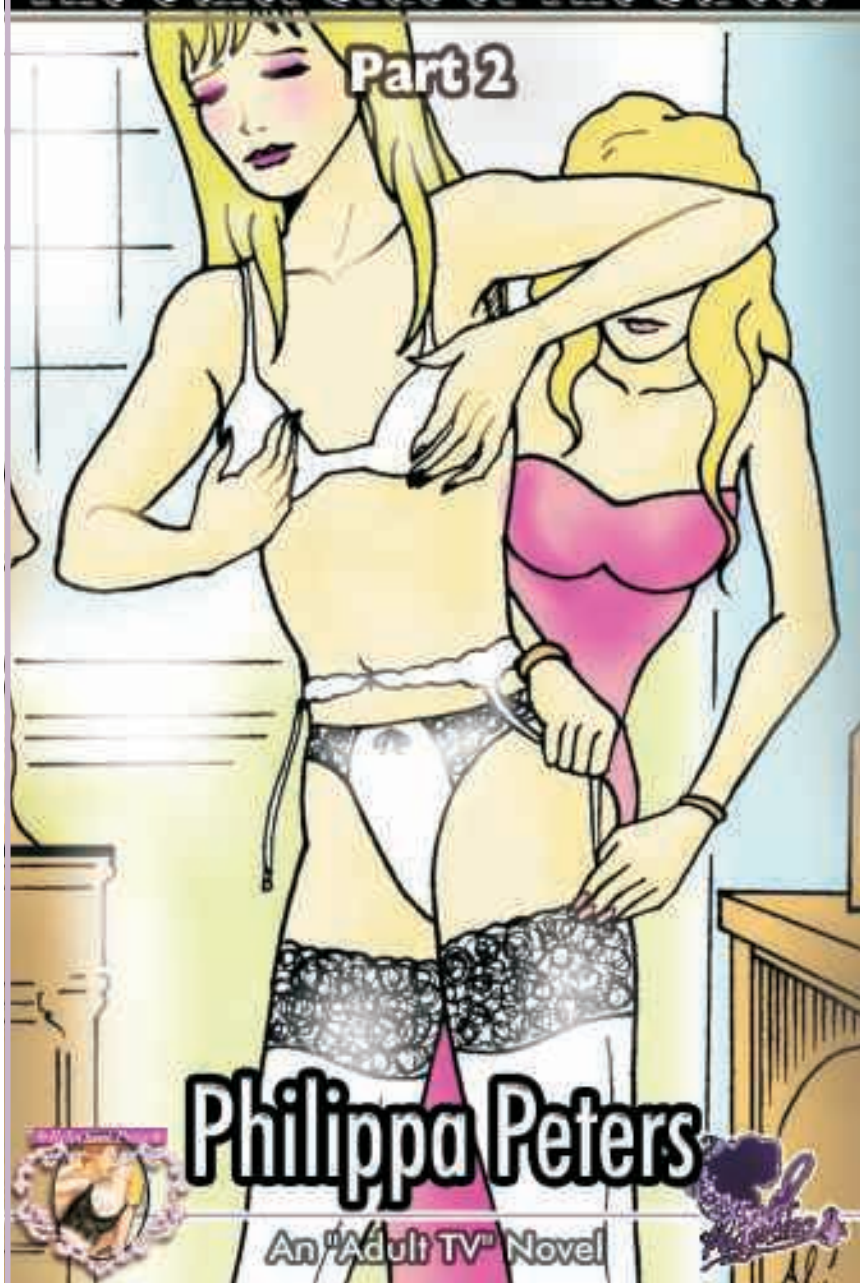


# The Other Side of The Street

Part 2



Philippa Peters

An "Adult TV" Novel



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# **THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET**

## **Part Two**

**by Philippa Peters**

### **X. A MEMBER OF THE CREW**

Oh goddesses! I just did what I had always promised myself I would never do! I'd said it repeatedly to Barb that I'd just pretend to be a transvestite, that I'd entrap the suspects that we'd targeted and that was all. Ugh, I'd never kiss a man or let him stroke me as I was caressing her at the time. Barb had laughed at me and told me how it wasn't the end of the world to let a man fondle me or even kiss me. She did it all the time, she'd said, collapsing into giggles.

