

# Paris



**Susan Hulbert**

An "Adult TV" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2020

Published by Reluctant Press  
in association with Mags, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address  
Reluctant Press  
P.O. Box 5829  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413  
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

[reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) & [magsinc.com](http://magsinc.com)

# New Authors Wanted!

**M**ags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

**S**tories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

**I**f you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

## Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or  
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

### **YOU CAN BE PART OF OUR FAMILY**

If you aren't part of the Reluctant Press family, then you aren't receiving our Newsletter every month. The Newsletter includes previews of the latest books, news, make-up tips, columnists — and more!

Joining our family is easy -- just make a purchase of any size directly from us, and you'll receive our newsletter absolutely free for up to one year. Or, you can have a trial subscription for a limited time by sending your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 ...be sure to ask for a free trial subscription.

# Paris

**By Susan Hulbert**

It was such a relief to graduate; to finally finish years of study and to escape with a decent degree. It didn't answer the question of what to do next, or where that degree would take me. I put off thinking about the answer.

Paris was the first destination on my list. It was a trip to reward myself for all those years of study. I started studying at age seven or maybe earlier, with the additional tutors my parents arranged for me. It was unrelenting. Even through the vacations, I had studies set and homework to complete.

Once I escaped the parental home for University all the extra tuition ended, but I'd gotten the study habit. I pushed myself, did all the reading and all the extra work far beyond the required and the essential.

Now I was free. I had this vague idea of catching up on all the things I should have done when I was younger. I thought that friends and lovers would be easy to come by. It would all fall into place, but it wasn't

quite like that. Perhaps I should have thought about these things earlier.

At first Paris was exciting. The streets told their own stories as I wandered the Champs Elysee, the Boulevard Haussmann; Montmartre and Pigalle; especially Pigalle.

This was the place which called me back time after time. It was fascinating to see the way the tawdry and the splendid existed side by side and probably fed each other by pulling in the tourists. The bars and restaurants ranged from the top class to places where ordinary people ate and drank. Sex shops existed next to high class entertainment venues. There was a sense that everything and anything in the world was here, just waiting to be explored.

Some reputations continue when times change. The Moulin Rouge is an expensive and reputable cabaret now. Toulouse-Lautrec wouldn't recognise it. I really loved to browse through the vintage stores there.

Pigalle has taken over the sleaze these days and Le Marais has become fashionable, with boutiques and cafes for every possible orientation and some I didn't understand at all. It's chaotic, but organised. A place where people live their life, rather than watching it pass by.

I'd intended to stay a week or two and then move on, but there was something which made me stay. I told myself that there was always more to see. The Musee d'Orsay, a huge old converted railway station, held the most fascinating collection of art, mostly the Post-Impressionists who always remain my favourite.

Of course, I didn't stay in Paris the whole of my time. I went to London, Berlin, Milan and Rome. I walked in the Dolomites and went skiing in the Alps. Spain in summer was too hot, and Stockholm in win-

ter was too cold. As my money was running out, I went back to Paris.

I took a simple room in a lodging house on the edge of Pigalle, rather like the artists of the last century. It was the cheapest I could find and I hoped my money would last longer there; that it didn't was the cause of so many consequences, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was told that I had to leave my lodgings at the end of the week and when I finally got to enquire about a ticket home, I found that I hadn't enough left. I was stranded in Paris until I could gather together enough money to either move on or return home. Neither option appealed greatly. I wanted to stay there but I guessed my degrees in mathematical modelling weren't going to help me.

In the months that I'd been in Pigalle, I'd made friends with several people. It started with nodding to them in the local bar, to being greeted with handshakes and by name when I called in. My language skills were never good, but with daily use and a few English words, I seemed to understand and be understood.

When I explained my predicament to my friends in the bar, one man held up a hand and said he could solve all my problems. I wondered at this, but given the difficulties of language, I smiled a lot and was profuse in my thanks. He told me where to go, and when.

"I am Zazou." An elegant older lady invited herself to sit at my table in the corner where I was making a beer last as long as I could.

"I'm pleased to meet you," I replied in my politest French, looking her up and down without being obvious about it.

She was very Parisian, dressed in black, with jet black hair of medium length, cut very geometrically so that the straight sides framed her face precisely. Her makeup was pale, with very red lipstick, and finely drawn winged black eyeliner and black eyebrows.

"You have a problem," she said in heavily accented English, pulling a cigarette from a packet in her black purse. "I may have a solution."

Her long red nails caught my eye as she flipped a cigarette lighter and then blew a long stream of smoke towards me. It had that distinct aroma that only French cigarettes have. She handed me a business card.

"Come tomorrow; six in the evening."

Without waiting for my reply, she stood. I stood too, then with the greatest flamboyance, she took hold of my shoulders, kissed me on each cheek, smiled and turned to walk out of the door.

I stood for a moment afterwards; I can recollect it well. I was amazed or overwhelmed; I don't know that I can describe it properly. I looked at her car. It was a black and white design with a black cat symbol and "Le Chat Noir" restaurant address in the heart of Pigalle on the side. The black cat had big red lips.

