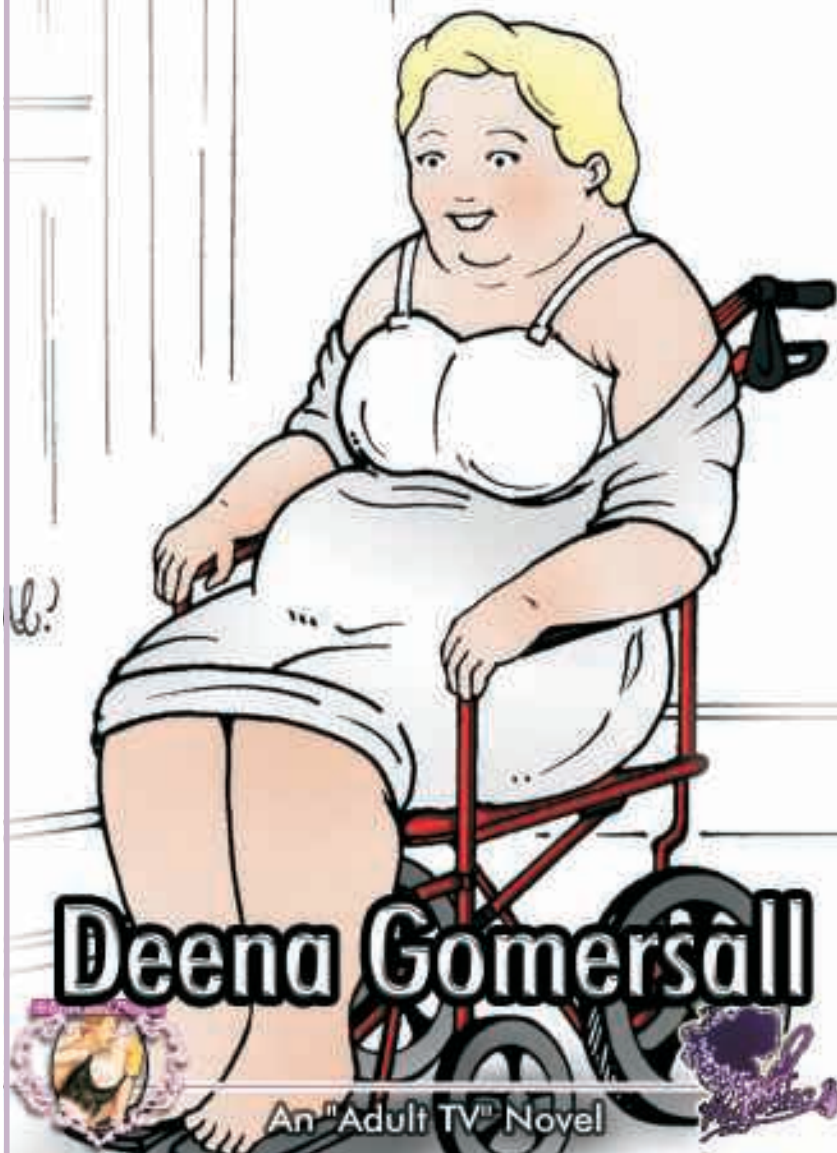


Plus Size

Part 2



Deena Gomersall

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Plus Size

Part Two

By Deena Gomersall

The following morning when Stan arrived in for work he was called into Mike's office. He presumed Mike was going to tell him what Lance had already mentioned the evening before.

"Morning Stanley, take a seat," Mike directed. He waited until Stan had done as requested before speaking again.

"We had a bit of a mishap yesterday morning Stanley, with you arriving to work late, it put the schedule back and made everyone late home."

Stan froze. He was in trouble after just four days of his contract.

"Uhm, yes, there had been a crash on the road, it wasn't my fault," Stan protested nervously whilst thinking if he was going to get dismissed, at least he wouldn't have to dress up like a girl again.

