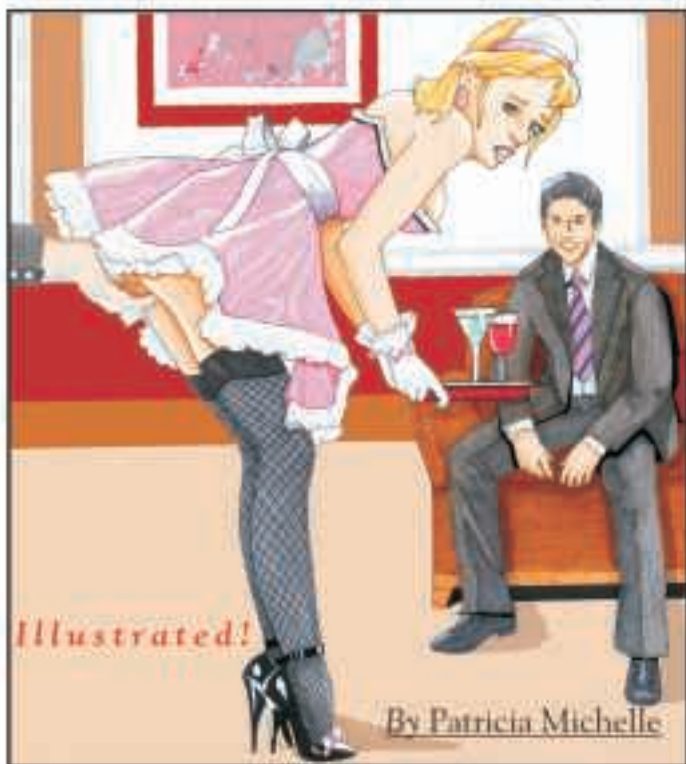


## Cheating Actor Cast As A Maid-Permanently.

**The story** of a cheating actor. As revenge his girlfriend's best friend casts him as a maid in her play. Declaring "total immersion" is the only way to learn the part he's turned over to a gay cross-dresser, then months as a real maid. When "her" part is cut, as planned, the girlfriend hires "her" as her maid-permanently.



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# **Cheating Actor Cast as A Maid-*Permanently***

**By Patricia Michelle**

**Victoria**

I should have known better than to think my boyfriend, Ryan, wouldn't cheat on me again. But, wouldn't you know, I caught him with some no talent actress, although he didn't know it. I was, obviously, furious. Not just because he swore he'd never do it again, and that he loved only me, but he was doing her in our bed!

Ryan and I lived together. He was an aspiring actor and basically I supported him in his fruitless search for stardom. So while I spent all day as a high-powered,

corporate lawyer he was fucking everything in sight behind my back.

Having drinks with my best friend, Lauren Montrose, I told her I'd caught him cheating on me yet again.

"Well, what do you want to do about it?" she asked.

"What I want is to cut his balls off and kick him out, but first I want to get even," I replied, really steaming.

After Lauren thought about it for a few minutes she started laughing so hard I thought she was going to choke to death. "I've got it and you're going to love it," she promised, and when she told me what she had in mind I was the one choking, I was laughing so hard.

Lauren, you see, the producer of a stage play she was putting together. Her idea was to write in a special part for lover boy. And what a part! It was hysterical!

That night when I came home I excitedly told him I'd used my influence with Lauren to get him an audition for a part in the new play she was producing.

"God, that's fantastic! When is it?" he asked.

"Tomorrow at ten, and it's a speaking part," I chuckled to myself.

When he got there Lauren explained the premise of the play. "It takes place in Victorian times. It's comedy about two wealthy families determined to marry their son to the other's daughter. However the son is in love with someone else, and the daughter wants no part of him. You see she has a secret lover. A young man who's a gardener. To be with him she disguises him so no one will know. What I'd like you to do is audition for the part of the girls' secret lover," she said, keeping a straight face.

“Really? That’s really an important role, isn’t it?”

“Oh yes, one of the most important. There is one thing though. If I do offer you the part we’d have to dye your hair blonde and you’d need to lose some weight.”

