

# Bra Busters



**Jenny Winters**

An "Adult TV" Novel



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

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

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



Copyright © 2021

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

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

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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

# New Authors Wanted!

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

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

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

## Contact

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

### **BE THE FIRST TO KNOW**

**Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.**

# Bra Busters

**By Jenny Winters**

“Hi, it’s your favourite client calling. Am I the one on your books with the longest time between roles?”

“Oh hi again, Adam,” Melissa replied in a bored voice. “You don’t need to call every week. We keep sending your portfolio out to casting directors but their need for someone to play a bit part as fourth nerd from the right seems easy to fill.”

“Is that all you put me up for?”

“Well, you’re not in the running for a superhero role.”

“Okay, but every movie isn’t like that. There must be something. What about television or one of the streaming services?”

“I guess their need for another nerd is pretty limited too.”

“I could play the waiter. I’m good at that; I’ve had plenty opportunities to immerse myself in the role.”

“Do I detect a little bitterness?” Melissa said sarcastically. “I can’t manufacture roles for all my clients. Remember my income depends on your fees. I only get a percentage and I only get it when you’re earning something.”

“My heart bleeds for you.” Adam could feel his life force slipping in the face of all this adversity. “Are you sure that there’s nothing?”

“Unless you want to go into porn, there’s not much around for anyone at the moment.”

“I could do that; I’m desperate for anything.”

“They need hunks, not nerds.”

“They’re not all hunks, are they?”

“No, some of them have tits. I don’t think you’d qualify without some radical surgery, which you couldn’t afford.”

“A guy could get seriously discouraged,” Adam sighed.

“Don’t lose hope.” Melissa’s tone softened. “I’ll send your stuff out again this week. Maybe something will come back.”

“Either that or I’ll have to learn how to live without eating,” Adam said. “It’s a good thing that I share this place with my sister, or I’d be sleeping in a cardboard box somewhere.”

Adam sighed and ended the call. He knew he was good. He knew he could fit into any role. He’d done well recording the soundtracks for cartoons and voice-overs for translations but his screen presence was non-existent and the royalty fees were minimal.

He changed into his work clothes and set off for another shift, serving the undeserving rich once again.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Is that my favourite nerd?” Melissa called him early a couple of days later, as he was setting out for another tedious day at the restaurant.

“Have you got something for me?”

“Not as such; I’ve been contacted by a new company. Wolf Productions has put out a call for casting,” she said slowly. “But there may be a chance if you want to risk something.”

“How big a risk would it be?”

“It’s somewhere between eating without waiting tables and losing your dignity in something purporting to be an art movie.”

“How much of it is art?”

“At a guess, not a lot, but I’m told that the financing is in place and it’s going to go ahead for a short stage run, followed by a guarantee of streaming distribution and maybe to movie theatres in some areas.”

“So are you saying that I’ve got a chance?”

“Yes. I’ll email the details and tell them that I’m able to make you available at short notice and you’ll be there tomorrow.”

Adam didn’t think he was in with much of a chance but he had to turn up. He had other things to do this evening. It was his big sister’s party.

\*\*\*\*\*

“What have you done? That’s my brother.” Kellie looked at him sitting rigidly in a hard chair.

The party was in full swing in the other rooms but there were only a couple of people watching them.

"I've hypnotised him," Sharon said. "He's such a good subject."

"You're kidding!" She looked at him again and waved her hand in front of him.

He didn't respond at all, so she shook his shoulder and he still didn't respond.

"How did you do that?"

"I wasn't really trying," Sharon replied. "I was telling a few people what I did, then I did a simple test to see if anyone was susceptible. He turned out to be super susceptible."

"So can you make him do anything?"

"I couldn't get him to shoot that professor who marked down your last assignment but that aside, I guess I could persuade him into most things. I'd need some time to work on him for something complicated but I'd guess I could get him to do most things."

"I don't believe you."

"Okay, watch," Sharon said. "Adam, when you stand up, you'll find that your feet are stuck to the floor. No matter how you try, you can't move them."

She snapped her fingers. Adam looked at her, grinned and stood up. His face changed immediately.

"What's wrong?"

"I can't move."

Really, that's strange," Sharon said. "Let me help you."

She put one hand on his head and held it for a moment.

"You can move now but your hand is stuck to your head."

She clicked her fingers again.

Adam looked at her as he took a step forwards. He grinned and his eyes looked up to where his arm was in front of his face.

“What’s up now?” Sharon asked.

“I can’t move my arm.”

“Let me help you.” Sharon took his arm and shook it. “There, that seems to be working.”

Adam looked from Sharon to Kellie and grinned in disbelief.

“Can you make him bark like a dog?” Kellie asked.

“That’s easy.” Sharon started speaking to him, whispering in his ear so that Kellie and the others couldn’t hear, then snapped her fingers in front of him.

His eyes opened and he looked round. He saw Kellie and smiled.

“Woof,” he said and looked mystified as if hearing himself was strange.

“Woof, woof,” he said and held his hand in front of his mouth.

He looked at Kellie and raised his hands in a gesture which said he didn’t know what was happening.

“Adam, can you hear me?” Kellie asked.

Adam nodded, holding his hand in front of his mouth as if to stop another sound escaping.

“Do you know who I am?” Kellie thought it was a stupid question even as she asked it. “Can you understand what I’m saying?”

Adam nodded again. This time a small “woof” escaped.

“He’s perfectly normal in every other way,” Sharon said. “You don’t have to treat him like a fool. He’s

simply woofing until I allow him to do something else.”

Adam looked at her and frowned as if he understood.

“He’s not a dog, and he doesn’t think he’s a dog,” Sharon continued. “Although if you’d like to see him behaving that way...”

“No, no,” Kellie replied. “I’m amazed that’s all. I always thought he had no imagination. He’s always been so straight.”

“He’s still straight,” Sharon replied, deliberately mistaking her meaning. “But if you’d like to see how he behaves as a gay dog, he’d be only too easy to persuade.”

“Now you’re being silly,” Kellie laughed. “Can you make him unaware that he’s barking and send him back into the party?”

“Sure, if you’d like me to.”

Adam looked as if he understood what was being said until Sharon whispered in his ear again. His head dropped and his eyes closed. He visibly relaxed and his attention seemed to be elsewhere.

“There you go,” Sharon said. “He’s all yours. He’ll think he’s talking normally now.”

Adam barked his way round, with Kellie following to let them in on the joke.

“Why did you do those things with his hands and feet?” Kellie asked.

“That was to let his conscious mind become convinced that I had control of his subconscious.”

“Is that true?”

“No, but it sounds good,” Sharon smiled. “It’s only a starter trick to let me judge if the hypnosis is work-

ing. It's something I can do, but don't ask me to explain it."

A small crowd gathered around Sharon who tried to convince them that Adam really was a rare subject and no, she couldn't make them all stick to their diets and exercise plans or stop smoking.

An hour later, Sharon collected Adam and took him to a quiet corner where she reversed her magic. She added a feeling that he'd really enjoyed being hypnotised by her and that he wouldn't revert to barking.

As an afterthought, she told him to be extra susceptible if ever they should meet again. She made sure he was speaking normally and left him to explain that he wasn't part of her act and that she'd really made him do it.

She smiled to herself as she unlocked her car and drove home.

"That was weird," Adam said as he walked home with his sister.

"It was so funny," Kellie replied.

\*\*\*\*\*

The audition turned into one of those long boring days. He read a couple of scenes and hung around a lot. He watched the producer and the director in a huddle with the talent, then he was sent home.

"I've no idea," he said when Melissa called to ask how the audition had gone. "It's a bit off the wall too; I'm not sure that I want this role."

"Why's that? I thought you wanted anything at all?"

"It's about a drag show," he said.

“I get that but their proposal said that they weren’t going to focus on the grotesque drag queen we see everywhere,” Melissa replied. “I wouldn’t have wanted to get involved in that.”

“So why *did* you get involved?”

“I’m not involved, as you put it.” Melissa sounded a bit put out by the suggestion. “They were intending to focus on the true female impersonator as the centre of their story. You know the idea; heartwarming and much more polite.”

“They might want me to dress up if I get one of the parts. I don’t want to get typecast.”

“I’d suggest you think hard before you make a decision. Perhaps being typecast would be better than being not-cast in anything.”

“I know what you mean but there are limits.”

“Agreed but now that I think about it, you could be a good fit there. You’re small and slim, you keep your hair long, and it’s not as if you’re limited by the things you’ve done before.”

“You’re scaring me,” Adam laughed.

“And I’ve got your resume on screen now. It says you trained as a dancer too.”

“They didn’t say anything about dancing. I can understand how that would fit in but I think I’m safely out of the running anyway.”

“I’m sorry; even if you didn’t want it, I know it’s disappointing,” Melissa replied. “I’ll try and find something else for you. I promise I’ll do my best.”

He’d no sooner hung up on that call than his mobile rang again.

“Hi Adam.” Kellie sounded really upbeat. “I needed to check on you after last night and you’ll be out before I get home.”

“I bet you did,” Adam replied. “Let me think; was that the night when you let me make a fool of myself all over your office party?”

“Don’t be mad. It wasn’t me at all. It was Sharon who was the hypnotist.”

“She must be one of your friends to be at your party. Did you put her up to it?”

“No, how could you say that?” Kellie replied. “I know her because she shares my office in the university. There are six of us in there. I had no idea that she could do those things. She’s a clinical psychologist, a well-regarded one.”

“Okay, I’m a little touchy today.” Adam sat and told her about the audition.

“It’s probably not something I could do anyway,” he concluded.

“Surely any work is better than no work,” Kellie consoled him. “I think you’re a great actor. You could do anything.”

“There are some things I don’t want to do,” he replied.

“Surely any chance is better than no chance,” Kellie said as Melissa had done.

That thought stayed with Adam as he changed to work an evening shift. Maybe anything was better than nothing and a real income would beat the tips for a while, even if it wasn’t what he’d hoped to be doing.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam resigned himself to another rejection but a week later, things changed.

“Guess what,” Melissa said when he picked up her call. “They want to see you again. Apparently they

read that bit on your resume about you being a dancer.”

“Does that mean I’m in danger of getting something?”

“Possibly, probably, I don’t know.” Melissa came down firmly on the fence. “I haven’t much experience with these guys but something to put on your resume would be good.”

“Even if no one actually sees it?”

“I hate to say this, but it’s not going to matter if no one sees it,” Melissa replied. “It’s having something recent on your resume to say that your career isn’t dead in the water.”

“I get that.” Adam thought for a moment. “So you’re saying that I should take it, no matter how bad it’s going to be.”

