Drag Race Oklahoma

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

The “Mad Mule” Roadhouse outside of Chisum, Oklahoma, was always looking for new ways to attract customers. Everybody around those parts knows that the folks of Chisum don’t drink enough beer to make good money, but there are enough small towns around to draw from if you have something to come and see while you are drinking. You can’t get a good band around here, and the strippers were looking tired, quiz nights don’t attract folks who don’t like to appear as dumb as they are. So that is why I suggested we run “Drag Race Oklahoma” on Wednesday nights.

I guess most people around Chisum figure that I am gay, but the truth is I swing both ways. People around here cannot be called “sexually open-minded” but I am popular around town. I do the books for the roadhouse and I help some customers with tax and stuff. That makes them Ok with my ways, that might seem a little girly. They never saw me cross-dressed in Chisum before. That is my private life.

But I was going to compere the show. I really brought to it my inner Ru Paul. I needed to find competitors, and around Chisum that was no going to be easy.

had somebody coming west from a neighboring state who was bringing costumes and expertise, but I needed 5 contestants. I had in mind a couple of boys Orville and Leonard who were inclined a bit as I was, who might be prepared to let their feminine side show. So that still meant 3 more boys, and I had to call in some favors to get them aboard.

My first call was to Dean Hollis and Jake Mendell. I chose them because they both owed me a favor for helping them budget their way out of the shit, but also because in Chisum they call these boys “The Rivals”. Sure enough, when I told them this was a contest, and it would require guts, and stomach for a bit of public embarrassment, they agreed without getting the details. The only thing each of them needed to be told was that the other was in this thing to win. That was enough.

And the third man was from the hills, a man I barely knew, with the name of Tibo Hankey. He had a business doing leather work, gun holsters and the like, and I had done the books for his business too, not that it called for much work.

The format was simple: Opening night with no elimination, and then each week somebody gets eliminated. Audience applause would select who was staying, with the two receiving least facing a judging panel: Me, the owner of the “Mad Mule”, Mad Mike Laine, and the barmaid Gina. All contestants received a limited weekly bar tab, but I told them that there would be no drinking until after the show, or they could use it later in the week. I did not want some drunken queen falling off her heels on the runway stage we set up.

We would have costumes, we would have talent shows, we would have audience engagement, and getting in among the folks on the floor. To stay in they had to engage the audience and get the votes. The last lady standing was in for the big bar tab, plus a cash prize.

I was even able to arrange sponsorship. Katie Waller ran the local beauty shop “Cutz and Curlz”. She was offering contestants help with hair and makeup. The way Katie saw it, if she could make these boys look pretty, the women of Chisum would know just how good at her craft, she and her girls were. As it turned out, she did just that, and some.

Opening night was a roaring success. People came out mainly to see Dean and Jake in drag. Dean worked at the tractor dealership on River Road, and Jake at hardware store on Main. Both were well known and well able to draw a crowd.

Anyways, there is fuck all else to do in Chisum on a Wednesday night.

I got dressed up in something Rue Paul herself would be proud of and all of the contestants came out one by one to introduce themselves and do a runway walk. Then we had rehearsed a big production number for all five contestants. Most of them fell over at least once, but that added to the entertainment. The crowd assembled loved it, some of them liquored up the bar tabs that the contestants used. We had to repeat the production number before closing with another interview of each contestant giving reasons why they should win.

I suppose that the only surprise that night was Tibo Hankey. From the moment that he put on a dress, he seemed to change. His voice changed and his way changed. It is hard to describe.

Dean said: “How do you do that, with your voice?” Tibo went through it with him and with the others. It ended up that Tibo became sort of the example for the others to follow in some respects. In fact, in most respects, when it came to be looking and acting like a female.

In the first rehearsals before opening night I set the rules, and all the guys seemed up for it. It started with a shave down. This was my way of saying: “This is serious. If you are in it, then do it”. Chisum is a small enough town so that everybody knew who the contestants were, so it would not be hard to explain why the guys looked a little different. For some that look would be life changing.