Oh goddesses, I should have listened to her! I'd just spent two days with Tony Jackson, as he called

himself, the brother of Belinda Lee, the tranny we'd been looking for who had accosted me right out of the blue as I accompanied Tony back to the quiet *Club Madeleine*, on the ground floor of a high building in Parliament Park. I couldn't go back to my own apartment as the police were there. Silly, of course, as I was an undercover policeman!

But going back there would have probably led to being arrested on some minor drug charge which the boss of this whole operation had arranged for me, the drag queen known as Penny, Penny Smith, so that I might be recruited by this strange group of kidnapers, the group having kidnapped and ransomed nine tranny boys, older teenagers or young men, as far as was known. What the ultimate purpose of this group was, I was hoping to find out, in posing as a queen, as I had done before.

Not going back to my place had meant that I had no male clothing. I had what I had been dressed in for the private transvestites' ball that I'd attended, in a long evening gown, a long-haired wig, women's underclothing and my purse, with just enough cash for cab fare 'home'. So, Tony had taken me to the Paradise Hotel, and bought me all kinds of women's clothing, 'because my airline had lost my luggage'. Tony's intentions towards me had soon become blindingly obvious. Yes, he'd kissed me, demanding it as his right for protecting me, as he did his sister, he meant his brother, of course, Belinda Lee, protecting me, like her, from those who would be after me to exploit me as a drag queen.

Oh, Tony shouldn't have kissed me the way that he did. Bells, thunderclaps, lightning bolts had gone off inside me. Oh, I should never have kissed him back, no matter what was stirring inside me, no matter the feminine feelings Tony's mauling of my mouth brought out in me. I shouldn't have let him strip me

and stroke my softened, girlish skin. I shouldn't have gone down on him, and kissed his you-know-what, though that was later.

I should never have let him caress me in my panties and bra as if I was a girl. I should never have wiggled my tush for him and let him enter me as I kissed him so passionately. No, I should never have been his girl that first time, or for the second, or third time. I shouldn't have encouraged him to have me again and again. Ooo, and I shouldn't have been so loving of his male body as he brought me to an orgasm which I'd never felt before. Now, I knew why some femmy men loved to be dressed and treated as women, particularly if they reached such 'female' orgasms as I did with Tony.

For two days, I was his woman, and if he initiated me into loving me, I was just as randy as he was, touching and caressing him as he went by me, silently asking to be taken again as a woman. Tony recognized every signal I gave him and took me, every time I wanted to be taken, and more, took me just when he wanted to take me and have me love and stroke him. That's when I did what girls do for men, all over the world. Yes, I gave him stupendous blow jobs, as he called them, but he did like filling my tush very much as well, me laying back, clutching him with my legs, wriggling and writhing in the passion and womanly ecstasy that my boyfriend, of just one day, made me feel so gloriously.

Tony should never have left me, wiggling in my feminine undies against him, trying to keep him in, but he insisted that he needed more food and alcoholic drink supplies. So, he went out from his apartment, after kissing me passionately in the doorway, amusing the passers-by. Then, with him gone, his apartment was invaded by his sister, who wanted, I thought, with a shiver, to possibly recruit me into the

kidnapping gang. I hoped it was that, that I could arrest Belinda Lee and get on with the rest of my life, dressing as I was in the lovely clothing Tony had bought for me, the night before when he took me 'shopping'.

"I don't want to do this," I said as Belinda put her arm under mine and ushered me out of the hotel room I was sharing with my 'husband'. She drew me along to the club, known as the *Madeleine*, where I realized I had seen her the first time, with her boy friend, Klaus. I'd been marched down there, high heels clicking, my dress swishing, with Belinda and her boy friend. A man who bumped into me apologized and called me 'pretty lady' as I swayed femininely past him. I was too nervous and too girlie anxious to respond to him, glad in the end to enter the club, to sit girlishly and just talk to Belinda about whatever proposition she wanted to put to me. So, behind us, Klaus Cornfeld settled the bill as we left several drinks, completely untouched, on the table.

