

Aunt Jennie Takes Over



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



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Aunt Jennie Takes Over

By Jessica Matthews

Maybe it was all a mistake to come alone and unprepared. Lyn sat at the side of the Arrivals Hall waiting and waiting for a flight that had been delayed. Bad weather over the Atlantic, the information board said, so he sat patiently.

“Is this all a mistake?” The thought ran and ran again. “Should I have waited for Mother at home?”

He rejected the thought. It would be so much easier to meet in a public place. So much had changed in the two and a half years that she’d been working in Europe but she was coming back, admittedly for only a few weeks, but she was finally coming back and there was no way that a meeting could be avoided.

Lyn pulled out the mirror from the grey leather purse on the table as much for something to do. Nerves were jangling and hands needed to be occupied to keep calm.

Lipstick was reapplied and hair checked. It was loose and so much longer that it had been when Mother went away. It was so much blonder too. Third finger left hand and new rings were almost burning the skin, with the big diamond unmistakably classy and expensive.

Maybe a walk across the concourse would calm the nerves? The reflection in the huge mirror showed that the grey fitted business dress and black heels were entirely suitable for the occasion.

Then the flight arrival was announced. It was too late to run away. Lyn walked to the arrival gate and waited. He saw her dragging a wheelie case and looking tired from the journey. Lyn waved but there was no recognition and no response. She stood looking around and lost as Lyn approached.

“Hello Mother,” he said. “I guessed you’d never recognise me.”

“Lyn, is that really you?” Mother asked with eyes wide in surprise and disbelief as she looked him up and down.

“Yes it’s me, Mummy.” Lyn leaned in to kiss her on each cheek. “Your little boy has changed.”

“Was this all Jennie’s doing?” Mother said sharply. “I’ll kill her.”

“Don’t blame Jennie,” Lyn replied. “She helped me discover who I really am.”

“And who are you?”

“I’m a married woman, with a husband you’ll love as much as I do.” Lyn held up his left hand to show

the wedding set he wore there. “We have a great business and a lovely home.”

“You didn’t tell me, or warn me...” Mother seemed calmer now that the initial shock was over.

“I could hardly tell you by email,” Lyn laughed. “And my holiday pictures in a bikini wouldn’t have been appropriate.”

“Are they real?” Mother pointed to his chest.

“Not yet,” Lyn said. “We’re having too much fun and Michael doesn’t want me to take a few weeks out for recovery time.”

“It’s a lot to get used to,” Mother said.

“I’m used to it and I’m sure you’ll adjust.” Lyn took Mother’s arm and steered to her towards the car park.

It was always tough for Lyn once his parents split. His father moved and moved again so many times that wherever he was, he’d managed to dump all responsibility and all contact with his son. Lyn tried desperately to keep in contact but when his father’s cell phone went out of service, he had no idea where he might be.

“Doesn’t he have a mother and father too?” Lyn asked his mother. “Maybe they know where he is.”

“I never met them,” Mother said. “I don’t know anything about them.”

“It’s so unfair. Other boys have their dads around.”

“I know but you still have the same cell phone and mine hasn’t changed. I’m sure he could call if he was able.”

“Maybe he doesn’t want to know.” Lyn felt a tear about to trickle down his cheek.

“He will one day.” Mother tried to comfort him but they both knew it wasn’t true.

Lyn was doubly sad that day. He knew that his mother was being seconded to a research team at a University in Germany and that he wouldn’t be seeing her for a while; maybe months, but it could be as much as a couple of years.

He didn’t want to show that he was unhappy though. He was old enough to understand that it was a great opportunity for her and he was proud of her achievements. As a researcher in genetics, she was ahead of many in her field.

“Why do I have to go and stay with Aunt Genevieve?” he asked. “Can’t I come with you?”

“I’ve explained all I can,” Mother said. “I’m going to be based in Germany but I’ll have to spend time in some other countries in Europe. You’d never know where you were.”

“I’d be with you.”

“Of course, but you’d not be able to keep up with your schoolwork. Imagine if you had a couple of months in Germany then a few weeks in France, then Italy and Greece, and then back to Germany.”

“I’d learn languages,” Lyn said. That would be good.”

“Of course, but you wouldn’t learn much more than a basic understanding of the language. Meanwhile, all your other subjects would be neglected.”

“I guess...’ Lyn said, “But Aunt Genevieve... Do I really have to go there. I’ve never met her and she lives on the other side of the country.”

“She’s the only relative we have,” Mother said. “She’s my younger sister; I call her my sister, but really she’s my half-sister. We had the same father. We used to be close before your father...”

“I know, you told me that he decided you needed to leave it all behind.”

“I wish I’d taken no notice of him,” Mother said. “You’ll like her but don’t expect her to be conventional. She never was and now that she seems to have money, I’d guess she’s less likely to care what people think.”

“What does she do?”

“I’m not sure; she was always artistic. She’s got so many interests and it seems that everything she touches turns to gold. I think she writes and edits books now but she used to be a makeup artist.”

“That sounds exotic enough.” Lyn said.

“She was always great to be with. It’s been a pity that we haven’t lived anywhere near her. I’m sure you’ll be happy there or I wouldn’t have asked her to look after you.”

“She could do your makeup.”

“I can do it myself, thank you,” Mother said. “She taught me all she knew but maybe she learned a lot afterwards too. She’ll probably get you involved in one of her schemes; she’s always up to something.”

“I’ll cope,” Lyn replied. “How does she have that name anyway? It sounds like it’s foreign.”

“Her mother was French Canadian,” Mother said. “She’s always been referred to as Jennie, so I guess she changed it.”

“But we don’t know her. I know you saw her when you were small, but she’s nothing more than a name to me.”

“I speak to her most weeks. We used to be very close until we went to different universities, then we drifted apart. I was the scientist; she was more artistic.”

“I wish we’d had more time. It would have been good to meet her earlier.”

“The arrangements are all made; I can’t change them now. I need you to be brave. I’ll call you every week and we have Skype as well.”

“I know, but it won’t be the same.”

“Nothing stays the same,” Mother replied with a sigh. “I thought your father would always be here, but things change.”

“I guess...” Lyn didn’t finish the thought.

“You’re nearly sixteen; nearly grown up. It won’t be so bad. You’ll make friends and be preparing for college soon.”

“I’ll be okay, Mom. Don’t worry about me.” Lyn tried to put a brave face on it but right then, he wasn’t feeling at all brave.

Lynton Bancroft shared his sixteenth birthday with his mother and a couple of family friends. They all knew that Lyn would be at the other side of the country and that the chance of being together again was probably small.

It was a subdued affair and Lyn was relieved when it was over. He had his mother to himself for a couple of days before they had to go their separate ways. Together they packed up their apartment, with things being distributed between goodwill shops, friends and neighbours.

“It feels liberating to get rid of so much stuff,” Mother said. “It’s like I’m finally breaking free from all the things your father and I shared. There are some good memories, but they’re better left alone.”

“I’m surprised by how little I want to take,” Lyn agreed. “I’ve my laptop, a change of clothes, and not much else.”

“You surprise me; why so little?”

“I’ve grown out of so many things,” Lyn said. “I don’t need them anymore. My music and photos are on the laptop and my mobile.”

“What about all your clothes?” Mother looked at him, and realised why so little. “You’ve had a growth spurt. Most of your things are too small now.”

“It was about time,” Lyn agreed. “I didn’t want to be five foot three inches tall forever. I’ve grown three inches in the past few months.”

“You haven’t filled out though.”

“No, I’m still the skinniest kid in the class,” Lyn said. “No whiskers yet either.”

“Your father tried to grow a beard once but couldn’t. You probably inherited that from him.”

“You’re super slim too,” Lyn said. “I seem to be following you.”

“And your hair’s grown about five inches in no time. Don’t you want to get it styled?”

“Not really, Mom; I like it long. I think it suits me. I know I’ll have to get it cut when I leave college and get a job, but for now it can grow.”

“I wish mine would grow like yours does.” Mother stroked his hair. “It’s so straight and smooth.”

“I’d like to be as blonde as you,” Lyn replied.

“Don’t be silly; you know this colour is out of a bottle.” Mother tossed her hair and laughed. “I hope the salons in Europe have the same colour.”

“I’m sure they will.” Lyn’s face crumpled and his eyes filled with tears. “I wish you didn’t have to go.”

“If I’m going to make my mark in this career, I have to do this,” she replied. “I hope you’ll be able to come out on the long vacations. I’m sure I’d be able to get a week or two free.”

“We’ll be fine.” Lyn forced a smile. “I’m sure I’ll get on with Aunt Genevieve, even though we’ve never met.”

“I think I only met her once or twice. She’s my mother’s sister and I can’t remember if she’s slightly older or younger. She’s always been a bit unconventional but she made a lot of money and retired to enjoy life.”

“I guess having me around is going to spoil that.”

“No, she’s really keen to have you there. Her last letter was really enthusiastic.”

“She wrote a letter?’ Lyn asked. “She didn’t use email or call?”

“Don’t worry; she’s always been a little eccentric. It probably pleased her to be able to write on real paper. I’ll show you.”

“That’s neat handwriting.” Lyn read the letter. “She’s sure brief though. Didn’t she want to know all about me?”

“Funnily enough, she didn’t ask anything,” Mother said. “She agreed you could go without a moment’s hesitation.”

“I’m sure we’ll get along fine.” Lyn forced a smile. “You don’t have to worry about anything.”

“Let’s get all your clothes packed and I’ll get someone to deliver them to Jennie’s. They’ll probably get there before you do.”

The cab took them to the airport at the same time. Mother was flying to Germany while Lyn was going in the opposite direction to the West. They both cried a little and then the hubbub of the airport took over and they separated. A final wave, then they lost sight of each other.

Lyn dozed on the long flight across the country and after a wait, changed to a local airline for the last leg of his journey. As the flight progressed, he got more nervous about the unknown future he was facing. All he knew was that he would be met in the Arrivals Hall.

He got his bag and walked through, looking for someone to meet him. He'd never asked how to recognise Genevieve and he didn't know if she had a recent picture of him. He walked up and down the hall, then noticed a lady coming in with a certain resemblance to his mother.

He looked again and when she held up a clipboard with "Lyn Bancroft" in big letters, he knew he'd found her. He watched her for a moment. She was tall and slim, in tight jeans and a leather jacket, with long light brown hair hanging down below her shoulder blades.

"This can't be Mom's younger sister," he thought. "She looks like she's only a couple of years older than I am."

He hesitated; she looked harmless and friendly. Taking a deep breath he walked up to her.

"Hi, I'm Lyn," he said.

"You can't be," she replied.

“I was when I got on the plane,” Lyn replied. “You must be Aunt Genevieve.”

“But you’re a boy.”

“I always have been,” Lyn replied, a little bemused by this reception.

“Oh this will never do.” She looked shocked. “I thought Lyn was a girl’s name. I would never have agreed...”

“I’m Lynton,” he said. “That’s a boy’s name.”

“But I was expecting a girl called Lynne. That’s a girl’s name,” she said. “I was so excited. I’ve prepared the guest suite specially.”

“I’m sure it will be fine. I won’t be any trouble.”

“It won’t... it can’t...” she stuttered, then collected herself with a sigh. “You’re here now; we’d better make the best of it.”

“I’ll be no trouble.” Lyn was feeling guilty, though he didn’t understand why.

“I’m sorry. That wasn’t much of a welcome.” She squeezed his hand warmly. “Your mother talked so much about you, and I always assumed that you were a girl. She never sent any pictures.”

She led the way to the car park and Lyn followed somewhat disconsolate. What did she mean by this reception? Had she really misunderstood so much?

