

The Makeup Kit



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel

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THE MAKEUP KIT

By Olivia Evans

CHAPTER ONE

Nicholas “Nicky” Woodstone turned 18 shortly before he graduated from high school. Nicholas had been active in sports, a good student, and well liked by his classmates.

His junior year had been the last time he played for the school. Side lined by a slight knee injury late in the season, it had been serious enough to prevent him from playing ever again. The doctors said that he would have a limp for the rest of his life, nothing debilitating, but noticeable.

He was disappointed, but mature enough, to realize that his health came before any misguided pursuit of glory on the playing field. He had told the coach that while he couldn’t play, he would be happy to help out in anyway he could, even if it was only carrying water for his team. He was sincere in his offer, he was that kind of guy.

His widowed mother and his teachers all thought he was a “Nice Kid”, and he was too.

Despite the handicap of being a widow, Mrs. Woodstone always tried to teach Nicholas and his older sister Janet, that you should always try to be helpful and courteous to everyone.

That was how he got into trouble that fateful summer, by helping Dr. Hopkins clean out his garage.

Hopkins was indisputably the town eccentric. He claimed to have been everywhere and seen everything there was to see. He once even claimed to have a sort of time machine that allowed him to visit the future, where he was a guest instructor at one of the larger universities.

Everyone had laughed when he said that his specialty was ancient history, the present. They would have laughed even harder if they had known that his teaching materials consisted mainly of the daily newspapers he had bought from vending machines.

There had been some speculation that at least part of his story might have been true. Over the years he had made certain bets about the outcome of sporting events. He never lost, and had made quite a fortune.

When he once bought flood insurance, during a prolonged drought, word had leaked out and there had been a rush on the insurance companies. Two weeks later, the rains finally came breaking, the three year drought. The heavy rains caused millions of dollars in damage, most of which was covered.

The insurance companies investigated for possible fraud, but couldn't find anyway he could have made it rain when it did. Actually, he had helped, but he wasn't about to admit that!

His garage was legendary, filled to the rafters with odds and ends of memorabilia from all his trips. Nicholas had been offered the job of cleaning out the overflowing garage, for twenty five dollars a day, and "salvage rights".

Dr. Hopkins was supposed to be supervising. But after about an hour, he had told Nick that he needed to complete some research he was working on. He would be in the house if he needed him.

Nick watched him disappear through the back door, wondering how a white haired "old man" like that could have so much energy. Hopkins would have been amused at being called an "old man", he was only two years older than Nicholas's mother, Linda.

Nick had found a lot of interesting things, like that grotesquely obscene mask that Dr. Hopkins had said was a Pre-Columbian fertility rite mask. Nick was going to give it to his sister but decided not to, half afraid it might work!

Since he hadn't found anything that he really wanted, or could use, he hadn't exercised his "rights".

'Three days of hard work, and I haven't even made a dent,' Nick said to himself, as he surveyed the small pathway he had managed to clear. *'At this rate of progress, it would take until September, if not later to complete the job.'*

He really didn't mind, he was saving his money to have some spending money at college. He just didn't want Dr. Hopkins to think that he had been dogging it, just to make more money. He really didn't have to worry, Dr. Hopkins would have been surprised if he had been able to clean even half of it by September.

He was about to take a break for lunch, when he finally stumbled over the dull silver metal box.

"It's lighter than it appears," Nick thought as he moved it out to his way with his foot. He looked closer at it, brushing the years of dust and grime away with his T-shirt that had been shoved in the back pocket of his cut off jeans.

The lettering painted on the lid was faded and worn. He could barely read what appeared to be the words "Makeup Kit" in green paint. Just below were the words "pat. pending" then part of date "89", the first two numbers had been roughly gouged out. Curious, he undid the latches and opened it up.

He was shocked to see what appeared to be a partially dismembered body. He slammed the lid closed and rushed out of the garage, gagging. He was grateful that he hadn't eaten his lunch yet. He sat for

about ten minutes under the shade of a large tree, trying to collect his thoughts.

