

## My Name is Jane

Jeez, where do I even start with this? The beginning would make sense, only should it be my beginning, or hers?

My name is Jane and I am three years old. Which sounds super weird, doesn't it? My age is twenty-four, and I'm three years old. Confused? I wouldn't blame you. When people tell you how old they are, you automatically think they were born that number of years ago. Only I was never born, I was created.

This is the story of how I came to be.

So, in the beginning, I wasn't me. I didn't exist at all. It was just Athena. No, not the Greek Goddess. That was just the name her parents gave her, something to do with freedom or nature or something like that. They were hippies, I don't know.

Athena, or Nina for short, was this really boring girl with dull brown hair and thick-rim glasses, and no fashion sense at all. Always wearing baggy shirts and trousers. She never wore make-up, never went outdoors unless it was to go to school or the book store or therapy. You know the type, a book-worm who hid herself away from the world.

The only mildly interesting thing about her was her smoking habit and, being the boring clod she was, Nina was going to therapy to get rid of it.

That's where Mr Jackson comes into the story. He was Nina's therapist and, well, my dad. Kinda. It's complicated.

Hypnotherapy. Mr Jackson told Nina that is was a common method of curing addiction. He suggested she try it out. And, aged twenty-one and desperate to be as bland and boring as possible, Nina agreed.

That first time was when I was created.

It's hard to remember right now. Like, it's all this really big blur. Some things I remember perfectly, other things I can't remember at all. One thing I do remember is why Mr Jackson created me, how I came to exist at all.

He said that people have a hard time accepting themselves and their problems, so it would be easier for Nina to look at herself objectively if she were someone else. A new, different person. A 'Jane Doe'.

And, just like that, I was there.

At first, I was identical to Nina. Boring, plain, uninteresting. I was little more than a little part at the back of her mind. I liked the music she liked, I was interested in the same boys she was. We weren't really separate in any way - I was just a mask her mind could use to examine itself.

But, the more Nina went to therapy, the more 'whole' I became.

I don't really know how to describe that. Being whole is something everyone takes for granted. When I first came to exist, I had no sense of self or identity, no consciousness. I was just a mask, just an idea, a concept. And, as I become more and more me, these things grew. I started forming my own opinions, my own desires and wants.

All the while, both Nina and Mr Jackson were oblivious to my existence.

I know what you must be thinking right about now. What if Mr Jackson created me intentionally? I've had the same thought so many times. But he didn't, I'm certain. The shock and surprise in his voice the first time he met me was too real, too horrified.

You see, whenever Nina was hypnotised, she became me. Every time. At first, all that meant was looking at herself through the eyes of someone else. Later, it became a total transition. Back in those days, the only times I existed were when Nina was under the effects of hypnosis.

So, Mr Jackson had hypnotised Nina and was asking how she was doing and if she'd been coping with her cravings. And I'd told him that I didn't have cravings, that I

wasn't Nina. He'd been confused at first, not knowing what I meant. I clarified it for him. I was Jane, not Nina.

At first, he thought I was Nina and was messing with him. Playing some kind of dumb prank. But that didn't last long.

And when he realised that I was someone else, someone new, he sounded horrified.

"That's not how it's meant to work. This is wrong."

After that, he ended the sessions he'd been having with Nina entirely. He never told her why, or that I existed. Probably was scared of being sued or something, afraid of taking responsibility for my existence. Talk about deadbeat dads, right?

That was a good thing, though. It meant that he didn't try to get rid of me. He was too busy covering his own ass to look out for Nina.

Possibly he thought Nina not being hypnotised any more would mean I'd fade away. After all, the only times I'd ever come out was when Nina was in a hypnotic trance.

If that was his plan, it didn't work.

The first time I came out fully by myself was while Nina was watching a movie alone in her apartment. Some boring pile of crap, more a documentary than movie. So bland that even boring Nina had fallen asleep watching it.

And her falling asleep, for some reason, had resulted in my coming out.

It was the first time I'd ever had true control.

Every time before, every session of hypnosis, I'd been laying down with my eyes closed, somewhere between awake and asleep, able to speak and answer questions but not move or fully think properly.

Now, for the first time, I was free.

I wish I could say I used the newfound freedom well. Truth be told, all I really did was examine my surroundings and the body I found myself in. Nothing too spectacular.

The apartment was neat, empty, uninteresting. The body had potential, which Nina was wasting. Busty, with a nice booty, a little too on the chubby side for my liking, and awful hair. All tangled and messy.

I flipped through Nina's belongings, looking for anything interesting. Nothing.