“You’ll have to use my guest suite; it’s what I planned when I thought you were a girl,” she said. “I had it done out specially with all sorts of things I thought you’d like.”

“I’m sure it will be really nice,” Lyn replied. “Do I call you Aunt or Auntie or...”

“Just call me Jennie,” she replied. “Auntie sounds so old and formal and I’m not sure that I want to be either.”

She parked in the drive of a large colonial style house and strode indoors, leaving Lyn to follow.

“Your suite is this way.” She waited for him to follow her up the stairs.

She waited for him to follow into a large bed room with its own walk-in wardrobe, bathroom and sitting area. There was a faint smell of fresh paint and everything looked new. It was tastefully furnished in pastels and soft colours.

“I thought you’d be a girl,” Jennie mumbled as Lyn took it all in.

“It’s beautiful.” He looked round. “It’s kind of you to have been so thoughtful.”

“So you don’t hate it?”

“I don’t hate it at all. I’m sure I’ll be really comfortable here. Have my clothes arrived yet?”

“No; should they have?”

“The package was collected a few days ago. It should be here by now.”

“Maybe it will arrive tomorrow?”

Lyn flopped onto the queen size bed and picked up the huge teddy bear waiting there. “He reminds me of one I had years ago.”

“I didn’t want you to be lonely so I got him for you,” Jennie said. “I suppose I’d better show you the rest of my preparations.”

“Please.” Lyn smiled, trying to make friends with his new guardian.

“In your bathroom, there are all kinds of shampoo and conditioners; I didn’t know your hair type, so there’s everything there. The vanity has a hairdryer and straightening iron too.”

“I usually let it dry and tie it back.” Lyn waved his long pony tail as if to show it off.

“Yes, I can see it would benefit from a little care.” Jennie ran her fingers through it. “Perhaps you’ll let me show you what to do?”

“That would be good,” Lyn replied.

“I’d better get this over with too,” Jennie sighed. “There’s some perfumes and makeup in the vanity drawers. I have far too much and most of it is brand new. I don’t suppose we’ll be able to do girly things together and I was so looking forward to that.”

“I’m overwhelmed that you’ve gone to so much trouble.”

“I’ve also put all sorts of things in the wardrobes.” Jennie pulled a sliding door. “I’ve so much and this was always a convenient space to store things.”

“I won’t take up much space,” Lyn said. “I’m travelling really light.”

“It’s not that. I know that girls like dressing up so all these clothes are here. I expected you could use some of them. I’ll get someone to move them out.”

“There’s no problem,” Lyn replied. “I don’t mind sharing my room with all these things.”

“You must think I’m so silly but I really was looking forward to having a girl in the house with me.”

“It’s a lovely home you have,” Lyn said. “I’m sure I’ll be happy here.”

“I do hope so.” Jennie stepped back to the door. “I’ll leave you to get cleaned up; I’m sure you’d like a shower after all that travelling. Come down when you’re ready and we’ll have dinner.”

Jennie leaned against the kitchen table, thinking to herself. She didn’t like the idea of having a boy living with her but Lyn looked so much like his mother. A girl would kill to have hair like he had.

“I wonder if I could persuade him that he wants to be a girl,” she thought. “I think I’ve given him a little push with all the stuff in his room. I didn’t plan it this way but with soft persuasion and a little manipulation... I’m going to see how far I can change him.”

She prepared dinner automatically, her mind churning through the possibilities.

“He doesn’t know it but he’s on a slippery slope from which there will be no climbing back.”

“Hi Michael,” Jennie said when he answered. “There’s a little problem.”

“I’m sure that it’s nothing we can’t handle,” he replied.

“You remember I asked you to look after my niece when she came to stay with me.”

“I was looking forward to it.”

“Well she’s arrived but my niece turns out to be my nephew.”

“But you got the room ready and everything else too.”

“I know,” Jennie said. “He’s moved in and he’s not kicked up a fuss, which is really good because I was so looking forward to spending time with my niece.”

“So I guess you don’t need me after all.”

“I do have a rather evil thought. It might be fun for us all if it comes off.”

“You’re never evil.” Michael scoffed at the thought.

“You were a little hesitant when I asked you about my niece,” Jennie said slowly. “And I heard something through the grapevine.”

“That sounds very mysterious.”

“The grapevine was actually your mother. I spoke to her that day when I came to your salon to book hair appointments for me and my niece.”

“I get the feeling that my mother’s said too much.”

“Maybe and maybe not in this case. She was telling me how you chased round after a particular female impersonator.” Jennie hesitated, wondering how subtly she could phrase her next sentence.

“Are there no secrets in this town?” Michael interrupted her thoughts.

“There may be somewhere, but never in your mother’s salon,” Jennie said. “Your mother didn’t like the person.”

“I know and she made that very plain, but that’s over now. He moved onto another boyfriend,” Michael replied. “I think I got it very wrong with that one.”

“So it’s all true,” Jennie said. “You prefer boys.”

“I prefer a certain kind of boy,” Michael replied slowly. “He was a bit too much of a drag queen for my taste. I prefer something more feminine.”

“But with a penis, I assume.”

“If you must be so blunt, yes, but why are we having this conversation?”

“I was wondering if I could persuade my nephew to become my niece for a while, you might help me along.”

“That’s evil.” Michael laughed at the idea. “You’re a devious person, Genevieve Larson. I’ve never heard anything like it.”

“I can’t hear you rejecting the idea out of hand.”

“I’m intrigued,” Michael replied. “What did you have in mind?”

“I don’t want to do anything forceful,” Jennie said. “He seems a nice kid, a little naïve for his seventeen years. I thought I might be able to persuade him to have some fun pretending to be my niece.”

“Aren’t I a bit too old? I’m twenty-two.”

“I know, but you’re a nice twenty-two and I know your mother’s desperate for you to settle down so that you can take over the business and she can retire.”

“Does that make me the eligible bachelor for your nephew, or niece?”

“That’s thinking too far ahead.” Jennie liked the thought now that he’d mentioned it. “He’s supposed to be looking at colleges while his mother’s working in Europe, but I don’t think his heart’s in it.”

“Is there no other family around to stop your dastardly plot?” Michael asked lightly.

“There’s no one,” Jennie replied. “I thought this might be a bit of summer fun for us all. Are you in?”

“Provided he’s not built like a linebacker with bad breath, of course I’m in.” Michael paused. “But none of us have any idea where this may lead. Have you thought of that?”

“I know it could end up messily, especially when my sister finds out but I don’t think you’ll be the sort of person to be cruel, so let’s see where it takes us.”

“Okay, I hope you know what you’re doing,” Michael sighed. “Who knows; we may hate each other at first sight.”

It was an early step on the slippery slope for Lyn.

Lyn was suddenly alone. It was all very strange and a long way from anything he was expecting. He wondered how his mother could have got it so wrong, or strangely, if she got it wrong.

His first impressions of Aunt Genevieve were favourable. She seemed genuine and kind. She told him to call her Jennie and she’d obviously taken a lot of time and trouble, not to mention expense, of getting everything ready for him.

He went into the bathroom, stripped and then stepped into the shower. Without thinking about it, he turned the water on and then reached for the shampoo, put some on his hand and lathered his hair.

“This isn’t the usual stuff,” he noticed. “It’s soft and scented; the lather flows through my hair. It’s so different.”

He looked at the bottle and saw that it was a brand he’d seen advertised in mother’s glossy magazines but hadn’t used before. He rinsed it off and hesitated before reaching for the matching conditioner. He’d never used that before either but he took a generous

blob and spread it along the length of his hair, feeling how it smoothed and spread easily.

“I hope I don’t smell like a bunch of flowers,” he thought as he used the body wash and smelled its herbal sweetness. “What would Jennie think of me then?”

He stood under the shower as he watched the last of the scented foam drain away and the water cascaded gently over his body. He realised how tired he had been after the journey and that now he was feeling relaxed and energised in a curious way that he’d never felt before. Even the towels were a new sensation; big fluffy, soft and white.

He wrapped the towel around his waist and then realised that there was another foot of the material trailing onto the floor. He pulled it up so that it was resting under his arms and it only just cleared the floor.

He tied it there, pulling his hair from under the towel so that it fell softly and heavily down his back. He knew it felt different; not only different but softer and still scented from the products he’d used. He decided at once that he liked it.

He sat at the vanity and combed it through. The comb slid easily through without any tangles. This too was a new sensation which he liked immediately.

He picked up the clothes he had discarded when he stripped for the shower. He put them to his nose and decided they didn’t go with his clean hair and body. He looked through the rucksack he’d brought with him and found only some jeans which were the worse for wear and a couple of T-shirts.

The rest of the space was taken up by a few books and some computer bits he'd thought essential, as well as his big padded rain jacket.

"There's not anything suitable to make a good impression for a first dinner with Jennie," he thought, then sat back on the bed and looked at himself in the mirror.

He spotted a hair drier on a hook beside the vanity and went to sit there. He remembered Mother smoothing her hair with a drier and idly turned it on. Without thinking, he started to brush through his hair with the drier, watching as the hair fell into place and both lightened and shone as it dried.

"Maybe I should have done this more often," he said to himself. "It's left my hair feeling so soft and good."

He looked at himself in the mirror and pulled some hair over his shoulders. He looked again, then pushed it back so that it fell down his back.

"I seem to have more hair than I thought, or maybe I've got a touch of vanity." He realised that the products had been really kind to his hair and decided that he liked it.

He didn't think if this was a first step on a slippery slope.

Lyn walked round his room again, enjoying the sensation of his hair being so free and swinging as he turned his head. He sniffed his clothes again, wondering if he could get away with wearing them to dinner.

“I’d smell of sweat,” he decided. “That’s not going to give a good impression when I sit with Jeannie for the first time. Perhaps they’d be better if I sprayed them with something from the bathroom cabinet, or the vanity.”

He looked in the cabinet first and sprayed a couple of samples from the aerosols there. Tentatively, he sprayed a little on his shirt.

“That’s not a good mix,” he decided.

He looked in the vanity and saw about fifteen or more perfume bottles there. He sniffed at the tops of several of them, noting the designer labels and the extravagant colours and design of the bottles. Without trying to spray his shirt again, he decided it wasn’t a good idea.

He looked at the wardrobes and crept up to the door as if doing something forbidden. He opened a door slowly, then another, until they were all open.

“She wasn’t kidding.” He gasped as he looked at all the colours of the clothes neatly arranged on hangars.

There were obviously dresses in full-length spaces, but there were half-height racks with things which looked to be shorter.

“I wonder if there could be anything I could borrow,” he thought as he ran his hand along them.

“There’s some denim.” He pulled the hangar out. “But that’s not a good idea. She’d wonder what sort of boy I was if I wore that.”

He put the short skirt back into its place and separated some more of the denim hanging there.

“This is better,” he thought, finding jeans and trousers there. “I’m sure I could get away with something like this. She did say that she expected I could use some of them.”

“The hips are really tight. I wonder if I can get the zipper up.” He tried them on and took a breath in, holding his tummy tight.

He got them on and turned to look at himself in the mirror.

“That’s probably okay. Everyone wears pale blue jeans,” he thought as he ran his hand over his rear. “I don’t usually wear things this skin tight but I know it’s fashionable.”

He stood and thought about it and decided to wear them. Then he looked at himself from the front.

“I need something like underwear,” he thought, laughing to himself as he wondered what something like underwear could be like under jeans so tight.

“There may be something in one of the drawers in that other wardrobe,” he said to no one, turning to pull one out.

