



*Reluctant Press*

# Tax Inspector

Jessica Matthews



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# TAX INSPECTOR

**By Jessica Matthews**

“You've applied for an interview with the Internal Revenue Service?” Kathy gasped in astonishment.

“What's wrong with that?” Jack asked. “They need accountants, and I'm not connected to anyone who'll give me a job where I don't get paid while they think about making me a partner in fifteen years time.”

“But it's so boring,” Kathy replied. “I don't want to be hanging around with the tax man.”

“But Kathy,” Jack tried to convince her. “They give a student allowance. I need the money.”

“You need real money if you're going to be taking me anywhere this summer,” Kathy said.

“I'm broke,” Jack admitted. “I can't go anywhere, I need to work the vacation.”

“Well in that case, I'm not hanging around. I'm off to find someone who wants a good time in the vacation. Maybe I'll see you next year, but don't bet on it.” She turned and slammed the door on her way out of his life.

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The summer vacations were always a problem for Jack. He had to earn enough money to carry him through the next semester, and hopefully have some left to cover Christmas. It wasn't always possible. His parents had left a small trust fund, but his older brother's fees at law school had accounted for most of it. He couldn't afford to follow the same path, and was studying accountancy at a state university. His desire for a holiday that he could never afford took him to work in the resort towns in the desert.

He spent an exhausting summer as a kitchen porter, then a got a job as a waiter in one of the better hotels. He worked every hour that came, grabbing all the extra shifts and hustling for extra tips. He lived in the staff quarters of the hotel, with all the problems that entailed. It wasn't an ideal place to stay but he made a few friends. Susan and Alan in particular looked after him. They were both graduates, but they were

working in the same resort to finance their next courses. They intended to work through a gap year, then return to study.

The next academic year was a struggle to survive juggling his time between part time jobs and a heavy academic load. Kathy remained true to her word. He saw her a couple of times, but she made sure not to catch his eye, unless she was riding in someone's BMW. His summer earnings were enough to pay his fees, but left very little for his other expenses. His weight dropped to a spare 125 pounds, which on his five foot six height looked really thin. He had worked very hard and got the third best grades in his year. He was offered an internship with one of the big city firms, but as they weren't offering any money, he couldn't take it, even though it may have become a way in to a job when he graduated.

When he returned to the resort, he was determined to make the most money he could. He called all Susan and Alan as soon as he arrived, looking for a base to start his job search but they appeared to have moved on. He ended up sleeping on the floor of the staff room he had shared the previous year. Within a day he was interviewed for a waiter's job.

"I see you've worked in this town before," Lisa Stone said, glancing at his application forms. "I have to see everyone we're thinking of hiring, we have a reputation to maintain in this casino. You look real pale and unhealthy, I'm not sure our clients would like that. Staff here should look healthy and happy."

"I'll look better when I've been here a week or two," Jack explained. "It feels as if I've not seen the outside of a library or a study since I was here last year."

"Okay, you're hired. It's minimum wage, and you get to use the staff hostel, so we keep half the wage to cover costs. Tips are yours, so you could be onto a good thing. Read the rules carefully, and make sure you're always smart and smiling where the guests can see you," Lisa held out her hand for him to clasp. "I hope you're happy here. We'll meet for a review of your work sometime next week."

Jeff drew his uniform from the hotel laundry. He reported to the supervisor and was placed on the roster. He had time to install his things in the cubicle of the hostel that had been allocated to him, but then he had to change for the start of his first shift. He started waiting on tables. It was just like he had never been away; even the menu he had to recite was identical.

He had survived the early evening diners, and was pleased with the tips that he had earned. It was a change to have money in his pocket. He was left on duty whilst the others took a break in a quiet period when to his surprise he saw Susan looking very prosperous come in to the restaurant with another girl. With a smile on his face he took the menu over to their table.

"Jeff. How lovely to see you again," Susan stood and kissed him on the cheek like a long lost friend. "Why didn't you call."

"I did," He explained, noticing her beautiful dress. Last year, she had been threadbare, and never wore make up or jewelry. Now she was like a cover girl, with expensive looking baubles to match. "The guy I spoke to didn't know you and couldn't give me a forwarding address."

“We had to move several times,” Susan said.

“She had to keep one jump ahead of her creditors,” Her companion said softly. “Jeff, this is Allison,” Susan introduced the girl with her.