“A cheque coming in would be good. I’ll say no more; you know the rest.” He could hear Melissa’s keyboard as she spoke. “I’m sending you the details now. Let me know how you get on.”

Adam arrived in good time to find that the venue was an old fashioned rehearsal room, complete with piano and an elderly lady to play it. There were posters for a dance school, parallel bars for the ballet students. Adam sniffed the atmosphere; that scent of sweat and hope that these places carry.

“You must be Adam,” an angular lady with a tight bun of hair which was far too black to be natural greeted him. “I’m Natasha Kharkov, late of the Imperial Ballet, and it’s my unfortunate task to select the company for Wolf Productions.”

“You’re selecting a company?” Adam pretended to look carefully round. “There’s only me here, so do I get the job?”

“If you pass the audition, you may well get the job.” She didn’t have a sense of humour. “This is a preliminary audition and I have others to see. I want to see some tap, some soft shoe shuffle and then some high kicks. Can you improvise those for me?”

“I brought my shoes and my rehearsal kit.” Adam waved his bag. “I’ll change over there.”

“Quickly please,” she commanded, waving her pace stick. “We’ll do it in that order.”

Adam was used to being treated like a donkey on these occasions, so he went to a corner, changed into sweats, laced up his tap shoes and did a few stretches to prepare. Ms Kharkov glared impatiently, waiting for him to be ready.

She nodded to the pianist who set off with a brisk selection of 1930’s dance numbers, gradually increasing the tempo. Adam let his mind drift and his feet took over, tapping and spinning, imagining that he was back in the golden age, waiting for Ginger to come and join him; high heels and a flimsy dress.

“Enough.” She tapped her stick on the floor to get attention. “Now let’s see you do a shuffle. I want it to be smooth, gentle and dignified. Can you do those three things at once?”

“I can do four,” Adam quipped and saw her looking severely at him. “I can be smooth, gentle, dignified and dance all at the same time.”

“You’re here to dance, not to show off a smart mouth.” She nodded to the pianist who played much the same set, but at a slower tempo. Adam shuffled, improvising what he remembered from classes so long ago, until the stick tapped on the floor again to stop the music in the middle of a bar.

“That was more than adequate,” she said, her face remaining impassive. “Now the high kicks, if you’re ready?”

“I’ve not really done much of that,” Adam admitted. “I can remember a bit from class but there never was any call...”

“I don’t want excuses; I want to see you move.” She tapped her stick again.

A roll and a rumble from the piano, and then the Can-Can started. It was moderate at first. Adam tried to imagine the Moulin Rouge and being in a line-up of dancers, arms linked for stability, but he didn’t have that luxury. He was on his own.

The music went steadily faster. He stayed in time. He could hear his old dance teacher in his mind and the way she used to shout to the class to keep smiling, no matter how hard they were working.

This section seemed twice as long as the previous ones. The speed increased again and again. Finally the stick tapped on the floor to end the music. The lady at the piano turned on her stool, smiled and clapped which earned her a scowl from Ms Kharkov.

“Can you do that in heels?” she asked.

“I’m still in my tap shoes, not ballet flats.” Adam was puzzled. “They have heels with the taps on.”

“I meant dance heels, high heels, preferably stiletto heels.”

“I guess I could.” Adam wondered where this was going. “I’ve never really tried although years ago I substituted in a formation dance team when one of the girls broke her ankle.”

“If you can do it in heels, then you may have a role with Wolf Productions.” Her face changed into something approximating a smile. “Your agent will get a call back in a few days. In the meantime, I suggest that you practise in heels. I don’t want you to have a broken ankle before we start.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“What have you let me in for?” Adam finally got Melissa on the line. “The woman who’s selecting the cast wants me to audition again.”

“So that’s good; they’re still interested in you.”

“She wants me to do the dance with high kicks, in heels, stiletto heels.”

“Can you do that?”

“Probably but the question is do I *want* to do that.”

“You were the one who put that you could dance on your profile. I assume that high kicks were included in your training.”

“Yes, but the high heels weren’t.”

“Okay, I’ll call them and cancel you. Have you anything else lined up because I can’t find anything else for you right now.”

“Does that mean you think I should continue with this ridiculous charade? I’m sure the part won’t be worth the effort.”

“It’s not just the part,” Melissa said. “It’s the fact that someone’s interested enough to ask you back for a third look.”

“But I’m not sure that this is leading to something that would be good for my career.” Adam sounded exasperated.

“Your career; let me remind you about your career.” Melissa’s voice had taken on that ring of patience that one would use to explain something to an exasperating small child. “Your career as of this moment doesn’t exist.”

“You got me onto that television thing last year.”

“But you didn’t have a single line. You’ve done nothing except walk-ons for ages. This could be the beginning of your career because up to now, it doesn’t look to have started.”

“I’ll call you back.” Adam didn’t want to get into an argument.

“No, I’ll call you when I get the where and when from them. You’d better be ready to impress. Meanwhile I suggest you get some heels and start practising.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“I saw Melissa today when I was getting lunch.” Kellie bumped into Adam as he was heading to the restaurant. “She told me your exciting news.”

“What would that be?” he asked. “Why haven’t I heard?”

“Don’t be silly,” Kellie laughed. “She said you were on a third call after an audition. She seemed to think you might get a part.”

“Did she tell you what the part might be?”

“No, we didn’t have time to talk but she did say that you might need my help to prepare,” Kellie replied. “You know that all you have to do is ask.”

“Thanks, Kellie. It’s really kind of you but I’m not sure I want to do this.”

“It’s a part and you haven’t done anything for ages.” Kellie looked puzzled. “Why not do it, no matter what it is? It can only help to get your face known.”

“It might not work out like that.” Adam sighed deeply. “It’s about a drag show. I think they want me because I’m small and I can dance. The face that gets known may be mine but it’ll probably be unrecognisable behind the makeup.”

“That could be fun,” Kellie replied. “And don’t tell me that I’m the eternal optimist.”

“You always are.” Adam nodded. “But they want me to do high kicks in high heels; stiletto heels, at the next audition. They haven’t said I’m going to be the one in the chorus line with the bad makeup but I can see it coming.”

“Don’t be so negative. I’ll buy a ticket and I’ll get all my friends to come to see you,” Kellie replied. “You can’t give up; I won’t let you. What size do you take? I’ll get you some heels and you can come and practise at the gym I go to.”

“The gym won’t want their floor damaged like that.”

“They have dance classes and rehearsals there. You should see them sometimes. You wouldn’t damage anything.”

“Kellie, I’m not sure...”

“I *am* sure. I’ll call you tomorrow and you can come and meet me there when I get away from the office. You can show me what you can do.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“You remember Sharon, don’t you?” Kellie was waiting for him as he arrived at her gym.

“Sure I do.” Adam smiled and accepted a quick hug from them both. “Maybe I should say woof instead of hugging you.”

“Don’t tempt me.” Sharon smiled. “Kellie’s been telling me all about your audition and I couldn’t resist coming to wish you luck.”

“I’ve got your heels here.” Kellie lifted a bag. “And we’ve both come to encourage you.”

“And maybe to carry me home when I fall and break something,” Adam replied, not wanting them to see how nervous he was.

“Have you done this before?” Sharon asked.

“I did but only once a long time ago when I was in junior dance class,” Adam replied. “A girl broke her ankle and they got me to take her place. I think it was because I was the smallest.”

“He was lovely and he’s not telling you that he had rehearsals to make sure he was okay in the heels,” Kellie interrupted. “The dress was perfect and I did his makeup.”

“And that was the last time I danced in heels,” Adam said, looking in the bag. “But they weren’t as high as these and they weren’t stiletto heels either.”

“I thought you’d better start to practise with the scariest,” Kellie said with a straight face. “I know you can do it anyway. Come and show us. I’ve some music on my mobile and I’ve brought a Bluetooth speaker that should fill the room.”

“I’ve never really met an actor before.” Sharon took his arm as they walked towards the hall. “Is it all as glamorous as the magazines say?”

“I’m probably the most unsuccessful actor you could meet.” Adam felt both nervous and that he wanted to impress her but he didn’t know how. “I’ve only done a few walk-on parts.”

“This could be your big chance then.”

“I’m not sure,” Adam admitted. “I think they’re going to want me to dress up and I don’t want to get stuck in that sort of role.”

“Don’t be so reluctant,” Kellie chipped in. “You have to sell yourself. Tell them that you really want the role; show them that you can do it.”

“I don’t know how to act like a woman,” Adam confessed.

“We do; we’ve had years of practise between us,” Kellie said. “Anything you need to know, we’ll fill in the answers.”

“I’m sure you already know a lot,” Sharon added. “With Kellie for a sister, you must have watched her when you were growing up together.”

“I’m sure I did but she wasn’t teaching me anything back then.”

“And if I was, he’d have ignored it.”

“I’m certain that there are some things that your subconscious has held on to.” Sharon gave him a meaningful look. “Maybe we could explore what you remember, if that would help.”

They sat on a quiet bench, with Adam in the middle.

“Are you okay with Kellie being here?” Sharon asked, holding his hand and stroking the back of it slowly and gently. “You know that I’m going to hypnotise you and I can’t do it unless you’re ready and comfortable.”

“I’d really love you to do it,” he replied.

Sharon knew that this would be his answer. Kellie didn’t know it but the suggestion to comply had been in placed Adam’s mind ever since that first experience.

“Be careful; they may decide to give you the star part.” Kellie realised that she was nervous about it, wondering what would happen to him if he got it.

“I’m not sure about the part but I want to be able to pass the next audition, if only to show Melissa that I can,” Adam said without prompting.

Kellie watched as Adam closed his eyes and his head dipped, listening intently as Sharon whispered to him. She couldn't hear what was being said but his body language changed subtly. Then as Sharon counted backwards to one, he blinked and opened his eyes.

"You seem to be different." Kellie noticed the change in his body language. Was there something more feminine about it or was she imagining it?

\*\*\*\*\*

And then they were in the studio. Kellie fiddled with her mobile to get some music to play, then managed to get the Bluetooth speaker to play.

"You make that look so easy," Sharon said. "I always struggle to get mine to work."

"The secret is in the pairing," she replied.

"I'm sure it is," Sharon said.

She watched Adam thoughtfully as he fastened the straps of the heels round his ankles and started some stretching exercises, concentrating on his lower legs and ankles.

"Ready when you are," Kellie called as he walked to the centre of the room.

"Start with something slow and gliding," he said. "Perhaps we could try something in waltz time to start."

"Wait a minute," Sharon said. "I love to waltz; can I waltz with you?"

She walked up to him and took the position to start.