“I don’t need a bra.” He touched it gingerly as if it might bite, pausing to look at the lace and flower pattern, feeling the wire under the cup, and seeing the matching panties underneath. “But these might do.”

He took off the jeans and put the panties on and then the jeans again. He looked in the mirror and decided it was a better look and that it was more comfortable to have panties than to go without.



“I’m sure that there must be a shirt here.” He was getting bolder now that he’d taken the initial step of wearing the jeans.

“This might be okay.” He looked at a pale blue and white top with horizontal stripes, a slash neck and three-quarter sleeves. “I like this, but it may give the wrong message; it’s too feminine.”

He looked through other tops on the same hanging rail. There were different colours and patterns. A mid blue top with a darker blue pattern caught his eye but when he pulled it out, the pattern was one of flamboyant flowers and the neckline was a deep scoop.

He pulled out others and admired them. Some he held against his body, imagining what they’d look like if he wore them. Then, realising that time was passing, he went back to the first one and pulled it on.

“I like this,” he thought. “But should I like it? Am I dressing as if I’m the girl she was expecting?”

He decided that he was asking too many questions and pushed the sleeves up his forearm.

“It doesn’t matter,” he thought. “I can explain it all.”

He put his trainer boots on. “Ugh! These look horrible.” He took them off. “Maybe I could go barefoot... but that wouldn’t be polite.”

He went back to the wardrobes and looked to see if he could find shoes. There were lots of them. Stiletto heels seemed to be in the majority.

“Some of these look impossible to wear,” he decided. “Even if you could stand in them, how could you ever walk in them? Maybe they’re for posing and not for walking.”

He looked further and found some wedge heels, more like sandals than formal shoes. “How on earth do girls get so many shoes and how do they ever decide what to wear?”

He found some sandals with low wedge heels and light brown straps. “I wonder if these will fit me.”

He tried one on and fastened the ankle strap. “It’s not too far from my size, a bit too big, but I guess I can cope with that. It’s not as if I’m going out anywhere and they’re covered by the bottom of my jeans.”

He checked himself in the mirror again. “Not too girly,” he decided. “I’d better go for dinner or she’ll be thinking I’m avoiding her.”

He took a final look in the mirror, then on a whim, selected the most expensive looking perfume bottle and sprayed it several times around his neck and wrists.

Was it another step down that slippery slope?

“Goodness, don’t you scrub up well?” Jennie hugged him gently as soon as she saw him. “And you smell nice too.”

“I hope you don’t mind but my clothes are a little grubby from the journey and I didn’t have space to

carry more. I thought my things would have arrived before me.”

“I don’t mind at all,” Jennie replied. “And I have to apologise for my welcome.”

“There’s no need to apologise.”

“I was less than gracious but I was so surprised that you weren’t a girl,” Jennie said. “Looking at you now though, I think you could turn into one and a pretty one too.”

“I didn’t dress like this to pretend to be one,” Lyn said. “I’m not a girl and I don’t want to be one.”

“I’m not saying that you did,” Jennie laughed. “But with a little makeup and some strategic padding and you could pass anywhere.”

“Do you really think so?” Lyn turned to a mirror on the wall, pouted and played with his hair. When he realised what he was doing and what he was imagining, he blushed and turned away. “I don’t think I want to do that.”

“Let’s enjoy the moment.” Jennie took his hand and led him to the table in her large kitchen. “If you fit into those jeans, I’d guess that most of the things in those wardrobes will fit you.”

“The bras are the exception,” Lyn replied quickly. “I’m the wrong shape.”

“When I was younger, there used to be a saying something like what nature’s forgotten, you can stuff with cotton.” Jennie looked at him with a sly grin, waiting for a reaction.

“Did my mother do that?’ Lyn caught the glint in her eye.

“Your mother made me promise not to tell any stories,” Jennie replied. “She was a real handful before she got serious about her studies.”

“You’re not that different in age,” Lyn observed.

“We spent a lot of time together. We used to pretend that we were twins. You know, same clothes, makeup and hair. It was a happy time. I loved doing her makeup and I loved it when she did mine.”

“Is that a timer somewhere?’ Lyn heard a beeping which interrupted their conversation.

“It’s the oven,” Jennie said.

“I’ll help.” Lyn followed her and watched as she dished up and carried plated to the table.

“I thought you’d be watching your figure.” Jennie served a pasta salad with tuna. “I’m not used to cooking for anyone but myself and I’m always watching my weight.”

“I don’t mind salads; I like to eat healthily and avoid too much meat,” Lyn replied. “Don’t change anything for me.”

“But you’re so skinny.”

“And I’m happy being skinny. I never seem to put on any weight.”

“You’re so lucky. Most girls would kill if they could be so skinny.”

“I think they’d prefer more curves though.”

“You’re right; boys expect curves,” Jennie laughed. “I think we’re going to get on and maybe have some fun too.”

They talked through dinner and afterwards. It got easier and soon Lyn’s inhibitions faded. He forgot how he was dressed as the evening went on.

When Jennie showed him that he could wear a nightdress, he suddenly became very self-conscious again.

I can’t possibly...” He touched the soft lace fabric that Jennie held out to him. “It’s too good.”

“You mean it’s too feminine,” Jennie replied. “Forget about that and wear it. I promise you’ll love the way it makes you feel.”

“But its low-cut and so long; I don’t have the right shape to fill it out, if you know what I mean.” Lyn blushed as he said it.

“I won’t tell if you don’t.” Jennie knew she could push him into wearing it.

As this thought ebbed away, she wondered how far she could really push him. She held the nightdress out to him. He took it gingerly as if it might bite.

“Go and try it on in the bathroom,” she said. “If you don’t think you can sleep in it, I’ll find something else.”

She knew that she was stronger than he was; a bit of persuasion, a bit of force would be one way. It was almost a decision made in a flash. Lyn was going to be as feminine as she could make him; like it or not.

A few minutes later, Lyn emerged, naked underneath the nightdress, with a goofy grin on his face, and a protrusion he was doing his best to hide.

“I think you like it,” Jennie said. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

And as Jennie thought about it later, she knew that it was another step.

Jennie said nothing when Lyn appeared the next morning, dressed as he had been the previous evening. She pretended that she didn’t notice, letting him get used to being dressed like that. If he could be persuaded that it was normal, she wondered how long it would take her to convince him that heels and dresses were normal too.

“I’ve some boxes of old photographs to show you,” Jennie told him. “They’re from ages ago when your mother and I were hanging around together.”

“I thought she swore you to secrecy.”

“She did and I’m not going to tell tales. I’m only going to show you some photographs. I’m sure she won’t mind.”

They went into the den, a small room off the main lounge. “This is the room I use as my office,” Jennie explained. “If ever you can’t find me, look in here, it’s where I usually work.”

“I don’t know what you do,” Lyn said.

“I’m a book editor. I compile indexes and check references for a couple of academic publishers.”

“That sounds like you have to be really clever,” Lyn said.

“I never thought of it like that,” Jennie replied. “I used to write some women’s fiction and still get royalties, but this pays better.”

“Was that what they call chick-lit?”

“It is; and it didn’t pay as well.” Jennie pulled a box from one of the shelves. “I got fed up of writing about smouldering heroines and super rich but really nice bumbling heroes who didn’t know what they didn’t know.”

“Was it really such a rigid formula?”

“It wasn’t really but I ran out of ideas and found I was repeating myself.” Jennie opened the box. “These are photos of your mother and me; see if you can tell us apart.”

“You do look like twins.”

Lyn looked at two girls in the photo. They were dressed in tight black dresses; little black dresses, and high stilettos. Their hair was dark; almost black in matching styles. Their makeup was alike too; heavy eyebrows, black eye makeup and dark lips.

“You look like that Italian film star.” Lyn looked up, trying to memorise Jennie’s features then guess which one was her.

“It was a very fashionable look at the time.” Jennie took the photo from him. “The girls were dark and smouldering sexily, and several of them had that look from Sophia Loren onwards. We liked it because we could do it.”

“But the hair and makeup must have taken ages.”

“Those are wigs, and the makeup was easy too.” Jennie looked at him. “If you can guess which your mother is, I’ll be surprised.”

“Do I win a prize?”

“No but if you get it wrong, you have to do a forfeit.”

“That’s not fair. If you’re going to insist on that, then I should have a prize if I’m right.”

“Okay, I agree.” Jennie handed him some more photos. “These were taken the same day, I think. They may help you.”

“What’s the forfeit?”

“You let me make you up like one of the girls in the picture.”

Lyn looked at the pictures again. A frisson of fear, or excitement, or fascination rippled through him. The girls in the picture looked so provocative; ‘smouldering’ was the word which came to his mind. He looked again and then at Jennie, trying to make up his mind. A girl like this would have left him tongue tied and overwhelmed.

“I think you’re this one.” He pointed.

“You’re right,” Jennie said. “At least I think you’re right; we do look so alike.”

“So do I win a prize?”

“We could call it a draw because I honestly can’t tell which of us you’re pointing to in this picture.”

Jennie took another from him. "I know this one is me in this shot."

"How can you tell?"

"Look at the earrings," Jennie replied. "I loved them so much and wore them all the time."

"But I can't see any earrings in the other picture I chose," Lyn said. "And you do look so alike. I still think I'm right."

"Okay, you win a prize."

"But we didn't agree what it would be. We only said what the forfeit would be."

"So on the basis that you're probably the winner, what should the prize be?"

"I think I'd like you to make me look like the girl in the picture." Lyn looked at her, searching her face for any hint of disapproval. He saw none.

She was surprised by his request. He didn't know what made him say it but there was something so fascinating about the way in which his mother and Jeannie had changed their images so completely. Suddenly, that was so attractive.

It was forbidden maybe, but deliciously exciting too.

"Okay," Jennie said slowly. "Since your clothes haven't arrived, you're stuck with mine anyway. The little black dress is easy. You'll have a choice of several, but I'm not sure that I still have that one."

"And I'm already wearing something of yours, so I guess it would fit me."

“I’m sure it would, but you’d have to use some padding,” Jennie replied. “I haven’t got that wig but I have something similar. I have the earrings if you’d like to wear them as well.”

“You’re teasing me,” Lyn replied. “I don’t have pierced ears.”

“Am I teasing?” Jennie asked, looking at him innocently. “We can fix that easily.”

“That’s not what boys do.”

“Where have you been these last few years?” Jennie asked. “Look around and you’ll see that most boys do.”

“But it would hurt.”

“It’s called painless ear piercing and it takes about half a minute,” Jennie said. “And that look wouldn’t be complete without those earrings. It’s a statement look.”

“I’m scared; it’s a big step.”

“It’s a tiny detail,” Jennie replied. “I’m going to my hairdresser later in the week; we’ll ask her to pierce your ears while we’re there.”

“Am I going to the hairdresser too?”

“I thought you might like her to deal with your split ends. It would make your hair look so much healthier, and less ragged.” Lyn started to say something. “Don’t argue; it’s settled,” she said. “You’ll thank me afterwards.”

It was yet another step down that slippery slope.

“Jennie, there’s a boy at the door with a package,” Lyn called after a quick look through the window.

“Answer it would you please?” Jennie shouted. “I’m not dressed.”

“I can’t answer it; remember how I’m dressed?”

“It’s probably Michael, my friend’s son,” Jennie shouted. “He’s dropping off some things his mother promised me.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes, it’s raining and he knows I’m here when my car’s in the drive,” Jennie shouted. “No one will think you’re anything other than you look the way you’re dressed anyway.”

“I’m not so sure,” Lyn said to himself as he went gingerly to the door and opened it.

“Hi, I’m Michael,” he said. “My mother asked me to drop off these things. You must be Lyn.”