Belinda held on to me as Klaus went out from the club, to bring his car up to the door. I stood there beside another man, Belinda talking to someone else on her cell phone. This other guy must have been waiting for a taxi. He smiled at me, making me freeze inside as I guessed that he was making a pass at me. I could see the gorgeous images in the mirrors of the club's entrance. Belinda and I didn't look like men at all.

We looked like two vivacious, young women, the taller blonde being me. Belinda had smiled brightly at me as the maitre d' assisted her with a white, fox fur stole that she snuggled into, her long earrings dancing on her cheek. I hugged my wrap tightly about me, my dress swirling about my high heels. Oh, Tony, I gasped to myself. Where are you when I need you the most? No, that wasn't right. No, I must-

n't start thinking of Tony as my boy friend. Not again. I was only just coming to grips with the girl I had been for two days, how I had dressed to girlishly entice my boy friend to love me and all the ecstatic loving that I'd been the one to initiate.

Oh, just thinking like that brought out the goose bumps on my skin. All I could see in my mind's eye, just standing there with a man admiring me as he waited for his cab, I supposed, was Tony's body descending on mine. Yes, and I was wriggling, so quickly and girlishly, wanting him to take me, penetrate me, call me his woman, and love me. In my mind, I was moving my legs and tush to the right place so that my lover, yes, my boy friend, could penetrate me, make love to me and whisper compliments about my girlishness in my ears. It was only three hours before Belinda and Klaus had come for me, that I'd taken my panties down and let Tony, my boy-friend as I was calling him, and whom I was kissing so hungrily, penetrate deeply and ferociously inside me. Which I had loved him doing.

No, it hadn't just been my lover, Tony Jackson, who'd been overcome by the passion that arose in our union. I, I kept saying it to myself, trying to disgust myself with what I'd let myself do with another man. But I was, I was, I was, just as much involved in our lovemaking as he was. I demanded his kisses. Ooo, the thought aroused me still, even after a day of making love to Tony, or he making love to me. I felt so much that I was a woman in his arms. I had wriggled and writhed all over him. I caressed his wonderful, male muscles just as he caressed my slender waist and curvy tush and hips.

Yes, Tony praised me for those, which I'd never thought to be a female feature of mine. I loved him to say that. I didn't care if he was telling a lie to me. I wanted to be feminine for him. I wanted him to caress



my thighs as he had. I wanted him to stroke my tush as I poured long, ravishing kisses on his lips, my hips and tush writhing as he entered me. Oh, I bounced and gyrated, which he loved me to do, as he fucked me.

Yes, Tony used the terrible 'F' word for what he did to me. And I didn't mind at all. That was what he was doing to me, after all. Oh, using such a word, about what a man was doing to me, did make me feel so girlish. I almost told him to fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, as we made love, my legs and thighs sliding over my boy friend as girlishly and femininely as I could.

Oh gods and goddesses, it was an exclamation that I'd heard many of the trannies I'd met, in this city. It was used as if it was 'our' special incantation. But I wasn't a tranny! I wasn't gay! I didn't swing both ways and didn't get any special thrill about wearing women's clothing, did I, shudder, shudder, quiver, even though I was a man, yes, a man who made love to women, even when I was dressed like one. Barb could tell everyone that about me.

Ooo, but Tony, Tony, Tony. I'd only known him, what, less than two full days? And from the moment that he'd kissed me, I'd lost all reason. I was making love to Tony Jackson in all the ways that I'd laughed at with Barb and promised that I'd never do, even if it meant that this investigation came to a dead end. No, I wasn't going to identify with the kinky individuals who didn't seem to object to boys being made into girls, nor to the kidnappings of young men and dressing, converting, in Vince's words in his report, converting young, slim, teenaged boys into pretty girls.

Well, it seemed that most of the young men were already into a crossdressing lifestyle. Whoever was organizing these kidnappings definitely, in my opinion, knew that the boys they took and 'converted' into girls, loved that being done to them. Oh, I understood

it now, so well, I thought, my nerves shaking, after what I was going through with Tony, Belinda's brother.