"I'm a bit taller," she said. "And I don't have heels so how would it be if I lead and you follow me?"

“Okay.” Adam didn’t like the idea but she *was* taller and it would have been rude to refuse.

The music started; some old country hits with Willie Nelson crooning, followed by Patsy Cline, then by some old western swing in strict time. Adam fluffed his footing a few times as they started. Then Sharon took over.

She was a strong lead. Adam found her easy to follow, once he understood her style. Soon they were dancing and doing the fancier steps that they’d clearly learned in classes when they were younger. If he thought that he should be leading, it didn’t register.

“You dance better in heels than I do in these shoes.” Sharon indicated the sensible shoes she was wearing. “These are my work shoes. I’d have brought something better if I’d known we’d be doing this.”

“You dance very well.” Adam smiled like he really meant it.

“I’m sorry for monopolising your session but that was so much fun.” She turned to Kellie. “I’d better let Kellie start you with something faster.”

“It’s not faster but if I play something from the old shows, Irving Berlin, and Cole Porter, maybe you could try the soft shoe shuffle you mentioned and then a bit of tap.”

“I don’t think I’ve a chance of tap in these heels,” Adam complained. “My feet are at such an unusual angle.”

“You’ll get used to it,” Kellie replied. “My feet are usually at that angle, otherwise everyone calls me tiny.

“But you’re as tall as I am,” Adam replied. “I always thought I’d grow to be taller than you.”

“But you didn’t; don’t blame me. It’s not my fault that you couldn’t grow a beard and moustache when you were trying to look older either.”

“You do have a lovely smooth skin.” Sharon touched his face. “I noticed that when we danced closely before.”

“Thanks,” Adam said, enjoying the way she said it and the way she smiled at him as she did so. “You’re a great dancer yourself. I wish I could feel so confident in these heels.”

“Is that a real wish?” Her eyes twinkled at him.

“I’m your genie and I can make it come true, if you trust me.”

Adam’s eyes were fixed on hers. He guessed, and then he knew, what she was going to do. His eyes closed as she whispered to him. His head bowed and he listened.

She whispered some more in his ear. Then whatever was happening was over. He stood up and smiled as if released from something.

“You’re right,” he said. “Heels were made to be worn and enjoyed.”

He danced across the floor so easily and smoothly, even though there was no music. His tap wasn’t as fluent as he would like but he knew it was adequate. If he had to dance in a formation or a line, he’d be able to keep up.

Kellie looked at Sharon who held a finger to her lips as they exchanged a smile.

\*\*\*\*\*

Kellie and Sharon chatted for a few minutes, casually watching as Adam walked round the room. Then they noticed that he was walking faster. Not only was he walking faster, he was swaying his hips; his left

foot was going forwards, in front, and overlapping the right.

It was as if he was wearing a tight skirt; it was a woman's walk in heels and he was doing it like a natural. If it was contrived or concentrated, his face showed no sign of it.

"If that was a girl walking down the boulevard, every man would stop and watch," Kellie said. "The way those hips were moving; they were made for admiration."

"It's not what he's got," Sharon replied. "It's the way he's using it."

"Did you do that?" Kellie looked at her.

"I may have made a suggestion." Sharon smiled innocently back at her.

He looked happy, blissful even and he walked up to them.

"Can we try a bit of the Can-Can now?" he asked. "I think I've loosened up enough."

Kellie flipped through her mobile and chose the track. Adam walked into the middle of the floor and looked at them, smiled, and as the music began slowly, he began a high kicking routine.

"I think he's going to get the part," Sharon whispered to Kellie as they watched him.

They started clapping in time as the music started to go faster and faster. Adam's face held a big beaming smile as left kick followed right kick. He was so balanced on the heels that it seemed like he was dancing on air.

Then the music approached the climax; the big finish. The tempo gave the game away and as the last chords sounded, Adam kicked, leapt, and landed in a perfect version of the splits.

“Ouch.” Kellie saw him land and closed her eyes.

Adam threw his head back and with arms in the air, looked round with a look of triumph and joy.

“Don’t worry; he knows what he’s doing.” Sharon started to applaud and when she saw Adam’s face. Kellie joined in.

As Kellie packed up her speaker, she saw that Sharon and Adam were huddled in a corner. Sharon was holding Adam’s hand again.

She knew what Sharon was doing but she didn’t want to interrupt them and pretended not to have noticed.

\*\*\*\*\*

“I’d like you to tell me what you did to my brother last night,” Kellie asked next day when she and Sharon took a break together.

“Nothing really,” Sharon replied. “I only said a few words to give him a bit of confidence.”

“It was more than that,” Kellie insisted. “You have some power over him.”

“Okay. I’ll admit it but you have to understand that I’m not malicious in any of this.” Sharon took her coffee and they went to sit in a quiet corner. “I’m a hypnotist as well as anything else I do. Your brother is a hypnotist’s gift. He’s a subject in a million. Most hypnotists never ever meet anyone like that.”

“Are you saying that you can make him do anything?”

“Of course not,” Sharon laughed. “I may be able to make him do a few tricks but, long term, all I can do is help him with confidence; reinforce his ego and his choices. I can’t take him over, so don’t worry.”

“Are you being honest with me?”

“Of course I am,” Sharon replied. “If he’s inclined to do something, I can help him along. If he hates something, I can’t make him do it.”

“But you made him bark.”

“That’s just a trick,” Sharon laughed. “Of course I can do that, but it takes a subject who’s up for a bit of fun, and it’s only for a limited period. Think of it as a conspiracy between me and him. We both know it’s a game and we play it together.”

“Is it that simple?”

“Probably not, but that’s the best explanation I can give you,” Sharon replied. “I couldn’t turn him into a killer for hire, or turn him from a decent guy into a violent one. He’d react badly if I were to suggest something alien to his personality, or his morality.”

“But you have this insane influence over him and it seems to come as naturally to him as it does to you.”

“It’s true. I can’t explain it, but it’s true,” Sharon tried to re-assure her. “I promise you that I’m never going to hurt him and I’m never going to make him do anything that he wouldn’t do of his own free will.”

“Do you think he likes what you can do to him?”

“I think he’s fascinated by it,” Sharon replied. “He may be a little afraid but I think he wants me to push his boundaries too.”

“Is that for real?”

“I think so; look, he’s a fantastic subject but I’ve done my best to protect him,” Sharon said. “I’ve made it so that he’s only susceptible to me. No one else can hypnotise him, only me.”

“You like him, don’t you?” Kellie asked.

"I really do," Sharon replied. "I think he's delicious but I know that he's got to make his own choices whatever they may be."

"You're sweet." Kellie hugged her and held on tight. "Don't hurt him, whatever happens."

"I promise," Sharon said.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Why have you been doing that?" Ruby was one of the waitresses on the same shift as Adam.

They were clearing up at the end of a busy evening.

"Doing what?" He looked at her in surprise.

"Don't give me that." Ruby looked at him as if he was from another planet. "You've been running around in high heels. I'd never even try that in this place, yet you're doing it like you've never done anything else."

Adam looked down, and saw that she was right. "How did that happen?" he asked.

"Don't ask me." Ruby giggled. "Don't tell me you didn't know. All the customers noticed. It's not every day that they get served by a guy wearing stiletto heels, let alone ones so high that I'd never wear them."

"I don't remember putting them on." Adam shook his head. "I must have walked from home wearing them. What will people think of me?"

"They'll think you were trolling for a new boyfriend," Ruby replied. "What would Kellie say if she saw you?"

"It must be the stress." Adam sat down. "I've been auditioning for a part. They wanted to make sure I could dance, and do a high kick routine in high heels."



It was one of the things included. The final audition is in a couple of days.”

“So why are you wearing them to work?”

“I’ve no idea,” Adam replied. “They said I should get used to them. I don’t remember putting them on but I must have. How could I forget fastening the ankle straps?”

“I’ve no idea but I bet your tip jar is much bigger than mine tonight.”

“Have I made a fool of myself?”

“Probably, but don’t worry about it.” Ruby shook her head. “And the way you’re moving in those heels, I’d say you’re well used to them.”

“I don’t know how that happened.”

“Maybe you were born to dance in heels,” Ruby replied. “It sure looks that way.”

Adam was at once super conscious of his heels. His ankles ached and the thought of walking home in the dark in the heels didn’t seem like a good idea. He was so pleased that Ruby had been right about his tips; he called a cab which deposited him outside his building.

Once through his door, he unfastened the ankle straps and rubbed his aching legs. He looked at the heels on the floor, as if they could answer the questions forming in his mind. They couldn’t, so he called Kellie.

“I went to work in heels this evening,” he told her after a few opening pleasantries.

“What made you do that?” Kellie asked.

“I was hoping you could tell me.”

“You said that the choreographer wanted you to get used to wearing them. Isn’t that why you decided to try them out?”

“You don’t understand,” he replied. “I don’t remember putting them on. I walked to work wearing them, and what a sight that must have been. I never realised what I was doing until Ruby asked me why as we were tidying up. I had to get a cab home.”

“Maybe you should call Sharon,” Kellie suggested. “Ask her if she had anything to do with it.”

“Oh.” Adam realised what she meant.

“I’ll ask her to come home with me. We’ll be about an hour.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Did you do anything to me that would make me go to work in heels?” Adam asked as soon as Sharon came through the door with Kellie.

“I may have done something to help you wear heels but I didn’t expect you to go to work in them. Honestly.”

“So what was I supposed to do?” Adam demanded.

“Don’t get so angry,” Kellie interrupted. “Sharron’s been telling me about it and I don’t think you should be mad at her. She was trying to help.”

“It’s true,” Sharon said. “I never expected that to happen.”

“What was supposed to happen then? How was I supposed to be so embarrassed that I don’t think I dare to go back to work in the restaurant?”

“Remember how you told us that they wanted you to do a dance routine in heels?” Sharon spoke quietly. “I gave you the suggestion that you liked wear-

ing heels and that you wanted to get used to them for the audition.”

“I wanted to dance in them for the audition but not to wear them for work,” Adam grunted.

“That was my mistake,” Sharon replied. “I should have done something to confine the suggestion to the house, or when you were alone. I didn’t; I’m sorry.”

“I called Ruby,” Kellie added. “She knows that you’re an actor and she guessed it was something to do with that. She said for you not to worry. You might get a bit of ribbing but that’s all.”

“I don’t know if I’ll ever live it down.” Adam slumped into a chair.

“If you get the part, they’ll all want your autograph,” Kellie said brightly.

“I’ve still the next audition to get through.”

“You’ll get through that,” Kellie replied. “Sharon and I will make certain of it. We’ll come with you; they won’t dare to give it to anyone else.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Hi, is that Nerd City Central?”

