



Reluctant Press

Denise's Dilemma

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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DENISE'S DILEMMA

By R. PATRICIA SMITH

CHAPTER 1

I had been a cop for three years now, ever since I got out of high school. Actually, I went from high school straight into the police academy. I did have a fight to get in though, as I was under the required minimum height for a male police officer. I was only 5' 6" tall. Lucky for me though the minimum height for a female officer was shorter than I was, so I fought them on a sexual discrimination issue and won.

I got married the year after to the one girl I had loved since high school. I made a good living for us once I was working and until then used some of the money my Grandma had left to me.

When I graduated the academy I worked in the clerical department of the main police station. I was particularly suited to this area as I had excellent clerical skills and a good memory for the details of the work plus computer experience. I had never been out on a street assignment and knew I didn't belong out there.

But then the big shuffle came.

We got a new Chief of Police and she decided that every officer had to experience every position within the force before they could be properly classified.

I got transferred to the Vice Squad.

I didn't like it and told them so. I didn't like the assignment they gave me and told them that too.

The Captain told me I could go home and think about it and if I still didn't want to do it the next day, then fine. They would recommend my dismissal.

I went home to talk to Alice about all of this. I found that by sharing problems with her they usually got solved a lot faster.

Alice sat on the couch and listened as I explained the big shuffle they were forcing on the department. I told her what my new position was and that I didn't like it.

"Well, what is it exactly that they want you to do?"

"They want to plant me into a problem neighborhood as a mole," I replied.

"You're supposed to dig tunnels?" she asked sarcastically.

“No dear. They want me to get close to the criminal element and inform on them to the Vice Squad.”

“That doesn't sound too hard. What's the problem.”

“I have to have a vice like or unlike others in the area.”

“They want you to use drugs?”

“No. Worse!”

“Worse? What do you call worse?”

“They want me to go in there as a crossdresser.”

“A what?”

“A crossdresser. They want me to wear women's clothing most of the time and I have to live there too. That means I won't be here with you for months at a time. It'll be like being divorced even though we aren't.”

“Dennis, it just sounds bad right now, but if you had ever tried it you would know it really isn't so terrible. C'mon, lets get you a bath. I'll help you shave your legs and whatever else is too unfeminine and you can see for yourself that you could survive this easily.”

Alice seemed to actually like the idea of helping me to cross dress.

She ran me a bubble bath and was there to help me wash. I let her use her razor to remove the unfeminine hair from my body and limbs. She dried me off with a towel and dusted me with her body powder. She cleaned the tub before joining me in our bedroom where she supervised my dressing.

Alice and I were close to the same size. She chose a pair of her prettiest panties for me to try on first. They were a bright pink nylon overlaid and trimmed with pink lace. I pulled them on and adjusted my penis so that it was pointing up, towards the waistband. Alice helped me into a matching garter belt and showed me to put the garters inside the panties and out the leg openings. She thought it was sexier to put the panties on first, then work around them. She showed me how to roll up stockings, put them on, straighten and smooth them and attach them to the garters. She told me that real women usually preferred pantyhose to the garter belt and stockings, but that men seemed to prefer this style of hosiery.

She got out the bra which matched the panties and garter belt and helped me into it. The cups hung empty till she filled them out with some of her rolled up pantyhose. Alice was quite well endowed in the chest. Then she helped me into one of her full slips and one of her best mini-dresses.

Alice sat me at her vanity table where she showed me how to put on some eye shadow, mascara, blush and lipstick. She put a pair of her shoes with three inch spiked heels on my feet and helped me walk in them down the stairs to the living room.

I found myself enjoying the sensations the feminine clothing produced within me. I was sexually aroused and realized it when my hand brushed the front of the dress I wore.

“Can a man in a dress be attracted to a woman?” Alice asked.

“I sure think so.” I replied. I took her hand and placed it over my erect member and she smiled at me.

