

# DEVELOPING DENISE

*By Eileen Johnson*



*ILLUSTRATED BY C.PITTS*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## **DEVELOPING DENISE**

**BY EILEEN JOHNSON**

*It was only a few years ago...*

I returned home from a hard day's work - thankful it was Friday. It was the last week in September and I hoped to spend some time relaxing in our backyard.

As I entered the house my wife greeted me at the door in a sensuous way. She wore one of her loveliest dresses... a characteristic she normally expressed when she either wanted something.

Following a romantic hug and kiss, she explained that she had made my favorite dinner. I noticed she looked especially feminine in one of her most beautiful dresses. We sat on the sofa enjoying each other's company for a few minutes before my curiosity got the best of me. Taking a deep breath I moved back and asked her what she wanted. Surprisingly, she was quite forward - as if she could hardly wait to share her latest idea with me.

It turned out that she was excited about an idea she had for her cosmetics business (selling makeup at home parties). It had grown to some extent in the year since she started, but it didn't meet her expectations. She explained that after some serious brainstorming she came up with a brilliant idea, but to succeed it not only needed my full support but also my full cooperation.

She reminded me I had said the day she started the business that I knew she would be successful and that she had my full support. She also reminded me that I had said if she ever needed my help all she had to do was just ask.

She explained how she had purchased a new product line and needed to practice using it to make-up someone for a show she had scheduled for tomorrow. She had asked a few of her friends but was unable to find someone to work on. It quickly became clear to me that I was about to be her subject. She knew I would cooperate.

Sharon suggested that I had enough time to take a shower and shave as closely as possible before we ate. As I went into the bathroom I heard her say something about getting out something comfortable for me. It wasn't long before I was done and entered the bedroom. I found a set of my underwear on the bed along with one of her flower print robes.

Sharon poked her head... "I thought the robe would help you get in the mood."

"Thanks a lot."

She came into the room with her box of goodies and had me sit at the dressing table. She began by covering my face with a foundation cream followed by a coating of powder. Then she carefully brushed my eyebrows and outlined them with an eyeliner pencil. This was followed by blue eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara.

She then put two different shades of rouge on my cheeks blending them in carefully. The final application was lipstick, a bright red. My hair wasn't all that long but she still brushed it out and sprayed it with hair spray. I was quite surprised that she had kept her mind on her work and did not make any humorous comments about all this.

When Sharon finally allowed me a peek in the mirror, I was quite surprised... I looked much better than I had expected. She said she was pleased with the results and wished that I would keep it on until after we ate so she could see how it wears. I agreed to go along.

The rest of the evening was uneventful. I did some reading and watched TV. Then, when we were ready to go to bed, she removed the makeup with cold cream.

"Last night was a real eye opener for me," Sharon whispered and smiled the next morning. "I have a few more ideas I would like to try out with your help."

"Um, great," I replied with just a slight hint of apprehension.

During the day I was too busy to think about the night before and returned home quite exhausted and late for supper. Sharon was just leaving for the show and I quickly helped her pack the last of her things.

"Why don't you take a bath and make your self comfortable. I laid out some things for you on the bed, enjoy," she commented as she got ready to leave.

I wondered what she had in mind and went straight to the bedroom. There I found one of her silky light blue full length night gowns, panties and an ivory colored bathrobe. At first I thought she didn't expect me to wear them and decided to take a bath before I ate.

Upon entering the bathroom I could not help but notice the attached note. All it said was "Yes, they are for you, try them on. You will like them."

There was no doubt in my mind now, that she intended for me to wear them. At first I thought 'fat chance' and took my bath. As I entered the bedroom with just a towel around my waist I headed for my dresser drawer. As I opened it up I found a pair of light blue panties right on top of my jockey shorts.

I shook my head and thought, *okay, you win*. I took them out to put on. As I dressed I could not help but become conscious of the soft silky feeling that caressed my body. She was right, this outfit is very comfortable. Then I went to the kitchen and heated up my supper. After eating I sank back in my favorite chair to watch TV and soon feel asleep.

Before I knew it I felt the gentle kiss and opened my eyes to see Sharon.

"You look very comfortable," she smiled.

All I could say was "That's for sure." I asked her what prompted her to encourage my to do this.

"You looked so comfortable last night I thought why not?"

Then I reminded her the average husband doesn't spend his evenings like this.

"It's about time men experience some of the finer things in life.," Sharon retorted.

