

40 DD

By Lisa



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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40 DD

By Lisa

CHAPTER ONE

I've just been asked, "How did it all begin?" My charming interlocutor, who is giggling after only one glass of wine, is dying to know.

Before I answer, let me take a moment to describe how special it is here. You see, I live in San Francisco, high on a hill, and the view from my condo is spectacular. Out on the terrace, where we are sitting, there is an uninterrupted view of the bay. Peggy says only a rich man's wife or a kept woman can live like this. Who am I to disagree?

The sun is just beginning to set and the sky is full of reds, yellows and purples. There are sailboats heading for Sausalito. I have kicked off my heels and have poured us both another glass of Chardonnay. By "us", I mean myself, of course, myself and my neighbor, Peggy, who is a single woman about my age. We have become good friends the past few months and since I'm occasionally alone evenings she comes over to keep me company.

But back to her question. The beginning? Well.. .it would have to be when I met Lisa at the elevator. Quite by chance, really. A billion-to-one shot.

I remember it quite vividly. I was living in Miami at the time—in much less luxurious surroundings, to say the least. I was returning to my apartment building after an unsuccessful day of auditioning for one part or another. As I recall, had I gotten the part, I would have played a toaster repairman. Anyway, I had seen four or five casting directors that day and I wasn't what any of them were looking for. I hadn't worked for a couple of months.

But, I was an actor—at least I *wanted* to be one. I had come to Miami because a lot of commercial work was being done there. Unfortunately everyone else had heard the same story and a battalion of actors had come south to find fame and fortune. There was work, sure, but not nearly enough to go around. A few made it big. The rest starved.

I was hot, tired, and I was feeling dejected. As I reached to push the button for the elevator, the doors suddenly opened. Lisa and her boyfriend rushed out and we literally bumped into each other.

Lisa and I stared in disbelief. I had never seen anyone who resembled me as much, especially not a girl! She obviously felt the same way. I couldn't help wondering if she was some lost fraternal twin of mine.

To start with, we were both the same height. At 5'9", I wasn't tall for a boy, but Lisa was somewhat tall for a girl. We both seemed to have long legs and, in spite of her

curves, there was a graceful sliminess to her that I recognized in myself. We both had dark hair, worn long. Oh, there were a *few* differences. My eyebrows were a bit bushy and hers were arched and thin. We had the same big brown eyes underneath, though. Hers, like mine, had flecks of gold. I had always felt my nose was too feminine and, as I looked at hers I realized why. We had the same nose! Her lips were fuller than mine although they were almost the same shape.

Don't misunderstand. I looked like a boy. No one would have ever mistaken me for the opposite sex. And Lisa looked like a girl. A very sexy girl. So why was there a chill down my spine?

Of course, there was one big difference between us. Lisa had large, full breasts. I couldn't take my eyes off the way her nipples made indentations in the thin fabric of her T shirt. Her boyfriend must have seen me looking for he suddenly became possessive, pulling her close to him. I didn't blame him a bit but she was as transfixed with me as I was with her.

"I'm Lisa," she said, extending her hand to me. "And this hunk is Ron."

Ron begrudgingly said hello.

I told her my name was William, usually called Will. I found out that she lived in one of the large apartments on the tenth floor. I told her I was staying in the apartment of an actor I knew who was out of town shooting a commercial.

"Are *you* an actor?" she asked me.

"Yes. At least I'm *trying* to be." We were still staring at each other.

"I don't think I've ever seen you in anything. If I had, I would have noticed how much we resemble each other. Don't you think we do?"

"We *do* look alike."

"More than just alike, don't you think? I mean, like twins?"

"Yes, its weird, isn't it?"

"I think its fascinating. Could we be related? I grew up here in Florida."

"I'm from Ohio. I'm an only child. My parents were a bit older."

There must have been something in my voice for she said, "They don't like your acting career, do they?"