Where Susan was elegant, this girl was stunning, and she looked like she knew it. Her red silk blouse was open to show the hint of her generous breasts, with the lace edges of a darker red bra just visible. Her hair was straight ash blonde touching her shoulders, not natural, but expensive and swinging as she moved. Her skirt was narrow, slightly darker and almost to her knees. He glanced at her long slender legs, her red stiletto heel shoes with dark red toenails peeping through the straps. She was something else.

“Everyone calls me Alley,” She said, her voice deep and husky.

She held out her hand to shake Jeff’s, extravagantly long crimson nails scratching his palm as he took it delicately. He seemed to move slowly as he looked into her sparkling green eyes, beneath long lashes. Her make up was flawless, a touch of shadow, with the most precise brown line above the eye lashes, darker lip liner over pouting lips, colored with frosted pale pink lip stick. She smiled, her perfect teeth revealed as she saw his reaction to her. He knew she was used to being the center of attention.

“I’m Jeff,” He stammered. “I used to know Susan and Alan last season when I was here.”

“I think I remember Alan mentioning you,” Alley said, her eyes holding his. “You’re the accountant.”

“Yes, at least I will be when I pass all the courses,” Jeff replied. “I’ve got to earn the fees for next year, that’s why I’m here.”

“I promise to leave a big tip,” Alley said, her voice deep and almost a whisper.

Jeff took their order and then the rush started. He struggled to cope as his colleagues were still on their break, and had no time to talk to Susan or to ask about Alan. She hadn’t mentioned him, yet they had been inseparable. He hoped they hadn’t parted, they had seemed so right together. He thought about them as he delivered food and cleared plates. Alan had a lot of courses to complete to get his license to practice as a surveyor and valuer, and then it would take time for him to get established and start earning, yet here was Susan looking really prosperous.

He took their drinks across, and his impressions were confirmed. Neither Susan nor Alley looked as if money was a problem. Their clothes shouted that they were quality, and their jewelry alone could have paid his fees for the rest of his courses. How Susan’s fortunes must have changed. He gave them their bill, and apologized for not having any time.

“I’m sure Alan would love to see you,” Susan said, handing him a folded note. “We have to rush, keep the change.”

Jeff held their chairs as they stood. Susan kissed his cheek and hugged him, then to his surprise; Alley did the same, smiling openly. He watched them walk away, then glanced at the note in his hand. It was a five hundred.

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“You've got wealthy friends you didn't tell about,” Angela the waitress who was clearing up with him said as they finished their shift. “I saw you with Susan Holmes, didn't I.”

“I met her last year,” Jeff said cautiously. “I don't really know a lot about her.”

“She's an agent, supplies talent to the hotels,” Angela helped him to smooth clean covers onto the tables. “She had a small booking agency to start out, now she's taken over one of the biggest in town.”

“She must have decided it was better than going back to college,” Jeff said. “She and her husband Alan were saving for their education when I knew them. I guess Alan must have gone back on his own.”

“I don't know,” Angela replied. “I've only seen her when she comes in here with Alley. I just assumed they were an item, I didn't know she had a husband.”

“I never saw Alley before,” Jeff bundled the old tablecloths together into a sack for the laundry. “She's incredibly beautiful.”

“It's amazing what a good surgeon can do,” Angela said over her shoulder as she pushed the cutlery cart into the kitchens.

Jeff laughed and went to finish his tasks, then walked home alone. The hostel wasn't the greatest place to be. He counted his tips; the remainder of the five hundred added to the rest made this his highest week's earnings already. It could be a good summer, he thought as he lay down to sleep. He may even get a holiday before classes started again.

The next days were busy but far less rewarding. Day turned to week as the season wore on. His savings were decent but not spectacular. He kept very careful control of his expenses, eating with the staff concessions, and tried to divide what little spare time he had between studying, and keeping himself fit. His life seemed to be going smoothly until he met Rebecca. She was slim, with masses of dark wavy hair and a wicked sense of fun. Jeff fell head over heels in love with her. She wanted to go everywhere, see everything and do everything. His work hours were reduced as she demanded his company, and his savings soon dwindled away.

The time came to go back to classes. Rebecca and Jeff said a tearful good-bye. She was staying on, intending to travel further when she could afford it. Jeff had asked her to come and live with him, but knew that the prospect of winter in a cold northern city with little money would not be on her list of things to do. They promised to keep in touch and meet again next summer. He had loved her dearly, but in the end he knew it was useless without any money. It was like with Kathy all over again, but that didn't make it any easier.

