

# The Go-Go Dancer



**Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

An "Adult-TV" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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# THE GO-GO DANCER

**By Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

Joyce knew that the girls were away attending class at the Elite School for Secretaries. According to his watch he had three hours to clean out their dorm and make his getaway. Closing the now empty jewel box, he picked up his suitcase and moved to the next room to see a tape recorder. This was his first break-in and he was loaded with loot to fence at Carl's shop. Opening his suitcase, he began to stuff the tape recorder into it when he heard their voices outside of the door.

Closing the suitcase, he made a dash for the window and saw that it was barred with a security screen. Hearing the doorknob turning, he ducked into a closet to hide. In the dark he realized he was trapped in total heart-beating fear among soft clinging dresses surrounded by the rich scents used by their owners!

"I had to tell you someday, didn't I?" June complained, taking off her coat. "John proposed last week and we plan to get married this June."

“But, what about the group? You said you were leaving the group,” Sue complained, looking at the other girls for help. Betty, Ann, Sarah, and Norma just shrugged. “Well at least you can stay with us until June.”

“If you all promise to be my bridesmaids,” she answered, accepting their agreement with happy hugs of feminine joy. “And I will help you find my replacement.”

Sarah brushed her miniskirt, seeing that the white nylon had a dirt stain.

“And while you are at it, see if you can find this place a maid. The school certainly collects enough for furnishing one.”

“Now Elite has been pretty nice to us. Allowing us to cut classes so we can attend rehearsals. Mrs. Dean is an angel.”

“They know that we earn our tuition from our act,” Ann countered cynically.

“That’s our Ann,” June laughed. opening the closet to hang her coat only to let out a scream. “It’s a burglar!”

Joyce made a dash for the door to take advantage of their confusion and screams. He had hardly made it halfway across the floor when Ann jumped upon him, followed by the others until he was thrown to the floor by their sheer mass and fury.

“Help, I give up!”

“What on earth...” Sue sighed, sitting up to look at the youth they had captured, “are we going to do with him?”

“Call the police.”

“Please don’t,” Joyce begged, wondering why he had ever tried to break in here and wishing the tall

blonde would take her knee out of his groin. Helplessly, he tried to shift a bit under the mass of female arms and legs.

“I’ll do anything.”

“Oh, really?” the blonde asked standing up to study their captive.

“Let him up girls, let’s see what we have captured?”

“Okay, Sue,” June agreed and they all crawled off him to stand about and arrange their clothes.

“I think we have found a queen in our closet,” Ann laughed, opening the suitcase, “And here are her jewels.”

“That is my pearl necklace.”

“And my earrings.”

“Why, he has been stealing all our jewelry,” Norma complained, taking a golden locket from the suitcase.

“What on earth were you going to do with this stuff? Hock it?”

“No, maybe he was going to wear it,” Sue noted, studying his shoulder-length chestnut brown hair, fair skin, long, almost blonde lashes, delicate nose, pert, somewhat pink lips, finely-molded chin, and dainty ears. A few stray hairs marked his beard, showing that he was not all that mature. He was just over five feet tall and not tough-looking, despite his obvious occupation.

“Well,” Ann observed, glancing away from their little captive towards Sue, “He is certainly pretty enough, if he were cleaned up to wear them.”

“Perhaps that was why he was hiding in June’s closet. He was looking for some new clothes to wear,” Sarah suggested to their giggles and his chagrin.



“Don’t you agree, Sue?”

“Now, look here,” Joyce countered, uncertainly seeing the amusement in their eyes. “I think you had better call the police.”

“Oh, no, we wouldn’t think of it,” Sue said, reaching out to undo the top button of his shirt. “I thought that you said that you would do anything to avoid the police?”

“Please, would you tell me what you are going to do, Sue?” Norma asked, seeing that June, Betty, and Sarah were just as confused.

“I think we are about to hire that maid you have always wanted Sarah,” Sue said, “If you girls will help me to prepare her for her duties.”

Betty laughed with delight as she playfully took a hold of one of his wrists.

“What a simply divine idea.”

As she held one of his wrists, she was joined by an equally delighted Norma, who took the other wrist.

“What is your name, girl?”

“I am not a girl,” he protested angrily, trying to break free but the other girls went to help their friends.

“How will we do it?” June asked, helping to pull off his pants while Sue finished removing his shirt.

“Well we undress our little maid and give her a nice beauty bath...”

“No, I mean how do we keep her?”

“You’re not going to make me into your maid,” he complained angrily as Sue and Ann removed his undershirt, leaving him only his shorts for modesty. “And I want to call the police.”



“Of course, dearest,” Sue replied, “And you can report your attempt to rape me when I caught you trying to steal these pretty baubles. Isn’t that right Ann, dear?”

