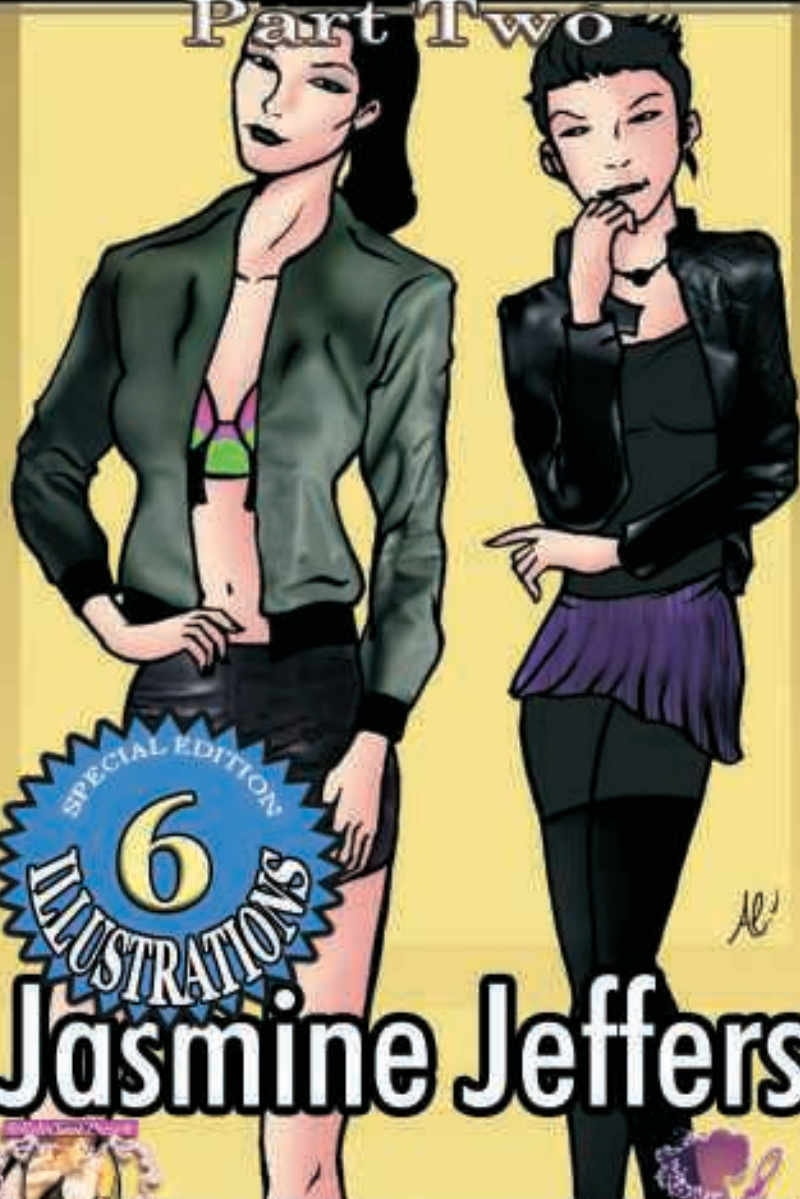


# Undertow

Part Two



SPECIAL EDITION  
**6**  
ILLUSTRATIONS

Jasmine Jeffers



A "Her Tv" Novel



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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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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# **UNDERTOW**

## **Part 2**

**by Jasmine Jeffers**

### **CHAPTER ELEVEN: WAIST DEEP AND THE WATER IS RISING**

“Here we are in ‘The Biggest Little City in the World’, CeCe!” exclaimed Greta as the train pulled to a stop in the heart of Reno, Nevada.

Brandon had observed the California landscape from a coach seat on the daylong journey. Brandon felt a flush of excitement at the abrupt change from the dark Nevada desert landscape to the neon lights of casinos, restaurants, and hotels. The train actually stopped traffic on a major thoroughfare. Its arrival was a daily event that caused tourists and locals alike to stop and gander at the latest candidates for wallet cleaning.

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A brief respite from the locomotion occurred the day before as the pair shopped and partied in San Francisco. After checking in at a South of Market motel, they visited a leather shop where CeCe was fitted in a black leather miniskirt and bomber jacket. A bus delivered them to Haight Street where Greta bought a bustier for CeCe at Piedmont Boutique. A rainbow of pink, purple, and green sequins topped with a row of black tassels dangled from beneath the brassiere.

