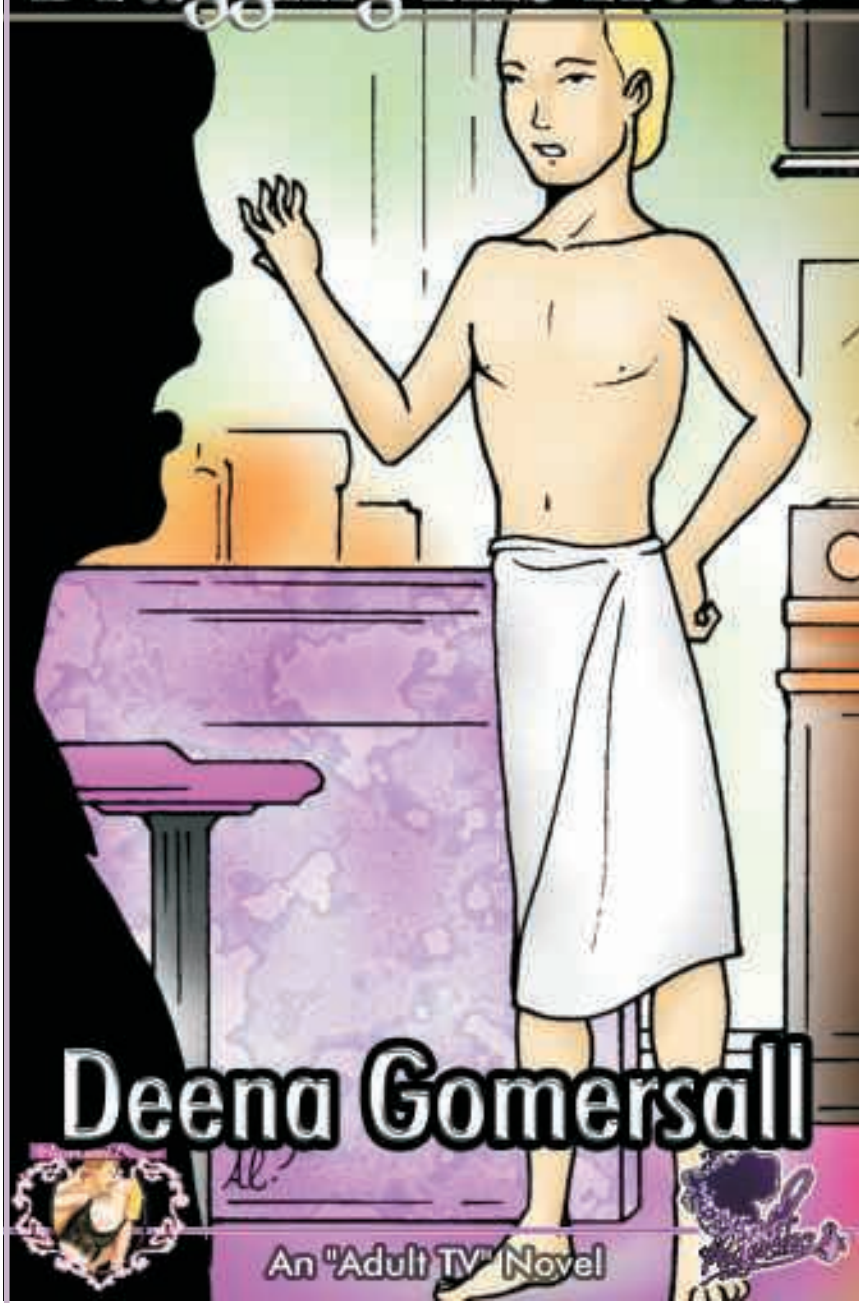


Dragging His Heels



Deena Gomersall

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Dragging His Heels

Part One

By Deena Gomersall

Craig Danilova was out on the town with his friends, Rick, Mart and Phil, they had been hitting the bars since early evening to celebrate Marts twenty Seventh birthday and the boys were in jovial mood and out for a good time.

They were making their way through a part of town that was full of theatres, Cinemas and night clubs; one such night club, The Coconut Beach, had neon advertisements outside showing the entertainment for that evening... it was cabaret which included a drag show.