Everybody had to choose a drag queen name that I could use in my introduction. Leonard became Lily Pond, Jake was Karamelle Fudge, Dean Blondina Diz and Tibo chose just the single name: Anasatazzia.

To be honest I can’t remember the name Orville chose, but I thought at the outset he should win it. He was the closest we had in Chisum to a roaring fag. In a dress he looked good. But he was the first eliminated. I guess he unsettled folks on the floor.

Maybe Leonard/Lily stayed in because he played it for laughs. Dean and Jake were just Dean and Jake, and just about everybody knew them and cheered them on. They used their bar tabs to good effect so that their fans were loud and drunk, even mid-week.

Mad Mike was very happy with sales on the first night, and word got around so that Week 2 when Orville was shown the door, was even better. I think that after than show everybody knew that we had a hit on our hands, and we all wanted to make it better.

I think we all agreed that the costumes were worn and tired, and the wigs were in bad condition. Tibo offered to work on some costumes. His wife made dresses and he himself sewed leather. We agreed that we would get together on Sunday afternoon for a full dress rehearsal.

That was the day that Tibo turned up with his own hair colored and styled.

“I can’t do anything with these wigs, but I have plenty of hair on my head, so I will just use that,” he said. Which was true. He did have long hair which was tied back in a tight braid down his back. Nobody thought he looked much less male when he took his beard off with the shave down, but the Tibo who turned up that day, was suddenly looking nothing like a guy. His hair was dyed red with soft curls it appeared full and feminine.

Jake and Dean were impressed, and it was clear that both of them were wondering how they might be able to get rid of their wigs. Leonard was too thin on top to even consider it.

Katie Waller was at the rehearsal to help with hair and makeup.

“You boys have enough hair for me to anchor some nice extensions to,” she said. “Why don’t you come on down to the salon tomorrow and the girls can arrange for you to have hair as pretty as Anastazia. The only problem is, that it stays in for the entire competition. That means you have to go to work with long hair, and go to bed with it too.”

“Maybe not,” said Jake. But two days later he was down there at Cutz and Curlz, getting his extensions in a color to match his name – Miss Karamelle Fudge.

That meant turning up to work at the hardware store on Wednesday with a full head of girly hair. But it was like I said, his boss and the staff knew all about the show having now been running for two weeks. All his boss suggested was that, so he didn’t confuse folks who might not know, a little makeup and a new nametag “Kara” could be the answer.

Dean was really pissed when Kara rolled up to the show comparing hairdos with Anastazia, and he just had the platinum wig. What made it worse was that he was in the run-off for elimination. He had to really strut his stuff to get through, which meant Lily was gone.

I said that were crazy competitive that pair – I mean Jake and Dean, now Kara and Dina. Dina went straight down to Cutz and Curlz on Thursday afternoon and got her new blonde hair woven in, super long down to the waist.

All the guys from the farm equipment center were there at the show, and fully supportive of the new Dina turning up for work on Friday. For Dina it meant almost staying in character. “She” wore her body shaper to work under a suitable gingham dress that showed off the curves. I heard tell that she sold three tractors that week, which is more than most sell in a month.

I never saw Dina the salesgirl in action, but I heard tell that she put on a real performance. Farmers are simple men, and the attentions of a woman, even if she is not a real woman, clearly work on their wallets.

So, the following week, it was just Anastazia, Kara and Dina, and me. Made Mike said I had to draw it out. He was doing to well for it all to be over after just two more shows. It was easy enough to organize a dead heat between the last three.

Mad Mike asked whether we would all like to come in on Saturday night – just karaoke and mix with the guests, getting paid for it, of course. Only Anastazia was a little reluctant, being a more private person, I guess. And I have to say, me too, not so keen, but for another reason. You see, it increasingly seemed to me that I was the only real guy of the four of us. That is: Me, the gay guy and occasional drag artiste, more male than three of the good ol’ boys of Chisum. Things were getting weird.