“Hi Melissa.” Adam recognised her voice without glancing at his mobile.

“It looks like you passed so far,” she told him. “That’s better news than you’ve had in a long time. They want you again for a dance test. They said you’d know what it was. I’ll send the details in a text.”

Kellie overheard the call and enthusiastically clapped silently to encourage him. Her smile was genuine too.

“Look, Melissa, I’m not sure that I want this one,” Adam started to explain. “They’re testing me on

dances that a girl would do. I'm not a girl and I don't really want to be cast as one."

"You're an actor," Melissa reminded him. "I think you're a good one or I wouldn't have kept you on my books, so do me a favour and act if you get the chance."

"But it's a girl's part," Adam tried again.

"Any part is called acting and anything is better than nothing." Melissa was firm. "You take it if it's offered or you're off my books."

She ended the call without waiting for him to reply. Kellie had heard all of this and came to put her arm round him.

"Melissa's right," she said gently. "You need to be working at something other than waiting tables. You've come this far. I think you should give it a go."

The text came through and a few days later, Adam turned up at the same rehearsal room where Natasha Kharkov and her pianist were waiting. Kellie and Sharon were with him.

"You've only come to make sure I don't chicken out and say I failed," he said in an attempt at a little grim humour.

"Melissa would never forgive you if you didn't give it your best shot," Kellie said. "Neither will I."

They stopped at the door, listened to the piano and the voices, then stood back as a group of girls and one boy filed out. They were dressed for ballet and looked like they'd just finished their class.

"That takes me back." Kellie watched them go. "I was never any good; I had no sense of rhythm but you were always great."

“Don’t remind me,” Adam said. “I remember always wanting to be better than you when we were kids.”

“We were always competitive,” Kellie explained to Sharon. “But we’re on the same side now.”

“When we get in, you go and talk to the ballet mistress. I want a few quiet words with Adam,” Sharon whispered.

“I think I know what that means.” Kellie gave her a look of understanding. “I’ll keep her talking until I see Adam’s ready.”

Madam Kharkov was standing with the pianist when they went in. Kellie walked over to them as Adam and Sharon walked to a corner of the room. Adam changed quickly into his practise clothes and sat to strap on his high heels.

Kellie saw Sharon standing in front of him. Whatever she was saying was out of earshot but she knew that Adam was once again being hypnotised. She could guess the instruction as Adam went through his stretching exercises and finally walked away from Sharon and into the centre of the room.

He stood ready to dance. His posture was quite different from Kellie’s expectation. It was difficult to describe. If he’d been a girl, she would have said it was saucy and impish. He stood looking like the master – or mistress – of all before him.

Madame Kharkov muttered a few words to him and to the pianist, then the music started to play. It started with a slow march to which Adam slinked along; a haughty yet mischievous expression on his face.

The music changed to a different tune in a faster tempo. This time, Adam adopted a skipping type of step. It was very girlish and his expression din noth-

ing to deny that. Then the pianist changed to the Can-Can.

The first notes sounded and Adam stood still as if counting himself into the beat. His face changed to a fixed smile, with lips open and teeth showing eyes wide open and looking forward. As the tempo increased, he stepped and kicked. He kicked again, left kick, then hop, then right kick and hop again, increasing his speed and the height of the kick as the music built in volume and speed. All the time, his smile was fixed and broad.

“Don’t do it again.” Kellie thought as the music built into an obvious finale.

Adam kicked, then jumped, landing once again in the splits, a perfectly balanced and controlled stance, still with that huge smile on his face. It was almost a look of defiance to Madam Kharkov in case she had doubted that he could dance.

\*\*\*\*\*

“How did you manage that?” Kellie asked as they walked out of the studio.

“I think you should ask Sharon,” Adam replied.

“It wasn’t only me,” Sharon replied. “Nothing I said could have worked unless you really wanted to do it.”

“I have no idea what you did to me.” Adam looked at her.

“It was nothing really. I told you to do your best. I said that you could dance anyway they wanted and I switched on your inner girl.”

“I didn’t know I *had* an inner girl.”

“It’s only like your inner dog when you were barking the other day,” Sharon explained.

“But I couldn’t stop doing that until you let me.”

“I know; isn’t it fabulous to know that you can be controlled?”

“But I don’t want to be so controlled that I get the girl’s part,” Adam protested.

“That wasn’t what your dancing said.” Sharon took his hand. “I think you’re protesting too much. Secretly, you want to be forced into the girl’s role in this show.”

“I do not,” he said firmly. “There’s only to be a short run in the theatre, then a filmed version for the streaming channels.”

“Perhaps you could get the billing changed,” Kellie joined in. “Call yourself something else. Use a girl’s name or a neutral one.”

“I think the producers would have some control over how I was billed,” Adam replied. “It’s not as if I have star status and can make demands.”

“Let’s worry about that when it happens,” Sharon ended this speculative discussion.

“But I don’t think I’m in control of anything.” Adam looked at Sharon. “Is that true?”

“I don’t know,” Sharon smiled. “We’ll have to do a test.”

They stopped walking. Kellie watched as she took his hand and started to stroke the back of it. Adam’s eyes closed as she started to whisper to him. She snapped her fingers and he blinked and then carried on as if nothing had happened.

“What was that about?” Kellie asked.

“You’ll see if he gets the part,” Sharon replied.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Have you heard from Melissa?” Kellie asked a week later. “Sharon was wondering why she hadn’t heard from you.”

“There’s been nothing; I guess I must have been rejected after all that.”

“Shall I donate your heels to the goodwill shop?”

“I think that might be a bit premature. They haven’t said that they don’t want me.”

“Wow. Does that mean you’ll take the girl’s role if they offer it to you?” Kellie’s eyes opened wide in shock at his words.

“To be honest, I may take anything,” Adam replied. “I need to pay more toward the rent and our expenses. Waiting tables isn’t bringing in much money.”

“You could try to work somewhere else. Somewhere where the tips are bigger and there are more people with money to spare,” Kellie replied. “There are other restaurants that might take an experienced worker.”

“Like where?”

“You could try Busters in the new retail park.”

“You know that they used to be called Bra-Busters until the council got them to change the name.”

“I didn’t know that,” Kellie replied. “I know some of the girls at work think it’s a fun place to meet up.”

“I suppose that you don’t know that all the waiters are guys in drag either?” Adam’s smile was forced as he spoke. “Are you determined to get me to join them?”

“I was only suggesting that there might be something you could do to earn more.” Kellie’s eyes lit up.

“And you already showed that you can do a full shift in heels. All you need is a dress and a little makeup.”

“I’m sure Sharon could convince me that it’s a great idea,” Adam hesitated. “I know I need something else. Could you ask Sharon to come over?”

“Does that mean you’re going to do it?”

“It means I’m going to talk to Sharon.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“I’m not sure that I could do what you’re asking,” Sharon said slowly after Adam had explained his thoughts.

“But Busters will only offer me a job if I look and act a hundred percent female and then I have to pass a trial shift,” Adam pleaded. “It doesn’t look like they’re going to offer me that dancing role and I really need to do something else.”

“But I can only hypnotise you for limited things,” Sharon said. “I can make you bark, I can give you confidence for an audition, but I don’t think I can make you do all that you’re asking.”

“But I’m asking you to help me with that,” Adam said.

“Can’t you do anything?” Kellie had been listening to Adam’s ideas before she agreed to call Sharon.

“I’m not sure that I could,” Sharon sighed. “And I’m not sure that I want to.”

“I thought you were my friend,” Kellie said.

“I am your friend but you don’t realise what you’re asking.” Sharon stood up and started to pace the room. “Adam, I can’t make you do anything you don’t really agree to do.”

“I didn’t agree to bark everywhere.”

“You did really.” Sharon sat beside him. “You knew it was for fun; nothing serious. You knew that it wouldn’t last forever.”

“But it worked so well.” Adam laughed at the memory. “I could hear the woof but I couldn’t stop it. It was crazy.”

“Exactly, it was crazy, crazy for a limited time and I was there to make sure it ended. It didn’t get you worked up or distressed. You didn’t act out of character.”

“There was no harm done,” Kellie said.

“That’s exactly my point,” Sharon replied, then looked from her and back to Adam. “What you’re suggesting that I do is change something fundamental within you. I wouldn’t have any control and I couldn’t be sure that it wouldn’t get you into trouble.”

“He’s not likely to get into trouble waiting tables,” Kellie said.

“I’m sure he wouldn’t; but think about the rest of the time,” Sharon said. “Don’t you see if he’s acting female all the time, someone may take that as a lifestyle choice? Heck, even *he* may take it as a lifestyle choice. I’d have no control. He’d be out of control and who knows where that could end.”

“I think you’re trying to find an excuse not to help me out,” Adam said.

“Surely none of that could possibly happen.” Kellie looked pleadingly at her friend. “It’s only to help him get a better job.”

“And if that role comes through and I do have to play a female impersonator, I’d already be halfway to learning how to do it.”

“Okay, I give in.” Sharon put a smile on her face. “You’ve convinced me that it’s what you want.”

“Thanks, I knew you’d be able to help.” Kellie sighed with relief and came to hug her. Adam joined in and it became a group hug, quiet and comforting for a few moments.

“I have to warn you that we could be getting into unknown territory here,” Sharon said. “I want you to think carefully before we do anything. I think that we’ll have to do it in stages.”

“What sort of stages?” Adam asked.

“It’s like little steps,” Sharon said. “We work on one aspect of the behaviour you want to adopt and when that’s embedded and working, we move to another aspect and slowly build, one upon another, so that all different kinds of behaviour get built up and embedded in your mind.”

“That sounds complicated.” Kelli looked from one to the other. “Are you sure that you want this, Adam?”

“I’m sure,” he replied. “As an actor, I’m really fascinated by the whole thing.”

“I’ll have to study this a little before we can start,” Sharon said. “I want to be sure that I understand how to work in stages like this.”

“When can we start?” Adam asked, his face lighting up with eager anticipation.

“I’ll start before I leave; you’ll not have any changes from this session. It’s to help you clarify your mind and to make sure that it’s what you want.”

“Is that necessary?” Kellie interrupted again.

“I think so,” Sharon replied. “I think I’m going to be pushing Adam into unknown territory here and I want him to think carefully about it. I’d also like him to think of this as a set of behaviour modifications, so that he can decide which comes first, second, and so on.”

“Can’t you do it all at once?”

“I don’t want to,” Sharon said. “It’s too much. If we do it in stages, Adam can decide if he doesn’t want to go to the next one.”

“But my mind will already be working one way.” Adam looked puzzled.