"No, they don't." It was true, they had more or less given up on me when I wouldn't stay to take over the family farm. We seldom wrote to each other any more.

"I'd really like to get to know you better," she said.

"I have to give up the apartment this weekend because my friend is returning, but..."

"Hey!" Ron interrupted. "What is this? You're with *me*, Lisa, remember? And we're late!"

As he dragged her off, she turned her head to me and gave me a big wink. I went up, took a bath, and had a sandwich for dinner. I had a difficult time falling asleep that night.

CHAPTER TWO

A few days later, my phone rang. It was Lisa and she invited me to come up for a drink.

After our first meeting I had hoped she would be interested in me —sexually, that is—but the more I thought about it, the more doubts I had. After all, wouldn't it be like making love to your sister? I was determined to try anyway. That's what a stud would do.

She greeted me warmly and, after some small talk, I was sitting on her sofa with a rum and coke in my hand. She asked me if I had found a part yet.

“No,” I said. “I'm more than discouraged.”

“When will your friend be back?”

“Sunday.”

“Do you have a place to go?”

“I'm still looking.”

“I thought that might be the situation. Acting is a tough field to break into. But I might have a part for you.”

“Is that possible?”

“Yes, it is. And it pays well.”

“Are you teasing me?”

“Definitely not. We may be able to help each other.”

“How?” She had on another of those thin T shirts and I'm sure she made herself jiggle just to see my reaction. In fact, I had been just about ready to make my “move”.

“It's simple,” she said. She came over to where I was sitting and took my hands in hers. She looked into my eyes. “You can impersonate me.”

“That's the role?” To say that I was astounded would be to vastly understate how I felt. What could she mean?

“I'll explain,” she went on. “Ron has a thirty-foot sailboat. He wants me to go away with him. God knows I want to! We want to explore the Caribbean for six months—maybe even a year. Do you know how glorious that would be?”

I nodded my head, yes. It did sound glorious.

“But I can't,” she continued. “In nine months I'll be twenty-five. There's a two million dollar trust fund waiting for me but, to get it, I have to have been gainfully employed for a year.”

She paused to let me consider what she had said. “I'm a receptionist for a large firm but I've only been there three months. If I leave to go with Ron, I'll lose all that money!”

She admitted that she had been wild all her life and, as an attempt to “bring her to her senses”, her grandmother had altered the terms of her trust. So, she was stuck with a job she didn't want and Ron was about to set sail.

"I'm paid \$25,000 a year," she said. "If you do exactly what I want you to do, you could get that money, plus another \$100,000. I'm talking about \$125,000! What do you think?"

I was speechless.

"Does the money sound good to you?"

I could only nod my head yes.

"Good! Listen, this is your chance to have the role of a lifetime. You impersonate me. Show up at my job each day and do what I would do. Put on a good performance until the lawyers are convinced I've changed my wild ways and give me my trust money. Then I give you a check for \$100,000. Plus you will have had my salary to live. What do you think?"

"I know we look a lot alike —so much it's scary—but not enough for me to pull it off, do you think?"

"I have some ideas as to how you could do it. But let me ask you a delicate question first. Are you gay?"

"NO!" I said, jumping up from the sofa.

"All right, all right," she said. "Sit back down. It might be easier if you were gay. But being straight doesn't mean you *can't* pull this off. How good an actor *are* you?"

"I'm good, even if I'm the only one who thinks so."

"Can you really put yourself into a part?"

"If I were given the chance, I *know* I could do it."

"Well, I'm giving you that chance."

I didn't tell Lisa, but her question, about my being gay or not, really hurt because I had become an actor after I had discovered it was a great way to meet girls. There were always groupies hanging around the stage at the junior college I went to. I dumped agricultural studies to give acting a try. It worked! The girl part, that is. Not as well as I had dreamed but I had more girls interested in me than I ever had before. And to my surprise, I also found that I could act.