That Saturday all three of them were in action at the “Mad Mule”. I spent most of my time on stage, as mistress of ceremonies on the karaoke mike. I couldn’t work the room like the other “girls”. But I could not help but notice that Dina spent a lot of time talking to Mike, and showing him how good his legs looked in fishnet tights. The truth is the Kara and Anastazia were prettier, so she used what she had to push good old-fashioned sexiness.

I found out wat happened much later. It turned out that Dina was so keen to win the contest that she ended up blowing and then being fucked by Mike, who was clearly calling the shots in the contest. I told you these guys were competitive, but not even I believed one of them would take it that far.

As Dina explained later, there was a point where she seemed girl enough in herself so as to make sucking another guy’s cock not so abnormal. But then taking him up the ass is another thing all together. When I took my first cock, I knew I would never be anything else but a man-lover, and I guess Dina learned that too.

But Kara was not to be outdone. She learned what had happened somehow, or maybe it was Mike who told her. I never thought of him as having an interest in shemales – maybe he didn’t before these three girls sashayed into his life.

But in the meantime, the Sunday after that night I had scheduled another rehearsal. I was sitting there in the empty hall when the others walked in one by one. All three of them were dressed as women. I mean not dressed for the performance, but dressed as a woman would dress on a Sunday. Anastazia was in a dress.

“I am just exploring the feminine me,” she said. “I just happen to have the same dress size as my wife.”

Dina was wearing women’s jeans and a plaid shirt tied at the bottom to show a bare midriff, and she had her hair in a high pony tail with a ribbon and heels on.

“When you look at good as I do, why you gonna dress down,” she said.

Kara had leggings on, and sandals, with a colorful top and a matching scarf hold back her beautiful brown tresses.

“I look stupid walking around town dressed as a guy with hair like this,” she said, pulling a compact out of her shoulder bag to check her lipstick.

I have to say, I felt dowdy. But once again, the queer guy was the only guy in the room.

We had put together a good show – the choreography a joint effort . We knew that three makes a better show than two, so this was our chance to put it out there. We knew that one of the three would be eliminated that week, and we probably all knew that it would be Anastazia. We were a judging panel of three, but Mike paid the bills, and he was looking after the two girls vying for his attention.

That Wednesday was an emotional night. I don’t know whether the audience thought it was any more than part of the act, but the tears and the mascara flowed when the vote came in, from all of us. The worst was that Anastazia looked fantastic that night, in a sequined ball gown with her hair up and her makeup not garish or overdone. She was simply a beautiful woman.

She came in to see us on Saturday night when Mike called for his two girls to come back. We had not seen her since she had left us after the post-show drinks on Wednesday. I had thought that was the last time I would ever see Anastazia, but I was wrong. It was not Tibo who walked in to the bar.

“Just Anna,” she said. “This is the new me now. No going back.”

“But you’re married,” I said.

“For now, yes,” she said, as if it were a matter of no significance. “Perhaps we will stay together, but who knows where this journey will take me. I started on hormones earlier in the week. Right now I have never felt better. I just feel the essence of woman flowing through my veins.”

“You lucky girl,” said Kara. I have to say that I turned around and stared at her. “Have your breasts started growing?” It was hard to believe this. Tibo, and now Jake. Gone.

The following week Mad Mike arranged another tie. He could not risk losing one of them. God knows what they were doing to keep him so in awe.

It would have gone on forever had Kara not taken up with her boss, the owner of the hardware store, a widower with a young family. Mike was able to award the prize to Dina, and the show was all over.

I was sad, because the whole thing was one of my great successes in life - “Drag Race Oklahoma”. But I was happier to be a part of two wedding ceremonies in the year that followed. For both of them I was asked to be Bridesmaid, so I found myself in skirts yet again.

This is Oklahoma after all.

The End

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