Mike waived the excuse away. "I've not called you in to reprimand you, Stanley, I'm very pleased with what you are bringing to the company. But there is still an issue. Shoots have to be on time when we are on location. I'm aware of the crash. Luckily nobody was too badly injured in that, but it shows the problem of you coming to work from far off, on public transport."

Stan was becoming concerned as to where this was going. He knew that Mike had a point. He had a business to run and he had to be able to rely on his staff.

"We've talked before along these lines and I did promise to get you driving, in fact I've already discussed the matter with a friend who runs a driving school but getting you driving doesn't take away the problem of hold ups on the road. A better solution, Stanley, and I've already discussed this with you before, too, is for you to relocate to Carlisle.

"I was going to pay for your driving lessons but how about if I found you an apartment and paid your rent for you instead? You would be close to work, earning decent money and living free."

That gave Stan a lot to think about. If he was serious about making this a serious career, then it was definitely a right choice. He would miss his family and home comforts. Not many people wanted to employ him, being fat, yet here was a company employing him for being just that... paying good money and offering him rent-free accommodation.

"It's a big decision to make; can I think about it and maybe discuss it with my parents before giving you an answer?" he begged.

Mike agreed, he knew it was a big step for Stan to take, he just hoped it would result in the right decision. If it did and Stan was no longer under the scrutiny of his parents, then there were also a few more ideas he wanted to put over to his feminised model.

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For the next two days Stan just got on with his job modelling female clothing. Like Mike had suggested it became easier and less embarrassing to Stan. This was mainly because he knew he didn't need to feel shy or embarrassed with what he was wearing in front of his work colleagues; they knew what he was there to model and nobody poured scorn on it or had any negative feelings towards it. The clothes themselves, from originally feeling totally alien upon his body, were now much more familiar, even the dresses, skirts, bras and panties.

And Kate continued to transform his face so perfectly into not just a convincing looking girl but a pretty one.

Now as she worked at applying the various cosmetics, she was going slower, showing and describing each product and each step to Stan and teaching him how to apply it himself.

At The Larches, Mrs Harrison, who now liked Stan to refer to her as Catherine, continued giving Stan voice lessons so that he could achieve a higher timber with more feminine inflection to his voice. Stan hardly realised how much more immersed into femininity he was becoming.

It was Thursday; whilst doing Stan's makeup Kate said he needed a few straggling hairs plucked from his brow line and set out to do it for him with tweezers. Once done, she asked Stan if he felt confident in applying makeup himself whilst she watched and guided him.

Stan agreed and went to the mirror rather nervously... it was different applying his own makeup as opposed to someone putting it on for him. Kate applying the makeup took away some of the guilt of wearing it, like it was a forced thing, whereas to apply it himself... it was him putting make up on his face of his own free will.

The first thing Stan noticed, though, as he looked into the mirror, was the well-defined, femininely

arched shape of his eyebrows. It really made a difference to the feminising of his eyes but that concerned him. How could he conceal them when not at work?

He did do quite an acceptable job on his makeup however. With just a little bit of necessary direction and corrective touches from Kate, she was quite pleased with his efforts.

When they saw him, everyone commented on how he looked a little more feminine that day. Nobody could quite put their finger on the reason why but Kate knew it was because of his thinner, higher and more arched brow line opening up and bringing out his eyes.

Mike, more than anyone, was impressed with Stan's feminine appearance and after his last modeling session of the day, he called Stan into his office. Mike was still very focused on enticing Stan to move to Carlisle.

"I just wanted to congratulate you on how good I think your appearance has been today, Stanley."

Stan gave a little smile of thanks, unsure if that was a good or a bad thing and where all of this may be leading.

"Look Stan... moving forwards, I would like you to go back to your guest house from here, dressed," he then prompted.

Stan stood back, a little shocked by the suggestion as well as nervous. "What, you mean... dressed as a female?" he stammered.

