



Reluctant Press presents:

Ersatz Singer

Annie Warren



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Ersatz Singer

By Annie Warren

Some friends of mine had been drinking with me in the bar for some time. They were friends who had shown up when they learned that I could and would pay for drinks. I'm sure you know the kind, friends as long as the liquor flows easily and freely. I had just "retired" from my job, having made good investments plus having salted enough away in the right places and I had decided to live on that income, barring any unforeseen changes in the economy. By living reasonably and reinvesting carefully that overage that I did not need (or use), I figured that I should never have to work again. I had carefully and successfully set myself up to be independently wealthy and now I wanted to reap some of the benefits. So, I was celebrating with my bar buddy freeloaders. Of course, I didn't tell them what I was celebrating; you can't trust everybody.

I was young by almost anybody's standards. I had spent four, accelerated, grueling years in college getting my bachelor's *and* my masters. I had developed the drive to excel and drove myself, had been almost forced to be the top dog. I was justly proud of the fact that I had also worked my way through even though my parents died when I was in high school. They had left me a moderate nest egg that I had not touched for school, but I still had to work hard to achieve my independence. I had succeeded and was now celebrating.

When I was still a little boy, I had the dream of achieving financial independence and total freedom. I had seen what "jobs" had done to Mom and Dad and had wanted to avoid that and so had dreamed and planned. And now, in spite of it all of the hassle, I was there; it had been realized. If I wanted to be my own boss, to live as I wanted to, I could. At that moment, I wanted some temporary companionship to join me in my "secret" celebration.

Things had been going along well and we were having fun when the lights, already low, were dimmed some more and a curtain I had not noticed parted. Two

women stepped out on to a small stage-like affair. One, the elder of the two, took her place behind a small electronic piano and the other took a microphone off a stand and welcomed the crowd to the evening's entertainment.

The accompanist was a small woman in a dark formal dress with a spray of sequins at her bodice. Her dark hair was short and curly, almost in an Afro. I couldn't help but compare it with my somewhat long, arrow straight hair, reminding me that I could now cut mine short since I no longer had to protest the dress code of the company. I wanted a crew cut that would not require any "maintenance." Long hair is a pain and mine was well over my ears plus a bunch, almost to my shoulders on the side, completely hiding any collar I had in back. With my new independence, I would get a good, short haircut tomorrow, but not too redneck. That would return it to respectability.

Anyway, she was good-looking but older and somewhat more hardened than her companion with the microphone, apparently a singer. The noise level in the bar did drop a good bit when she started talking into the microphone, enough that you could hear her clearly. She was really good-looking with long blond hair that tumbled down her back in shimmering waves. Her long chandelier earrings caught the lights on the stage and sparkled in many colors and flashed out to the audience. Her gown was also sequin-covered which added to the glitz and shine. It was cut low enough to display, to a sexy advantage, a really deep cleavage between her prominent breasts. Further down it also emphasized her narrow waist and wide, sexy hips. The skirt ended tantalizingly just below her hips in strings of sequins or beads reaching to the floor to give glimpses of her well-formed legs in their dark, sexy nylons and very high-heeled shoes that also had sequins on them. She literally sparkled under the light almost without having to make any specific moves; she moved and swayed while probably trying to stand still.

Somehow, the name "Sparkie" came to my mind and I mentioned it to one of my companions who guffawed and thus it escalated. He passed it on and they asked me and I replied louder. There was more laughter, escalating the humor and I was the center of it. It ended in my standing up and yelling out, "Rock it to us, Sparkie!"

I immediately saw a startled and hurt look in her eyes as she looked over at me. Her accompanist had a face full of disgust and anger as she also looked at me. The singer physically sagged but was immediately bolstered by some comments made by her accompanist that we couldn't hear, so she went on to sing several songs. They started out with a lot of shake in her voice but ended up fairly smoothly. She did not look again in my direction, but the accompanist sure did, with daggers and hatchets. After she had sung her last song, she took a mini-bow; a deep bow would probably have dumped her breasts right out of her dress. There was applause but not as much, I'm sure, as she would have gotten if I hadn't ruined her opening.

I felt bad about it to begin with, but my erstwhile companions had joined me in that spirit of derogation and so my feelings were suppressed and finally covered over in the group actions. I was the source, the core of them. My feelings of having done a bad thing were eased but not erased.