“Oh yes, when Norma and I came, you had Sue’s skirts up and were just about to take poor Sue.”

Norma added, “If it had not been for us, who knows what you would have done to poor Sue.”

“It was just awful,” Betty giggled.

“You girls are crazy,” he swore, seeing that they actually might do just what they said: frame him on a charge of rape. Seeing no choice, he bowed his head submissively.

“Norma, you and June prepare the bath for our new maid while Ann and I keep her under control,” Sue ordered.

“What should we do?” Sarah asked.

“Find a suitable uniform for her. A basic black dress and a white ruffled apron will do for now. While Ann and I hold her, you can take a tape measure and measure her for the right size.”

“Wonderful,” Sarah exclaimed, going to her sewing box and returning from her room with a tape measure, pad, and pencil.

While Ann and Sue held poor Joyce, she took her measurements.

“A perfect size twelve,” she sighed, standing up from her measuring of his hips, “Of course she will need a little taking in and padding.”

The girls all laughed at his embarrassed struggles.

“We shall make you fit just perfectly,” Sue promised while she took a hold of his briefs to remove them along with his shoes and socks, leaving him stark naked before the girls.

“Sit down at the vanity,” Sue ordered, pushing him towards the brass straight back vanity chair where she made him sit while tying his hands behind his back with a dress belt. Tying each ankle to a chair leg, she picked up a pair of tweezers.

“Now we can start your beauty treatment. A girl should have nice shaped brows and no facial hairs.”

“Look, can’t we talk this over?” he begged, seeing Ann take another pair of tweezers from the vanity across the room to join Sue in her efforts to reduce his little beard to nothing.

“There, as smooth as a baby’s bottom,” Sue announced, running her hand over his face. “Now let’s do the brows.”

“She is pretty, Sue,” Ann observed, plucking out a hair.

“Not half so pretty as she will be when we are done.”

“Please, let me go,” he begged only to be ignored as Sue began to discuss the need to use tweezers to remove his sideburns to create a feminine hairline. He winced from the pain of feeling their tweezers stinging his face with each sideburn or eyebrow hair removed while they used brushes to sweep back his hair and argue about their balance.

“Look, you can get into a lot of trouble...”

“Shut up and put your knees together like a good little girl,” Ann ordered, glancing down towards his lap.

“We must do something about that thing.”

“What thing?” Sue asked, seeing Ann reach down to examine his penis.

“Oh, that. Does it work?”

“Hey!” he exclaimed, watching in disbelief as Ann began to actually fondle him, causing it to stiffen in response to her efforts and the fact that the two girls were completely sexy in their miniskirts as they pressed themselves so close to him.

“Stop that!”

“Oh, it is kind of cute all puffed up like that.”

“Hardly suitable for a maid though,” Sue noted.

“We must do something with it.”

“Oh, it is spitting at us,” Ann exclaimed, removing her hand to place a handful of pink tissues into his lap to use them to clean up the mess.

“What shall we do with such a messy little toy?”

“Look, you’ve had your games. Let me go...”

“I said shut up,” Ann ordered again, swinging her right hand in a sound slap that struck so hard that his head snapped to one side and he screamed in pain, “Or I shall have a gag in your mouth. And keep those knees together!”

“Her bath is ready,” Norma announced, entering the room to observe Ann’s brutal blow and the youth’s shocked response as his knees came together sharply.

Sue untied Joyce and the four of them escorted his naked form into the hall between the adjoining bedrooms and their joint bath where a tub filled with pink foaming bubbles awaited him.

“Here, take this can and spray yourself,” Norma ordered, handing him a shaving cream spray can, designed for women, which he used to spray pink foam on his almost hairless body.

Then, as he stood where Sue indicated while Norma and June each took lady’s razors and shaved

his body clean except for his pubic hairs, Sue suggested be kept shaved to a female's shape.

"There, all pretty," Betty sighed.

Ann pointed to the tub, sending the totally submissive youth into the warmth of the tub filled with insulting pink foaming bubbles which at least gave him some protection from their eyes.

Betty handed him a scrub brush.

"You will scrub yourself until you are glistening pink from head to foot."

"You two can bring her back to us when she is squeaky clean," Sue announced, nodding to Ann.

"What shall be done about his staying here?" Ann asked once they were satisfied that he was under control in the tub.

"Blondes have more fun and her hair is brown," Betty mused, running her fingers through his hair thoughtfully. "But, maids are not made for fun. They are supposed to work from dawn to dusk while their mistresses go to the ball. I think that, with her pale porcelain white skin, she would be stunning with black hair," black-haired June protested with amused delight over their little game.

"Yes, a sexy French maid with lovely black hair. The perfect disguise for our criminal to wear as she hides from the police."