Of Susan he had seen nothing more. She had waved to him when she had dined in the restaurant a couple of times, but he had never waited on at their table. Alley had been with her each time he had seen her. He glimpsed her driving a big Mercedes con-

vertible around the town, sometimes with Alley, sometimes alone, but he never got another chance to talk to her.

The winter was every bit as expensive as he feared. His studies were difficult and the hours he had to work to make ends meet were the causes of him just scraping through the exams. His student loans grew and grew, despite his efforts to earn and economize.

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When he got back to the resort he was penniless and deep in debt. He tried to telephone Susan from the bus station, but all he could get was a number connected to an answering machine. He left a message, saying he was going back to the usual hotel to find his usual summer job.

He got a shock when he arrived. The restaurant was still there but there were huge billboards outside advertising the new style. It had become a drag bar. There were pictures of scantily clad hostesses, and pictures from the cabaret. All were beautiful - and they were all described as boys. Jeff hesitated, but he had no where else to go, and needed something desperately. It had cost his last few dollars to get this far. He had to work.

Entering the foyer, he saw more pictures some in close up. He looked at the "boys" carefully. One or two looked a little square in the jaw, but if they hadn't been labeled, he could never have guessed that they weren't girls.

"Can I help you," A husky voice came from a redhead behind the desk. She looked female, but the voice was wrong.

"I worked here last summer," Jeff said. "I wanted to see Miss Stone, to see if I could get my job back."

"You should have come dressed," She told him. "Unless you want to be a kitchen porter or a cleaner."

"I was a waiter last year," Jeff felt stupid as soon as he said it.

"The you should have come dressed if you want a job as a waitress," The girl seemed to be losing interest in him. She began to file her long nails.

"I'm not a female impersonator," Jeff said. "I just need a job, I've spent all I had left to get here. Please can I see Miss Stone?"

"You should have checked what you were coming to, sweetheart," She said coldly, picking up the phone.

She spoke in a low voice to whoever was at the other end of the line, then looked up. "Miss Stone will see you, but says there's only work in the kitchen or as a cleaner. You can go up if you're willing to take one of those jobs. Do you know where the office is."

"I've no choice. I need a job desperately. I'll go and see her."

In the office, Lisa Stone looked as cool and efficient as he remembered her. She stood and shook his hand with a warm smile on her face. She asked about his exams, and then got straight down to business.

“The place has changed since last year,” She told him. “We had a change of policy within the hotel chain and each resort adopt a theme which would make more money than we were doing. The management decided we would do drag here, so all the staff who couldn't or wouldn't have had to be replaced. All I can offer you is a menial job out of sight, unless you can do drag.”

“No, it's not my thing,” Jeff replied. “I'll take it, although I was hoping for something to pay more. I've absolutely no money left.”

“Okay, you know most of the routine here, it's not changed too much. Get some overalls and you can start at once.”

“Is there still a staff hostel?” Jeff asked.

“Sure, though it's more like a clubhouse for the girls when it's full. It might not be to your liking,” Lisa said. “It's almost empty, most of the staff prefer to live out, there's only two of our girls living there at the moment.”

“I've no choice, if I want somewhere to sleep,” Jeff replied and took his bag to claim a room before he went to collect an overall. He knew the routine, find an empty room and claim it, put your name on the door, and get to work.

The hostel had changed. It was cleaner and brighter, as well as smelling a lot sweeter. He could see pictures of the “girls” on the walls, and the nametags on the doors were female. He found an empty cubicle and dumped his bag, then set off to get an overall. He wasn't looking forward to this job. He would get no tips, see nothing but a hot kitchen, and have to work like a donkey. It would have to do until he could find something else. As he walked down the stairs, some of the waitresses were coming up the stairs. They were heavily made up with big hair, and dressed in identical skimpy black maid costumes as if they were just coming off shift. He felt uncomfortable as they studied him. He smiled and tried to look friendly, after all they were all working for the same place now, but they just looked through him.

“Hi sweetheart,” A tall blonde said in a male voice. “You're new. I'm Jayne, with a “y” and you can come up and see me whenever your strong enough,” She rubbed herself against him.