Greta did not purchase breast prostheses until late in the afternoon. She seemed to delight in creating an androgynous look by keeping his make-up light, hair combed with a simple side part; legs were clad in black opaque tights and oxford styled Dr. Martens.

On Grant Street, Greta and CeCe entered the exclusive Fogal of Switzerland hosiery store. Several body stockings and thigh high styles were purchased, some suitable for the gym, others for the nightclub or boudoir.

Greta personally found three styles she adored. After dropping off their booty and freshening up at the room, Greta again cultivated the feminine side of CeCe's persona.

He was back in the new bustier with weighted, silicone, C cup inserts hidden inside. A shiny purple wrap around skirt with stand up pleats was fastened around his waist. The sexiest stockings he had ever worn, opaline Tête-à-tête thigh highs with black seams and heels caressed his legs which were perched upon black sling back heels. The leather jacket provided warmth on the windy, foggy evening and gave him a tough/pretty look.



They made their way to North Beach where they enjoyed a veal and pasta dinner at Little Joe's and then walked to Finocchio's for a show.

Brandon looked around nervously and found several men quickly averting their gaze from his table. It did not take him long to realize that some of the skimpily dressed, long legged waitresses were really men. Indeed, once the show began he realized the performers were all female impersonators. He relaxed as the show progressed, marveling at the costumes and illusions.

Afterwards, Greta asked to speak to the manager. A short, rotund, Italian man with a thick handlebar mustache wearing an expensive suit approached the table.

“I just want to tell you how much we enjoyed the show, sir, and wonder if you would grant my companion a special wish,” smiled Greta as she nodded toward CeCe.

“Thank you, and I shall definitely consider it,” replied the gentleman who winked at CeCe.

“CeCe is a cross dresser and very talented dancer on her way to Reno to search for a job in a casino show. She is a little shy, but wants to know how your performers go about hiding their equipment if you know what I mean. Do you think one of the performers might be able to take a few minutes and reveal some tricks of the trade?”

The blood drained from Brandon's face accenting the pink blush on his cheeks and his pink rose lips. He tried to form a smile but the corners of his mouth twitched with nervousness. He took a quick sip from his drink and looked down at the table.

“I am delighted to escort your coquettish companion backstage and to introduce her to some of the girls. She may even draw some jealous stares,” agreed the manager who bowed and extended a hand.

When CeCe accepted it, he bowed again and planted a kiss on the back of it as he pulled him to his feet.

“Madam, may I serve you a glass of wine on the house while CeCe is away?”

“Yes, thank you, you are very gracious.”

CeCe felt a fat hand at the small of his back pressing against the top of his rump. As he glided across the busy club, he heard Greta's lilting voice sing out: “Shake that little caboose, CeCe!”

Brandon learned several important techniques that night and left the club wearing a special gaff that would do it's job under the briefest of costumes.

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They piled their luggage and packages into a cab for the four block trip to Circus Circus where Greta had reserved a suite for three nights. Both travelers were tired and took separate showers.

CeCe was handed the emerald nightgown and nothing else. He gratefully climbed into a queen size bed in a room separate from Greta's.

On Sunday, they toured all the casinos and played many of the games at the second floor arcade of Circus Circus.

They spent a half hour at the Dazzling Tiara. Greta wanted to get an idea of the general layout. She asked CeCe to observe the employees — especially the waitresses and showgirls to see what they were wearing and where they went.

CeCe picked one girl who ferried free drinks to people playing the slot machines. She, like the others, wore a braided fall pinned to her head under a cute rhinestone tiara. A short, white, one piece serving dress trimmed in silver lurex rode high on her hips. A stiff over skirt was sewn on over the ruffled panty bottom. Silver tights with matching 4 inch heels completed the uniform. The low cut bodice had some kind of underwiring because the waitress' breasts pressed together and upward.

Brandon felt glad he was to be a dancer, because he had no desire for the constant exposure that this job required.

Greta considered Sunday their day off, and treated Brandon as an equal, to his considerable relief. He had dressed himself that morning and he didn't have to be told to slip into his nightgown that evening.

With Monday's dawn, he again waded into the edges of a swift current.