“Absolutely no problem,” he replied confidently.

“Now what the girl disguises her lover as is her chambermaid,” Lauren said.

“W-What, y-you want me to dress as a maid, the whole play? I’m not going to dress like some maid, a girl,” his macho ego flared up.

Which is when I came in and brightly asked if he was right for the part.

“I think he really could be, but I’m afraid his ego is acting up. Apparently he’s not very secure in his masculinity, he doesn’t want the part. Which is really too bad. If he could have carried off this role he could have gotten a role anywhere. It would have made his career,” Lauren commented.

“Do you hear that, this could make your career, Ryan,” I said to him.

“I don’t care. I’m not dressing as a girl, for god’s sake,” he declared adamantly.

“Excuse us for a minute will you, Lauren?” I asked, then yanked him to one side.

“Now listen buster, I’ve had it with you. Here’s a chance of a lifetime and you won’t take it because it offends you precious macho image. So here’s the deal. You either take the part, which you don’t actually have yet, or I kick you out of the apartment this afternoon. And I want the \$5,000 I’ve given you so far for your worthless career. I’m fed up with you freeloading on

me. Do we understand each other macho man?" I asked, sounding as furious and angry as I could.

## **Ryan**

God, I'd never seen Victoria as mad as she was. Her edict left me in a panic. If she kicked me out I was in real trouble as the only money I had was in my wallet.

"A-Alright I-I'll take it," I said, thinking I'd audition so badly there'd be no way they'd cast me.

But that plan was quickly dashed when she said, "I know you, and what you're thinking. If you don't get the part I still throw you out. Now I want you to literally beg Lauren to audition for the part, and tell her you'll do anything to get it."

Well, what could I do? It was humiliating begging for friend to play the part of a maid. And she didn't make it easy.

"You're sure now Ryan that you're not going to let your childish ego flare up?"

"No, really it won't. I-I was just, ah, taken by surprise..." I mumbled

"And you'll do whatever's necessary to make you totally believable in your role so that not person in the audience suspects your true identity?" she asked.

Looking back I never should have sworn that I would. That one question marked my descent into what I am now.

Just as I was promising to do whatever was necessary this obviously swishy, gay guy minced in. God, how I hated gays, just a bunch of fairies!"

“This is Teddy. I’ve hired him to help me select the right actor for this part. You see, Teddy is one of the top female impersonators in town. Well Teddy, what do you think?” she asked, pointing at me.

“It’s really hard to tell with all those clothes on. Let’s get them off and I’ve brought a couple of things he can put on that might give us a better idea. Here sweetie, go and put these on for us,” he ordered. I nearly passed out in shock, oh god, no, was all I could think as I was handed a pair of pink, satin panties dripping with lace and a matching bra!”

I looked over at Vicki for help, but all I got was a steely, threatening glare back.

“Oh yes, and tuck up your you know whats. They’ll spoil the look,” he giggled.

Vicki’s glare told me to do it or else. So horrified at the thought I went behind the curtains and changed. I couldn’t believe the panties, they were so tight! Even stuffing my dick and balls up between my legs I had to struggle to get them on. Then there was the bra, which I had a hell of a time fastening behind me.

I truly didn’t want to go back out there. Especially when I saw myself in a mirror. I gasped in shame that the panties barely covered half my ass. I dreaded the worst pulling aside the curtains, and my worst fears were realized. For there was yet another absolutely stunning woman there who Lauren introduced as her lead actress, Francine Wright.

“I thought I’d invite Francine to give us her opinion as you’ll be playing opposite of her. And I wouldn’t want to cast such an important part without her approval,” she said.

“Well Teddy, do you think you can make a believable, and I mean totally believable, lady’s maid out of him?”

“I think we need to add one last thing. What size shoes do you wear honey?” he asked me, and I swear I wanted to jump off the stage and beat him to a bloody pulp!

“He wears a size seven,” Vicki said.





"Just a seven? My goodness such tiny feet. Anybody wear an eight-and-a-half?" he asked.

