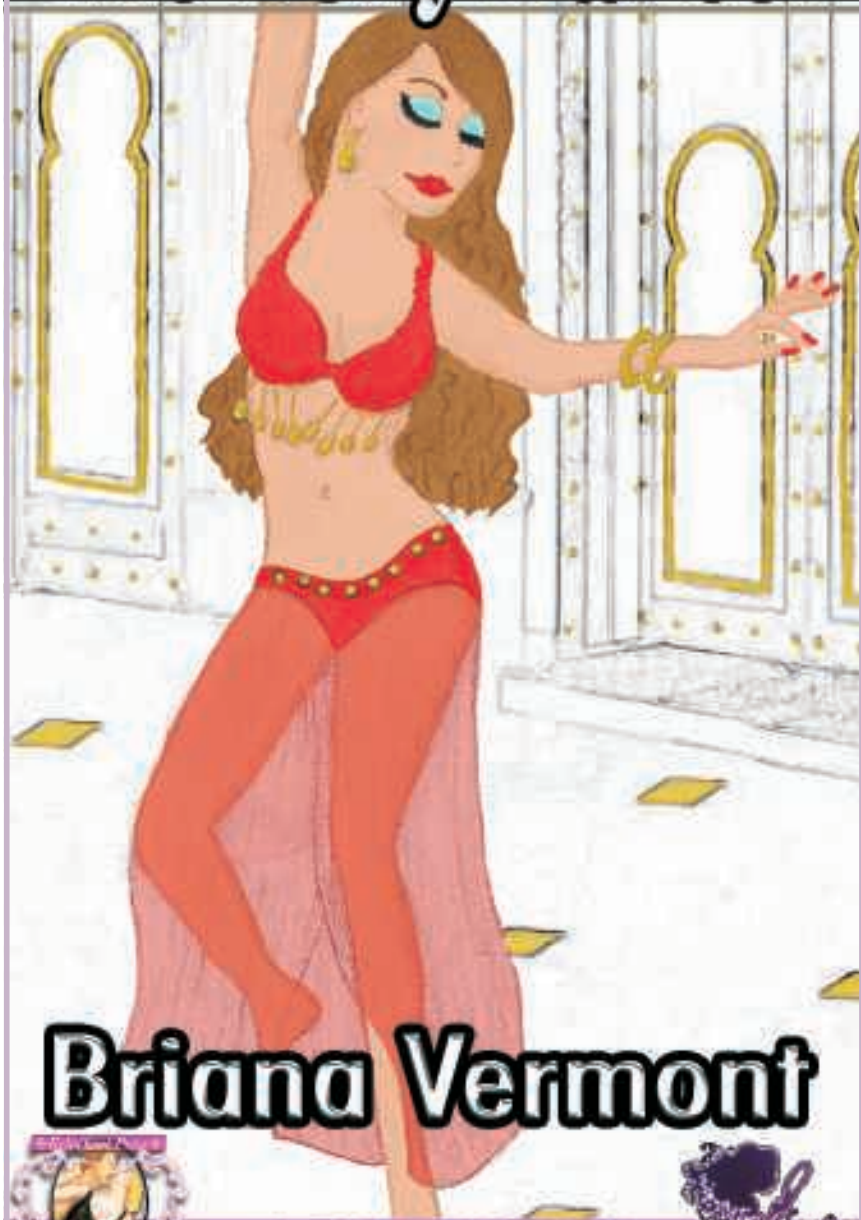


# The Belly Dancer



**Briana Vermont**



A "Her TV" Novel



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# The Belly Dancer

By Briana Vermont

## Chapter One - Budget Day

Parmeet Mahajan sat at the kitchen table of the small home he shared with his beautiful wife Samira. He stared at the many pages of numbers that were spread over the table, and the large stack of unpaid bills he had just gone through for the second time. He considered going through the stack a third time, but decided against it. There really was no point. Nor was there any point in running the numbers through his calculator again. The problem was not that the numbers were wrong. The problem was that they were right.

Parmeet, or Parry as he had been known since high school by everyone but his mother, looked at the stacks of paper. Bills, receipts, bank statements, credit card reports, budgets, summaries, projections. For a moment he pictured giving them all a shove and watching them fly around the room. Perhaps some would land on the hot stove and burn up such that he would never need to look at them again.