If I had belonged to a rich family and had been kidnapped as people like Gloria, once Bobby Allenby, and Geraldine Townsworth, once Gerald, I'd have wanted to be a girl as well if I'd had Tony there to love me, caress me, stroke and fondle me and whisper what a lovely girl I was as I kissed him so much and for so long. I loved to feel just the way that I did as I wiggled in my woman's clothing, in front of the *Madeline*, that I was a woman. But I knew, deep inside, that it wasn't true. I was a man, a policeman, for goodness' sake, sent undercover as a woman to catch very corrupt convicts.

Belinda Lee, there was the name that I had been especially told to look out for, smiled femininely at me as she came and put her arm through that of the girl beside her. That was me. She was known to have been part of some kidnapping events. Judy Landon had told Bruckmeyer all about 'her'. She wasn't a real woman, either, as I wasn't, which made me shiver when I thought of her, of us, that way. The way I thought of Belinda, in just the couple of days I'd known her, applied so much to me. If I thought of her as a girl, as we all called ourselves, we drag queens, yes, then that was what I was too, wasn't I? She was a woman. I was a woman. She wasn't a woman. I couldn't be a woman, either.

Yes, she, Belinda Lee, the attractive, shapely, blonde girl, her breasts real, as I could attest after being to the Ladies' restroom with her, this lovely girl was the Belinda Lee. She'd been identified by Judy Landon, the pretty queen that I'd identified to Bruckmeyer, Palermo's police chief and intrepid leader, trying to end the strange string of kidnappings, plaguing his city. Now, I'd found her

and had lost myself as I was so far gone into my love affair with her brother, Tony. Yes, two drag queens like us had boy friends, and love and romance, as the girls we pretended to be. No, I didn't want it all to lead to me having to finally arrest someone, the feminized brother of the man I thought that I was in love with. I did tell Tony that I was in love with him all of the time now, when I was in the throes of womanly passion.

I wondered if Judy Landon had started talking again to the police chief. The lawyer she'd suddenly requested and who'd been with her in an hour or two was now protecting her from us policemen. Yes, that's what I really am, I told myself, quivering in the lovely dress Belinda had helped me to choose and dress in, up in Tony's hotel room. I mustn't ever forget it I was the police, as I had the last day in Tony's arms, surrendering to mad, passionate love, as I'd have called it to Barb, if I'd done anything like it with her.

I was getting so used to wiggling in the black and silver, cocktail dress I wore, it was how I moved all the time, natural to me, that, when I saw myself I felt an ache in the pit of my stomach to see how girlish my movements had become. I was a woman, I thought, all kinds of stupid, giddy ideas going through my mind. I was a woman because Tony wanted me to be. He refused to let me say that I was a guy just like him. "You're my woman," he'd said to me as we'd entered the *Club Madeleine*, the very first time, to meet his sister. "Make me proud of you, the sweetest, prettiest girl in the room."

Why, oh, why, had he left me then with Klaus as the other talked softly in his ear. Yes, Tony did look back at me, with a frown, as his sister laughingly closed in on me, telling me that we were going to have such a good time, making real money for a change, in being the girls that we both loved to be. It had been a

relief to go off with Tony and buy lingerie and dresses at the Paradise, to become the woman he told me I was.

“We’re going back to the house,” said Belinda this time as Klaus’s car pulled up beside us, two pretty girls, dresses being blown by a breeze, maybe from the car. She regarded me with a smile, as I stood with her, my high heels feeling so silly on my feet, as a dress, yes, a swishy, rustling dress, swirled about my stockings, making me feel so awful, well awfully girlie, which isn’t so bad, really, is it? Funny, but if Tony had been there, with his arm about me, it would have felt so right, so wonderful, and so femininely enticing.

“Don’t be worried, Penny,” said Belinda. “My brother is really nice when you get to know him, especially if you are really girlish for him. All the girls we know have sighed over him but you’re the first he’s shown any real interest in. He’s always said that he’d never take out one of my friends. Even if she showed him her vagina, it wouldn’t matter. She’s probably been operated on, he’d tell me. And look, he takes up with you, my ‘Mister I’m not gay and I’m never going to make love to a man or an ex-guy!’ It would serve him right, wouldn’t it, if you did turn out to be a cop after all!”

