



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# The Complete Set

Deborah Edwards



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT*

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**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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# The Complete Set

**By Deborah Edwards**

## **Chapter 1**

It was a very miserable morning. It wasn't miserable just because it was Monday. It wasn't miserable just because it was raining. It wasn't miserable just because of the weekly meeting this morning. It was miserable for Eddie Denison because today was his anniversary. It was three years ago that his divorce became final. The girl he absolutely adored had initiated the proceedings. Eddie never really understood why she left him. He treated her like a princess. He attended to her every need. She claimed that she still cared for him, as a friend. She said that she wanted a "real man" in her life.

The rain let up by the time he pulled into the parking lot of the small suite of offices. It was unusual to get such a heavy rain in Indianapolis this time of year. Eddie had lived here for only a couple of years. Before moving here, he worked for the same company, NatPharm, in Arlington, Virginia.

NatPharm was a wholesale pharmaceutical company that sold drugs and other supplies to hospitals and doctors offices nationwide. Eddie was the Virginia/Maryland regional credit manager. After the divorce, his job performance went down. He just couldn't seem to get motivated for work. Before the company could fire him, he asked for a transfer. The only position open was a salesman out of the Indianapolis branch office. It was a step down. However, Eddie thought that a change of scenery would do him good. Now 28, his career came to a screeching halt.

Eddie now lived a very mundane life. He had no friends outside of work. He rarely went out, and never dated anyone. He did enjoy his work place, though. He was the only man in the Indianapolis office. Most men might find being around women all day annoying, but Eddie loved it. He was a closeted crossdresser. The

office gave him the opportunity to listen as women discussed their clothing, makeup and other aspects of their lives.

Eddie had wanted to dress en femme most of his life. He only gave into his urges after moving to Indianapolis. Happily, he dressed whenever he wanted while at home. He did not have the courage to dress outside. He dreamed of exploring his feminine side further. He wanted to experience what life would be like as a young beautiful woman. He wondered if he was just confused. Was this just an overreaction to his divorce? Did he really want that extreme a life change?

“Good Morning,” he said as he entered the small conference room. He saw no need in sharing his sorrow with his coworkers. Sharon and Cheryl were already sitting at the conference table.

“Hi Eddie,” Sharon said. Sharon Clemons was the new face of Sales. She had shoulder-length straight brunette hair that she kept pulled away from her face with a clip. She normally wore just a touch of makeup. She was twenty-four, very aggressive and ambitious. She was always impeccable dressed and had a great rapport with the customers. She was also tough and determined. She had made more than a few enemies within the company. Some of the region’s associates had been spreading the rumor that she was a lesbian. She didn’t mind though; Indianapolis was just a stop along her road to the top. Eddie doubted she was gay, but he had no doubts that she was destined for success.

“Good Morning,” Cheryl chimed. Cheryl Lyons was similar to Sharon. She also was young, aggressive and ambitious. However, she persuaded people with her charm instead of her determination. She had the looks to do it. She had long honey blonde hair styled in a curly perm, a great body and a warm, brilliant smile. The local gossips said she was sleeping her way to the top. Eddie didn’t believe it. He had seen Cheryl work with customers. With a flash of her smile, she could get anything she wanted.

Eddie took his customary seat at the end of the table. He never had much to say at these meetings; he preferred to listen. Karen entered the room, closely followed by Sally. Karen was the regional sales director. She was in her mid-fifties and always had a stern look on her face. She had short grayish hair and wore very conservative business suits. Karen was openly hostile to Sharon and Cheryl. It was obvious that she was bitterly jealous of them. She knew she couldn’t stop them for moving up in the company, but she could make their lives as difficult as possible.

Sally was the opposite of Sharon. She was a happily married mother of two who had no desire for promotion. She handled local loyal customers and never went after new business. Karen’s benevolence was the only thing that kept Sally gainfully employed. She looked and acted like a housewife, not a professional.

“Good morning all,” Karen said. “Has anyone heard from Linda?” she asked.

Linda was a divorced mother of a teenage daughter. She was constantly late and her life was always in disarray. She was, however, a very successful salesperson. In her mid-thirties, she was the same age as most of the hospital administra-

tors. They trusted and depended on her. Her loyal customer base assured her of a position with the company.