“Don't mind her,” A smaller dark girl pulled him away, her voice as deep as Jayne's had been. “She wants to add every man she sees to her list. If she was as good as she thinks she is, she'd be on the stage not carrying drinks around it.”

“Why Deborah Marie, how could you be so cruel,” Jayne flounced away, her high heels making her hips sway as she walked up the remaining steps. “I may never speak to you again. At least until tonight,” She waved to Jeff as she turned at the top of the stairs.

“Don't mind her, she's voracious, but quite harmless. I'm Debbie,” She said.

“I'm Jeff,” He replied, realizing that despite the make up, Debbie seemed as friendly as the staff used to be to each other last year. “I'm the new kitchen porter.”



“Oh you poor thing,” Debbie exclaimed. “Wasn't your make up good enough for Lisa Stone.”

“No, I'm not a drag artist,” Jeff said. “I've worked here for the last few years as a waiter. I depend on this job to earn my fees for the university next year, I've always managed, but this year I'm deep in debt, and there'll be no tips in the kitchen.”

“So why take the job?” Debbie asked, looking at him from under her eyelashes.

“I'm down to my last dollar,” Jeff replied. “I need anything to earn some money, and I need somewhere to stay. I guess I'll have to look for somewhere else, but for the next week or so, I'm here in the hostel.”

“I'd make sure you lock your door or Jayne will get you,” Debbie laughed. “I work the evening shift, I'll find you later and show you what goes on around here. It must have changed since you were here,”

Jeff had a miserable shift. His clean overall was spattered with the remains of food from plates he was scraping and loading into a dish washer machine. He was sweating profusely, and worst of all, there was no one to talk to and nothing interesting to watch. He knew he would have to get out of there. The shift seemed to be endless, the clock hardly moved. A few weeks of this and he would have earned relatively little and be bored to distraction.

The first week passed slowly. The work was dreadful. He was bored, dirty and tired after each shift. He watched the waitresses in wonder. They were fabulous creatures every one. They looked like girls, which was why they were hired after all, but they were more than girls. Their every gesture was in character, sure enough. They looked beautiful. It must have taken them every waking minute to look that good. There were blondes, redheads and brunettes. Most were tall, but there were some petite, and all had figures which would turn heads in the street. He guessed that some had undergone surgery and that for most, looking like a boy next day would have been difficult with their multiple earrings, dyed hair and plucked eyebrows.

Some of the girls would acknowledge him as he watched from the side in a spare moment. Jayne always used him in a mock seduction scene whenever there was an audience and he had to learn quickly to hide his embarrassment. They certainly seemed to be making money. Some of the girls received presents from their admirers as well as the tips they earned. Sometimes Jack saw one or two of the girls being picked up when they left work, obviously staying in character as they kissed the guy driving. It was hard to tell who was gay and who wasn't, they all acted the same in public. He wondered about the ones who seemed to have a girl friend looking after them, and fussing over their appearance.

Only Debbie made any real attempt to be friendly. She worked almost every shift. She obviously had boy friends, and played the game for all it was worth. Her own hair was a different color each week, but she used wigs and changed her make up so convincingly to match her hair that he sometimes struggled to pick her out from the crowd.

Jack was working all the hours he could, but compared to Debbie, he wasn't making any money at all and he knew it. His search around the resort for a better job was

not going well. He left his name, but the only telephone number he could leave was his employers, and when they found out where he was working, he guessed he would not be called if anything came up. He needed to do something, or he would run out of money pretty quickly.

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“Hi, can I come in?” Debbie's head came round the door of his cubicle.

“I stink and I've just come from the worst shift of my life,” Jeff said. “But you can come in if you want.”

Debbie eased herself round the door, into the narrow cubicle, and sat on the end of the bed. She had changed since her shift and was dressed in a black top that seemed to stretch over her ample breasts, and denim jeans. Her make up was subtler, but very carefully done. She had pulled her hair back into a clip, so that it tumbled down her back in a simple fall.

“Don't you get tired of drag?” Jeff asked. “I thought you'd change after your shift, clean off the make up, and dump the padding.”

“Why?” Debbie asked. “I've been living as a girl since I left High School.”

“You have?” Jeff asked. “Even so, all the stuff you have to do seems a bit excessive.”

“I'm not sure I want to talk to you,” Debbie stood up. “You've obviously led a sheltered life. You've no finer feelings at all, I only wanted to be friendly,” She turned and reached for the doorknob.

