All my servers wore gingham dresses. Yes, they weren't the height of fashion, but they were cut very feminine and they were laundered every few days, or every time they got stained. I built a reputation on a lot of pretty boys in drag serving the best seafood to our customers.

And in case you're wondering; all the servers were really boys in drag; well, more correctly, female impersonators. I didn't employ those over-the-top drag queens, even for the floor show. This was a restaurant and bar, with understated entertainment. I didn't want it to frighten anyone.

I ran the tabs from the bar through the computer as I waited for Rosie to appear. She came as Rosie, and could have been named George, William, or Jefferson for all anyone knew, but she was Rosie here.

"Did you hear about a drag queen going to a high school careers day?" I asked when she started fussing around the tables.

"I did see something on television," she replied. "I think it was in Colorado somewhere. It wasn't found here anyways." Rosie always talked like a southern belle, even though we all knew she was from Nebraska somewhere.

"And I'd guess it didn't go down well," I said.

"There was surely some trouble there." Rosie put down her duster and came over to me. "The parents were real noisy about it. I think they were afraid their sons were going to turn out like me."

“There’s only one of you, Rosie.” I patted her bum in a way I knew she liked as she returned to the tables.

“You could always check it on the web,” she called. “And why the interest anyway?”

“A kid called, thinking we’d know,” I replied. “I think he was looking for a job.”

“Well, fresh blood and young blood is what’s kept this place going over the years. Did you invite him over for an audition?”

“No, I don’t know where he was calling from. I don’t even know how he got my number. I should have asked that. It’s not listed anywhere.”

“Maybe he got it from a friend,” Rosie suggested. “You could have asked him to send in a picture. You remember how to do that email stuff, don’t you?”

“Just ‘cos I don’t spend every spare moment on dating sites, that doesn’t mean that I’m not up to date,” I said. “Besides, he’s seventeen, with a stepdad who sounds somewhat unenlightened.”

“You mean he’s a pig.” Rosie got the drift.

“And probably a nasty and violent one.” I remembered the tone of the kid’s voice.

“I think you should be nice to the poor kid.” Rosie called from the far end of the club.

“He may be desperate, and thinking we’re an escape route.”

“He’s seventeen,” I called back. “We’d be risking corrupting a minor or allegations like that.”

“No one’s going to ask his age,” Rosie said. “I never got asked.”

“You didn’t go to the right places,” I replied. “Maybe I should tell him to call back when he’s eighteen.”

“It would only mean trouble only if anyone knew he was here.” Rosie, as ever, had a point.

Rosie and I went back a few years. We’d been a number for a while and then drifted apart. Neither of us held any resentment; we’d known it couldn’t last.

I’d not long owned the bar when Rosie turned up. She was a pushy kid in flamboyant drag. She was amazingly good looking, even though there was no doubt about her true sex. She hustled the crowd for drinks quite shamelessly. I watched and said nothing.

When she came back the second week, I pulled her to one side.

“You can go on the payroll or leave and don’t come back,” I said quietly. “I can probably pay as much as you’re hustling, and it could be a regular job.”

“What do I have to do?” she asked.

“First, I want you to look like a real woman, and second, you do your hustling for me. I’d be your employer, and you’d get a regular pay check.”

“I’ll have to ask my boyfriend,” she said. I wondered if I detected a flash of fear in the way she said it.

I bought her a drink and watched her hustle through the evening. A couple of customers grumbled at me for the way she was behaving.

I told them I'd handled it. Next week came and no Rosie. I guessed she'd taken her hustle somewhere else.

The week after, she returned. I recognised her at once, even though she was dressed down and kept to the shadows at the back of the bar. No come ons to anyone.

I got up close and she turned to me. I could see the bruises. even under her makeup. One eye was closed, a cheek was swollen and a tooth was missing. "I got beat up for wanting to take your offer," she said.

"The offer's still open," I said. "But I really want to be sure that you're safe."