“Yes, I’m Lyn,” he replied, taking in the smile and the teeth, the slim hips and the strong shoulders of the boy in front of him. “You’d better come in.”

He walked in and set his packages down on the floor.

“I have to wait for something in return,” he said.

“Aunt Jennie will be down soon.” Lyn found himself looking into Michael’s eyes as he spoke. “I’ll get you some coffee.” He tore himself away.



“What just happened to me?” Lyn wondered as he paused in the kitchen with his back to the door. “I’m not a girl, yet the way he looked at me made me think I was... for a moment anyway.”

He reached for a cup and filled it from the percolator. He put it on a tray with a small jug of milk, a sugar bowl and a spoon.

“Look at me,” he told himself off. “One look from a handsome boy and I’m all jittery and behaving like some dumb girl.”

He picked it up and started back through the door.

“He is kind of cute and the way he’s looking at me...” Lyn caught his eye and knew he was blushing. “He thinks I’m for real and I can’t tell him I’m not what he thinks.”

“Jennie didn’t warn me that she had a cute girl staying over,” Michael said. “How long are you going to be here?”

“My mother’s working in Europe,” Lyn replied. “I guess I’m here until she’s back.”

“I hope she’s away a long time.” Michael took the cup from Lyn. “Not that I want her to linger but I hope I can see you again.”

“I’m sure you will bump into each other again.” Jennie came back into the room, breaking the spell.

“I’ll just go and...” Lyn excused himself, conscious that he was blushing as he went.

“Have my things arrived yet?” Lyn asked a couple of days later.

“You asked me that yesterday and you know the answer. You’ve been here all the time,” Jeannie replied. “I’m the one who’s been out.”

“I know; it seems to be taking a long time.”

“Why don’t you call the carriers and ask what’s happening?”

“I don’t know which carriers to ask,” he replied. “I can’t find the receipt. It wasn’t the regular mail. It was cheaper.”

“That’s not a great help and you can’t keep wearing the same things day after day.”

“I’ve changed my underwear.”

“That’s not a defence against getting scruffier by the day,” Jennie said. “There’s a lot to choose from in those wardrobes. Why don’t you go and find something else.”

“But it’s all so female.”

“So is what you’re wearing now.”

“What about the things I arrived in?”

“They haven’t been washed unless you put them out and they’re hardly suitable for wearing around the house anyway.”

“I didn’t think...” Lyn said.

“Don’t worry. My housekeeper comes in tomorrow and she puts everything in the wash if she thinks it’s been worn. She sends things to the cleaners as well as going through the house like a whirlwind so that it looks like new every week.”

“She sounds formidable.”

“I never get in her way. That’s why we’ll be at the salon when she’s here,” Jennie explained. “She’s better left alone to get on with her work.”

“I’ll sort things out.” Lyn stood to go to his suite.

“While you’re there, get changed. Those things will be getting smelly.”

A couple of hours later, Lyn was sitting in the lounge looking through a magazine when Jennie came out of her office. She looked at him and gestured for him to stand.

“You look good,” she told him. “You can’t go wrong with all black.”

“I think these jeans look good but they’re loose on the waist and really tight on the hips. I had to find a belt.” Lyn pulled up his top to show what he meant.

“There’s not too much loose material there but it’s the way they’re made.” Jennie tugged at his waistband. “Girls are expected to have a narrower waist and wider hips than a boy.”

“I think I made a mistake with the top though.” Lyn looked at Jennie. “I thought the oversize neckline would be comfortable but I seem to have to keep on adjusting it every time I move.”

“That’s what they’re made for,” Jennie laughed. “A girl’s bra strap would show on one shoulder and when she has to keep adjusting it, that’s to make the boys watch her.”

Lyn looked puzzled.

“If you were a girl with that lovely long hair you have, you’d be pushing your hair this way and that; sending hair signals that shout for them to look. Your hands would be playing too; pulling the neckline onto one shoulder for it to hang precariously on the other. And all the time, your bra straps would be there.”

Lyn adjusted his neckline again.

“See what I mean?” Jennie said. “Their eyes would be watching, hoping to get a glimpse of breast. It’s what they’re programmed to do.”

“Is it so calculated?”

“Girls have many tricks and I think a lot of them are programmed by nature,” Jennie said. “Most of them are unconscious, but some are pure calculation. And I did notice that you chose shoes with higher heels.”

“It was too tempting,” Lyn said. “I hope you don’t mind. I was surprised that I could walk in them and they’re comfortable too.”

“Of course I don’t mind.” Jennie hugged him gently. “Dressing up is great fun. You can pretend to be someone else entirely.”

“But it’s wrong if I pretend to be a girl.” Lyn looked at her for reassurance.

“If you want to dress up and pretend to be a girl, then I’m happy for you. Have some fun. I’ll even help you whenever you want me to.”

“I know it’s wrong but I’m getting fascinated by all the clothes you’ve left in my room,” Lyn admitted.

“It’s not wrong if you don’t feel it’s wrong,” Jennie said. “I left them all there to be worn.”

“But you were expecting me to be a girl.”

“I was but I don’t mind if you want to pretend,” Jennie replied “And tomorrow we’re going to get your ears pierced and your hair trimmed at my very expensive salon.”

“I know.” Lyn looked down. “I don’t know how I’m going to get through that. I don’t know if I dare.”

“I told you it’s not going to hurt at all.”

“It’s not that I’m worried about,” Lyn said. “It’s going to look wrong for a boy going into a salon for ladies to get his hair trimmed and his ears pierced.”

“So why go as a boy?”

“I am a boy.” Lyn looked puzzled again.

“But you could dress as a girl, wear some makeup, and go to the salon as a girl. Then no one would be any the wiser and you wouldn’t have to feel embarrassed.”

“Do you really mean that?” Lyn’s eyes widened. “But I don’t think I could get away with it.”

“I think you could,” Jennie replied. “And I can see that you like the idea by the look in your eyes but you’re going to tell me that you couldn’t possibly....”

“I’ve only been here a few days and already you’re reading me like a book,” Lyn said. “Seriously, do you think I dare? Could I get away with it?”

“Why don’t we have a dress rehearsal?” Jennie suggested. “I’ll help you. We’ll choose your clothes, then I’ll put some makeup on you, maybe with a few pieces of jewellery.”

“What if I don’t think I look good enough?” Lyn asked. “I’d rather not go there looking like some freak.”

“I’m not going to let you go looking like some freak. This is the salon that I use and I don’t want to be afraid to show my face there again. I’ll either make you look undetectable or you can go as a boy.”

“I’d be a boy in girl’s jeans,” Lyn corrected. “Please would you help me? I’d really like to see what you could make me look like.”

Jennie was so pleased to hear him say this. She was helping him down that slippery slope and she didn’t have to push.

“So are you ready for your dress rehearsal?” Jennie asked. “I want you to watch everything I do. Ask questions, even if you think they’re stupid. I’m going to ask you to do it all yourself sometime.”

“Okay.” Lyn was a little nervous. “Are you sure you don’t mind? You don’t think I’m being weird?”

“There’s no embarrassment here. You’re giving me an opportunity that I haven’t had for years, since your mother moved away.”

“I hope you haven’t forgotten how to do it.”

“I haven’t forgotten a thing.” Jennie was amused at the thought. “Look at me. I always wear makeup, even if it’s only my eyes. I know I want to look good. I want to be in fashion and practise makes perfect.”

“I’m in your hands.” Lyn’s face showed it was going to be something exciting. “I can’t wait to see what I look like.”

“It’s not going to be difficult,” Jennie said, tying his hair back. “I don’t have to worry about your hairstyle. It’s so long and straight that natural and loose is an obvious style.”

“I’ve always liked it loose too. There’s something about the feel of it.”

“Are you sure you’re not really a girl?” Jennie said. “That’s something a girl would say.”

“Maybe I’m getting into character?”

“And you need to get dressed for this too,” Jennie said. “Remember an actor said that when you’re creating a character, you start with the shoes.”

“Is that what we’re going to do?”

“Not quite. We’re going to start with the lingerie, then the dress.”

“Do I have to wear a dress?” Lyn looked suddenly scared. “I’ve never worn one before.”

“Then it’s all the more reason to start now,” Lyn said. “Come with me and we’ll choose.”

“I’m going to feel horribly exposed,” Lyn shuddered.

“After I’ve finished, you’ll be perfect,” Jennie replied. “It’s not as if you have to do this forever; it’s only until your clothes arrive.”

“I guess...” Lyn replied, not really sure anymore.

“Come on; pay attention and help me choose the right dress for the occasion. Imagine the girl you’d like to see in an afternoon. Get that picture in your head and look through the things we have.”

“Does it have to be a dress?” Lyn looked away from the clothes. “Can’t I have jeans or trousers?”

“Not this time,” Jennie said. “Relax; you’re not going anywhere, there’s only you and I here.”

“You’re right; I’m being silly.” Lyn took a deep breath, exhaled, and tried to relax. He started to explore the racks. “My hands are trembling. I’m so new to all of this. Please help me choose.”

“What about this one then?” Jennie held out a pale blue dress with three-quarter sleeves. “The colour is never wrong for something like going shopping or the salon. It’s a rounded but high neck, so there’s no risk of someone looking down there and seeing anything.”

“Do people look down the neckline?” Lyn ran his hand along the material.

“Men do it all the time,” Jennie replied. “It’s something you have to get used to; that and the occasional brush against your breasts. It’s always accidental of

course.” Her look said that this might not always be true.

“It feels nice,” Lyn said. “Isn’t it going to be tight?”

“It’s fitted if that’s what you mean.” Jennie held it against him. “The back zipper will make it as tight as it needs to be. It’s fitted in the bodice and the skirt is going to be just above your knee and although it’s fitted, it’s going to be comfortable for you to walk in.”

“Let’s use that,” Lyn agreed.

“I have some darker blue heels and a matching purse,” Jennie said. “They’ll look good with the dress. There should be a silk scarf somewhere to complete the outfit.”

Jennie collected all these things and put them together on one side. “Now let me find your lingerie.”

“Must I?” Lyn asked as he saw that Jennie was selecting pale blue panties and then, horror of horrors, a matching bra.

“Yes you must,” Jennie replied. “You couldn’t wear that dress without any shape underneath. I’m not suggesting that you have huge breasts, but a little padding is essential and for that, you need the bra to hold it in place.”

“Do I really have to wear some padding?” Lyn pleaded.

“Yes if you want to look normal,” Jennie replied. “If you were to be too flat chested, you’d get as much comment as if you were too big.”

“I give in,” Lyn said. “I shouldn’t criticise; you know what you’re doing.”

“That’s the best attitude to take,” Jennie said. “I think you should write it down somewhere so that you don’t forget.”

Lyn sat in front of the vanity with the breast forms in his bra and tight panties holding his boy bits securely out of the way. A cape over his shoulders and he was ready for Jennie to start.

“I want you to watch carefully,” Jennie said. “I’m going to ask you to try and do it yourself later in the week.”

“I thought this was a one-off,” Lyn replied.

“I think you’ll find that it becomes addictive very quickly.” Jennie arranged cosmetics across the front of the vanity. “It’s something you’ll either hate or find compulsive.”

“You always have eye makeup.”

“And I always have perfume too.” Jennie compared Lyn’s complexion to a small bottle. “I think I’d better start with your eyebrows. They’re far too heavy.”

“I thought that was the fashion today.”

“It is but it’s heavier and sculpted brows that are in fashion, not two hairy monsters like yours.”

“But I’ll need to appear as a boy sometimes.”

“I’m not doing anything so radical that you’ll look wrong if you ever decide to be a boy again.”