"Why that's my size," the actress said.

"Can he borrow them, and can someone get a pair of nylons for him?" he asked, and when she had them off they were handed to me along with a pair of nylons with lacy tops and seams. After I got them on I put the heels I was handed on. They were really tight and with such slender heels I nearly fell over.

Soon, on his orders I stood there posing like a woman, in only a bra, panties and heels, humiliated beyond belief. Listening to them discussing turning me into a girl.

I think Bruce can do a lot with his face and hair. He's more pretty than the macho, rugged looking type, don't you think?" he ventured.

"I agree, although you'll have to dye his hair blonde for the part," the actress commented, then, to my burning shame added, "And notice that he has an unusually big ass for a man, so that won't be a problem you'll have to fix."

"And with such narrow shoulders dresses will hand nicely on him. Thank god he doesn't have those big manly shoulders," he snickered.

"True, but what can you do about his waist? It's way too big for a girls." Lauren said.

"Naturally he'll have to be dieted, but the only thing to fix his waist will have to be a corset," he proclaimed.

Jesus Christ, not a corset! I moaned to myself.

"Well, we really won't be able to decide until he's fully made up, will we?" Can your friend Bruce take

him first thing tomorrow? Then get him back and dressed in one of the uniform he'll be wearing? I want to make a final decision by tomorrow," Lauren said.

"I'm sure I can, but it'll help if I take a few photos to show him late tonight," he said, and before I could react he had a camera out and was making me assume



various, humiliating girlish poses, demanding that I smile, while snapping picture after picture!

On the way back to the apartment I begged and pleaded for Vicki not to make me do this. I hated myself for doing it. I'd never begged a woman for anything before, but I couldn't help it.

"Oh you'll go or you're out. I know how much you hate gays, but you'll swallow your inflated pride. I'll ask him and if he tells me you gave him even a hint of trouble I kick your ass out. Not only that I'm getting copies of all the photos he took. Then imagine what'll happen when I show them to all your macho, straight buddies. Especially when I post them on their billboard. I think taking orders from a fairy like Teddie, and all his friends, is just what your ego needs. A little deflating, hopefully a lot, I'd love that," she proclaimed.

Oh god, she wouldn't! But one look at her told me with a certainty that she wasn't bluffing. I'd never be able to show my face anywhere.

So the next morning I entered the beauty salon loathing what was to come. His friend, Bruce, was an even bigger fairy than Teddie. He was dressed in pin and I could see make-up and painted nails for god's sake!

I'd been told to wear the panties then was handed a frilly smock to put on that didn't even cover the panties.

Clapping his hands Bruce called a couple of assistants over. "Girls, girls, girls you know what Ms. Montrose wants so let's get started. I'll do her, I mean his, hair. Brenda you do make-up, Carla, nails please, Betty, legs and arms," he lisped.

Sitting there I was in a panic. Four pair of hands were working on me, all at the same time. And whenever I asked what they were doing all he'd say was, "Now, you just sit there like a good girl, ah, boy and don't bother the girls."

Which I did, terrified at what I could feel them doing. My hair was washed and shampooed. Then of all things was put in rollers and some nauseating stuff poured on it. I felt my brows being plucked while my legs, arms underarms and even my cheeks were waxed. God, it hurt like hell! One girl attached things to my eyelashes making them feel three times as heavy. Then she spent what felt like forever making my face up.

Finally I was put under a hairdryer and they were done, I thought. As before I could do anything, twitty Bruce squeaked, "Now Carla, you forgot the ears, did you?"

And the next thing I felt were my ears getting pierced. Me, the guy who always looked at men with a pierced ear as obviously gay, now I had both pierced, twice!

I seemed like I was in that chair for hours when they finally brushed my hair out and turned me around to a mirror. What I saw first shocked, then horrified me as I realized I was staring back at myself.

My hair was now blonde, a mass of waves and curls, and it looked like I had three times as much. My eyebrows had been plucked to pencil-thin arches. My eyes fully made up, over made up I thought. I looked painted on. The longest, fluttering, curled eyelashes had been glued on. My lips were cherry red and had been made so much fuller.

