

# Penelope Bright



## Delphinia Longstreet



A "Her Tv" Novel



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# **PENELOPE BRIGHT**

**by Ms Delphina Longstreet**

“Excuse me?” I glanced up from the counter at the sound of the breathless soprano and gazed into the most beautiful emerald green eyes I had ever seen! In an instant, I lost my heart to this gorgeous apparition forever! “Excuse me, Sir, but could you help me find the lingerie department?” this stunning creature from a far universe repeated herself.

I could only stare in amazement as I saw what was obviously my doppelganger (go ahead, look it up in your Funk & Wagnall’s)! I mean, I was born a male and she was obviously a female, but we looked enough alike to be identical twins or at least brother

and sister. But, since I am the only child of only children, this was an impossibility of the first order! Still, except that her auburn hair was slightly longer than mine, that my nose was slightly larger, and that my face was devoid of any make-up, it was like looking at my own reflection in a mirror!

“Yes, Miss?” I croaked after a stunned moment that seemed to last an eternity.

“I was wondering if. . . you. . . might help me. . .” and her voice trailed off as her mouth dropped open in disbelief. “If. . . you. . . if you. . . might. . . help. . . me. . .” she repeated. Then, “Is this some kind of a weird practical joke?” she snapped angrily.

I started in surprise. “Jo. . . joke?”

“Yes, joke! If it is, I must say that it is in the poorest of taste!”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talk. . .” and I stopped. “Who are you?” I gasped.

“My name is Penelope Bright. Who are you?” she demanded querulously.

“I’m Paul Schein,” I managed after a moment, wondering where I had heard her name before. “And I work here. It’s my Mother’s store,” I explained.

“Here” was *Just For Women*, the women’s clothing outlet in Central City that my forebears had started some fifty years previously. The store was presently under the sole management and ownership of my Mother, the only survivor of the founders, Max Schein and Harry Gold, the only son of the Scheins who married the only daughter of the Golds with myself as the sole issue of that marriage and through inheritance, next in line as owner/manager of *Just For Women*, I think. . . I’m not up on geneal-

ogy. . . nor inheritance procedure law. . . I just try to be a law-abiding citizen. . .

"I'm the stock clerk, floor manager, part-time sales clerk, janitor and general gofer. You might say that I am a Jill-of-all-trades, except that my name is Paul," I explained. "Now that we have cleared that up, how may I help you, Miss Penelope Bright?"

"I'm so sorry that I snapped at you like that," Penny apologized. "It's just that my crew has been playing some of the most embarrassing practical jokes on me and I thought this was another of them."

I smiled. "Miss Bright, I assure you, I am not a practical joke. In fact, I'm glad that The Fates have sent you into our store! Otherwise, I would never have had the distinct pleasure of meeting you!"

She blushed prettily and hung her head shyly.

"Now, how may I help you, Lovely Lady?" I asked, giving a half curtsy before I caught myself.

"I was looking for some new lingerie for my latest cinematic role," she explained.

That's when it hit me. This *Penelope Bright* was Hollywood's latest super star, *Penny Bright*! And Fate had led her to my store! What were the chances of that happening to me, of all people? And I had noted the resemblance between us long since. I don't know why it escaped me until that moment!

"Penny. . . er, Miss Bright! I didn't recognize you! I am honored and I will do anything possible to help you!" This time, I was the one who blushed. "I just love your movies!" I gushed.

She smiled. "Is that your usual look, Paul?" she asked quietly. "Are you always quite so pink?"

I nodded. "Yes. . . er, I mean, no! But, your face looks just like the one that I see in my bathroom mirror every morning when I brush my teeth! Only mine is not half so beautiful as yours!"

She giggled. "It's the make-up."

"Whatever it is, it works!" I enthused inanely.

"The lingerie?" she prompted subtly.

"Walk this way," I invited as I wound my way through the racks of dresses to the lingerie section in the rear next to the dressing rooms.

"If I could walk that way," she giggled, "I wouldn't need the talcum!"

Gadzooks! That old chestnut!

Inwardly, I groaned with embarrassment. I had swallowed the bait without thinking, hook, line and sinker! God, talk about being gullible!

I blushed even brighter than I had previously!

Well, at least she had a sense of humor, even if I were the butt of the joke.