But then the problem was not the papers. The papers only represented the problem. The problem was

the outside world, always asking more and more while simultaneously providing less and less. Parry dutifully sorted the many pages into file folders, labeling each, and set the well-organized stack aside to be filed the next time he found himself going downstairs to the filing cabinet in the basement.

Paperwork, and accounting in general, were easy. Time consuming, yes, but nothing difficult. After all, Parry was a professional accountant. Every paper that came into the house had a procedure associated with it. Simply follow the procedure in every instance, and eventually everything is resolved into straightforward tables and charts of figures that tell you exactly how much trouble you are in.

Yes, paperwork was easy. However, with his paperwork complete, it was time for Parry to face reality. And reality had a name – Samira! Parry’s wife always had her own ideas about money. Ideas like paying bills first. Ideas like cutting spending to make ends meet. Ideas like planning ahead. He could already hear her saying, “Wealth is not owning more things. Wealth is wanting fewer things!”

Parry really hated when she said that. Really! What was the point of wealth if not to own lots and lots of stuff?

Parry decided, he had stalled long enough. It was time to face the music. He worked his face into a disarming, boyish grin, and opened the door to the next room in the house.

“Good news, Sammy!” Parry called out in his most charming tone.

“That’s wonderful,” Samira replied. “I will want to hear all about it, after I finish with this customer.”

The front room of Parry and Sam’s home had been converted into a hair salon. It was here that Samira ran her small, one-woman business of catering to the beauty and styling needs of their community. This mostly consisted of cutting and styling women’s hair, although she also would perform makeovers and sold a variety of cosmetics and hair products. Most of her customers were local to the neighborhood, although

she was just a block away from the main street in beautiful downtown Brampton, so she occasionally got walk-in customers. Most customers tended to return, so her business was slowly growing.

“Here is your change, Mrs. Banerjee. Ten, eleven dollars, and thirty cents,” Sam said as she counted out the bills and coins.

“Oh, you keep the change,” Mrs. Banerjee insisted. “I want to make sure you stay in business until the next time I visit!”

Thank you, that is very kind of you,” Sam replied.

“Thank you for coming Mrs. Banerjee,” Parry said, opening the front door for the older woman. “I must say you look lovely today.”

“That has everything to do with your wife, and less to do with me every year!” the woman said with a laugh as she left the home. Parry closed the door behind her and turned to face Sam.

“An eleven-dollar tip, Sammy!” Parry exclaimed light-heartedly. “You need to find more customers like Mrs. Banerjee.”

“Yes, she is very kind,” Sam agreed as she cleaned and put away her tools. She looked up from her work and said, “So, you have good news for me?”

“I do?” Parry asked, his mind refusing to focus on money issues.

“Yes! You came into the room? You said there was good news?” Sam reminded him.

“Oh, of course!” Parry rearranged his poker face as he bluffed for all he was worth. “The good news is that I’ve updated the accounts for both our businesses, and we have successfully made it through another month. All bills paid, with enough for the mortgage payment due next week, and money left over!” This was all true.

“That is good news,” Sam agreed. “So how much money do we have left over?”

“How much?” Parry repeated, really not wanting to answer the question.

“Yes!” Sam insisted. “How much money do we have left over?”

“Well,” Parry said, pretending to calculate in his head as he stalled. “Including Mrs. Banerjee’s tip, approximately... eleven dollars.”

“Eleven dollars?!” Sam exclaimed.

“And, thirty... cents,” Parry started to say in a commanding voice, but ended rather sheepishly.

“Well, I suppose that is not so bad,” Sam said, setting her scissors aside before approaching Parry, which he took as a good sign. She wrapped her arms around him, and rested her forehead against his. “Last month we were short by two hundred dollars, so I guess this is an improvement!”

“I was hoping you would see it that way,” Parry said. He tipped Sam’s head up, and kissed her.

Sam felt the pressure of her husband’s lips on her own. It was... uneven. Not calm; not relaxed. A bit... tense. Sam’s eyes snapped open, and stared into those of her husband.

“And?” she demanded.

“What?” Parry replied. “There is nothing.”

“Now I know you are lying,” Sam told him as she stared directly into his eyes. “What are you not telling me?”

“Nothing,” Parry lied, but realized immediately that Sam knew it. “Practically nothing. I just, I need some money. A little, that is all. We have enough. It’s just that, the money is... in your bank account.”

“How much?” Sam asked, all business now even though Parry still had his arms around her.