He'd debated about calling the police, but remembering the words printed on the cover, he didn't want to look foolish, or get the Doctor in to trouble.

Gathering up his courage, he returned to the box. Removing his T-shirt from the lid, he carefully and slowly reopened the top.

The "body" turned out to be two large life like breasts, complete with nipples, and what looked like the lower half of a woman's body, beginning about three inches above the navel and ending just above the knee. All three items were anatomically correct as far as Nick could determine (his experience in this was rather limited), mannequin stiff, and gray green in color.

He picked up one of the huge breasts. He was astonished at how heavy it was. They were obviously shaped to fit one on each side of the chest.

'Wow,' he mused to himself, 'how do girls stand to have these things hanging from their chests all the time.'

He glanced down at his own bare and sweating chest. It was flat and smooth, with just a little hair beginning to show in the center. He wondered with natural curiosity, what he would look like with a woman's breasts.

Looking around sheepishly, he experientially held them up to his chest. Holding them firmly in place, he walked over to an old dresser with a mirror.

His normally slim body looked hilariously funny. Because of the huge size of the breasts, his chest looked like Dolly Parton's. He laughed and still holding them in place, he "pranced" back to the chest.

What's that under the hips, he wondered, as he saw what appeared to be long blond hair. He started to reach for the hair and froze, terrified. The breast he had been holding with his hand against his chest had remained firmly attached to it. He released his grip on the other one, it too stayed firmly anchored to his chest!

He tried to pull it off, stopping abruptly when a jolt of pain shot through his chest.

He sat on the edge of the container, watching in total fear and fascination, as the two huge breast slowly began to shrink in size.

As they slowly deflated, they began to change color, until they were an exact match to his own coloring, right down to the light tan he had been working on. Finally he could detect no further shrinkage. In as long as it takes to tell of it, he had gone from flat chested, to Dolly Parton size, to about the same size as his sister, which wasn't all that small.

Right now he didn't care how large or small they were, they were still enormous, and didn't belong on his chest! He just wanted to get rid of them. He again gingerly tried to pull first one, then the other off. His efforts were met with more pain and little else.

He quit trying to pull them off, figuring that there must be some logical, mechanical, way to remove them. He cupped one and pulled it first one way then the other, trying to see if there was some sort of hidden latch or button, or something that he could push to release it. There was nothing.

In fact if he hadn't known better, he would have sworn that they had grown there naturally.

He even thought he could detect a pulsating blue vein. The nipples were about the size of his little finger tip, and a natural deep rose color. He reached up and gently pushed one in.

He could feel it! Not just with his finger tip, but through the breast its self! It had somehow not only become attached to his body, but taped into his blood supply and nervous system as well!

His first thought was that Dr. Hopkins would know how to remove them. He scrambled to his feet and started to run out of the garage to the main house. His breasts, free from any restraints, bounced painfully. He skidded to a stop just before going through the door. He couldn't go out looking like this! He walked back to the chest and picked up his T-shirt.

After much struggling, he pulled the thin cotton shirt down to his waist. He was covered, but the shirt almost painfully compressed his breasts. The nipples looked as if they stuck out a mile. He glanced in the mirror, and shuddered.

Nick carefully peeked around the corner of the garage. Not seeing anyone, he quickly ran across the lawn to the back door of Dr. Hopkins house.

The back door was unlocked as usual. At least it was unlocked for Nick, any one else would have had a hard time getting in. Dr. Hopkins had explained that he had “tuned” the lock to his Nick’s “vibrations”. Nick didn’t care what he had done, as long as he could get in when he needed to.

“Dr. Hopkins! Dr. Hopkins!” Nick called moving rapidly from room to room. He searched the entire house, except for the basement and its “door that was never to be unlocked”. Dr. Hopkins was not to be found.

He discovered the note, written in the firm and bold hand writing of the “old man”, on the dinning room table. He quickly scanned it and was crestfallen to learn that he was off on another of his “little business” trips. Nick was well aware that the “little business” trips of Dr. Hopkins could last as long as three weeks.