As I raised my hands I saw dangerously long, dagger pointed red nails. In my ears were huge, gold hoop earrings. I was so stunned I couldn't utter a word.

Teddie effusively complimented Bruce and his girls on, "What a fabulous job they did on 'her', well him. I'm sure when Ms. Montrose sees him she'll think he's perfect."

Then turning to me said, "Well let's get you dressed and headed back to the theater."

When we arrived back he was all business. "First, before anything we'll have to get this on you," he grinned, holding up the most fearsome looking corset.

"It's called an hour glass corset. We all wear them to give us such divinely girlish figures. I'll show you how to put it on. First hook it up the front," he ordered, and when he finished it felt pretty tight. But, I thought, if this was all there was to it, I'd survive.

But then he had me lean up against a post with my arms raised as high as I could.

"Lacing it is always the hard part. Take a deep breath honey, then exhale," he instructed. When I did he yanked on the laces, and kept at it till I felt like I was being crushed.

"S-Stop, please! It's really too tight!" I pleaded.

"If you're still breathing it not too tight, and stop complaining you sound just like my sissy friends," he barked.

"I'm not a damn sissy!" I proclaimed.

"Then stop acting like one," he said, yanking again and again on the laces only stopping when it looked like I was about to faint. When I let me arms down t

was even more crushing. I couldn't believe it! I felt like I was in a vise.

Then came a bra, which I thought much too big, until he filled them with a huge set of falsies. Seamed ny-



lons fastened to suspenders came next, and then the most lethal looking pair of shoes. Black, patent pumps with the sharpest toes, and stiletto heels. When I stood up I nearly fell over. "They're higher than the ones I wore yesterday," I protested.

"Yes, but they're only four inches. Don't worry, you'll learn. Mine are six inches when I'm on stage," he said unsympathetically. Actually I think the bastard was enjoying seeing me teetering, terrified in them.

"Now for the piece de resistance," he exclaimed, bringing out the maid's uniform.

When I saw myself fully dressed I cringed and would have cried, which I refused to do in front of swishy Teddie.

It was horrible. He called it a traditional French Maid's uniform. I can't describe what I called it. Beyond sexy, slutty, immodest, revealing, all of the above. The skirt and petticoats barely covered my ass. The short, puffy sleeves were trimmed in ruffles as was the apron, cap and even the short, white gloves. But it was the neckline that made me cringe so. It plunged so much in front that half my breasts were exposed. The thought of appearing in front of Lauren and god knew who else was just unbearable.

"There's a half hour before Lauren comes back from lunch. Pay attention and I'll teach you how to walk so, maybe, you won't embarrass yourself, although I doubt it. Take tiny, little dainty steps, put one foot precisely in front of the other. Elbows in, arms out, wrists limp, palms up," he ordered, and what else could I do, learn or fall flat on my face.

I could see myself in a mirror and I hated what I saw. Mr. Lady Killer, Macho Man, swishing about,

limp wrists, teetering, terrified on high heels. Finally Lauren was back and wanted to see me on stage. So I did, not just in front of Lauren, but Francine Knight and, oh god, Vicki!

“Well, my goodness, what a big improvement wouldn’t you say girls?” she asked.

“Oh, I definitely would agree, but a few suggestions?” Francine ventured.

“Yes, of course, go ahead,” Lauren said.

“Well, if her boobs are going to show she’s going to need a more realistic pair. Everyone will tell they’re fake. And since this is supposed to be a comedy I’d exaggerate them and make them huge. And her lips could be fuller, more like, well, bedroom lips.”

“Excellent ideas. I think Teddie can take care of that. Vicki do you have any comments?” she asked.

“No, I think ‘she’ looks perfect, very tarty, especially with those boobs hanging out,” she said, looking at me with a gloating expression.

Was she purposefully trying to humiliate me? I got my answer when she added, “I didn’t realize how sexy ‘her’ legs were, especially in heels.”