Well, the entertainment was over; so we went back to serious drinking. I was the source of the money to buy but also was the mouth that had spoken and was the center of attention until she came out. The accompanist came up behind me and tapped me on my shoulder.

“I'd like to talk to you in private, Mister.”

My companions must have known more than I did or, more likely, just did not want any part of her. One of them simply got up and left the table. The others looked nervous, knowing that I (or we by association) were in the wrong, but no one offered any help nor any hindrance. I smiled at them, but they did not smile back at me; some did not even look at me. When I turned back to her, still smiling, I saw immediately that she was not smiling. I was also immediately drawn to her piercing black eyes that compelled me to answer.

“All right. What do you want to say?”

“Not here in front of your drinking cronies. Bring your drink and come with me.” It was neither question nor request.

“Now wait a minute. I don't just...” But she had already turned away and was slowly making her way back to the stage entrance, a door, like the curtain, that I had not seen before.

“I guess she wants to talk”, I said, though no one seemed to be interested, much less listening, as I grabbed my drink and started after her. My companions had started looking around for someone else to touch, especially those with just a bit of drink, which they quickly finished off. I knew they would not be there when I came back. Oh well, the evening was still somewhat young. I could get more such “friends” if I just threw a bit of money around.

At the door, she stopped and waited until I got there. She paused with me standing there awkwardly and eyed me up and down. Only then did she open it wider and motioned that I should precede her. I stepped through it, thinking that she, as a woman, should precede me, but what the hell, she wanted to talk to me and not vice-versa.

Back stage at this bar was like any other back stage anywhere but more cramped with less space. She led me to the dressing room (THE dressing room) and opened the door which we went through and she then closed. Inside was the singer. Obvious to me, she had been crying. I again felt my regret at instigating the heckling.

“Here you go, Vera. This is the crumb that was heckling you. I think that he owes you an apology.”

She looked up at me. The hurt in her eyes was painful for me to see. I am not such a heel that I can be untouched by such obvious emotional pain. “Why did you do it? I never did anything to you, did I?”

“Uh...I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I was drinking with my friends and well, uh, they, uh, I, uh, we...Hell, I don't know what came over me. I *am* sorry if I, uh...” It was obvious that I had disturbed her greatly.

She stood up. She was still in costume and I suddenly discovered that she was taller than I was in her heels. I'm not tall but she was taller than me by several inches and looked down on me.

"I'm not sure I am going to take your apology as easily as that. You ruined my whole performance and there was supposed to have been a scout in the audience. He or she has not come to see me so you have ruined not only this performance but possibly set my career back too. You cost me dearly!" Her eyes, still reddened by crying, flashed and she gritted her teeth as she more or less hissed, "Damn you!"

Oh no, it was worse than I thought it could be. I didn't know what to say and so I mumbled. "I'm sorry. I didn't know. It was just a bit of harmless fun."

"Harmless? My foot!" she yelled at me. Then she continued in quieter tone but still full of vinegar and acid, "How would you like to be on display trying to do your best to entertain a drunken mob and have some clod trip you up even before you start? Huh? How would you like that to happen to you?"

"Of course I wouldn't like it, uh, but I said I am sorry..."

"Well, 'sorry' is not enough. Don't your agree, Maria?"

For the first time since I came in, the other woman spoke. "I agree, Vera; he should be shown what it means and how it feels."

"Yes, he should be shown." Vera's eyes now pierced mine and I began to feel a bit of fear. What did she mean by that? As I stared into her eyes, Maria took my drink from my hand with no resistance. I did not see what she did with it.

I had to ask, "What do you mean by that?" It was like being trapped in her eyes.

"You should know what it means to be in my position. That is what I mean. I think that we will let you have that feeling tomorrow night. Right, Maria?"

"Right, Vera. Here, Mister, finish your drink." The glass was thrust back into my hand. Still staring into the eyes of Vera, I raised the glass and gulped down the drink. I wanted to get out of there as quickly as I could.

When I came back down from gulping the remains of my drink, I made the mistake of looking again into her eyes. What else could I do? She was standing less than two feet in front of me. Our eyes locked; again I was trapped by them, could not look away. Suddenly, my vision seemed to suddenly cloud over but then seemed to clear almost immediately. Her eyes were still piercing mine but she looked somehow, indefinably different.