“I'm sorry,” Jeff said. “Please don't go. I've had such a lousy shift, I'm forgetting my manners.”

“If you're sure,” Debbie's anger faded. She pushed her hair behind her ear, then turned to the tiny mirror on the wall to check her make up.

“I'm sure. I never met guys who dressed as girls before, I don't understand why you would do it, why you'd pad out your bra like that when you don't have to,” Jeff sensed he wasn't saying the right things by her expression.

“It's not padding,” Debbie said softly. “Please don't be judgmental, I like being a girl, and now that I can make a living here, life's good for me. I thought you'd understand, you didn't have to work here if you don't like girls like me.”

“You mean your breasts are,” Jeff started.

“Let's get that out of the way,” Debbie took his hand and raised pressed it to her chest. He could feel her bra and the soft flesh beneath. “They're implants, the best I could afford, and they're beautiful. They made me feel complete. Now can we just talk as if we were ordinary people.”

“I'm sorry,” Jeff replied, withdrawing his hand. “I didn't mean to be offensive. I've never met anyone like you before.”

“Okay, so let's talk and get rid of all the curiosity stuff, then perhaps we can be friends,” Debbie said. “You can ask me anything, and I'll answer truthfully, then we're just normal, right.”

“That's not fair,” Jeff replied. “I'm not sure what to ask without being offensive.”

“Just shoot, okay?” Debbie grinned.

“So why Deborah Marie for a name,” Jeff said.

“Deborah was for a film star I used to love when I was little, Marie was for my grand mother, who was the only one in my rotten family to speak to me when I decided I was a girl. Put them together and there's nothing male about them. That's another reason.”

“What were you called before?” Jeff asked.

“There is no before,” Debbie's look told him not to go there. “If I need a surname, I use Grey - because I'm as pure as the driven slush - that's from Dorothy Parker, I think, but it's something to say if I have to give a surname.”

“You really left being male behind?” Jeff asked. “You won't decide one day that you've had enough of dresses and make up.”

“It's a bit late now,” Debbie cupped her breasts and held them out. “I can't just take these off when they get too heavy.”

“Okay, but why?” Jeff asked without embarrassment now.

“Well, when I started dressing, I got a job in a drag bar. It wasn't a great place, but then I realized that the more female I went, the more money I could make,” Debbie said. “The punters want the long hair, the nails, and the make up. They don't want a guy in a dress with lumpy padding.”

“But you don't look like a guy in a dress,” Jeff said.

“I did back then,” Debbie said. “I wasn't so slim, and the padding kept slipping all over the place. My make up was bad, really bad, and the wig I was using was dreadful.”

“So how did you change?” Jeff was getting more interested.

“I woke up one day, and decided that I had to stop being a guy who went to work and put on a dress. I wanted to go full time, so I just got up one day, took a deep breath, and then took the plunge,” Debbie explained. “I went to the mall, and got my hair bleached white, I got the longest nails the salon had, and got my ears pierced five times. That hurt until it healed, but I loved the pain. When I got out of the salon, everyone was looking at me; I dressed like a guy to go there.”

“And you couldn't have looked much like a guy when you came out,” Jeff said.

“Right. I looked exactly what I was, a boy with nails and a bleach job,” Debbie laughed at the memory. “I had taken the plunge. I couldn't go back so I ran to work, borrowed some shoes and dresses, threw all my boy stuff away, and the rest is history.”

“That must have been a brave thing to do,” Jeff commented. “I would have been terrified.”

"I was terrified, but I wanted to put myself into the position where I couldn't turn back," Debbie said. "When you have no choices, the path is clear."

"That sounds very Zen," Jeff laughed.

"Okay, so whatever that means," Debbie replied. "I stayed in that job a few weeks then I approached a drag show in the city. I went as a waitress, then I got into the chorus when my hair got longer and I got slimmer. I was making good money for the first time."

"So why did you have implants?" Jeff interrupted.

"I wanted to make more money, and the only way was by being more female," Debbie replied. "Anyway it was what I wanted. I like being a girl and if I was going to make more money with boobs of my own, then why not."

"And I guess you're comfortable with who you are," Jeff said.

"I'm Debbie Marie Grey, singer and entertainer," Debbie said. "I have a boy friend occasionally, and at the moment, I'm a waitress. Come on, I'll buy you a drink. Unless you're afraid to be seen with a girl like me."