"Shouldn't a wardrobe person be doing this?" I asked, trying to be nonchalant. "I mean, the way I've been told, a wardrobe mistress has the star's clothing all picked out for every scene long before shooting starts, or at least that's what I understand. . . ." my voice trailed off in confusion.

"Usually, yes," she admitted. "But this time I wanted to choose what I wear next to my butt!" And before I could stop myself, I blurted, "And it's such a beautiful butt too!"

She laughed gaily. "Yes, and you're going to help me make it even more beautiful!" she trilled mischievously.

I could only blush helplessly.

"Yes, Ma'am," I murmured under my breath. At least I thought I murmured under my breath. As it happened, I had spoken aloud and worse, she had heard!

"I'm sure you have exquisite taste in lingerie, Paul," she uttered in that breathless manner of hers. "And I'm sure you are an expert at judging which would be best suited for my figure's needs!" she teased.

"Yes, Ma'am," I muttered, blushing even more. Little did she know just how right she was!

She stopped dead in her tracks and looked at me with the strangest expression on her face, and I blushed harder than ever under her thoughtful stare. "You know," she began. "With a little bit of make-up and some judicial padding here and there, you could be my exact body double!" Her forehead wrinkled in thought. "In fact, you *are* my body double!" She stopped momentarily, then giggled. "Well, almost!" she amended. "I have bigger knockers and a slightly smaller waist, but you're the same height and your butt is gorgeous and your skin is translucently clear and unblemished and your eyes would look exactly like mine if I were to take my contacts out! Mine are the same shade of hazel as yours!"

I could only stand there and blush.

"I'm going to have my director call you, Paul, if you don't mind."

"Why?" I asked, puzzled. What could this beautiful Goddess want from me?

"I think you would make an ideal person to impersonate me from time to time," she answered.

“Impersonate you?” I squeaked in disbelief.

She nodded. “Yes. You see, being on call as much as I am because of the notoriety of my first two pictures, I become overly tired and cranky, and I really need someone who could stand in for me, if you catch my drift. Someone to sort of share the burden of my notoriety!” she added shyly.

I sort of remembered that she had appeared totally nude in an epic picture and that she had been fastened upside down to a Saint Andrew’s Cross during one entire scene. I remembered the censors having a fit when the picture was only rated “R” because frontal nudity was never shown although it had been hinted at constantly. I made a mental note to watch that movie! Again!

As it turned out, I didn’t need any movie to see her in the nude!

But, that’s getting slightly ahead of the story!

“Stand in? In public? As you? Be *you*?” I gasped, a thrill rushing its way down my spine at the mere suggestion of appearing in public as a famous person, to be under a microscope, as it were!

She nodded. “Yes, be me.” She took my hand in hers. “My, you have such nice, soft, feminine hands and gorgeous long fingers,” she praised. “Just like mine! I’ll bet you bite your nails too!” Her brows went up questioningly.

It was true. I did have soft, feminine hands, and I do bite my nails, but I don’t think about that very often. I am much too busy learning how to be a fashion maven than to think about anything else. I looked down at her hand holding mine and my heart began beating a rapid tattoo in my chest. It was so loud in my ears that she had to have heard it!



She laughed gaily. "Not to worry, darling!" she soothed. "I bite mine all the time and you should hear my manicurist! He throws a raging fit when he has to repair them!"

"I don't think. . ." I started to equivocate.

"Please say you'll let Hank Gleason speak with you?" she coaxed.

"Hank Gleason?" I squeaked.

"My set director. We're shooting some scenes in your local park and we'll be here for several days before we move on to the next location," she explained.

"Sure!" I agreed with more bravado than I felt. "Have him give me a call."

She squeezed my hand. "Great! Now, show me some of the things you have on hand."

For the next hour, I showed Penny everything she asked for, and even some things she did not ask for, and she acted just like a kid in a candy store, not knowing which piece to eat. . . er, *try* on first!

I soon discovered that the girl loved silk, and to my consternation, stripped right down to her skin without bothering to close the door on the dressing room! (I told you I didn't need a movie to see her in the nude!) When I went to close the door to preserve her modesty, she stopped me with, "Oh, please, don't bother! I'm used to being naked in front of strange men while I try on different outfits," she assured me. "Anyway, I'm a dyed-in-the-wool exhibitionist and love to show myself off!" she grinned familiarly.