“Don’t say it like that. I’m never going to spend most of my life as a girl.”

“You should never say never, nor should I say that you should be careful what you wish for,” Jennie replied. “I’ve never known which way my life was going from one month to the next.”

“But it worked out right for you. Your house is lovely.”

“I’ve been so lucky. I wish I could pretend that I’d planned it all this way but I drifted and fortunately it was in the right direction.”

“Have you always lived alone?”

“I have for most of the time.” Jennie stopped and stood still. “I’ve tried; I’ve lived with people but they didn’t feel right as time went on.”

Jennie started plucking his brows. She worked from left to right and back again, comparing and measuring as she went along. She trimmed some hairs with tiny scissors, then cleaned up with a loop of cotton.

“This is called threading and I’m really proud of myself. It took me ages to get it right. It cleans up the stray hairs so well.” Jennie stood back. “Take a look and tell me what you think.”

Lyn picked up a hand mirror and scrutinised his brows carefully for a few moments. “I think they’re good; so even and not too thin.”

“They’ll be more defined when your makeup’s finished but I think you’ll be pleased.”

Lyn sat and watched as Jennie worked on his face. He saw his complexion smoothed and shading seemed to change the shape, evening his nose and shading his cheekbones. She talked continuously as she worked, hoping that Lyn would absorb some of what she said.

Lyn seemed to disappear into fascination. He didn't say much but kept turning his head to see what was happening. He had another mirror in his hand to inspect each stroke of brush or sponge.

"Now this is always the most fascinating part," Jennie said. "I want you to watch carefully as I do your eyes. You're lucky to have lashes that are long and thick."

"Why's that lucky?"

"It means that with mascara, they'll stand out," Jennie explained. "There are ways of making them look even better with eyelash extensions that can last a few weeks if you're lucky, or false lashes which you wear for the occasion."

"I've a lot to learn," Lyn admitted.

"You have and I'd guess that you're beginning to feel the same fascination with makeup that I've always had."

"It is fascinating," Lyn replied. "I want to do it myself but I know I'd end up looking wrong, maybe like a circus clown."

"You have to remember that girls start to play with their mother's makeup when they're quite small. You

haven't done that so you've a lot of years study to catch up."

"Is it something you can study?"

"I didn't mean only books or these days, video." Jennie stood back to inspect her work so far. "I mean you'll probably have to make a mess of it a few times before you learn how to get it right."

"I guess it's like any artistic skill."

"That's a good way of putting it," Jennie agreed. "Even now, I have days when I just can't get my makeup exactly how I want it to look."

"So you won't laugh too hard if I make a mess a few times?"

"Of course I won't laugh... well, maybe a little, but I'll be kind," Jennie said. "I'll be delighted to see your attempts and we can talk through any mistakes. I can teach you a few tricks too. Now keep still and watch."

Lyn did as he was told. Eyeshadow followed eyeshadow, as shade followed shade.

"I'm giving you a basic smoky eye look," Jennie said. It's easy to do and always adaptable from a lighter version in the day to a darker and heavier style for the evening," Jennie said. "Just for the sake of it, I'm going to give you a heavier version; it's quite dramatic and ideal for seduction."

"Have you anyone in mind for my first attempt at seduction?" Lyn asked. "You do remember that I'm a boy underneath all this, yes?"

“I haven’t forgotten but a dress and makeup can do funny things to a boy’s mind.” Jennie stopped and looked at him. “You might decide that being a boy is a little dull after you’ve spent some time as a girl.”

“Now you’re frightening me,” Lyn said.

“Don’t be frightened, just remember to try not to get too involved and don’t hurt anybody. Most of all, don’t hurt yourself.” Jennie brushed his hair back and looked from Lyn’s face to Lyn’s reflection in the mirror, then flicked the cape off his shoulders.

“Your lips are a little thin.” Jennie decided. “I can make them look bigger, but a little filler may be better to give you more definition.” She almost said that it could make them look more kissable, but stopped herself in time.

Lyn sat still and felt the lip liner pencil drawing a lip line outside his own. He couldn’t see a thing; Jennie’s head was in the way. She showed him a pale lipstick and he got a hint of the taste and scent as Jennie filled in the outline and finished off with a glossier shade in the centre.

“This is strange.” Lyn smiled as he blew a kiss to his reflection in the mirror. “I don’t look like me. I look like a pin-up in a lingerie magazine.”

“Don’t look too hard, you need to get dressed properly, shoes on. When I’ve done your hair it will be the time to admire yourself.”

“I think you’ve convinced me that you can make me look like a girl,” Lyn said.

“So my next step is to convince you that you can go out looking like a girl, and no one’s going to think you’re anything different from what they see.”

“They’ll hear my voice.”

“That won’t matter if you keep it as soft and light as you can,” Jennie said. “Speak in an upper register and not too loud. People will believe their eyes rather than their ears.”

“Okay,” Lyn replied uncertainly. “I’m going to be terrified.”

“You’re not when I’m there to look after you,” Jennie replied. “Now shall we pick a dress for you to wear?”

They looked through the closet, picking a few dresses from the rack. Jennie would pull a face when he pulled out one which she didn’t like.

“That’s for the evening,” she said of one. “And that’s for the office.”

Eventually, the choice came down to a pale blue chambray dress with a round neck, a fitted bodice and a full skirt, or a dusky pink dress, more fitted with a straighter skirt, but still looking easy and casual.

Lyn tried them both and eventually chose the blue. Jennie found matching blue open-toe shoes with a three inch-heel and an ankle strap.

When Lyn walked round the room a couple of times, looking at himself from mirror to mirror and all angles, he stopped and smiled. “I’m convinced. I would live to date a girl like this.”

“That may not be possible,” Jennie laughed. “But I think I’ve convinced you to go to the salon as a girl.”

“You have.”

Lyn didn't know it but that was still another step down the slippery slope.

“Right, we're going out,” Jennie announced after she thought he'd spent long enough admiring himself.

“I can't, not dressed like this,” Lyn protested.

“Going out is the point of dressing up,” Jennie said. “We're not going to be taking any risks so don't worry. I'm taking you to the mall for coffee, then you can watch while I get my nails done.”

“I'm not sure...”

“I'm very sure,” Jennie said and shepherded him to her Audi, parked outside.

“Do I have to...?” Lyn started to ask several times on the journey until he realised that her expression meant that he really had to and that she was determined.

“Sarah's Nails,” the sign outside the window shouted in pink and white. The window display held an amazing display of colours and shapes of nail, some of them impossible to wear.

“They're for show,” Jennie explained. “You wear them for an occasion, then get something wearable next day.”

“Do people really do that?” Lyn asked, following reluctantly through the door in her wake.

“Don’t look so apologetic,” Jennie hissed at him. “Head up, smile and look confident.”

“I don’t feel confident,” Lyn whispered in reply.

“Pretend it’s all a play and you are an actor.”

“I’ll try.” Lyn stood up straight and feigned a greater interest in the displays than he really felt.

He remained looking as Jennie talked to the Sarah herself; her name badge gave it away.

“Who have you brought with you?” she asked and Lyn heard his name called.

“This is my neph... err, my niece, Lyn.” Jennie introduced him a little uncertainly, Lyn thought.

“Maybe she wants to embarrass me,” Lyn thought. “Or maybe it’s a test.”

“It’s wonderful that she’s come to visit with you,” Sarah said. “May I look at her nails?”

Lyn held out his hands, wondering where on earth this was going.

“They’re natural.” Sarah looked at him. “Not even a hint of chipped polish.”

“She’s not from these parts,” Jennie laughed.

“I guess not,” Sarah replied. “It’s really lucky because I have a trainee with me. She’s from the local college. When I do your nails, perhaps my trainee could do Lyn’s nails at the same time and follow what I do. It’ll be a great learning experience for her.”

“I’m not sure that...” Lyn started.

“There’ll be no charge and I promise to make your nails look beautiful, even if my student messes up.” Sarah looked from Lyn to Jennie.

“I think that’s a really good offer,” Jennie replied. “Lyn’s been wondering what it would be like to have a real grownup set of acrylics.”

“But Mother wouldn’t like me to do that,” Lyn tried to make an excuse.

“Your mother isn’t going to know,” Jennie said. “And she can always blame me.”

“Good. That’s settled.” Sarah’s face was beaming. “I was hoping to get her a chance to do some real nails today. It’s so lucky you brought her,” she said to Jennie.

“I’m sure she’ll enjoy it and like most girls of her age, nails will probably become an obsession,” Jennie said.

“If you’re sure...” Lyn couldn’t believe that he’d been so easily let into this.

It was all very painless. Lyn couldn’t pay any attention to the process as his mind was imagining all kinds of unpleasant consequences. He watched as a blob of acrylic paste was formed over his nail and onto the stiff form which had been wrapped around the end of his finger.

He half-heard the chatter between Sarah and her student as Jennie’s nails were cleaned and treated in sequence, the student following Sarah. Lyn hadn’t really noticed Jennie’s nails before, but now it became clear that they had been a product of the salon’s artistry.

And suddenly it was over. A short period under some sort of blue light to cure and harden they said and then he was looking at his hands with elegant, long, dark red nails. He thanked Sarah and her student, who didn't give her name and hadn't talked to him much as she'd been concentrating on Sarah's instruction.

He saw Jennie paying and leaving a tip which she pressed into the student's hand with a huge smile. Lyn followed, vamping along but really wondering how on earth he could get away with this. The colour was permanent, the length was permanent; his hands weren't a boy's hands any more.

"Hi Lyn." As soon as he was out of the door, Michael was there.

"Did you know I was here?" Lyn blurted out as he was so surprised to see him there.

"I work over there." He gestured somewhere behind him. "I thought I saw you going in and watched for you coming out."

Lyn looked at him, wondering what to say. There was something attractive about him but that couldn't be it. He couldn't be looking at a boy like that.

"Actually I called and asked them to let me know when you'd be coming out. I didn't want to miss you."

"That's nice." Lyn mentally kicked himself for sounding so lame.

"I wanted to see you," Michael said. "Could I have your number? I'd like to call you."

“Give me your mobile and I’ll put my number in,” Lyn said, taking it and punching out the numbers.

His mobile rang in his purse. He held it up and broke the connection.

“I love the nails,” Michael said, turning to hurry back to wherever he worked. “I’ll call you.”

Lyn looked at his nails. “How did I manage to put the right number in with these on my fingers?” he wondered.

Do fingernails cling on to that slippery slope?

Lyn got back into the Audi in a state of shock. He looked at his nails again and played a little with them. There was no doubt; they were secure, long, red, and permanently attached to his fingers.

“Why did you do this to me?” he asked.

“I thought you’d like it,” Jennie smiled. “When we go to the salon tomorrow, they’ll see your nails and if they had any thoughts that you might be a boy, one look at those and they’ll be sure that you’re a girl.”

“I think you intend to make me into more of a girl that I want to be,” Lyn said, then realised that he hadn’t made much sense; he didn’t really want to be a girl. “I mean that it’s different pretending to be a girl, but I don’t want it to be a permanent pretence.”

“That’s okay,” Jennie replied. “Relax and enjoy the moment. Now we’re going for coffee.”

“You’re frightening me.” Lyn’s face said it all.

“I’m not intending to frighten you,” Jennie replied. “I want to show you that no one’s ever going to doubt that you’re absolutely perfect as a girl.”

“You’re doing to again,” Lyn protested. “You’ll get me to believing that I really want to be a girl.”

“Now that would be really lucky,” Jennie giggled. “Do you want me to set you up on a date?”

“Don’t even joke about it,” Lyn replied as the car pulled into a space.

