



Reluctant Press presents:

The Actress

Stephanie Sevem



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2004, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

The Actress

By Stephanie Sevem

Oh no, what did I do this time? I thought. My name is Jeff and I am about 5'11 and weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. I am a senior at an all-boys boarding school. I just receive a letter from the head master telling me I was needed in his office as soon as possible.

"Jeff please come in," Mr. Jones said.

"Yes sir!"

"I was looking at your transcripts and have come across something very interesting," Mr. Jones said. *Oh no*, I thought.

"What is it?"

"It seems that you have no after school activities to speak about," Mr. Jones said.

"Is that bad?" I said with a worried look.

"Sadly, yes. You know our school strides on developing well-rounded students and we expected them to be very active and you have not," Mr. Jones said.

"You mean I am not going to graduate?"

"Calm down. We can work around it. I have an idea," Mr. Jones said.

"I will do anything," I said.

"Good, I am glad to hear it. I want you to join the spring play."

"That's wonderful. I always wanted to be on stage," I said.

"I am very happy to hear that. It's going to take a lot of work on your part," Mr. Jones said.

"I'm a little confused. I just need to be part of the production. I could be a stage hand," I said.

“No, that won’t work. You have slipped under the radar for three years and it’s time for you to shine.”

“You want me to be the lead?” I said.

“Yes I do,” Mr. Jones said.

“I am honored but I am not that good of an actor and won’t the drama students be a little angry that an outsider gets the lead?”

“I will take care of that. Now will you do it?” Mr. Jones asked.

“Without a doubt. What play are we putting on?” I asked.

“Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs,” Mr. Jones said.

“How cool! You want me to be Prince Charming.”

“No,” Mr. Jones said.

“One of the dwarves? Aren’t I’m a little too tall to be a dwarf?” I asked.

“No, I want you to be Snow White,” Mr. Jones said.

“Snow White! Are you nuts?” I yelled.

“Don’t raise your voice to me, young man,” Mr. Jones said.

“Sorry, Headmaster,” I said.

“Just don’t let it happen again,” Mr. Jones said.

“Yes sir.”

“Yes, you heard me right. This year, we are going to use all of our students for the production and I need someone to be the leader of the production and you are perfect,” Mr. Jones said.

“Why me?”

“It’s just a hunch. I see it in your eyes. Now I want you to meet with Ms. Ryan and go over the details. Remember, if you decide to drop out, you won’t graduate,” Mr. Jones said.

“Yes sir I understand and thank you,” I said.

You will thank me later, Mr. Jones thought, as a big smile came across his face.

“Ms. Ryan,” I said.

“Yes, please come in.”

“My name is Jeff. Mr. Jones told me to talk to you,” I said.

“No way, you won’t work. I need to call Mr. Jones right now,” Ms. Ryan said.

“What do you mean?”

“There is no way you could be Snow White,” Ms. Ryan said.

“I can do it. Please, Ms. Ryan. I need to be in this play to graduate,” I said.

“That is not my problem.”

“Oh, all right,” I said. I turned to leave the room.

“Wait right there. Are you willing to do what ever I say?” Ms. Ryan said.

“Yes I am. I will do whatever you say,” I said.

“Good. I will see you in a week,” Ms. Ryan said.

“A week? The play isn’t for seven months,” I said.

“I thought you were willing to do anything I say,” Ms. Ryan said.

“You are right. What time?”

“Be here at seven in the morning.”

Man, seven in the morning on a Saturday, I thought but I had no room to argue if I wanted to graduate.

“That’s fine.

“I will see you there,” Ms. Ryan said.

“What’s that noise?” my roommate asked.

“I’m sorry. It’s my alarm clock,” I said.

“It’s seven in the morning and it’s Saturday,” my roommate said.

“I know I’m sorry but I have a class assignment I had to get to,” I said as I hurried out the door.

“Good morning, Sweetie,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Sweetie,” I asked.

“Just getting in the mood. We have a lot of work to do today. I want you to go and take a bath. Before you get in, put these lotions all over your body and give yourself as close a slave as possible.”

“Okay,” I said with a confused look on my face.

It felt odd taking a bath at school. Before I got in, I made sure I put the lotions all over my body which made it sting a little. After waiting twenty minutes, I climbed into the tub. It felt oddly relaxing. I sat back and rested for a little while. I lifted my legs to wash them. When I looked at them, I got the shock of my life. They were completely hairless.