Nobody had heard anything from Linda, so Karen started the meeting without her. Karen went over the usual agenda: sales reports, new item promotions, etc. Linda arrived just before the meeting adjourned. Karen waited for her to settle before she made the big announcement.

"The national accounts office called Friday. They will not be able to arrange and man the booth at next week's convention in Paducah. They want us to cover for them. Sharon, Cheryl, and Eddie, you'll go in their place," Linda instructed them. This was a major blow to the trio. Since their earnings were heavily dependent on commission, a week out of the field would hit them right in the wallet. The Paducah convention did not draw any of the big accounts; it was mainly for small pharmacies that didn't offer much hope of ever producing big volume.

"Can't someone else go?" Sharon protested.

"Surely all three of us don't need to be there?" Cheryl asked.

"I'm just following the directive," Karen answered. Everyone could tell she was enjoying the moment. After a little more arguing, the two young women gave up and accepted their fate.

Eddie was looking forward to the trip. He liked the idea of spending a week observing Sharon and Cheryl. Maybe he could pick up some tips on how to behave like a women. Maybe he could learn more about the proper way to dress or talk. For him, this trip presented many opportunities. He tried to meet with the girls during the week to arrange transportation, but all three of them were in the field working with customers. Finally, on Friday morning, he saw their cars in the parking lot. He immediately went to Sharon's office to talk with her.

He knocked on the partially opened door and looked inside. The office was small, 10' x 10', and undecorated. She wasn't there. Eddie noticed the suit hanging on the back of the door. Sharon kept a spare in the office in case she ever needed to change. Eddie admired the suit as he took it off the door. It was a grayish Anne Taylor jacket with matching skirt and white blouse. It had two black buttons just below the breast line. The cut accentuated the waist and minimized the shoulders.

He held it up next to him. The size was close. There was a small mirror hanging on the wall. He stepped in front of it and put the suit up to his chest. He thought it would look nice on him. Maybe someday he could wear an outfit like this to work. Maybe someday he could dress like this all the time.

"It would look good on you," Sharon said. She was standing by the door with a playful grin on her face.

Eddie jumped and dropped the suit. He nearly fell down as he turned to face her.

"Uh, Sharon, I was just. Uh, I mean..." he stuttered.

"You were just trying on my clothes," Sharon said, trying not to giggle.

"No, well I mean, you see, I..." Eddie said. He was hoping to find the words that would get him out of this mess.

Sharon closed the door and picked up the suit. She brushed it off and held it up to Eddie. "Hmm, this is a good color for you. It is a size 6 misses. It would probably be too tight for you," she said.

Eddie was offended. Size 6 always fit him. "Well, my other outfits are size 6 and they fit me just fine," he protested.

"Ah ha, I knew it!" Sharon exclaimed, "I knew you wore women's clothes." Eddie suddenly felt sick to his stomach. She had tricked him into admitting that he was a crossdresser. She hit the intercom button on her phone and said, "Cheryl, could you come in here?"

Cheryl's office was across the hall from Sharon's. As she was stepping into the office, Sharon said, "We were right, he does like women's clothes."

"Would you keep your voice down?" Eddie said in a whisper.

Cheryl shut the door and said to Eddie, "Do you really wear dresses, makeup and things?"

"Yes, he does. He just admitted it to me," Sharon said before Eddie could respond.

Eddie's face turned very red. His shoulders were slouched and he fidgeted nervously. It was obvious to the girls that this was making him very upset. "Don't worry, we won't tell anyone," Cheryl said reassuringly.

"Yeah, what a person does on their own time is their business," Sharon confirmed.

This made Eddie feel a little better. He felt good enough finally to say something. "How did you know? What tipped you off?" he asked.

All three of them sat down as Sharon said, "When we first meet you, Cheryl and I immediately noticed how effeminate you were and how soft a voice you have. We also noticed that you seemed to be plucking your eyebrows. Then we noticed at the company picnic, your legs were as smooth as most women's. It didn't take us long to figure out that you must be dressing up".