For the first time in our lives we had sex outside of our bedroom. We lifted our dresses, dropped our panties and made love on the living room floor.

We put ourselves back together again and Alice ordered pizza while I practiced walking around in the high heels.

“I think you should seriously consider taking this assignment Dennis.” she told me. “You'll be getting a raise in pay, we'll have some time to ourselves to think and it'll be a new experience for you to try living as a woman. You can learn a lot more about women by impersonating them than you can by just seeing them. Besides, the department will pay for all of your new feminine things won't they?”

“You want us to be apart?” I asked her.

“No, not really. But I've been told that if we stay together all of the time we could end up smothering each other with our love. I don't want that either. I think this could be good for both of us, like a paid vacation of sorts.”

“Kind of teaching us independence you mean, while still being in love and eventually returning to each other?”

“That's very good Dennis. And you know something, I think Dennis is the wrong name for a girl like you. Denise is a much better name.”

I sat on the couch and called Captain Martins at work. I caught her just before she was going to leave.

“You still want me to be a cross dressing mole?” I asked.

“Absolutely Dennis. The computer chose you as the best man for the job. We have alternates we can use but this assignment is really very safe and it will give you some street insights. I hope for your sake you accept it.”

“Very well Captain. I'll do it.” I told her.

“What changed your mind Dennis, if you don't mind my asking?”

“I talked to my wife about it. She agrees with you that I wouldn't get killed doing this and she talked me into at least trying to dress up as a woman before I wrote it off.”

“And did you try it?”

“Yes ma'am. As a matter of fact I have one of her dresses on right now. But, I have come to realize that I am going to need a lot more women's clothing before I can infiltrate the area you want me in.”

“That's true Dennis. If your wife is willing to help you the department will give you the money to go shopping and buy whatever it is you think you will need.”

“Besides clothes, there is make-up, accessories and a wig. I won't be purchasing the most expensive items, but I will have to have a certain quality. Especially if I am to be an experienced crossdresser there.”

“That's true. I can authorize a thousand dollars now so the two of you can start shopping tonight. Use your credit cards and save the receipts. We'll set up a separate checking account for you at the bank and deposit the rest of your front money there. You will use this to rent an apartment and make purchases in the area. While this is low key, it is very important and has to be kept secret. Neither you nor your wife can tell anyone.”

“Agreed. Do you want me to come in tomorrow?”

“No. I'll meet you at your house at noon.”

“We can have lunch together then.”

She agreed to join us for lunch but insisted I be dressed for my new assignment. I knew I had to get used to it so why not start with showing the Captain how I would look.

Alice was in the bathroom using the facilities when the pizza boy arrived with our dinner. I had the money ready and went to the door to get the pizza. I forgot how I looked and this kid was stunned when my masculine voice in my feminine form told him to keep the change.

I took the pizza and closed the door as Alice came down the stairs.

“Dinner is here.” I told her. But that was obvious. I headed for the kitchen where I opened the box on the table and got us each a plate and napkins.

“You answered the door as a woman?” she asked in surprise.

“I guess so.” I answered, “Though I guess my voice is still pretty masculine, isn't it?”

“I guess it is. I wonder what that delivery boy is thinking about us now.”

“Who cares really. I called Captain Martins and told her you talked me into taking the assignment. She is coming to lunch tomorrow to explain the whole thing to us. She gave me her permission to start purchasing the things we think I will need to pull this off. Just save the receipts and we'll be reimbursed.”

Alice was happy with my decision, our decision. She called her friend Mindy who owned a specialty shop for women and told her about a friend who had special needs. She described the problems without mentioning names and Mindy agreed to run over with the necessary items to 'fix' things.

I didn't know what Alice had in mind but just knew it had to be feminine.

When Mindy's car arrived in the driveway I did as Alice requested and went to the ladies' room. Mindy didn't stay long after giving Alice the ordered items and wishing her 'friend' luck.

Alice came up to our bedroom once Mindy was gone.

