



Reluctant Press presents:

Top Class Escort

Belinda Mason



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDERSSON

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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TOP CLASS ESCORT

By Belinda Mason

CHAPTER ONE

I met Emma when I was working at Abercrombie & Phillips. I had left school that summer and was going to University for English Literature in the autumn. I needed to earn some money and the temporary job that I had found would help towards my future expenses. Little did I know that I had met the woman who would completely change my life.

Emma was a secretary at Abercrombie & Phillips and was two years older than me. We hit it off immediately and we started to go out to lunch together on a regular basis. There was a play in London that I wanted to see so I invited her to come with me. Once she accepted, a relationship started and I went to her flat at weekends.

Early in our relationship, it became clear that she was fascinated by female impersonators and transvestites. She knew all the tricks of the trade because she read avidly about them. Before long we went to a night club where all the waitresses were males. During the evening there was a drag show that we both enjoyed.

On the following Sunday it was pouring with rain so we stayed indoors. Emma told me that I would make a beautiful woman because I was small-boned, had a pleasant face and beautiful legs. I tried to laugh it off, but she was persistent and begged me to let her try to transform me into a woman. In the end, I gave way.

She had obviously been planning this for some time because she brought some underwear that was too big for her out of the cupboard. There was a bra, a girdle, some briefs and a pair of tights. She also produced a wig and a pair of sandals. I was directed to put on the lingerie, then the tights and sandals. She sat me down and started my make-up.

I did not have much of a beard, but Emma told me that I would need to shave my face carefully next time. I was not aware that I had actually agreed to a next time, but she

seemed confident that she had me hooked. She plucked a few stray hairs from my eyebrows. Once the foundation and blusher were on, my face began to change. The eye shadow and mascara made my eyes stand out. She shaped my lips with lip liner and completed the job with a bright red lipstick. When she put the wig on my head, brushed it and brought a mirror to me, I was mesmerised. I gasped. How could this beautiful creature be me? Emma smiled at me in triumph. She knew instinctively that there was no going back; I was well and truly hooked.

Emma immediately started to make plans for me. We would go out together as two girls the next weekend. She measured my feet so that she could buy me some high heels. She also knew where to get silicone breasts. She would buy me a dress, blouse and skirt as an initial wardrobe. I would also need a handbag and some jewellery. I protested that she was getting ahead of herself, but she told me to start walking around the room. She then grabbed me and kissed me passionately. We ended up on the floor making love. The power of our attraction for each other was overwhelming and I succumbed. How could being dressed as a woman do this to me and turn Emma on in this way?

All that week, I kept dreaming about the girl in the mirror. She was so pretty, yet it was *me*. I wondered what it would be like to have breasts and display them in an attractive dress. I was soon to find out.

The following Sunday Emma pounced as soon as I arrived at her flat. She made me take my clothes off and smeared depilatory cream all over me. After a shower, I had no hair on my body, arms or legs. She then insisted that I get into a perfumed bath. Once I was dry, I had to shave my face very carefully. I then lay on Emma's bed while she stuck silicone breasts on me. I then put on the same lingerie as the previous Sunday. Emma did my make-up more subtly this time, with less eye make-up and lighter lipstick. The high-heeled shoes were size 7 and fit me perfectly. Once again, when the wig was on, I was a knock-out. I could not stop looking at myself in the mirror. When I put the dress on, the vision was complete. Emma got me to practise walking in the high heels, then she announced that we were going out to the cinema. She gave me a watch, bracelet, necklace and earrings to put on and handed me a shoulder bag.

The cinema was only a few hundred yards from Emma's flat, but I quickly found that my shoes were killing me. I started to walk in an ungainly manner, causing Emma to scold me. I was convinced that everyone was looking at me. However, we arrived at the cinema without mishap and started queuing for our tickets. A man whom she knew came up to Emma; she introduced him to me. After he had gone, Emma said that he fancied me. When I protested, Emma asked me what I had seen in the mirror. I felt uncomfortable because I knew that she was right. I did look nice. What was worrying me was that I felt natural in these clothes. I realised that I was on a road of discovery to find my true self.