She was obviously having fun at my expense and like a wimp I just stood there and took it. I was already humiliated just standing there, but it actually went downhill.

“Why you’re right. I hadn’t really noticed. Walk back and forth for us Babette. Oh yes, that’s your stage name Babette Dupre, so please respond to it from now on,” she dictated.

After I’d shakily minced back and forth for them, truly wanting to die, she said, “Well with a few



changes Babette looks the part. But obviously Teddie she's going to need a lot of work teaching her to act completely girlish to fool everyone."

"Oh, I can work miracles. By the time I'm finished with her nobody will suspect for a minute that Babette is not what she appears to be," he giggled. Truly I hated him!

Which, much later, I realized that should have been the time to rip off the ridiculous outfit and run out of there, regardless of the consequences. Sadly I didn't. Nor did I when I was handed a contract to sign. I never, never should have signed it. That truly did seal my fate. I just didn't know it at the time.

After I handed it back Lauren looked at me with what looked like a smug, victorious look and said, "What you've just signed is a standard actor's contract agreeing to assume the role you've been given for the duration of the play. During that time you have agreed to help promote the play in whatever way I deem most helpful. As an employee of Star Production in between shows you'll work in whatever capacity the producer, that's me, deems most fitting."

Much too late I should have questioned her, as I wasn't sure just what some of it meant. I falsely assumed it was, in fact, a standard contract.

She then turned to Teddie, "Teddie, we haven't heard from you. What are you thinking?"

"She really needs to lose some weight. She's just too heavy. Obviously we're going to have to put her on a crash diet and a figure slimming exercise program," he remarked.

"How much are you thinking Babette needs to lose?" she asked.

I nearly fainted when he said, "We need to get at least twenty five pounds off her, at least to start, thirty to be safe." That's when I truly started to hate him. Twenty-five or thirty pounds! Christ I'd end up weighing less than Vicki!

"Of course as soon as I see her getting accustomed to her corset I can start really lacing it a lot tighter. And as an additional benefit of wearing a corset it'll make her rear end all that much bigger and sexier. Lift up your skirts and turn around," he suddenly ordered, and without thinking I did. Realizing he was showing off my ass to everyone. I just wanted to die as he wrapped a tape measure around my hips.

"You see, even in just this corset her rear end is already two inches bigger, and the smaller the corset the bigger it'll get," he pointed out, smiling directly at me with this "gotcha" grin.

I really didn't think it could get any worse, but, of course, I was wrong.

Addressing me she said, "Starting tomorrow you'll report everyday to Teddie. He'll be in charge of training you to the point where you'll be totally believable. I believe the best way to learn a part is the 'total immersion' method. So totally immersed that you become the part. That goes for you too Vicki. He can't be Babette during the day and Ryan your boyfriend the rest of the time. Much to confusing for her.

"Oh, I'll do my part," Vicki assured her, and I swear I saw her wink at Lauren.

"Once you have her trained then I can institute the second part of totally immersing her in her actual role." She said, then to me added, very sternly, "this isn't going to be easy. You do remember when I asked you if

we were going to have any ego flare-ups, and you promised there wouldn't be, right?"

"Yes, I-I did," I said miserably, although standing there dressed as I was, being called 'Babette' and referred to as 'she' by that fairy my ego wasn't flaring up, it was crushed. Could anything possibly be more humiliating?

"I'll hold you to that. Teddie, any ego problems with her and you can deal with her any way you want, she's now yours," she stated, I thought, rather triumphantly.

To me he said, in a commanding voice I never would have expected out of him, "You'll report to my studio every morning at eight. Panties, corset and nylons on got it?"

Thoroughly intimidated all I could muster was, "Y-Yes, I-I u-understand."

Then it was Vicki's turn to torment me. I couldn't understand her, it was almost like she was doing it on purpose.

"What about when, ah, she's at home? Any special instructions?"

"Keep in her in her corset, panties, nylons and heels," he said.