The man who'd arranged this for me came and shook my hand. His accent was guttural French and I didn't get a word as he left me with a wink and a knowing expression.

"Beggars can't be choosers," I thought to myself as I set off to walk through the streets towards the restaurant just before six the following evening.

\*\*\*\*\*

It wasn't a grand doorway; in fact it was a single door between two shop fronts, and there seemed to be no one around. A staircase led up to a surprisingly large room with tables arranged in front to a stage, with a long bar to the rear. It had that distinctive scent of an empty bar too.

I called out once and then again more loudly this time. A small woman, elderly and dressed like a cook, appeared and waved to me. She said something in French of course which from her gestures, I took to mean that she would find someone else.

I walked round the room twice and then sat at one of the stools in front of the bar. I could hear voices from the rear and then at last, Zazou herself appeared, dressed as before all in black, walking daintily on the highest heels I had ever seen. I was kissed and hugged as if I were an old friend.

"You have worked in a bar before?" she asked. "I have customers who sit at the bar and I have customers who sit at tables and waitresses who serve them. I need someone with a quick mind behind the bar."

"I can do that," I said. "Working in euros is as hard as working in dollars."

"You know cocktails?"

"I can read a recipe," I replied, fishing my mobile out of my pocket. "I think everything that could be asked for is here."

"But in French?"

"Most are universal," I replied. "I may need help with some French spellings though."

"You will work tonight for free," she told me. "It is not a very busy night." Her smile told me that I was



expected to accept, and as there was nothing else on offer and my need was pretty desperate, I shook her proffered hand.

“You will need uniform.” She stood and beckoned for me to follow her into a room at the back of the stage.

This was obviously a dressing room for the stage performers. There were racks of colourful dresses and other things. Makeup mirrors with lights ran along one wall. The scent was of makeup and perfumes all mixed together.

She looked me up and down as if deciding on my size, then turned to a rack of clothing. There were shirts and skirts, dresses and pants, heels and flat shoes, all in black.

“The style is tight.” She waved at the rack. “These are staff uniforms. All clean each week.”

She left me there, indicating that I was expected to change.

“Tighter,” she said when she saw me emerge after I had changed.

I’m really slim. You could almost call me skinny, but I thought what I was wearing was showing every rib. Now she wanted me to wear something even tighter.

She almost pushed me back into the room. She looked at my hair and tugged the rubber band I used to tie back my low pony tail. My hair fell loosely over my shoulders.

“Better,” she said, feeling the texture. “It needs condition and ends trimming. I will arrange it. Every day, you will have freshly washed hair. It is needed here.”

I understood what she meant, although the full implications didn't dawn on me until a little later.

She gathered my hair and made it into a high pony tail with a bright yellow scrunchie. It had a lot of material and looked really different. It wasn't what I'd been used to at all.

She walked round me and looked at the size labels on the T-shirt and trousers I had chosen. Muttering something under her breath, she handed me another set and left the room.

I squeezed myself into these smaller sizes, and I really mean squeezed. They were skin tight. There was not a spare millimetre in them. I could feel the clinging and restriction as I walked out again. Every little contour of my skin was showing, from neck to ankle.

Yes, those bits were almost outlined perfectly visibly too.

The flat shoes I had chosen even felt as if they had heels, and I walked differently. I felt as if I was mincing across the room. It was embarrassing, but I thought that once I was behind the bar, no one would see me from the waist down.

Zazou watched me as I walked from the dressing room. "Better," she said. "I will show you the bar."

\*\*\*\*\*

The bar was much like others that I'd worked in. The optics and beer pumps had names with which I wasn't familiar and the array of wines and spirits was quite mesmerising. There were so many.

"You're new."

The voice made me turn to look at a dark-haired girl in one of the tightest and smallest black dresses. I say smallest because it seemed to end fractionally

below her crotch and above her rather prominent breasts. She wore black stockings, with garters just visible, and the highest of heels. I think I started at her for too long.

“I’m Brandy,” she said in a husky voice which sounded an octave lower than I expected. “You look like you’re confused with all these bottles.”

“I am,” I replied as she came round to my side of the bar.

She stood beside me, a couple of inches taller, with absolutely flawless makeup. Her perfume filled my nostrils and if I’m honest, it filled my senses too. I’d never been good with women generally and this one was just amazing.

“I’ll show you the usual requests.” She took my hand and together we walked the length of the bar, with her naming and pointing out things I’d need to know.

The cash point was straightforward too, with keys to press for whatever was ordered and the quantity. Cards and cash were accepted with a remote cash machine for the staff to carry to table. All I had to do was get through it all.

“We usually take the money or let them use their credit cards as we go round,” she said.

“That must be difficult with those nails.” She had really long nails in a French manicure.

“It’s part of the uniform like the false eyelashes,” Brandy laughed. “I’m so used to them, I don’t notice anymore.”

“I bet you like contactless cards,” I said.

“It does mean that I don’t chip my nails as much as I used to.”



“So will I be able to cope this evening?” I asked.

“Don’t worry, this is a quiet night,” Brandy said. “There’s only me and two other guys serving, and the kitchen’s only open Thursday through Sunday.”

