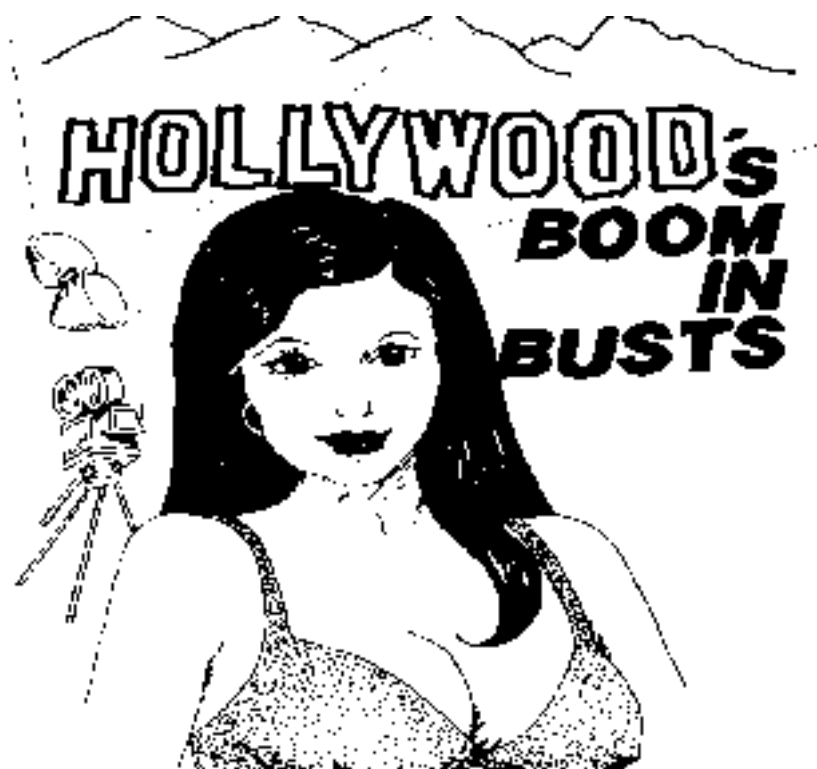




Reluctant Press

Hollywood's Boom In Busts

By Beatrice



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

“HOLLYWOOD'S BOOM IN BUSTS”

BY BEATRICE

Xandria was into shopping. She just couldn't resist a smashing shoe sale or a delicate display of bras, panties, slips, camisoles, garter belts, teddies and negligees. She had started her collection when she was Alex. The trying-on stage in department stores had, at times, been difficult, embarrassing even, but always a “rush” to Alex.

Alex recited his sister's dimensions when asked. The busy sales clerks didn't bother to compare him to these figures when he, with a bundle of frilly things over his arm, stepped toward the dressing room. Of course, his twin sister did not have his bra size — yet.

Women emerging from the dressing room didn't seem to care. This was Southern California, and most had seen men in the dressing rooms, red faced and clumsy, explaining, ““They're for my wife.””

At the specialty shops along Melrose Avenue or in the Larchmont area, their were always sales. The Melrose buyers sported grunge: leather vests, body piercing, Spumoni-colored hair or shaved heads. The more normal of them wore jeans and bandanna halter tops with their pony tails flicking back and forth like prize mares.

Larchmont was a different matter — you could smell the money there, an upscale village with a plethora of local branch banks needed to dispense and collect those idle hundred dollar bills that weren't already in the hands of the merchants.

Larchmont Village—that's what they called it—was casual, bordering on laid-back snobbery. The BMW convertible or black Lexus with small poodle sniffing the steering wheel and barking at the meter maid, was usually in evidence just outside the courtier named after the faded movie star who owned it — Myrna Morrison.

The parking meter invariably showed red, but that didn't bother Madame, she was only concerned with the ““right fit”.”

Xandria liked the attention she received in these intimate, upscale shops. Myrna's always had the most delicious sales of spectacular high-style shoes.

Chapter 1 - HER DOUBLE

Alex was an employee of Paramour Pictures in the costume department. In that position, he had to buy various things for the department. The story of how he learned he liked to dress could be made into a movie. On this day, he was to arrange the costume of Meg O'Brien, an ingenue who was in particular demand at the time. Alex brought out the various pieces of her wardrobe; starting with the lingerie. He laid the silken pieces out one by one.

"Oh, Alex, I can't really make up my mind until I see them worn. Then I can tell."

"I don't see how we can do that, Miss O'Brien. We have no models in the department," Alex said.

Meg then got a devious look in her eye. "Stand there, Alex. Let me put this tape around you. We're about the same height."

"Miss O'Brien, are you thinking what I think you're thinking? I couldn't, really. I would be so embarrassed. What if someone saw me?"