"I guess it was kind of obvious," Eddie said. "Maybe I actually wanted someone to notice."

"We'd love to see you dressed up," Cheryl said with a big smile.

"That would be great. Maybe I'll let you borrow my suit someday," Sharon said with a chuckle.

"Do you really mean it?" Eddie asked, "You want me to dress for you?"

"Sure, it would be a hoot," Sharon said.

Eddie was very excited. He was so happy to find someone he could share this part of his life with. He arranged for the girls to come to his house on Saturday at one. They agreed and seemed very enthusiastic. Eddie spent the rest of the day

thinking about what he was going to wear, what shoes to choose, etc. He was on Cloud Nine and couldn't wait.

Eddie got up early Saturday morning. Actually, he hadn't slept much Friday night. He tossed and turned in anticipation of the girls' arrival. He had been waiting for this moment for the longest time. The clock's hands seemed to move slower and slower until, finally, he heard Sharon's Dodge Intrepid pull into the driveway. Sharon and Cheryl hopped out and came to the door. They were dressed more casually than Eddie had ever seen them, in just jeans and a top. He suddenly felt very overdressed.

A very feminine "Come in" greeted Sharon's knock at the door. The girls couldn't believe their eyes when Eddie emerged from the adjoining room. They didn't see Eddie wearing a dress; instead, they saw a beautiful young woman. She was wearing a floral sun dress, low-heeled sandals and small diamond earrings with a matching necklace. She had short dark hair in a pageboy style and perfectly manicured nails. She was very different from what the girls expected.

"You look fantastic," Sharon said with envy in her voice.

"That is you, isn't it Eddie?" Cheryl questioned.

Eddie nearly burst with pride. He didn't expect this type of reaction. He thought the girls would start giggling and teasing him. "Thanks," he said shyly.

"Look at those legs," Cheryl said as she moved towards him. "They are so thin and smooth. I'll bet you don't have an ounce of fat on them."

"Where did you get the breasts?" Sharon questioned as she stared at Eddie's feminine chest.

"I have been doing exercises that increase my chest muscles without increasing biceps. I pull the muscles in close and tape them in place. I add some silicone breast pads and makeup to give me cleavage," Eddie explained.

"Wow, you'll have to teach me to do that," Sharon said as she looked down at her small tits. "I could use some more volume there."

The girls all giggled together. Then Eddie asked, "So, do you really like my look? What can I change?"

"Well, I didn't want to say anything, but you could use a different hairstyle," Cheryl said.

"And change the makeup a little. You have nice eyes, you should show them off," Sharon added.

"I do need to go to a specialist and get a new wig, someone who would get the correct fit and style it for me," Eddie agreed. "This is just a cheap wig I got off the Internet."

"Isn't there a wig shop in the mall?" asked Cheryl.

"Yes, I need to go there someday," Eddie answered.

"Well, let's go," Sharon said. "I've always wanted to go there. It will be a lot of fun helping you pick out new hair," she added.

"I don't know," Eddie hesitantly said, "I've never been out in public."

"Nobody will care. It'll just be us three girls having a good time together," Cheryl said.

"Are you sure nobody will notice?" Eddie questioned.

"So what if they do? You'll be with us, so what does it matter?" Cheryl said in a supportive way.

"Let me get my purse," Eddie said. He was smiling from ear to ear. At last, he had found girls with whom he could go shopping.

Eddie sat in the back seat as Sharon sped down the highway. Cheryl asked, "What should we call you? I mean, Eddie just doesn't sound right."

"How about Denise Edwards?" he answered, "It's a little play on words with my male name."

"Then from now on you're Denise, our newest girlfriend," Sharon said. Denise became overwhelmed with emotion; she felt like crying. Cheryl patted her on the knee and gave her a comforting smile. Denise suddenly felt right at home.

They arrived at the mall and started making their way to the wig shop. Denise was clearly nervous. She felt like every eye in the mall was on her. Sharon and Cheryl saw her discomfort, slowed their pace and began chatting with her. They talked about the outfits on display in the store windows. They gawked over the trinkets in the display cases at the jewelry store. They gushed over the lingerie at Victoria's Secret. Soon, Denise was feeling much better and she quickly discovered something: Shopping Cures All.

