

Bra Busters



Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Bra Busters

By Jenny Winters

“Hi, it’s your favourite client calling. Am I the one on your books with the longest time between roles?”

“Oh hi again, Adam,” Melissa replied in a bored voice. “You don’t need to call every week. We keep sending your portfolio out to casting directors but their need for someone to play a bit part as fourth nerd from the right seems easy to fill.”

“Is that all you put me up for?”

“Well, you’re not in the running for a superhero role.”

“Okay, but every movie isn’t like that. There must be something. What about television or one of the streaming services?”

“I guess their need for another nerd is pretty limited too.”

“I could play the waiter. I’m good at that; I’ve had plenty opportunities to immerse myself in the role.”

“Do I detect a little bitterness?” Melissa said sarcastically. “I can’t manufacture roles for all my clients. Remember my income depends on your fees. I only get a percentage and I only get it when you’re earning something.”

“My heart bleeds for you.” Adam could feel his life force slipping in the face of all this adversity. “Are you sure that there’s nothing?”

“Unless you want to go into porn, there’s not much around for anyone at the moment.”

“I could do that; I’m desperate for anything.”

“They need hunks, not nerds.”

“They’re not all hunks, are they?”

“No, some of them have tits. I don’t think you’d qualify without some radical surgery, which you couldn’t afford.”

“A guy could get seriously discouraged,” Adam sighed.

“Don’t lose hope.” Melissa’s tone softened. “I’ll send your stuff out again this week. Maybe something will come back.”

“Either that or I’ll have to learn how to live without eating,” Adam said. “It’s a good thing that I share this place with my sister, or I’d be sleeping in a cardboard box somewhere.”

Adam sighed and ended the call. He knew he was good. He knew he could fit into any role. He’d done well recording the soundtracks for cartoons and voice-overs for translations but his screen presence was non-existent and the royalty fees were minimal.

He changed into his work clothes and set off for another shift, serving the undeserving rich once again.

“Is that my favourite nerd?” Melissa called him early a couple of days later, as he was setting out for another tedious day at the restaurant.

“Have you got something for me?”

“Not as such; I’ve been contacted by a new company. Wolf Productions has put out a call for casting,” she said slowly. “But there may be a chance if you want to risk something.”

“How big a risk would it be?”

“It’s somewhere between eating without waiting tables and losing your dignity in something purporting to be an art movie.”

“How much of it is art?”

“At a guess, not a lot, but I’m told that the financing is in place and it’s going to go ahead for a short stage run, followed by a guarantee of streaming distribution and maybe to movie theatres in some areas.”

“So are you saying that I’ve got a chance?”

“Yes. I’ll email the details and tell them that I’m able to make you available at short notice and you’ll be there tomorrow.”

Adam didn’t think he was in with much of a chance but he had to turn up. He had other things to do this evening. It was his big sister’s party.

“What have you done? That’s my brother.” Kellie looked at him sitting rigidly in a hard chair.

The party was in full swing in the other rooms but there were only a couple of people watching them.

"I've hypnotised him," Sharon said. "He's such a good subject."

"You're kidding!" She looked at him again and waved her hand in front of him.

He didn't respond at all, so she shook his shoulder and he still didn't respond.

"How did you do that?"

"I wasn't really trying," Sharon replied. "I was telling a few people what I did, then I did a simple test to see if anyone was susceptible. He turned out to be super susceptible."

"So can you make him do anything?"

"I couldn't get him to shoot that professor who marked down your last assignment but that aside, I guess I could persuade him into most things. I'd need some time to work on him for something complicated but I'd guess I could get him to do most things."

"I don't believe you."

"Okay, watch," Sharon said. "Adam, when you stand up, you'll find that your feet are stuck to the floor. No matter how you try, you can't move them."

She snapped her fingers. Adam looked at her, grinned and stood up. His face changed immediately.

"What's wrong?"

"I can't move."

Really, that's strange," Sharon said. "Let me help you."

She put one hand on his head and held it for a moment.

"You can move now but your hand is stuck to your head."

She clicked her fingers again.

Adam looked at her as he took a step forwards. He grinned and his eyes looked up to where his arm was in front of his face.

“What’s up now?” Sharon asked.

“I can’t move my arm.”

“Let me help you.” Sharon took his arm and shook it. “There, that seems to be working.”

Adam looked from Sharon to Kellie and grinned in disbelief.

“Can you make him bark like a dog?” Kellie asked.