"Yes, fully dressed. Makeup, everything. Honestly, I have big plans for you but we need to get your confidence up. Everyone here already thinks you make a very convincing girl, except yourself. You have already come out dressed for a pub meal, walked to work one morning and did a full shoot in Morecambe, along with another pub meal.

"But the more you present yourself as female, the more you will feel comfortable and then we can really work you to your full potential. Honestly, and to be

blunt, any looks or comments you may receive would not be to you being a guy dressed as a girl would either be admiration towards an attractive girl or looks that you may receive anyway, whether you were male or female.”

Stan knew that Mike was talking about his weight... about him being fat. He was right, although so far in Carlisle nobody had made any nasty comments to him in regards to that. But as a male, wearing baggy male clothing, he knew he could cover up more of his excessive flab than if wearing more revealing female clothes. He also knew that Mike would not demand that he go home wearing a dress, he would not be on work time, it was merely a proposal.

“It will help greatly for your work tomorrow, too,” Mike then added.

“Why? What’s tomorrow?”

“We are going to do another outdoor shoot, this time in a local Park so you will be out in public then, anyway but you could be more relaxed to do that if you beat your own psychological concerns tonight,” Mike then informed him.

That made things different. Tomorrow would be work and he couldn’t really refuse without giving up his job. If he had to appear as a girl out in public tomorrow, then he may as well also try getting used to it and building up his courage that evening.

“Okay, you win, I’ll do it,” he agreed reluctantly.

Mike smiled broadly. “Good man, I’ll give Cath a ring and tell her how to expect you back at her guest house,” he told his employee.

Before going home, Kate helped Stan choose something to wear and helped him to get ready. He wore a black top with a deep U-neck and a black jacket over the top. A black skirt with silver embroidery detail fell to an inch above his knee and a pair of black sandals with an ankle strap and a single foot strap showed off his pink painted toe nails.

Kate encouraged him to look forward with head up and smile confidently before leaving him to walk the fifteen minute walk back to Mrs. Harrison's guest house.

In spite of Kate's suggestions, Stan felt incredibly nervous and exposed. He couldn't help walking with eyes cast down as though trying to hide his face, taking in his pink toenails and the silky smooth and hair-free skin of his legs.

He felt like his legs were made from stone and he cringed each time he had to walk by someone but whether they glanced his way or not, he would never know. He was more familiar with the colour of the sidewalk.

What he wasn't aware of, however, was Mike observing him, driving slowly behind, watching how he coped and ensuring he came to no harm. It was only once Stan reached the gates into The Larches that Mike put his foot down and drove off.

Just three people were regular stayers at The Larches guest house and they had seen Stan in the dining room on many occasions over his four weeks of staying at the guest house. A further two couples had been there over the past two days and one man had arrived late the night before and gone straight to his room. Mrs Harrison had plated a meal up for Stan and delivered it to his room after receiving the message from Mike and was thinking of sparing her guests blushes. She'd gotten a soft spot for Stan.

The morning after Stan's walk home en femme was going to be another big test but on this morning Stan fixed his own makeup, dress and brushed his wig the best he could, and went down for breakfast as his given name of Stacey. It was a big moment for Stan and he was concerned that, even if he passed the test on his looks, people may put two and two together because of his size.

Stan walked into the dining room on shaky legs and found himself a different table from the one he usually used. None of the eight people eating breakfast seemed to look at him and Stan did his best not to cast his eyes around the room to see. After eating,

some of the guests went straight out and two couples had returned to their rooms, Stan was the last one in the room.

“Do you think anyone recognised me, Catherine?” he asked his kindly landlady.

“Call me Cath, Stan. You should have warned me you planned to come down to breakfast like that, as Mike warned me last night. You could have had your breakfast in my kitchen,” she answered.

“But that would have kind of defeated the purpose of what I was trying to do. I mean, as I came here wearing a skirt and top last night, that is how I have to go back to work today. I needed to know if people could see it was me.”

