

ADULTS ONLY

17 illustrations

HALLOWEEN FROM HELL

HOLIDAY TREATS #1

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation



J O E S I X P A C K

HALLOWEEN FROM HELL

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation story



2022 eBook Edition

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ISBN: 978-1-387-64294-6

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HALLOWEEN FROM HELL



“So where do you see yourself in five years?” The interviewer asked.

The cute girl on the other side of the desk grinned at the thought of the bright future ahead of her. “Well, I have a degree in Child Education and I’ve always thought being a teacher is the highest calling anyone can aspire to.” She was clearly excited and energized to talk about it. “Working with the next generation of kids, helping to give them the tools to go out in life and do great things. I...”

“Let me cut you off right there,” the interviewer said. He sneered at the girl, looking very cocky for being barely 25. “I don’t like wasting time. I think we’re going to pass on hiring you, Mandy.”

“Lauren.”

“Thanks for coming by, good luck on your search, okay? The door is behind you.”

Stunned, the young woman’s beautiful face had been knocked askew. It was so sudden, she didn’t even have time to process it. She thought she had this job. In fact, the woman who had given her the first interview had made it seem like it was a virtual certainty. Now all that was left was for her to pick up her purse, cover her bare shoulders and impressive boobs with her cardigan and show herself out.

“Good *bye*,” the interviewer said with emphasis.

She wasn’t going to be a Boom Boom Girl.

So as the girl left, looking bewildered, the interviewer, the manager of The Boom Boom Room, went back to doing whatever it was he did at his desk. Most of the time, he was just flipping through videos on YouTube.

“Why is she leaving?” Asked Janice Voorhees, the head waitress at The Boom Boom Room. She had been waiting outside and the look on her face was incredulous. “She was the best Candidate by a mile! I need more floor coverage, Lucky!”

“She wasn’t Boom Boom Girl material,” Lucky replied, not bothering to look at her. “And that’s *Mr. Fargo*.”

“Goddamn it! You can’t keep rejecting these girls! Like they can’t carry mugs of beer and trays of fuckin’ wings? I don’t care if they...”

“Let me remind you of something, Janice. I’m the manager of yhe Boom Boom Room of Phoenix, and I make the calls, okay? Not you. Not the janitor,

not the bum who sleeps in the trash — Me. Lucky Fargo, Jr.!” He had stood up from his desk and was leaning forward. “Is that clear?”

“I told her she had the job!”

“And I told her she didn’t! Do you have a problem with that? Then you can go see if some other bar will hire your skanky old ass!”

Janice, forty years old and stuck waiting tables in a chain sports bar, wearing skimpy outfits and shaking her boobs for tips, had a lot to say. She said none of it.

She had gotten this job when she was 30, working for an old man who owned a nice little sports bar. When he sold out to the national Boom Boom Room chain, she thought she could weather it. She thought it could even be a good thing for her ambition to get into management. She had all the experience and know-how, and they had 200 sports bars across the country that surely could use her skills.

Instead, she was wasting her life on this pipsqueak.

“What are you looking for, Lucky? How many girls are you gonna pass on? What is it you want?”

“Any Boom Boom Girl I hire...” he started counting off on his fingers. “...Has gotta have hair like a Barbie doll, skin like silk sheets, a dumb smile, tits too big for their body, an ass you could serve a five course meal on, and be too stupid to sass back!” He grabbed the resume for Lauren off his desk, crumpling it in his fist. “And I don’t want any more college graduates!”

“Young, dumb and full of cum,” Janice summarized.

“You got it, bitch.” Lucky said, pointing at his head waitress. He sat back down at his desk. “You have two seconds to get out of my fucking office.”



Janice didn’t even wait for her break as she punched the rear deliveries door open and marched to her car. She sat down in the driver’s seat and yelled all the expletives she had ever heard at the top of her lungs, safe inside her sound-proof cabin.

She had been working this job for ten years now, barely scraping by, working her way up to Head Waitress. More responsibility for the same pay. Just when she thought she’d get the manager job, they hired some little weasel with no experience in hospitality management to boss her and the other staff around. He was a tiny little tyrant and every conversation with him eventually became an argument, and every argument ended with his threat to fire you.

She had never worked for someone so paranoid, so petulant, so petty and so incompetent. She should have quit, right then and there, as she well knew.

Why did she stay? Like so many people just hanging on, she was terrified of change.