Then we headed for bed... I knew she expected me to wear the nightgown to bed, and I did. The following few nights passed by much the same way. I admit I enjoyed the nightgown and wore it without her encouragement. This seemed to please her was well.

On Friday evening, the next big surprise came...

As I entered the house she was overly sweet once again, so I knew she had something up her sleeve. Well, once again we sat on the sofa for one of her talks. This time she explained she had wondered since last week about something. Then it was my turn to ask what she had in mind.

Apparently she couldn't help but think about how nice my face looked with the makeup on and asked if she could do it again to try out a different combination. Then she began the traditional foreplay. It wasn't long before I agreed once again. I was encouraged to shower and shave as closely as possible.

When I came out of the bathroom, I noticed that a complete set of lingerie and a dress had been placed on the bed. At about the same time Sharon came into the room.

I looked at her and said, "No way!"

She looked at me with her big brown eyes and said, "Just for tonight. It will help me with the makeup if you look more like a woman."

I shook my head no again... this was going too far. She came over and gave me a hug.

"Don't be silly, it's just to help us make some extra cash."

After an additional few minutes of debate I knew she was not about to take no for an answer and gave in.

First I put on the panties and pantyhose. Then she helped me slip the bra over my arms and hooked it from behind. As I looked down I could not help but notice how full the cups looked. Then I realized I was wearing a padded bra. This couldn't be hers for she was rather well endowed.

I asked her where this came from - she *claimed* that she had it lying around for years. Then my attention was quickly diverted to the full length slip she was slipping over my head. As she straightened it out and adjusted the straps I looked in the mirror and was quite surprised at my new shape.

"You're looking pretty good," she enthused. "Now let's put on the dress. Hold up your arms and I will slip it over your head."

She pulled it down and fitted it to my shape. As she zipped it up I could feel it tighten around my body and knew it was clearly accenting every curve.

She had me look in the mirror and, to my surprise, it fit quite nicely. I knew from wearing the nightgown that we were about the same size but never expected one of her dresses to fit so well. She seemed equally surprised and commented that the dresses and skirts with stretch waistbands would fit but not those with a tailored waist.

By now she was really fired up and couldn't wait to do my face... by now I was putting up no resistance and was quite intrigued at how masterfully she applied the

makeup. In about 15 minutes she was finished with my face. Then she took out two long gold clip on earrings with dangly pearls on the end and put them on my ears. This was followed by a necklace, bracelets and a spray of her favorite perfume.

We both looked in the mirror and were quite intrigued by my reflection.

“With the exception of my hair I really look quiet feminine,” I commented.

She put her arm around me and said, “This came out even better than I could have ever imagined. You really look good. If your hair was only a little longer I could do something with it.”

She had me stand and slip on a pair of my summer sandals. We laughed and both commented on how they didn't match the outfit. Then she said with a smile I will have to work on that problem.

“Yea, a pair of heels would look great with this dress,” I joked.

Once again she hoped I would keep it on for the rest of the night, and surprisingly I found myself more than willing. We went into the kitchen and prepared supper. As we did I found myself frequently rubbing my very silky legs together. Sharon picked up on this commenting “ Doesn't that feel good?” All I could do was blush and keep working, hoping that she didn't see the bulge that had formed in front of my skirt.

That night we sat around watching TV and enjoying each other's company. As we changed for bed she noticed something on the front of my slip that I hadn't seen either, or I would have changed at once. There were two small stains right where the top of one of my erections had been. I had obviously dripped and it had seeped through the fine nylon material.

“ You naughty boy,” she laughed. “Was this caused by the clothes, me... or a little of both?”

I blushed so much the answer was obvious - it was *both*.

As I changed she thought for a moment and went in the bathroom. When she returned I was down to only my panties and about to put on my nightgown. She asked me to stay in just my panties while she tried something.

“I think I have a solution to the problem,” she said. “Please go along with me on this one. One solution would be a condom but I think a more feminine solution would be more appropriate for your circumstances.”

Then from around her back she pulled out a feminine sanitary napkin. *I thought I would faint.*

“You don't expect me to wear that do you?” I recoiled.

“Sure, why not? It will certainly make you feel more feminine.”

She had cut an opening in one end, trimmed back some of the material on the side opposite the sticky side and made a tunnel into it. I could hardly move I was so surprised.