"Now go, Mark, and we *will* see you later."

Mark? How did they know my name? I wasn't about to argue or try and find out. I turned and left the dressing room, going from there out into the bar. The same drinking was going on though the crowd also seemed indefinably different. My earlier enjoiners in elbow-bending had split up, as I could have predicted and others occupied our table. I had lost all desire to celebrate anything or to do any more drinking. I still had a foul aftertaste from my last drink, and so I pushed my

way through the crowd and went home and to bed with a nagging feeling in my mind that could not be nailed down.

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I awoke the next morning feeling really great instead of having a bad hangover like I thought I was going to after drinking as much as I had the night before at the bar. When I thought about it, I remembered a lot of drinking and a little about my erstwhile companions. I remembered the beautiful singer and her really great bod, but I could not remember much more. I seemed to remember that my drinking bout was disrupted by something or other before I got totally blotto. That was probably the reason I was not hungover though I had drunk enough, I knew, to have at least some pains.

Of the interruption, I just couldn't remember by what or why. I just could not seem to remember it. It was odd. I had drunk enough to have a hangover but not enough to have gotten drunk enough to have forgotten as much as I had. On top of that, there was a nagging feeling that I had to do something or be somewhere, but again, I could not nail it down. I looked in my calendar and my notebooks but found no dates written down and so was puzzled. One thing, I knew it was not the feeling that I had to go to work!

After breakfast I got dressed in my pale sky blue casual leisure suit, with a pair of light brown suede shoes and then went out for a drive, oddly taking the suit I had worn the night before with me. Actually, I put all of the clothing I had worn together, less the shoes but including my shorts, undershirt and even socks. I had no explanation for heaping it together nor why I felt that I needed to get out of the house and also take it with me; I just did.

Tossing the clothing in the car, I drove out into the country and had lunch many miles from home. Then, as the day wore on, I was again nagged by the thought of having to be somewhere and that the somewhere was not out in the country and so I headed back towards town, arriving back as the sun was going down. I ate a leisurely dinner at a good restaurant, then felt the thirst for a good drink. If the place I had been at the night before had not given me a hangover, I reasoned, I might as well go there.

I don't know why, but I made a bundle of the clothing I had tossed in the car and took it with me when I went into the bar. As I entered the bar, the desire to be somewhere or see someone both abated and yet somehow seemed to strengthen. I felt the rightness of the place but the wrongness of the people I was seeing. With the ball of clothing under my arm, I went to the bar and ordered a beer, no pain in that, though they did look at me a bit fishily. After all, no one else looked like they were carrying a bundle of laundry under their arm. I ignored their odd looks. I did not feel at all like having a covey of drinking companions and so I went over to an empty table and sat down.

It was still early. Then I saw a face that I remembered and which stirred me from my table. It was the accompanist for that curvy chick. She came in and looked around. When she saw me, our eyes locked and she gestured slightly with her head that I should follow her. For some strange reason I arose without hesitation, picked up my bundle of clothing and my beer, and went through the stage door just behind her.

“Nice to see you again, Mark. Are you ready for your debut?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Why Mark, don't you remember? Last night you really hurt Vera's chances for a career and you volunteered to take her place tonight.”

“What? I can't go out there in front of the crowd. No one there wants to hear a guy sing, especially an untrained bass who doesn't know the words.” I said this rumbling with my lowest tones. “What am I supposed to do? Read from a song book?” I thought of myself, standing there in my leisure suit, mumbling words read from a prompt sheet as she sat and played some other tune or something; it was ludicrous.

We entered the dressing room where Vera was sitting barefoot on a stuffed chair. She was wearing a simple skirt with a revealing, low-cut, satin blouse. I could clearly see a vast expanse of the tops of her breasts and below them the shadow of her bra as it circled her chest with the straps going over her shoulders, one of which was not covered by the blouse but had the little adjusting buckle winking up at me. She looked up at me and smiled.

“Hi, Mark. I'm glad you could make it, not that you had any choice. The drugs never fail and the spells have set you up for your debut as my replacement. The crowd won't know that, in case you're worrying. Here, let me take your things.”