But, playing the part of "Lisa" troubled me. There was some undeniable, foreboding quality about it. Yet the money was enough to get me established as an actor in New York. You can't succeed without taking risks.

Still, I had to ask this question, "Why don't you find a girl to impersonate you?"

"I didn't have this idea until after I saw you at the elevator. If I could find a girl, I would. But it could take months of looking to find one who resembles me. I don't have the time."

"Do you *really* think I could do it?"

"My job is pretty much ornamental. They like me to show off my long legs with a short skirt and my breasts with a tight blouse. It makes a good impression on customers when they arrive at our office. Then I just have to direct them to the right location or make a phone call to see if someone is in. It's easy."

"I don't mean that. Can I make people believe I'm *you*?"

"You can do it. To prove it, I want you to slip on one of my dresses. Then we'll get a good look at you."

"I would be too embarrassed."

"Too embarrassed to earn \$100,000?"

"No," I said meekly.

"Come on," she said, taking my hand and leading me to her bedroom.

Lisa was one of those girls who always have messy bedrooms. Her bed was unmade and a baby doll and panties were left where she had taken them off that morning. Her dresser was loaded with photos, makeup, hair drier, and so on. I could see into her bathroom. There was hose that she had washed out and hung up to dry.

There I was in her bedroom! And we were both about to take off our clothes! However, since I was about to try on one of her dresses, I don't think I could have gotten an erection if my life had depended on it. My manhood was limp. That chill was back down my spine. My mouth was as dry as a ball of cotton. Some stud.

"Both of us need to dress in my work clothes," she said. "Then we can stand side by side at my mirror and see how much we look alike."

She slipped off her T shirt and cutoff jeans. She was wearing a very tiny and transparent bra and panty set. I could see her prominent nipples and there was a dark triangle through her panties. I tried not to stare while I took off all my clothes except for my briefs.

"Good. Your legs are very shapely," she said. "You won't have any problem with short skirts. But they're hairy. You have a light beard, so I thought you wouldn't have much hair elsewhere. I guess if I didn't shave and wax, my legs would look like yours." She ran her hands down my legs. "Don't worry. It will come off easily."

"You mean I'll have to shave my legs?"

"Did you see Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie? Tony Curtis in Some Like It Hot?"

"Of course."

"Did you see hairy legs?"

"No."

"Because those actors did what the part required of them. And the part I want you to play—being me—requires total commitment. Remember how Robert DiNero put on 90 pounds to play Jake LaMotta in that movie? That's the kind of thing a great actor will do."

I knew she was right.

"Here," she said, holding up two dresses. "Which one do you like better?"

Both dresses had short skirts. Worse, they looked like they would be very tight-fitting. I choose the peach-colored one since it had sleeves and a higher neckline. I hoped it would cover more of me.

“Coward,” Lisa laughed, knowing why I had chosen that one. Then she handed me a pair of white heels.

“Here is some lingerie and hose,” she said, placing a pile of silky garments on the bed.

“I thought you said just a dress?” I said, shaking.

“Don't be silly. This test has to be realistic and a dress without the right underwear won't fit properly. Now, let's get started. Off with your briefs!”

I wanted to object but instead took the lacy pair she handed me and, with my back turned to her, exchanged them for my briefs. I had seldom, if ever, felt anything so sensuous as I did when her panties were pulled up snug around me. She saw that and smiled at me.

“Just think,” she said, “how it would feel to wear my panties for a year! Perhaps I could get you to impersonate me for free?”

There must have been a shocked look on my face for she smiled and said, “Just kidding!”

She took two slender garter belts from the pile on the bed. She fastened one around my waist and the other around hers. We sat together on the bed and I rolled hose up my legs and attached them to my garters, after first watching her do hers.

“This bra matches your panties,” she said. It also had soft lace. After hooking it around me she stuffed six pairs of panties in each cup. “There, that fills you out. Now for the dress.”