I took her into the office and got the full story. In between sobs, she told how the boyfriend preferred controlling her hustling and selling herself, so she left. He found her and decided she needed to learn who was boss. She hit back and eventually the cops hauled him off.

"You can still have the job here," I said. She looked at me, searching my face for something, I know not what, and then her face crumpled and she sobbed uncontrollably.

I sat there, not knowing what to do. I'd hired my first drag queen.

It was a good move, I'd turned the place around from being a bare living to being a good one. The girls were an attraction on their own; coupled with fair

prices and a floor show that was fun rather than testing the limits of good taste, we prospered.

I sent Rosie to my doctor for a check-up. It was only a matter of time for the swelling to heal before the damage could be assessed. To cut a long story short, I ended up paying for a nose job and some expensive dentistry.

Rosie ended up sharing my bed. I never intended for that to happen, but in those days, I lived over the bar. She helped me clearing up after we closed. I thought she'd left and went upstairs.

I was settling down when the bedroom door opened and a warm, sweet-smelling figure crept under the duvet.

I was about to say something when lips locked onto mine and I felt a tongue asking to come in. What's a guy to do? I know what a lot of guys would be thinking, but I didn't think that way.

I went with the kiss and then another. I felt a hand reaching down. The long fingernails walked across my stomach until they grasped my rapidly thickening member. I couldn't resist, I moaned and shifted my position to allow a better hold.

She kissed me again and I felt that she was wearing a bra under some soft material. I guessed it was a nightdress specially brought along. Kissing her way down my naked body, she got to my groin.

I felt her hand working up and down, squeezing my sack and running a fingernail from base to tip. I felt

her tongue flick across the head and swirl around once, and again, taking it deeper each time.

She played with me. She licked and squeezed, scratched and sucked. She drove me crazy with each successive touch, and then she took me deep into her mouth.

There was no mistaking her intention this time. She worked me in and out, sucking and swirling her tongue. She moved up and down, quickly and then slowly, building my sensations to the inevitable.

I felt greater stiffening, almost a bursting sensation, and then that was it. Any control I might have had was gone. I hit the climax and felt spurt after spurt coming out and going goodness knows where, into her mouth, her throat.

It seemed to be the longest I'd ever had, not that I was the world's greatest sexual athlete. This was amazing and so unexpected. I lay back and felt her snuggling up and resting her head against my shoulder. I remember the touch of her hair that evening, and the scents from her shampoo or maybe perfume. I don't remember falling asleep, but it must have been pretty fast.

I woke as the dawn was breaking. A low light was seeping through the blinds. I shuffled and felt another body in the bed with me. It all came flooding back. I don't know what I expected to think right then, but thinking wasn't an immediate priority.

There was a soft body spooned against mine, rear to my groin. And I was rock hard, standing between

her cheeks. As I moved, she moved and must have felt the same thing.

Hardly daring to do so, I let my hand wander round to her groin. I found her penis hard and pointing out. She shuffled back and away from my arms, reaching to the nightstand. Before I could move, she fell back into me and a hand grasped my penis gently, but at the same time, encouragingly, making it swell even more.

The hand was removed and I dimly remember seeing her squeezing a tube of something into her hands.

One hand came back to my penis. It was colder now, and the hand rubbed something slippery over it. The other hand reached round to her behind.

I knew what was expected. I should have felt revulsion, but all I felt was desire. Somehow, wordlessly, she rolled over and I knelt over her. She knelt too and presented her behind to me, one hand grasping my penis and pulling it gently towards her hole.

Goodness knows where the point of no return might have been, if ever I passed it before. I was sure past it now, as I leaned inwards and pushed gently forward. I was tentative. She pushed back hard and moaned.

I felt a huge resistance and winced as I seemed to bend in a place where bending didn't seem possible. I heard her take a deep breath and then she pushed back, not as hard, but more insistent. I felt that resistance again, but then it went. I squeezed through. It was like a band holding me out, but now I was inside. I pushed forwards and she pushed back.