The maitre d’ rushed down from the club to serve as a doorman to allow us to femininely enter Klaus’ car and sit ourselves prettily, legs crossed, into the back seat of the car. Belinda’s perfume reached me as she sat beside me, her stocking and soft leg against my stocking and soft leg.

“You will move in with us,” said Belinda while Klaus’s dark eyes looked at me in the rear-view mirror. “It’s much nicer than any hotel room.”

“My clothes,” I squeaked as she hugged my arm in a friendly, womanly way. “You know what Tony did, don’t you, as I can’t get into my apartment ...?”

“Bought out the dress shop at the *Paradise*? That’s being taken care of,” said Belinda with a giggle. “Yes, my brother has always been impulsive with his girl friends. Well, he’s got his own money and can spend it any way he wants. Anyway, if your new dresses and underwear don’t arrive, you can always share with me. You can wear dresses and lingerie of mine, if you like. We’re about the same size.”

My heart sank as we turned into Whitford, one of the richest districts in the city of Palermo. We drove along a wooded street and pulled up to an electronic gate that opened and admitted the car, us two girls and Belinda’s boy friend, our driver, inside it. We headed up to the house while it was swinging close behind us, locking itself.

“Yes,” said Belinda into her phone as it beeped as we went through the trees and up to the secluded house. She opened my purse suddenly and took out my cell phone. When I reached for it, she flipped it over to the car seat beside her boy friend who reached for it and pocketed it right away. She listened intently to her own phone.

“No-one behind us,” said Belinda in satisfaction. “The fence and the warning fields have been re-activated. The place is secure again.”

We got out of the car. A man in a tux came out of the great house in front of us, put out his arms, and Belinda went immediately to him, throwing her arms about his neck and fulsomely kissing him. I could see his hands grasp her very rounded tush and pull her into him so that her body was tight against his. She kissed him most hungrily while I nervously looked on, almost jumping with shock when Klaus Cornfeld,

who'd helped both of us girls out of his car, put his arm about me.

Belinda and the very muscular, swarthy man went into the house, she swishing and dancing in delight at the man's arm about her. Klaus pulled me impatiently after them. "Emil," he called after the other man. "We brought Penny back with us."

"Good," said the man I realized must be Emil Petriglia, someone I was looking out for, besides Belinda Lee, the man who'd owned the Roman transvestite club that Miles and that silly Jimmy Gilbert had described in different ways. I know I believed Miles much more than I believed the boy who was pretending that he hadn't liked being the transvestite the kidnappers had made him be.

I felt my blood run cold as Petriglia looked at me with eyes that seemed to be black in color. "And you know what you have to do with her, Klaus," he rasped at the man who'd driven us to this, his home, his place, I guessed. Poor Klaus, he really didn't look happy as his girl friend, yes, I really could call Belinda that, the way she moved and the way she was acting with another man.

"We'll get together in the morning for breakfast," the swarthy man called over his shoulder, while Belinda looked up into his face, smiling as if he was everything that she wanted. "And don't you worry at all about a little noise from the guest house."

Emil Petriglia was pointing at the building next to the one where he and Belinda were headed, she skipping along so prettily, so femininely, smiling at him, before she disappeared first. "All the boys have got their treats from Silvia's party. That shindig will be going all night. Enjoy, both of you, and I want to know, right away, even if I am on top of your girl

friend, Klaus, if things don't go the way that they should."

I shuddered as a thunderous-looking Klaus led me into the foyer of the huge house. We could hear music in the distance and what sounded like male and female voices raised in urgent conversation. Shrieks, yes, feminine shrieks, did punctuate the air along with large gales of laughter, male and female.

I stood, petrified, in the hallway as the door suddenly whirred and clicked shut behind us. I turned as Klaus put what seemed to be a remote back into his pocket. "There," he said. "All safe and secure until tomorrow morning."