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The bar was just down the block. As they walked there, she put her arm through his. Jack was struggling to hide his misgivings about being out with Debbie. He wondered if everyone passing was wondering why he was out with a drag queen, but no one seemed to take any notice. Debbie chattered away as they walked, Jack took no notice, but responded as if he was. In the bar, Debbie waved to several customers and before she climbed onto a stool, a drink appeared before her.

"He'll have the same, please," She said. "The first one's on me, as you're broke."

"Broke isn't the word for it," Jack admitted. "I have to get some money together this summer or the winter's going to be bleak when I return to college."

"Just a thought," Debbie said, "but you're tall and slim, with a little help."

"Wait a minute," Jack said. "We've only just met and already you're trying to get me into a dress."

"No, I'm not," Debbie spluttered, "Well, yes I am. I'm saying you have a chance to make more money that you'll ever make in the kitchens. "I'm not suggesting you change your life, just try making some money. It could be fun."

"Debbie, I'm trying to join a respectable profession. I don't want to have a reputation to live down before I start."

"Don't be silly," Debbie said. "Its just like wearing any other uniform for work, only this one is more specialized. It wouldn't damage your reputation, because no one's going to know. I bet there's many a respectable accountant who spent summer vacations dressed as a big mouse, a clown, or a saloon girl. It's what students have to do, isn't it."

"Well, I guess so, but it's not something I've ever thought of doing."

“You should give it some serious thought. If you're going to be an accountant, you really need to have some serious fun before you die, and this may be your last chance. You could earn ten times the money, if not more\_“

“Ten times the money,” Jack exclaimed. “If I could earn five times what I earned last year, all my problems would be solved.

“Why did you think Alan turned into Allie, if it wasn't for the money?” Debbie asked. “Susan saw how great an opportunity there was in this town and decided that the glamour was more exciting than going back. Alan didn't have a chance.“

“Are you telling me than Allie was\_.is Alan?” Jack asked.

“You mean you didn't recognize him,” Debbie replied. “I knew he was good, no wonder he's the top act in town.“

“Wow. I never made the connection, I bet they were laughing at me,” Jack admitted. “I thought Allie had a deep voice, but I never made the connection.“

“Well, there's money to be made if you're man enough to be a girl at work,” Debbie told him. “Alan must have thought it was worth while and to have taken it so far, it must really be paying the bills.“

“I don't think I could ever do that,” Jack shook his head.

“Ever wondered why people don't take the easy way to make money?” Debbie asked the barkeeper, who shrugged as if she was the resident eccentric. “Think of it as an acting job, didn't you ever take part in school plays.“

“Never,” Jack admitted. “I got to do the book keeping.“

“I should have guessed,” Debbie shook her head. “Look, with a bit of help from me I could get you looking good enough to audition.“

“What do I have to do?” Jack asked. “Heaven knows, I need the money.“

“You have to ask me nicely to help you get ready, then you have to get used to being female, then finally you have to convince Lisa Stone that she should hire you,” Debbie replied. “With me on your side, you've nothing to worry about.“

“Okay,” Jack said. “Just remember I'm not gay.“

“That's not a requirement,” Debbie said. “I have friends of all persuasions.“

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The next few days passed uneventfully. Jack worked all the hours he could, getting more discontented and bored. He thought of his conversation with Debbie and wondered if she had really been suggesting he should audition for one of the female impersonator staff jobs, or if she was just taking advantage of his penury. He watched the boys coming and going, dressed in their work costumes, all glamour, make up and heels. They all ignored him when he tried to be friendly. He was the lowest of the low, working in the filthy end of the kitchens. The only one who spoke to him was Jayne, and she just used him as a foil to amuse the other “girls“ whenever she had an audience.

"I bet you thought I'd forgotten you," Debbie came into the kitchens a few evenings later, just as the club was closing. "I'm not letting you off so easily. Tomorrow morning, we're having a dress rehearsal, so be ready early."

Before he could answer, Debbie blew him a kiss and left. He finished his work, and showered carefully, then fell into bed and slept. Morning came all too quickly. He shaved carefully, even though his beard was sparse and soft, pulled on his cleanest jeans and a sweatshirt, then went in search of Debbie. He found her waiting in the club, watching as the technicians ran through a lighting rehearsal with the cabaret acts.