Parry took a breath. “Seven hundred and fifty dollars,” he told her.

“Seven hundred and fifty dollars?!” Sam cried out, breaking Parry’s hold on her and crossing the room.

She turned and said, "Whatever it is you want cannot be worth that much. How often must I tell you? Wealth is not owning more things, Parry. Wealth is wanting fewer things!"

He knew she would say that; however, he resisted the urge to mouth the words with her as she said them. No, that would not help. "But this is different. It is the annual expense for my gym membership. I need to stay fit, Sammy. This is as much for you as for me."

Sam could almost see the point of this. However, she had her own suspicions about Parry's gym activities.

"Is this the same gym you have gone to over the past year?" she asked. "The same year during which you gained twenty pounds?"

"Well, yes," Parry agreed sheepishly. "But that is not really my fault."

"Not your fault?" Sam said, crossing her arms and preparing to truly let into the man. "Here is what is your fault. You do not go to the gym nearly enough to make any difference. When you do, you do all the wrong exercises because they are fun but you do nothing to control your weight. Then you sit around and laugh with your friends until an hour is up, and then you go out with them for a beer. And then you return home, where you eat bags of potato chips in front of the TV every night until you decide to go back to the gym again."

"That's not... completely true," Parry argued as he tried to find any part of what she had said that wasn't completely true.

"It is completely true!" Sam replied, Parry's weak denial being all she needed to confirm her suspicions. "Parry, besides your gym membership being a complete waste of money, I am worried about you! You need to find some exercise, regular exercise that will help you to stay fit, and control your weight. Something like my belly dancing classes! They are fun, and by attending classes regularly, I have lost



fifteen pounds over the same time you have gained twenty. And my classes are only five dollars a week!”

Parry snorted. “Your belly dancing classes? How could you even suggest that I take such a class with you? It is ridiculous.”

Sam’s mouth dropped open. She had not been suggesting that Parry actually join her belly dancing classes, only that he find something like her belly dancing classes. Effective exercise he could enjoy, the way she enjoyed dance. However, she was good and annoyed at him now. He wanted to waste her money. And he wouldn’t take care of himself! Sam decided to let off a little steam by playing along, and seeing how far she could go in humiliating her husband.

“Why is it a ridiculous idea?” she asked. “Look at me,” she said, spreading her arms out, then belly dancing across the floor to where her husband had become transfixed.

“Belly dancing is the perfect weight loss exercise,” she explained, as her hips gyrated wildly. “Look at this waist! Fifteen pounds lost, and I am again the same size as I was in high school. Admit it! This is exactly what you need, an exercise that will target your belly fat directly.”

“You are trying to make a fool of me,” Parry said to the hips.

“Plus, it is free!” Sam added as she continued to dance around the salon. “As a current student, I can bring a friend for free any time I wish. You will get an amazing workout, lose weight, and I get to keep my seven hundred and fifty dollars. And you will have fun!”

“I sincerely doubt that,” her husband responded. “Please stop dancing. Can you honestly tell me that any man has ever attended one of these classes?”

Sam ceased her gyrations and thought. “One of the women in my class brought her husband last year. He also wished to lose weight. I recall that everyone was very welcoming, and I believe he returned several

times. I am sure he would still attend, but I think they moved away.”

“Well, that will never be me,” Parry told her firmly. “As a man I could never agree to humiliate myself in that way!”

“Not as a man?” Sam said, a twinkle of mischief lighting her eyes. She danced over to the shop entrance, put out the ‘Closed’ sign, lowered the blinds, and locked the door before strutting back to boldly face her husband. “Of course, I would not ask you to humiliate yourself in that way. As a man!”

“What are you talking about?” Parry demanded.

Sam laughed as she gave her husband a shove in his chest, causing his knees to buckle as he stepped back and fell into Sam’s salon chair. Before he could stand, she turned the chair around to face the mirror.

“Look at how long your hair is,” she said as she undid his man bun, letting his hair fall to his shoulders. “Almost as long as a woman’s, wouldn’t you agree?” she continued to tease him as she picked up her comb and proceeded to arrange his hair in a more feminine manner.

“Sam, I don’t like this!” Parry tried to assert himself.

“Well, I am having fun!” Sam insisted. “If you want my money then you will just sit still and not fuss. Do you see, if I part your hair in the middle it looks much more feminine. I have often thought, what a pretty girl you would have been if Karma had chosen this path for you.”