Against his protests they tied his hands behind his back and soon his hair was turned coal black by a rich black dye along with his eyebrows before they rinsed with a shampoo to make certain that the dye had set completely. They then put his hair up in curlers.

"We can give her a permanent once it is safe."

“I have some lovely black permanent lashes,” June offered to the happy agreement of her classmates.

In a moment she returned and while Betty held poor Joyce from moving in his struggles to escape this new feminization, June delicately used a pair of tweezers to fix each little lash with the super glue in place.

“Sit with your legs together,” Betty ordered, “And keep your hands in your lap like a good little girl. You must not move or she will drop one in your eye and it will be impossible to remove it without damage and pain.”

Meekly, he closed his legs and sat in silent surrender until June leaned back with a sigh to announce that Joyce now had lovely full feminine lashes.

“Time to bring you back to the bedroom,” Sarah observed, entering the room to note his new hair, brow, and long black eyelashes with approval. “I have found a lovely uniform for you to wear.”

Already he looked more like a girl than a boy and they had just begun his transformation.

Taking him by the arm, Norma led him back to Sue and Ann.

When they entered the bedroom, Norma saw that June’s bed was covered with a plastic shower curtain.

“What’s this for?”

“A little operation,” Ann laughed, taking his other arm. Before the struggling youth could realize her intentions, the girls had him upon the plastic curtain flat upon his back while each wrist and ankle was tied separately to a corner bedpost, leaving him spread-eagled at their mercy.

“What are you going to do?” he cried, seeing that Ann was playing with his penis again!

The girls crowded about to giggle and laugh over his helpless struggles of embarrassment while Sue placed a tube of glue and several other items upon the smooth plastic between his wide spread squirming legs.

“I think we shall start out with the lips first,” Sue announced, working the soft flesh above the base his erect shaft into a deep fold to have Ann hold one hand upon the roll of flesh which she gradually formed into a corner of a lip like cleft.

“Isn’t that the new super glue?” Norma asked, watching like the other girls as Sue carefully applied the glue, creating slightly open serrated lips.

“Hey, what are you doing, that stings,” Joyce complained, raising his head from the pillow. Held down by the spread eagle position, he couldn’t see what awful thing Sue was doing to his sex as the tensions mounted in his loins while Ann continued to play with his growing manhood!

“There he goes,” Ann laughed, watching his pumping release and noticing that as the organ began to shrivel, the newly-formed lips began to close.

Sue gently pushed his testis into the natural body cavity they once descended from to have one of the girls hold them in place until the little muscle slits were also glued together, bringing the scrotum taut from the anus to the base of his dwindling manhood, leaving the beginning slit of a labia majora, his now limp organ, and the remains of his now empty scrotum sack.

Carefully, she shortened his foreskin into a little neat ring of skin that just revealed the pink glistening lips of the urethra as it exited the meatus. Making certain that the glue did not touch the meatus, the foreskin fold was securely glued to itself so that it stayed in place about the glistening lips to assure a clear passage for urination.

Satisfied with this, she started an inner skin fold over the base of his penis, using the scrotum sack remains and the skin to secure the penis in a rearward position between his outstretched legs until the ring of foreskin was glued tightly in place to insure a seated toilet.

Returning to the top third of the labia majora she had started, she continued to form the all-too female lips between his legs until she came to just above where the little foreskin bundle was.

She measured about halfway between the anus and where the foreskin bundle was and, using the taut scrotum skin, she began to form the lips of a pseudo inner labia minora until they enfolded and secured the foreskin bundle even more securely in place, just hiding the meatus cleft beneath the inner lips. At the base of the labia minora, inches from his anus, she started the labia majora to complete it as it enfolded the labia minora, which she could reveal by opening the outer lips once they were glued into place.

“That should be the last time that she is bothered by that silly growth,” she taunted, patting the newly-created pudendum before inserting a finger into the labia majora, adding, “When you sit down at your toilet, remember to use your finger so that you will remain dainty.”

“Say, that looks just perfectly female,” Norma observed, patting the area between Joyce’s outspread legs.

“A perfect little pussy, dearest. What is your name, girl?”

“Joyce,” he answered, feeling the stinging between his legs slowly fade.

“Joyce, really?” she laughed, joined by the other girls.

“I think that is a lovely name for our little maid, ” Sue observed, going to the vanity to pick up a bottle of nail polish. “Let’s do her nails while she dries.”

“Will it hold like that?” Betty asked in wonder while touching the puckered lips between their captive’s legs.

“It looks so real.”

“Oh that glue is so sticky that they took it off the market because it could stick fingers together and a doctor would have to cut them apart,” Sue announced, seeing the fear in his eyes over her words.

“Don’t worry, dearest, we will keep you too busy for you to need to play with that little toy that Sue has so carefully tucked away safe from harm,” June warned, working on a pedicure for their new maid.