Over the next few weekends, Emma and I went out as girls and I became more and more confident. We even double-dated a couple of times and I had my first experience of kissing another man. I was not gay, yet I found myself responding as a female would. It was most confusing. However, I did not have to go any further which would have been embarrassing.

Time flew by. October arrived and it was time to leave for Warwick University. Emma gave me my female wardrobe and some make-up as a going-away present and we kissed goodbye.

CHAPTER TWO

Once I had enrolled for my English Literature course at Warwick University, I resolved to put my feminine thoughts aside and get on with my studies. As my course was on early English writers, I joined the Shakespeare Society which arranged parties to the nearby theatre at Stratford on Avon. The Shakespeare Society also put on a play by the bard each year. I was surprised to discover that all the parts were played by male actors as they had been in Shakespeare's day. The play that year was "The Merchant of Venice" and I got a shock when I was asked to audition for the part of Portia. Had somebody noticed something about me?

All the feelings came flooding back and with it came a desire to play the part. There was only one other contender who was in his second year. He was unable to suggest the beauty and serenity of Portia, so I got the part.

Before the dress rehearsal when I was dressed as a woman and was being made-up, I realised how much I had missed femininity. During the dress rehearsal, I became the rich and beautiful Portia and the Director was astonished by the depth of my performance.

The play lasted a week in the University theatre with reasonable audiences, including people from the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. I was congratulated by one of the Stratford actors who told me that I made a very convincing woman. However, all too soon it was over and my feminine persona was put away again.

The next year the play was "Macbeth" and I was chosen to play Lady Macbeth. This was a far more difficult role because I had to bring out the strength and ambition of that astonishing woman. She was an opportunist who would stop at nothing to help her husband to become king.

The whole cast was brilliant and we had rave reviews in the local paper. Consequently, the play's run was extended to cover two weekends. I was mentally exhausted by the end, but triumphant. Everyone said how brilliant my performance was. They could not understand how a man could play a woman so completely. After the last show, the University arranged a party for us and the female characters were asked to appear as females. Evening dresses were hired for us and we were able to strut around like birds of paradise. It was an exhilarating experience.

During the party, I was approached by a man who asked me for a private chat. We found an office and sat down opposite one another. He congratulated me on my performance and, to my surprise, said that he had seen it three times. I was intrigued.

He passed me a photo of an attractive woman. "Do you know who this is?"

Although she was vaguely familiar, I said no.

"This is Evelyn Miller."

The penny dropped. She was an actress appearing in a long-running soap on

TV.

“Miss Miller has a problem. She has signed up to appear in a play called ‘The Perfect Murder’ for three weeks in Watford, Reading and Windsor. The story is about a man who kills his wife, then becomes a woman to get away with the crime. Miss Miller has told the Press that she will be having her hair cut like a man’s so that she can play the part. Unfortunately, playing the part of a man is completely beyond her capabilities.”

“Why should that interest me?” I asked.

“Somebody who saw ‘Macbeth’ thought that you looked a lot like her. I came to see your performance to see whether it was true. I can see the possibilities”.

“Let me get this clear, you want me to play the part instead of Evelyn Miller?”

“No. We want you to impersonate Miss Miller and appear in the play.”

I was flabbergasted. The man, whose name was Geoff Foreman, was representing Evelyn Miller. She was in danger of being sued for breach of contract which would not be good for her career. She was willing to pay me twenty thousand pounds to impersonate her for three weeks. I would live in the hotels as her, appear in the play as the man, then she would take my place in the second half when the husband became a woman. I asked for time to think about it.

All night I tossed and turned in bed. My mind told me that the scheme was crazy, but the woman inside me wanted to do it. It would be a challenge and the twenty thousand pounds would come in handy. When Geoff rang me the following morning, I agreed to his proposition. He explained that I would meet Evelyn Miller in her home in two days.

CHAPTER THREE

I drove up to Evelyn Miller’s house which was in a Lincolnshire village. As a result of a few high-profile affairs and an effective publicity machine, she was now an A-list celebrity who made a lot of public appearances and had a lot of fans who worshipped her. The fact that she was not married made her instant news in the tabloids whenever a new man came into her life.