Meg, measuring his hips, his waist, his chest, said, "Here, Alex, slip these panties on. First put on this girdle. It will hold all your essentials in and round you out some. I see it has a bit of butt padding. I'm a tad flat back there. You were wise to buy the girdle."

"Miss O'Brien, really, this is above the call of duty."

"Alex, you are my dresser. I expect it. Get moving."

Alex took the lavender panties and the panty girdle behind a hanging row of costumes. He stripped off his shoes, pants and shorts and struggled into the girdle. It sent a little shiver down his spine and he had to work to get his risen piece down between his legs into the girdle. Then he zipped it up and plunged into the panties. The lace ran down the side and across the legs. He stepped out before Miss O'Brien, with bare feet and bare legs, feeling almost nude.

"Very presentable," she said. "Check the mirror there. My, you've got good legs, Alex, more shapely than mine." This made Alex face the mirror. He stood before it and turned, Betty Grable-like, to catch a view of his rear.

"Not bad," he thought to himself.

"You see, you sort of like it. I can tell the way you look at yourself in the mirror," Meg said.

"Now, really, Miss O'Brien."

"Call me Meg. If we're going to do this often, it's first names."

"Meg!," Alex pleaded, like a schoolboy caught at something he shouldn't do.

"Your legs will be fine when we get them shaved."

"Shaved! Meg!"

"Don't worry, all the jocks who wrestle or ride bikes do it. It doesn't hurt."

“Look, Meg, I'm not one of those kind of guys. I don't go around wearing women's clothes. I may buy them and appreciate them, but I don't wear them.”

“You are a professional, aren't you?” Meg O'Brien was adamant.

“Yeah.”

“Okay, now the bra. I want to see them both together. You know there are scenes where I have to strip down.”

“I got nothing to put in them. You're a B cup.”

“Least of your worries. You'll develop.”

“Develop!”

“Just kidding. But you could take some pills to sort of round you off in spots.”

“Hey, wait a minute!” Alex said as he struggled into the Magic-Line bra.

“Come on out here. Let me see you. Don't take everything so seriously.” She stuffed some cotton cosmetic puffs into the cups of his bra. “Put on these heels, Alex. I can't tell how the panties and bra will play without them. Now, I know we wear the same size shoes. Goodness, you've been buying my shoes for me for quite a while.”

Alex dutifully put on the gorgeous black suede sling-back shoes. He turned about in front of the mirror, giving it “fashion show” dips and swirls. He was surprised to be enjoying himself. There was a kind of buzz up and down his neck and spine that excited him.

“Now, we're getting someplace. You do like this, don't you? Just a little?” Meg teased.

“It is different.” Alex said, lying. He was excited as he could be, parading before this gorgeous movie star in heels and practically nothing else in his fashion show walk.

“What do you think comes next? ... a slip and a dress,” she said.

Alex protested a bit. He didn't want her to think he was gay, or anything. Meg helped him with the slip. “Wonderful, so far we're just the same size. You could be my twin sister, Alex. I'm going to call you Xandria, short for Alexandria, when you're dressed this way - 'cause I expect you to do this for me whenever I come to the costume department to check my clothes.”

Alex gulped. Every time! What would the rest of the department think of him?

Meg put the black chiffon dress over his head. It had a low sweetheart neckline, sheared, fitted bodice, puffed sleeves, with very full, flared skirt ending in a handkerchief hem with the high edges near his knees and the points reached almost to his ankles. Meg pulled up the long back zipper, fitting the dress to his waist to a T. “Turn about quickly, Xandria! I want to get the full effect.”

Alex—or now Xandria—obeyed. He only looked at the image of the dress and his legs and shoes. Somehow, his face didn't go with the female outfit. He reached up and pulled the band off his ponytail, letting his thick, black hair swing out, matching the flutter of the skirt.

“Yes, my dear, you must have proper makeup. The lady in the makeup department gives lessons. I think you should take them — especially if you are going to be my dresser from now on. I'll talk to the head of the studio to arrange a raise for you. You can buy all of my clothes, try them on in the shops, and it will save the studio oodles of time, my Dear Xandria. Don't you think?”

“Yes, Meg, I expect it would,” Alex-Xandria said. The full realization of how this would change his life had not begun to hit him yet. The raise sounded nice, but the rest of what he would have to do to get it bothered him. Secretly, he was enchanted with the idea. Since his teen years, he had had this dream where a beautiful woman captured him, dressed him up in women's clothes and took him to her bed for a night of loving.

“You are perfect,” Meg said. “ You are a perfect Meg O'Brien in all your measurements. I can't wait to see you with your makeup. I'll bet you'll be smashing.”

