



*Reluctant Press*

# Charlie's Girls

Charlie



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A 'SPECTRUM TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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## “MODEL ENGINEER”

**By Charlie**

My wife Barbara, and I (Daniel), had been married for over five years. We lived a good life, she was a Fashion Photographer, and I worked as an aerospace Engineer. We had been given a beautiful estate on Long Island's north shore by my parents when they moved to Florida shortly after our wedding.

The old carriage house behind the main building had been converted to a photo studio and office. The office for me complete with computer, desks, printers and all sorts of office equipment. Her studio has all manner of lights, backdrops, dressing rooms, and everything necessary for fashion photography.

We were quite happy, as our combined income between us was in the six figure bracket. We drove a BMW, and a Porsche, had a good sized boat at our own dock on the sound, and lacked for little.

That is until suddenly the bottom fell out of the Aircraft industry on Long Island. There were two large companies within a few miles of each other, and terminated employees were a common sight at every upbeat, yuppie, bar and grill on the island.

In the following six months, I had turned out maybe two hundred copies of my resume, and so did every other engineer walking the streets. The postage alone would have kept fuel in my BMW for a month, and the replies came back saying sorry, if they bothered to reply at all.

I was starting to get a little upset, despite Barb's assurance that we were in good financial shape.

I was not thrilled to be supported by my wife, even though she had always brought in twice what I did. Our relationship at home was falling apart slowly, mostly my own fault, as I was becoming harder and harder to live with, especially after we had to let our maid go and Barbara insisted that I “share” in the housework to keep the `palace' and coach house neat and tidy. It was soon clear, that with Barbara's workload, “share” meant that I did it all.

It is absolutely amazing what happens when you are out of work. You would think that you would have hours and hours free to look for your new job; but, in reality, details that you ignored while working began to consume your “free” time.

Meals that were “caught on the run” or bought in a “fast food place” now require shopping trips to the grocery store “to save money”, hauling to the house, unpacking, storing, preparing, eating, cleaning, and then hauling out to the curb to be disposed of...

Like meals, everything seems to become a continuous cycle of use, clean, use... The day becomes divided between chores that you never thought of before. A dirty towel is no longer just thrown down the laundry chute, it becomes a part of doing the laundry.

And so, between mailing out resumes you systematically began to organize the house cleaning, do the shopping, prepare meals and clean up afterwards, and do the laundry.

As I say, a never ending cycle of busy work that kept me home with an endless routine.

Now, Barbara had a large contract with a mail order house to do all the photography for their winter catalog of women's, and girls fashions. This all had to be shot in the summer time, for such was the fashion industry, they had to be six months ahead of the seasons.

While my life had devolved into the role of the lonely homemaker, hers was becoming busier with the rush to do the catalog surrounded by her staff and models...

In short she was involved with the real world and I wasn't. This may help you to understand why I accepted the changes in my life that are to follow...

Now, one evening Barb and her helpers were working late to get some late changes photographed, especially the cover for a supplemental fall catalog, and the model (one of those Scandinavian blondes that looked terrific in winter scenes, or bikini shots on the beach) that the buyer wanted failed to show up due to a severe thunder storm. She had car trouble and couldn't arrive for at least two hours.

Barbara, her girls and the buyer, who was picking out the clothes to be shown, were slightly miffed at the model, who was notorious for being late; when I wandered into the studio for want of something else to do.

Beth, who was Barb's chief assistant and make-up artist whispered in her ear while looking at me, and Barb gave a big smile and said, “we'll try it if he goes along with it.”

Barbara asked me to come with her into one of the dressing rooms as she wanted to speak to me. She asked me if I would consent to help them out as they needed a stand-in for the model who hadn't shown up, mostly to set lights, background and camera angles. I was about the size and coloring of the missing girl and would do to get the set ready for her arrival.

I said I'd do it as I was very bored with doing the house work most of the time, but she merely smiled with a knowing shrug and took my complaint as willing enough consent.

“First of all,” Barb suggested, as she took charge with her usual briskness, “you had better take off all your clothes except for your jockey shorts. When we turn on the lights and you are wearing that heavy winter coat you are going to suffer from the heat.”

I had seen the girls at one time or another in the pool, so wearing my shorts was no big deal.