"I want to watch one of the acts this week," Debbie said as she took his arm and steered him away towards the rehearsal rooms. "We've a hypnotist, and I've always been fascinated. This one's a lady; I've never seen a lady hypnotist before. I'm really looking forward to watching."

"It's all bunk," Jack gave his opinion unasked. "The victims are primed before the show."

"Nonsense," Debbie argued. "I've watched a lot, and they're all so good. The volunteers from the audience are always genuine. I think it's very mean of you to think they're putting it on. They can't all be part of the act. They want the experience."

"And if they're not having the experience, they'll fake it for the audience," Jack laughed. "It's all a conspiracy, they want an excuse to make fools of themselves."

"You're too cynical," Debbie chided him. "You should watch, I bet you'd be impressed."

"Well, I'll be too busy in the kitchen," Jack shrugged his shoulders. "That's important work. The whole place couldn't function without me. I'll not get an opportunity to see anything."

"That's why we've got to get you ready for waitress work," Debbie replied. "Then you'd be able to watch each week."

Debbie led him into a small dressing room at the back of the rehearsal room. Inside there was a jumble of costumes hanging on rails covered with dustsheets. There were wigs on stands inside cupboards, shoes of all colors and sizes, and cosmetics on the shelf in front of a large illuminated mirror. The air was full of the scent of stale perfume.

"This is where the transformation begins," Debbie said. "I've never done a full make over for anyone before, so you'll have to be patient while I try different styles. The customers want to know that you're a boy, but they want you to look as much a girl as a real girl, and then some more. It's about make up and hair, heels and if you can manage it, boobs as well. Nails and eyelashes have to be too long to be real, and you've got to move and act like it's the natural way to be. It's all an illusion, and everything has to be consistent, that's the way to make the tips. So you do what you're told, right."

"Right," Jack said. "I need the money, I may regret this, but let's do it."

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Jack couldn't help but feel a little excited as Debbie rummaged through the clothes and flung things into his arms. He undressed when she told him. He tried to be discrete, but Debbie's knowing glance and ready humor removed all his embarrassment. He stood as she laced him tightly into a corset.

"Damn, do you have to do it so tight," He complained.

"Sure I do," Debbie pulled the laces once more. "You don't have a figure, we've got to create one for you. This is the bit we pull in, there are other bits that we want to stick out, so stop complaining and let me create. Remember one of us has done this before."

"Okay," Jack conceded. "I'll shut up and let you create a new me."

Once he was tightly laced, Debbie fastened a bra and adjusted the straps over his shoulders. She pulled at the loose cups, then popped a shaped breast form into each cup.

"They're heavy," Jack said, incredulity sounding in his voice.

"And you expected what, exactly," Debbie laughed. "They're boobs, they're meant to have some weight, how do you think we girls get them to shake and wobble so deliciously for you to watch."

"Are yours as heavy?" Jack asked, then he saw her expression as she was looking at him. "Okay, stupid question I guess."

"Okay," Debbie said, standing back with her hands on her hips. "Let's get this over once and for all and then we can be friends, not that we haven't done this before. I'm what they call a she male. I've got boobs that cost me a lot of money, but they've made me. Before I was just another guy who dressed up. Now I can't dress any other way, and I love it. Sure they're heavy. There're five hundred cubic centiliters of implant in each side, the most natural feeling ones I could buy. So shut up and let me get on, you're going to have to adapt to being female quickly if you're going to earn anything like the money you need."

"Okay, I didn't mean to be rude," Jack said. "It's just the shock of the weight on my chest. It took me by surprise."

"I'm sorry I got irritated," Debbie took his hand and pressed it against her breast. "I used to use breast forms like that, only I used surgical adhesive so they stayed there. I used to fantasize that I could really feel them right to the nipples. Believe me, it was a relief to get the implants, and they do feel real, don't they."

"Of course they do," Jack really meant it. "I couldn't have guessed they weren't natural, but why did you use the adhesive with these breast forms."

"That's easy, and I bet you'll want to use it too," Debbie replied. "The boobs just sit in the bra. They get heavy on your shoulders and they shift about as you work. You'll be conscious all the time that they need adjusting. Use the adhesive and they're fixed to your chest as well as being in the bra. The best ones are practically undetectable, and you have real cleavage to show. You'll soon learn."