“That’s easy.” Sharon started speaking to him, whispering in his ear so that Kellie and the others couldn’t hear, then snapped her fingers in front of him.

His eyes opened and he looked round. He saw Kellie and smiled.

“Woof,” he said and looked mystified as if hearing himself was strange.

“Woof, woof,” he said and held his hand in front of his mouth.

He looked at Kellie and raised his hands in a gesture which said he didn’t know what was happening.

“Adam, can you hear me?” Kellie asked.

Adam nodded, holding his hand in front of his mouth as if to stop another sound escaping.

“Do you know who I am?” Kellie thought it was a stupid question even as she asked it. “Can you understand what I’m saying?”

Adam nodded again. This time a small “woof” escaped.

“He’s perfectly normal in every other way,” Sharon said. “You don’t have to treat him like a fool. He’s

simply woofing until I allow him to do something else.”

Adam looked at her and frowned as if he understood.

“He’s not a dog, and he doesn’t think he’s a dog,” Sharon continued. “Although if you’d like to see him behaving that way...”

“No, no,” Kellie replied. “I’m amazed that’s all. I always thought he had no imagination. He’s always been so straight.”

“He’s still straight,” Sharon replied, deliberately mistaking her meaning. “But if you’d like to see how he behaves as a gay dog, he’d be only too easy to persuade.”

“Now you’re being silly,” Kellie laughed. “Can you make him unaware that he’s barking and send him back into the party?”

“Sure, if you’d like me to.”

Adam looked as if he understood what was being said until Sharon whispered in his ear again. His head dropped and his eyes closed. He visibly relaxed and his attention seemed to be elsewhere.

“There you go,” Sharon said. “He’s all yours. He’ll think he’s talking normally now.”

Adam barked his way round, with Kellie following to let them in on the joke.

“Why did you do those things with his hands and feet?” Kellie asked.

“That was to let his conscious mind become convinced that I had control of his subconscious.”

“Is that true?”

“No, but it sounds good,” Sharon smiled. “It’s only a starter trick to let me judge if the hypnosis is work-

ing. It's something I can do, but don't ask me to explain it."

A small crowd gathered around Sharon who tried to convince them that Adam really was a rare subject and no, she couldn't make them all stick to their diets and exercise plans or stop smoking.

An hour later, Sharon collected Adam and took him to a quiet corner where she reversed her magic. She added a feeling that he'd really enjoyed being hypnotised by her and that he wouldn't revert to barking.

As an afterthought, she told him to be extra susceptible if ever they should meet again. She made sure he was speaking normally and left him to explain that he wasn't part of her act and that she'd really made him do it.

She smiled to herself as she unlocked her car and drove home.

"That was weird," Adam said as he walked home with his sister.

"It was so funny," Kellie replied.

The audition turned into one of those long boring days. He read a couple of scenes and hung around a lot. He watched the producer and the director in a huddle with the talent, then he was sent home.

"I've no idea," he said when Melissa called to ask how the audition had gone. "It's a bit off the wall too; I'm not sure that I want this role."

"Why's that? I thought you wanted anything at all?"

"It's about a drag show," he said.

“I get that but their proposal said that they weren’t going to focus on the grotesque drag queen we see everywhere,” Melissa replied. “I wouldn’t have wanted to get involved in that.”

“So why *did* you get involved?”

“I’m not involved, as you put it.” Melissa sounded a bit put out by the suggestion. “They were intending to focus on the true female impersonator as the centre of their story. You know the idea; heartwarming and much more polite.”

“They might want me to dress up if I get one of the parts. I don’t want to get typecast.”

“I’d suggest you think hard before you make a decision. Perhaps being typecast would be better than being not-cast in anything.”

“I know what you mean but there are limits.”

“Agreed but now that I think about it, you could be a good fit there. You’re small and slim, you keep your hair long, and it’s not as if you’re limited by the things you’ve done before.”

“You’re scaring me,” Adam laughed.

“And I’ve got your resume on screen now. It says you trained as a dancer too.”

“They didn’t say anything about dancing. I can understand how that would fit in but I think I’m safely out of the running anyway.”

“I’m sorry; even if you didn’t want it, I know it’s disappointing,” Melissa replied. “I’ll try and find something else for you. I promise I’ll do my best.”

He’d no sooner hung up on that call than his mobile rang again.

“Hi Adam.” Kellie sounded really upbeat. “I needed to check on you after last night and you’ll be out before I get home.”