He put on the new gaff under his white panties. Then he donned a plain white bra and filled the cups with the new C-cup falsies. Greta handed him a short sleeved black t-shirt with the word Hollywood scrawled across the front in hot pink script. He shuddered at the oversized cleavage, and almost complained about the white Spandex biker shorts with lace trim. He slid his bare feet into the familiar red mules.



Brandon surmised something was up when Greta handed him a bottle of polish remover and had him clean the red enamel from his finger and toe nails. She finished dressing in blouse, slacks, and blazer. She handed him a small purse and announced that they were ready to leave.

“Wait! I haven't put on my make-up and earrings, and I must do something with my hair,” wailed Brandon in panic.

“Aw, does little CeCe feel naked without her make-up? Well, most women don't bother to put on make-up when they go to the beauty salon, so I don't know why you should. But if you insist, I want you to cake it on! That's right — heavy on the eye liner, mascara, foundation, blush, and lip gloss. Darken those eyebrows. Don't bother with the hair. C'mon, let's go.”

Fifteen minutes later Brandon sat waiting on a chair at Glamour Girl. Across the room, he could see but not hear an animated conversation between Greta and the proprietor. They were pointing at pictures in a fashion magazine.

All of a sudden the shop owner stopped dead at one of Greta's remarks and stared at Brandon for a long moment. Then she smiled and continued the conversation.

Finally, Greta strode across the room and addressed Brandon.

CeCe, I'm meeting with a Realtor today to search for a place to set up operations. Doris will be able to take you in one hour. I want you to cooperate fully. I'll meet you back at the room at 6:00. Here's the latest issue of Mirabella, have fun and enjoy your makeover!"

Greta left as two middle-aged matrons walked in and seated themselves across from CeCe. Five minutes later, Doris came over and handed him a pink nylon smock.

“Here, Sissy, I want you to go back to the bathroom, slip out of your shirt and shorts and put this on. There is some cold creme back there. Take off that hideous make-up. You are getting a facial, manicure, pedicure, and a new color job on your hair — Among other things. Run along.”

“My name is CeCe,” he said to Doris' back, as she had turned to greet the two women.

At 4:30, a very tired, embarrassed and transformed CeCe left the salon. He looked like a showgirl on her way to work. The white-blond, straight, silky hair curled forward along the base of his jaw. His ears glistened in the late afternoon sunlight. Each of his ears had been pierced six times, three rhinestone posts in each lobe and three more along the upper rim. Even his newly manicured nails sported a small rhinestone in the center of the ivory enamel. He stopped at a fast food restaurant and ate a taco and soft drink while trying to ignore the lustful stares of the men at surrounding tables.

He arrived at the room at 5:30 and examined himself in the mirror. Immediately, he felt pressure beneath the gaff, shocked to see that his own image aroused him. He turned away and examined the new make-up in CeCe's colors that Doris insisted he wear from now on.

“Great news,” said Greta as she stepped inside the door, “you will be happy to know I found the perfect office with adjoining apartment over in Sparks. It's really close to Bally's, too, so we will have a place to work out. Wow! You look fantastic. Anyway, it won't

be ready until next Saturday so we will have to move to a cheaper motel tomorrow. We might as well live it up until tomorrow. Get undressed and draw a nice bubble bath. I'll order some room service food later and we'll have a pamper party.”

CeCe was naked and about to step into the hot bath when a nude Greta pranced in.

“Don't you dare step in there, Sissy Darling,” admonished Greta, emphasizing the name, Sissy, “that is my bath and you shall bathe me, and shave me.”

“Please don't call me Sissy,” he whined, attempting to hide his growing penis. Her pendulous breasts and fur covered mound aroused him instantly.

She ignored his words and slipped under the aromatic suds.

“Well, face it, that is exactly what you are, now lather me with this beauty bar and keep your pretty lips together and smiling while you work.”

Brandon kept his mouth shut and his mind on his duty. His body pursued other drives. After he patted her dry and rubbed her body with glistening moisturizers, his cock stood at attention.

Greta appeared to condone it until he was ordered into the bath.

“But this water is lukewarm and filled with your hair,” his smart mouth betraying him .

“We are in the desert now and we must conserve water. Get on your hands and knees and open your mouth wide.”