She got out and set off towards her chosen coffee shop, leaving Lyn to trail in her wake. They caught up when Jennie waited for him at the door.

“I’m not as fast on these heels as you think,” he grumbled as he caught up.

“They’re only three-inch heels.”

“They are but walking on them outside is more difficult that inside.” Lyn examined his foot. “It’s not as level and I feel that I could lose my balance easily.”

“I hadn’t thought of that,” Jennie replied. “You’re right of course. I’m sure that with a little practise, you’ll be able to jog in heels before too long. You’ll have time to learn anyway.”

Lyn didn’t pick up on the fact that he’d “have time to learn” as he followed her inside, then to a table in the window. The waitress arrived almost at once and introduced herself. She was clearly working after her school day and was full of enthusiasm.

“I love your nails.” She picked up one of Lyn’s hands from where it rested on the table. “I love the length and the shape; this deep red is such a classic.

I don't know why anyone would choose any other colour. I guess you've been to Sarah's. She's the best. I wish I could afford her."

"Here's my card." Jennie took one from her purse. "Tell Sarah to put your next manicure on my tab."

"Really?" the girl exclaimed. "Oh wow! That's the best tip I've had all the time I've been here."

"I hope you enjoy it as much as Lyn did." Jennie looked at him meaningfully.

"They're just beautiful," he forced himself to say with some enthusiasm. "I've never had nails like these before."

"You're so lucky," the waitress said. "I think that deep red is classic. I'm going to ask for exactly the same colour."

She took their order and almost bounced away with delight. They could hear her telling her colleague what she'd been given.

"I think you made someone very happy," Lyn said.

"It's good to do that sometimes," Jennie said. "And you did your bit too. I'm proud of how you handled that. A girl-to-girl encounter is something you'll have to get used to and that was a good start."

"I didn't realise I was being graded," Lyn joked.

"No, you're not being graded but praise is a good aid to learning," Jennie replied.

"I'm ordering in for this evening's dinner," Jennie said when they got back home. "We're having the full works from that new Italian restaurant that people keep telling me about. We're having full service and wine at our own table."

"What's the occasion?" Lyn asked.

"It's your first opportunity to dress for dinner; that's the occasion."

"But I don't know how."

"Dinner won't be coming for three hours," Jennie said. "By then you'll be fully made-up, hair dressed, wearing the most gorgeous evening dress with full jewellery. You'll feel like a princess."

"If any prince kissed me, he'd soon find out that I was a frog underneath it all." Lyn laughed at the idea.

"But thinking like that isn't allowed this evening," Jennie said. "Indulge me; you're going to be so beautiful that you'll fall in love with your image instantly."

"Isn't vanity a sin?"

"It's forgivable after I've done all the work," Jennie replied. "I'm really looking forward to this. I've been planning it in my head since I first saw you wearing something feminine."

"You're determined that I'm not ever going to be a boy again, aren't you?"

"If I'm honest, I don't want you to go back to being a boy," Jennie said. "I think you'll understand how much better it is to be a girl."

“But underneath...”

“If the outside looks right... Remember the duck test.”

“If it waddles like a duck, and quacks like a duck...”

“It’s probably a duck,” Jennie finished the joke. “Seriously, it means that looks and behaviour are related but first comes the look.”

“So that’s why I have these nails.” Lyn suddenly understood more. “I can’t stop my hands looking female, can I?”

“Not easily.” Jennie smiled. “So unless you want to look like the boy with hands forever in his pockets, you’d better look like a girl.”

“That’s not fair. You knew what you were doing; it was all plotted out.”

“Of course. Someone had to make a decision for you.”

“It’s not what I wanted,” Lyn said without conviction.

“But I think that dressing for dinner is more on your mind right now than dressing for football.”

“I never liked football.”

“If you played, you might break a nail.”

“And that would be a tragedy.” Lyn couldn’t help smiling as he looked at his hands again. “I hope you can complete my new image as well as you talk about it.”

“You’ll be amazed,” Jennie replied. “I’m pulling you down a slippery slope and you’ll never want to climb up again.”

“Do I have to change everything all over again? I like the feel of this bra; it keeps my falsies in place and I feel as secure as I can,” Lyn protested.

“I think you’ll like the set I’ve chosen much better.” Jennie held out a bundle for him to take. “Feel the material and look at the pattern, then tell me that you don’t want to wear them.”

“I think you’ve convinced me,” Lyn said, running the bra through his fingers. “The lace is beautiful.”

“I’d hate to tell you what it cost,” Jennie replied. “It’s the best I’ve ever had. I ordered them especially for you.”

“Did you know I’d let you do all this to me?”

“I guessed you might,” Jennie replied. “You didn’t put up as much of a fight as I expected.”

“You must think I’m a real softie.”

“I don’t really. I think you’re brave to act out your fantasies, even if you didn’t realise that they were your fantasies until I made them so. I think you’re lucky to have found me so that I can show you all kinds of futures that you’d never have dreamed about.”

“Is it my future to live as a girl?”

“It could be if you decided that was what you wanted to do.”

“I haven’t even started dating girls yet,” Lyn said. “I’ve been too frightened of them.”

“If you were the girl instead, how would you feel?”

“I think I’d be less scared.” Lyn looked thoughtful. “It would be easier because I’d be waiting for the boy to make the first move.”

“That could be as scary, if they didn’t.”

“If I were the girl, I guess I’d have learned some tricks. I’ve read about them. It’s how boys are supposed to recognise if a girl’s interested in them.”

“Is that for real?” Jennie obviously didn’t read the same things.

“Of course; girls send hair signals,” Lyn said. “They play with their hair and look into the boy’s eyes and listen as if they’re really interested in whatever they’re saying.”

“I can’t believe you know so much.”

“I don’t know if it’s all true, it’s only what I’ve read but fluttering eyelashes, occasional touches maybe as well. Then of course, girls wear perfume and have cleavage.”

“They have that for sure; it’s biology but it’s not simply there for boys to look down.”

“No, but that’s how they use it.”

“I’ve doubted what I’m doing, but listening to you I’m sure you’d make a very devious and scheming

young woman who'd make sure she'd get her own way."

"You're making me feel unsure of who I really am," Lyn said.

"I don't know about that but we have three hours to get you ready to be the belle of the ball... or something equally glamorous," Jennie said.

"You've given me a garter belt." Lyn realised that he was holding one along with the bra and panties.

"I thought you'd like to try stockings instead of tights," Jennie replied. "You could add that as another of those girl things on your list."

"I thought that nice girls didn't let a boy get that far."

"Of course they don't but a glimpse of a garter tab is quite forgivable if you're really keen on the guy." Jennie laughed at the thought. "But don't let me put ideas into your head."

"You've got me here standing in lingerie again, wondering what's next," Lyn said.

"The first thing is bigger breasts." Jennie slipped the forms into the cups of his bra.

"They feel heavier." Lyn stepped across to look at his profile in the mirror. "But they fill me out like never before."

"They're about a normal C cup if that means anything to you."

“It means that they’re bigger than the small B cup that you told me I was wearing before.”

“It does and for tonight’s look, I think you need to look as if you have more curves,” Jennie replied. “This is the gown you’re going to wear. It’s something like the one I loved when I saw pictures of Penelope Cruz at the Oscars.”

“I can’t believe I could ever wear something as fabulous as she does.”

“Her gown was much lower cut but this has long Tudor sleeves and a gauze top to hide your lack of a natural cleavage.” Jennie turned the hanger round. “It fits really tightly to the thighs and flares out into a layered lace skirt.”

“It’s lovely.” Lyn ran his hand down the bodice.

“It’s got a back zipper with a little stretch in the fabric so that it clings to your body and fits really tightly,” Jennie said. “And look at this; there’s a little fish tail at the back which could trail on the floor if your shoes weren’t high enough.”

“I’d better be careful not to tread on the tail.”

“You’ll have to be especially careful because I’m putting you into five-inch stilettos with really thin ankle straps,” Jennie said. “I know you can walk in stilettos, so I thought we’d try for the ultimate in sex appeal.”

“Do you really think I can walk in these?” Lyn held out one shoe. “I’ll be taller than you.”

“No you won’t,” Jennie said. “You haven’t seen my dress yet. I’m not letting you put me in the shade when we get served our special meal. We’ve not used

my dining room before, but we're going to have waiter service in my home."

"That must cost a fortune," Lyn said.

"The owner's a friend but yes, it still costs a fortune."

"They'll think you're seducing me."

Jennie held a finger to her lip and looked at him with her eyes replying that he may be right. "Let's get you into that dress," she said.

An hour later and Lyn was ready, dressed and made-up. Long silver earrings fell from his ears, with a diamond cluster swinging as his head turned. He wore a matching necklace, simple and understated which made it stand out more.

His hair was piled on top of his head in a seemingly casual up do, secured with a black clasp, some pins, and hairspray. Tendrils fell around his ears.

His makeup was precise with lips overdrawn so that they looked bigger. His dark eyes were enhanced with more black liner and shading top and bottom and huge spiky false lashes which he could feel so self-consciously until he got used to the weight and feel of them.

"I like these lashes," Lyn said. "Why didn't you let me try them before?"

"I thought I'd let the effect sneak up on you," Jennie smiled. "I knew you'd like them."

"I think you're layering one sensation on top of another," Lyn replied. "Each one's intended to make me

more fascinated with this female version of whatever I used to be a few days ago.”

Jennie finished off his jewellery with a few silver chains on his left wrist and a cluster ring on his left ring finger.

“This would all look wrong if I didn’t have these nails,” Lyn realised. “You planned this all along.”

“I did have it in mind,” Jennie agreed. “I didn’t think you’d look this good. Stand still; I want to take a few pictures on my mobile.”

Lyn posed, turning left and right, then standing so that he was looking over his shoulder at the camera.

“You’ve modelled before,” Jennie said.

“No, but I’ve seen models in photos.” Lyn sat at the table, leaned forwards and rested his chin on his hand with his red fingernails towards the camera, and his extravagant ring on display. He stared soulfully into the camera lens with his red lips ever so slightly open.

“Where did you learn to smoulder into the camera like that?” Jennie asked.

“I’ve no idea,” Lyn replied honestly.

“If you keep on looking so gorgeous, someone’s bound to lead you down the slippery slope into a female life that you’ll never escape.”

“Perhaps I won’t want to escape... if I’m with the right someone.”

Lyn didn’t know what made that idea pop into his mind.

Jennie left Lyn on his own when she went to dress for dinner. He asked to go with her and watch.

“There are some secrets I’m not going to let you see,” she rebuffed him gently. “I’ll not be long.”

True to her word, she was back quite quickly after changing. And what a change. Gone was the casual look that she usually favoured. This was a glamorous creature, not quite his twin, but looking like an older sister rather than an aunt.

“You look beautiful. I love your hair and I have no idea how you managed to get your makeup so perfect and so quickly,” Lyn gasped.

“I’ve had more time to practise,” Jennie said. “You’ll be able to do it as well in a few weeks and think nothing of it.”

“Am I still going to pretend to be a girl in a few weeks?” Lyn asked. “I’m not sure I could manage that.”

“In a few weeks you’ll not want to be anything else.”

“I’m not sure but I’m getting to like the way girls have so many ways to dress. I don’t know how to explain it but the world seems gentler.” Lyn tried to explain but struggled for words.

“Maybe it’s unfair of me, but I wanted to dress like you,” Jennie changed the subject.

“I like that.” Lyn looked her up and down. “And your dress could be the twin of mine, except that yours is low-cut.”

“And that’s not for you to look down my cleavage; remember we’re girls together.”

