Working with Woody

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

It turns out that Westcliffe Colorado, is not so much a one-horse town, as a one burger joint town.

We were first to open, on the north edge of town, on State Highway 69. It was a family business. My wife Jill was still around in those early days, but I called the business “Dave and Son’s”. Not much of a name maybe, but I was building an empire that I could pass down to my boys Shane and Jackson. Shane was still at school in those days, but he went on to train as a cook and we worked side by side. Jack went to college out of state soon after his Mom left us.

I paid her out some money – the boys’ mother. It sure didn’t help, but that was not the reason why our business started to fail. No, it was Woody Farrell and his business on the South side.

Woody was aggressive in taking trade. I could spit and curse him for it, but the fact is that we did the same thing starting out, and that closed two Diners in town. At the time I just shrugged my shoulders and said: “That’s competition, Buddy”. I can hardly moan when I am on the receiving end. But I suppose I did.

Anyway, things got vicious for a while. I pumped all that I had and then some, into the business. Woody offered to buy me out, but I told him where he could stick his offer – right up his sweet ass. I just tried harder – worked longer hours and put more money in.

People in Westcliffe liked me, and Woody told me that nobody wanted to see me fail, they just didn’t like our burgers as much as his. Our slogan was “What we got you really hunger for”. Woody said that you would only eat them if you were hungry to the point of craziness. His slogan was “Tastes as good as it looks”. The truth is, they did.

The slogan wasn’t only talking about the food. Woody’s joint hired only women – good looking women. Tasty looking women. Even in the kitchen, which was visible to the public, only women. He said that men like to watch girls glistening with sweat getting their dinner together. And waiting staff, well, he had them in his little uniforms – “The Lumberjills” he liked to call them – plaid shirts and cut-off jeans. I called it “sex exploitation” in those days. I was just bitter, I figure.

Even though his food was way better, Woody said that because I was popular the folks of Westcliffe, they might not support him if he did not pay a fair price, so when the time came, I would have to pay him back in other ways for paying more than it was worth. I told him that time would never come, and that I would see him in hell before I sold to him. I meant it at the time.

But the burden of debt can bear down upon a man. The worst of it was that there were local suppliers that had supported me. When (not if) I failed, I would not be able to face them, and to leave town would be worse still, as far as I was concerned. It ended up that Dave and Sons had no value, bank debt, and angry creditors. The way I saw it, Woody would be crazy to buy it. It was all over.

A stronger man might have put a gun I his mouth. Don’t think the thought never crossed my mind. It did. But that is about as low as a man can go, before he loses his pride and goes to see his business foe, Woody Farrell.

“Is your pride really gone,” he asked me. “Because I will pay out the bank as my purchase price and take over the debts to your creditors and pay them out over time, but only on the condition that you and your little fair haired kid come and work for me until the last cent is paid, on the same wages as everyone else, of course.”

I felt a huge loading lifting off of my shoulders. But I said: “That seems generous, but don’t you only hire womenfolk?”

He said: “It is generous because I only hire women. I am looking forward to you two joining Woody’s as female employees. You know the uniform. You know the selling plan. You have to fit in when you work here, or there is no deal.”

I thought that this was just spite. I mean, we had cost Woody a lot of money fighting him the way we had. So, I figured that now we were over a barrel, he wanted our pants down as well. Nasty, but maybe understandable. But I had it all wrong.

It turns out that Woody had always had a hankering to see us in skirts. He said that he felt that I had the eyes of a woman, and as it turns out, once you have pulled my beard out at the root, much of the face of a woman too. I guess that’s why I grew the beard in the first place. Shane too, had a good look when you pull away the ugly maleness. And once we both had the long blonde hair and the tits, courtesy of Woody, we were knockouts.

I had every ounce of pride knocked out me, until I went back to work as Dianna, and then it just flooded back. Now I think I have never had so much pride. I now work front of house at Woody’s – I am good at it and I am twice as popular in town. Everybody knows me a the one who swallowed foolish pride and made the ultimate sacrifice, to ensure that everyone in town got all their money back.

Christina (as my oldest now calls herself) has her own pride too. She is popular for another reason. I don’t know too much about it, but I hear tell that a girl with a dick like Christina has the sex drive of a man while knowing more tricks about pleasing men than any woman. Pleasing men seems to be her thing these days – she says it’s a calling.

As for me, I have only one man, and that man is Woody. As I said, when I discovered that putting me in a bra and dresses was not a punishment but a gift, I gave myself to him in return. He does not care for a woman with a penis, but when we rectify that, he has promised to marry me.

Until the he is putting it where I told him he could put his first proposal to me, a year or so ago now, - up my sweet ass this time. And I am just loving it.

It turns out that Dave and sons are inclined towards the feminine. Who knows, maybe we were always that way, or if it weren’t for Woody we never would have been the women we are today.

And I mean sons, not just one. Because when Jackson came back home after dropping out of college and went looking for us; and being told we were now working for Woody, he walked in a saw his father and brother tossing our extended hair about and jiggling our plastic titties at the customers. You might expect him to howl blue murder at us, but instead he just burst out in tears. She (Julia as we now call her) now says that she always wanted to be girl, and was never going to college but trying to make it as a girl over there. Pulls off his baseball cap and the blonde hair just tumbles out, and now here we are:



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| I lost my business, but what with the laws in this state on sharing of property after marriage, I plan to have a stake in a burger joint all over again, and a successful one too. “Woodys” on State Highway 69 outside of Westcliffe Colorado.  That’s me, the busty blonde, front of house. Soon to be Mrs. Dianna Farrell. Hope to see you all soon.  The End  © Maryanne Peters 2019  This story is a collaboration with Annabelle Raven, the genius behind Annabelle’s Family Tradition. Her links are: <https://ft-tg.blogspot.com/> and <https://www.deviantart.com/annabelleravenft> | Image result for twin peaks restaurant girls |