“No!”

“Honey, what’s wrong?’ Ms. Ryan asked from the door.

“Oh, nothing. I’m fine.”

“Well, hurry up. We don’t have all day. There is a robe on the outside of the door, I want you to put on,” Ms. Ryan said. After a couple more minutes of resting, I got out. All my clothes were gone, except for the robe.

“What happen to my clothes?”

“In a safe place. Say cheese!” Ms. Ryan said. She took a couple of pictures of me.

“Hey, what are you doing?” I asked.

“Just taking a couple of ‘before’ pictures. Trust me, pretty soon you will look at these pictures and have a laugh,” Ms. Ryan said.

I wonder what she meant by that, I thought.

“Here, put this on. Make sure you tuck your maleness back between your legs as far as possible,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Ms. Ryan...”

“I’m sorry but I need to get the whole look before I make my decision,” Ms. Ryan said. I took the tan thong and pulled it up between my legs. I then turned my back.

“Don’t be shy, dear,” Ms. Ryan said. I was so embarrassed. I put my maleness between my legs as far as they would go and pulled up the thong.

“How does it look?” I asked.

“Not bad. Now it is time for your bra.”

“Do I really have to wear that?” I asked.

“Of course, silly. All girls wear bras. Now let me help you,” Ms. Ryan said. She then put the straps over my shoulders. She then had me lean over. “Okay, when you get your breasts, this is a very important step to make sure you rest comfortably in the cups,” Ms. Ryan said as she pushed my tiny male breasts into the cups. She then hooked the back. “How does it feel?”

“A little strange,” I said. I was lying. It really turned me on when I looked down and saw the bra on my body. I was wondering how it would feel if I had real breasts resting in the cups. I didn’t have to wait long.

“It’s time for your breasts,” Ms. Ryan said. She then took two breasts forms and placed them in my cups. “There, instant boob job.”

“They look so real,” I said as I ran my hands over the breasts.

“They better be, they cost a fortune,” Ms. Ryan said. She handed me a pair of white panties. The material felt so smooth against my skin as I ran them up my legs. They felt much better than my regular underwear. A lot smoother. These feelings were freaking me out.

“Having fun?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“Of course not.”

“Whatever you say. Now it is time for your makeup,” Ms. Ryan said as she led me to a vanity table. “Okay, I want you to watch very carefully. I won’t be able to do it for you every time. You are going to have to do it for yourself.” I thought that was kind of odd. Won’t I have a makeup artist before the show?

“The first thing I need to do is fix those eyebrows of yours,” Ms. Ryan said.

“What’s wrong with them?” I asked.

“They are way too bushy. Now I want you to sit as still as possible,” Ms. Ryan said. She then took out some tweezers and began plucking my eye brows.

“Hey wait a minute.”

“I thought you were going to do whatever I say,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Yes, but isn’t this taking it a little too far?”

“No, not at all. I could easily give Mr. Jones a call and tell him you are out of the play,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Please don’t do that. Go ahead and pluck away,” I said.

“That’s better. Now sit still,” Ms. Ryan said. I then looked in the mirror with amazement as Ms. Ryan began plucking my eye brows. It took her more than twenty minutes to finish. When she was done, I had two pencil-thin eye brows. I was amazed at how they opened up my eyes. “What do you think?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“I’m not sure. They are definitely different,” I said. The truth was I couldn’t keep my eyes from looking at them. I was amazed at how they made my face look.

“Next stop is your foundation. Since you have a little hair problem, we have to use a darker shade but don’t worry, we will take care of that,” Ms. Ryan said. I wondered what the heck she meant by that. She then began to apply the foundation. She made sure it was even all over my face. It made me face look softer.

“Next is your eyes. Now for your eye shadow. You can match your eye color or the color of the dress you are wearing. You have very beautiful eyes and we are going to bring them out,” Ms. Ryan said. She then applied some light green eye-shadow which matched my eyes. “You need to be careful not to use too much. You don’t want to look like a clown,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Next we outline your eyebrows with a light brown pencil,” Ms. Ryan said.

“I am never going to be able to do this. You need to be a magician,” I said as my eyes began to tear up.

“Don’t cry I don’t want to start again.”

“I’m sorry, I have no idea what is going on with me. I don’t cry. Maybe I am not cut out to play this part,” I said.