Meg O'Brien left the department, leaving Alex-Zandria in a bit of lovely confusion. Secretly, Alex had always wished to look like Meg, but feared it was not to be. Now, she gave this secret place inside him hope that it was not beyond him, but how?

Chapter 2. MEETING PIXIE

Of course, Xandria learned she liked to dress and to shop that way, and she never had arguments with Alex, her other self, over who would be in command.

Alex didn't care. He liked to shop and he liked to shock. He was confident in his identity as Alex. There in Myrna Morrison's shop, he bent over, rolled up his trouser leg, plunged his foot into a smart ivory satin evening pump. He took up the view in the mirror, turning his foot this way and that, to get the full effect. Not completely satisfied, Alex removed an ivory satin skirt from a nearby rack, holding the skirt before him to set off the pump.

“Do you think this goes well?” he asked the dowager shopping in the next aisle to him.

“Indeed!” was the offended reply as the woman turned away.

The brazen performance on this day, however, got a quite different result. A petite, cute sales girl, appropriately named Pixie, sat him down and took the boxes of shoes from under his arm. “It will be more fun this way. You are Alex, right?”

Alex sat back and put his foot up, as Pixie slipped on a short, silky `footie.' “ Yes, your foot is narrow and small, with a well-turned ankle. You are in the correct department. We specialize in shoes for you.”

“How did you know my name?” Alex was flustered. Pixie's green eyes were like a shaft of emerald right into his heart.

Pixie, measuring his foot, gave it a smooth, sensuous pat. “The store dick; he's got you figured as a fetish freak. He's one himself. Why else would he snoop around the women's shoe department all the time? He thinks you're going to walk out with them on, and not pay. I said you were a buyer of women's shoes for the movies. Right?”

Alex laughed. “ How did you know?”

“I didn't, but in the past half year you've bought enough shoes to outfit that movie they're making on Imelda Marcos.” Pixie pointed at the dressing room. “ Go in there. Take off your pants and put on this skirt. We can't very well tell how these shoes look under those pants, now can we?”

Alex obeyed. She was a girl sent from heaven, a take-charge, no-nonsense, `put on the skirt' girl. As summer grew into fall, of course new shoes and new sales hit Myrna's, with Pixie making record-breaking sales to Alex.

Chapter 3. BACK AT PARAMOUR STUDIO

Alex dragged them all back (well, most of them) to Paramour Studios, five blocks to the east of Larchmont Village. Alex told the studio he was buying for his department, Ladies' Costume, ... and he was, mostly for Meg O'Brien.

Alex had always been interested in theatrical clothes, and he had made a catalogue of the clothes famous actresses had worn in their greatest roles. Naturally, his talents didn't go to waste. After graduating from the Otis Parsons School of Design across from Mac Arthur Park on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, he immediately got an apprenticeship at the studio. He had grown in his job to his present position with its decent salary and much-prized autonomy.

The friendship he had formed with Meg O'Brien, a rising young comedienne, in the Goldie Hawn mold, blossomed. This relationship emerged when Alex made her costumes for "The Dead Horse," a box office success for the studio. Together, Meg and Alex had designed an amazing array of costumes for this film. The director was pleased when the film did well and, when the money came rolling in, the studio, too, was pleased.

Meg was really too busy, she said, with all the personal appearances and other things the studio wanted her to do, to go shopping for her professional or personal clothes. Besides, the public hassled her whenever she tried to go down the street like an ordinary person and stop in a store. Even when people didn't follow her into the store, the fawning attitude of the sales girls drove her up the wall. Of course, the males around the place - those that weren't gay — would hit upon her, follow her every move with hungry eyes and lewd remarks.

Alex began doing her buying, not only for her productions, but also her personal wardrobe. He knew her taste in clothes, and of course, he was a walking tape measure of her sizes — with a few delicious inches added at the bust.

He was busy now arranging, and buying a stunning wardrobe for her new film, "Baby Doll," a sex farce.

The buying idea was a natural, an immediate success. It offered a range of pleasures for Alex, of course, to indulge his almost-hidden desires, his true avocation, one which he could pursue in all its twists, turns and delights.

Alex now had an extensive closet for Xandria from Meg's cast-off clothes. After all, the more memorable the creation, the fewer times she could be seen in the same thing. Shoes were another matter; they had to be kept in the Costume Department unless they had some minor flaw, or worn place, which would make them unacceptable to another actress. Of course, they went to Alex's favorite charity, Xandria's closet.

Chapter 4. - EXACTLY LIKE HER

Alex was interested in makeup, wigs and other things actresses used to enhance what God gave them. Meg arranged, as part of Alex's official job, for him to take lessons in makeup from one of the best in Hollywood. Madame Marie Anthony was a feminist and ruler of a makeup kingdom both at the studio and on QVC where her line had made her millions.