Evelyn Miller lived in a large house on extensive grounds. She was obviously doing very well. When I rang the doorbell, a woman answered. She said that she was Rose, Miss Miller’s Personal Assistant. She showed me into a spacious sitting room. There were two women sitting down; they got up when I entered. Evelyn Miller’s famous green eyes immediately started to appraise me. As I was not dressed as a woman, the resemblance was not obvious.

Evelyn introduced the other woman as Beverley, her beauty consultant. She explained that they had obtained a wig with Evelyn’s hair style and some contact lenses for green eyes. Beverley was going to take me upstairs and see whether she could make me look like Evelyn.

Once upstairs, Beverley asked me to take my clothes off and put on some expensive lingerie that was on the bed. She left the room while I did so. The bra was larger than I was used to with very impressive silicone inserts. When Beverley returned, she sat me down

and immediately started to pluck my eyebrows. When I protested, she replied that this was a serious situation and if I wanted the job, I would have to co-operate. She then began the make-over. It was soon evident that she was an expert as she shaped my face, added false eyelashes, used the same colour blusher and lipstick as Evelyn had been wearing downstairs. She put in the green contact lenses and made up my eyes. I then put on a dress and high heels. Finally, she placed Evelyn's wig on my head and brushed it into place. I walked to the mirror and got the shock of my life. Evelyn Miller was staring back at me. I was taller than her, but otherwise I was her double.

We went back downstairs. When we entered the sitting room, Evelyn and Rose were in deep conversation which stopped in mid-sentence. Both women looked astonished. Evelyn was the first to recover and said that this was going to work. Now that I could see Evelyn in the flesh, I could see what a brilliant job Beverley had done on me. Evelyn and I could pass as twins.

It was agreed that I would come back the following weekend and spend time with Evelyn. I would have to watch her mannerisms, learn about her life, practise her signature so that I could give autographs and sort out a wardrobe for me to wear in the hotels in Watford, Reading and Windsor and for going to the various theatres before the shows.

When I arrived back at Evelyn's house the following weekend, Beverley immediately took me upstairs to be transformed into a replica of Evelyn. They had bought me the same clothes as Evelyn wore so that we would look alike. Initially, I wore a green patterned tunic with tight jeans and low heels. Beverley attached false nails to my fingers and gave them two coats of a light polish. When we joined Evelyn, she was dressed exactly the same.

We first discussed Evelyn's life. Where she was born, where she went to school, her family, how she became an actress and her latest boyfriends. We then practised walking and sitting. Evelyn had a wiggle I found hard to emulate, but eventually I started to get it. We then practised her signature so that I could sign autographs. We watched videos of her in interviews and she pointed out some of her better known mannerisms. By the end of the day, I was moving like Evelyn and speaking like her.

I went up to my room exhausted; I took off my make-up and clothes before I went to bed in one of Evelyn's nightdresses. I dreamt that I was her kissing her latest hunk of a boyfriend. I woke up with a start when he put his hand up my thigh. As I lay in bed, I wondered what it would be like to be her with all the adulation that she had.

The next day, we had to decide which of her cars I would use while I was impersonating her. We decided on a silver BMW. We went out for a drive with Evelyn at the wheel so that I could observe her style of driving. We were both wearing dresses so that I could learn how she got in and out of the car without showing her panties. We then swapped and I drove the car, using her fast but controlled method. I had noticed that her eyesight was defective and asked her about it. She explained that she didn't like wearing glasses although she probably needed them for driving.

The next day, Rose was called in to watch my every move. She corrected any mistakes I made when I dropped out of character. I also had a long session with Beverley practicing Evelyn's make-up until I was becoming expert at it.

When I left that day, I was given a complete wardrobe of clothes and told to practise with the make-up every day. I was also given a set of DVDs showing Evelyn at various functions and giving interviews. Nothing had been left to chance. When I finally stopped being Evelyn and said goodbye, I felt quite sad. We had developed a bond.