Now what was he going to do? He couldn’t just go home. Not looking like this. It was too embarrassing. He needed some help. The only person he could turn to, besides his mother, was his older sister, Janet.

He called home, hoping to get his sister. Usually she hung around the telephone, waiting for her boyfriend to call. His mother answered instead. He chose his words carefully, knowing that if he had shown any signs of panic in his voice his mother would be over in a flash. That was the last thing he wanted.

“Mom, is Janet home?” he asked, glad his mother couldn’t see him.

“No dear, she’s over at the coin laundry, doing her washing. Our washer’s broken down again. She offered to do her own and I..,” his mother replied.

"Mom," Nick interrupted, "could you have her come over to Dr. Hopkin's, just as soon as she returns?"

"Nicky, is there something wrong?" Mrs. Woodstone inquired, with that incredible sixth sense mothers seem to have.

'Damn!' he thought, *'she knows!'* "No, Mother." He laughed, it sounded false even to him. "There's nothing wrong. I just found something she might like to have from Dr. Hopkin's junk."

"What is it dear?"

"Oh, its an old book, as near as I can tell, it's a book on the history of Roman Empire." He hated to lie to his mother like that, but he knew his sister's fascination of that period would draw her like a magnet.

"That's nice dear. I'll tell her as soon as she gets home."

"Thanks Mom!" he said as he hung up.

He waited by the window in the dinning room until he saw his sister's little green car pull in to the driveway. She was dressed in a pair of red shorts with enormous military style pockets on the sides, a form fitting white tank top and bright red flats.

He rushed to the back door and called out to her as she walked toward the garage.

"Janet! I'm in the house, come on in." He stood partially concealed behind the door as she turned and walked up the steps.

"This had better be good, and it had better be quick! I've got a date with Bill, and I don't want to be late," she announced as she walked in. She stopped dead when she saw him standing behind the door.

"Nicholas Woodstone! What are you wearing under your shirt?" she shrieked in surprise and wonderment, pointing at the two rather obvious mounds under his shirt.

He just turned silently and walked out of the kitchen leading Janet into the dinning room, and motioned for her to sit down.



"I'm not *wearing* anything," he stated more calmly than he felt. "But I seem to be growing something." He pulled his shirt up, allowing his ample breasts to spring free.

Janet started, jerking backward as though she had been struck in the face by the two well formed and undeniably feminine breasts. A now fascinated Janet slowly learned forward to inspect them. She hesitantly reached out with a finger, lightly poked the left breast, then unexpectedly pinched his right nipple.

Nick jumped back in obvious pain. "Ouch! Watch it, that hurt!" He cried, rubbing his tender nipple.

"They're real," Janet whispered in awe.

"I'm not sure what they are, all I know is that I can't get them off! Oh, Janet I'm scared." He began to cry.

"But how? Where?"

Nick rapidly and tearfully told his older sister what had happened.

"Show me this breast...chest, uh...container," she suggested, staring in continued fascination at his exposed breasts. "Maybe there's something in it that will remove those things."

"Uh, I'll just tell you where it is. I don't want to go outside," he protested.

"Why not, embarrassed that someone will see you?" Janet asked in half teasing tones, knowing that was part of the reason.

"Uh no. Yes, that's part of it. But mostly because I would have to pull my shirt down again. It feels so good not to have them squashed," he replied in mournful tones.

Janet laughed, knowingly. "I understand exactly what you mean. Hum, I think I have just the thing for you, wait right here."

"As if I was going to run down the street like this," he called out sarcastically to his sister's back as she headed out the back door. He watched her through the window as she opened the back of the car. A few

minutes later she was standing before Nick handing him some clothing.

“What’s this?” he demanded uncertainly as he looked at the offered clothing.

“Look Nicky, do you want my help or not?”

He nodded, he really didn’t have any choice.

“I thought so. Just put this on and I guarantee that you will feel a lot more comfortable.”

Nick accepted the offered garment, and discovered that it was a peach colored bra with lace covered cups! He looked helplessly at his sister as she waited for him to put it on.