“Hey! Hey! Look here guys... look at these pictures... cocks in frocks... look at the fucking face on that one.” Rick called out, having stopped to look at the illuminated posters.

“Can you imagine waking up after being pissed out of your heads the night before, finding you had one

under your bed sheets?” Phil asked.” Getting a round of raucous laughter.

“Hey... they aren’t all weird looking... look at these two... surely that one in the red dress is a real woman, she has tits and everything.” Mart expressed pointing to the photo he was looking at.

Craig leaned over his friends to take a closer look for himself, the one that Mart had indicated was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; he was instantly captivated by the image.

“Ooh! Mart fancies a chick with a dick.” Phil mocked.

“Fuck off, Phil. Tell me you wouldn’t say no to that? And like I said, she will be a real chick; I bet ya... they do have real girls on some of these shows y’know.”

Craig was still mesmerised and couldn’t take his eyes off of her.

“And just how do you know queens have real girls in their shows? Phil continued pressing Mart’s buttons.

“Well there is one way to find out, Craig suddenly suggested, “Let’s go in and see for ourselves.” Craig, at thirty one, was the eldest of his friends and, at 6’3” he was the tallest and regarded as the leader of the group.

“What! I’m not paying good money to go watch a bunch of ponce sissies mincing around on a stage.” Rick protested.

“Oh, come on, why not? We can have a good laugh at least and a few more beers.” Mart backed Craig up, “Anyway, it’s my birthday so I should have the last say in the matter.”

With that the four friends made their way into the club. It was well lit inside with round tables covered with cloths, four chairs to each table. At the front was the stage and the drag act was already under way.

There was an empty table in the middle of the room and Mart and his party were shown to it by the maitre de and their drink orders were taken.

On stage two drag queens were acting out some slapstick comedy routine. In spite of big hair and over elaborate make-up, especially around the eyes and lips, their faces looked feminine in a freaky kind of way.

As the drinks were brought to the table by a waitress the men, except for Craig? Began calling out and heckling, there was immediate response from the two queens who used their wit to deliver quick come-backs which had the rest of the audience laughing at them.

Banter continued until the end of their set and then, as they left the stage the lighting went down and a new person entered the stage... a spotlight suddenly illuminating the figure.

“And now, please welcome, back on stage... Miss Candy Floss.”

It was her... it was the one in the photo. She wasn't dressed as outrageously, wearing a full length gown, her make up was heavier than normal but she just looked naturally like a beautiful woman with long straight blonde hair piled up atop of her head.

Craig found himself applauding her on stage with the rest of the audience while Phil and Mart argued whether she was a real 'she' or not.

“You can see the difference” Mart was saying, and she has the voice of a woman.” Referring to the song the performer was now singing.

“He's miming, you goon.” Phil spat back... “And, It's just make-up making him look like a girl... with enough make-up even an ugly toad like you could... well... no, maybe not.” Rick laughed with his two mates whilst Craig remained fixated on the stage.

“Look at her figure, bro... she has a waist, hips and... tits.” Mart continued with his analysis.

“Padding and corsets.”

“And how come you know so much?” Rick then challenged.

“Lexie watches that Rude Paul programme all the time.” Mart answered? Referring to his wife.

“Rude Paul? I never heard of it. Oh, and what... she forces you to watch it with her and take notes.” Phil fired back. The four friends, even Craig, laughed at the remark.

Craig then clapped and whistled as ‘she’ went off after the song. The two other drag queens reappeared on stage along with another; previously unseen queen who’s eyes looked enormous from the make-up he wore.

They all wore female style clothing that no real female would be seen dead in and began goofing about on stage again. This brought about some more heckling from Craig’s table. Craig felt uncomfortable as other punters looked across and scowled at his friends’ rowdiness.

The three queens were then joined by Candy, the obvious star of the show and for a finale they all got together to sing ‘sister’s’. A song apparently popular by three females, ‘The Beverley Sisters’, decades ago.

Candy had changed outfit to a dress that came to the ankles but had a wide split up the front to just under her groin and showed off a pair of long shapely legs and the four inch stiletto heeled shoes on her feet.