I stopped short. What she was saying was not making any sense. She calmly took the bundle of clothing from me and put it on a table to the side. But I was really puzzled and didn't even notice that small action. What did she mean by “They wouldn't know?” *How could that be? Spell? Drugs? What was going on here?* I turned to leave, but Maria touched my arm and I stopped. I had to.

“Don't leave, Mark, not that you could. You made a promise last night and we have merely made it possible for you to fulfill it. OK, let's get started. First off, strip!” With that command, she slapped my butt and, for the first time, I seemed to notice a soreness that I had not felt last night nor at any time during the day. It was a specific soreness like a small wound or, as I realized, based on what they were saying, where a needle had most likely been inserted to give me a shot. I remembered no such action. I was still puzzled as I complied, which in itself was a second puzzle.

My will seemed to have melted away. I took off my coat and handed it to her. She folded it and put it on a chair as I worked down the buttons of my shirt. In short order, I was standing there, naked, still facing the door.

“Turn around and let's see what we have to work with.” It was Vera's voice. I turned but was not as embarrassed as I thought I should have been. She looked

me over like she was measuring me with her eyes and dressing me rather than undressing me. It was an odd look and I stood and just looked at her examining me.

“Raise your arms straight up.” Maria had come up behind me and, as I raised my arms over my head, she wrapped something around my middle, then came around in front of me to hook the basque. Since she was in front of me, she broke my view of Vera and I looked down. There I saw the set of steel stays sewn in vertical lines inside of the heavy cloth. At the top were underwired cups and at the bottom dangled a number of garters. It was obviously a corset.

“What are you doing?” I asked as I found my voice, if not my will power.

“Why Mark, Honey, if you are to take her place, you have to be like her.” I noted the difference between *be* and *look*, but didn't know what to make of it as I played the dressing dummy. “This will help it all come together, dear.” As Maria said this, she moved behind me and started drawing the nylon strings. Being nylon, they slid easily through the metal eyelets of the corset, and, with massive pulls, she started reducing my waist. I was quite thin, so it was an incredible sight to see her draw me in further. Naturally, I was in a discomfort that increased as my waist decreased, but somehow not as much as I thought I would be. I found that my breathing was suddenly coming from my chest and not my abdomen. Hell, my abdomen was rapidly losing girth and could not expand to breathe.

At this point, my hips seemed to be taking on what appeared to be additional inches as my waist became markedly smaller and I supposed the squashed flesh was pushed upwards to my chest and downwards to my hips. Vera came over to me and reached into each of those lacy cups at the top of the corset and drew out what felt like handfuls of the excess that my fleshy chest was taking on from below. Slowly the cups began to appear to be filling up somehow.

Since I could not match her almost severe bustiness, I was worried about what she might do, but she just tugged and pulled until no more seemed to come. Satisfied that she had drawn up all that she could, she then moved behind me to help Maria. The two women now drew against each other to get the last bit of slack out of that torture instrument. When they finally tied the stings off, I heard Maria comment, “Well, it meets, top to bottom, can't do any better than that.”

Vera mumbled, “Not with this one, anyway.”

“Vera, take care of his 'pits'.”

“Right.” She grabbed a razor and quickly shaved all of the hair from my armpits. “There, now you have properly hairless 'pits'. You can put your arms down.”

When she let me put my arms down, I felt the difference and the pain of the cinching. Meanwhile, my penis due to the constriction (to say nothing of the close proximity to Vera and her sexiness), had become engorged and stood straight out. Maria came out from behind me and immediately spotted it. Her simple reaction was to reach for a hairbrush and hit it quite hard, with the bristles. It was very painful as both my penis and the bristles were quite stiff. Of course, the result

was that I immediately lost my erection. My poor penis really sagged and seemed to shrivel up and even draw in a bit.

Vera, ignoring these goings-on, had gone to a drawer and pulled out a pair of lace-trimmed but very stiff satin panties. Coming back to me, she told me to put them on. I tried to step into them and draw them up but could hardly bend; so she held them while I stepped in and then drew them up until I could get a hold of them to pull them the rest of the way up, settling them with a bit of difficulty due to their tightness and stiffness about my hips. As I bent over to pull them up that last notch, I felt the flesh in my corset cups roll a bit. I could not believe that I had so much “surplus” flesh there. On the other hand, with the corset squeezing me like a tube of toothpaste, there was an easy explanation of where it had all come from.