“Let me be the judge of that. Now calm down we are almost done,” Ms. Ryan said.

What is going on with me? This is nuts! I almost cried.

“Next are your eye lashes. Usually we only use fake eye lashes for special events but I think it will be a good idea to use them now. Trust me in time you will be able to do your own makeup. It just takes a lot of practice. I have been applying makeup for more than twenty years. Now watch carefully,” Ms. Ryan said. She then glued the fake eyelashes to my own eyelashes. She then outlined my eye-lashes with black eyeliner and curled them with a black mascara. “What do you think?”

“I don’t know what to say. It just can’t be me.”

“It is. Makeup just helps bring out our best features. It is still the person that is beautiful. Now let’s finish,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Next are your lips. Most girls just put the lipstick tube to their lips. That is a bad thing. To save your lipstick, you use a lip brush to apply it.” She then outlined my lips with a light red liner and filled them in with dark red lipstick. “For an ultra sexy look, we add some lip gloss to them to give them a wet look,” Ms. Ryan said as she applied the lip gloss to my lips. She then added some blush to my cheeks. “What do you think?”

“I am speechless. This is unbelievable,” I said. I moved closer to the mirror to make sure the person was actually me.

“It’s you, honey. I have an idea that I think you are really going to like,” Ms. Ryan said.

“I wasn’t going to do this but I think it is a good idea.”

“What?” I asked.

“You will see. I don’t want to ruin the surprise,” Ms. Ryan said. She then got up and left the room.

I wonder what is going on in that head of yours, I thought. I looked at myself in the mirror and could not believe what I saw. *That can’t be me,* I thought as I looked at the person in the mirror. The strangest thing about it was I didn’t want that person to go away. I was really enjoying myself.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” Ms. Ryan said.

“That’s okay.”

“Give me your hands,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Okay,” I said. “Ms. Ryan then placed my hands on a table and then she put them in a bowl of soapy water and began to clean them. After a couple of minutes she took them out. She then took a file and began to shape my nails into nice oval shapes. She even pushed back my cuticles which made them look longer. She then took out some dark red nail polish and began to paint my nails.

“Remember to always match your lips color with your finger nails and your toe nails,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Okay I guess,” I said. She finished painting them, then added another coat. She added a clear polish to them to give them a glossy look.

“What do you think?”

“I’m not sure how I’m feeling. They look so feminine,” I said.

“That is how they are supposed to look, silly,” Ms. Ryan said. I just could not keep my eyes off my finger nails. They looked so different. A good different, I thought. I didn’t even notice that Ms. Ryan was painting my toe nails the same dark red color she used on my finger nails. Twenty minutes later, I had ten red finger nails and toe nails and I just loved it.

“Time to get you dressed,” Ms. Ryan said. I was wondering what she was going to make me wear. “First, put this on. It is going to help you.” She then handed me an ankle-length black skirt. It was really tight as I pulled it up to my waist.

“It’s a little tight.”

“Let me see that,” Ms. Ryan said. She gave it a good pull. She then buttoned the button and zipped up the side zipper. “It’s perfect. You do need to go on a diet, though,” Ms. Ryan said.

“A diet?”

“Yes, a diet. You are way overweight,” Ms. Ryan said.

“What are you talking about? I don’t have an ounce of fat on me,” I said.

“You are way too fat for a girl. What are you, one hundred and sixty pounds?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“No, I am one hundred and fifty pounds,” I said.

“I need you to be at one hundred and twenty pounds by opening night.”

“You mean I got the part?” I asked.

“I didn’t say that, now did I?”

“No, you didn’t,” I said with a sad look. For some reason, I really wanted this part. Not to be on stage but to be able to dress as a girl again. I loved it so much, I didn’t want it to stop.

“What are you thinking about?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“Oh, nothing.”

“Well, okay then. Let’s finish getting you dressed. We still have a lot of work to do,” Ms. Ryan said. She handed me an ankle-length black dress that was short-sleeved and cut low across my breasts. “Take a deep breath so I can zip up the back.”

“Very funny,” I said.

“I’m not joking. This dress has a built-in corset at the stomach. Now take a deep breath.” I took a deep breath and Ms. Ryan zipped up the back. As the zipper went up my back, I felt my stomach getting smaller and smaller. “There! Now for your shoes,” Ms. Ryan said. I could barely breathe. I felt like the dress was cutting me in half. “Here, let’s see how these look on you,” Ms. Ryan said as she handed me a pair of black three-inch heeled shoes.