“I’ll try and avoid being over prescriptive. You have to be able to make choices,” Sharon said. “And I want you to think carefully about this last point. I may be pushing you somewhere from which there is no return.”

“You can always snap him out of it, though?” Kellie asked the important question.

“I’m not sure,” Sharon said. “That’s why I’m saying this. I could stop the barking but that was always limited by time. This is behaviour modification. Once it’s embedded, it may stick there.”

“If that’s a warning, I’m willing to take the risk,” Adam said.

Kellie looked from him to Sharon. “As long as you’re sure.”

“So let’s do a quick induction session,” Sharon said. “This is to allow you to clarify your mind and set up the scenario. It’s a general session. We’ll work out the stages of behaviour modification for next time.”

“That sounds good.” Adam looked really relieved, as if a barrier had been removed.

“Come and sit by me.” Sharon patted the chair next to her. “Kellie, you can go and make some drinks while I talk to your brother.”

Kellie looked at her, then understood that she wanted her to get out of the way. As soon as she left, Sharon started to speak to Adam. She had no plan for this session so she took him as deep as she had

done before, then started deepening his trance even more.

She concentrated on filling his mind with feminine images of lingerie, heels and makeup. She gave him visions of hairdos and dresses, nails and purses. She kept it all open, with suggestions about his walk and how to flirt. His dreams were to be replayed with him in the female role. When he tried to remember past affairs, he'd remember them as if he was the girl, not the boy.

It was, when she thought about it afterwards, a gloriously improvised and rambling set of suggestions that she implanted in his mind. If it worked, it would jumble up his mind into something which saw the world differently, experienced the world from a new perspective. If she wasn't careful, it could go horribly wrong.

She ended with suggestions that he should think through the way he wanted his changes to follow and with a command that he couldn't act out any of these things until she allowed it to happen.

"I hope I haven't messed that up," she thought as she went home afterwards.

\*\*\*\*\*

"This is Melissa calling Nerd Central." Adam had picked up the call and paused before answering.

"Oh, hi Sweetie." Adam's spoke in a higher register without thinking about it.

"Sweetie?" Mellissa repeated. "You've already heard. Who told you? I only just got the email."

"What have I heard?" Adam's voice stayed high and a bit breathy.

"They've offered you the part, of course," Melissa said. "That's the good news."

“Which part did I get? I thought I was only auditioning for the chorus, with maybe a line somewhere.”

“You’re the third lead,” Melissa replied. “You’re the female impersonator. You stay female throughout the film and only reveal that you’re not for real in the last couple of scenes.”

“I’m not sure how I feel about that.”

“Adam, have you been doing some voice coaching?” Melissa asked.

“Why do you ask?”

“It’s probably because I can’t picture you with that voice. You sound totally girly already. “You’ll fit in well.”

“Thanks; that’s really kind of you to notice,” Adam said, not realising that there had been anything different about his voice. “I was thinking about doing a bit of research, like applying for a job at Busters.”

“I’ve been there,” Melissa replied. “It’s great and most of the time you can’t guess that the waitresses are really waiters.”

“I thought it would be good research.”

“Yes and you’ve certainly got the voice pitch perfect,” Melissa said. “It’s the usual offer; no radical change to your appearance before shooting, unless it’s to enhance your suitability for the part and you have to be available immediately when they call you.

“Do you know when the movie starts rehearsal?” Adam asked.

“The bad news is that there’s going to be a delay in the shooting but it’s going to give you time to get ready,” Melissa replied. “The director’s involved in some editing and doesn’t expect to be free for a couple of months.”

“Is there a fee upfront?”

“There’s no advance if that’s what you’re asking,” Melissa replied. “But when it comes, you’ll be amazed what I’ve got for you.”

“I’m really grateful, Melissa.” Adam felt a tear coming to his eye. “You’ve really pushed it through and I appreciate it.”

“It could be your big chance.”

“So how am I being billed on the credits?”

“Well... that’s something we have to discuss. They want you to appear under another name.”

“But I’ve worked so hard to get my name out there.”

“It’s not negotiable; I’m sorry. They want a girl’s name on the billing.”

“But I’m not a girl, I’m an actor.”

“And you’re going to play a girl’s part.”

“With a reveal at the end.” Adam’s anger was abating. “So tell me that’s for real.”

“It may not be a full reveal,” Melissa added. “They want to keep the audience guessing. There’s a sequel planned if it gets a positive reaction from the audience.”

“So as far as the audience is concerned, I’m a girl all the way.”

“You could put it like that,” Melissa replied. “I’d prefer to say that you’re an actor who has the prospect of another movie.”

“I’m not sure...”

“I’d say that you’re sure,” Melissa interrupted. “You’re doing the voice and the heels; I thought it was

a girl when you answered. You've put a lot of work in already.

"You've got an opportunity, don't waste it."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Kellie sweetie, have you time to talk?" Adam called her at work.

"Sure, but who's this?"

"It's me, Adam."

"I didn't recognise you. Why are you talking in that voice? You sound like a girl, quite a sexy one at that."

"I don't know. I think I'm talking normally but it seems to come out that way. Melissa noticed too."

"Has she called you?"

"Yes, I got the part but it doesn't start for a few weeks. I had to tell someone. I'll tell you about it later."

"Is it the part you did the dance audition for?"

"It is, but there's a problem I don't want to talk about until I see you."

"You're not going to turn it down. I won't let you. And you've got the perfect voice for the girl's part already."

"I'm a bit worried about that. I can hear it myself now that you and Melissa have told me. I think I'm talking normally but this is what's coming out." Adam paused and thought for a moment. "Could you ask Sharon to come and see me? I don't have her number and I'm worried about this voice thing."

"I'll call her but don't worry about the voice, keep using it. I'm sure it's going to fit in well when they start production."

\*\*\*\*\*

“Hi Kellie, Hi Sharon.”

Adam almost leapt up when they came in. He hugged them in turn and air kissed them too. Sharon and Kellie exchanged glances.

“I think I’ve a problem, Sweetie,” he said to Sharon.

“I guess you’d better tell me about it,” she replied.

“Can’t you hear it? I’m talking like a girl all the time.”

“I know and I think you sound really authentic,” Sharon replied. “I can see that your body language has shifted a little too. I didn’t think it would happen so fast.”

“I don’t get it.” Adam shook his head.

“It’s what you asked me to do last night,” Sharon replied. “I did warn you that there would be changes and that I might not be able to control them.”

“That’s true,” Kellie nodded. “You almost begged Sharon to do this. You can’t complain now that it’s starting to work.”

“And you don’t want to complain, do you?” Sharon came to sit beside him and held his hand.

She started to stroke the back of his hand and Adam’s face took on a blank look as he looked at her. He seemed to relax quickly. His breathing became even and as she held his gaze, his eyes began to flicker and then to close.

“How did you do that?” Kellie watched in amazement.

“It’s easy; he asked me to do it last night if you remember.” Sharon continued to stroke his hand. “I told him that I didn’t want to do it all at once.”

“Are you sure that he still wants you to do it today? I mean he seems pretty upset with the way his voice has changed.”

“He’ll be okay,” Sharon said. “Do you want me to stop now that he’s got the part?”

“No and I don’t think he’d want you to stop either.” Kellie shook her head.

“We may be unleashing a monster.” Sharon smiled as if she didn’t really mean it. “But we can probably undo things if they go too far. Can you leave us alone whilst I talk to him, please?”

Kellie went into the small kitchen. Sharon began to whisper to Adam. She told him how wonderfully well he was doing and how good everything made him feel. She tried to sooth away any worries he had and told him that adopting feminine ways would make him feel good, happy, and confident. She gave him permission to work it through at his own pace and that each step towards appearing, acting, and living as a woman would make him feel good.

She could see him stirring and watched rapid eye movements behind his closed lids. She repeated some of the instructions and introduced desires for pampering and body care, makeup and hairdos, lingerie, and earrings. She listed everything she could think of and added it to the mix.

He was not to feel frightened or concerned; he was an actor preparing for a role. He was preparing to audition to be a waitress at Busters in preparation and he really wanted to show everyone that he could do it.

She paused again, telling him to allow it all to develop in his subconscious and not to resist any feminine impulses.

Kellie returned with a bottle and wine glasses. Sharon smiled up at her and allowed Adam to rest.

“He’s absorbing all sorts of things,” she explained. “I think you’ll see a few things happen in the next few days.”

They sipped their wine and watched Adam as he remained relaxed with eyes closed and a small smile on his face.

“I think I’ll wake him now,” she said. “Remember why he asked me to do this. The job at Busters was first and then the movie.”

Kellie nodded. “Is he going to be my little sister?”

“I can add that if you’d like me to,” Sharon replied. “Do you want me to make it so that you’re in charge?”

“Hey, could you please? That would be good.”

Sharon added that instruction and let it settle for a few moments, repeating the instruction. Then with a backward count to one, she brought him back to consciousness.

\*\*\*\*\*

“Have you heard from your little sister today?” Sharon and Kellie shared a break at work.

“Not today but since you had that session with him, he’s seemed a lot happier with the world.”

“He’s not been out of the apartment but he’s been wearing heels all day long. He was wearing makeup when I got in last night and he’d done it really tastefully too.”

“What about clothes?”

“I need a bit of help there.” Kellie beckoned Sharon to step out of earshot of anyone else. “He’s asked about lingerie. Obviously mine won’t fit him; he’s not the right shape but I don’t know what to get for him.”

“Don’t look at me,” Sharon said. “I know my size but I don’t know his. Why don’t you get basic mea-

surements and go talk to someone who sells the sort of things he'd like."

"How do I do that?"

"Maybe do it online. Use one of those web chat things."

"I hadn't thought of that," Kellie replied. "I'll measure him and then get him to do it. He's an audition at Busters in a couple of days, followed by a trial shift."

"That's going to be a big test," Sharon said.

"It's a test for how well you've set him up," Kellie said. "Not that it would be your fault if he failed," she added quickly.

"Are you coping with him, or do I need to come and adjust his programming?"

"I'm doing fine, much to my surprise," Kellie said. "All that resistance to playing the girl's part has disappeared and he's really treating me like a big sister; the one who knows. It's a bit scary though."

"I guess you're used to him trying to boss you around."

"And the rest," Kellie laughed. "This is easy."

\*\*\*\*\*

"I took him to get his ears pierced yesterday evening," Kellie announced when she met Sharon the next day. "He thought he'd better wear something big and dangly for his audition. I tried to tell him that it takes time to heal, but he wouldn't be told."

"Just like a little sister then?" Sharon joked.

"He has to go to Busters this evening," Kellie said. "I told him that I'd take him and that you'd come along to make sure he was confident enough to actually go in to the place."