“Fine!” Parry relented. “If you wish to play with my hair, go ahead. Just don’t expect me to enjoy it.” It really was his fault that she was angry. Perhaps if he allowed her this humiliation, she would apologize in the end and give him the money.

“Oh, you don’t need to enjoy it,” Sam sang as she opened cupboards and gathered the things she needed. “I will enjoy it twice as much to make up for

you!” She returned to the salon chair and set straight to work on her belligerent husband.

“Ouch! What are you doing?” Parry complained.

“Sit still! Honestly, women come in here every day to have this done, and never complain so much,” Sam said as she worked around the back of Parry’s neck. “I said your hair is almost as long as a woman’s. So, I am adding extensions to give you the length of hair you need. These clip onto your own hair, right at the hairline. You may feel a little pinch.”

“Yes, I noticed!” Parry replied crossly, but then he sat quietly while she completed the procedure.

“There!” Sam announced as she finished adding extensions. She immediately began brushing his long, soft hair as she explained the procedure to him. “I used two packages of extensions, because a pretty girl like you should have beautiful, long, thick hair. See how nice it looks? I could brush your hair all day!”

Parry didn’t know what to say. There didn’t seem to be any division between his own hair and the extensions. His hair was parted down the middle as a woman would, and hung over his shoulders down to the middle of his back. He really did look quite feminine. He was not happy about this!

“I’m just going to give you a quick trim,” said Sam, speaking more to herself as she worked automatically on her husband as she would any other customer in the shop. Sam snipped the ends of Parry’s long extensions, ensuring a neat and even result that any girl would be proud of.

But she wasn’t finished yet! Next, Sam began separating Parry’s hair into sections, clipping each section as she went. Then, taking a hot curling iron, she wrapped each section around the iron, letting the heat form each section of hair into a bouncy coil which Sam would then fix with a small amount of hair spray.

When she was done, Sam broke up the curls with her fingers, leaving long, bouncy waves of hair cas-



cading down Parry's back. A few pins were all that was needed to ensure the hair on the front of his head framed his face, giving her husband a soft, feminine look.

Parry stared at himself in the mirror. He scarcely could believe what he saw.

"You are right Sam!" Parry said in shock. "All I needed was long hair to be a pretty girl."

"Oh, you need much more than that to be pretty! But you will be pretty, believe me!" Sam said, and then stomped on the pedal to raise the salon chair so she could work further on her husband. Parry decided to sit quietly, rather than risk further angering his beautiful wife, who currently held scissors near his eyes. He was also becoming curious, though, about just how he might look as a woman. Long hair alone had made such a difference! He would allow Sammy to continue, for now.

"Your eyebrows are a tangled mess!" she snapped at him. Sam ran a comb through Parry's brows, lifting the hairs and then snipping them off.

"You're not doing anything permanent, are you?" Parry risked asking, "Nothing I will have trouble dealing with in public?"

"Everyone trims their eyebrows," Sam told him with a snip. "Women trim their eyebrows. Men trim their eyebrows. It's what separates us from the animals. I have wanted to do this for a long time!"

Sam finished trimming her husband's eyebrows, and combed them down neatly. Then she got a small amount of hot shaving cream from the dispenser on her table. Dipping her finger in the lather, she applied it under the man's eyebrows. Then approaching his face with a straight razor she said,

"Close your eyes!"

Parry did as he was told immediately. Sam then cleaned up the stray hairs below her husband's eyebrows, and shaved away the unibrow bridge above his nose. She then applied a small amount of hot lather to his chin and under his nose, making short

work of the stubble she found there. Sam wiped the man's face roughly with a wet towel, removing the last of the soap.

Sam ran her fingers along a row of bottles on a shelf, stopping and choosing one. She held the bottle up to Parry's face, and with a 'Hmph' told him, "Your coloring is called Café au Lait. You don't deserve such a beautiful coloring."

She opened the bottle and applied a thin layer of the Café au Lait foundation to Parry's face, giving his skin a flawless finish. A little concealer applied below his eyes in the shape of a triangle, then blended in would cover the faint circles she found there, and also draw attention to his feminized eyes.

Sam used a series of brushes to apply a highlighter to Parry's face. She highlighted the tops of his cheekbones. She added a tiny thin line to emphasize his cupid's bow and give him fuller lips. A bit of highlighting in the center of his chin would draw the feature out. Finally, she highlighted between his brows and along his hairline, and last of all along the bridge of his nose.