“I don’t think I could ever walk in those,” I said.

“Of course you can, silly. It’s just going to take a lot of practice. Don’t worry, in no time you will be dancing around in them. Now put them on,” Ms. Ryan said. I slipped the shoes on my feet. I almost fell down but I was able to maintain my balance before I crashed to the floor. “Now come over here and let’s give you some long, beautiful hair,” Ms. Ryan said. I began to walk over when I realized that the skirt I was wearing was making me walk slow. It was tight around my thighs and my ankles. “I think you are going to make a lovely blonde,” Ms. Ryan said. She

put a blonde wig that had too many curls to count on me. It rested on my shoulders. "You may work out after all." She then looked me up and down.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Take a look for your self," Ms. Ryan said. She held up a full-length mirror. My eyes almost popped out of my head when I saw the reflection in the mirror. I could not believe that the beautiful creature I was looking at was actually me. She had many curves and flawless makeup.

"It's amazing," I said.

"I know. How would you like to play Snow White in the spring play?" Ms. Ryan asked.

"I would love to."

"Good, I'm glad to hear that. Now smile," Ms. Ryan said. She took about ten pictures of me. "Now, let's start your training."

"My training?" I asked.

"Yes, your training. The first thing we are going to work on is your walk."

"What's wrong with my walk?" I asked.

"It's too manly. I want you to have a feminine glide on the stage. I don't want any one in the audience to suspect that you were ever a boy. It's going to take a lot of practice. Are you ready for that kind of dedication?" Ms. Ryan said.

"Yes I am."

"Good."

"The first thing you do is to work on your posture. I don't want you to ever slouch. Be proud of your height. Now, here is how to do it. The first thing is, I want you to make sure your head is erect and your chin is parallel to the floor. You put your shoulders back and dropped in a relaxed position. Make sure your chest is high. Remember, men love breasts; don't be afraid to show them off. Make sure you keep your knees relaxed and your elbows slightly bent. Now you try it," Ms. Ryan said.

Here goes nothing, I thought as I tried to stand as straight as I could.

"Not bad. You are too tight, though. Relax a little," Ms. Ryan said. After a couple more adjustments, she was satisfied.

"Keep that posture at all times. Now here is the proper way to walk. You start by lifting your thigh slightly. Don't lead with your shoulders, move your thigh first. The space between your steps should be no longer than the length of your foot. Your heel should always touch first. As you walk, keep your toes pointed straight ahead and place your feet directly to the side of an imaginary line running down the center of your path. I want you to never step on that line. Here is a good formula to remember how to walk. 'Head up, shoulders down, thigh forward over the foot.' Now watch me carefully," Ms. Ryan said. She walked back and forth. "Did you watch?"

“Yes I did,” I said.

“Good, now give it a try. Also don’t forget to swing your hips a little. Men love that,” Ms. Ryan said. I took a deep breath and went back to walking. “Not bad but you are going way too fast. Try again but this time, slow down. It’s not a race.”

“Got it,” I said. I began to walk again. This time, I walked as slow as I could.

“Now, too slow. I want you to walk back and forth three hundred times,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Three hundred times!?”

“Yes, you heard me. Now do it. We don’t have all day. Also, I want you to walk like this from now on. I want this walk to become second nature to you,” Ms. Ryan said. I began my exercising. As I walked, I keep hearing Ms. Ryan yelling at me to slow down and swing my hips more. After two hours, I was finally finished and Ms. Ryan was satisfied with me.

“Good job. Now take a little break.” I found a chair and fell into it. My legs were killing me. “What on earth are you doing?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“Relaxing. My legs are killing me,” I said.

“I was talking about the way you are sitting. You are a lady and that is not how a lady sits.”

“I’m sorry,” I said with a little smile on my face.

“Do you think this is funny?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“No, I don’t.”

“Good. You have a very important part in the play and I won’t let you embarrass this school. Understand me, young lady?”

“Yes, I understand. Can you show me how to sit properly?” I asked.

“That’s much better. I will be happy to teach you,” Ms. Ryan said. I got up.