The peach-colored dress went over my head and fell, easily, to about eight inches above my knees. I was startled at how perfectly it fit me. My bustline, because of its huge size, made me gasp when I looked down. “I've been this size since I was sixteen,” she said, laughing. “You get used to it.”

As I slipped into the three-inch heels, Lisa finished dressing.

“Let me muss up your hair,” she said. She took her fingers and ran them through my hair until my hair appeared to be more like the style she wore, although hers was much fuller with flowing curls. We both had thick, healthy hair, though, and mine was almost as long as hers.

“One more thing before we look into the mirror,” she said. “Lipstick.”

I started to draw back but she gave me such a determined look that I didn't move.

“This deep red is my favorite shade,” she said. She opened the tube and applied it generously to my lips. Indeed, it was the shade she was already wearing.

Arm in arm, since I was unsteady on my heels, we walked over to a full-length mirror.

“It's not possible?” I said. “How can I look so much like a girl in so short a time?”

“Not just a girl,” Lisa said. “You look like *me*. Oh, you wouldn't fool most people, now, but with the right amount of effort...”

“Like, if I had falsies in my bra instead of panties, you mean?”

“Something like that.”

“Would I have to fool your grandmother's lawyers? If I accept this impersonation, I mean?”

“No. I'll come back to claim my trust fund. At that time you can go back to boy's clothes.”

“I'm terrified. I really am. But looking at us in the mirror, I do believe I could pull this off.”

“Then, you'll do it?”

“I guess so.”

“Fabulous! I'm so happy, Will. Thank you!” She kissed me on the lips and that made me even more conscious that I, too, was wearing lipstick. “Let's go back into the living room and discuss the details.”

I followed her back into the living room. As I watched her walk I realized I was walking like a boy, not a girl. I tried to place one foot in front of the other, as she did, but I felt awkward.

“He looks great!” another voice said.

I spun around. There was another girl in the room! I wanted to run but my legs wouldn't move.

Lisa saw my fright. “Relax. This is Candice, my roommate. She and I dreamed up the plan to have you impersonate me.”

“Nice to meet you...Lisa,” Candice said to me. “Until now I wasn't certain this would work. Now I know it can. You look great!”

“Thank you,” I muttered softly.

Candice walked over to me. “My, my,” she said, “you even have Lisa's big boobs.”

“They feel very strange,” I said.

“Well,” Lisa responded. “Yours are only the weight of a few panties; you can't imagine how heavy real breasts like mine are.”

I sensed Candice was about to break out laughing.

But Lisa quickly added, “I have also offered Candice \$100,000 if she will help you pull this off.”

“I can use the money,” Candice said. “So you can bet that I won't let you fail.”

CHAPTER THREE

Candice made herself a drink and the three of us began chatting, mostly about ourselves, but avoiding, for the moment, details of how I would begin the impersonation. Candice told me that she worked as a secretary for a stockbroker. It was a small firm, just Candice and her boss. I didn't know it then, of course, but that would later turn out to be critical.

Candice and Lisa had been roommates in college and had lots of funny stories to tell. Both girls, being exceptionally pretty, had been more interested in boys than in books. As for me, I explained, it was girls rather than books. “And now look at you!” Candice giggled, and the three of us began laughing.

I liked Candice. She looked like the stereotype of a California blonde. She had long, straight hair, which was almost platinum it was so light. And she had a deep tan, unlike Lisa or me, and I sensed she would be happiest lying on a beach somewhere.

But the time had come and the three of us formally shook hands and I agreed to be “Lisa” for the next nine to twelve months. I also agreed to move up to their apartment that evening.

Their apartment was wonderful. It had designer modern furniture and was very comfortable. There were glass doors leading to a large balcony with deck chairs and lots of plants. And the kitchen was out of this world. More importantly, there were two bedrooms and two baths!

I hadn't had a place of my own for months so I really looked forward to living there. I had sponged off girls I met or I borrowed apartments of actors who were away and I was tired of living like that. I even took a moment to imagine having my own apartment in Greenwich Village after I collected my \$100,000.

