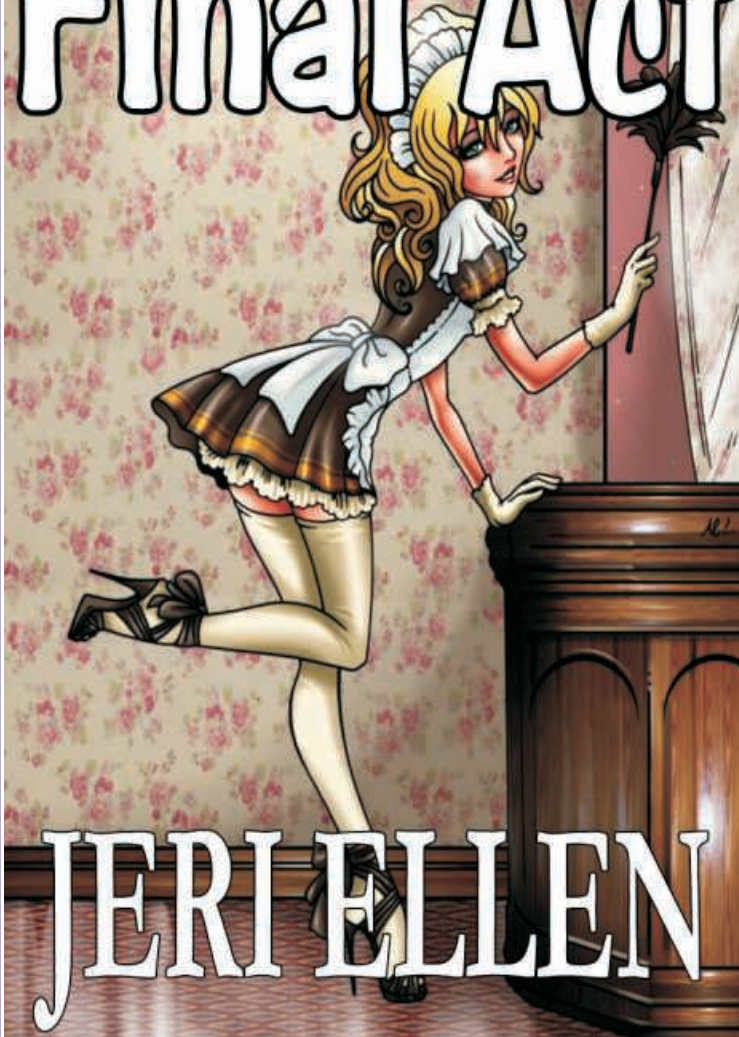


Final Act



JERI ELLEN

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FINAL ACT

By Jeri Ellen

When someone asks a performer “When did you first realize you wanted to be in show business?” the stock answer is “I can’t remember when I didn’t.” Such was the case with me as well. My parents were fond of saying that they would have started me performing earlier but before you can dance you have to learn how to walk.

Mom had a video of me in diapers dancing in front of the stereo. At that age of course I had no idea what I was doing nor was I in tune with the noise coming from the stereo but apparently I was enjoying myself and it was quite a hit on YOU TUBE.

Shortly thereafter they both died in a car accident. Mom’s sister and her husband adopted me right away. My step dad was a professor of Environmental Studies

and my step mom was a professor in the Theatre and Drama department of a major university in the Midwest.

Neither of them had planned to have a family so they both could build careers as well as have more time for each other. My parents had quite a bit of debt when they died but there was a small amount of money left that was placed in trust for me until I was eighteen.

My step mom was thrilled that I loved performing and both her and my step dad encouraged me to pursue my theatrical interests. I was in several grade school plays and even had bit parts in the local community theatre.

I was eight when a friend of my stepmother asked her for a favor. She owned a small business that sold pageant dresses, petticoats, shoes, and accessories for little girls' beauty and talent contests. One of the girls who had been scheduled to model some of the outfits for a DVD catalog had become sick at the last minute. Because she thought I was "pretty enough to be a girl" she asked if I could take her place. Mom saw no harm in it so she agreed.

The next morning we arrived early at the store. My step mom took me in the back room where I undressed. I put on a pair of pink panties and then a short pink petticoat followed by a pair of pink socks and what the owner called "Mary Jane" shoes. The owner applied pink blusher to my cheeks and pink lipstick to my mouth. She placed a blonde wig on my head and then had me model a variety of short hem pageant dresses.