Cath smiled. “It was very daring of you. The Cuthbertsons asked if you had your sister staying and I saw Mr. Miller giving you curious looks as though she was trying to work you out, but nobody has actually asked me if it was you. Did you do your own makeup this morning? It looks really good.

Stan smiled. “Thanks, Kate has been giving me lessons.”

“So is this going to be a regular thing now?” Cath then asked. “If it is, maybe we should always have you coming to breakfast and evening meals dressed so that people just presume you are a girl staying with us.”

Stan felt his heart drop. It was a good suggestion... if that was the case, but he would rather it wasn't. It was enough getting in and out of women's clothes to model them at work without dressing to and from work as well. Where would it all end?”

“I dunno what Mike has planned, he's trying to get me to move here but I need to talk to my family about that tomorrow,” Stan informed her.

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At work, after another nervous ordeal of walking in a skirt and heels, Kate poured admiration on how well he had done his makeup. Laura was also impressed but she came eight minutes later, riding on the back of a motorbike. Stan was surprised, especially when the rider lifted the visor on his helmet and gave her a kiss.

“Who’s that?” Stan asked Kate who he was still standing next to.

“That’s Kenny, Laura’s boyfriend; he’s just bought himself that new bike after he crashed his old one two months ago.”

Stan felt crestfallen. He had always remained hopeful that Laura would get feelings for him eventually, like he had for her. “Oh! I didn’t know she had a boyfriend,” he answered glumly.

Kate missed the signs and continued, “Oh yes, they’ve been together for about seven months now. They were talking about saving to get engaged until his bike accident.”

Then Lance was calling the team to get ready for going out on the shoot. Barry was going to go out first and rig up the marquee whilst the others put everything they needed into the minibus.

It was just going to be Stan being photographed this day as Andy, Brian and Charles had returned to London.

“You can use the marquee to change clothes in and for Kate to touch up your makeup,” Lance informed the feminised younger man. “It’s mostly all casual leisurewear for today, bringing in new releases for the Autumn edition supplement.”

The location they were going to was a park and recreation area known as Bitts Park and it was by the grounds of Carlisle Castle with surrounding woodland and by the River Eden and the River Caldw that ran into it.

Stan was pleased that most of his changes were going to be in jeans and leggings with a variety of tops and a few ladies shirts and blouses advertising new ranges of clothes for the coming colder Fall months.

Stan pulled himself into the first jeans and stood, topless, as Kate helped him into sandals and put a bra around him. He always felt embarrassed when Kate helped him put a bra on as he was constantly conscious of the rolls of flab around his middle.

The first outfit was blue jeans along with a black and white top, black jacket and low-heeled sandals with three thick suede straps. Whilst Stan was relieved not to be modelling skimpy women's clothing outdoors, it was still August and it was quite a warm day for wearing heavier clothing. He couldn't win!

After three dozen changes around the park Lance and Barry went to get some sandwiches and cups of coffee from a nearby motorised fast food retailer. Lance bought Stan's for him; he had been very patient with his model all day. They sat together on the grass outside the tent, chatting as they ate.

After eating, they slightly moved settings to the River Caldew and Stan had to pose on the bridge across the water wearing cargo pants and tops. On one change he put on a blue shirt with double breast pockets; Kate undid the bottom few buttons and tied the two ends into a knot just above his belly button. In doing so, she put it into her mind to try getting Stan to have his navel pierced.

The last few photos of the day were taken up by the castle where more people were walking about and observing what was going on with the photographer and large female model.

Stan had changed into a black miniskirt, white top, and matching white nylon scarf; the shortness of the skirt showed a lot of his hefty legs that were adorned in black pantyhose. He also carried a faux fur jacket, holding it in several ways for Lance to take photographs, then wearing it. The temperature was at its highest at that point and Stan felt beads of sweat rolling from under his wig.

Luckily, that was about it for the day. Lance expressed his gratitude for Stan's hard work, giving him a hug, which Stan thought was nice. They then packed up and headed back to the Big Is Beautiful studio.