“Your first purchases are here Denise.” Alice called to me as she opened the bags on our bed. “Come and see what the nice lady brought for you.”

I strode into the bedroom in still rather small steps as it was easier to keep my balance than trying to act like a male.

On the bed I saw a blonde wig and a couple of tear drop shaped items, I didn't know what they were.

Alice explained after helping me out of her dress and slip.

“These little goodies are breast forms, worn by women who've had mastectomies. I got you a pair in size 'C' so you can fill out my bras a lot better than with the stockings. They have the same shape and weight as a normal breast that size.”

“Excellent thinking Alice.” I complimented her. “The more feminine I look the more feminine I'll feel and the more feminine hopefully I'll be able to act.”

“I'll teach you as much as I can. How much time do we have before your assignment begins?”

“I don't know. The Captain will tell us tomorrow.”

Alice helped me get dressed again in her slip and mini-dress and this time she helped me into the long blonde wig.

While my own hair was blonde and longish for a male police officer, it was still too short for me to wear it as a female. The wig matched my color fairly closely.

Alice found one of her spare wallets and had me transfer the contents of my own wallet into it. She got me one of her handbags and deposited my car keys, house keys, one of her handkerchiefs and a few items from her make-up table into it.

I added my new wallet as she held it open for me.

I checked my appearance in the mirror and was pleased to see that I looked very good as a woman. The hair of the wig was half way down my back and a perfect contrast to the black mini-dress I wore. My figure wasn't as good as Alice's but in this dress it really didn't matter much. Guys would look more at my legs than my body anyway. I had nice looking legs in the stockings and high heels.

Alice got me one of her trench coats, got a coat for herself and ushered me out to her car. She was driving. She took me to some of the shops she liked to buy her things at and together we found a good supply of feminine underwear for me.

I held my tongue in the stores because of her voice, and only whispered to Alice occasionally to give my approval or disapproval of garments she chose. I didn't think I would need a Basque or merry widow but she got me several of them anyway.

She almost chose some rather plain ladies underwear for me, but at my suggestion got the fancier ones. Out in the car she asked me, “Why can't you make do with plain ones too?”

“Cross dressers like the prettier things, remember?”

“Yeah, I forgot. Okay, we have enough for now. We'll go out again tomorrow. We should decide on outerwear before we go out though.”

“Outerwear is fairly simple from what I can see.” I said. “As a crossdresser, the most feminine things are the best.”

“Dresses and skirts all of the time?”

“Maybe not all the time, most of the time though, and mostly the mini styles too. I suppose some feminine jeans or slacks or shorts would be in order too.”

“You don’t want to take men’s clothes with you too?”

“I don't think that would be a good idea to start. I might decide to chicken out if I have men's' things around all the time.”

“Okay, I think you should only have women's things too.”

CHAPTER 2

When I awoke the next morning I had to think for a minute to understand why I was wearing this frilly pink nightie to bed. It came to me and I didn't feel so perverted as I slid out of bed and examined my image in the full length dressing mirror. I found that I liked what I saw.

Alice was still asleep as I went into the bathroom and had my morning shower.

I padded in bare feet back to the bedroom wearing my towel female style, over my chest just under the arms.

Alice was up by then and had the bed made. She was laying the clothes she wanted me to wear that day on the bed and I watched her till she was done.

“Dress yourself and try your make-up Denise,” she instructed as she headed off for her bath. “You'll have to do it sooner or later anyway, might as well start now.”

She spoke the truth so I dropped the towel onto the floor by the door and walked over to the bed.

Eyeing the things she had laid out for me I found the panties and put them on first. Then I snagged the bra and with a bit of horrendous twisting and stretching finally got it on. I filled out the cups with my bra forms, then found the garter belt and stockings. They were easier to put on and the taut nylon felt wonderful on my hairless and shapely legs. Today's underwear was all white with lots of lace. The stockings were nude. I put on the white half slip trimmed with lace and the matching camisole.