I was locked in. I'd definitely be up this night, seeking a possible way out. But Klaus seemed to have different ideas. Klaus put his arms about me and drew me against him. He was going to kiss me. There was no way that I could avoid it. A man was going to kiss me romantically, a man who wasn't my loving boy friend, Tony, a boy friend of only one day. And I couldn't do a thing about it save to admit that I was an undercover policeman come to bust them all. Yeah, I thought with a shudder. See how far that will get you, Penny darling.

Barbara always told me that, when I couldn't avoid something when I was dressed as a woman, I should just go with it. I couldn't avoid Klaus kissing me. So, despite my trembling, I raised my face and let him put his lips onto mine. His arms went about me and we swayed together, my cocktail dress swishing so femininely about my legs, surprisingly clingy about my padded breast.

Oh, Klaus's kiss was so strange. It was so soft on my lips and then, as if he was surprised as much as I was, he kissed me more firmly. Oh, I had to do it. I was kissing him back. Oh, gods and goddesses, I said

again, breathing so quickly as I thought that he must have taken lessons from Tony! No, I didn't want another man to kiss me as Tony did. No, I didn't want to be making love to another man. I felt Klaus's lips again and was sure that was what he had in mind for me.

Klaus held me so lightly. Oh, goddesses, I was the one to snuggle up to him, I'm sure, his mouth feeling so delightful on mine. He began to caress me as I felt tinglings all over me and thrills, definitely thrills, not as great as the ones Tony sent through me, but feminine thrills, nonetheless, making me once more sense the real femininity in me.

As I was drawn against Klaus, his lips caressed mine with such tenderness. It was a blinding bit of knowledge to know, once more, that this was how a woman must feel when she was kissed by her husband or boy friend. Worse, it wasn't only Tony who could make me feel that I was a woman. Yes, a woman must feel just as I did as Klaus kissed me more and more, feminine feelings sweeping over me.

Oh, how could Belinda let her boy friend, she'd called Klaus that, do what he was doing to me? Mmm, yes, oh yes, I could sense what she must feel about Klaus as this new man in my life kissed me, caressed me, stroked my tush and made me want to be his woman. I quivered and told myself what an idiot, what a womanly idiot I was becoming but, yes, I felt as if I was a woman, again. I think that I really wanted to have sex with Klaus at that moment. I'm sure I would have felt the same about Tony as well, if he had been there, kissing me.

"Well," Klaus said huskily as I leaned against him, quivering as he still held me tight to him. "That was something I didn't expect, did you?"



I raised my head to tell him that I hadn't kissed a man like that, before, either, which would have been a lie, since I had kissed Tony so passionately, but I couldn't say anything to Klaus because he was kissing me again, my lipstick on his face, my lipstick on another man's face (!).

Oh, Tony, you should never have gone off, I told him mentally. No, he wasn't there to hear me, luckily. I gloried in kissing and stroking Klaus, as he fondled me for a while, as our lips moved together, my hair and earrings so soft as they touched my back and my neck. Oh, I was really changing, wasn't I, since Tony had made love to me. I was becoming a woman as he said that I was. I loved being kissed by a man. I really did. Oh, Barb, I thought in a panic, what am I supposed to do now? Give up this 'investigation' right away? Oh, I had to or, or, or I'd be like all the women at Silvia's ball, just touched by a man and I was his!

Klaus undid my dress. Oh, I struggled with him and objected as I felt his hand on my panties and garter belt, inside my dress. "No," I began as suddenly he dropped down and picked me up. I had to put my arms about his neck or I'd have fallen. "No," I gasped, hearing loud shrieks coming from somewhere in the house as he raced up the stairs with me, my dress falling about my legs. He was laughing as he pushed open a door and threw me onto a bed.

I half sat up and then I felt another heavy male body on me in the dark. Only, it wasn't Klaus touching me. A new man's hands were about me. He kissed me even harder as my hair made a cushion for my head. And suddenly, I realized who it was. It was Tony who was there on the bed, opening my dress and kissing my bra straps.

"Tony!" I gurgled at him. "What, what are you doing here? Where's Klaus gone ...?"