“Janice?” Came a muffled voice.

The red mist cleared from Janice’s vision and she saw Heidi, one of her girls, leaning over and tapping in the driver’s side window.

“When are you coming back?” Heidi asked. Or at least she said something close to that, as far as Janice could hear. She rolled down the window.

Heidi was a nice girl, honest and pretty, but as was the case with everyone Lucky Fargo Jr. hired, she was a little dim. She was dressed in the standard Boom Boom Girl server uniform, a sporty red cropped v-neck tee, a pair of white booty shorts, white go-go boots and suntan pantyhose.

“In a minute, Heidi. Are there any emergencies?”

“No, I just lost track of you, and got worried.”

She was a very sweet girl, Heidi. “I just needed a minute,” Janice said. “Lucky and I were...”

“We heard you arguing. I had to tell my guests that someone was watching TV too loud in the back.”

“Sorry,” Janice said.

Heidi blinked a few times. Her expression was one of being puzzled, but then again, Heidi had resting puzzled face. “Why do you and Mr. Fargo argue so much? He seems like such a nice guy.”

“Lucky Fargo Jr.?” Janice said with the venom practically dripping down the sides of her mouth. “Have you spent more than ten seconds with that asshole?”

“Aw, he’s cute!” Heidi said. “He’s just a little cranky.”

“Heidi!” Janice snapped. “This is a guy who fired half our staff because he claimed they were stealing from the registers!”

“Is that what happened?”

“He fired the cook because he wouldn’t use rancid chicken for our wings. He takes half the tips for himself. He doesn’t pay overtime. He shows up two hours late and leaves two hours early, and we always have to cover for him!”

“I don’t know, Janice — he’s got dimples.”

“He’s slept with every waitress he ever hired, Heidi! He’s the worst. He’s a scum-sucking slimeball who’d be better off dead!”

“He slept with the other girls?” Heidi asked. “Every one of them?”

“Yes, Heidi.”

“But he’s never even touched me!” She said, gritting her teeth and stomping her petite little foot.





“Mr. Fargoooo...” Heidi called out. It was a week later, and for some reason, she had decided to use her meager break time hanging around the office of Lucky Fargo Jr. “Is there a Mrs. Fargo Jr.?” She asked with the wide-eyed innocence she was famous for. She sat her expansive derriere on the edge of the young man’s desk and kicked up a shapely leg purely for proper musculoskeletal fitness.

“Why do you ask, Bambi?” Lucky replied.

“Heidi,” she said with a dumb smile. “I dunno, I just thought that I never see you with anyone. But I wasn’t sure.”

“Well, if there was one, what would you think about that?”

Heidi immediately frowned in an exaggerated way. “I guess some girls have all the luck,” she replied with a sad voice. “But I understand.” She hopped off the desk and headed for the door. “Guess it’s just like that, huh?” She closed the door behind her as she left.

“There is no Mrs. Fargo, Heidi,” Lucky said just before the door shut.

“Really?” She answered, bouncing back into the room on her tip toes and smiling.



Heidi cleaned off her face and tossed the tissue to the bedside. “How did I do, Mr. Fargo?”

The young man pulled up the sheets of his bed to wrap around his new girlfriend. “Fuckin’ crazy, Babe, as you always are. Were you raised in the jungle or something?”

Heidi giggled.

They had been seeing each other for two weeks now. After work, he gave her rides home, but only to *his* home. He’d never really been with a Boom Boom Girl for more than a one-time hookup, and was wondering why he’d never made a move on Heidi until now. She was beautiful, had amazing tits, did everything he ever wanted in bed, and was as dumb as a post. His type of girl.

“Oh, it’s time for me to get going,” Heidi said, suddenly leaping out of bed, stark naked. She started gathering up her clothes. “My shift starts in fifteen minutes!”

Lucky decided he was going to have to get up as well, since he was her ride to work. His cock was still erect and at attention, which wasn’t difficult to understand given the sexy nubile girl in front of him. Just watching her boobs bob up

and down as she picked her things off the floor would have given an older man a heart attack.

He helped her out by fetching her shorts from the ceiling fang where they had been thrown in passion and handed them to her. “Thanks,” she said with that empty-headed smile that he had grown to appreciate so much.

Of course, standing by her, he was reminded of exactly why he had never tried to get Heidi into bed before. She was taller than he was.