“I bet you did,” Adam replied. “Let me think; was that the night when you let me make a fool of myself all over your office party?”

“Don’t be mad. It wasn’t me at all. It was Sharon who was the hypnotist.”

“She must be one of your friends to be at your party. Did you put her up to it?”

“No, how could you say that?” Kellie replied. “I know her because she shares my office in the university. There are six of us in there. I had no idea that she could do those things. She’s a clinical psychologist, a well-regarded one.”

“Okay, I’m a little touchy today.” Adam sat and told her about the audition.

“It’s probably not something I could do anyway,” he concluded.

“Surely any work is better than no work,” Kellie consoled him. “I think you’re a great actor. You could do anything.”

“There are some things I don’t want to do,” he replied.

“Surely any chance is better than no chance,” Kellie said as Melissa had done.

That thought stayed with Adam as he changed to work an evening shift. Maybe anything was better than nothing and a real income would beat the tips for a while, even if it wasn’t what he’d hoped to be doing.

Adam resigned himself to another rejection but a week later, things changed.

“Guess what,” Melissa said when he picked up her call. “They want to see you again. Apparently they

read that bit on your resume about you being a dancer.”

“Does that mean I’m in danger of getting something?”

“Possibly, probably, I don’t know.” Melissa came down firmly on the fence. “I haven’t much experience with these guys but something to put on your resume would be good.”

“Even if no one actually sees it?”

“I hate to say this, but it’s not going to matter if no one sees it,” Melissa replied. “It’s having something recent on your resume to say that your career isn’t dead in the water.”

“I get that.” Adam thought for a moment. “So you’re saying that I should take it, no matter how bad it’s going to be.”

“A cheque coming in would be good. I’ll say no more; you know the rest.” He could hear Melissa’s keyboard as she spoke. “I’m sending you the details now. Let me know how you get on.”

Adam arrived in good time to find that the venue was an old fashioned rehearsal room, complete with piano and an elderly lady to play it. There were posters for a dance school, parallel bars for the ballet students. Adam sniffed the atmosphere; that scent of sweat and hope that these places carry.

“You must be Adam,” an angular lady with a tight bun of hair which was far too black to be natural greeted him. “I’m Natasha Kharkov, late of the Imperial Ballet, and it’s my unfortunate task to select the company for Wolf Productions.”

“You’re selecting a company?” Adam pretended to look carefully round. “There’s only me here, so do I get the job?”

“If you pass the audition, you may well get the job.” She didn’t have a sense of humour. “This is a preliminary audition and I have others to see. I want to see some tap, some soft shoe shuffle and then some high kicks. Can you improvise those for me?”

“I brought my shoes and my rehearsal kit.” Adam waved his bag. “I’ll change over there.”

“Quickly please,” she commanded, waving her pace stick. “We’ll do it in that order.”

Adam was used to being treated like a donkey on these occasions, so he went to a corner, changed into sweats, laced up his tap shoes and did a few stretches to prepare. Ms Kharkov glared impatiently, waiting for him to be ready.

She nodded to the pianist who set off with a brisk selection of 1930’s dance numbers, gradually increasing the tempo. Adam let his mind drift and his feet took over, tapping and spinning, imagining that he was back in the golden age, waiting for Ginger to come and join him; high heels and a flimsy dress.

“Enough.” She tapped her stick on the floor to get attention. “Now let’s see you do a shuffle. I want it to be smooth, gentle and dignified. Can you do those three things at once?”

“I can do four,” Adam quipped and saw her looking severely at him. “I can be smooth, gentle, dignified and dance all at the same time.”

“You’re here to dance, not to show off a smart mouth.” She nodded to the pianist who played much the same set, but at a slower tempo. Adam shuffled, improvising what he remembered from classes so long ago, until the stick tapped on the floor again to stop the music in the middle of a bar.

“That was more than adequate,” she said, her face remaining impassive. “Now the high kicks, if you’re ready?”

“I’ve not really done much of that,” Adam admitted. “I can remember a bit from class but there never was any call...”

“I don’t want excuses; I want to see you move.” She tapped her stick again.

A roll and a rumble from the piano, and then the Can-Can started. It was moderate at first. Adam tried to imagine the Moulin Rouge and being in a line-up of dancers, arms linked for stability, but he didn’t have that luxury. He was on his own.

The music went steadily faster. He stayed in time. He could hear his old dance teacher in his mind and the way she used to shout to the class to keep smiling, no matter how hard they were working.