Meg had started him in the course, telling Madame Anthony that he must learn to use makeup with absolute accuracy and exquisite beauty. He would have to stand in for her at times, make appearances, and maybe take part in some long shots when an exact match of her features was not at issue. "It is the figure that must look like mine," Meg said.

Madame started with the care of the skin, the ways to soften a face in a feminine way. Alex's beard had always been very light — almost nonexistent, which he credited to some Indian blood on his mother's side of the family.

"Now, my Dear," Madame Anthony said, "There is a special treatment you must do to be really feminine. You see Ms. O'Brien has informed me that you must be feminine as possible to be her double, don't you agree?"

"Oh, yes, that is what I want, too! I want to be able to completely pass as her double," Alex said.

Madame Anthony was relieved to hear that he agreed. "Good, I have something you must do which will aid this. It will soften your skin, give you a glow. Please lower your pants. I have an injection to give you."

Alex did as requested. He hated needles, so he didn't look as Madame Anthony pumped into his hip a powerful brownish serum. It hurt! Not for long, though.

"That is good!" Madame said. "You will begin to notice some small changes soon, and you may begin to gain some weight in certain places. Don't worry. It is only a bit of fat forming under your skin to give you a glow. Come back each week for me to check you. I am a registered nurse, so you shouldn't be modest about showing me your body. Yes, I have seen all the stars, Darling."

Madame gave Alex some pills that he was instructed to take each day in a twenty-eight day cycle.

Now, Marie Anthony shaved all the hair from the slim body of Alex. "There is no reason to shame the image of a beautiful lady with unwanted hair. This will make you walk and move more like a lady, you will see, my dear." Alex was thrilled. Every razor swipe pushed the male more into the background, and the female out into the world. Later, the hormones would start their powerful work.

Madame Anthony then studied Alex' eyes, and instructed him on their care, and how to increase their allure with creams to lengthen and nourish the lashes, mascara to deepen the mystery, eyebrow pencil to enhance the delicate curve. She also gave him many shades of shadow in a perplexing array of light, dark and shimmer, to be used three or four at a time in a special course. Eye shadow could be adjusted to enhance the shape of the face, to reflect the color of the garment, to fit the particular

event, the time of day. The magic of false eyelashes could reveal to anyone, even several meters away, that here was a beauty. Attention was drawn to those magnetic, alluring, soft brown eyes.

Powders and rouge were covered in the course by Marie, giving Alex' face a smooth, finished look, like the promise of a well-made bed, with just a corner turned down to reveal the inviting nude form within. After finishing with the powder, the application of "lip rouge" (not called lipstick in the theatrical trade) was applied.

Next, the face was studied, then the lips, to select the right contour to fit and enhance. Alex' face was photographed and projected on a monitor on which Madame drew shapes and colors. After many choices, the final selection was made. It was determined by many factors; the way the eye was drawn to the lips, the natural expression Alex used in laughing, smiling, kissing.

Drawing the perfect bow with a lip brush, Madame then outlined the lush lower lip to invite a man's approach. The sexy pout, the wide, laughing, carefree look with straight white teeth behind — these demonstrated that, indeed, Madame had chosen the correct look for Alex. Now gloss, delicately applied, gave the wet, sexual appearance.

Marie Anthony wanted to see Alex dressed. "There is no reason to waste such a beautiful face over male clothing, Alex. Come out in your glory!"

His legs were now free to feel the air and the caress of the stockings as he rolled them on. Alex' arms now were lighter in color and the softness of the skin showed. In particular, shaving the hair from the chest and underarms gave a distinct feeling like that of the Venus of Victory thrusting out toward the unknown.

As the new breast form was fitted to him, Alex could feel a tingle, an excitement. He was held by a low-riding bra which allowed his natural flesh to spill over in the bra's upward push.

Now the proper gaff, was selected to hold Alex in to show just the proper slight feminine bulge in the lower front. Alex had heard of such devices. They were sometimes called dancer's straps. But this one held the penis firmly in place, out of the way — hidden between the fullness of his rounded upper thigh. Madame had shaved his thatch into an inviting triangle, showing just above the gaff.

Madame Anthony said the feminine walk should come next, most important to the gliding provocative grace of woman. One foot in front of the other with a realization of the hips. They should say to the onlooker, 'There is something special here, a secret, a treasure, only for those who know the key. It is there to unlock the heart for the master who is lucky and holds the secret.'

Alex was happy to be out of Madame Anthony's makeup shop. She was very demanding. Certainly, he wanted to be able to take Meg O'Brien's role as a stand-in and clothes horse, but all of these injections and pills were too much.