After that I took off the shoes, socks and petticoats. I put on a pair of knee high nylon stockings and then a pair of three inch heel black leather pumps. The next

group of dresses I modeled were floor length gowns, some with over the elbow gloves. I felt wonderful as I paraded around in front of the camera.

I loved the feel of the pink panties on my skin as well as the way the stiff petticoats flared out the short hem dresses and bounced as I walked back. The feel of the slinky satin gowns was not lost on me either.

The owner was surprised at how well I could walk in the pumps and how disciplined I was in following her instructions as to the proper way to mince and prance about for the camera, almost as if I had been born to do it. She was all smiles as we finished the shoot.

At the end of the day I felt sad as my makeup was removed and I had to take off the last pretty dress. When I put my male clothing back on they didn't feel right. I felt like I should be wearing girl's clothes all the time. It seemed more natural.

The owner gave my step mom a check and she co-signed the release form. On the way home I didn't mention to my step mom about the way I felt when I was wearing all those pretty clothes. I knew I was a boy and should not even be thinking those things. That night I dreamed about participating in a beauty pageant and reveled in my ability to charm the audience as I minced and pranced in front of them.

I continued getting bit parts here and there, mostly with the help of my step mom thru the university. It kept me busy outside of school and I was enjoying the experience. I was keeping myself in good physical shape too. As a family we ate healthy and exercised regularly. I also was enrolled in a martial arts class. I guess mom felt because of my small stature I should learn to defend myself.

For some unknown reason I kept thinking back to my modeling experience. I truly missed wearing such feminine apparel. It was almost as if some hidden desire hidden deep inside of me had suddenly been released I wondered if there was something wrong with me.

My life continued in a most uneventful way. I had become settled into a routine of school and a little part-time work here and there. I still had thoughts about wearing those pretty dresses. When my parents weren't home I would occasionally play the complimentary DVD the owner of the pageant dress shop had mailed to my mom.

I thought my step dad would be upset when it first came and my step mom played it for us. He was more amused than anything else but said nothing. I guess he figured it was just another "show business gig."

The summer of my twelfth year I tried out for a part in a musical. I sang a few bars and danced a little. As I left the stage I heard the director remark "He sings just like a girl". I didn't get the part and wondered if that was the reason. All of my previous work had been as an actor, mostly stand in types or roles without lines or dancing as part of a group.

I entered high school where I earned good grades but was more of a social outcast. Despite being outgoing I was not popular with girls. I was the shortest boy in school, even shorter than most of the girls. They preferred dating athletes or least someone who was taller than they were.

As a sophomore and junior I had roles in the school plays but they were always as a secondary character, never the lead. Once again the fact that I was shorter than the girls who would be playing opposite me was

probably the reason though that fact was never said to my face.

My drivers' license and high mileage Civic hatch-back gave me some freedom. I also got a part time job at the martial arts academy. I would assist the instructors with the new classes as well as some janitorial work. It kept me busy between school and my acting gigs.

As my junior year drew to a close I was unable to get a date for the prom. Mom consoled me and simply said to me "maybe next year". I doubted if I was ever going to be much taller then. In addition to that I overheard two girls in my class comment "... would love to see him in a pink dress and heels" as they glanced up at me from looking at a prom magazine.

That night I lay awake and wondered about those two remarks that had been made about me: "He sings like a girl" and "would love to see him in a pink dress and heels". It seems as if others thought I should be a girl. Those remarks and my enjoyment in wearing the pageant dresses kept me from getting a good nights' sleep.

I passed my finals and was looking forward to having the summer free of my studies. Just before school ended my drama coach informed me that a woman named Sharon Carlson wanted to see me about some summer stock work. After school ended for the day I went to the front lobby to meet her.

She was sitting with my coach and as I approached them she seemed to be looking me over carefully. My coach got up and left as she stood up with a smile and extended her hand.

Sharon Carlson was a tall broad shouldered woman. She had short black hair, didn't wear makeup, and was wearing a plain black pantsuit with highly polished black flat heeled boots. She took my hand and gave me a firm, sort of manly handshake.

"Sharon I am Lester Ray," I said as we shook hands.

"I am Sharon Carlson, and I am very pleased to meet you Lester. Please sit down for a few minutes."