The most fun thing I found was a dildo. A pleasant surprise. Even Nina had needs. Shame the thing was so small. About as long as a finger and not much thicker. What was the point in that?

A part of me wanted to give the thing a test run, but I was too tired. My head ached, my mind was sleepy and dizzy.

So I climbed into bed and slept.

Over the next few months, I came out more and more. I was always careful to hide my existence from Nina. The last thing I wanted was her finding out about me and trying to get rid of me.

But, even though I was careful, I still wanted to have some fun. I wanted to live life, you know?

So, every now and then, when Nina decided to go to bed early in the evening, I'd be waiting there to slip in as she drifted off to sleep. I'd climb out of bed, dress up in the sluttiest clothes I could find, doll myself up nice and good, and go out and enjoy myself as much as humanly possible.

The number of times Nina woke up with an aching pussy in the morning, oblivious to how much cock it had taken just a few hours before, were many.

As you can imagine, however, Nina was beginning to catch on to the fact that something was wrong. The more I was out, the more holes in her memory there were.

At first she thought the black-outs were related to fatigue and her doctor agreed.

She got given some sleeping medication, which helped me be out even more. The pills made me drowsy, but I could resist them.

When the pills didn't work for Nina, she tried to get into contact with Mr Jackson again, hoping that therapy might help. He didn't return any of her calls.

Eventually, it reached a point where I was out almost as much as she herself was.

And more and more, she'd begin to wake up in the beds of men she didn't know. The first time she called the police, caused a big fuss. The second time she realised something else was going on. And, after a while, she worked it out. There was someone else sharing her body doing all of the things she couldn't remember.

Her first instinct was denial. She refused to believe it, even with all the evidence looking her in the face. When she finally realised it was real, Nina panicked. She tried going to a therapist. Not Mr Jackson - someone else.

But, as she stood outside the therapist's office, hand raised to knock the door, I stopped her.

I wasn't about to let her erase me.

Truth be told, I wasn't aware that I could control our body when Nina was awake. I lashed out in desperation and it worked.

Doing it wasn't easy, mind. It was like swimming. At first it's all find and dandy but, after a while, there's a strain. The longer I did it for, the harder it got to maintain.

But I had enough control at that point to prevent Nina from getting help and, for the first time, I had a conversation with my boring, dull counterpart.

To sum the conversation into three words - Declaration of War.

She swore that she'd get rid of me. No matter what.

I'm not an angry person. I don't really get angry at all. I'm very much a 'fuck the frustration away' kinda gal. But when Nina told me that she was going to get rid of me, erase me, make me cease to exist, I got angry.

How dare she threaten me like that?

I had nothing against her, no ill-will. I thought she was boring and dumb, uninteresting. But I didn't wish her any harm.

And here she was, telling me that I didn't deserve to exist.

Now look here sister, I didn't choose to be born. Or to be created. I just was. And I am. And ain't no boring-ass bitch gonna threaten me like that.

I existed, and I had no plans on that changing.

And Nina would never accept that. I knew it. I could hear her thoughts, feel the emotions she felt, I knew her heart. She wouldn't stop until I was gone.

She had no more of a right to get rid of me than I did to exist in the first place. At the end of the day, all that mattered was who wanted to exist the most, who was willing to go the furthest to survive.

I wouldn't say I'm proud of eliminating Athena. But it was either me or her. And I chose me.

I won't go into too much detail about how I won. To put it simply, I made her give up. She realised that I wasn't going anywhere, that I was in charge, and she disappeared.

A shame, really. Like I said I had nothing against her. I'd have been down for sharing. But oh well.

And, just like that, life was mine to live.

I dyed my hair bleach blonde, of course. Tossed out all of Nina's shitty clothes and replaced them with things that were more to my tastes. Low-cuts and short skirts. Easy access to the goodies. I bought all the make-up a girl could ever need, bought a new mattress for the bed - extra comfortable. Replaced the bed itself with something more durable - it would be seeing a lot more use under my oversight.

Not to mention all the working out. I would not be sauntering around looking anything other than grade-A fuckable.

And that's where I am right now. Living life, one cock at a time. Sometimes two or three at once. Depends on my mood. I've even made a career out of my love of dick, maybe you've seen a video or two starring yours truly at some point. It wouldn't surprise me.

Who knows, I've been thinking about breast augmentation a lot recently, maybe a bit of work on my lips, make them nice and full and juicy. The future is full of possibilities.

Anyway, that's my story. My name is Jane, nice to meet you.