"But, Miss Bright," I objected. "I'm not! The ladies who are my usual customers are always quite modest about dressing and undressing in front of me,

although to be honest, once they have changed a few times, they are quite uninhibited about letting me adjust the clothing to their figures!" I admitted.



She giggled. "Well, pretend that the door is broken and that I am one of your local girls and I am greatly embarrassed to have you see my naked body when you come in to adjust the items I wish to try on. OK?" she teased.

So, blushing all the time, we pretended.

The first thing I noticed about her was that she was completely hairless from her eye lids right down to the ends of her delectable toes. Even her sex was bald as a billiard ball - well, more like a bald-headed man, but you know what I mean, don't you?

I began to lose myself in the magic of the moment as I hooked bras behind her back or between her breasts, then reaching inside the cups to adjust her flesh to the fabric! Or, vice versa! At first, my fingers were slow, inept, hesitant and fumbling when touching her skin so intimately, but soon enough, I was handling her body just as though I had done it all my life! I was in seventh Heaven!

By the time I was holding silky panties out for her to step into, I had gotten all over my initial embarrassment and reluctance, and was in a state of total euphoria as I tugged panty hems and waists into position, even smoothing out wrinkles on her curved bottom and gently rounded tummy.

As soon as she had tried on one thing, she wanted to be undressed so she could try on another. My fingers flew as they tried to keep pace with her demands. Finally, she sat, totally naked, on the bench of the dressing room with me kneeling between her knees. "Oh, that was fun!" she giggled, ruffling my hair playfully. "You're such an efficient dresser! Why, if I didn't know better, I would swear you've played personal maid to a woman before!"

I hung my head in shame. "Yes, Ma'am," I whispered in shame.

"Yes, Ma'am,' as in, 'yes, I have assisted a woman as her personal maid,' or, 'yes, Ma'am,' just agreeing with me out of politeness?" she teased.

I closed my eyes and pressed my hot cheek against the inner surface of her soft, smooth thigh. Unconsciously, her thighs parted and, equally unconsciously, I slid my head forward, my pursed lips seeking and finding her soft, cushiony nether lips, and I kissed her passionately.

"Oh, Paula!" she whispered hoarsely as her hands grabbed my head and held me tightly in place, her hips jutting forward, opening herself completely to my oral attentions! Without thought, my tongue flicked between those plump lips and caressed the stiff little nubbin it found, sucking and licking and chewing and arousing her until she stiffened and her legs swung over my shoulders to dig her stiletto heels painfully into my back as she orgasmed and fainted.

When she recovered herself a moment later, I was still kneeling between her spread thighs and I was still licking and caressing that cute little nubbin with my tongue as her fingers caressed my hair and face lovingly. "Oh, Paula, that was so sweet!" She closed her eyes and sighed. "You know, my darling, once is never going to be enough!" She smiled at me wistfully.

I didn't move away, keeping my lips glued to her, my tongue lapping feverishly. . .

"Oh, yes, Paula, please, do go on. . ." she whispered. "Never stop!"

And that's how it all started. . .

\* \* \*

## II

Now that the “teaser” is out of the way, let’s go back to the beginning.

As I said, my Grandfathers started selling women’s fashion some fifty or so years ago after they had immigrated to the States after World War II. They had met in a concentration camp in Germany and had remained close friends from thence. Grandfather Gold met his future wife, Roechel Murchen, in Synagogue shortly after his arrival in the US and in time, my Mother, Sarah Gold was born. Grandfather Schein met his future wife at the same Synagogue. She was the older sister of Roechel. Her name was Sarah (Mother was named for her.). Eventually, they had a son whom they named Karl. From the time they were children, it was taken for granted that Sarah and Karl would marry, and that’s the way it was. That my parents were all for it just made the match all that much sweeter.

Then, some twenty-six years ago, I was born to Sarah and Karl, and I was named Paul. I grew up in a sheltered home, attended school at Yeshiva (the Hebrew schul {school}), and then moved to The Big City to study fashion design and merchandising at the Women’s Fashion Institute.

OK! OK!

You’re getting way ahead of the story!