Brandon's eyes were wide with fear as Greta picked up the bar of soap and lathered every inch of his body below his neck. Suddenly he felt the sudsy bar being jammed between his lips and teeth. Seconds later a slippery hand grasped his rigid penis and began to pump. Even worse, Greta's strong right hand began slapping his ass cheeks.

“Naughty, Sissy, my pretty trainee is so lacking in self control,” Greta intoned in a soft voice that grew with sharpness and intensity, “that his lips flap incessantly, and his disgusting wee-wee wags like a stupid puppy. Well, I have just the medicine for such behavior, you bad boy.”

The glycerin in the soap increased the sting of her swats, yet he felt the swift orgasm more that sent him shooting harmlessly into the bath water . A dozen more blows softened him and changed his focus.

“Turn over and sit on your hands, sissy. Look at me and listen closely.”

Tears streamed down his cheeks and thin rivulets of foam drived from the corners of his mouth.

Her forefingers and thumbs rolled and pulled on his defenseless nipples.

“I'm going to take that soap out of your mouth in a minute. I want you to begin to focus upon your little titties because they are going to be much more important than that shriveled worm between your legs. I'm going into the bedroom to change into something comfortable. We are going to have a special evening together. While I'm in there, I want you to sing out how much of a sissy you are, how sorry you are, and what special sissy names you want to be called. Begin.”

She ripped the soap from his teeth.

He sputtered and began his litany. He couldn't believe that words like Little Missy Sissy Tits and Precious Pantyboy emerged during that fifteen minute period. He was almost glad the bar went back between his teeth as she made him stand. She had mixed up a foul smelling preparation that she identified as bleach. He soon understood as she slathered it onto the only hair remaining beneath his head, the narrow triangle of his pubic mound. With his newly white/blonde locks, he simply had to match down below. The deed was done.

Greta handed him her used, damp towel.

He dried himself. Powder, perfume and moisturizers followed, the latter especially soothing on his reddened bottom. He emerged to find Greta standing beside the bed, looking fresh and sexy in a body stocking with an opaque black top and pale pink legs, seamed in black. She pointed to the items laid on the bed and told him to dress.

The sheer white opaline thigh highs and see-through white baby doll top with puffed shoulders slid on quickly. The darkened heel and seams of his stocking lit a spark in his crotch and he prayed he would not get hard again. He looked quizzically at the white satin ribbon, the only item that remained on the bed.

“Miss Klein, may I have the panty that goes with this top? All I see is this ribbon — is it to go in my hair?”

“In a way, it does,” smiled Greta, sitting on the edge of the bed. “You see, when we are alone from now on, you shall wear this lovely dolly ribbon. The fact that you so readily ask for women's panties af-

firms your sissy-hood but this will be a much more vivid reminder.”

Brandon blushed deeply as Greta deftly wrapped the ribbon around his scrotum and knotted it tightly at the base of his cock on top before crisscrossing the shaft several times. She finished off her handiwork by tying it in a precious bow just above the head. He was speechless.

Greta stood suddenly and planted her lips on his. Her tongue slipped between his teeth as her fingers tweaked his nipples through the thin fabric.

“Go freshen your make-up, Sissy Darling,” she purred, “room service will be here any minute with dinner.”

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Brandon became a rubbery rose petal that evening, caressed and manipulated at will. He knew that the room service man saw his bare bottom and stocking tops as he bent over the bed to fetch a tip from Greta's purse. He planted an “impulsive” kiss on the man's cheek as he pressed the \$5 into his palm.

Greta smiled as her previous order was so willingly carried out.

“Sissy, dear, come kneel on the love seat beside me,” invited Greta after dinner, “and look at the two books I found for us to enjoy. One is 'Showgirls through the Centuries,' and the other is the newest copy of F.M.I., Female Mimics International. It's billed as the 'magazine for men who want to dress as women'. It is so appropriate for a showgirl sissy slut like you.”

The constant visual stimulation, the exotic costumes, and the erotically charged atmosphere brought the helpless sissy to tumescence twice more that evening. Greta quickly remedied the situation both times by coolly emptying his sore tool into a pair of his panties. His bottom received a spanking for his lack of control each time as well.

“You won't even need a gaff for that shriveled sissy button,” she laughed as she ordered him into her bed that evening.

Exhausted, sleep engulfed him like a long foaming breaker rushing toward a sandy shore.