The coat was a fairly heavy hooded wool in a beautiful blue-green color, worn with tight kidskin black gloves.

The missing model was a blond, as were both Barb and I. As a matter of fact my hair was longer than hers as I had let it grow since I had been out of work. I wore it in the typical male's low ponytail, and really didn't take very good care of it.

I found out in the next hour why models get paid so much money. It was no snap standing perfectly still for a half hour at a time, and then assuming different postures on command. By the end of an hour my back and feet were hurting, and the girls teased me that it was a good thing they hadn't put me in high heels.

The picture was to be from the waist up only so shoes didn't matter, nor did hair, as the hood was up over my head, and the gloves hid my hands.

Two hours later and still no model, so Barb told the girls, "That looks like what we want, let's shoot a few Polaroids and see how she looks."

I almost missed the remark, but decided to let it go, no sense in starting a war over a slip of the tongue.

After a couple of shots the girls stood around whispering to each other, and the buyer said, "if he'll do it, fine with me."

Barbara came over to me and said, "Dan, it is getting late, and we don't think the model is going to show up." She went on to say that with a little effort they could use me as the model since the test shots had come out beautifully.

With a lot of grumbling I agreed to do it as we were all getting tired.

"Only a couple of minutes," Beth, my wife's make-up artist, announced, "We'll just comb your hair a bit forward and to the right side and add a little make-up, and you should be all set."

She was right there with her make-up tray.

After I took the coat off, so nothing would get on it, she used a sunburnt under blush to hide my light beard line followed by a peaches and cream foundation cream to blend in with my natural skin tones made pale by the months of indoor 'homemaking'. Eye liner, mascara, plum eye shadow and a bit of peach shading brought out the blue of my eyes. A bit of powder to smooth out any facial shine. Blush on my cheekbones, to emphasize the natural high bone structure, was followed by just a touch of light rose lipstick.

Next thing I knew she had taken a pair of tweezers and started to pluck my eye-brows, saying, "I'm only taking a few out between your brows to make your eyes look wider. Nothing dramatic. Just the Brook Shields thick browline look, Dan."

Before I could object too much she was done, and we put the coat back on.

"Now hold the hood in your hands at shoulder height, and smile."

"Oh wait," Beth urged, and brought out a set of clamp on gold swirls and put them on me. "I forgot your earrings."

“Gorgeous!” everyone said, “that's the picture we want.”

They shot about twenty different angles and poses, and between each two or three Beth would come to me and touch up the face powder, my lips or blush. Several times she also plucked a few more hairs from my brows, and unknown to me she had used a darker more vivid shade of lipstick.

When at last we were done, the buyer asked me if I'd like to try again tomorrow with a few other winter coats and jackets that would hide my body, and I could make a couple of dollars.

Before I had any chance to respond to her request, or see how `silly' I looked, Beth had removed all traces of my make-up. She had even rebrushed my brows so that the thick hairs hid the hint of a female brow arch that she had so carefully plucked into shape.

Seeing that I had not been marred for life I agreed to pose some more the next day. I could use a little spending money.

“Okay,” Beth agreed while she gathered the rolls of film for her darkroom work, “I think that Barb should do something with your hair, it's too dull. You know, Barb, shape the sideburns into vees and trim the neckline to hide the male hairline. Nothing dramatic, just a little unisex. Once that is done, she could do with a good shampoo and conditioning. A simple wash and set might give her hair more bounce.”

Before I could react to all of this Barbara suggested that “we” all go out for supper and to tell the truth I jumped at the chance to join them, even if their conversation would focus upon how natural I looked as a fashion model and their progress with the catalogue now that Barb had a “live-in” model. While I accepted their good natured teasing I also accepted each round of scotch and soda until I felt in a light headed daze ready to go to bed and sleep it all off.

While I drifted about in a near daze I was happy to undress and go to bed with a very amused Barbara, who insisted that I take a bath before she did my hair for the shooting planned for the next day.

The whole thing became a game where I was the `lady of the house' and Barbara was my maid. We must have been `lesbians' because the whole game was played out with lots of hugs and kisses with Barbara shaving her “mistress” in the shower before she spread a warm scented body oil all over me.

I began to drift between sexual delight and a soft dreamy feeling of total sensual luxury. I could barely remember what we did in bed before I drifted away into a deep pleasant sleep.