“Now let's get down to details,” Lisa said. The tone of her voice was all business. But that was understandable—there was a lot of money at stake. “Tomorrow morning, you and Candice are going to go up to a health spa she and I have discovered.”

“I have some time off coming to me at my job so I can get away,” Candice injected.

“Why a health spa?” I questioned.

“It's very private there,” Lisa answered. “And they have all the knowledge and equipment needed to help during the transition. The two of you probably need *more* than two weeks there but two weeks is all we have.

“Ron is sailing,” Candice said, rather catty.

“Right. And I'm going with him,” Lisa said, just as catty. “The spa has been given instructions and has been paid. So make the most of the facilities there. You know the old joke about how to get to Carnegie Hall, don't you, Will?”

“Yes. Practice, practice, practice.”

“Right. And that's why you and Candice are going to the spa. Practice, practice, practice.”

“I've been up there the last two days. It's great,” Candice said. “It should be perfect for us.”

I was surprised that she had been there the last two days. But I said nothing. She was wearing a fashionable dress and heels so I had assumed she had just arrived home from work at the moment when Lisa and I emerged from her bedroom.

“Think of it as 'out of town trials', Will,” Lisa said. “Now, Candice and the director see eye to eye on everything so let them make all the decisions. OK?”

They both looked at me.

“OK,” I said.

“Why don't I go down to Will's apartment and pick up his things?” Candice added.

“Good idea. Will and I need to spend some time together. Will,” she addressed me, “I have a little bit of a southern accent. Let's see if you can imitate it.”

A few minutes later I gave Candice the keys to the apartment. She was carrying a small suitcase. As she went out the door I remembered to tell her that I had left my wallet on the dresser and that she shouldn't overlook it.

When she came back, it was over an hour later. I asked her what had taken so long?

“I had to bundle up all your clothes and take them to a dumpster.”

“What!” I interrupted.

“There didn't seem to be anything worth saving,” she answered. “But more important, if you are going to do a creditable impersonation you can't go changing back to a boy whenever you want. It would get too confusing. And risky!”

“The pants and shirt I wore here are all the things I have left?”

“I took those also. And your shoes. Everything's gone. Will, that dress looks good on you. Isn't it comfortable?”

“Yes.”

“So? You'll get used to dressing like that. You won't miss your old clothes.”

I looked down at my dress and heels. “What about my driver's license and so on?”

“Gone. I canceled your one credit card over the phone. You didn't have a check-book. I got rid of everything that had your name on it. I think its important not to have anything to fall back on. That way you will put your whole self into being Lisa.”

“You had no right!”

“Hold on!” Lisa said. “This is very important. We agreed that Candice will make all the decisions. Remember? She will be in charge of you. And I mean in complete charge! What she says goes. No argument. There is too much money at stake for there to be mistakes. Agreed?”

“Agreed,” Candice said.

“Agreed,” I said meekly. “What did you bring back for me then?”

Candice reached into her purse and brought out my toothbrush.

“You don't have to worry about clothing,” Lisa told me. “When I leave here, all I'm going to take with me are my jeans, T shirts, tennis shoes—stuff like that. Everything else is yours. You will have a closet full of dresses, skirts and blouses and dozens of heels. I will leave plenty of makeup in the bathroom. Your dresser will be full of panties, bras, hose, sexy nighties and so on. You probably have never had so many clothes to wear?”

“I have no identification!”

“Don't worry. I'll also leave my driver's license and credit cards for you. I won't need them in the islands.”

That night I slept on the sofa, wearing a rose colored peignoir, and early the next morning Candice and I left for the spa.

But before we left, Candice had pulled my hair back into a ponytail and had tied it with a bow. Lisa gave me a pair of panties, a bra and a garter belt. As she slipped the bra on me I had a chance to see the label. Lisa was a 40 DD!