The panties hugged my hips but still had the obvious lump in them. As Vera backed off, Maria very unceremoniously reached into my panties and with a firm hand (and a bit painfully) pushed my testicles up into my body cavity from which they had descended so many years ago. Then she pushed the glans of my penis down between my legs and backwards so that the lump seemed to totally disappear. With a jerk that was not too gentle, she “resetled” the panties about my reformed loins with a bit of a sharp pain from my compressed testicles, even up in my abdomen, or was it because they were there? *Whichever, it hurt.*

I now had the smooth, flat crotch that matched the nature and purpose of the corset. The panties were stiff enough that nothing tried to reassert itself. My penis stayed between my legs and my testicles stayed up in my body cavity. It was a really odd feeling to have them there, and a bit uncomfortable, but in time I forgot their unusual placement.

“I should really let you feel this,” Maria said, looking me straight in the eyes, “but for now, you do not have any leg sensitivity, Mark.” I heard the hum of something and looked down. There I saw Vera using one of those devices that rips the hair out by the roots. She was applying it to my hairy legs and ripping great chunks of hair from them. They were the hairiest part of me, other than the top of my head. Below the waist I was hairy and above it, not. It defied description, but she systematically evened up my “hairiness” by making my legs equally hairless.

I didn't watch the denuding of my legs all of the time. I was distracted by looking deep into her blouse and seeing the bounty of her breasts that were nestled in a froth of lace in her bra. I could not quite see her nipples, but it wasn't from not trying to see them. For some strange reason, especially after what happened when the corset was put on me, I did not have any reaction at my groin from this overt sexiness. With the actions I had just suffered, and with that tight, stiff panty, it was probably just as well.

With care and attention to detail and completeness, front, back, sides and in between my legs, everywhere where the corset and panty did not cover my lower abdomen, I was thoroughly and systematically, depilated. The hair was pale to begin with as I was basically a blond, but all of it was eliminated. She followed this

by an alcohol swabbing. I was amazed. I smelled it and knew it was alcohol, but I felt nothing until Maria got my attention again and looked me in the eyes

“OK, you can feel again.” I did and it hurt, stung from a thousand small wounds. I was thankful that I had not felt it when all of my hair had been systematically pulled out.

“Vera, before we put on the hose, let's do the toenails.”

“That's a good idea, Maria; they look just too plain.”

Vera went to a table and picked up a small red bottle and knelt at my feet while Maria got out some padding and proceeded to do the filling of the “unfilled” parts of my bra. With that sausage-squeezing effect of the corset, I didn't think I had any. When she was finished, I looked like I had the same chest that Vera had. From the tops of my “breasts” to the lacy edge of the bra cup was all me; however, all else was clever packing that looked genuine and seemed to move with enough realness to fool me, at least. She had given me a rather large set of tits that looked and move realistically. If it could fool me at this closeness, then the crowd out there would never know the difference, even under the stage lights.

Looking down at Vera in her crouch, I noted that my waist and hip size seemed to match hers. I couldn't see clearly what she was doing because my tits were in the way. Bending out aways, I finally saw that she had painted all of my toenails a bright red color.

“Now how do you feel, Mark? You said no one would go for a man singing in the bar. Now you can clearly see that you are not going to be a man for that crowd. Maybe one of them will heckle you.”

“I can't do this! You can't do this!!” I felt the excitement of blurting out those statements take my breath away and had to pant a bit. “Besides, I won't have enough breath to sing anything even if I could.”

“That's all right. I'll take it slow and you can sing sexily and get all the studs out there excited, aching to get into your panties to pound it to you. Wouldn't you like that? Some tall handsome man to take you to bed? I'll bet you thought of taking Vera to bed even as you ridiculed her.”

“Hey, I apologized to her. Why are you harassing me now? I'm no woman, can't pass as a woman on that stage, under spotlights no less. Even if they don't see me, once they hear me they'll know immediately that I am a man.”

“Vera, he has been prepped, give him a taste of what is to come.”

As Vera stood up, she sort of wiggled her hips and her tits did a dance within her blouse as she gave me a suggestive look that could well have curled my toes, red tipped or not. Putting the bottle down, she came over to me, well, undulated might be a better term and looked at me, eye to eye. I had not noticed before that we were the same size. I thought I was taller than she was. Then I remembered that we were for all practical purposes flatfooted.