The next morning I awoke alone in bed finding myself in a world of soft satin smoothness with an awful headache. My head was covered with things that poked at my scalp with every turn. Uncertainly I arose to discover in horror that I was wearing one of my wife's pink satin nightgown that clung to caress my silken hairless skin to the point that despite my surprised horror I was quite aroused.

I stumbled into our master bedroom bath room that smelled of Barbara's heady perfumes to see in the wall mirror that my head was covered by a matching pink satin

hair bonnet that barely hid a mass of yellow hair curlers. The stark `daylight' brightness of the bathroom fluorescent lights bothered the focus of my eyes, but I began to wonder about the changes I saw and hidden fears of what others may have seen in the restaurant the night before.

My face had a strange `scrubbed' look despite the faint shadow of my morning beard. The pink satin hair bonnet provided a soft frame for my pale skin as the mirror reflected the fact that the bonnet clung to the shape of a feminine hairline with no hint of sideburns and a neatly shaped vee of long hair pulled into rollers from the nape of the neck.

Sometime while I was in that dreamy state of alcoholic bliss Barbara had actually shaped my eyebrows to an even more pronounced feminine arch. When I tried to undo these high arches, as Beth had with my long bushy hairs, I discovered to my dismay that Barbara had neatly trimmed these unruly masculine hairs with a pair of manicure scissors!

But, what really shocked me was the traces of make-up that I had thought that Beth had removed the night before. Had I actually gone to the restaurant looking like this? Or, had Barbara added these little touchups during our `game'?

Under the neatly shaped eyebrows my wonder filled eyes saw long curled eyelashes with dainty underlashes neatly outlined with a faint eye liner while the lids still had a hint of plum eye shadow blended into pale peach skin tones to highlight the natural peach of my skin.

Uncertainly my hands reached up to touch the natural blush of my high cheek bones and I realized that she had given me a French manicure with pale pink polish to glisten over the white and pink oval shaped nails. As I opened my mouth in surprise I realized that my lips exposed to the glare of the bathroom light still bore traces of rosy lipstick.

Hastily, I took a soapy wash cloth to my lips only to realize, to my further dismay, that the more I scrubbed, the redder my lips became.

“What in the world are you doing?” Barbara asked as she entered the bathroom. “You'll rub your lips raw.”

Before I could really protest she handed me a fresh cup of morning coffee and took the wash cloth away. Between gulps of hot coffee I shaved and wondered why I had gotten into this mess.

“The girls will be ready for the shoot in about an hour and you are hardly dressed,” she protested as I gulped down the coffee almost thankfully. “We've a lot to do if you are going to earn that hundred dollars an hour.”

“A hundred dollars an hour,” I gasped in disbelief as I stood there half stunned while she removed my silk night gown and handed me a beige tone padded panty girdle, obviously designed to provide hips and a plump rear. “What is this for, I am suppose to model coats, not play at `dress-up'?”

“It's called a phantom panty. Just to add a few curves. Beth thought it might help if we gave you a little figure. Nothing drastic. Just a padded bra and a panty girdle un-

der a teddy to give you smooth body lines. You can wear a pair of flats with knee highs and my black nylon jump suit. After-all, you can't model naked.”

“Well,” I began to protest, but then I thought about the money, and realized that this was five times more than my hourly rate as an engineer. The first good money I had earned in over six months. So what if I had to dress up like a woman to earn it. Besides it was something better to do than 'homemaking' and resume writing. “Okay, what ever you say.”

“That's the spirit,” she countered with a delighted laugh. “Now practice that pretty smile while we put you together.”

While I put on the panty girdle she tucked my privates back between my legs creating a rather satisfactory looking flat loin. The padded long-line bra was just tight enough to create a suitable feminine cleavage once she stuffed the cups with facial tissues. The black satin teddy covered the panty girdle and bra set so well that even I had to confess that my body shape was female enough, even if the breasts didn't jiggle when I walked. Once I put on the smooth knee highs and flats, Barbara helped me into her black nylon jump suit before she removed my hair bonnet and removed the yellow hair rollers.

“Very good,” she sighed once she stepped back from brushing out my hair into a thick wavy long pony tail secured by a black silken hair bow, “I'll leave the make-up to Beth before the shoot.”