Thusly attired I sat at the vanity table to try my hand at the make-up. I did as closely as I could what Alice had done the night before. It took me a couple of tries before I got my eyes looking half way decent. Lipstick and blush seemed a lot easier by comparison.

To finish getting dressed I put on one of Alice's semi-sheer white blouses. It had long puffed sleeves and pearl buttons up the front and on the cuffs. Next I put on a steel blue skirt that had a short slit up the back. I did the button up behind my back and zipped the zipper up.

Alice came back into the bedroom as I put on a pair of her light gray pumps, again with three inch heels.

“The matching jacket is in the closet downstairs by the front door,” she told me. She clipped earrings to my earlobes, placed a single strand of pearls around my neck and offered me any of her watches or rings I cared to try on.

She doused me lightly with her cologne, kissed me on the cheek and asked me to go and make the coffee while she got herself dressed. I put my wig on, adjusted it to sit properly, then smiled and winked at her as I left the room.

I put the coffee on and got things ready for our normal morning fare. It usually consisted of little more than juice, toast and coffee. I had to go out onto the front lawn to retrieve the morning paper and saw our next door neighbor out watering his lawn. I waved to him, then realized he couldn't recognize me. I was blonde, Alice had black

hair. I went back inside as Alice came down the stairs wearing a pink blouse with a black skirt and matching jacket.

“Mister Kravitz won't know what to think when he sees us leave later. I'm sure he'll be watching like he was when I got the paper,” I told her.

“Let him watch.” Alice smiled at me. “For a new girl you sure are brave aren't you, letting our neighbors see you like this?”

“Brave or stupid doesn't really matter, does it? I have to get used to this as soon as possible.”

“True. I am really glad you're doing this Denise. Not just for helping to clean up this city either. I really like seeing you dressed as a woman.”

“I discovered you were right last night when you told me it really wasn't as bad as I thought, though my feet and legs do hurt from these shoes. I just had to try it to find out for myself.”

“Good. Let's eat, then we'll go get you some dresses of your own, and some footwear too. We'll see what the Captain says before we finish shopping for you.”

At the kitchen table all I had was juice and coffee. Alice was having toast too so while she worked at that she also instructed me on how to put on the dark red nail polish she had brought down with her. It matched our lipsticks. After her toast she touched up her own nails.

I put my dishes into the sink, then got the jacket which matched the skirt I wore and put it on.

Alice came out and together we went out to her car again. Mister Kravitz was still in his yard and watching us.

We both waved to him and this time he waved back as he must have recognized Alice.

Away we went, this time downtown to the department stores. We wanted to avoid the malls which were usually pretty crowded and stayed with the less crowded individual venues. Once again I didn't have to say too much. Alice did most of the talking for her sister, me.

Together we picked out several dresses in each of the stores we visited and in each place Alice helped me try them on in the dressing rooms. Though I tried on as many as ten dresses in every store, we never bought more than one in each place. All in all we bought six new dresses for me.

We visited four shoe stores and I must have tried on literally dozens of pairs of footwear in each place. In most stores we only got me one pair of shoes or slippers. In the last store Alice found several pairs she bought for me. I got high heels and flats and mid heels and one play time pair of boots. They were red leather and laced up to the knee and had six inch high heels that forced me to stand almost on the tips of my toes. Having bought those boots for me Alice insisted upon going back to one of the dress shops and buying me the red leather skirt I had tried on and the matching jacket too.

Our purchases easily totaled well over three thousand dollars all together so we went home to await Captain Martins.

As usual she was right on time. Lunch was ready by then too.

I answered the door bell and invited Captain Martins in.

“Hello Dennis,” she greeted as she entered the house. “My, aren't you a sight?”

I turned around to let her see me from all sides and asked, “How do I look?”

“Actually, a little too good for this assignment,” she said. “We need a crossdresser who is quite a bit sluttier if you'll pardon my language. You won't be going into the good part of town you know?”

