



Reluctant Press presents:

The Pretty Man

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Pretty Man

By Deborah Edwards

Chapter 1

The wipers weren't doing a very good job of clearing the windshield. Like most things on his 1979 Monte Carlo, the wipers needed replacing. Lynn knew he would have to sink some money into this old clunker, but first he would have to find a job. He was without an income again. Like many times before, the band he was playing with had broken up. This time he decided to do something different. Instead of trying to find another group that needed a bass guitarist, he decided to grow up. At 22, it was time for him to move on and get a regular job. The opportunities were limited in this small southern town; maybe a job as retail clerk, maybe a job in one of the local factories. Either way, he knew his life was about to change. He had no idea his life would change so dramatically.

Since it was raining, the only places open in the parking lot of the strip mall were far away from the shops. Lynn came here to get his haircut. He assumed there would be a barbershop or something among these stores. It had been years since Lynn had cut his hair. Over his parent's objections, he started letting his hair grow out when he was sixteen. It was then that he started playing in rock-and-roll bands. He had his hair trimmed a few times, just to even it out, but never cut short in a normally-accepted business style. If he were going to get an entry-level position, he would have to conform to others' standards. He was low on funds and knew if he wasn't hired quickly, he would be in dire straits.

As he stepped out of the Monte Carlo, the clouds opened up. It was one of those heavy, gully washing rains, that sometimes appear out of nowhere during the spring in the South. Lynn quickly ran to the strip mall, but he couldn't move fast enough to prevent himself from getting soaked. By the time, he reached the covered sidewalk, his clothes, hair and shoes were all dripping wet. He had not

bothered to shave in a couple of days, which only made him look that much more like a vagrant. He came here to start changing his life and he wasn't going to back down now.

He walked along the sidewalk, reading the signs in the windows of the businesses. In a local hardware store, he spotted a "Help Wanted" sign. Maybe that could be the job for him. Lynn considered the possibilities of selling hardware to fretful homeowners and little old ladies for the rest of his life. He didn't like the prospect. It seemed to him that type of position would have more torture than reward. He also knew he couldn't keep surviving going from one band to another. He had to find something steadier.

Lynn then came upon the New Beginnings Salon. The sign read, "Complete Styling for Women and Men." He noticed the hours of operation. Today was Wednesday and the salon closed at noon. The clock on the wall inside the salon read 11:47. He intended to get out earlier, but he enjoyed sleeping in one last time. As he entered the salon, a little bell rang above the door. He walked to the counter and a cute blonde with extra large breasts greeted him there. She looked to be young, maybe 19, and full of life. She had a huge smile and light blue eyes. She asked in a perky tone, "Hi, my name is Trish, may I help you?"

Lynn almost couldn't get the words out. He was about to ask a complete stranger to cut off all of his hair. He was so nervous he barely knew what to say. Finally, he said, "Yes, I would like a hair cut and shave please." Trish looked over her shoulder at the clock and said, "Sure, just step back here."

Lynn followed her to a room in the back of the shop that had four sinks. He was encouraged by the fact that nobody else seemed to be in the shop. Lynn sat down in one of the chairs in front of a sink and Trish leaned him back and started washing his hair. Immediately she started commenting on his mane. "You have amazingly thick hair. It is so long and full. I see women every day that would kill to have tresses like this." Lynn enjoyed hearing the comments. He was very proud of his hair. He washed and conditioned it regularly and brushed it constantly. It was now down to his lower back. When on stage performing, his extra long hair only added to the show.

While she was still washing it, she asked, "Do you want just a trim today?"

"No, I would like for you to cut it close. I'm going to be applying for a job and I need to look more conservative now," he replied.

Trish looked like she had just been told her puppy died. She stood there in shock and said, "Oh no, you can't do that. It would be a crime to cut this beautiful head of hair." She sat Lynn up and said, "Stay here, I'll be right back."

In a moment, she returned with a short thin guy in tow. He had dark black short hair and a pointed goatee. He almost skipped when he walked and two earrings hung from one ear. Lynn instantly recognized that he was gay. Since Lynn spent most of his adult life in the entertainment industry, he didn't have a problem with gay people; not even a flaming guy like this one.

The guy started combing Lynn's hair and said to Trish, "You're right, his hair is very lovely." Turning his attention to Lynn, he said, "How could you ever think of having this cut?" Before Lynn could answer he said, "Oh by the way I'm Freddie and this is Carrie." He gestured to the door where Carrie was walking in. Lynn glanced at her and then went into a long stare. Carrie was a gorgeous woman. She was a little taller than normal, and she had a wonderful body. She had small firm breasts and a delightful round butt. However, her face was her best feature, heart shaped with high cheek bones, full lips and deep dark eyes. Shoulder-length brunette hair that curled just as it met the skin only added to the aura of her beauty. She was wearing a black jacket with a dark blue blouse and black pants. She looked like an executive.