Then contouring! Where highlighting emphasized some areas, contouring de-emphasized others. In combination, Sam could make a woman look like whatever she wanted, just like painting a picture! Contouring was applied along the sides of her husband's nose, which combined with the highlighting tricked the eye into seeing a tiny, girlish nose in the center of his face! Additional contouring was applied under his cheekbones, and across his forehead. The perfect color of blush was then applied to give his cheeks a pink, youthful glow.

As a makeup artist, Sam knew that nothing makes a girl stand out better than beautiful eyes! She began by ensuring Parry's eyebrows were perfect. An eyebrow pencil was used to fill in his brows, ensuring they formed perfect, soft, feminine curves.

Then a lovely, shimmery, light gold shadow was brushed onto his eyelids. A soft brown shade was then blended into the crease of his eyelids and

blended outward, enhancing the size of his eyes, making them look larger and lovelier. An eye liner pencil, plus two coats of mascara gave him lashes to die for. Seriously, Sam was getting jealous as she realized her husband's natural lashes were thicker and darker than her own!

Finally, Sam chose a natural, rosy red lipstick and applied it to Parry's lips, already looking lush from the earlier contouring!

The entire makeup routine was not much different from Sam's daily routine. She gave Parry a quick, everyday look that any girl might wear to dance class, or any other everyday purpose. The difference was that on Sam, it merely emphasized who she already was. Oh, she might cheat a little, draw a cute little upturned nose on herself or something, but basically her makeup simply made her the most beautiful Samira possible.

But on Parry, this simple makeup routine transformed him! With his long, thick, wavy hair, perfect skin, narrowed upturned nose, lush lips, and large, dark eyes, Sam honestly could not see her husband anymore in the creature before her.

"Wow, Parry!" Sam exclaimed. "You look good. I mean, wow, you look really good!"

Parry stood from the salon chair and took a long look at himself in the mirror. He did look good. Amazing, really. But he wasn't about to admit it to his wife. Instead he decided to play the fool.

"Ha, ha. Very funny. Look at me, such a pretty girl." He put a finger on top of his head and performed a clumsy pirouette, as good as a dancing ape might achieve.

"Are we done now?" he pleaded. "Could I please just have my money?"

"Your money?" Sam asked, emphasizing the word 'your'. "It's in my account, and I don't recall you putting much of anything in there recently. Come with me, young lady!"

Parry could do nothing else, looking as he did, and so he allowed Sam to lead him through the small house to their bedroom in the back.

“I’m getting ready for my class,” she told him as she removed the blouse and skirt she had worn for work all day. “This is how I relax. This is how I have fun and enjoy myself. This is how I stay fit, and thin. I work hard, but I enjoy it, and I see results. So, if you expect to see a dime of my money you had better prove to me that the money is going to improve your fitness and help you lose weight. I’m not paying good money so you can just join a private boys’ club with beers after!”

“Of course, Sammy!” Parry pleaded, his little girl face oddly compelling. “That is what I want as well! I will prove it to you if you give me the money.”

Sam pulled Parry’s T-shirt from his pants, then pulled it over his head, being careful of his beautiful hair and makeup. “That is not how this works,” she explained. “Prove it to me first, then you get the money.”

“How can I prove it to you?” Parry asked.

“Show me you can complete one real workout,” Sam explained. She turned to her dresser, and pulled out two sports bras. “Pink, or black?”

“No, no!” Parry complained. “I let you fix my hair. I sat through your makeup routine. You have had your humiliation of me. We’re done with all that, yes? So please, Sammy. Let us move on from this.”

“Pink, or black?” Sam repeated.

“Sammy please! Don’t ask me to wear your feminine clothes.”

Sam looked at the two bras with a ‘Hmph’. “I suppose pink is the feminine one, and so black it is for you,” she said. She quickly pulled the pink bra over her head and adjusted it into place, then assisted a reluctant Parry into his black, cross back sports bra.

“You should have gone for the pink,” she said as she rummaged through her dresser drawer once



more. “With your baby face good looks, you’d be so cute in a pink sports bra. Ah, here they are!”

Sam pulled out two pair of stretch leggings, one black and the other lime green. She threw the lime green ones to her husband. “These green leggings definitely do not go with my pink sports bra, so these are yours!”

Parry held the leggings up to himself. “Please, Sammy!” he pleaded. “I can’t wear these. I’ll look a fool! No man would ever wear anything like this! Please, Sammy?”