Sharon came over and hugged, kissed and stroked me until I couldn't hold back an erection. When it was firm she slipped the napkin over the erection and pulled it down snugly. The sensation nearly lead to an eruption and she knew it. Then she pulled up

my panty so the napkin was centered and adhered to the panty hose holding it in place. I looked on with amazement. She suggested that I sleep with it on so I can see how well it would stay in place.

The next morning I woke up late and found Sharon in the kitchen. She said she had to go to a business meeting and seemed to be in a hurry, so I decided to work around the house and make some repairs.

Late in the afternoon Sharon came home and seemed quite pleased with the results of her meeting. All she had to say at the moment was that she would tell me all about the meeting over supper. All I hoped was that this didn't involve *me*.

Around six we sat down to supper and after some idle conversation she began to enlighten me about the success of her meeting. Sharon explained that she had an idea how she could expand the business and make some extra cash.

She went on to explain that she intended to expand beyond makeup, and include clothing. She had talked to one of the larger clothing stores about supplying outfits for her to demonstrate as she did complete makeovers at the parties. The deal gave the store advertising and she would also take orders for various items that were displayed. She said that as she left she noticed a wig shop just down the street and decided to try the same proposition on them.

Once again the result was quite positive - they would be getting back to her during the week. Up to this point, the whole idea sounded quite good. Then she got that twinkle in her eye once again...

Her plan included doing a complete makeover during her demonstration at the party. This way the women would see how effective the coordination of the makeup and clothes could be when done correctly. I wondered if she would be able to find a willing victim each show...

"Most certainly!" Sharon grinned. "I will use the same person every time."

"That' a good idea; who do you have in mind?"

"I intend to keep it in the family," Sharon grinned wider.

Maybe I was dense... I began to think who she had in mind and couldn't think of any female relatives that lived close enough to us to help her. But the bombshell was coming.

"I will give you a clue, you don't have to look very far for my assistant."

It hit me like a bolt of lightning, she meant me!

"You can't be serious!" I gasped.

"Why not? You looked very nice when I dressed you up the other night. Just think of the affect on the girls at the party when they see a man turned into a very nice looking woman...they will by everything I have for sale!"

"You're crazy!"

That lead to another lengthy discussion... and she was well prepared to take me on.

She pulled out a complete record of her party sales and a chart that showed projected sales as well. If her projections were right she could actually double her sales and that would compete with my salary. I knew she had been doing quite well but I was quite taken by her most recent sales.

Then came the pleading that we try it just once. By now I was getting a headache and tried to put her off for a while. I told her I would think about it overnight and let her know in the morning. With that she let up for the evening.

That night I wondered how I was going to put this latest idea out of her mind. I was sure she was thinking of a way to get me to go along. When I awoke on Sunday morning, there was a complete outfit for me to try on.

“Aren't you the least bit curious as to how you would look?” Sharon asked.

To my surprise, I found myself agreeing with her, and within minutes I found myself in the shower shaving whatever hair was left on my body.

Upon entering the bedroom she once again helped me into my lingerie. Then she slipped a new dress over my head. It was full skirted and black with white cuffs and collar. Once zipped up the back, it accented my now feminine shape.

Sharon then had me sit at the vanity table as she worked on my makeup as she had done before... but now for the first time, wig was added.

I looked at myself in the mirror and was literally stunned. My wife danced for joy.

“It's fantastic, even better than I thought it would come out!” she enthused.

I had to agree.

She encouraged me to keep the outfit on and get used to it as much as possible. It seemed she was convinced that she had me hooked.

I wasn't quite sure to what to say. I knew her plan sounded good, but wondered what people would say when they saw me like this. I feared I would be ‘the talk of the town’ as well as the target for all kinds of ridicule.

We went into the kitchen to have breakfast and a long conversation about the possibilities of this project. She suggested I should practice my feminine graces as much as possible for the next few weeks.

I didn't commit myself, but I agreed to remain dressed as I was for the rest of the day.

We spent the day house cleaning and making lasagna for supper as well as some extra for those nights she has parties. She took every opportunity to encourage me to walk, sit and generally act more like a woman.

I have to admit I really loved the feel of my new long hair swirling about my head as I turned around let alone the full skirt brushing against my legs. When I looked in the mirror I didn't see a man in a dress, I saw a woman.

Later in the afternoon she encouraged me to try on a skirt and blouse. ...The skirt was very straight and fit my shape very well. The blouse was so light that I could see the outline of my bra and slip.