“As if I would,” Lyn blushed.

“You’d be unreal if you didn’t look.” Jennie shook her head. “I promise not to call you out but it’s something you won’t have to do when you’re with other girls.”

“I hadn’t thought of being with other girls,” Lyn replied. “I can’t go on a date like this.”

“I didn’t quite mean that,” Jennie said. “I meant if you were a girl with other girls.”

“I’d be too terrified to look anywhere.” Lyn shuddered. “Unless they knew that I wasn’t really one of them.”

“I hope you can rethink that. I haven’t made you look so good to let you hide away all the time.”

“I don’t think I could go out like this without you.”

“You probably could, if you found the right friends.”

“Let’s not talk about that,” Lyn said. “We should change the subject. Did you really plan to look so much like me?”

“Of course; I wasn’t going to let you put me in the shade.”

“I’d never be able to do that. I may look good, but you have the personality. I’m just scared to think of being found out.”

“I think we have to work on that.” Jennie paused to think. “I’m not going to let you hide away all the time. I think I’m going to set you some little tasks to get your confidence higher.”

“I’m coming to the salon with you tomorrow. Isn’t that enough?”

Before she could answer, there was a ring from the door. Their dinner had arrived.

Jennie took Lyn through to the conservatory. Their server followed with sparkling white wine for them both. He announced that their dinner would be set up in a few minutes. They hardly had time to speak before they were called through.

Dinner over, their servers cleared everything away and left them alone with an after-dinner drink and coffee. Jennie patted the sofa as an indication for Lyn to sit next to her. She took his glass and put it aside with hers. She turned to him and kissed him gently full on the lips.

“There’s something delicious about lipstick on lipstick kisses,” Jennie said as Lyn looked at her in shock.

He knew she was going to kiss him again. The look in her eye was unmistakable. It was irresistible too and he leaned into their second kiss, longer this time and with a touch of tongue against his lips.

Without thinking, he leaned into her and opened his lips to let her tongue probe tenderly into his mouth. He wasn’t thinking although a tiny alarm seemed to ring somewhere in the distance. He ignored it and gave in to the feeling.

He didn't know what he was doing but he knew it was exciting and he knew that he liked it. He felt Jennie's hands; one was pulling him closer, the other stroking his groin over his dress. He couldn't help but respond, and wished that his dress wasn't quite so tight.

Jennie must have guessed what he was feeling; it would be difficult for her to ignore, given where her hand was. She broke the kiss and stood, pulling Lyn to his feet with her. Wordlessly, she pulled him towards her bedroom.

Once inside, she kissed him again and he could feel his zipper being released. He stepped out of his dress, feeling his hair falling over his shoulders. Jennie turned and he knew he should release her zipper too.

They kissed again as Jennie pulled him closer with one hand. The other was massaging his penis which was standing so hard that it hurt. He looked down. They were both in lingerie and garter belts, with high stiletto heels. Jennie was taller and she seemed to dominate him as he turned his face upwards to receive her kiss again.

She pushed him onto the bed. Somehow she contrived it so that his face was at her groin as she took his penis into her mouth. He nibbled against her panties and with his teeth moved the sheer material away so that his tongue contacted her skin.

She gasped as he licked, then thrust his tongue inside and worked it around the tiny nub he felt there. He couldn't stop if he tried and he didn't want to try. He knew it was hopeless to fight it.

He heard an exclamation rising in his throat as his penis pulsed. Jennie pushed down onto his tongue,

stifling the sound before it could turn into a louder moan. Her hand found his and placed it on her breast. He kept it there.

They stayed like that for moments; how long he'd never know. His erection faded and slipped from her lips. She rolled off him and they both moved until they were lying face-to-face.

"You taste different," he said as his tongue slipped into her mouth.

"It's not me that you can taste," she replied.

Lyn understood what the taste was. He didn't hesitate. He kissed her again and she kissed him back. Then they must have fallen asleep.

"Was that for real?" Jennie said to herself as she looked at Lyn still sleeping, then gently untangled her legs from his. "I got carried away. He's so beautiful."

She left him in the bed and went to shower. "If only I could shower away the guilt," she thought. "But I enjoyed it. I think he enjoyed it too so I can forget the guilt bit."

She dried her hair and dressed quickly as Lyn slept on.

"I didn't mean for that to happen," Jennie said when she woke him. "It seemed to be natural at the time. I think we had a little too much wine."

"I never guessed that I could have feelings like that," Lyn replied. "I think I remember most everything."

“Perhaps it would be best not to tell anyone,” Jennie replied. “I’m trying to teach you how to be a girl. I shouldn’t be taking advantage of you.”

“I’m not going to complain,” Lyn replied. “I liked the lesson.”

“Nice girls don’t teach things like that.”

“Perhaps they should?”

“I should think not.” Jennie kissed him softly. “But don’t expect that we’ll be doing that again any-time soon. Enjoyable as it was, that should never have happened.”

It was a strange day. They were both so self-conscious that they avoided eye contact and didn’t mention the previous evening.

Maybe this was a pause on Lyn’s descent of the slippery slope. He could possibly have hauled himself up from there. But he didn’t really want to.

“We’re going to the salon this afternoon,” Jennie reminded him a short while later. “This time, you get ready yourself.”

“Aren’t you going to do my makeup?”

“You do it,” Jennie said firmly. “I’ll correct it if I need to but remember what I taught you. Keep it simple because you’ll probably have to re-do it after they’ve done your hair.”

Lyn could feel his nerves jangling as they drove towards the salon. He tried deep breathing to calm himself. He remembered that Jennie had congratu-

lated him on his makeup and didn't have to correct anything.

She'd approved his dress choice too; black jeans and grey trainer boots with thick heels, a pale blue top with a boat neckline, a brown leather shoulder bag for his makeup, and a denim jacket sling over his shoulder as they walked from car to salon.

He told himself to be calm and smile naturally as they entered. He handed bag and jacket to the receptionist and they walked through to meet the stylist. They sat and waited.

"I'm having Michelle," Jennie said. "She's looked after me for a while now. I've booked you in with Michael. He's very stylish and my friends tell me that I should try him too."

There was something in the way she said that. It made Lyn wonder if there were different ways of "trying" Michael.

And then before she could say more, Michael was standing in front of him. Lyn's mouth gawped open in shock.

"I guessed it would be you when I saw the booking. I made sure I could attend to you personally."

"I didn't know you were a hairdresser," Lyn said.

"It's the family business," Michael replied.

He held out a hand and pulled Lyn from his chair. He was dressed all in black. Lyn's eyes were drawn to him again; slim-hipped and tall, with good teeth and a mop of wavy brown curls which looked good on him.



“Why am I looking at him like that?” he wondered.

Lyn sat in front of a big well-lit mirror. Michael ran his fingers through Lyn’s hair after loosening it from the scrunchie which held it.

“Your hair is in really good condition,” Michael pronounced. “You’ve not had it trimmed for ages though and there are a lot of split ends which make it look less than it could.”

“I don’t want you to cut it any shorter,” Lyn said.

“Trimming the split ends will make it look fuller,” Michael replied. “I promise not to trim any more than I have to. Trust me; you’ll love the effect.”

“Jennie says you’re good, so I’m going to trust you,” Lyn replied.

“Good. I’m an expert, remember. There’s no use coming to an expert and then telling them that they don’t know what to do.”

“I wasn’t meaning...”

“I know and I can tell you don’t come to a stylist often, so you’re allowed to be a little nervous.” Michael’s smile was disarming.

“So tell me, what does the expert suggest?”

“I think a trim to get rid of the dead hair and even it out, then maybe you’d like some highlights and lowlights to brighten the colour palette.”

“I’ve no idea what that means,” Lyn admitted.

He felt stupid. Any girl would know what this meant and would have been prepared for the ques-

tion. A real girl would have known exactly what to say to the stylist. He wished he could fall through the floor. His secret was bound to be discovered and he'd be called out in front of everyone.

"I'll show you," Michael said kindly. If he noticed anything wrong, he didn't show it.

He picked up a magazine and a couple of brochures. He flipped through until he came to the pictures he wanted. Spreading them out, he pointed from one to the other.

"This is what I can do for you,' See how the addition of some subtle streaks lifts the whole style. It shimmers through the hair and believe me. When I've finished, it's going to make everyone notice how lovely your hair is."

"There's no real change in colour between the before and after pictures," Lyn said. "But I can see the contrast."

"Believe me; you'll really love the change," Michael said. "It's so feminine."

"I'm sold. I'm in your hands," Lyn said.

He decided to play the feminine role as far as he could. He hoped to row back from the mistake he thought he'd made earlier. In truth, when Michael told him that it would be so feminine, his heart leapt. He didn't know why but he suddenly knew for certain that it was the direction he wanted to go in.

Jennie came over to Lyn, her hair in a turban and looking quite strange.

“Michael’s the best,” she said. “He’ll make your hair look the best you’ve ever seen.”

“She’s taken my advice.” Michael overheard her and came to stand next to them, placing two bowls and some other equipment on the stand next to the chair. “She’ll be ready in about three hours if you want to go shopping after your hair’s done.”

“I may do that,” Jennie replied. “I’m sure she’ll be safe in your hands.”

“I guess that you’ve never been in a salon like this before,” Michael said as he sectioned Lyn’s hair with clip after clip. “And you’ve led a sheltered life if you don’t know what the processes are.”

“Is it that obvious?” Lyn asked.

“It is and how I know is a hairdresser’s secret,” Michael replied with an enigmatic smile. “You’ll have to be very patient and sit still. There are several stages to this process. We start with your very clean and untreated hair.”

“Jennie said not to use any product on it this morning.” Lyn said. “Did I do right?”

“I think she guessed what I’d suggest.”

“Did she guess or did she tell you what to do?”

“Maybe she told me,” Michael said. “And now that I’ve met you, I think she was very wise. I have to section your hair and wrap small strands from each section in foil. I paint the mixture from this bowl onto the first foil. Then for the second, I use the other bowl so that your colour isn’t too flat and it isn’t such a solid colour.”

“Isn’t that going to treat all the hair on my head?”

“No, I leave a few strands untouched.”

Lyn took all this in. He wondered if Jennie had gone too far this time. He knew he was trapped. He couldn’t get up and walk out now that the first few foils were wrapped and folded around his hair. He wished that he’d never agreed to dress as a girl.

He took another deep breath and forced himself to stop thinking like that. It was all an adventure really and he hadn’t done anything that couldn’t be corrected. His nails could be cut and his hair would grow again.

He looked in the mirror, imagining himself as a summer blonde and suddenly, he liked the idea. In that instant, he knew that he wanted to experience a bit more of life as a girl.

Michael worked steadily round his head. He finished one side and then the other. He started to work on the top, then the front. Lyn was aware of his chest with its tight muscles under the open neck of his shirt. His fragrance, citrus and other light tones, filled Lyn’s senses.

He found himself dreaming. Michael caught his eye as he moved round. He smiled in a certain way that Lyn could never describe. He thought then that Michael was sending a message that he had no business receiving. Right then, though, it was being received.

“This will take some minutes to develop,” Michael said. “I’ll find a magazine and leave you while it does so.”

Lyn smiled in agreement and took the magazine. He flipped through the pages but watched Michael out of the corner of his eye as he worked on another client.

“You’re getting impatient. I can tell.” Michael came back to Lyn.

“I was only watching. I’ve never been in a salon like this before.”

Lyn realised that Michael had seen him watching intently. He didn’t add that he’d never been in any salon before.

“You are going to love your hair. If you’ve been worrying, there’s no need; you’re always safe in my hands.” Michael held out a hand to help him up and took him across the salon.