I thanked her and asked how she managed with the language. “I grew up with an English mother and a French father,” she replied. “I came to Paris to improve my French and then I couldn’t leave.” She shrugged her shoulders as if this was the most natural thing in the world.

“I couldn’t leave either,” I agreed.

Two guys came in, called a greeting, and Brandy walked across to meet them. French kisses on each cheek before they disappeared into the dressing room.

“I’ll introduce you later,” she said and walked through to what I guessed was the back office.

\*\*\*\*\*

The first patrons started to drift into the bar about four in the afternoon. They were types I’d come to recognize. Parisians in the main, with only a few looking like tourists who’d wandered into a private club without knowing where they really were.

In the main they were an arty crowd, with some of the younger ones looking like students. Maybe some of the older ones were their professors, earnest looking, talking loudly above the rest.

Others were from that sort of person who inhabits intellectual Paris. They don’t seem to have to work but their literary and journalistic writings keep them in wine and cigarettes. Most were so thin, they couldn’t have eaten much in the past year.

Brandy was instantly busy, running between tables and the bar. She was so busy that I wondered what had happened to the others who I thought had arrived to work too.

It didn't seem to bother her. I watched as she was serving. I saw a hand on her behind, another stroking the rear of her thigh. Some patrons stood to kiss her on the cheeks as she flirted her way, tray held high, from table to table.

"This is a quiet afternoon," she told me as I filled glasses and stacked them on her tray. "Behind the bar is the tips jar. We have one for each server. Put this in."

"There's not one for me."

"That's because boys rarely get tips and boys behind the bar don't get *any* tips. We chip in and give you a share at the end of the week."

She emptied an old heavy ashtray full of coins into my hand and was gone again, almost dancing through the crowd. Of course smoking is banned indoors and the procession of smokers in and out was never ending. The ashtrays had been repurposed.

An hour later, I was wondering how a quiet afternoon was defined. If this was quiet, then busy was going to be non-stop with no time to breathe.

"Hi sweetheart, I'm Sophie." A blonde girl with big eyes and a generous mouth dressed identically to Brandy held a tray towards me. She repeated an order in double fast French. She looked for all the world like a baby doll, but again there was huskiness to her voice.

"Slowly, please," I said. "I'm new to this place and my French isn't up to speed."

She laughed and repeated her order at a speed which I could understand. I filled her tray and, with a

smile, she was away, almost dancing through the tables, flirting and smiling gaily all the while.

“Thank goodness Sophie’s working.” Brandy leaned on the bar and sipped from a glass of soda water. “I wonder where Alex has got too; I’m supposed to have a break about now.”

As she spoke, another girl appeared from the dressing room. “I guess this is Alex now,” I gestured towards her.

“I’m off for my break,” Brandy said on seeing her. “Be warned,” she smiled knowingly. “Alex is a red-head with a temper to match.”

“You’re new,” Alex said, standing before me with her tray poised and wearing the same uniform. She barked out an order which I understood, detecting a twang of an accent somewhere in her French.

I placed the glasses on her tray and watched as she sashayed across the floor, long red hair swaying between her shoulder blades. She was curvier than the other two girls but carried it with an exaggerated sway of her hips. She had a way of leaning over customers as she placed their glasses on tables. I could guess where they were looking.

\*\*\*\*\*

The speed picked up as Alex and Sophie ran between the tables. Sophie was the softer of the two, with a breathy voice which always sounded sexy. Her movements were fluid and sinuous. I could see people watching her as she served here and there. I watched the delicious way she pursed her lips when concentrating on giving change.

Alex was much more assertive. A stray hand on her rear or her thigh would earn a slap and a severe look, usually followed by a grin from both her and the

guy she slapped. It seemed to me, watching them for the first time, as if this was some sort of ritual with unstated rules known to the participants.

As the evening wore on all three girls ran here and there, keeping up with demand as best they could. A jazz trio played from the stage; piano drums and bass riffing through standards and tunes I didn't recognise. I hadn't seen them come in and wondered if two of them were the guys I'd seen so much earlier. If so, they'd aged very quickly.

The tip jar was filling fast too as the girls worked. I was struggling to keep up with everything and started getting orders wrong. I knew I'd gotten them wrong, but the girls took them anyway. I only got one complaint when I'd forgotten the double gin to go in the tonic water.

I heard loud clapping and cheering and looked up to see Zazou on the stage with the band. An extra light came on, illuminating her pale features with the red lipstick, black hair and she had changed into a long but plain black dress. She held a white scarf which she caressed and held out as she sang with that free ranging emotion of French divas.

Then she took her bow and held out her arm to help Brandy to the stage. I don't know if it was real or if it was for the effect but Brandy appeared reluctant to stand in front of the microphone. The band started to play and she was left with a choice of carrying on or running from the stage.

She looked round as the introduction was played for a second time, and she started, hesitantly at first, but then with more confidence as that husky voice sang out in front of the band.

"Every Time We Say Goodbye" was followed by "As Time Goes By." Both were sung in English and as far as I could see, Brandy was used to performance. She milked the applause for all it was worth.