“Oh boy, will she be kept busy.”

The girls all laughed and Sue continued to apply the pink nail polish to each of his toes after June gave him a pedicure.

“Have you found a dress for Joyce to wear this evening when she meets the other girls?” Sue asked, turning the polish over to Norma, who was finishing the manicure.

“I have found a lovely maid’s uniform. I am sure that she will just adore the rest of her dainty clothes,” Sarah announced.

Sue rechecked her handiwork to see that the skin was now tightly fixed neatly in place, causing her to pat her work with satisfaction, “Nice and tidy.”

“If she were to advertise that, the men would be crawling all over her.”

“But, she is so flat-chested,” June complained, causing Sarah to leave the room.



“Perhaps we can fix that later,” Sue mused, “Now that she is equipped, perhaps we can get her an operation so she can go topless.”

“Meanwhile she can wear these,” Sarah said returning to show the girls a pair of flesh toned falsies filled with gel which Sue and the girls examined delighting in the natural feeling and the full areola and nipples.

“They look just like the real thing and they certainly bounce just right. Before my operation I wore them,” Sarah added placing the falsie upon his chest with an amused little giggle over his closing his eyes to hide from the embarrassment he felt.

“Oh, they will be perfect,” June agreed, helping to adjust them so that they rested naturally in place.

“Let’s see what they will do for our Joyce,” Sue suggested reopening the glue to quickly fix them in place so that it appeared that Joyce had two perfectly formed upturned breasts, which blended perfectly with his smooth feminine skin.

June cupped each full breast with her hands and jiggled them, causing poor Joyce to look away in blushing distress.

“Just what every girl should have, dearest.”

“Yes, indeed,” Betty laughed along with the other girls.

“Her nails look as if they are dry enough for her to stand up and see herself in the mirror, once we have combed out her set.”

“Oh, but she will need two full-length mirrors and a straight back chair to use in the hallway for her poise class,” Sue suggested, untying Joyce’s right wrist as Ann attended to the other wrist and the girls untied the ankles. “She should learn how a young lady handles herself.”

“Get up, girl,” Ann ordered, clapping her hand, causing poor Joyce to stand up before the girls; completely transformed.

“Stand with your feet together. Lift up your head by stretching your neck. Lift up your chin and move your head back, that’s right, so that your ears are even with your shoulders. Now, don’t hide those lovely breasts like a shy little girl. Take a deep breath and lift your rib cage up and out of your waistline. Pull your waist up from your hips as you stretch. Now tighten your abdomen and buttocks so that your pelvic is tilted forward and up. There, now stand still.”

“She should turn her arm outward more and bend her wrists,” Betty urged while June went to her bureau to produce a white nylon waist nipper.

“Yes, I think that her waist should be taken in. It will cause her to bend her wrists to clear her hips as she walks.”

“This ought to give her a narrow waist,” June laughed, helped by Betty as they fitted the nipper about his waist before she took in the laces, forcing Joyce to breathe from the chest as the garment pulled his waist to emphasize his wide hips.

“Yes, that is much more natural. I think a few weeks of wearing that little waist nipper should give her the kind of waist men like to put their hands about.”

“Now, imagine that you are holding a pencil ready to write with each hand,” Ann added, showing him with her hands how to pose his hands.

“Draw your left foot to the midpoint of your right at about two o’clock with the knees relaxed. That is just perfect. Now we shall teach you how to walk like a lady.”

“Put the chair against the wall in the middle of the hall and place the mirrors at either end,” Sue or-

dered, turning from the girls back to Joyce. Picking up a book, she placed it upon his head, correcting his posture.

“Swing your leg from your hip transferring your weight forward. That is right,” she began teaching Joyce how to walk in a straight line.

“From the hip, dearest, so that your pretty seat will sway sexily for the boys to see.”

Once in the hall, she had him face the mirror.

Joyce stared at the pretty girl in the mirror in shocked surprise for her nakedness left nothing to imagination. Joyce was completely feminine and female, much to his total embarrassment!

“You will walk to the mirror, pivot, walk to the chair, turn and sit down, arise, turn and walk to the other mirror while we all make sure that you move in grace,” Sue ordered.

“As you walk I want you to tell us all about yourself, from your birth until now. But you shall tell your story as a young lady would. And you will speak in a girlish voice while we correct you. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“That shall be, ‘Yes, Miss James,’ girl. You will address your betters properly, Joyce.”

“Yes, Miss James,” he replied dutifully, beginning the story while they corrected the tone and pitch of his voice and corrected his physical actions to be certain that he walked, sat, arose, and turned properly.

His every motion and thought was directed towards his new sex with its constant female reflection in the mirrors impressing upon him the reality of his shame!