“I know that Captain. This is my wife's outfit. I just put it on this morning so we could go shopping.”

Alice came out of the kitchen then and I made the introductions. Before getting down to business we ate the lunch Alice had prepared. In the living room with our tea we listened to what the Captain had to say to us.

“At the start of this assignment, yesterday, you got the promotion to Sergeant. Your paychecks will be direct deposited to your account as usual. We set up a separate account just for Denise to work with. How much have you spent so far?”

“I'm afraid I went a bit overboard,” Alice told her. “We went out last night and got lingerie. Just dresses and footwear today. Over three thousand dollars in total. I can pay for some of it as I doubt Denise will use it all on assignment.”

“Don't be silly Alice,” The Captain countered. “Dennis is doing us a great service. We will pay for all of it whether he uses it or not.”

“Thanks Captain,” I replied.

“Not at all. Some of the low lifes we want to nab are pretty well connected. To whom, we don't know. So we had to come up with a fool proof cover story for you to get in there. We're sure it'll be checked so we have to be thorough.

“Your story is this: You were a computer programmer, we know you have the skills, making good money with a house and a wife and a secure future. Your wife had to go to the coast to be with her sick mother for about a month and you couldn't get off from work. You were always a closet crossdresser, even in school, but with your wife gone for a whole month you cut loose in your spare time home alone and dressed regularly in your wife's' clothes. One Monday night, three weeks into your time alone you were all dolled up with wig and make-up and completely dressed when to everyone's surprise, your wife arrived home with your boss and caught you in drag.

“Your boss fired you on the spot and your wife broke down in tears. No explanation sufficed and you were asked to leave and to take all of your feminine things with you. You were hoping to get by with some money you had put aside until you could patch things up with your wife whom you still loved.

“But, you left dressed as a woman and didn't take any men's' things. So you decided to live temporarily as a woman and find some job as a woman to support your-

self. Your male voice won't matter where you're going, but it would be to your advantage to be trying to alter it to a more feminine pitch.

“If you can get your foot in the door by finding a small apartment in the area and a job we can cement your position with an apparent legal name change to Denise. Don't worry, we can do it temporarily and just make it look permanent. While these changes are happening you will profess your love for your wife thereby allowing you the leeway to bypass the search for a personal entanglement. Everyone has to have someone so make sure you have a picture of some woman handy who can be your wife. It would be best for Alice not to use her picture, or even her real name. We don't want anything being traced back to her.

“There's always a furnished apartment down there for rent and we're pretty sure you can get a job in one of the ladies wear stores as some of the local cross-dressers buy their things from them. If not, there are restaurants who hire cross-dressers as waitresses or you can try the hotel in the middle of the area. This last suggestion is about your last option. It is the most dangerous though we doubt life threatening.

“Any questions?”

Neither Alice nor I had any just then. It sounded pretty well covered to us but we were amateurs. We had never done anything like this before.

The Captain left and Alice and I sifted through all of the information we were given.

Alice gave me a picture of a friend of hers who had moved to Europe last year as my wife and we named her Gwen.

Not much chance they could track that down.

CHAPTER 3

In my own home with my own wife I was living out of a suitcase, literally. Actually it was several suitcases. Most of my really nice things we hung in Alice's closets as I wouldn't be taking them with me.

I wore things like mini-dresses and miniskirts and heels and lots of lacy underwear. I even started to wearing my wig to bed just so that I could look more feminine first thing in the morning. I had a travel case full of make-up and another full of cheap costume jewelry. And within the two week grace period I learned somewhat to modulate my voice so that it was more like that of a husky female voice.

Then the day came and that night I loaded up my car and drove down to the seediest part of town. I cruised around till I found a sign that said 'apartment for rent' and went in to rent it.

I was wearing black lace underwear, black stockings and a sheer black blouse. I wore my red leather miniskirt and my red leather lace up boots with the six inch heels. I had the jacket on too, plus my make-up and wig which I would not be caught without now.