A glance in the dresser mirror told me that I was no raving beauty, especially without make-up. But, if you walk through any mall you will know that nine out of ten women look pretty damn plain, and even without make-up I would have been that one that most men would look over twice and most women glance at from toe to head to mentally wonder if they should have worn a jump suit instead of their usual plain t-shirt blouse and jeans.

Whatever I may have thought about my looks, I knew that I was skinny and tall enough to carry off the boyish look so popular in the fashion magazines, and with my high cheekbones and aristocratic nose I had a certain Scandinavian blonde presence. Like I say, that image in the mirror was no raving beauty, but she was an exceptional looking woman.

I was almost ready to see what Beth's make-up magic would do, if I could ever get over my fears of being seen by Beth and the others...

Now, I had not anticipated the fact that I would have to walk with my wife outdoors in public view from our house to the photo studio in our carriage house!

With pounding heart I braved the walk, fearing with every step that my neighbors would see me dressed up as a woman!

Although, I saw no startled or amused neighbors my imagination ran wild with such fears that I was grateful to be seated safely indoors; even if Beth and the others gathered about the make-up vanity to complete my feminine image for the camera and bright lights.

I had barely seen the lovely face in the mirror when I was led to the photographic platform to model a steady flow of different winter coats, parkas, and jackets. Most had hoods, but for the several that didn't Beth brushed my hair three or four times during the shoot as they called it, and it started to glisten and shine like gold.

Suddenly it was the end of the day and I returned to my housework without bothering to change or remove my make-up. While my wife and Beth worked on developing the films for the day I was left alone to think about the fact that I had spent the whole day as a woman, among other women. It was exciting to be the center of their attention under the lights and the eye of the camera.

As I prepared for bed that night I removed my feminine clothes. With some effort I managed to remove the make-up, but I realized that I would probably have to stay home for at least a week before my eyebrows and sideburns had grown long enough for public appearances as a man. And, with my hairless body, it was clear that it would be several weeks before I could go out to the beach.

Still, I had the strangest dream that night. I was a famous fashion model and I was surrounded by handsome men who kept getting in the way of Barbara's camera...

But, despite the dream and this temporary exile from public activity I found that my old life of housework and resumes had returned.

I kind of missed the activities in the photo studio.

At the end of the month when my wife received her check from the catalog buyer, there was a check included made out to "Dani Bradley" for the sum of twelve hundred dollars. This is at least five times the amount I would normally make in a days work, and I jokingly wondered aloud to Barb whether I should take this up as a full time occupation.

"I am glad that you asked, dear," Barbara announced with a chuckle as she looked up from her business papers to place my `pay check' in with her bank deposit after I had signed it over to her to simplify its deposit. "I have had a lot of inquiries about the beautiful blond on the catalog cover. I am certain that I could find you some photo modeling jobs, and even some runway work."

"You are kidding," I countered in disbelief. "It was fun, but I am a male."

She laughed, and told me there were any number of feminine models who were really male. It was just that nobody knew about it, except the other models, the buyers and the photographers. Barb went on in tones that suggested that she was daring me to take to her suggestion, "If you are at all interested I could arrange for your training and make up a Modeling Portfolio, or photo resume book, for you to show prospective customers. And, then I will call a few friends and see whether there is any interest."

"Training, photo resume?" I repeated realizing that she wasn't really kidding me, she was serious. "Do you really think that I could earn money as a fashion model?"

"Probably a couple hundred thousand a year. Who on Earth knows? Beth feels that you could be a natural beauty with a little training and some work," she noted casually with a little shrug. "Of course, you would have to live full time as a woman. Nothing androgynous. Switching back and forth would be too tough on your skin, hair, and

photo image. And, your photo image would not be enough. A real woman is not a still photograph she is a real person, the sum of years of experience and training. You would have to learn how to manage yourself around men, since you will be a walking sex object.

“And, you will need to attend a fashion modeling course to prepare you for serious runway and photographic sessions. Hundreds of hours of training goes into preparing a model. Are you ready for all that?”

“Do you really think that I could make all that money?” I asked after a long silence, hardly hearing all her `conditions'. “I mean two hundred thousand dollars a year?”

“It's possible,” she replied thoughtfully. “However, we can start with you working as my model at first. We can apply your early earnings to any clothes, beauty treatments and training you may need until you are ready for outside employment. By then we will have your Portfolio ready. Okay?”