They finally made their way to the wig shop. Maurice greeted them at the door. The obviously gay man asked how he could help and directed them to the back of the shop for a fitting. There were only a few customers in the shop on a Saturday afternoon, mostly just teenagers killing time. Maurice was more than happy to give the girls all the attention they needed.

Denise tried several dozen different wigs, everything from ash blonde to dark brunette. They tried every style; short, long, straight, curly, even an Afro. Sharon and Cheryl kept bringing new wigs for Denise to wear. Denise realized that Sharon and Cheryl were having as much fun as she was. Eventually Maurice brought her the ideal wig. It was light red and parted on the left side. The tips had curls that were small on the front and sides and progressively became bigger in the back. The tips had just a hint of blonde highlights. Once Denise put it on, she never wanted to take it off.

"Perfect," stated Sharon, "The color brings out the natural blue in your eyes."

"If you would like to buy this one, I'll style it for you free," Maurice said.

There was no question about it; Denise was not going to let this one go. However, she was very apprehensive about Maurice styling it. He wouldn't take no for an answer, though and began cutting the wig while Denise cringed. She forgot her fears when she saw the final product. Maurice put in bangs and styled the back with even larger curls. The effect was stunning.

"Wow, you have a cute heart-shaped face," Cheryl said, "I've never noticed it."

"We're going to have to do something with your makeup," Sharon said. She looked at Cheryl and they said in unison, "Eva."

"Eva?" Denise questioned.

The girls didn't say anything as they left the store. The wig was expensive, but well worth it. Denise had lived like a monk for the past three years, so she didn't have a problem paying for it. Maurice spent several minutes with Denise, showing her how to wash, set, and maintain the wig. She was finally getting a chance to live her dream.

As they got into the Sharon's car, Denise asked, "Why are you being so nice to me?"

Sharon and Cheryl looked at each other, then stared at Denise. "What do you mean?" Cheryl asked.

"Don't get me wrong. I'm enjoying the shopping and your interest in me," Denise explained. "But why are you doing it? We've never really been that close."

As Sharon pulled out of the parking place, she said, "Denise, when Cheryl and I drove to your house today, we started talking about you. We realize what you've been through, with the divorce and all. You've always been supportive of us at work when we've clashed with Karen. So we decided to be supportive of you now."

Denise started to tell the girls how grateful she was, but they wouldn't hear of it. They just wanted to be friends out having a good time with each other.

Sharon drove the trio to a small house not far from the mall. Cheryl explained that Eva was a makeup specialist who never had to advertise. Other clients referred all her new clients to her. Sharon knocked on the door and a very petite lady in her late forties appeared. She was very elegant with not a flaw in her appearance. Sharon introduced Denise.

After washing off all of her old makeup, Denise sat down in front of a large mirror and put herself in the hands of Eva. She carefully explained colors, brands and how to apply the makeup as she worked on Denise. She never once asked Denise if she were really a man, why she was wearing makeup, or any other personal questions. When she had finished, Denise couldn't believe she was the girl in the mirror. She now had full lips and her eyes were big and round. By applying rouge and the right foundation, her cheekbones appeared higher than normal. She was simply gorgeous.

Denise bought several bags full of makeup from Eva. She thanked her and gave her a big hug as she left. As they walked to the car, it occurred to Denise that there were two other people to thank. Once they were on their way, Denise said, "Sharon, Cheryl, I want to thank you for all you've done for me. This is so wonderful, I can't tell you."

Denise couldn't continue. She started sobbing. She never believed she could actually do the things she had done today. Her two new best friends were so wonderful. She couldn't believe her luck.

"There, there," Cheryl said, "You'll make your makeup run. There's no need to thank us. We had a blast today."

"And the day is still young," Sharon injected. "Why don't we grab a bit to eat, go back to my place, change and go dancing tonight?"

"Yeah, I haven't been dancing in a long time," Cheryl agreed.

They didn't have to convince Denise this time. She didn't want the day to end and dancing sounded exciting. They picked up some salads to go from a fast food restaurant and made their way back to Sharon's place.