Her hair was different now, up in a high pony tail and cascading down to past her shoulders like a shimmering waterfall and she had dark eye liner around her eyes. Craig had never seen such a vision of beauty.

After the drag show a resident DJ took over the musical entertainment and the boys stayed to guzzle a few more beers. It was in the early hours of the morning now and the nightclub would be their last

call before each phoned separate taxis to see them home. All but Craig were married with a young family.

Back in the apartment where he lived alone, Craig stripped off down to his boxers and collapsed into his bed. His dreams that night would be filled with the images of one 'Miss Candy Floss'.

XxxxxX

Craig wasn't sure what he was doing, he wasn't sure what he hoped for, he only knew he had to see the vision of Candy Floss again.

It was the following evening and Craig, san friends, was forming a part of the queue outside the doors of the Coconut Beach night club.

Being on his own this time Craig was offered to sit at a table that already had two people seated, a married couple, Daniel and Thelma. Craig was able to sit facing the stage and he was closer to the stage, this time, too.

He sat and watched the early part of the show that he had missed the night before... the latter part was a repeat of that which he had seen previously.

Candy was involved quite a bit in some of the early routines and, being closer, Craig could see her face all the better and still could not detect any hint of she being a he.

After the show Craig talked to the couple until they finished their drinks and left. He still had half a glass full and was planning on drinking it off and going home himself when suddenly there was a voice behind him.

"So, have you left your boisterous friends at home this evening, honey?"

Looking around Craig gasped and almost fell off of his chair when he saw it was her... him... Candy.

“Oh... y... you are... you are one of the performers.” He struggled to answer.

“I’m Candy... and you were here last night with three friends, right?”

Craig was analysing the person’s voice. Soft and yet with a deeper edge than her face would suggest. Not feminine and not manly either. Craig felt a pride that, in a room full of people, she had noticed him and remembered him.

“Yes, that’s right, I was. I must say that I feel honoured that one of the stars took note of me amongst everyone else in here last night.”

“It was hard not to with all that rowdy heckling that was coming from your table.”

Craig’s joy of having been noticed was suddenly dashed. “Oh, uh, that wasn’t me... Honest... that was my friends.” He quickly defended himself.

“So you ditched them tonight and came by yourself? Then it should be us that are honoured that you came back to watch the show two night’s running. Mind if I sit, honey? These heels are killing me.” She gestured down to the glossy red high heels that she was wearing.

Craig was blown away afresh, this beautiful performer wanted to sit at his table. “Oh, hum... yes, yes of course.” Now, however, he was wondering just how lucky he should feel. If this was indeed a real, genetic female he would be thrilled... but what if she was a he? A drag queen... a man dressing as a woman... a queer... a sissy!

“So would you like to buy a lady a drink?” Candy then asked, a lovely smile forming on her red painted lips and showing a glimpse of snowy white teeth.

“Oh... er, yes... of course. What wou...”

“I’ll have a G & T thanks honey.”

It again occurred to him that he may be buying a fellow male a drink in the way he would buy a girl a drink. He wasn't gay, he had no real problem with homosexuals but he didn't want to be confused as being one.

But even while he was chewing that over a waiter had come across at the beckoning of Candy ready to take his order... the waiter already knew what Candy would drink so he was waiting of Craig's preference.

"So, do you play in this place full time?" Craig asked as the waiter left the table.

"You mean am I resident here? No, I and some of the others we're booked here for five weeks and then we move on to other states but, if you like drag shows, there are always drag shows in this club."

Craig didn't want to give a wrong impression, "Oh... uh, no... Not particularly." He answered quickly.

"Oh! What brought you back here two nights running then?" Candy asked, lifting her glass to her lips and taking a drink.

Craig didn't know how to answer, not without giving the true reason away; instead his face just began to flush in embarrassment.

Candy was quick to pick up the signs; she was flattered but didn't want to make the poor man feel uncomfortable.

"The act here finishes this weekend actually. The girls and I will split up; I personally will be going over to North Dakota from here."

Craig was shocked. "North Dakota! Oh, I thought you were probably based here in Carson."