From the time I was a very small boy, I had been fascinated by women’s clothing, as had my Father and both Grandfathers before that! They were transvestites when the word had not even been invented!

They had discovered one another in the concentration camp and continued their love after immigrating to the US. They were fortunate in finding wives who not only understood their husbands' fascination with female clothing, but who also had encouraged this love. After all, how else could these women dress in the height of fashion otherwise?

From the first, my Grandfathers were a success. Their wives were the heiresses to the Murchen Foundry Works, a steel manufacturing enterprise started by Mother's great-great-great-Grandfather right before the War of 1812. My Grandmothers, being practical women, realized that my Grandfathers would never be happy making steel, so they sold out to another steel baron shortly after the end of WWII and invested in their husbands' dreams after migrating to the U.S. of A. In time, they had brokered their way into a string of high fashion shops, only to sell them all off when too many stores to manage effectively, became just too many stores to manage effectively! The women, being hard-nosed businesswomen, invested the money in other things while still keeping one fashion outlet for their husbands to play with.

At the time this story began in the previous chapter, our family was well-off, although to look at us, you would have thought we were on the verge of bankruptcy! Nothing could have been further from the truth! Our sales were well above average, our credit rating was AAA, and we owned the building where our store was located, among other real estate holdings. We were successful, but conservative in our lifestyles. We lived the American Dream, though in a lower middle class state. My ancestors'

German past had much to do with us maintaining a low profile.

So, as I said, I am a transvestite. I have always been a transvestite, from birth even!

I am also a very small man, standing barely five foot two inches tall while weighing a hundred and nine pounds. I have weighed a hundred and nine pounds for ages. I don't seem to gain or lose an ounce no matter what I eat! Lucky me!

Also as noted, I have clear, translucent skin and except for very light shoulder length auburn hair, I am completely hairless from my eyelashes to my toes. My body is quite feminine in that I have small hands with long, flexible fingers and smallish feet, barely size five. My dress size is a two. My bra size (with my prostheses attached) is a thirty-two "B," and I have very sensitive nipples, due, I imagine, to the large doses of female hormones I have been taking since forever! I wear a size four panty. My waist is twenty-two inches without a corset or girdle and nineteen inches when tightly constricted.

To further heighten the illusion of femininity, I have a plasticized sex prosthesis that, when glued firmly in place between my legs and brought to body heat, is undetectable by anything other than a close, personal examination. The only person who ever got close enough was my Mother, before, or since, and now Penny. In fact, my Mother was the one who found it for me!

Usually, I dress as a woman while working at our store, but on the day in question, I had had some rather unpleasant chores requiring my masculine attentions, and I did not want to get my feminine livery all messed up in the resulting mess!

To be honest, I had put off doing these chores for days, and the chickens had come home to roost. I could put it off no longer.

Especially when Mother told me to get at it!

NOW!

Mother's spoken word being Law at *Just For Women*, I had taken care of everything.

Meeting Penny had made it all worthwhile!

But that's getting ahead too.

As had my forebears, I concealed my aberration (difference) from the world at large, and even the three women who worked for Mother had no idea that her "daughter" was, in reality, her son in dresses, nor that the "nephew" who came around occasionally to do odd jobs, was, in reality, the same "daughter."

And if you can make any sense out of that, you're a better (wo)man than I are, Gunga Din!

Anyway, I was a favorite of many of our female customers, especially in the "intimate garment" department, my usual bailiwick, where my extensive knowledge of fabrics and designers and designs and erotic preferences of the girls and women in question gave me an edge not enjoyed by any other sales person. I must admit, had I not loved women's clothing, I would not have been one tenth so helpful and knowledgeable about these women's needs!

They appreciated the fact that I would steer them to those items most flattering to their figures without alienating them by disregarding their stated likings.

Had they known that there was a man hiding under the flirty skirts of their sales clerk, they would



all have been shocked and outraged! But, like my Father and Grandfathers before me, no one had ever penetrated our disguises and because we knew instinctively what was best for our female customers, our true sexes were never questioned!

That the women of my family were controllers of the finances, never bothered the males! Even I, who would soon inherit, at least to my Mother's prediction - she was always contracting the latest disease and hovering at death's door. The truth was, even though she was a dyed-in-the-wool hypochondriac, she was as healthy as a horse! No, make that a team of Brewery Clydesdales!