I took my seat next to her as she removed a business card from her attaché case and handed it to me. The front of the card read: "Carlson Productions" between the parted theatre curtains. There was a street address, phone and fax numbers as well as an e-mail address.

"Your drama coach recommended you to me. In addition to numerous other projects I manage a small theatre company. We travel around the Midwest putting on small three act plays. These stories take place during Shakespearian times but we don't do any of Shakespeare's plays."

"When will you be eighteen?"

"My eighteenth birthday is August first," I replied.

"Excellent. You must be eighteen to travel with us. I have all the players I need for this summer but would you be interested in working for me next summer?"

"Yes I would," I answered.

"Good. As I am sure you are aware during those times there were no women in his plays. Women's parts were played by boys dressed as women. In addition in those times everybody, men and women alike, had shoulder length hair. If you were to join the com-

pany you would have to let your hair grow out. Would you agree to do that?"

"Yes of course I would."

"Alright then, from now on until I contact you next May do not cut your hair. I will send you the script you will need to memorize and the contract forms in March. You will not have many lines in each act but I expect you to know them perfectly. Do you have any questions?"

"You said you travel around the Midwest putting on these plays. What are the travel and accommodations you provide?"

"We contract for motor coach services as well as motel accommodations. You are paid actors' scale once a month and are responsible for your own meals & laundry. You will find the accommodations are somewhat basic but we don't put the company up in a dump either."

"Ok," I answered, "count me in!"

She grinned as she stood up and extended her hand.

"Excellent! It was a pleasure meeting you Lester. Have a great summer. I will be in touch."

I stood up and shook her hand. As we walked away I wondered about the next summer. I felt very confident I could handle the roles without any trouble. It certainly wouldn't be any problem wearing a female costume and acting like a woman.

After all, it was just costumes, wigs, and makeup. Just like any other theatrical gig. I did wonder about the way she had looked me up and down as I ap-

proached her in the lobby though. Was it my imagination or was she sizing me up for something else?

The summer flew by. I was kept pretty busy with my part-time job and some small acting gigs including making some TV commercials for a couple of local businesses. I was happy in my life in most respects.

My dates were few and far between. Usually I dated some of the girls I worked with or those in the martial arts classes. It was usually pizza or burgers and then I movie. I still hadn't been intimate with any girl yet and being as busy as I was occasional masturbation had been my only release.

School started and I was back to my studies again. I hadn't made any decision about what to do with my life. As much as I liked acting and performing the road to the big money was a long and arduous one. I wasn't sure I had the stomach to work for nickels and dimes that long before getting a "big break." I did hear from two professors of theatre and drama at different schools inquiring about my college plans. I replied that my step mom was at the local university and I would probably go there.

During the year no one had said anything about my longer hair. My drama teacher did mention to the class about my getting summer work. A number of my drama classmates asked me for details. I felt I had been quite fortunate to land his job as it would be my first real test as an actor and of course it would also be my first "road trip" so to speak which would keep me away from home for about three months.

In March I received the script from Sharon Carlson. I was glad to get it and went thru it the first chance I got. My part was marked with a red "X". By this time my hair was almost shoulder length. I had to spend

more time taking care of it and was now using a conditioner as well as shampooing more frequently. When I looked in the mirror I looked much more like a girl than an eighteen year old boy.

The next several weeks when time permitted I had mom listen as I said my lines verbatim from the script. She coached me a little over some of the parts. I felt very confident that I was going to do well that summer and couldn't wait to get started.

The next two months really dragged. The first week in May Sharon called and asked me to meet her for lunch at the café court of a mall not far from where I lived. When I met her there she smiled as I walked up to her.

"I like you hair. By the end of the month it will be ready for styling. Lets' eat."

I placed my order first and then the two of us walked to a nearby table. The mall was just getting busy and about half of the tables had customers. Another two months and it would be full of kids for the summer playing the machines at the arcade and meeting their friends at the café court for pizza.

"I trust you know your lines," she asked as I bit into my sandwich.

"Yes, in fact I had my mom test me several times. I believe I have everything down pat."

"Good. Now I have a schedule for you."

She reached into her attaché case, pulled out a sheet of paper, and handed it to me.

"There is a beauty shop in the north end of this mall. The manager's name is Clara Hall. She knows what I want done so just be there at the time indicated.

She will also measure you for the costumes you will be wearing.”