God, I was never so relieved to get back to my own clothes. Except I was horrified when I put them on. They were all too big and the one place it wasn't loose it was way too tight. The damn corset pushed my ass out so that I thought if I wasn't careful they'd split.

"Vicki, for god's sake, I can't go home like this," I pleaded.

“No, you’re right. Don’t you think you should remove your make-up,” she giggled.

My make-up! I rushed to the mirror and with tissues managed to get most of it off. But I still looked like a damn fairy with my girlish hair, long eyelashes and plucked brows.

When I pointed this out all she said, with a smirk, was, “Oh my, now you look gay, don’t you? Well, there’s nothing you can do about it, you’ll just be another fruitcake mincing down the street.”

When we finally got back she handed me the torture heels. “You heard Teddie, heels in the apartment Babette,” she ordered.

“Oh please Vicki, please get me out of this,” I begged.

“You can either do as you’ve been told, or I take these pictures Teddie gave me down to the bar and show them to all your buddies,” she said.

What I should have done was run to the closet, pack and get the hell out of there. But, like the spineless wimp I never thought I was, I put the heels on, hating myself.

Later when she caught me slipping my aching feet out of the heels for some relief she sternly said, “Put them back on and get them laced.”

I did as I was told not believing the sudden change in her. I told myself I should stand up to her like a man, but I didn’t feel much like one in a corset, panties, nylons and the damn heels.

The next morning jeered and laughed at I made my way to Teddie’s studio.

“Well, Babette, I see you made it. I can imagine how a straight, macho guy like you must feel having everyone think you’re a flaming fairy. I know you hate gays, and me, so I’m going to enjoy this. But just to make sure you’ll be an obedient girl, do as I tell you and try as hard as you can I asked my boyfriend to stock around. This is Clyde, if you give me any trouble I’m turning you over to him and have him take you into the bedroom and break you in properly, as he does all the girls,” he said.

I swear when I saw him my knees nearly buckled and I broke out in the most terrified sweat. Clyde was at least six foot, five of muscle bound ape. He sat there with an evil gringiving me a look that scared me to death.

“Or, I may have him put you over his knees and blister your ass, would you like that?”

“Oh g-god, please no,” I begged, pathetically.

“Then you’ll be a good girl for me, do everything I tell you to do Babette?”

“Yes, I swear I will,” I babbled.

Ordered to get my clothes off I wasted no time, nor did I hesitate to put on a bra and inserting a huge set of falsies, bigger than yesterday’s.

“A perfect D-cup. They’ll do for now, I’m positive you’ll have all the tit men in the audience positively drooling over you. Now panties off, we have to hide that big manly thing between your legs,” he said sarcastically.

Once I had them off he ordered me to spread my legs as far as I could. Then sitting between them he said, “For years what impersonators used to hide their things was what they called a cache-sex. It was a pain

in the ass to put on, it wasn't very believable and very uncomfortable. Now days we wear what's called a Pussy Deluxe. It's totally believable even without panties, it's hygienic and can be worn indefinitely. You remove it with this solvent, which I'll keep."

That, to me, didn't sound good, but as I was thinking about that he started chuckling. "My god, is this what you're so proud of? It looks more like a pencil to me.

Want to see a real dick, Clyde's has to be five times bigger than this little thing."

Humiliated beyond words and petrified at coming face to face with what sounded like a monstrous cock I shamefully whimpered, "N-No, I believe you, really."

When he was finished he stood up and grinning ear to ear said, "Congratulations, you're now the proud owner of your very own pussy." Across the room I heard Clyde laughing hysterically, and all I wanted to do was crawl in a hole and die.

Holding up a mirror so I could see I did nearly die. I had a pussy so real I could tell my skin from it's. It even had little, curly pussy hair that perfectly matched my now blonde hair. I wanted to cry.

"Don't bother trying to get it off, you can't. Oh yes, you'll have to sit on the toilet from now on. I've ordered a new model which I'll put on later when it gets here," he gloated.

I had no idea what he was talking about. All I was thinking was that I no longer had a dick or balls, there was nothing between my legs except a pussy. And he had the only solvent!