But, Mothers are always afforded much leeway in their predilections without reservation!

My Grandmothers were never miserly and they indulged their husbands outrageously. Both of my Grandfathers had a fascination with Christian Dior's New Look of 1949, and until the day they died, each wore a Dior based costume exclusively!

My own Father was more of a 50s woman, preferring polished cotton frocks or poodle skirts and blouses with cap sleeves, coupled with high heel opera pumps, seamed stockings, garter belts or panty girdles, flounced petticoats, bullet bras, French knickers and full make-up at all times.

Mother must have liked it because she treated Daddy like a stereotypical 50s wife, ruling his every movement with an iron hand in her velvet glove! To my knowledge, he never protested once! Or, if he did, he never did it publicly! She used to say that he was the perfect housewife!

***Back to me.***

From the day of my birth in the mid 80s, I was dressed and treated as a female, wearing the frilliest feminine dresses imaginable with the proper accouterments thereof. That meant silk underwear, slips and corsets or girdles and bullet bras (properly padded, of course) when I got old enough to wear a bra and seamed nylons and opera pumps and so on and so forth. If it was feminine and/or female, I had it and wore it! And loved it all!

This went on until my sixth birthday when I was abruptly put into trousers and sent off to Yeshiva every day. The only redeeming aspect of going to schul every day, as far as I could see, was that I was allowed to be a girl when not in schul.

I hated schul.

I hated the rabbi teachers.

I hated my classmates.

Especially the girls!

Why?

That should be obvious.

I hated them because they could wear dresses and silk undies and nylons and heels and jewelry and make-up, and I couldn't, even though I was a better looking girl than many (most!) of them!

Mother told me to be patient. I would soon enough be old enough that I could do as I wished. So I studied hard and in the year I was sixteen, I graduated high school (Yeshiva), and ever since, except for those rare occasions when it was essential that I dress in male clothing, I have worn a skirt or dress and heels exclusively! I had no real friends while in high school. Because of the animosity shown those who were "different" in some way from

the common herd, it was impressed on me to remain invisible, to keep my feminine self-hidden.

Penny just happened to catch me on an *off* day, so to speak. . . Thank God!

Books, feminine fashion and my parents' store became my friends, my only true friends. I found it difficult to trust anyone outside the family with my secret, and as a result, became a sort of recluse, a lone wolf, an outcast, if you will. Except for being alone, I didn't mind. At least, I don't think I did!

Still, I was extremely lonely and lonesome.

College (The Fashion Institute) was my first real outside experience. There, no one cared what one did in private. The classes were designed to acquaint a student with fashion merchandising and manufacture, coupled with the actual design of clothing in all of its varied forms.

I have to admit, I was an outstanding student. I took to the world of fashion like I had been born to it, which, in a broad manner of speaking, I had!

And what I learned there, I brought back to Central City and applied to our sales situation. In no time, I was out-selling my parents and earning a reputation as the *woman* to go to for the best and latest in feminine Fashion!

How ironic.

Me, a mere male, the *woman* to go to!

My parents, quick to catch on that I was a hit with the younger crowd, set up a brand new clothing department catering strictly to the young and the young-at-heart! Everything offered in my department was right up-to-date, fashion-wise. And just as expensive! New trends in Paris or Rome or Berlin or

Milan or NYC or LA or Rio were instantly available to our customers in Central City.

At a well padded price, of course.

And traffic increased to the point where my parents had to hire two full time teen girls to help out and three part-time ladies for Fridays and Saturdays! Because my parents and I were traditional Jews, from 5:00 p.m. on Friday until 5:00 p.m. on Saturday, it was our Sabbath and we didn't take a direct hand in anything pertaining to business during that time. Fortunately, one of Mother's dear friends, a Gentile (non-Jew) lady, took care of Saturday sales and accounting and she did so until she died!

I can't say that I was surprised by this increase in traffic, because as my favorite professor (a statuesque woman) at college had always said, "Give the customers what they want and they will knock your doors down to buy it!"

And it was true.

As soon as we would lay in the latest styles, our customers were there to clear us out and demand more!

Then, one bright spring afternoon, Penny Bright walked into *Just For Women*, and my life was changed forever!

I bless that day!