“The next three Sundays be at the University Auditorium at the times indicated and we will rehearse. It will be casual of course. You might want to go over your script again to be sure you know your lines and also where you will be standing or moving about on stage. I am very demanding in that regard.”

“The fourth Sunday you should be at the costume shop at the time indicated here. Your costumes will be fitted and small alterations made if necessary. Then they will be picked up and put on the bus. You will be notified where and when to meet the bus. A couple of changes of clothes and your personal items are all you will need to bring with you. Do you have any questions?”

“No, I think you have covered about everything. Here are the signed contract forms.”

She put them in her attaché case and we finished eating.

That night sleep came slowly as I thought about the upcoming road trip. I had no qualms about performing but I would be in close quarters for the better part of three months with people I didn’t know and I guess I did have some apprehensions about that.

The Saturday before the first rehearsal I walked into Clara’s Salon a little before eight pm. She walked around to the front of the salon and pulled the chain to shut off the “open” sign and then closed and locked the doors.

“Come in the back with me please,” she said matter of factly.

I was given a shampoo and a perm. Strange as it may seem I felt very relaxed sitting under the dryer reading a ladies fashion magazine. Later she filed my short nails and then applied a coat of clear nail polish.

When my hair and nails were dry she used a scissor like device to curl my eyelashes. She waxed and plucked my eyebrows, then pierced my earlobes. When she held up a mirror I was surprised to see the face of a pretty girl.

“Okay, take off your t shirt, pants, shoes and socks,” she said.

She waxed my chest, arms, legs and then my face and neck. I didn’t have a beard, just peach fuzz, and very little body hair so the waxing made me very smooth all over.

“Get dressed, you’re done,” she said with a grin.

I put my clothes back on and we walked out to the front.

“Sharon takes care of the bill, have a good night.”

As I pushed the salon door open to leave I thought I could hear giggling coming from the back of the salon. Once outside the mall as I walked to my car the air seemed cooler or was it because I no longer had any body hair?

That night I used mom’s shower cap to protect my new “do”. Standing in front of the full length mirror I was amazed how girlish and feminine I looked. My freshly waxed skin had a feminine sheen to it, just like a girls and of course with my long set hair I could easily pass for a female.

There were lots of butterflies when I entered the university auditorium that Sunday for the first re-

hearsal. Sharon introduced everybody and then we got started. It seemed to be a long afternoon but everything went pretty well. I didn't screw anything up though Sharon corrected the way I said my lines a couple of times.

I was surprised to see several women in the company because Sharon had mentioned that boys had always played the girls' parts in those times. There were three of them. I wondered what was so amusing as they first glanced at me, then looked away as they began giggling.

When I got back home mom wanted to know how it went so I simply said "ok". Neither of my step parents had said anything about my new "look." The next week things went more smoothly though there were still a few bugs. The third Sunday everything went like clockwork. No slip ups, no bugs. Sharon was very pleased and we left the auditorium a little early.

At one pm on the fourth Sunday I reported to the costume shop. A woman named Lucille took me into the back of the shop to a small changing room.

"Undress in there and put on the garment in the box over your briefs, then come back out."

The changing room was actually the size of a closet. I undressed and opened the pink box to find a woman's panty briefer. I put it on over my briefs as she had instructed and walked out to where she was standing.

Over the next two hours I was fitted for several corsets with garters, panties, stockings, petticoats, floor length dresses and shoes of that era. Despite the tightness of the corsets I liked the way the dresses fit me and couldn't wait to wear them for real.

As I moved back and forth in front of Lucille she seemed pleased at my ability to handle myself in a feminine manner. The shoes were a bit tight but they had low, two inch block heels so there was no chance I might stumble in them.

When she was finished she helped me out of the last costume and petticoats. I kicked off the shoes and went back to the small changing room and got dressed. Lucille didn't say another word to me as I left.

It was several days before Sharon called and gave me the time and place to meet the bus. Mom drove me there and I was off on my first real full time acting gig for the summer. The bus trip was pleasant and as Sharon had mentioned the accommodations were a bit sparse but I heard no one complain.

Our first performance on Friday night went off without a hitch as did the matinees and evening performances on both Saturday and Sunday. The dressing rooms were small and I shared mine with the other girls. We had assistance with stage make up which I had never used before.

I was still a bit curious as to why I had been chosen to be one of the "girls" so to speak. If boys had always played the girls' parts in Shakespears' time, why were there three other girls with us and I was the only boy playing a girl on stage?