“I’ll come with you after work.”

“I have to warn you,” Kellie said. “He’s really changed. It’s not only his voice. His mannerisms are a bit girly even for me and he’s started borrowing my clothes since his underwear arrived. He got some breast forms too. I think they’re a bit too big, but he won’t be told about that either.”

“Do you think he could look convincing?” Sharon asked. “That’s what they want at Busters.”

“I do. I’m hesitant to say so, but I think he’ll pass,” Kellie said. “He might be a bit top heavy, if you know what I mean, but the rest looks quite convincing. I don’t know what you did, but its working.”

“To be honest, I don’t know what I did.” Sharon looked bemused. “Perhaps all I did was give him permission and direction. He seems to have taken it from there.”

The day seemed to go very slowly until it was time to go and pick up Adam for his interview at Busters. When they got to the block, Kellie went first, with Sharon to follow. They weren’t prepared for the vision that was waiting for them.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam, for it could only have been Adam, was very different from their expectations. He stood tall on heels; a tight pencil skirt to the knee seemed to exaggerate the length and svelte shape of his legs.

Above it, he wore a severe white blouse; half-sleeved, with a frill above the bust line concealing his cleavage, as if he had any to show. It did an excellent job of hiding the fact that his breasts were all padding. A short, tight black leather jacket was in his hand.



"I can't believe this is you," Kellie said. "I've only been gone for a few hours and you've changed into... into someone I can hardly believe."

"You were going to say something different, my big sister." Adam's voice was like sex on velvet as he grinned in something of a triumph.

"I don't mind, you can say it."

"I was going to say that you look like a cross between a high class escort and sex on legs."

"I like that." His laugh came out even more sexily. "It was worth a day at the salon."

"You went to a real salon?"

"I decided that I'd rather do it all the way than do it badly," Adam purred. "It took a bit of thinking about. I was afraid, but then I made the appointment, told them what I wanted, and they were fine. It all went so easily. I think they enjoyed the idea of doing all this to me."

"Did they do your makeup?" Kellie asked.

"Everything," Adam replied. "I was apprehensive when they started to do my hair but then I heard Sharon's voice in my head and let them get on with it."

"They've lightened it a lot."

"I thought it would make me look more feminine. Any old boy on the street can have my long dirty blonde shade. This is much more eye catching and no boy would wear it. Do you like the way they've arranged it?"

"It's good."

"I think so too. It's half sophisticated, and half I-couldn't-care-less-if-it's-falling-down," Adam laughed. "Not that it's going to fall down unless I want it to."

“I like your makeup.” Sharon stepped forwards. “Those eyelashes must have taken some getting used to.”

“I hardly noticed them. Now I love the way they look in the mirror. The overly made-up eyes will look good at Busters and the shiny lips too, although my lips are too thin.”

“I think they’re beautiful,” Kellie said. “I wish mine would look so luscious.”

“They said I could have some filler to make them bigger and to give me a pout. I told them I didn’t have time. I wanted to be here and get changed before you arrived.”

“Don’t those earrings hurt?” Kellie asked, bursting the bubble.

“Only a little.” Adam touched the dangling golden strands hanging in his hair. “The little studs didn’t show up at all. These were the biggest in your drawer.”

“I thought I recognised them.”

“I knew you wouldn’t mind.”

“I don’t know how you managed to get them in with those nails,” Sharon interrupted as she noticed the long red talons on his fingers.

“I never noticed. They’re long but they didn’t give me trouble like the zipper at the back of my dress. I had to be really careful with my stockings though, and the garters didn’t fasten easily. I think it’s because they’re so new.”

“I think Busters will grab you as soon as they see you.” Kellie said.

“I’m not so sure,” Adam said. “I wanted to be here to see Sharon before I went.”

“I don’t know that I can do more for you,” Sharon replied.

“Yes, I’m sure you can,” Adam replied. “I want you to help me to have some extra confidence. Make me so that I can flirt with the boys there. Help me to know what to say and make it look like I really mean it.”

“I don’t know that I can put words into your mouth,” Sharon said.

“You don’t have to. I think I know all the lines, or I can make them up. I’ve done enough play readings and failed auditions. Just give me the courage to keep this voice and the ability to say *it*.. whatever it may be.”

“Sharon sighed and looked from Kellie to Adam. “Sit comfortably and I’ll try.”

“I’ll leave you to it.” Kellie went through to the kitchen.

“Thanks for this, Sharon,” Adam said. “I really appreciate your help. I’m really asking you for this and it won’t be your fault if it all goes sour but please, make me believe in myself.”

“I don’t think you lack any self-belief,” Sharon said.

“I know what you mean,” Adam replied. “I can hear myself purring. Please make me believe that I am the character I’m trying so hard to look like.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Sharon counted him down into trance once more. She had no plan, no script, but she took him at his word. She piled on images from movies and television, from drag shows and girlie magazines. She gave him the context that he was the girl that was on display; he was acting like that.

She added any images which he remembered and which he thought fitted, even though as she said it, she had no idea what he might have been watching or reading. This was dangerous ground. She knew it as she whispered it to him.

She stopped speaking and told him to go over things in his mind. She told him to act out the girl's role in his mind. She threw in bits of body language for him to watch and copy; listen to the guys, open your eyes wide as if you're really interested, lick your lips when you're sure they're watching, and be tactile.

She talked about perfume and re-doing lipstick when there's a man watching, even if it doesn't need it. She tried to fit bits of feminine language into his speech and talked and talked through all she could think of.

She was concentrating on his wish to have the courage to act out his new appearance as if he was a girl for real. If she had some misgivings, it was too late to voice them now, as she slowly told him to fix it all in his mind, forget all the boy stuff that he'd known and take the girl wherever he went.

He woke slowly and stretched languorously. "I think that was all I needed," he said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Kellie drove with Adam in the passenger seat and Sharon cramped up in the back of her coupe.

"Have you thought of a name for yourself?" she asked.

"I thought I'd go as Adam," he replied. "They want everyone to know that the waitress is really a boy, so why not?"

“Maybe they’d prefer something more like your inner stripper?” Sharon laughed at the suggestion. “Maybe you could try Barbie, or Brandie, both with an extra ‘e’ on the end.”

“How about calling yourself something more exotic; Delphine or Magdalena?”

“Stop it, you two,” Adam laughed. “You’ll be suggesting Chardonnay or Beaujolais next. Adam it is, until someone changes it.”

“So I take it that you’d refuse Pinot Noir as well?”

“Darling, if it’s in a bottle, how could I refuse.” Adam’s voice was taking some getting used to. “But as a stage name, it leaves a little to be desired... which I don’t think I do.”

They pulled onto the car park and got out, waiting for Sharon to uncurl from the back seat, very grateful for the shortness of the ride.

“This is it,” Adam said. “Follow me, girls.”

He strode towards the entrance, swinging his hips for all he was worth. The doorman must have seen him. The door was held open and he walked in.

“I’m here for an interview,” he announced; the voice as velvety smooth as could be.

“And we’re his bodyguards,” Kellie added, not that the doorman was paying them any attention. Adam took it all.

Once inside, Adam was shown through. Sharon and Kellie were left to stand at the bar and wait. The tables were full and they looked at each other, knowing what each would say. The waiters all looked as if they were spectacularly attractive girls.

“I think he’s going to fit in here,” Kellie said. “If I’m honest, I’m a little afraid that he’ll fit in too well.”

“I hope you don’t blame me for that.” Sharon watched a waiter’s hips swaying through the tables; heels clicking and a tray precariously balanced on the way to a table full of suits, expensive looking suits.

“It’s not your fault,” Kellie replied. “I know my brother well enough. If you hadn’t done what he asked, he’d have fretted at you until you did.”

“I still feel a little guilty as I watched him coming in here. He’s more feminine than I am.”

“The difference is that it’s all new to him and he’s enjoying every minute.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam was enjoying his first real public appearance as a woman. He turned his performance up a notch when he saw the man who was waiting to interview him.

“I’m the owner of this establishment,” the man said. “I’m Gordon Rue.”

“I’m Adam.”

He sashayed over to Gordon, took the proffered hand limply, and leaned in to kiss him. He knew that his perfume was sure to hit the guy’s nostrils in another signal.

“And what makes you think you’d be suitable to join my staff here?”

“The way you’re looking at me says I don’t really have to answer that question,” Adam replied.

“Are you for real or is that padding?”

“I’m for real, Gordon,” Adam said. “Sure I’ve a bit of padding, but what girl wouldn’t make the best of what she’s got or exaggerate what she hasn’t got?”

“You got enough sass, for sure.” Gordon smiled. “Come and sit by me and tell me about yourself.”

He went to sit on a large couch at the side of the room and patted the cushion next to him. Their eyes locked and an unspoken message was exchanged. Adam slowly walked up to the couch, stood over him, then sat down next to him, thigh to thigh.

“You don’t really want to hear about me,” Adam said, as his hand ran up Gordon’s thigh, and came to rest at the top. “My story’s probably like some of the other girls here.”

“But I always like to know my staff.” Gordon shuffled a little so that Adam’s hand ended up a little higher where a bulge was growing under the fine wool of his suit trousers.

“And I’m sure I’d like to know about you, Gordon,” Adam purred and rubbed his hand over the bulge, feeling how it had grown to an uncomfortable size. “I’m very instinctive; it’s how I know you need a little help with this.”

Adam reached for his belt and made the effort of unfastening it look more difficult than it needed to be as one hand held the buckle and the other played over the bulge. The belt came loose and out popped a penis, hard and veined, looking like it expected to be pleased.

Gordon’s eyes said the same thing. Adam squeezed it gently and rubbed his hand up and down the shaft, before his fingers played with the tip.

“Is this my typing test, like I’m your new secretary?” Adam asked as he continued to squeeze and stroke. “Do you want to make sure that my fingers can work if we had a keyboard?”

“Your application for a job here is looking quite promising.” Gordon’s face showed his pleasure. “You clearly have a lot of initiative.”

“Do I?” Adam looked up and held his gaze, making sure Gordon saw ‘her’ eyelashes flutter.

He bent down over Gordon’s lap and licked the tip of the engorged penis. He’d never done this before but somehow the girl that he had become knew exactly what to do. It must have come from a book or something on the internet.

He bent down and took it further into his mouth, then let it slip out again. He ran his tongue up and down the length and licked the ball sack. He stood and looked down at Gordon, whose eyes said that he was wondering what was next.

Adam knelt down between Gordon’s legs and took the shaft as deeply into his mouth as he could. Adam wanted to gag as it hit the back of his throat but he knew that would break the spell he was weaving. He backed off, then started to pump up and down with his lips sealed against the shaft.