More accurately, she was the same height, but in her go-go boots, she stood two inches above him. That was more than enough to disqualify her, in his book. It wasn’t quite as important to him now that he had discovered what an amazing lay she was, but still, he avoided being seen standing next to her.

“I got invited to a Halloween party tomorrow night,” Heidi said from the bathroom where she was hurriedly cleaning herself up. “Do you want to go?” She asked.

“Isn’t it early for a Halloween party?” Lucky replied. “It’s October 6th.”

“Halloween is whole month, you know! Not just a day.”

Given that his bar had been decked out in Halloween decor since mid-September, he probably should have noted that already. Then again, he didn’t spend much time there. “I don’t have a costume.”

“I got one picked out for you.”

“Yeah, but I don’t think...” His rejection was interrupted by Heidi’s lush, pillow-like lips on his, and her tongue going down his throat.

“C’mon,” she said. “It’ll be fun!”

“Yeah, okay,” Lucky said, kind of dizzy from the rush of blood to his dick.



“Are you and Heidi *dating*?” Janice said, bursting into Lucky’s office that evening. He wasn’t sure if Heidi had been talking or Janice was just using that strange in-built sense women seemed to have about who was fucking who. “You better not be! You know that’s against corporate rules!”

“My personal life is none of your business, Janice,” Lucky replied, halting the game of Diablo III running on his laptop. “If you go behind my back...”

“You’ll fire me. I know the drill, Lucky.”

“*Mr. Fargo*,” he said. “And as you know, corporate has no rule against romantic encounters. They only object to living together and seeing each other on a regular basis.” And since he planned to dump Heidi as soon as he grew bored with her, he didn’t see a problem.

“That’s your interpretation,” Janice said.

His tone got more aggressive. “And I’m the boss, so my interpretation is the only one that matters, Janice. We clear on that?”

“If I find...”

“You won’t find anything, because you won’t be looking. Get back to work.” Lucky paused. “*Now!*” He yelled, throwing papers at her.



“So what kind of party is it?” Lucky asked as he arrived at Heidi’s apartment.

“A costume party,” Heidi said, surprised at the question. “I thought I already told you.”

This girl was hopelessly stupid, he said inside his head. “I know that, I was asking if it was a fancy party or...” Looking around at Heidi’s drab, cheap apartment, he stopped himself. He already knew it wasn’t going to be fancy. “Never mind. How much time do we have?”

“About two hours, so we better get started?”

“On what?”

“Your costume!”

“Two hours to get into a costume?”

“Oh, we’ll need every minute. Now go into the bedroom and get undressed!”

While he did that, he could hear a ton of activity in the adjacent bathroom, as if the girl was assembling a bicycle in there. It piqued his curiosity.

“Okay, here we go,” Heidi said, her arms full of things. She dropped them on the bed.

“Wait. Is that a dress?” Lucky asked, standing there in his briefs.

“Uh-huh!” Heidi replied with pride.

On the bed was a red sparkling gown, a mass of red hair, long purple gloves, wads of skin tone fabric and a pair of red high heels.

“You want me to go as a woman,” he said, more like a statement than a question. “As a woman.”

“Jessica Rabbit,” she said. “And I’m going as Roger Rabbit. So like, a sexy couple, but... in reverse! I thought of that myself! Clever, huh?”

“I’m not dressing up like a woman,” he said, with the same gravity he had used on Janice earlier that day. “And that’s the end of it.”

He meant it, too. However, if a young woman with big, warm breasts pushes their body into you, wraps her slender arms around your neck and makes puppy-dog eyes, the convictions of even the most ardent soul might waver.

Since that was exactly that Heidi had done to Lucky, his opinion was suddenly open to revision.

“Do it for me...?” Heidi asked kissing him on the cheek. “It’ll be fun. Both during... and *after* the party. *Especially* after.”

“Well,” he said, his voice cracking.

“I really want you to *come* with me,” she said, emphasizing the word “come.” “I really do.”

Then he felt her hand start to squeeze his cock. “So maybe I just can try it on,” he said. “And then we’ll see.”

“We better get started, then,” Heidi said, adding a tongue lick to his jawline. “The faster we do it, the faster we can be back here... And I can screw my girl until she can’t see straight anymore.”

“So... Let’s go,” Lucky said.

Heidi backed away with a wide smile. “I know you’re going to look perfect.”