“Go ahead,” I said with a certain resignation to the idea that I was not about to find a job as an engineer and I had no desire to sit about writing useless resumes, or work as Barbara's housekeeper on a full time basis. “There isn't much else doing for me right now and we could use the money.”

“Well, if you are really interested in trying we can at least see what professional beauticians can do for you and you can gain some experience in your new gender,” Barbara observed with a matter-of-fact shrug as if the matter were settled. “I'll call Beth and see what she can do to start you off.”

Beth could recommend a beauty salon that specialized in makeovers, with no regard to sex. They had a large group of clients from the fashion world who were androgynous, and were served as well as the regular female clients, sometimes better as they were sometimes fussier.

Beth made an appointment for me, and Barb and I went in for a consultation, after which she was told to pick me up in about five hours at which time I should be ready.

I already had blond hair so no bleach was necessary, but the golden blond color we had decided on and my permanent would take about two hours. The eyebrows would be plucked and shaped while waiting and the nails would be done while I was under the dryer.

When Barb returned she was met by what I thought was a beautiful golden blond woman, who had a gorgeous hair- do. Beautiful curls and waves pulled up on the sides high arched, femininely thin eyebrows, and long oval shaped nails painted a glittering deep red to match her delicious looking lips.

The only thing missing was a body to match the face. The legs were smooth and hairless, as was the rest of my body, due to the full body waxing. I needed a good pair of artificial breasts, and they had special ordered a set with the same skin tones as my body. They had used a sample of available shades and picked an almost perfect match, which I would have next week.

For the next week as I waited for my breasts I wore nothing except three inch high heeled shoes and worked on a graceful walk, as models did not only pictures, but also

runway work. I also wore at all time a gaffe, or cache sex, which hid my male sex organs. It was extremely uncomfortable at first, and required that I sit to urinate, though it made it much easier to cross my legs like a woman as there was nothing in the way.

Both Barb and Beth constantly coached me on how to be a woman and worked to teach me the tricks of the cosmetics used by women.

I couldn't wait for my breasts to arrive, as they would complete the picture of womanhood I was trying to achieve.

When I got the call that my artificials had come in Beth and I drove in right away to pick them up. We did not even wait to tell Barb, as I wanted to surprise her.

The salon was all ready for me, and I was immediately taken to a fitting room to have them put on. What we had not realized, was that it took almost an hour for them to be fitted. They were attached with a special medical adhesive that had to dry for about twenty minutes before I could even move.

Beth told me she would return in an hour as she had an errand for Barb, and would return before I was done.

The salon operator tried the breasts to see how they looked without adhesive, and decided they were perfectly matched in color. She then attached a small suction device onto the artificial nipple, which had a small hole into the inside where my own would be and then coated the entire inside of the form with the adhesive. Placing it over my own flat breast she pumped the suction device several times, and I felt my nipple drawn up inside the gel filled form.

The procedure was then repeated for the other side, and I was told to relax and lie perfectly still until the adhesive set, about twenty minutes. The suction devices would then be removed and when I had put on my new bra I could go home.

The girl explained to me that the drawing up of my nipple into the form would give extra sensitivity to my own breasts. She told me that she had worn a set until getting an implant operation and they were wonderful; and, I could even wear them for six months at a time before they should be removed for a thorough cleaning.

“Best of luck, and when the time comes for implants we can recommend a good plastic surgeon,” she suggested with a little teasing laugh.

Arriving home that afternoon Barbara was not back yet, and I decided to pretty myself up and make an impression on my wife. Two hours later when she returned, I was all painted, and powdered as they say. I was wearing all black satin and lace lingerie, smoke black seamed stockings, four inch high heeled black patent pumps, filmy underwire bra, French cut satin and lace bikini panties, and a lace garter belt.

My hair was done in an elegant French twist, not a wisp of my golden blond tresses out of place. Over the lingerie there was a black satin house coat, belted tightly to show off my small waist.

Barb whistled in amazement, saying, “Dani, you are just gorgeous, you look good enough to eat.”

"I pay attention to what you and Beth teach me." I replied, "I want to really make a success of my modeling career. My hand is still a little shaky when doing the eye liner, but I'm now getting better." I remarked, "All I need is a lot of practice."