“This is going to play havoc with my lipstick.” He suppressed a giggle.

The randomness of the thought amused him as he knew what he was going to do. He let Gordon hear a slurping sound and looked up at him again. Their eyes met, but Gordon wasn’t really focussing right then.

The penis seemed to swell and stiffen again; threatening to burst, then a short burst forth came from the tip. Another followed and Adam’s mouth was being filled as it hit the back of his throat. He was unable to swallow as fast as it came. It seemed to go on and on. Adam could feel something trickle down his chin.

He held it in his mouth, struggling to cope without spilling all over Gordon’s trousers. The pulsing stopped and he was becoming flaccid. Adam said a silent prayer that there wasn’t any more to come. He

let the penis fall from his lips and leaned back and then stood.

“Stay there,” he commanded. “I’ll be right back.”

He opened a door at the side of the office and found a private bathroom there. Quickly, he wiped his chin and rinsed out his mouth. That taste wasn’t a great one but it wasn’t too unpleasant.

If this was what a girl had to do to make her way in the world, then he knew he could do it again.

He took the towel, wiped Gordon’s deflated penis, then applied his tongue to it again. This time, he knew it wouldn’t grow but he guessed it would be extra sensitive. He licked up and down, around, then over the sack, ending with a suck on the tip.

“I guess you’re finished for the while.” Adam stood back. “I’d better repair my makeup or they’ll wonder what I’ve been doing.”

He took his purse and went to the bathroom mirror and quickly repaired his makeup. His hair had partly fallen from the up do. He ran his fingers through it, letting it fall heavily over his shoulders in an untidy fall.

“I can tell them that he wanted to see me with my hair down,” he thought. “They’ll see that before they look at my lipstick.”

Gordon zipped up his trousers and fastened his belt. Adam came back to sit beside him a few minutes later. He smiled, knowing that he looked good again. He put his hand over Gordon’s penis and rubbed it gently.

“So when do I start work?” he asked.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam paused outside the office. He looked round the main room, standing beside a couple of the waitresses.

“You’re one of us?” the redhead with ‘Jewel’ on her name plate asked, with a real look of doubt as she spoke.

“You’ve read me,” Adam said. “I’m Adam and I’ve passed my interview with Mr Rue. I start tomorrow.”

“I think you’ll fit right in.”

Adam saw Sharon and Kellie sitting at the bar with a wine bottle between them. He grabbed a glass from the side and waited until they spotted him. Then he walked across with that swaying walk he’d perfected, hair swinging.

“I guess that was a tough interview,” Sharon said, looking him in the eye as Kellie nudged her sharply.

“You could say that, but I got the job starting tomorrow evening.” Adam poured himself a drink from their bottle. “He wanted to see me with my hair down.”

Adam knew what they were thinking; he could see it in their eyes. The thought that he’d taken things too far flittered across his consciousness but he dismissed it. He was a girl now and that was one of the things that girls did. Well, some did girls anyway.

\*\*\*\*\*

Adam was ready early to start work. He dressed all in black, with black eye makeup and dark red lips. His skirt was short and his heels too high. He exaggerated everything he thought he could get away with, from the length of his false eyelashes to the height of his heels.

He was ready and waiting for Kellie to drive him. "Where's Sharon?" he asked.

"She's meeting me there later," Kellie replied.

"Will she be here before I have to go?" Adam asked, his eyes pleading for the answer he wanted.

"I think so, but why is it so important? You've got the job now."

"I know, but I still need her. Please can you call her? I'm scared."

Kellie called Sharon who was on her way. "She says about fifteen minutes. What's the panic?"

"I don't think I can do this," he replied. "I know I could yesterday but today's different. I'm really scared."

"Poor baby." Kellie consoled him and held him tight, feeling how he trembled with fear.

"I know I have to go," Adam said. "But I really need Sharon to help me."

His eyes said that although he was dressed and ready, mentally he was all over the place and struggling to function.

"It seemed to be so easy getting ready but now I don't know that I can face it." Adam shuddered. "I know I want to, but I need a dose of courage."

At that moment, Sharon arrived.

"Please help me again." Adam grabbed Sharon's hands and pulled her into the room. "I need you to give me confidence again."

"He's really desperate." Kelli looked from one to the other.

"Okay, please don't cry or you'll spoil your makeup," Sharon said gently to Adam. "Take a deep breath and squeeze my hands as hard as you can."

Adam did so.

“Now when I tell you to release, you’ll be back in trance as deep as you want to go.” Sharon motioned to Kellie that she should leave them alone.

Kellie left the room, hearing Sharon talking softly to Adam. As she closed the door, she could tell from the way he was standing that he was instantly calmer.

“You can come back now,” Sharon called a few moments later.

“I’m so sorry, Sweetie.” Adam hugged her. “I was being a silly girl for a moment. I can go to work now.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“What did you do?” Kellie asked as they watched Adam wiggling from the car and into Busters.

“I gave him a little reinforcement. He’ll be able to reinforce himself from now on so that shouldn’t happen again.”

“I was scared for him.”

“Don’t be,” Sharon replied. “I think he knows what he’s doing and he’ll reinforce himself from now on.”

“Can he stop?”

“What do you mean?” Sharon asked. “Can he stop being a girl?”

“Yes, he might decide to do something else.”

“I hadn’t thought of that but I guess he could,” Sharon replied. “Let’s worry about that when we have to.”

“What happened to him tonight though? He seemed to be falling apart.”

“I should have spotted it earlier. There was a gap in the... Never mind. I’m not usually this kind of hypnotist and he’s probably pulled me into this too deeply.”

“Please don’t say that you’re going to dump him.” Kellie looked alarmed.

“I can’t do that; I’m already in far too deep.” Sharon looked at her. “I have to remember that he did ask me to do this. It’s gone far further than I ever imagined it could.”

“None of this is your fault,” Kellie replied. “You only did the things he asked for. He begged you to help him to become this new creature.”

“He’s changed so much,” Sharon sighed.

“He’s much nicer though and he really seems happier,” Kellie replied. “Maybe he was always meant to be a girl?”

“Let’s go and eat,” Sharon changed the subject. “Do you have to pick him up after his shift?”

“Yes, please will you stay with me and make sure he’s okay?”

In the restaurant, Adam changed into the all black uniform; a tight short skirt that hugged her bottom and a tight black top with half sleeves. High heels were compulsory.

“You’re new.” A blonde girl came to change beside him. “Have you done this before?”

“Yes, I’ve been a waiter for years. This is my first job in heels though.”

“You look good. You can be my little sister for the evening. Any problems, I’ll help you. Just shout for Zoe.”

“I’m Adam,” he replied.

“You don’t look like an Adam.”

“I know but I thought that there’s no point in pretending I have a girl’s name when everyone knows what’s under our makeup.”

“That’s a fresh approach,” Zoe said. “I’d guess that the boss will be asking you to change that.”

“Thanks, I appreciate the offer of help,” Adam replied. “You’d think I was used to these things by now but I always struggle with the garter tabs.”

“That’s the penalty for having such extravagant nails.” Zoe reached to help Adam with the last one. “You know they only make us wear these things so that the customers can twang them against our thighs.”

“I never thought of that.”

“Expect the first one about five minutes in. You’ll get used to it.”

“Surely that’s sexual harassment?”

“It would be if we were girls and didn’t know what working here meant,” Zoe replied. “Let’s get out there.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“How did it go?” Kellie asked Adam when he emerged from the staff entrance at the end of his shift.

“It was a lot easier than I thought,” he explained. “The customers were mostly polite but my garter tab was pinged every five minutes. I was warned though and I learned that smiling through it makes for better tips.”

“So no doubts while you were working?” Kellie started the car.

“None at all; I loved the whole thing.” Adam’s voice was full of excitement but remained in the girl’s register. “They were looking at me like I was for real, even though they know I’m not. It’s all fantasy but I felt really sexy and powerful. I never got that working tables before.”

“But you’re only there until the movie starts production,” Kellie reminded him.

“I know but by then I’ll be so perfect, they’ll cast me again.”

“If they have a role for a boy who looks good as a girl.”

“Maybe I can specialise; do cameo roles,” Adam mused.

Kellie thought that was pie in the sky but said nothing. It was good to see him happy and working. When they got home and Sharon had left, Adam changed into a baby doll and robe, with marabou slippers and sat with Kellie to relax.

“I can’t get over how you look.” Kellie looked at him with a tear in her eye.

“I’m sorry, should I have taken my makeup off.” he asked.

“I didn’t mean that.” Kellie wiped her eye. “You’re beautiful, but I can’t see my brother anywhere.”

“I’m not doing this to hurt you.”

“I know and I’m being over sentimental. Take no notice,” Kellie said. “It’s only that you look so contented and so feminine. I can hardly believe it’s the same person who used to be such a grump around here.”

“I’m happy.” Adam smiled at her. “I love being this creation. I like the new me.”

“Keep on being happy.”

“I intend to. I was going to leave it until tomorrow when you’d gone to work but I’ve a hundred dollars for you towards my share of everything and there’ll be more soon.”

“Where did that come from?” Kellie looked surprised.

“It’s from fines; every time someone twanged my garter tab, I told them that was a fine of ten dollars in my tip jar.”

“So they did that ten times.”

“They did it a lot more but being a girl’s expensive. I need to go shopping and make new appointments at the salon. Nails and hair don’t come cheap and I need my own car too. I can’t rely on you to keep taking me to work and collecting me.”

“I’d rather do that than have some guy try to take advantage of you.”

“I can take care of myself.”

“I don’t want you to risk it,” Kellie said. “Remember you’re the one in the heels and the tight skirt, carrying a purse. It only takes one guy to get out of hand when you’re on your own.”

“I’d use my charm,” Adam said. “I’m irresistible.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” Kellie laughed. “You could be dangerous. What have we created?”

“If you mean, do I intend to make up for years of lost time, you could be right.” Adam laughed too.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next few weeks developed a routine of their own. Adam came and went to work without a qualm and no crisis of confidence. If anything, he seemed to be happier in his new personality. Kellie’s life became easier too, especially as he was doing his share of the housework.

“You’ll make someone a good wife one day,” she said to him one day when she came home to a sparkly clean apartment.

“Maybe in someone’s dreams,” he said enigmatically.

“You’ve given me too much,” Kellie said one morning, after she counted the cash he’d left.

“Please keep it,” he said closing her hand over the notes. “You’ve looked after me for ages when I couldn’t contribute.”

“But you go to the salon twice a week for your hair and everything,” Kellie protested. “That can’t be cheap.”

“It isn’t, but I can take care of it all.”