Lucky Fargo Jr. surely would have found the backbone to object more strenuously if he had known just the smallest tidbit of what was ahead for him.

He was seated on the closed toilet of Heidi’s bathroom as she sat on his lap, shaving him. He’d never had the experience of someone doing the shaving of his face for him, and it was definitely something he needed to do again sometime. He was even willing to see his precious mustache go if it pleased her.

He was a little shocked when Heidi started running the razor along his chest. “What’s that for?”

“Girls don’t have chest hair,” Heidi clarified. “You don’t have any anyway.”

“Hey,” Lucky objected.

“Shh. Lift your arms. Gotta do your pits.”

“That’s a lot for a costume,” he said.

“It’s a very nice costume.”

Soon enough, Lucky was peering at his smooth armpits feeling kinda weird about them.

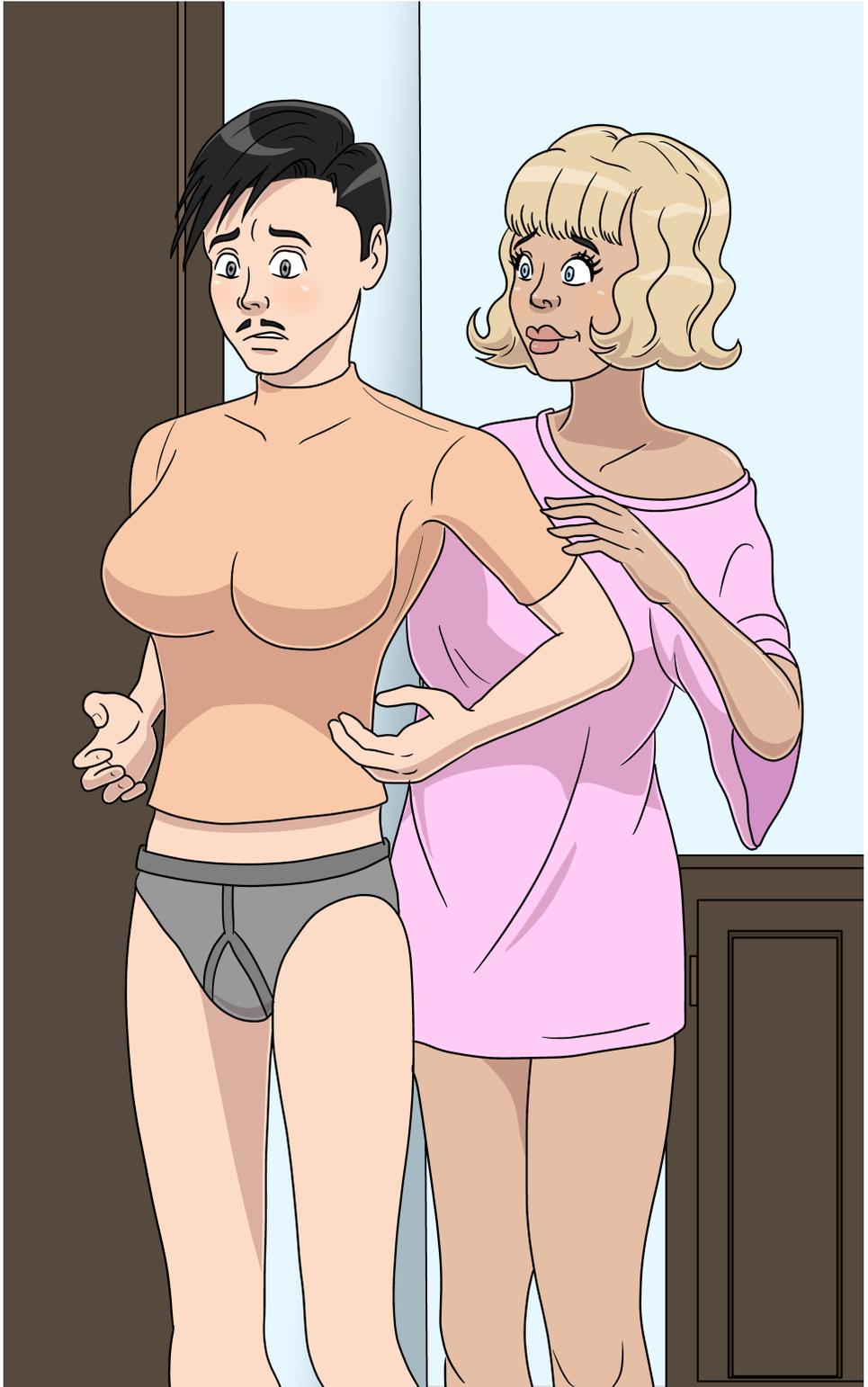
When the long nails came out from Heidi’s supplies, it gave Lucky’s objections a second wind. They were red and sparkling, just like the dress.