“Tell me, Mark, don't you like me?”

“Well, I, uh. Of course I like you.”

She leaned forward and our breasts touched. She put her hands around my waist and drew me closer. I was being overpowered by her perfume and felt our breasts pressing tighter together and yielding. She cocked her head slightly to one side as our lips approached each other. Then, as her tongue ran around my lips, I felt Maria's hand grasp the back of my neck just below the skull quite firmly. I could not pull away, not that I wanted to, as Vera's lips closed on mine with her tongue playing with my teeth. I could neither push forward nor withdraw with Maria holding me so firmly. But I made the most of what I could. Her lips were warm and lush and tingled almost continually almost like an electric shock as did Maria's grip. Finally she broke as Maria let go.

"Wasn't that nice, Veronica?"

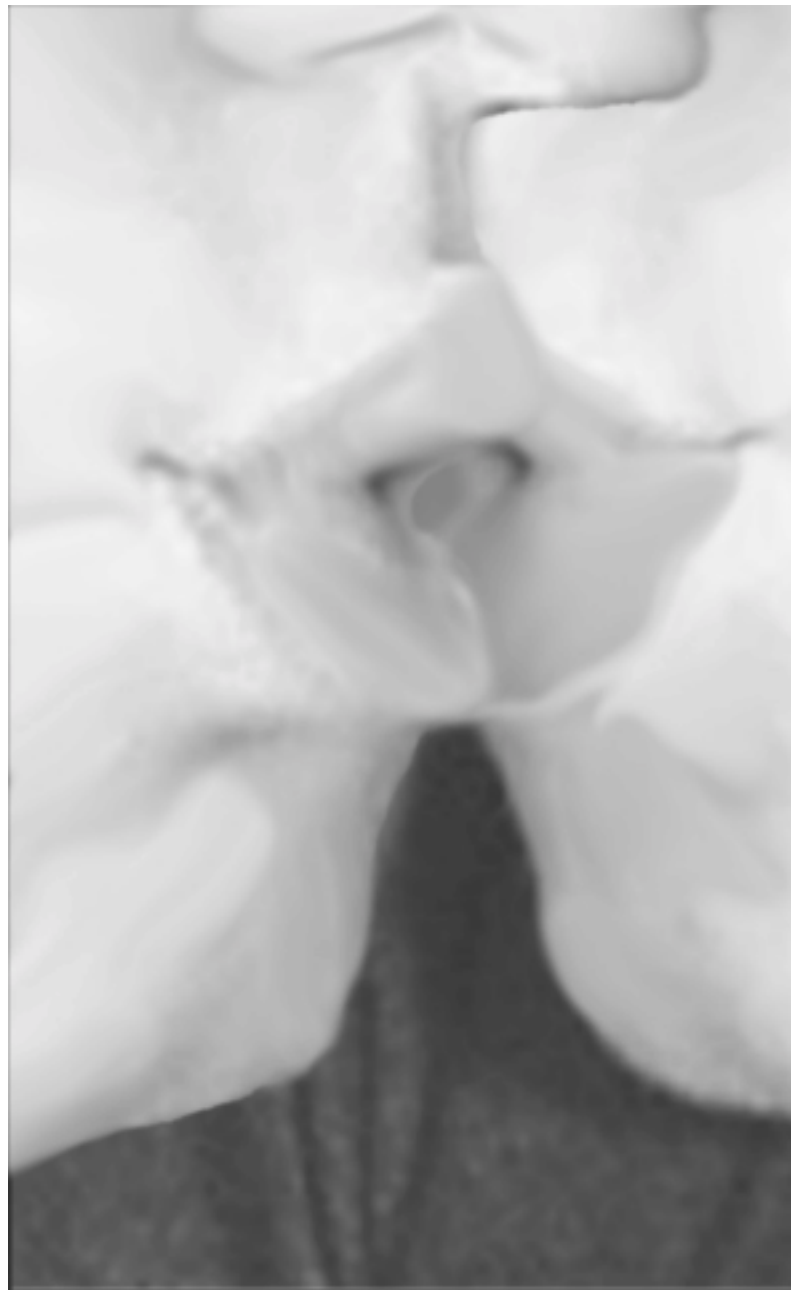
"That was..." I had to stop. I knew I was now Veronica, but that is not what stopped me. I was not quite ready for the soft, low, throaty alto that came out of my throat, and I had paused in replying.