"Uh, I've got a problem," Denise said while eating dinner, "I can't go dancing in this outfit."

"That's OK, you can borrow some of my clothes," Sharon answered. "You're a size 6, right."

"You don't mind?" Denise asked.

"Of course not, girls do that for each other all the time," Sharon answered.

They quickly finished and went upstairs to the bedroom. They thumbed through the closet looking for just the right outfits. Sharon decided on a low-cut short blue dress. Cheryl wanted to wear something to show off her body, so she selected a red midriff top with matching skirt. The girls wanted something sexy for Denise. It was, after all, her coming-out party. They found just the right outfit. A black leather miniskirt was the ideal way to show off her great legs, coupled with a hot pink wrap top that revealed just enough of her chest to get attention.

Sharon and Cheryl started to undress in front of Denise. Since they didn't seem a bit inhibited by her presence, Denise joined them in undressing. When Denise removed her panties, Cheryl surprisingly said, "You've shaved your groin."

"I have to if I want to tuck myself in," Denise responded.

"What do you mean, 'tuck myself in'?" Cheryl questioned.

Sharon answered, "That's how Denise hides her equipment."

Cheryl looked confused. Denise giggled a little and said, "Just watch."

Denise took a cold washcloth from the bathroom. She placed it on her genitals, causing them to draw close to the body. She then carefully moved the right ball into her body cavity, then the left. She then pushed her cock back into her body. She folded some skin and put a small piece of tape across it. She quickly moved her gaff from her ankles and positioned it correctly.

"Ta Da, a poor girl's sex change," Denise said as she moved her hands away.

"That's must hurt," a stunned Sharon said.

"It's a bit uncomfortable, but I've gotten used to it," Denise replied.

"I'll never complain about having a period again," Cheryl said.

The three girls began to laugh hysterically. They laughed so hard it was difficult to breathe. Once they composed themselves, they continued getting ready. It was such a joy for Denise to get ready for a night on the town with two other girls.

Denise wanted to stop by her place so she could get shoes and hose that would fit. Cheryl insisted on driving; she knew that Sharon liked to drink when she went out. Once they arrived at Denise's, she happily let the other girls browse through her closet while she put on her hose. She was very careful to unroll them ever so slowly so she wouldn't get a run. She selected a dark black pair of seamed hose and five-inch open-toed heels.

"You really want to get some action tonight," Cheryl commented.

"What in the world do you mean by that?" Denise teased.

"Oh, I think you know *exactly* what I mean. With your legs and those heels, there's not a man alive that wouldn't notice you," Cheryl said.

Denise just giggled. She tried to hide her fears. She had never been with a man. Until today, she never really believed that it would be possible. The idea of making love to a man intrigued her. She didn't really know if she could go through with it.

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They drove off to the area's hottest dance club, McKinney's. They arrived early, wanting to get a booth that overlooked the dance floor. The girls gossiped and passed judgment on every woman that came to the club. A few guys asked the girls to dance, and were politely refused. Denise still felt uncomfortable dancing with a man, so the other girls decided to stick together.

"Denise, I'm tired of just sitting here," Cheryl said. "I want to hit the dance floor."

"I'm not much of a dancer," Denise replied.

"Oh come on, it's easy. Just get in rhythm with the music and relax," Sharon said.

Sharon and Cheryl practically dragged Denise to the floor. It was very packed, so the girls danced very close together. The girls took Denise by the hands and started making her move with them. Eventually, they were able to get Denise to relax and she started enjoying herself. Soon she found herself moving with the music and having a great time. As she was swaying, she felt Sharon behind her. She was rubbing against Denise's butt and not moving away. Denise let her continue for two songs as she moved her hips from side to side. Then she turned to face Sharon and discovered it wasn't Sharon after all.

She was dancing with a tall black man. He was at least 6'4", with very broad shoulders and deep dark eyes. His head was shaved and he was wearing tight jeans and a button-down dress shirt. She looked up at him in disbelief. What was this handsome man doing with her? She started to back away, when he grabbed her hand. She let him pull her close. They resumed their dance. The music was too loud to talk, so Denise continued swaying her hips against his. They danced together for the longest time, completely shutting out the rest of the world.