"See, I told you he would be perfect," Trish said before Lynn could introduce himself. Carrie closely examined Lynn's hair and ran her fingers through it. Lynn felt cold chills go down his body as her well-manicured nails slowly massaged his scalp. He didn't know what to say or do, so he waited for Carrie to speak. "Yes, his hair is perfect for you," Carrie replied. Carrie then sat in a chair next to Lynn and started to explain.

"Hi, I'm Carrie Thompson, the owner of the salon," she said as she extended her hand to Lynn and gave him a warm smile.

He gladly took it and answered back, "Hi, Lynn Mason."

"Lynn, I have a favor to ask of you," Carrie continued. "Trish is new with us and we have wanted to give her a chance to do a complete makeover on someone. If you agree to let her work on you this afternoon, I will pay you \$100 and give you the cut you want free. Oh, and Freddie will be assisting."

Looking into Carrie's hypnotic eyes, Lynn would have agreed to just about anything. However, he didn't need any extra convincing. This turned out to be a great opportunity. Lynn was in no position to turn down a free haircut plus an extra \$100. "OK, but what all does it involve," Lynn said realizing later that he should have asked for specifics before he agreed to the deal.

"Oh! We'll style your hair, give you a nice close shave, a little makeup, and maybe even a manicure," Freddie jumped in and excitedly said.

"Well OK, when do we start?" Lynn asked.

"Right now," Carrie replied. She turned her attention to the other two. "I have to go to some meetings, I should be back by the time you're finished." She then turned to Lynn and said, "Have fun." She grabbed her umbrella from the coat rack and walked out the door.

"Let's have you come over here," Freddie said. As he helped Lynn up, he noticed that Lynn's shirt was still soaked. "Oh my goodness, you're dripping wet. Trish, go get a smock from the back room." He led Lynn to the restroom and said, "You can change in here."

"I think I'll be fine," Lynn said in protest.

“Don’t be silly, we are going to be here all afternoon. You’ll catch your death of cold,” Freddie said as sternly as he could. Lynn didn’t feel like arguing so he took the smock from Trish and went into the restroom. Lynn removed his pants, shoes, and shirt and noticed his underwear and socks were soaked. He decided to remove them both and put on the smock. The smock was light green and draped over him like a tent. As he left the bathroom, he found Trish and Freddie thumbing through a large book. As Lynn approached them, Freddie said, “Here, do this style.”

Trish looked at it, and asked, “Are you sure?”

Freddie directed Lynn to the styling chair and answered Trish, “Sure, he’ll look great in it and you can do it.”

Trish placed a warm towel around Lynn’s face and began cutting his hair. He had an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach as her scissors did their work. Hair fell on the floor in mounds; however, she wasn’t taking as much off as Lynn thought she would. Trish looked at Freddie and said, “Do you think he needs bangs?”

“Oh definitely”, replied Freddie. He was doing something behind them that Lynn couldn’t see. Lynn began to enjoy Trish’s hair styling. Her ample breasts continually rubbed against him. He was becoming erect, Trish didn’t seem to notice, or she just didn’t care. She eventually removed the towel and gave Lynn a very close shave. Finally, when she was done, she directed him to another chair where Freddie was waiting. He was wearing clear plastic gloves and a smock covered his clothes.

“You had better put on a smock, sweetie,” Freddie said to Trish while Lynn sat down. Turning his attention to Lynn he said, “We are going to put some chemicals on your hair now, it might sting a little.” Freddie placed Lynn’s hands in some sort of fluid. He said it would help Lynn’s nails. As Trish and Freddie did their work, Lynn became bored. He couldn’t see what was going on, so he closed his eyes and faded off to sleep. He could feel Trish and Freddie’s hands, but he didn’t let that bother him. Soon Freddie was asking him to move back to the styling chair.

Trish turned the chair so it was not facing the mirror. She leaned Lynn back and focused the lights on his face. She began applying the makeup products. She described in detail how to use each product. Lynn thought she was determined to use every bit of makeup that she had at her disposal; foundation, eye liner, eye shadow, lip liner, lip stick, etc. She then curled his eyelashes and trimmed his brows. Meanwhile, Freddie was using an emery board on Lynn’s nails and applying nail polish.

“You have your ears pierced,” she said with excitement.

“Yep, I got them done when I was performing,” Lynn explained.

“Do you mind if I use some of my earrings,” she asked.

Lynn consented and Trish dug through her purse. She pulled out two thin, two-inch long, golden earrings. She expertly placed them, and stepped behind Lynn. She then brushed out his hair and applied a ton of hair spray. While Trish

was busy with Lynn's head, Freddie turned his attention to the feet. He was giving Lynn a pedicure. When they were finished, Trish and Freddie stood in front of him and looked at their creation. A huge smile crossed Trish's face, and Freddie said, "I'll go get Carrie, she won't believe this!"

Lynn started to get a little worried. What had they done to him? Why would Carrie be so excited? He started to turn towards the mirror, when Trish stopped him and said, "Wait, I want Carrie to see you first."