The guy at the registration desk asked me if I was a hooker.

I said no and paid cash for a one month stay. I made sure to make it look like I was paying with the last of my money.

He gave me a room key and told me where to park my car. I had to carry my own luggage up to my rooms.

I got a small bachelor apartment for one hundred dollars a month. A living room with a hide-a-bed. A tiny bathroom with no bath tub, just a shower over a drain hole. The kitchenette was small and to my surprise the appliances worked. The whole place was filthy and stank pretty badly.

I had to clean the whole place out before I could live there. I spent the rest of the night in my car. The next day I cleaned my apartment but good, then moved in.

The second day there I went looking for a job. I tried the places the Captain had suggested, but there wasn't anything available to anyone. As a last resort I went to the hotel to see if employment there was possible. I didn't want to scrap this project so soon.

As luck would have it there was always a job for a good looking young girl like me. They needed Go-Go Dancers who could shake their asses and tits on stage for the paying customers. I said I wasn't a very good dancer and I didn't have the natural assets the other girls did.

"We only need dancers," the manageress told me, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. A one time special just because I think you're so cute. I'll let you wash glasses behind the bar and the dishes for the kitchen. You watch the girls dancing when you can and learn to dance in your spare time. Then you have to come up with five hundred within a week and we'll get you some boobs so you can earn a living. What do you say?"

"I'll take it. I might be able to get five hundred from my old boss. He still owes me back pay and holiday pay for the job I did for him."

This was my emergency cash stash Jodi said I could use if I had to. Jodi was the Captain. Better to use her first name rather than her title.

"Why'd your last boss fire you?" Candi asked me.

"I'm a male and worked for him as one. He caught me at home the other night dressed as a woman."

"We like cross-dressers here. What's your name?"

"Denise."

"Okay Denise. You start tomorrow. You'll wash dishes, you'll wash glasses, you'll watch the girls and learn. And next Friday I want you to have five hundred bucks. No money and the deal is off and you're out of here. Understood?"

"Yes. I'll do it." I told her. At the very least I had a week of spying I could do before I got kicked out of there.

On my one day off I went to see Alice at our house. I made sure I wasn't followed. Jodi met me there as per our pre-arrangement. All of the places had to close on Sunday so I knew I had that day to report in.

I told Alice and Jodi about the deal and that if I couldn't find another job soon I would have to leave there. They just looked at each other before Alice told me, "They're planning to give you breast implants. Make sure you get the ones filled with saline solution. The silicone ones tend to break, then you will have silicone in your knees."

"You actually want me to get implants?" I asked her.

"Well of course. You can have the five hundred dollars with no problems several times over. They'll want to give you fairly large breasts to be a dancer but with your frame will have to do it in two or three operations. Don't worry, these operations are completely reversible later on."

Jodi agreed with Alice. And since I looked to be more of a permanent resident down there Jodi was going to start my legal name change to Denise Eileen Filmore.

I stopped at an ATM machine on my way back to the ghetto and took the necessary money out of my Denise account. It would be replaced automatically.

The next day I was back at my job washing dishes and glasses and watching the girls. I imitated their gyrating movements the best I could when I was alone in my room playing loud music and teaching myself to dance.

Candi came to talk to me as I washed dishes on Wednesday to see if I would be ready on Friday.

"I checked with some girls I know and they told me not to get silicone implants." I told her. "They said that only the implants with the saline solution were safe."

"They're right. This doctor only uses the best implants. You can inspect them before he puts them in if you like."

"Good." I replied.

“You have the money then?”

“Yes. I was also told that with my frame it might take two or three operations to give me a good pair of tits.”

“That's true. But you can dance with small tits if you go topless. You cover up small boobs and you may as well be dancing right now. No one will pay to see that.”

“I don't know about dancing topless Candi. How long do I have to wait between operations?”

“At least a month. You can afford the second operation?”