Stan had arrived back still wearing his last costume and still had all of his makeup on. He thought he had best wait to see what Mike wanted him to do, although he secretly hoped he didn't want him going back to the guest house fully dressed again, especially seeing this was the end of his work week.

"Stanley, I'd appreciate it if you stayed dressed to go home again tonight, especially as you won't be dressing all weekend... just to keep you familiar and confident," Mike asked, making Stan's heart drop.

"I'm off over to The William Rufus for something to eat tonight, join me if you want to," Lance offered. Stan didn't take a moment to consider the offer. In his tight miniskirt and flashing a large expanse of black nylon-clad chunky legs, it was going to be bad enough walking back to his digs, let alone going to a public house.

"No, I'm going to go straight back to The Larches, maybe get an earlier night ready for my travel home tomorrow morning," Stan replied.

"Well, as I'm going that way, I can at least escort you back," Lance then offered.

Stan smiled gratefully; having a man in his company would be far less nerve wracking when walking the streets in rather revealing female clothes.. "That would be nice, thanks Lance," he replied appreciatively.

"So, I was talking to Mike earlier. He said that you are considering moving up here to Carlisle," Lance asked as they walked out of the premises.

"Well... thinking about it, yes. A lot depends on my parents though and whether they are happy for me to."

“You are joking? Right? I mean you are what, like nineteen? You are no longer attached to your Mom’s apron strings. Cut loose and find your own two feet. We keep on telling you that you can have a great career in this type of modelling. Don’t let your parents hold you back,” Lance said firmly.

“This is okay and it’s making me much more money than I’ve ever had, but I’m not a girl. I’m not even a transvestite, I never wore female clothes before I met Winston. I’m not sure it’s something I want to do for too long or I may get too familiar with it,” Stan responded.

“And just what is wrong with getting familiar with it? If you do, it means you are enjoying it, you enjoy wearing the soft sensual clothing and you enjoy looking like a girl,” Lance countered.

“But it’s wrong to do so. I’ve got no disrespect to crossdresser and such, but surely, men should wear conventional male clothing and women female things.”

“Phooey, I told you before, clothes are clothes. Women have been wearing men’s style clothing for decades. These days, some wear nothing but and society doesn’t give a shit. And anyway, you make a great looking girl.”

“Do you honestly think so? I mean, everyone has been saying I do but I can’t really see it. Before I started here, I would never have said I looked remotely like a girl.”

“Stop it. Winston noticed straight away, all these companies we deal with are sitting up and looking at the pretty new girl on the block. That’s why we are doubling orders and getting interest from the States.”

Stan was silent for a moment. Pretty. Lance said he was pretty. Did he really think so? “Do you really think I look pretty? I mean I shouldn’t, should I? I should be offended by that comment,” Stan told the photographer.

“Should be... but you are not... you are flattered,” Lance replied, standing still for a moment and look-

ing at Stan with his steely blue eyes. “If you were living in Carlisle I, would want to take you out every night and be proud as punch to do so.”

“What, you mean like on a date?” Stan gasped; his face flushing.

“Look, I know you say you are straight and all, but kind of, yeah. Like man and girl.”

“A girl! So you would want me to go out with you, dressed as a girl?” Stan asked in shock as they resumed walking.

“Well, I’m guessing you would feel pretty uncomfortable going out with me dressed in guy clothes.”

“Oh, you mean like two ordinary male friends just going out for a drink or a meal together?” Stan responded mockingly. “So what you are meaning is on a kind of romantic date?” he then challenged, surprised at his own bold directness. He looked up at Lance, taking in his handsome features. Lance laughed.

“Yes, taking you out on dates, like a guy and a girl.” Lance stopped again and looked hard at Stan. “Stop fighting your feelings, Stacey. I find you very appealing and I know you feel the same way about me, I’ve sensed it all week.”