"...quite nice. I see what you mean. Maybe I can do your act if I can learn some songs."

"OK, Veronica, let's try that again." She repeated the same approach, the same licking of my lips and, as we were about to touch, I felt Maria's hand holding the top of my head firmly as we kissed. Again there was the electric tingling just like before. In that position, I could react a lot better and so laid one on her as she did the same to me. The tingling, just as before, lasted until we broke, I suddenly found that I knew the lyrics and music to a whole set of songs, including the ones she had sung the night before.

"How'd you do that?" I asked in a voice that now matched her soprano.

"It's a trick known as transference, Veronica," Maria said after releasing me and coming



around to the front with Vera. "Now we have to finish the job if you are going to be ready for your debut."

"But I have to go home tonight. What am I going to do with this voice?"

"No worry, we will just release the tension later, after you have done your performance, and then you can go home."

Strange as it may seem as I stood there clad only in corset and tight, satin panties with my red toe nails and now a lilting soprano voice, her reply took a load off of my mind. I did not have that many close acquaintances outside of the company I had just quit, but to have this voice in a man's body could be quite confusing to anyone I spoke to. I knew, too, that I would not run out on these witches even if I could, as they would have to change me back before I went home. I was hooked and felt coerced to go along with whatever they wanted me to do. I felt my strength returning and my will strengthening, but the trap had been sprung.

Vera told me to try to sit down, and I did in spite of the crushing feeling on my ribs, to say nothing of my almost ironbound crotch. I particularly felt the pressure on my balls even if they had been "internalized." She then started working on my nails. She added extensions, then coated them liberally with the same bright red polish that was on my toenails. Due to the corset I felt the crush at my crotch and had to sit bolt upright. In this position I was an easy target for Maria. She looked closely at my ears and remarked about one having been pierced some time ago.

"Well, Veronica, Vera's earrings need a special holder so I'll fix you up like her".

I looked at Vera as she worked on my nails, painting each one bright red after the glue set on the extensions. Then I looked at her ears. In them were three holes, each of which held a ring of some kind. Two were relatively low on her lobe and the other was higher up. And so, with style and a little pain, I felt Maria perforate my earlobes. True, I had had one pierced a long time ago, but that hole had long since grown shut. Oh well, I knew that these would also grow shut, leaving a small mark where the hole had been. I was not worried, or at least I wasn't thinking of such things just then.

Maria inserted into these holes the elaborate earrings Vera had worn the night before. I remembered them and instinctively knew that my ears were now draped in sparkling and winking trains of light that would show up just like hers had. Vera was still working on my hands, but the process was going slow, it was taking time.

Maria then brought a movable table over and started doing my makeup. She may have been Vera's manager, but she really knew her stuff. By the time Vera was finished with my hands, Maria was just topping off the almost sparkling gloss on the bright red lipstick on my lips. When I looked into the mirror, I was startled (to say the least of a whole raft of emotions) to see that I now looked exactly like Vera had the night before, from glossy red lips to thin, arched eyebrows (after Maria had pulled the hairs out seemingly by handfuls). Only my just shoulder-length straight blond hair was different and the dress was missing. I somehow knew that those would be attended to in short order along with hose and shoes,

and whatever else was necessary. I was about to make my debut as a girl singer, and they were ready for it. I wasn't, but was coming to that position as they continued to work on me.

As Maria went for the wig, I had to stand up while Vera drew on my nylons, glitter and all. I then stepped into the high heels. I had never worn any high-heeled shoes before, much less shoes with heels as high as hers, but somehow I quickly adjusted to them. Then, preparatory to the wig, she finger-curled my hair and pinned it flat on my head until nothing was hanging down. She then put a stocking cap over my hair to hold it even flatter. As Maria did some last minute fussing with the wig, Vera got out "our" costume. It seemed that I wasn't going to have any other underpinnings.

I raised my arms and it slithered down my body. It had all of the glitz and sparkle as before only now it was about *my* body, not *hers*. She closed the zipper up the back and it molded itself to my body as if made for me. Actually, I had been made over to fit it rather than the reverse. But before I could see more, Maria put the wig on my head and adjusted it. It was a duplicate of Vera's hair. I figured out that it must have been a "lazy day" or "bad hair day" wig that could be used if she had not had her hair done.