They all seemed quite amused as I stood still in front of them in my panties and stockings while they tightened the laces on my corset before helping me into my costume though they never said anything to me.

Between shows and after them we were pretty much on our own. I usually watched some TV or

walked to a nearby mall if there was one and browse the stores to kill some time. Sometimes there were people who looked at me funny, almost as if they had never seen a man with long hair in a feminine style. I guess it was more typical of small town folks than those in the larger cities.

At the end of the month we got our first paycheck. I had set it up with Sharon before hand to give me two hundred dollars at the end of each month and direct deposit the rest in my bank. I watched my money carefully, spending most of it on meals. Some of the others had quite a bar tab which I stayed away from entirely.

Halfway thru July Sharon took me aside and gave me a note with the name of a local beauty shop and an appointment time. When I went there the lady took me in the back where I was waxed and plucked again. Once more there was some giggling as I left the shop.

July came to an end and we were paid again. By now the "road" had become a bit tiresome. I didn't think I would want to do it again. I had taken the job just for the experience of working with a theater group. Other than eating at the same restaurant or Sharon's meetings just before curtain we weren't together. If the other players socialized with each other I didn't know about it.

I was getting dressed before our first performance in August when there was a knock on the dressing room door. I stepped quickly into my petticoat and opened the door to let one of the girls in to help me with my corset.

Karen came in with a smile on her face. She helped me into the corset and laced it up tight. When she finished she slid her hand over my panties with one hand

and gave a slight yank on my left earring with the other.

“Nice buns, Lester, you sure keep yourself in good shape.”

I was a bit surprised by her actions and managed to squeak out a polite “thank you”. She helped me with the long sleeved, floor length gown and after zipping me up she winked and left the room. After the other girls dressed we made our way to the stage area.

I concentrated on the performance and everything went smoothly. Later as Karen helped me out of my dress, petticoats and corset she caressed my bottom again.

“I am in 419, just down the hall. Why don’t you stop by after tonight’s show and we can get better acquainted?”

“Sure,” I answered right away though I wasn’t sure if meeting her would be appropriate. Sharon had never said anything about fraternizing with other players so I guess I just assumed it would be ok.

Later that evening I walked out into the hallway and made my way down to room 419. I was a bit nervous as I knocked on her door. When she opened the door she was dressed in a sleeveless blouse, a very short mini skirt and flat heel sandals. She reached out and took me hand.

“Come right in and have a seat Lester,” she said with a grin.

I walked ahead of her as she closed the door. I took my seat on the couch. From the small table she picked up two glasses of wine and handed me one as she sat down next to me. I took a small sip of my wine. I didn’t

care for alcohol much but I didn't want to refuse it either.

She took a sip from her glass, then reached out with her other hand and gave my long hair a little flip.

"I love the way you look with long hair," she said with a smile.

This took me by surprise as no one had even mentioned anything about my long hair or that it was girlishly styled.

"Thank you," I replied. "It took me about a year to get it this long to meet Sharon's requirements."

She reached out again and ran her finger down my arm.

"You have great skin too. Do you do anything special?"

I took another sip of my wine. I was curious as to why she was interested in my hair or skin.

"Well no, not really. I eat healthy and exercise. Sharon had me waxed for the role I am playing."

She giggled momentarily.

"Yes I know she is quite the perfectionist."

She put her glass down and leaned over and kissed me. Pushing harder against me she took my wine glass from my hand and set it down next to hers. Her lips pushed hard against mine and she forced my mouth open. As our tongues explored each others mouths I felt myself getting hard. Finally we broke apart.

"Just a little preparation before we begin again," she said with a grin.

She grabbed my hand and stood up. As I stood up she grabbed the hem of my t shirt and pulled it over

my head. She began ran her hands over my hairless chest and then undid my belt. She pulled my jeans and underpants down to my ankles.

“Take off everything I have something special I want you to put on.”

She turned and walked to the dresser as I sat back down. I removed my shoes, socks and clothing. She stood over me holding a pair of pink panties in one hand and a pink chiffon top with a huge bow in the other.

“Just for me, I won’t tell a soul,” she giggled.

I stepped into the panties and brought them up to my waist. After I slipped on the top she took my hand and spun me around, then led me over to the bed. From the nightstand she took the cap off a tube of pink lipstick and turned up the base.

“Open wide please.”