This section seemed twice as long as the previous ones. The speed increased again and again. Finally the stick tapped on the floor to end the music. The lady at the piano turned on her stool, smiled and clapped which earned her a scowl from Ms Kharkov.

“Can you do that in heels?” she asked.

“I’m still in my tap shoes, not ballet flats.” Adam was puzzled. “They have heels with the taps on.”

“I meant dance heels, high heels, preferably stiletto heels.”

“I guess I could.” Adam wondered where this was going. “I’ve never really tried although years ago I substituted in a formation dance team when one of the girls broke her ankle.”

“If you can do it in heels, then you may have a role with Wolf Productions.” Her face changed into something approximating a smile. “Your agent will get a call back in a few days. In the meantime, I suggest that you practise in heels. I don’t want you to have a broken ankle before we start.”

“What have you let me in for?” Adam finally got Melissa on the line. “The woman who’s selecting the cast wants me to audition again.”

“So that’s good; they’re still interested in you.”

“She wants me to do the dance with high kicks, in heels, stiletto heels.”

“Can you do that?”

“Probably but the question is do I *want* to do that.”

“You were the one who put that you could dance on your profile. I assume that high kicks were included in your training.”

“Yes, but the high heels weren’t.”

“Okay, I’ll call them and cancel you. Have you anything else lined up because I can’t find anything else for you right now.”

“Does that mean you think I should continue with this ridiculous charade? I’m sure the part won’t be worth the effort.”

“It’s not just the part,” Melissa said. “It’s the fact that someone’s interested enough to ask you back for a third look.”

“But I’m not sure that this is leading to something that would be good for my career.” Adam sounded exasperated.

“Your career; let me remind you about your career.” Melissa’s voice had taken on that ring of patience that one would use to explain something to an exasperating small child. “Your career as of this moment doesn’t exist.”

“You got me onto that television thing last year.”

“But you didn’t have a single line. You’ve done nothing except walk-ons for ages. This could be the beginning of your career because up to now, it doesn’t look to have started.”

“I’ll call you back.” Adam didn’t want to get into an argument.

“No, I’ll call you when I get the where and when from them. You’d better be ready to impress. Meanwhile I suggest you get some heels and start practising.”

“I saw Melissa today when I was getting lunch.” Kellie bumped into Adam as he was heading to the restaurant. “She told me your exciting news.”

“What would that be?” he asked. “Why haven’t I heard?”

“Don’t be silly,” Kellie laughed. “She said you were on a third call after an audition. She seemed to think you might get a part.”

“Did she tell you what the part might be?”

“No, we didn’t have time to talk but she did say that you might need my help to prepare,” Kellie replied. “You know that all you have to do is ask.”

“Thanks, Kellie. It’s really kind of you but I’m not sure I want to do this.”

“It’s a part and you haven’t done anything for ages.” Kellie looked puzzled. “Why not do it, no matter what it is? It can only help to get your face known.”

“It might not work out like that.” Adam sighed deeply. “It’s about a drag show. I think they want me because I’m small and I can dance. The face that gets known may be mine but it’ll probably be unrecognisable behind the makeup.”

“That could be fun,” Kellie replied. “And don’t tell me that I’m the eternal optimist.”

“You always are.” Adam nodded. “But they want me to do high kicks in high heels; stiletto heels, at the next audition. They haven’t said I’m going to be the one in the chorus line with the bad makeup but I can see it coming.”

“Don’t be so negative. I’ll buy a ticket and I’ll get all my friends to come to see you,” Kellie replied. “You can’t give up; I won’t let you. What size do you take? I’ll get you some heels and you can come and practise at the gym I go to.”

“The gym won’t want their floor damaged like that.”

“They have dance classes and rehearsals there. You should see them sometimes. You wouldn’t damage anything.”

“Kellie, I’m not sure...”

“I *am* sure. I’ll call you tomorrow and you can come and meet me there when I get away from the office. You can show me what you can do.”

“You remember Sharon, don’t you?” Kellie was waiting for him as he arrived at her gym.

“Sure I do.” Adam smiled and accepted a quick hug from them both. “Maybe I should say woof instead of hugging you.”

“Don’t tempt me.” Sharon smiled. “Kellie’s been telling me all about your audition and I couldn’t resist coming to wish you luck.”

“I’ve got your heels here.” Kellie lifted a bag. “And we’ve both come to encourage you.”