“This is crazy,” Lucky said. “Aren’t I supposed to be wearing gloves, anyway?”

“You might have to take off the gloves,” Heidi said. “Or have them taken off you...” She didn’t waste any time and gently caressed Lucky’s hands, which made sure he was incapable of taking them back.

Before he could even look down, Heidi had already popped three nails on his fingers.

“Take them off!” Lucky barked as soon as he saw them.



“But I just put them on!” Heidi explained. “Besides, they’re expensive. You might as well leave them for now.”

Lucky grunted.

Heidi then handed her victim a pair of skin tone tights, which he just stared at for a moment. “Am I supposed to put these on or something?” He asked.

“Don’t be difficult,” Heidi said. “Or I *won’t* spank you.”

He struggled his way into them, threatening to render them to shreds of fabric like a tiger caught in a net. Eventually, he had them on, hiding his scruffy leg hair. There were also two pads stitched into the fabric that added three or four inches to his backside.

“I look like a freak,” Lucky said.

“I think you look distinctive,” Heidi answered. “But the pads do make you look a little strange. The other half will balance you out, though.”

He was then given a second flesh-colored piece shaped like a tee shirt, but with two sewn-in breast forms to mimic Jessica Rabbit’s unnatural proportions. Lucky didn’t even know about that detail until he had it on.

“Oh Jesus,” he said, seeing the two mounds protruding from his chest. “The fuck is this?”

“Have you never seen Jessica Rabbit, Lucky? That’s kinda her look.”

“I’m not spending more than an hour at this party,” he said as he pushed and pulled at the strange lumps. “And if I see anyone I recognize, I’m outta there.”

“It’s not that bad, Lucky...” Heidi said. “Now get into this corset.”

Lucky cautiously took the corset and wrapped it around him, only to find out too late what its nefarious purpose was. The very fact that he didn’t put a halt to the whole escapade right then and there was a true testament to his need to fuck Heidi. Otherwise, the torturous vise-like, rib-cracking clamp applied to his waist would simply never had been worth it.

“This can’t be how it’s supposed to work!” He said, gasping.

“C’mon, Lucky! A corset is every girl’s little secret!” She pulled it even tighter. “I wore one sky-diving once.”

“You went sky diving?”

“Yeah, in the Amazon. During a hurricane.” Heidi giggled. “But that was all because of that plutonium theft.”

If it weren’t for the intense pain running through his mid-section, Lucky probably would have been more interested. “This is cutting me in half!”

“It’ll be fine.” Tian said, finally content to stop tightening the corset. “It’s like a warm hug.”

“Take it off!”

“Time for your dress,” Heidi said, ignoring him. She fetched the red all-sequin gown and held it up, marveling at it. “So sparkly!” She said.

The red dress poured over Lucky’s padded body like it was painted on. His thin frame had been shaped well by the corset and the pads, tuning him into as much of a cartoon as the original Jessica Rabbit.

He took some tender steps in front of the mirror baffled by his reflection. “It’s got a tear in it,” he observed.

“It’s a slit,” Heidi explained. “It makes it look sexy!”

Lucky just looked at her cynically. “You’re sure it’s not broken?” He reached over to fuss with it some more, but the bone-breaking corset forced him to stay as upright as possible. He grabbed his aching ribs. “Ow. Fuck.”

That was too bad for Lucky, as the next step was hair and makeup, so he had to seat himself on a short stool as Heidi hovered around him, doing his face. He spent the first fifteen minutes just trying to stay conscious from the pain.

By the time he was able to focus and look at his reflection, he saw the mirror had been covered by a bedsheet.

“I wanna wait till the end for you to see it!” Heidi said with an chirpy snicker.

It was a flurry of good, powder, brushes, wands, and sponges. He was there for another hour waiting impatiently — and painfully — for it to be over.

Lucky had begun to tune out the world when he got a gentle slap on the cheek. “All done!” Heidi said.