I had also been given the script of the play to learn. Evelyn had contacted the Director of "The Perfect Murder" to suggest that Kathy Hawkins should be her understudy because she looked like her. By removing the contact lenses, changing my wig and wearing different make-up, I became Kathy Hawkins.

Having studied the part, I was given an audition and passed with flying colours. I don't think that the Director was particularly interested because he thought that Evelyn would eventually manage the part of the husband. However, once we were both able to attend the rehearsals, Evelyn purposely stopped trying and the Director asked Kathy to give it a go. I was ready for the chance. Evelyn then persuaded the Director that Kathy should act the husband and she should be the transformed woman in the second half. The Director was worried about the subterfuge, but eventually agreed as he wanted to keep his star.

Evelyn and I agreed that I would arrive at the hotel in Watford and book in as Evelyn Miller. I would go to the theatre each night and sign autographs at the stage door. I would then play the part of the husband and Evelyn would arrive disguised as Rose, her PA. She would play the part in the second half, get the ovation from her fans and then leave as Rose afterwards. I would then leave, dressed as Evelyn, deal with the fans and return to the hotel.

This arrangement worked well in Watford and Reading. I enjoyed being pampered as a star and even tried a few tantrums for effect. Nothing was too much trouble!

I arrived at the hotel in Windsor in a confident mood, having got used to the routine. Everything went well until Friday evening when Evelyn did not turn up. I therefore had to play the part of the transformed woman after the interval. We had some problems with the tight-fitting dress Evelyn wore at the end, but eventually I managed to wriggle into it. I received a wonderful ovation as Evelyn at the end, being presented with a large bouquet of flowers and kissing the man who played the detective. As usual, I returned to the hotel after the show.

On Saturday morning, the newspaper was brought up to my room with my breakfast as usual. A headline caught my eye causing my blood to run cold. It read "ACTRESS KILLED IN CAR SMASH." The article continued, "The actress, Evelyn Miller, was killed when her car was in collision with a lorry on the A1 last night. Miss Miller was cut out of the wreckage, but was pronounced dead on arrival at Peterborough Hospital." The story continued with more details from eyewitnesses. There was a footnote at the end which read "Miss Miller's part in the play 'The Perfect Murder' at Windsor Playhouse was played last night by her understudy, Kathy Hawkins."

So now I was Kathy Hawkins again, not Evelyn Miller. As I contemplated this confusing development, the phone rang. It was Rose. She told me that it had been agreed with the theatre management that Kathy Hawkins should give the last performance that night. She was coming to Windsor that day to collect the BMW as it was now part of Evelyn's estate. She had hired a Ford Fiesta for me. This was more appropriate for Kathy Hawkins.

Rose told me not to say anything to anyone about the ruse with Evelyn Miller. She would give me the cheque for 20,000 pounds when she arrived.

That evening we played to a half-empty theatre. Evelyn's fans did not want to see Kathy Hawkins so I received polite applause at the curtain call instead of the enthusiastic applause from the previous night. It was a big contrast. I wondered how many members of the audience realised later that Evelyn had been in two places at once; dead in her car and appearing on stage at the Windsor Playhouse.

I left the theatre for the last time with nobody at the stage door to see Kathy. I half expected somebody from the Press to come along, but the management had clearly managed to prevent any problems. No doubt this was in respect for Evelyn Miller who was no more.

I left Windsor that night as Kathy Hawkins and returned to Warwick. I now had another female wardrobe and 20,000 pounds. However, it was time to return to my studies.

CHAPTER FOUR

The next year at University was my last. I decided not to do any acting in order to concentrate on my studies. I had wondered about taking up acting as a career, but my experience as Kathy Hawkins had shown that this would be a rocky road.

My feminine feelings were now very strong so I dressed as Kathy Hawkins quite a lot. Evelyn had obtained a number of false documents for me so I had a passport, driving licence, bank account and credit card in Kathy's name. I put the twenty thousand pounds in Kathy's bank account so she was richer than me as an impecunious student.