Then they helped me roll hose up my legs and I put on black patent four-inch heels. A red and white sundress was pulled over my head. Candice applied more than just a touch of lipstick; it was the same shade I had worn the night before. To that, Lisa added lip gloss.

At the last minute Lisa produced a feminine napkin. She lifted my skirt and quickly slipped it into my panties. “This will keep you looking flat. I want you to always wear one. If any boy should ever happen to get his hands down there, it will stop him from exploring further.”

“What do you mean? Why would a boy put his hands down there?” I asked in panic.

“Oh, boy!” Candice laughed. “Do you have a lot to learn. Lisa, I think we may need two *years* at the spa!”

“Come on, you two. Get out of here.” Lisa handed me a whole package of napkins to take with me.

They had to practically drag me out of the apartment.

CHAPTER FOUR

Candice owned a small Chrysler convertible and we drove north on 95 with the top down. The sun felt hot, although it was still early, and Candice saw the trip as a chance to work on her tan. She slid her skirt up to her thighs so the sun could reach up there.

“Take off your hose if you want some sun on your legs,” she said.

I didn't. In fact, I worried that any tan I got would show the outline of my sleeveless dress with its low neckline.

The wind blew as Candice sped along, and I realized why she had put our hair up in ponytails. A couple of truck drivers honked at us. I tried to scrunch down in my seat but Candice just laughed and waved at them.

We were heading toward Palm Beach but as we got near she took a highway that went toward Belle Glade. Then she took a series of back roads until she came to a large fenced-in estate.

There was a sign at the entrance that read, “New Age Spa and Clinic.”

“Clinic? What do they do here?”

“Everything imaginable. But basically they make women beautiful. Weight loss. Cosmetic surgery. Reconstructive surgery and so on. I reserved a quiet suite for us so we can begin your transformation.

“Transformation?”

“Into Lisa, silly! And 'transformation' seems to be the best word for what we are about to do. Don't you think?”

“I guess you're right.”

“Two weeks from now I want you to slide your beautiful bottom behind Lisa's desk and have no one be the wiser.

I could see that the spa—or clinic, whichever it was—had originally been a large, Spanish-style house. Several new wings had been added and the parking area was full of Mercedes and Jaguars.

We parked near the main office and an orderly came out to take our luggage. “I'm Candice,” she told him. “And my busty friend is Lisa.”

He smiled at Candice but to me he said, “And how are you, Miss Lisa?”

“Here are my keys,” Candice injected, realizing my embarrassment. “Please park my car.

Inside, Candice introduced me again as Lisa, this time to Marie, the assistant director, who met us in the lobby. Marie had short, black hair, and was dressed in a starched, white uniform, all of which gave her a strong sense of authority. One or two other women passed by but I was happy that there were no other men about.

“Come on, Lisa, I'll walk you to your suite while Candice signs a few papers,” Marie told me. Candice went into the office while Marie took my hand. Marie had on soft-soled, white shoes which were very quiet and which contrasted with the clicking sound my heels made as we walked down the tile-floored halls.

“We're very pleased you came to us for help,” Marie said. “We can do so much for you. I know you must be excited about your transformation?”

“You know about my transformation?”

“Oh, of course! Candice and I planned it. I can tell by looking at you that you are going to be a very beautiful girl, Lisa. Ah, here's your suite. Your luggage will along shortly. I'll drop by in a few days to see how you are doing.”

The suite was as comfortable as might have been expected. We had a sitting room and two bedrooms. I had hoped there would be only one bedroom—one bed, I should say—as I had decided to try to seduce Candice. I desperately needed to restore my manhood—which seemed to be slipping away quite rapidly—and having Candice squirming under me all night would do the trick, I thought.

I sat on the sofa and slipped off my heels. When Candice arrived a few minutes later, I said, “Marie knows about my impersonation of Lisa?”

“Heavens, no!”

“But she asked about my transformation?”