Barb asked me to take off the bra since she wanted to see my brand new breasts, and when I did so she raved about my body.

"You sure don't look anything like the man I married!" she told me, "You are beautiful, so swish I can't get over it"

After we had our dinner, watched a bit of television, and put up our hair in curlers we went to bed.

Sleep was not the first thing on my mind, being pampered and feminized all day had sort of gotten me in the mood for a little sex. Fooling around with Barbs breasts got her in the mood fairly quickly, which was a lot different than the last few months when she was rather cold, except for that night when she began my transformation.

"I love this," Barb murmured, "just like in college, playing with my roommate's boobs, only there is something waiting for me if I take off your gaffe. Dani, will you please get on the bottom?" Barb asked, "You look so much like a woman that I feel like the aggressor. I want to do you for a change."

My panties and gaffe disappeared quickly, and I felt Barbs leg slip over mine, and suddenly her vagina was descending over my manhood. The feeling was beyond belief, I felt like a woman would when her husband was entering her, it was wonderful.

Barb said, "Give me more." and I gave a little wiggle and was suddenly buried as deep as possible.

I had never had anyone do this for me before, not even my wife had done it this way, it was fabulous.....

The rest of the night passed in a blur, and soon it was time to rise and shine, we had a very big day coming up in the photo studio. Barb had a few dozen pages of fine lingerie pictures to do, and I wasn't the only model working that day. Which was just as well since Beth had enrolled me in an adults only fashion modeling school where I would attend morning classes that would provide me with proper training and a certificate that showed that I was a trained in Fashion Modeling.

In the afternoon I gathered experience doing the lingerie shots that helped to pay for my education.

The pictures of the bras required different cup sizes for perfect fits, I was a B, and blond. The other B was a red head, and we had some smaller girls for A's. There were two older models, by older I mean maybe forty, for the fuller figures.

As I said before modeling is hard work, and the next few weeks were extremely busy. Time went by, and I continued to get more and more feminine, almost forgetting I was really a man under all the female finery. Now I never left our bedroom in the morning without being completely made up, or dressed in a manner becoming a top model.

I had just run into the green eyed monster, jealousy.

One of the girls was unhappy that I had gotten an assignment she had hoped to get for a new lipstick advertisement.

Why? I don't know, because all you could see of me was my lips.

I had been modeling for fashion photos for three months, and the old bank account was in pretty good shape when one day Barb and Beth called me into the dark-room for a talk.

“Dani,” Barb started, “it has been three months since you got your breasts and we have a problem. That red headed witch the agency sent is saying you are a phony, with fake boobs, and feels you shouldn't get the jobs that real models should have. Beth said I can't fire her, but we can make a chump out of her to shut her up. We will have your artificial breasts removed over the weekend.”

“But that will take me out of the business altogether,” I replied.

“Nope, not if we get you implants right away,” Barb countered matter-of-factly, “I think you are ready for them about now anyway.”

I had been thinking about them for a month or more, not daring to bring it up for fear that Barb would think me queer.

“There is already an appointment for Friday night, and since Monday is a holiday you'll have at least three days to heal, and maybe more as we don't have to shoot your pictures until maybe Thursday.”

“Sounds good to me,” was my answer, “I would love to have my own breasts.”

“Yes, I knew you would,” Barbara agreed with a knowing smile thinking about our evening love games...

Friday evening at Dr. John's clinic they removed my breast forms, and implanted B cup saline inserts.

I would be the same size as before, only with much more sensitivity and lots more visibility, as I didn't have to worry about somebody seeing the slight line where my breasts joined my chest. All that showed were two very thin scars under my arms that only looked like a couple of red lines. There was little pain and the doctor said I should be healed in a few days.

When my bra pictures were shot on Thursday I flaunted my new equipment, mostly in the redhead's face, and even went so far as to bump into her so she got a feel of them too.

That ended the talk about phony breasts, and also brought on an increase of pleasure for Barbara and myself.

She said that they even tasted better. My nipples from being pulled up into the breast forms for three months were a little less than a half inch long and when Barb kissed or licked them I would go through the roof.

Meanwhile Barbara's job was almost done and we would have two or three months before starting again. Free time, time to do whatever we wished, and one of the things I didn't want to do was look for an engineer's job.