“I hope so. I don't want to dance topless. Will you let me continue as I am until then?”

“Some of my best customers will be through here in about four months. If you're ready to dance before then I'll let you stay. Otherwise I'll have to get some other girls in and get rid of you.”

I hoped the whole job would be over by then, so I agreed to Candi's conditions.

Friday came and I met my doctor, Elmore Ghost. He showed me the packaged and sterilized saline sacs he was going to implant under the skin of my chest. I paid my money and let them put me to sleep. When I woke up I had bandages on my chest, and A sized titties too.

I couldn't wear a bra for a while so I just wore a camisole under my blouse or dress.

The doctor supplied me with a part of my transformation Jodi and Alice forgot about. He gave me a prescription for some female hormones. Of course I got it filled as I had to be the perfect little crossdresser for my audiences. The pharmacist advised me that should I ever run out or stop taking them I would revert back to my old self quite quickly. I then had the incentive to take the Premarin tablets, one a day.

I couldn't go back to visit Alice for a connection to Jodi so arrangements had been made in advance.

A divorce lawyer was hired to be the go-between for us. Acting as my lawyer and conferring with me sometimes twice a month Ms. Adams brought me my instructions and took my informational tidbits back to Jodi.

The anticipated arrival in four months was good news and they wanted me here for that. I knew that I had to be dancing in the bar well before then just to stay.

In order to make it easier for me I took a course on my days and/or nights off. Exotic and Belly Dancing for beginners. Who knows, it might come in handy in the future.

I had my second operation which removed my A cup implants and replaced them with B cup ones. I talked to the doctor to see if I could double up on the hormones he had given me. He said sure I could and wrote me another prescription. I also made an appointment with him to do one more operation.

“Just how big do you want to be?” he asked.

"All of my clothes were bought for a size C." I told him. "I couldn't be happy with anything less."

"Size C in two weeks but they cost a bit extra. For the same price and at the same time I could make you a size D."

"Then I would need all new clothes. I'll stay with the C for a while before I go any bigger. How much extra."

He told me and I knew it wouldn't be a problem. Candi caught me at work a few days later and asked how long before I was dancing for her. I told her about four to six weeks. I had another operation scheduled.

"Girls with big boobs do pretty good for tips, even better if they go topless," she told me.

"I'll think about it. Once these operations are over I'll need to make some good money. Topless may be the way."

That made her smile. It was one of the few times I ever saw her look reasonably happy. It was worth it to get her off my back about dancing and to let me stay. The information I got out was worth a lot to Jodi and her superiors.

I received my new identification in the mail and had to go down for a picture on my driver's license. For this I wore my red leather outfit with a yellow blouse. I went to a beauty salon for the first time in my life and had my own hair done by experts. I was really good by then with my own make-up.

The DMV was nice to me. For some reason the day I went there were no line ups. I was in, had my picture taken, applied to my license and was out within fifteen minutes. A new record.

The name on all of my identification was now Denise Eileen Filmore. Very good for my cover I thought. At the time I didn't think to look but my sex was listed on these pieces of ID as F.

I made my doctors appointment on schedule and became the girl I wanted to be for my cover. With breasts the size of the ones I had, I had to be careful for the first month or two. And I couldn't wear a bra for at least two weeks. That meant going slowly for that length of time.

Candi saw that I was going to be useless for a while so she told me to take it easy and get better before trying to push it. She also told me to take some time off. I told her I wanted to get this divorce of mine through with now so I would be rid of the witch who couldn't accept her husband in skirts.

"Actually Denise, that's a lot for any woman to handle in a marriage." Candi told me. "I've seen lots of guys dressed as girls so it doesn't bother me, but I doubt your wife has been exposed to the things I have. Look at things from her point of view."

"I'm trying to Candi." I replied. "She's said the same thing since we were dating in high school. Look at it my way. In a dress I see it more from her point of view than any man can dressed in suit and tie."