Candy laughed lightly. "Heavens no, unless they are locals and resident, Drag Queens work all over the States and some such as me are international and will work all around the globe."

Suddenly forgetting his concern as to whether she was male or female, Craig was suddenly crest fallen thinking that, after that evening, he would likely never see this beauty ever again.

Once more Candy picked up the signs that this man was interested in her.... she thought he was very good looking too, she had noticed him the night before. There was mutual interest and she believed, surely, he must know about her as she was a drag queen.

“Say honey, if you aren’t sick of us yet, then why not come to the last big performance next Saturday?”

Craig was amazed...She was inviting him... if only she was a.... “Sorry, I can’t make it.” He apologised.

“Oh, you got something better to do?” She asked with a pout.

“No... It’s not that, honestly.” Craig began, his face reddening, “I’m out of work at the minute. I don’t get my next unemployment check till Monday; I’ve practically cleaned myself out just coming again tonight.”

“Well then, I’m totally impressed that you would use your last bit of money coming to watch our show two nights running. Have you got your eye on one of our girls? Which one?” She asked leadingly with a smile.

“Uh... No; none of them.” Craig faltered; giving Candy a warm feeling... she now knew for sure he was interested in her.

“Well then, if our newest number one fan is doing nothing else, let me give you a complimentary ticket to the show... I’ll even stand you a few drinks.”

XxxxxX

Craig couldn’t believe it... he had virtually got himself a date with a stunning drag queen... one whom

he still didn't know as to whether she was male or female.

But he had been unable to resist the offer, not because it was a free night out but, if he didn't go, he may never clap eyes on her again. He hadn't been able to get her face out of his mind since the previous Sunday.

He arrived being dressed smart casual in a light pair of slacks and a knitted sweater. Surrendering his ticket at the door he was surprised to be escorted to a table right at the front. This time he was seated with three middle aged women who turned out to be, apparently, Drag queen fans.

They talked together endlessly about all the places they had travelled to and about their favourite drag queens, of whom Candy was one... and, as they spoke, it became apparent that Candy was a true drag queen, in so much as, she, or rather, he, was a male.

Craig felt deflated; he had come chasing a vision of beauty that wasn't as they appeared. And yet, he was intrigued, how can a man possibly look like the most beautiful sexy woman he had ever seen?

When the drag show part of the evening started Craig was surprised to find that there were a lot of differences to the performance he had seen twice before. Apparently they did this to lure back in anyone who had been to see the show over the past two weeks... it paid off because the house was full.

The other queens wore different costumes and they were more interactive with the audience... one of them pulled a young male member of the audience out of his seat and onto the stage. Craig felt the man's embarrassment as the two queens made him the butt of their jokes.

Candy came on and did a rehearsed act with the three other queens, her face make-up was heavier, more elaborate than previously, giving her more of a drag look but, if anything, also enhancing how pretty

she looked. She wore a long glittering tulle dress and had large earrings in her ears.

During the act Candy would often look to where he sat and give a smile or, at one time, a wink... which the three women argued was directed at one of them.

In another set Candy came onto the stage wearing a sexy satin corset that showed flesh bulging over the breast cups and cleavage. The costume was tight under her legs and the groin area appeared flat... no sign at all of any male appendage.

Her long shapely legs were adorned in black fishnet tights and had a glossy sheen to them. She wore patent black shoes with a slim five inch heel that helped make her legs and ankles look all the more sexy. From her shoulders to the floor she wore a long black cape that had a crimson lining.

She wore long satin gloves up her arms; there were adornments around her shoulders and she wore a black head cap that had large black plumes attached.

Craig watched her, unable to stop his eyes glancing over her body, if he now didn't know better, she was perfect in every way.

Candy was singing, or rather, lip syncing to a song about a boy and a girl. He watched her as she exited the stage by a set of steps to the side and walk into the audience, her long cape trailing behind. She touched and flirted with several males, creating an almost jealous feeling to rise within Craig. But she was heading in his direction.

He could scarcely believe it when Candy stopped right behind him and he felt her put her arms around him in an embrace. He immediately felt tingles all over his body.