Now it was Lance being direct; with such a straightforward allegation, Stan was stunned into silence. Was it true? Stan couldn’t understand his own feelings but he knew just walking close to Lance had been making his skin prickle. He had to admit that, even walking along, side-by-side with Lance, he felt a kind of warm pride in case anyone casually observing them had taken Lance to be his boyfriend. But he wasn’t gay! And he wasn’t a girl. Finally, he found his voice again.

“I’m feeling totally confused here, Lance, Yes, I think I’ve got feelings for you but I don’t understand what kind of feelings they are... I mean, I’m not gay, I’ve never had feelings for a man before,” he confessed in embarrassment.

“Or maybe you have just never met the right man before,” Lance suggested with a light laugh, “You can’t argue with your feelings.”

Stan looked up and into Lance’s smiling eyes, he felt his lips tremble inexplicably.

Lance’s smile faded slightly as he looked in Stan’s eyes. Oh God. Stan just knew that Lance was going to kiss him. Should he let him? NO! He wasn’t gay... but he *really* wanted him to.

Slowly, unsurely, Lance moved his head towards Stan’s. Stan’s heart was beating rapidly. He found himself closing his eyes, not knowing what else to do. Maybe having his eyes closed would take any blame away from him.

He felt Lance’s lips delicately touch his own and hold there for a moment, the lightest of touches. Stan himself was rigid... as still as a statue, hardly breathing. Lance’s lips pulled away briefly as he tried to read the signs. Stan had not responded to the kiss but he hadn’t complained either. That encouraged Lance and his lips found their target again and this time Stan’s own lips joined in, parting invitingly.

Stan felt Lance’s tongue slightly probe between his lips and, tentatively, he touched the tip with his own... it felt nice.

Soon after, Lance’s tongue was nestled in Stan’s mouth. It felt moist and Stan couldn’t help stroking it with his own tongue. Lance withdrew his tongue and immediately Stan felt the loss.

He wanted it back and soon had his wish. Lance’s tongue now probed and licked around Stan’s teeth. Stan, a virgin at this, responded by gripping it lightly but firmly with his lips and sucked upon it. He had the strange sensation of feeling his soft facial skin being pricked by Lance’s stubble which removed any possibility of Stan trying to believe he was a guy just kissing a girl. This was a *man* kissing him.

Stan was panting slightly as he rolled his lips against Lance’s and their kiss was becoming more feverish. “Oh, Lance,” was all Stan could voice between

short pants. “Lance” (pant pant) “Mmm... Oh, Lance.”

Eventually their kiss broke off. Lance smiled at Stan. “Do you know how incredible you are?” he asked.

Stan just looked at him. He was confused, shocked and embarrassed by what had just happened. He had just passionately kissed a man, on the lips. He’d never felt like this about another guy before, not even any woman that he could recall, not that he’d had many.

“Hey! We’d best get you back or you’ll miss your evening meal,” Lance suggested casually.

As they began walking, Lance held out his hand for Stan to take. Stan hesitated. He knew that to hold Lance’s hand would be making a statement. It would be like saying that he was Lance’s... girlfriend? He couldn’t become such a thing, could he?

Before all of this he would never believe he could be gay but, had he been, he would rather it be himself that was the more masculine, the more dominant one. Yet how could he be such in this situation? He looked up at Lance; he was short against the tall muscular photographer. How could he possibly be the masculine one? He was the one that had long painted nails, delicately-shaped eyebrows, earrings in his ears, walking along on the three-inch heels and wearing a top, short skirt, and sheer pantyhose.

Did he want to concede his heterosexuality? He had never regarded himself as being anything but hetero, not masculine but definitely hetero. Slowly, Stan reached out his manicured hand and took Lance’s in his. Lance’s felt firm and strong compared to his own soft hand. They walked back to the guest house hand-in-hand...

Ordinarily Stan may have worried about being seen as gay, holding another man’s hand but things had changed with him. He was now confident people would only see a male and female... girlfriend and boyfriend. That thought made Stan feel strange. Him having a boyfriend... being someone’s girlfriend!