Finally she came to the realization that he didn’t know how. She helped him, even to the point of reaching in and adjusting his breasts in the cups.

“Not bad,” Janet announced, admiring Nick’s cleavage with amused interest. “We wear the same size bra, how odd.”

Tactfully ignoring his red face, she handed him a white cotton crop tank top. The short length caused a wide gap, exposing his tanned stomach above his cut off jeans.

“There, is that better?” she asked studying the effect of her changes.

Nick nodded. As much as he hated to admit it, it was more comfortable to wear a bra, especially with breasts as big as his. And while there was no question what was under the short top, it was certainly better than having them *squashed* and the nipples sticking out like they had.

“Yeah, I guess so, but doesn’t a bra make them look bigger?” Nick protested, looking down at the cleavage between the two well shaped and soft mounds.

Janet was tempted not to answer, knowing that it would just upset him more. She changed her mind.

“That’s what they are suppose to do, silly. Besides, the bra will help to keep them from bouncing all over,” she laughed to his chagrin at the thought. “OK,

now that you're decent, lets go out and look at this mysterious box of yours. And for heaven's sakes, stand up straight. Pull your shoulders back."

They walked to the garage. From a distance it looked just like two young women. One with slimmer hips and a shorter haircut than the other.

"Say," Janet began, "I've been thinking. I've got a lot of bras I never wear, if we can't get those off, you can use them. "Would you like that?"

Nick's terse reply was both unprintable and shocked Janet. She hadn't known that he knew such language!

"There it is," Nick stated pointing to the dull silver box.

Janet bent down and opened the lid. Her initial reaction was much the same as Nick's had been. However, having been forewarned, she did not jump back and run.

The contents were just as he had described them, Janet thought as she lifted the heavy hips out of the chest. They were large enough to fit her, way too big to fit someone with skinny hips like Nick. She was surprised to see how anatomically correct they were, right down to the dark blonde patch of hair in the "v" between the legs.

Except for the gray green, color they were very realistic, even the weight was proportional to their size. She handed them to Nick, who gripped them with apprehension. Like the breasts had originally felt, they seemed dead, or turned off somehow.

She ignored the long blonde wig for the moment, and picked up a little bottle. Maybe this was a solvent for whatever kind of glue was used to make the breast stick, she thought.

"Uh?" she grunted in surprise, as she read the label.

"What is it, something to get these off?" he asked hopefully.

"This appears to be a multipurpose liquid, take a teaspoon, and your voice changes to a contralto, and

all your body hair including any existing beard falls off. The heavier the beard, the more you use. I wish that Bill would use some of this. I hate that scratchy beard of his." She read a little further, speculating about Bill's reaction. She decided not to give him some. Bill never knew how close he came to becoming a soprano, just because he had a heavy beard.

Janet glanced at Nick's face. He didn't have much of a beard yet, so a teaspoon would do the job nicely.

"How would you like to be a soprano?" she joked.

Nick glared at her, this was no joking matter!

"Would you please hurry up? It's not in here. I can feel the sweet trickling down between the cups in this bra!"

"Just a second, and we'll go back in the house." She had removed the long honey blonde wig from the chest. Other than being dusty, it looked almost as good as her own hair. She was about to return it to the chest, when a scrap of paper caught her eye. She handed the wig to Nick, and reached in for the paper.

Nick was having a difficult time trying to hang on to the hips and the wig at the same time. He got the bright idea of putting it on, leaving both hands free to hold the bottoms. He realized the instant that it came into contact with his head, that he'd made an error. It had firmly attached itself to his scalp. He looked off into space, and mentally kicked himself. He should have realized what would happen.

Janet had opened enough of the piece of paper to realize that it was the instruction sheet. When unfolded she would need a small table to spread it out.

She stood up and noticed what Nick had done with the wig. Shaking her head, she started to lead the way back into the house. She abruptly stopped at the door way.

"You had better find something to cover that with," she noted pointing to the hips he was still carrying. "And take off that silly wig.

"I can't, it attached itself to me. I can't get it off," he wailed.