The audience were lapping it up, the three women were whooping. Candy caressed his cheek with her soft hand and ran her fingers along his short beard.

Craig could smell her strong feminine perfume which was intoxicating. She placed her cheek to the side of his face making him embarrassed when he broke into reality that this was a fellow man that was caressing him and yet, he could feel his penis stirring and becoming erect inside his pants.

Candy caressed him throughout the rest of her song and, at the end, delivered a little kiss to his cheek... which the audience hollered at and which sent a strange shiver running through Craig's core.

But his parents were strict disciplinarians with their own out dated beliefs and who poured scorn on homosexuality and anything that was considered out of the norm and some of that had rubbed off onto their three children as they grew up.

It was why Craig, at his age, still had not settled down with a wife and children of his own. He'd had a few long term girlfriends but none had ever worked out.

And now, here he was with a man dressed as a woman, who had to be gay and he was having funny feelings from her touches which disturbed him.

Candy went back onto the stage... the show continued with the other drag artists as she disappeared back stage. When she reappeared she was wearing a beautiful full length dress, less make-up and her hair done in feminine curls that fell around her slim shoulders.

He was taken by surprise when she sang again... but this time clearly not lip syncing... and she had a really nice voice... slightly husky but nothing like a manly voice; it was high and sweet.

As the show drew to a conclusion Craig decided to beat a hasty exit. He was now drawn between mixed feelings, he was sad to think he would never see Candy again and he felt rude for not thanking her for the complimentary ticket but she was not what she appeared to be and he wasn't interested in other

men, and she was another man. Candy was just an illusion of a beautiful girl.

He downed his drink and was about to turn out from the table when a smartly dressed man approached him.

“Sir, Miss Candy Floss has invited you to join her back stage after the show, for a drink at the green bar.” He told him.

Craig was momentarily taken aback. “What? Oh, um... actually, I was just leaving.” He stated.

The man seemed surprised. “Sir, it’s very unusual for Miss Floss to invite anyone to the green bar, you should consider it quite the honour.”

Craig stopped to consider the offer for a moment. He couldn’t deny he was very attracted to the image that Candy presented and he also had an empty feeling in the knowledge he would otherwise never see her again... could it hurt? One drink? It wasn’t as if a man in female clothes was going to be mewing all over him in a bar.

He decided to let the man lead him into a private area of the club and up a flight of stairs. There, upon entering a fairly large room, he saw what looked like a well stocked version of a public bar with bottles attached to the rear walls and beer pumps on the counter.

There must have been fifteen people in there already... a few guys, a few females... the female vocalist who had also been performing that evening, talking to two men and, around one table, the three drag artists who had been with Candy.

They were all out of costume wearing loose fitting clothes that could be worn by either male or females but more on the feminine side and they still had make up on. They were talking loudly and animatedly; there was no sign of Candy.



“What can I get you sir?” Asked the man behind the counter, wearing a white shirt and vest with a dickey bow.

“Oh, erm... Scotch on the rocks please.”

Craig reached inside his pocket and pulled out his wallet. The man smiled at him. “No charge here sir.” He informed him.

Receiving his drink Craig remained stationary at the bar not knowing what else to do with himself and he was there ten minutes later when Candy finally appeared.

Craig hadn't known how to expect her but he had hoped she wouldn't have cleaned off the make up and be dressed in male clothes... she wasn't.

Candy was wearing a feminine top with a floral patterned front, a white knee length skirt that had a split to the left side and wearing a pair of black, strappy, two inch heel sandals... her blonde hair looked natural and was in a bob that came down to her shoulders.

She smiled at him through her coral painted lips. “Hey, thanks for coming back here.... do you want another of those?” She asked in that soft yet slightly deep voice of hers.

Craig looked at the glass which his fingers were gripping tightly... two thirds down, he was going to say no but he was nervous and finally mumbled a yes.

Candy ordered herself a gin and tonic and once the drinks were poured she turned to him again and smiled.

“Come on over here with me sugar and I'll introduce you to the other girls.”

Craig had to suppress a smile at her referral to the others as 'girls' as they were quite clearly men, even though one of them at least, appeared quite attractive with the make up.