Lynn heard the clicking of Carrie's heels as she crossed the shop. She had changed out of her suit and now wore a pleated blue skirt and a white top. She came to a stop about three feet from where Lynn was setting. She smiled and said, "Marvelous! Trish you did a fantastic job. He looks so lovely." Lynn was now very nervous. He felt like an animal at the zoo. Everyone seemed to be staring at him, as if he had just landed from Mars.

"What do you think of your new style?" Carrie asked Lynn.

"Oh, he hasn't seen it yet," Freddie injected.

"Well, let him look," Carrie insisted. "Lynn you are going to love this."

Freddie told Lynn to close his eyes as he and Trish helped him stand up. They turned him around so he faced the mirror. After positioning him perfectly, Carrie said, "Now open your eyes slowly."

Lynn opened his eyes and couldn't believe what he saw. The transformation was amazing. Lynn was now a platinum blonde. His hair was styled much like Judith Light's when she starred in *Who's the Boss*; bangs covering the forehead, high on top, wavy on the sides just touching the shoulders, and large upward curls in the back. His makeup was heavy, giving him a very glamorous look. He wore bright red lipstick that gave him the appearance of very full lips. The eyeliner and light blue shadow made his naturally blue eyes stand out. A touch of rouge highlighted his cheek bones. The earrings that Trish selected give the impression of a long slender neck. Lynn was truly a beautiful person.

Lynn stood there speechless for a minute. He touched his face and hair like it was the first time he had ever seen them. The longer he stared at the mirror, the more aroused he became, which showed through the smock. Finally he spoke, "Wow! I'm a knockout! Can I be alone with myself for a few minutes?"

The others burst into laughter. They all started telling Lynn how lovely and beautiful he now was. Lynn pretended to be embarrassed; in truth he enjoyed the attention. While they were talking, Lynn's stomach growled. Lynn looked at the clock, it was now 6:28, and he hadn't eaten all day. Carrie said, "Let's go to the pizza place across the street. I'm buying." Everyone agreed to the plan, especially Lynn who would take a free meal anytime. A shocked look came over Freddie's face as he exclaimed, "I forgot to put Lynn's clothes in the dryer." Lynn gave Freddie a what-do-I-do-now look. Carrie walked next to Lynn and compared their heights. "He seems to be about my size," she said to Freddie, "Give him the outfit I had on earlier and Trish and I will clean up."

Since he was a performer, Lynn did not have to be convinced to wear Carrie's outfit. Lynn was accustomed to wearing clothes that were more exotic than generally accepted when he performed. He just reasoned to himself that this was just a big show. After all, it was only temporary.

Lynn followed Freddie to Carrie's office. It connected to the shop from a side door. The office was large and had a mahogany desk, several bookshelves, two filing cabinets, an extra-wide beige sofa, and a door on the opposite side. Freddie took the suit off the hangers that were on the coat rack. "Here you go," he said to Lynn as he handed him the cloths, "you'll need some underwear, I think she might have some extra in the closet." He opened the closet door and scrambled around. "Here's some," he said displaying the panties and bra as if they were a prize.

"I don't know," Lynn said warily.

"It will be fine," Freddie reassured him, "it's just us and nobody will be any the wiser."

Lynn agreed and took off his smock. He pulled the panties over his knees, but that was as far as they would go. Freddie searched through the closet and found something else. Handing the girdle to Lynn, he said, "Try this, Carrie bought it when she was larger." Lynn pulled the girdle on. It was a snug fit. Freddie adjusted the bra as he helped Lynn put it on.

"Too bad there isn't anything to fill out these bra cups, they look silly like deflated balloons," Lynn joked. Freddie giggled and found some old pantyhose in the closet to stuff in Lynn's bra, and then he helped him into the blouse and pants. To make it easy for Lynn to walk, low-heeled sandals completed the ensemble.

"Here, this jacket is part of the outfit." Freddie said as he placed it on Lynn, "There, now you are ready to knock them dead."

Lynn and Freddie left the office and walked to the styling area. As they passed a full-length mirror, Lynn stopped to admire his new look. He ran his fingers through his new hairdo and fluffed it out as he saw so many girls do before. His hair felt different, it was stiffer. It still felt very smooth and he enjoyed styling it with his hands. He posed in the mirror, not believing that he was so attractive. He wondered what it would be like to dress this way and be feminine all the time. As he stood there with a far away gaze, Carrie came by and placed her hands on his shoulders. "You are very lovely you know," Carrie whispered in his ear, "Perhaps you should stay this way." Lynn didn't know what to say.

T.C.'s Pizza was a local chain of pizzerias. It had great food, at a slightly higher price. By the time the small group arrived, the dinner crowd was gone. Becky, an overworked teenage waitress, showed them to their booth. She handed them menus and waited to take their order. After Carrie ordered two large pies with everything, Becky quickly left them alone. Lynn sat next to Freddie and across from Carrie. Freddie started the conversation.

"When I was doing you nails, I noticed you have several calluses on your left hand. How did you get such hard spots on your finger tips," he asked Lynn.