I obtained my degree and started looking for a job. I liked the idea of marketing or public relations, but the recession in the UK meant that job opportunities were very hard to come by.

Bob, a University friend of mine, had also failed to find a job, but being a good-looking man, he had been invited to join an escort agency. He was now a "toy boy," taking out elderly single women with plenty of money. Bob suggested that I did something similar to tide me over until I found a proper job, so I moved into his flat in London.

It soon became evident that I was not going to make it as a male escort. The escort agencies I visited made it clear that I was not the type of man who would impress their clients. After a week of rejections, I had two more agencies to visit. One of these, "Top Class Escorts," had asked me to send them a curriculum vitae. I received a letter inviting me for an interview the following Monday.

On the day of the appointment, I put on my best suit and a clean shirt. When I arrived, I was immediately impressed by the offices of "Top Class Escorts" in Jermyn Street. This was a class above where I had been before. The décor was smart and expensive. There was clearly plenty of money in this business.

I was interviewed by a pleasant lady called Marilyn. She seemed very interested in my career as an actor playing female parts. She asked me about "The Perfect Murder" so I told her about Evelyn Miller and Kathy Hawkins. She was very impressed when I told her that I still had the personal documents for Kathy Hawkins. She asked me to wait while she left

the room. After five minutes, she returned. I was taken aback when she told me that Kathy Hawkins had been granted an interview with the owner, Mrs Frobisher.

“Make yourself as pretty as possible and introduce yourself as Katherine Hawkins when you meet Mrs Frobisher at eleven o’clock tomorrow morning,” Marilyn advised. We shook hands and I left the room.

When I arrived back at the flat, Bob had just gotten up. He was currently acting as an escort to a wealthy widow who had an insatiable appetite for sex. Consequently, he needed extra sleep to build up his stamina. I made a cup of coffee for both of us.

We sat down in the lounge and Bob asked me how I had got on. I explained what had transpired. Bob had seen me in the plays at University, but knew nothing about Kathy Hawkins. When I told him that I still dressed as Kathy from time to time, he did not seem surprised. I asked him what he thought I should do.

“Firstly,” Bob said, “you make a very convincing woman. When I saw you after ‘Macbeth,’ I could have fancied you myself. I have the night off because Marigold is washing her hair so I suggest that I take Kathy Hawkins out for a meal this evening.”

We discussed the situation some more. Bob said that the recession meant that I could not afford to be choosy. I needed a job because Kathy’s twenty thousand pounds had already dwindled considerably.

That afternoon I removed Kathy’s things from the trunk where they had been stored. I started to get ready. This was going to be a long job as I had to remove all the hair from my body, legs, arms and underarms. This had always been a chore; I decided there and then that if I was going to spend more time as Kathy, I would have to remain hairless. That was one of the attractions of being a woman. You could have smooth skin. I never tired of the wonderful feeling when I pulled my tights or stockings up my hairless legs.

Having rid myself of the hair, I lay in a perfumed bath and contemplated my future. Where was I going? What did I really want? Why did Mrs Frobisher want to meet Katherine Hawkins?

I dried myself off and used a sweet-smelling deodorant. I then put on my panties and bra and slipped the silicone inserts into the cups. I decided to wear tights and pulled them up. I then put on a slip and slippers while I did my make-up

It was strange feeling getting myself ready to go out with Bob. I had known him for three years, but this was a big departure from our normal relationship. Although I had dressed as a woman quite a lot, I had never been out with a man.

I had improved my skills with make-up and Kathy gradually emerged in the mirror. I had always been fascinated by the transformation process from man to woman. Once the wig was on, Kathy was staring back at me. Tonight I was going to be a knock-out for Bob.

I chose a short dress that came above my knees. I then put on a watch, bracelet, three rings, a necklace and clip-on earrings. The last job was to paint my nails with the same colour as my lipstick. I relaxed in a chair for a few minutes while my nails dried. I then dabbed on some of my favourite perfume.

I felt very nervous when I left my bedroom and walked into the lounge with my handbag. Bob was not there, but I heard him in the kitchen so I went into the doorway.