He deftly removed the foils and gently helped Lyn to lie back over a basin for a backwash. He almost purred as Michael’s hands eased through his hair, washing away the product.

“Now I have to add some toner,” Michael said. “The bleaches have been at different strengths and haven’t been on all your hair. The toner will get taken up differently and created something spectacular.”

“I’m in your hands.” Lyn remembered the feeling as his hands ran through his hair and he could feel an unwanted erection straining inside his tight panties.

“You’ll look spectacular,” Michael said. “Every head will turn to see such hair.”

Lyn smiled but a chill ran through him. Did he really want to be such a centre of attraction? He was silent as Michael wrapped his hair in a plastic cap and then a turban.

“It’s going to take twenty minutes or so.” Michael looked at his watch. “I’ll be back.”

Lyn tried hard not to watch him as he waited. He thumbed through the magazine, trying to concentrate and soon found that he could read the makeup tips and advice more easily than the other features. It was only when Michael came back that he realised what he’d been studying and wondered how he could do that.

His hair was rinsed again and some more products were stroked through before it was rinsed again, then patted dry. Michael led him to another chair in front of a huge mirror and gently combed through his hair.

He combed and sectioned the hair, then carefully trimmed each section, comparing left to right; bending and studying it closely, then again in the mirror. Finally he took a drier and started to work with a thick barrel brush, blowing, smoothing, and styling Lyn’s hair.

“It’s changing colour,” Lyn said in surprise.

“It’s drying,” Michael replied. “Watch the colour, it’s going to lighten some more and then shine. You’ll want to keep touching it. The feeling is going to be so wonderful.”

“It’s my first time in a salon like this,” Lyn said and mentally kicked himself for saying something so stupid again.

“If you’ve never had this treatment before, I promise you’ll love it. You’ll keep coming back to me.”

“I’m sure I will.” Lyn caught his eye and detected more meaning in those words as their eyes met.

“That’s beautiful,” Jennie gasped when she saw Lyn walking across the salon towards her, with hair glowing and flowing in a rich mink shade of blonde. “I hate to say it but that’s the most sexy colour job I’ve ever seen on a girl.”

“I know,” Lyn replied. “It’s a bit too daring. How could I ever look like a boy with this hair?”

“I’d guess that’s not something you’re planning to do anytime soon.”

“Am I that transparent?” Lyn asked. “I never asked to become a girl; you sort of waved a magic wand over me and now I can’t think of going back.”

“What about a girlfriend?” Jennie asked innocently.

“I’m not thinking of that right now.” Lyn tossed his hair and watched in the mirror as it fell back into place.

“I think someone is,” Jennie said as Michael came towards them.

“Don’t you dare say a word.” Lyn hissed. “I’m sure he doesn’t suspect a thing.”

“Does that mean you’re going out with him?”

“He hasn’t asked me.”

“He’s going to right now.” Jennie stepped away as if she was suddenly interested in a display a few paces away.

“I’m free for an hour,” Michael said. “We could do coffee if you’d like.”

“Why don’t you two go on somewhere and come back for me in an hour or so,” Jennie interrupted, making the decision before Lyn could think of an excuse. “I want to speak to someone over there.” She waved in the general direction of the rear of the salon.

“In that case, what are we waiting for?” Michael opened the door and ushered Lyn out.

In the street he took Lyn’s hand quite casually as if it were the most natural thing in the world. “Maybe it is to him.” Lyn thought, resisting the temptation to pull his hand away.

They sat in a coffee shop a few doors away. It was a bustling place but Michael steered Lyn to a quiet corner.

“I think you’re quite shy,” Michael said when they had lattes in front of them. “I don’t know why because you’re the prettiest girl I’ve seen.”

“You’d have to say that when I’m sitting here under your excellent hair styling,” Lyn laughed in spite of his determination to stay serious.

“And if I could attach a notice to your back, I would.” Michael smiled. Lyn found that he was smiling back, looking into his eyes and feeling something he was trying to suppress

As they chatted, Michael’s hand slipped over the table and played softly with Lyn’s fingers. Lyn realised that he was being chatted up; a prelude to something more. At that moment, he didn’t care.

“You’re very mysterious,” Michael said. “You’re not like other girls. You have secrets and I’m trying to work them out.”

“Not too hard, I hope,” Lyn said. “A girl has to have some secrets.”

“And a boy has some ideas what they may be.”

A little shock hit Lyn at those words but as the conversation continued, he dismissed any thought that his secret may not be safe. All too soon, it was time for Michael to go back to work and for Lyn to re-join Jennie.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say that you were setting me up there,” Lyn said.

“And if I was, would you object?”

Lyn didn’t answer. His head was saying “Yes, I do object” but his fluttering heart was saying something else entirely.

Jennie was really pushing him a little further down that slippery slope; she knew it and congratulated herself on her progress so far.

“Michael, what are you doing here?” Lyn answered the urgent knocking at the door. “It’s late and Jennie’s away for a few days.”

Lyn had been about to clean off his makeup. His hair was loose and tumbling all over his shoulders. He had a matching thin robe over his soft apricot coloured babydoll nightie. His feet were bare.

“I came to see you,” he replied. “You seem always to be pushing me away. I wanted to tell you that you didn’t need to do that. I’m not a player; I’m not going to exploit you. I’m not going to hurt you.”

“But you don’t understand.”

“I think I do.” Michael stood back from the door so that the rain falling was starting to wet his hair; the drops glistened in the reflected lights from the house. “I know your secret. I know you weren’t born as a girl.”

“You do?” Lyn’s mouth fell open in shock. “Jennie said no one would ever be able to guess. Have I been making a fool of myself all over the place?”

“No; you’re perfect.” Michael moved a little closer to the door. “Nothing gave you away. Jennie asked me to look out for you.”

“Do you mean she told you?”

“She never said a word,” Michael replied. “She saw us together and she knew that I wasn’t really into girls. She sort of suggested that you might be more my type.”

“So she did give me away?”

“She didn’t give you away.” Michael half-turned, then looked over his shoulder as if about to leave.

They stood looking at each other, him in the rain, Lyn in the doorway. They seemed to be each trying to weigh up their feelings and what to do next.

“If it helps, I think I watched you. It was as if you were suddenly released from all your inhibitions.” Michael shook his head as if trying to explain the inexplicable. “There was something about you and I think a sixth sense told me that I wanted you.”

“But you didn’t know...”

“I think I realised right there and then,” Michael replied, coming closer so that Lyn could feel his breath on his neck. “I’ll leave if you really want me to go but I don’t want to go and I don’t think you want me to leave either.”

Lyn looked into his eyes and realised that he was powerless against whatever feelings were passing between them. He knew in that instant that Michael could do whatever he wanted. Michael stood there, waiting for Lyn to say something or to do something. The expectation was like electricity flashing between them.

Lyn lifted his head and leaned towards him. Michael took the cue and leaned in slowly. Lyn knew he was going to be kissed. Part of him recoiled but a stronger part told him to touch his lips with his own lips.

At that first touch, Lyn knew something had started that wasn’t going to stop there. He felt warmth rising from the pit of his stomach. He reached out, took Michael’s hand and gently pulled him inside, closed the door, and leaned against it.

“I’m wet,” Michael said, shaking some of the rain from his hair.

“I don’t care.” Lyn pulled himself into Michael’s arms and wrapped them around himself.

“Maybe I should have told you to go,” Lyn said as their kiss broke apart. “I get the feeling that you’ve started something that you’d better be prepared to finish.”

“I wouldn’t have gone anyway.”

He pulled Lyn to him again and kissed him hard, their tongues touching and swirling around each other. Lyn leaned into him; his body was answering an unspoken question without any active thought on his part. It was instinct... or lust.

Lyn could feel his response. The bulge in his jeans was too great to be ignored. He wondered what it would be like. He’d never seen another penis close up since nursery school.

Lyn put one hand behind Michael’s head and guided him to kiss his lips again. Their tongues touched, then Michael stiffened as he felt Lyn’s hand stroking his penis through his jeans. With a sigh, he nibbled and kissed Lyn’s lips, then down his jaw to his neck.

“You taste like I’ve always dreamed someone would taste when I kissed them.”

Lyn put both his hands into Michael’s hair and pulled him close and into another kiss. He felt Michael’s hands going down his thighs and then he was lifted and carried, giggling and kissing between giggles, up the stairs to be deposited on his bed.

Lyn wasn't thinking; instinct took over. He pulled at Michael's jacket and flung it away, then grappled with the buttons of his shirt.

"Girls' nails aren't designed for fiddling with these small buttons," he mumbled between kisses. "You'll have to help me or I'm never going to get that belt loosened."

"Maybe we can do slow and seductive another time." Michael undid the buttons, then the belt and zipper. His jeans fell to his hips.

"You'd better take your shoes off and lose the jeans," Lyn laughed. "You can't keep hopping and hobbling like that."

A tiny voice was trying to tell Lyn that he'd gone too fat to stop. He wasn't listening as he lay back on the bed with Michael's weight pinning him down.

They kissed again and again. Michael lifted his weight on his arms and Lyn slid a hand down to feel his penis; such a strong and hard penis, waiting to be touched.

"This is going to hurt." Michael put one of Lyn's legs over his shoulder and reached from something from his jeans pocket.

He put the other leg over his other shoulder and put his weight forward so that Lyn was almost doubled. Lyn's penis, stiff and hard, stood up so that he could see it there, trembling with anticipation.

Lyn knew what would come next. He knew there would be pain; he'd read about it, but never thought it could be him on the receiving end. He felt something cold being massaged between his cheeks and then into the entrance to his rear.

Further and further in it went. The coldness changed to a warming and pleasant sensation. Lyn didn't think about anything; he lay back, enjoying the feeling of warmth down there and waited.

Michael's fingers were no longer there. His position shifted forwards and he bent and nibbled Lyn's neck. Lyn could feel something different at his rear, pushing and sliding around the entrance, then sliding slightly through the hole.

Lyn wriggled down and wrapped his arms around Michael's neck, pulling him down to try and kiss, whilst all the time he was bucking gently and pushing down, feeling the intrusion going deeper, then stopping as Lyn's muscles tightened against any more.

"Now what do we do?" Lyn asked innocently. "I don't want you to stop."

"Now you lie back and let me do the work." Michael pushed again and again.

Lyn heard a moaning and realised it was him, as his head worked from side to side, still pushing downwards. Then Michael was further in, still pushing. Lyn felt something and guessed it was Michael's ball sack against his cheeks.

"How do I get out of this mess?" Lyn was surprised as the thought entered his head.

Michael pushed again and the thought disappeared.

"More," Lyn urged and again. "More." Louder, then louder still, he begged or perhaps he demanded; he didn't care as long as there was more.

Michael arched his back and pushed again. He held himself rigidly and Lyn gasped as the penis began to move inside him. He knew what was happening. He'd been taken like the girl he was pretending to be and he loved it.

They must have fallen asleep for when they woke their legs were tangled and there was a sticky mess leaking from Lyn's rear as he spooned back against Michel, who seemed to have re-charged. Lyn wriggled and guided Michael inside his rear once more before he was properly awake.

When he realised where he was and what he was feeling, Michael wasted no time in asserting himself once more. Lyn whimpered and simpered. If this was what being a girl meant, he wanted more and more of it.

Everyone agreed that it was a whirlwind romance. First a ring for Lyn's left ring finger, then only weeks later, a wedding and another ring. This time it was a plain golden band. Lyn couldn't stop looking at them as if afraid that they might disappear.

Michael couldn't stop looking at Lyn as if he was afraid that she might disappear.

The End