She had the widest, proudest smile her cute face could muster. It kind of spooked the young man. She lifted her cell phone for a pic, but he covered her attempt. “Nah, babe.”

The perky girl frowned for a moment but then brightened up instantly. “Are you ready?” Heidi said, leaping over to her covered mirror. She grabbed the sheet with her fingers ready to pluck it. “Here we go!”

The reflection defied his sense of reality. He didn’t see Lucky Fargo Jr., he saw someone else’s image. Someone who couldn’t possibly be the man he’d been all his adult life.

His body had never really looked all that masculine in the first place. Lucky’s masculinity, his machismo, radiated from his attitude. Now in the most feminine of costumes, no part of his inner virility was allowed to show through.

Red hair flowed from his head, a luminescent stream, pooling around his shoulders. Like the character, half his face was hidden by the luminous red hair, exposing one large, heavy-lidded and sultry eye with purple shadow.

Lucky made a move to clear the hair from blocking his other eye, but Heidi stopped him. “That’s how it’s supposed to look,” she said.

Lucky's big, red lips separated as he began to speak. That also drew his attention to his lips, looking larger, thicker and puffier than they were supposed to.

"What did you do to me?" He muttered.

"I used to be a beautician, you know. That is, before I was a server." She thought even further about it. "Oh, and before that, I was a rodeo clown."

"It doesn't even look like me," Lucky said, focusing on his face. "I look like a woman."

"Yeah, wasn't that the idea?"

"No, I mean... I really look..." He stopped himself right there. He may have been a completely believable woman when it came to his face, but there was no reason to say so. He had his pride, after all.

Lucky then turned his attention to the overall presentation and stood up straighter. He pushed out his chest, as if that was really necessary, given how huge it was.

"Oh!" Heidi said with a little hop as she said it. "Shoes and gloves!"

It took nearly five minutes each to get the silk purple opera-length gloves over his hands and up his arms. It was much easier to get him into the red four-inch pumps, but much harder to keep him in them.

"I can't walk in these!" Lucky protested.

"Well, they're not for walking! They're for looking sexy!"

"I'm gonna have to walk, Heidi. That's kinda unavoidable. So get me a pair of sneakers or something."

"Luck-eee," Heidi said like she was talking to a toddler. "I've been able to walk in four inch heels since I was eight." She grabbed the heels he had kicked off and slipped them on. She proceeded to do a little dance on front of him, looking as nimble as if she was in her stocking feet. "See? They're easy!" She kicked



them off her feet and into the air where she caught them. “So I guess you can’t even spend a couple of hours walking a straight line, huh?”

A torqued-off Lucky grabbed the heels from Heidi’s hands and put them on hurriedly. “Fine,” he said. “If a... Girl... Like you can do it...”

He stumbled around a bit before Heidi decided to step in and give him some tips. She had him keep his head up, his back straight and swivel his hips back and forth. Once he had mastered the ability to walk five feet without twisting his ankle, she was satisfied enough to let him work on it himself.

“I hav’ta get into my costume, okay?” She dragged her heel in the carpet to form a line. “Back and forth, heel-toe, and I’ll be back in a jiffy, okay?”

By the time they were due to leave, Lucky was feeling far more certain in the pumps. He could walk practically twenty feet without losing his balance.

“What do you think?” Heidi said as she presented herself for examination. She was practically unrecognizable in a shapeless white fur outfit with red overalls. Her entire head was covered with a Roger Rabbit mask and her voice was muffled behind it. “What’s Up Doc?”

“That’s Bugs Bunny,” Lucky pointed out.

Heidi popped her head off and was making a face. “Wait. That’s awful. You can’t use that voice. You sound like a man.”

“There’s a good reason for that.”

“Do the line,” she said.

“Line?”

“That famous one. From the movie!”

“I never saw it.”

“Oh! You gotta see it! We can pop some popcorn and...” Her momentary excitement ended quickly. “No, we gotta go to the party.”

“Well, we can stay if you like.”

“Okay, here’s the line: ‘I’m not bad, I’m just drawn that way.’”

“I’m not bad...”

“No, no!” Heidi scolded. “Use a sexy voice. Like a phone operator. All husky and stuff.” She took his hand and placed it on his hip. “Try it again!”

Lucky cleared his throat. “I’m not bad...”