I was now ready, but my debut was yet a bit in the future. We had made it with plenty of time to spare. I would need it to learn to move properly in this get-up. But as a preliminary, they led me over to a threefold mirror. I was enthralled! In those three simple panels of glass, I saw the image of Vera from the night before, from sparkling tip of toe to curled top of head. Now, however, when I moved, she moved. Vera, who was standing nearby, just smiled an enigmatic smile, then looked at Maria.

"Well, Maria, it looks like Veronica is almost ready for her debut on our mini stage. Let's run her through a song or two and then it's show time. If that agent is out there tonight, I'll have it made, if all goes well."

"Oh, all will go well, Vera. It has never failed yet."

Failed yet? I was not the first? This must be some kind of racket.

"OK, Honey, let's give you a run through on some of the chestnuts to see how the voice and tone are." Maria went over to a small electronic piano and hit a key. "That's your key for 'Melancholy Baby'." Vera laughed at that, but Maria simply sat down at the keyboard and started the intro. I knew it and when my cue came, I sang as I had never sung before. I knew the words, the nuances and intonations. As if on automatic, I started moving my hands, arms and body sexily to the music. My dress swayed and I knew it was sparkling and winking just as Vera's had the night before. I could not help myself, I was totally wrapped up in the song. I then sang the songs that would be on the program that night.

I knew the words, music, hand gestures, sways and all. The corset, in spite of cutting into my ribs and sides, did not seem to hinder my singing for any of the songs we went through. If anything, it helped to keep me erect, showing off my tits and giving me poise. I knew then that I was going to have absolutely no problem, provided that no one heckled me. *Maybe I could handle that too?.*

I was then pronounced ready for the show. Vera started having me practice moving about in the heels. Here again, inexplicably, I did not need much help. Of course, it did not occur to me that everything should fit so well, but it did. While I was practicing the entrance and the head bowed curtsey/bow, Maria disappeared behind a screen, only to appear quickly in her sequined stage dress. As I moved about the room, swaying my hips and jiggling my breasts — well as much as the tight-packed cups would jiggle — Maria put on her stage makeup. We had a short drink and it was ShowTime...

The performance, compared to all of the preparations, seemed to be over in a flash. We went out, the room hushed a bit when the stage lights came on. I did my thing, did the curtsey bow and it was over. I was ready to go back and strip all of this off, get my voice back and leave. But that was not to be the case. There would be a second show in two hours. So, as much as I could, I sat and relaxed (yeah, with that corset cutting into me, my dick packed away and my nuts jammed uncomfortably up in my body). We had some coffee, and we also spent time going over the songs for the second show. No, we did not do the same ones. I thought of all of the songs I now knew and almost suggested some other ones, but felt I had better let well enough alone.

Two hours later, it was a repeat of the earlier show: entrance, sing, bow, then exit. It was almost an anticlimax. This time, however, when we went into the dressing room, Maria went behind the shutters and quickly divested herself of her stage dress, appearing a short time later as before. Vera, in the meantime, had pulled off my wig, and I had kicked off my shoes. She then quickly took the glittering hose down and off.

Maria then unzipped the dress and peeled it off. Now she untied the corset and I felt the easing of that hellish pressure. She then sat me down and I felt it ease a bit more as the added pressure pulled the laces out. Once seated, she unhooked the earrings and pulled them off, only to replace them with small studs. When all of the rings were gone, I ended up with three studs in each ear. I thought they were all but invisible and so did not worry about them, actually forgetting that they were there.

She then took some solvents and wiped off my stage face. I looked so plain without it on, but she put on a trace of lipstick and a touch of eye shadow and I looked OK again. The mascara she had put on earlier did not seem to have been touched by her cleansers and formed a dark bush around my eyes that helped cut the plainness. Only my thinned eyebrows seemed to be different. When I mentioned it to her, she smiled and took a pencil and filled them out a bit and I was satisfied; It did not occur to me that I was a blond with black eyebrows and eye lashes instead of the blond ones I had come in with. But it looked OK to me, and I was satisfied.

She then unpinned my hair. After several hours in pinned curls, it now had definite waves to it as I could well have expected. It fell down over my shoulders and a part way down my back. I almost wondered why they had used the wig. It was going to be all right, I knew.