“Here is the correct way to do it. When you walk up to a chair, you do a back stance and feel the chair with the back of your legs. You don’t have to look for it. You slide your back foot under the chair about two or three inches, then you lower your self into the chair. Keep your head erect and your back straight. All your weight is being carried by the thigh of your back leg. Keep your balance the whole time. After you are in the chair, you keep your knees together. You don’t want anyone to look under your skirt. You then cross your ankles and place your folded hands in your lap. Now you try it,” Ms. Ryan said.

I walked up to the chair and lowered myself as slowly as I could. I made sure I kept my knees together the whole time. “Not bad at all. Now to get up, you simply reverse the process by sliding on your feet from the back of the chair. Keeping your torso erect, you lift yourself in one graceful motion, using the muscles of your back leg. Now I want you sit and raise from the chair one hundred times. Remember to take your time,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Yes ma’am.” After an hour and a half, I was finally finished.

“Very good. Now I want you to practice as much as possible. Every time you sit in a chair, I want you to use the techniques you learned today. You got me?”

“I will,” I said.

“I know you will,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Ms. Ryan I’m starved.”

“One more thing and then we will go get something to eat,” Ms. Ryan said. She went over to her desk and took out a tape recorder. “We need to work on that voice of yours. Snow White needs to sound like a beautiful woman, not a man. I want you to work on raising your pitch but not too high. I want you to sound like a young lady, not a little girl. Also, I want you to use words like ‘sweet,’ ‘precious,’ ‘pretty’ and lovely. I want you to say into this tape recorder, ‘I am a pretty girl’ two hundred times. It’s going to take a lot of practice for you to speak like a lady. You will need to practice all the time. Whenever you talk, you need to use your new voice. Now give it a try.” I began to talk.

“A little too high, lower it a little,” Ms. Ryan said. After a couple of tries, I was able to make my voice sound the way Ms. Ryan wanted it to sound. “Now begin,” Ms. Ryan said. I felt silly talking into the tape recorder. “Concentrate dear,” Ms. Ryan said. I made sure I tried as hard as I could. I got to number sixty when I slipped up. “I heard that. I want you to start again,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Are you serious?”

“Yes I am. Now start again.”

“Okay,” I said as I began my exercise again. I messed up a couple more times but after two hours, I was finally finished.

“Very good, my dear. How are you feeling?” Ms. Ryan asked.

“A little sore,” I said.

“That’s good. Don’t worry, your body will get used to it. Remember what I said, I want you to practice, practice, and practice some more. That is the only way for it to become second nature. Now, let’s get something to eat.”

“Sound great. I’m hungry,” I said.

“That is not how I taught you to talk,” Ms. Ryan said.

“I’m sorry,” I said in my new feminine voice.

“Much better. Here is your purse, Let’s go, I’m starved,” Ms. Ryan said.

“You mean we are going out to eat?”

“Of course, silly. This is the best way to test you. Now, let’s move it.”

I was nervous as we walked to a small restaurant off campus. “I will order for both of us,” Ms. Ryan said.

“It’s time to talk about the play. Tryouts will take place after Christmas break. You don’t have to try out. I do want you to come over to my place once a month, though, so we can keep up with your skills so that by showtime you are perfect,” Ms. Ryan said.

“I can do that.” I was actually very happy to hear that. Once a month I could dress up as a girl. *Life is getting good*, I thought.

“Once the play starts, you are going to be very busy. I will get into that a little later. It looks like our food has arrived,” Ms. Ryan said.

‘Just a salad?’

“Yes, my dear. Us girls need to watch our weight. Now a lady takes small bites,” Ms. Ryan said. I was still hungry after my salad.

“Hello ladies. My name is John,” a man said.

“John, it’s nice to meet you. This is my niece,” Ms. Ryan said. She had a blank look on her face.

“It’s Stephanie, Aunty. Remember, I am your little princess,” I said.

“That’s right, the sight of such a handsome man made my mind go blank.”

“That’s all right. Would you two ladies like to join my friends and I for a drink?” John asked.

“Thanks, but my niece needs to get home. She’s still a little too young for boys,” Ms. Ryan said.

“Aunty,” I said. I was playing the part.

“I said no. Now get your purse, we need to go.”

“That was fun.”

“You have to be aware of where you are. Those men were up too no good. A lady is always aware of her situation. She never put herself in harm’s way. You got it?” Ms. Ryan said.

“Yes. I am sorry. Thank you for looking out for me.”

“You are welcome. After all, what are aunts for?”