Something about her husband’s pretty little girl face broke through to Sam, and she started to forgive him. “Wow, pretty little girls really can get just about anything they want by pouting!” she thought to herself.

“Okay, okay,” she said, calming the distraught girl. “Your gray flannel sweatpants will look nice with the black bra, and not un-feminine. But here, you will wear this underneath.”

Sam tossed a pair of her pink lace panties to Parry. Then she made a mistake – she smiled at him!

Parry smiled when he saw – he had broken her! She had been very angry, and so he had put up with everything she had done so far. But Samira had smiled, and this meant that she was no longer angry. A few more minutes of playing the good and obedient fool, and all would be forgiven. She would let him go, a few kisses, and she would give him the money. Parry turned his back as he stripped off his socks, pants and underwear, then dressed in the pink panties and his gray sweatpants.

“Here, you can wear this over your sports bra when we’re outside,” Sam said playfully, handing Parry an adorable, light gray yoga jacket with dark grey piping and cute, three-quarter sleeves from her closet. She selected a similar covering for herself, and the two girls put them on. Sam helped Parry to pull his hair out from the jacket so it could fall freely down his back.

Oh my, you look wonderful!" Sammy said, admiring her pretty husband. "We should take a picture."

"No!" Parry cried out. "No pictures."

Sam laughed. "Alright. No pictures." She laughed! Parry realized that it really was over. Her anger was gone. Another few minutes, then he would have his money and all would return to normal. Playing along had really been the best strategy!

Sammy led the way to the side entrance of their home, the door used by family rather than customers of the salon. "Here you are," she said, handing him a pair of pink girls' sneakers. "I know you don't care for pink, but this is really the largest pair of street shoes I own, and I think you'll be most comfortable in them."

"Of course, Sammy!" Parry agreed happily as he stepped into the pink shoes, and bent down to tie the pink laces. The nightmare was almost over. Parry stood, and looked at Sam expectantly.

"All ready?" Sam asked. "Okay, let's go!"

Sam opened the door, and stepped out into the narrow lane between the houses. She had only gone a few steps when she realized Parry had not followed. She turned, and found he was standing at the side door with a stunned look on his face.

"Well?" Sam asked. "Are you coming?"

"Well, no! I, I mean..." stammered Parry. "Sammy, I can't leave the house! Please don't make me do this! Please Sammy. I'll prove myself to you. Just, not like... this!" he said, gesturing to his feminized face and body.

The poor little man-girl was practically in tears! Sam almost felt sorry for him. She knew there was no way Parry would ever leave the safety of their home dressed like this. She didn't expect him to. But oh, it would be so much fun to imagine him at home, worrying all night about how angry she might be!

"Alright," Sam said, twisting the knife. "You stay home. If you really wanted to prove yourself to me,

this was the time. I'm sorry if your pride means more to you than our marriage. I'll see you when I get home." Sam turned and walked away, without looking back.

"Please Sammy!" she heard Parry's voice fading into the distance. "Sammy, I can't! Please?"

Sam had walked halfway to Main Street before she allowed herself to laugh! It wouldn't have done for Parry to see her laughing. As it was, he would sit and stew at home all night, worrying about what she would say, if she was still angry. And it would serve him right! She wondered if he would still be dressed as a girl when she finally got home. He probably would. It was unlikely he would be able to get the extensions out by himself. Sam laughed again at the thought.

"Saaaaaaa-mmyyyyyy! Waaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiit!" Sam was stunned to hear a voice from far behind. She turned, and there was a beautiful young woman, dressed as if ready for a dance class running towards her, her wavy hair blowing in the breeze behind her.

"Please... Wait... I'm... coming!" Parry panted as he caught up to his wife.

## **Chapter Two - Introductory Belly Dancing**

"Parry, what are you doing?" Sam asked her husband as he caught up to her before she had left their own street. She couldn't believe he had actually left the house dressed like this!

"Please... Sammy," he panted, finding himself out of breath as he had forgotten to breathe at all since deciding to chase after his wife. He took a couple of deep breathes and continued, "Our, marriage. It does, mean, so much to me. I love you Sammy, and, I will prove myself to you."

"That is admirable, Parry," Sam told him in a hushed tone. "But please, be quiet! What would the neighbors think if they should look out their windows and see you, dressed like this but yelling as a man?"