“Oh, forget it. Don’t talk. Just look pretty.” She put her head back on and held out her paw for him to take. With a heavy sigh, he did.



The one positive thing from wearing heels with Heidi was that Lucky was substantially taller than her for once. Anything else positive about being dressed up like a cartoon woman with outlandish proportions was not immediately obvious to him.

“Hey, welcome!” said the shapely witch in the skin-tight black dress at the door. “Who do we have here?”

The party behind the witch was in full swing, with a packed menagerie of characters from the aisles of Spirit Halloween and a booming soundtrack of spooky music.

“She doesn’t talk,” said a lisping comical voice from inside Roger Rabbit’s head.

“Is that you, Norma?” the witch asked. Heidi took off the costume head for a moment to show her face. “It’s me!” she said before dropping the head back down.

“Oh, hi, Heidi!” the witch said in same chipper tone Heidi spoke in. It was clear to Lucky they were birds of a feather. “Now it’s a party!”

“Wool!” Heidi said inside her costume, pumping a furry fist. “C’mon, sweet cheeks!” She said, pushing Lucky forward, causing him to stumble in the heels.

“Is that you, Brenda?” Asked a woman dressed like a zombie housewife. She held a red solo cup in her hand with mystery liquids inside.

“No!” Heidi complained. “It’s me, Heidi!”

“Wild costume! Big Chungus, right?”

“Roger Rabbit!” Heidi corrected.

“And who’s your.. Um... Plus one?”

“Thith ith my wife, Jethica Wabbit!” Heidi replied, doing her very best imitation of a cartoon rabbit.

“You look like you need a drink, Jessica!” The zombie said.

“A big one,” Lucky replied.

At the sound of the male voice, the zombie’s eyes nearly popped out of their sockets — and would have if they were actually a zombie. “Oooh. You have a story to tell, don’t you?”

“She doesn’t talk,” Heidi said bumping Lucky hard. “At least she’s not supposed to.”

Lucky just smiled nervously at the zombie, embarrassed to have been made so quickly.

The doorbell rang and the zombie wife headed in that direction. “Gotta greet the guests! Have a fun night, you two!”

Lucky looked around and saw everyone else having a great time. He wasn't. He was sweating, paranoid, anxious, angry and a little bit terrified. "This was a mistake," he said to Heidi. "Get me a drink, okay?"

"Just loosen up!" Heidi said. "No one cares! We're all in weird costumes!"

"You know what helps me loosen up? A drink."

"Why me?"

"I can't walk in these things."

"Well, I guess as the man here, it's up to me to get us something," she patted Lucky on the rear. "You stay here, toots."

He watched his date wobble off in their costume and took a deep breath. It was then that he realized everyone was looking at him. Not explicitly, but out of the sides of their vision. Glances, quick flicks of the eyes, a side-stare while taking a drink. Everyone. The wolf-man, the Frankenstein, the Dracula, the being-eaten-by-a-shark guy, and even the lady with the knife in her head. They were all looking. Lucky's nerves were staring to unravel. One minute stretched to two, two to five, five to ten.

Fortunately, Roger Rabbit finally reappeared with a red solo cup, which Lucky quickly grabbed with both hands. "Thank God," he said, gulping it down. He gasped after his drink, hoping to goodness it took effect as quickly as possible. "Do they have a back yard or something? Let's go out there, all right?" he requested, as he took the furry paw offered to him. "I think I'll be okay if I get drunk enough."

As they made their way through the surprisingly thick throng of partygoers, they kept being way-laid by people who wanted to talk, but Lucky made sure to keep pressing forward. Finally, they found the back yard, pitch black but lit with some decorative string lights.

Lucky got his balance as his date leaned in close and began to run their paw up and down his backside. "I can't wait to get you all to myself later," he said. "And you are going to owe me for doing this."

He heard his date chuckle. Oh, he was gonna make Heidi do more than chuckle tonight. She was going to know pain. The good kind of pain, but pain for sure.

They wandered over to listen in on someone else's conversation, who seemed to be drawing a crowd. It was some dull diatribe about religion and government, and although it bored Lucky, the chance to stand still and just nod for a while was a welcome reprieve. He even gave Heidi a few gentle squeezes of her butt to distract the both of them.

An hour later, they had found seats in a gazebo, and Lucky was enjoying a nice shoulder massage from Heidi as he sipped his fourth drink.