I wasn’t sure just why I had begun to follow her instructions. Maybe it was because I liked her assertive manner as well as the feeling of the pink satin panties and the pink chiffon top on my hair free skin.

I opened my mouth and she applied a thick layer of the pink lipstick and put the tube back on the nightstand. I watched as she took off her sandals, mini skirt and blouse.

Karen was a muscular girl as well as being taller than I was as most girls were. She wrapped her strong arms around my neck and kissed me hard again. We held the kiss for a long time. When we broke again she pulled my panties down and began massaging my erect penis. She took a condom from the nightstand and put it on me.

She picked me up, tossed me on the bed, and then was on top of me. We kissed for the longest time and then she rolled me over. She spread her legs and I was inside of her. I had no idea what to do so I just let her guide me along until I climaxed. We lay still for awhile afterwards.

“You should have told me you were a trainee,” she whispered in my ear.

“You’re the first girl who liked being with me. Girls like tall men and athletes.”

“That’s too bad. I liked you the minute I saw you. I like shorter, less assertive men. I enjoy taking charge and a lot of men are intimidated by a strong woman and you weren’t. Besides I like women too. When I am with a girly boy like you it gives me the best of both worlds. You have long hair, a pretty face, a smooth hairless body, and a penis too. It’s just what a girl like me needs. I can have my cake and I can eat it too!

I was struck by her total honesty and wondered about her reference to me as a “girly boy”. I had become a man but in pink lipstick and a pink baby doll. It had been a thoroughly enjoyable experience, even though we had been in what society might call “non-traditional roles.”

She began kissing me again. Soon I was back inside of her. Afterward we got up to shower. She giggled as she handed me a pink shower cap to match her own. In the shower we soaped each other’s smooth bodies and then rinsed off.

The next morning I got up first and dressed. I used some of her face cream to remove the lipstick. I folded the baby doll and left it on the dresser. After dressing I went to the restaurant and had breakfast.

I didn't see Karen until that afternoon for the matinee. After lacing up my corset she slapped my buttocks and thanked me for a great evening.



That evening I nearly missed a cue in the first act. In the second I almost forgot a part of my line. It was not something the audience what know about but after the show Sharon was waiting for me. She had a stern look on her face.

“Is everything ok Lester?” she asked.

“Yes, everything is fine,” I answered.

“I detected a bit of hesitancy just before your cue in the first act and in the second it looked like you weren’t sure of your line.”

“Ah, no everything is ok. I guess maybe I was just a little bit off tonight.”

“Well alright. If something is bothering you, especially if it is something that might affect your performance I need to know about it right away.”

“Thanks but I am fine.”

Sharon seemed satisfied as she walked away.

It was hard NOT to think of the previous night. I thought of how much I had enjoyed being “taken” and that Karen had known exactly what buttons to push and how.

We continued our tour. After Saturday night’s performance at the next city Karen caressed my bottom again as she unlaced my corset.

“225 in about an hour,” she whispered in my ear.

I finished getting dressed and then went to my room. I knocked on her door at exactly eleven thirty.

When she opened it she was grinning as she handed me a glass of wine.

In short order I was pantied, lipsticked and in her arms. She taught me how to French kiss her breasts.

When she kissed my nipples I was surprised at how aroused I had become even though I was flat chested. Then she took me to bed again, this time more aggressively and as our satin smooth skins fused together the sex was even better than before. After a steamy shower we both slept soundly again.

The next week passed. I had not said anything to the other players. I wasn't sure if Karen had but the other two girls glanced at me occasionally with smirks on their faces. We pulled into another motor lodge and I got settled in. We had two weeks left on the tour. When I got back I would have to look for more work locally as it would be too late to register for the fall semester of school.

After the nights' performance Karen helped me undress again.

"Eleven thirty, 316, don't be late," she was giggling as she left the room.

I got back to my room and watched the late news. I hadn't expected my first road trip to be anything like this. As I was about to knock on Karen's door I thought I heard her talking to someone. I knocked and shortly she opened it.

"Come in my sweet sissy boy," she giggled as she took my hand.

After I put on the pink baby doll she applied the pink lipstick and then she kissed me hard. We stayed locked in a close embrace. She was as strong girl and I wasn't able to move, not that I wanted to go any where. When we broke she placed her hands on my shoulders.

"Down on your knees girly boy, I have some new instructions for you."