If there was any trace of the boy in Adam, it had disappeared. His hair grew longer and was more adventurously blonde. Even in jeans, he was elegant in heels and full makeup.

“You always seem like it’s effortless to look so good,” Sharon said one day. “I feel like I’m your sloppy sister.”

“You’re my favourite sister,” he replied. “I love that I can look so good.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Can you drop me off at work in the morning?” Adam asked one evening.

“But you only work Thursday through Sunday,” Kellie said. “Tomorrow’s Wednesday.”

“Gordon’s asked me to help with the stocktaking for the auditor.”

“But you don’t know anything about stocktaking.”

“That’s what I said but Gordon said that I could count and that was the main skill,” Adam said. “He’s going to provide lunch as well and he’ll drop me home when we’ve finished.”

“Are you sure that he’s safe?”

“I never thought of that.” Adam looked pensive. “I guess I’ll be safe. He’s always around and he’s never tried anything on with any of the girls. They all like him.”

“As long as you’re sure,” Kellie replied. “I’d hate for anything to go wrong when you’ve been so happy.”

Adam was ready and waiting when Kellie was ready to set off. He was in blue jeans, with a baby blue T-shirt with half sleeves, and pale blue heels. As usual, his makeup was perfect, perhaps a bit heavy for the daylight, but perfect just the same. Those eyes were perfection.

“Are you sure you can do the stocktaking in those heels?” Kellie’s eyes popped when she saw them.

“I’d feel frumpy if I didn’t have heels,” Adam replied.

His hair was tied back in a loose ponytail and swung as he walked to the car. Kellie watched his hips. She seemed to do that a lot these days. How a boy could learn that walk amazed her every time.

Gordon’s SUV was on the car park when Adam was dropped off. He called Gordon on his mobile.

“Can you let me in please? All the doors are locked.”

Once inside, Adam was surprised. He’d been used to the reduced lighting when he was working. Now everywhere was bright and looked fresh.

“The cleaners have just finished,” Gordon explained as Adam looked round.

The morning was all about counting; how many bottles were there of this and how many of that? How many crates and boxes were waiting in the cellar?

"I never realised we had so many different things in store." Adam watched as Gordon entered figures into his laptop.

"It's not so bad when there's a system to work to" Gordon replied. "It's good that the kitchen does this every week. It's important that we don't have to write off things to waste."

"I can understand that," Adam replied, stretching his muscles which were aching from crouching down to check the lower shelves.

"I think it's time for lunch," Gordon said as he closed his computer. "I'll email all this to the accountant and we can go."

"I never dreamed of coming here," Adam said as they pulled into the grounds of the local country club. "Are you sure this is okay? I think I'd die if they read that I'm really a boy."

"They won't, believe me. No one would ever know." Gordon smiled. "I have to remind myself that I don't employ real girls every day, especially when I look at you."

"That's really kind," Adam smiled. "I'm really quite vain and I need a lot of re-assurance."

"Look no further; I'll re-assure you every day."

\*\*\*\*\*

Lunch was accompanied by perhaps a little too much wine. Adam finished the bottle; Gordon insisted because he was driving.

"Let me show you where I live," Gordon said as they pulled onto the highway. "It's on the way back to town."

Adam's alarm bells should have started ringing as Gordon pulled into the parking under his apartment block. If there was a faint peal of a distant bell, he de-



liberately ignored it. The wine and being treated like a real lady all went to his head.

“How do you like this?” Gordon waved his arm to show the view from his penthouse. “You can see for miles and miles and there’s no one to look in and see what you’re doing.”

Adam went to stand beside him and looked out of the floor-to-ceiling window. Casually, his body leaned back into Gordon. Gordon slipped his arm around Adam’s waist and pulled him closer.

Adam turned and started to speak but he stopped and looked at Gordon. He knew that he was going to kiss him. He thought about pulling away, then dismissed the impulse as Gordon’s lips lightly brushed against his own.

That slight touch turned to a longer one, then another, this time with lips opening and tongues touching. Adam wasn’t really thinking about much other than the feelings. Was this what a girl felt when she was kissed for the first time? He hadn’t had any real experience to compare.

Adam turned to face Gordon and searched his eyes for meaning. He couldn’t focus and think. He only wanted to be kissed again. Gordon must have interpreted that correctly. He wrapped his arms around Adam and they kissed again, harder, and then almost ferociously.

Adam heard a little whimper through the kiss, and suddenly understood it was coming from himself as he pulled himself into another kiss.

“Come.” It was all Gordon said, taking Adam’s hand and leading him towards the door to the side.

It opened to a huge bedroom, softly furnished in cool colours. A big bed was in the centre, again with a view over the town. It was open and light, yet intimate and free from anyone nearby.

Once again, Adam thought of flight; should he get out of this? With every second his opportunity to stop the inevitable was slipping away. With every second he knew that whatever was happening, he didn't *want* to stop the inevitable.

Was this the dilemma that faced every girl? Adam searched his mind but it wouldn't function as Gordon pulled him close and they kissed again. This time the bulge in Gordon's trousers was too big to ignore as it pressed against Adam.

\*\*\*\*\*

Gordon lifted Adam and dropped him on his back onto the bed. He followed, lying on his front, almost head to head.

"You should have worn a dress." Gordon kissed him quickly. "It would have been easier to take off than those jeans."

"But it wouldn't have been as tight over my bum," Adam teased. "I've seen you watching me as I've walked."

"Be that as it may, those jeans have to come off."

"I think you're right." Adam undid the waist. "But there's not really an elegant way of getting out of jeans this tight."

"There's a robe through there in the bathroom." Gordon pointed to a door.

"That's a good idea," Adam replied. "Promise you won't disappear while I'm in there."

"I promise."

Adam stood and went to the bathroom. He unfastened the ankle straps of his heels and kicked them off. His pop socks followed and then he wriggled out of the skin tight jeans, not bothering to pull them the right way out as he dropped them to the floor.

He took off his top, then ran his hands through his hair which hung loose. He reached for his purse, then applied a fresh coat of lipstick and ran his fingers over his brows to smooth them. They didn't need it; the salon had plucked them to perfection a day or so before.

He paused, thinking about everything and nothing. He knew he was committed now. Whatever was to happen, it was too late to turn back.

"Not bad," he said to his reflection in the mirror, turning left and right.

He stood for a moment, admiring his matching bra and panties in pale blue. He looked down into the bra cups where his breast forms disguised the bit he hadn't got.

"I guess he knows anyway," Adam thought as he pulled them out and put them carefully on top of his clothes.

He saw the heavy towelling robe on the back of the door. "It's hardly seductive," he thought as he pulled it on and wrapped the spare material around himself. He stepped back into the bedroom.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long."

Gordon had stripped down too and stood shoeless, in jeans and loose shirt. He came to him and bent to kiss him softly and then harder.

"Where were we?" he asked as he pulled the gown open and then slipped it off Adam's shoulders.

The gown slid to the floor as Gordon picked him up and dropped him as before on to the bed. Gordon lay beside him and toyed with Adam's bra.

"You knew that there wasn't really anything in there," Adam said as Gordon's fingers played with his nipple.

“Things that nature hasn’t provided can be provided by a good surgeon.” Gordon tweaked the nub and leaned in to lick and then suck it.

“I don’t think I want to do that.” Adam wriggled under Gordon’s touch, and his hands reached for Gordon’s penis.

“You need to get out of those clothes,” Adam said, struggling to get at the belt without breaking his nails on the way.

Gordon quickly stood and discarded his clothes. He was slim and muscled, Adam noted, as he came back to lie beside him.

“You’ve such a big penis.” Adam’s hand wrapped around it and then he looked from it into Gordon’s eyes.

“Mine is tiny, even when it’s full grown... like now.”

Gordon’s hand wrapped around Adam’s erection; his hand was almost big enough to hide it. Gordon’s other hand slid over Adam’s thigh and round the back over his cheek and into that gap. Adam clenched his buttocks instinctively.

“You’ve never done this before?” Gordon said softly.

“I’ve never done any of this before,” Adam admitted. “And whatever this is, I know it’s going to hurt.”

“I can be gentle.”

Gordon’s hand edged further upwards as Adam steeled himself and forced some relaxation into his muscles.

“You’re very tight.”

Gordon’s finger, or maybe his thumb, started to enter Adam.

"I'm scared." Adam continued to hold Gordon's penis, rubbing it up and down, seeing a tiny speck of liquid emerge from the tip. "This feels too big to go in there."

"That's why we use lubrication." Gordon reached across to the bedside cabinet and pulled out a bottle.

"Will that help me to stretch?"

It's going to give you a warm sensation and numb the nerves as I go in."

"I'm frightened of you going in there." Adam's eyes widened. "I know I can't stop you; I don't want to stop you."

"It's what girls like you do all the time."

\*\*\*\*\*

Gordon flipped Adam onto his back and lifted his legs so that they rested on each side of his shoulders. He lifted Adam and placed a pillow under his bum. Adam's eyes widened as he felt the trickle of oil over his skin, followed by Gordon's insistent finger, massaging its way into the passage.

Adam threw his head back as the finger worked in and out; then two fingers and the pressure increased; widening and stretching, working more oil further and further inside, but fingers can only go so far.

Gordon took his hand out and wiped it on the shirt he'd taken off. Adam looked through his legs and watched Gordon slathering more oil over his penis and again over Adam. He leaned forwards and Adam knew that the next thing he was feeling was the tip of the penis.

The tip was touching the entrance to his body. The realisation sent a shudder of alarm through Adam. He should shout Stop!, get up and run away. He

should but he didn't want to. He wanted the next sensation.

Thoughts, images and events flashed through his mind. He'd never intended to do this, to be like this. He'd never conceived that he could be this much of a girl and he'd done it without any intention to do so.

Then the thinking gave way to sensation and Gordon pushed a little harder. Adam clenched again, this time feeling like there was an intruder that he was clenching on. He tried to relax, but the pain was demanding.

Gordon must have felt his reaction as he held still and withdrew a little. More oil trickled over his skin. If any was going inwards, he couldn't tell, but there was a softly soothing feeling of warmth between the shocks of pain as Gordon pushed further.

Gordon was patient. He knew that the only way was to do things slowly. He would have preferred to find that Adam had prepared but there was no time to talk about that. The opportunity has been presented to him and he knew enough to press home an advantage.

He remembered a bottle of poppers in the drawer. Why hadn't he thought of that before? He squirmed around, trying to keep up the pressure on Adam and not to slip out. His hand found the bottle and he struggled to crush the fragile capsule with his oily fingers. He felt it go and soak the edge of the shirt he'd grabbed to protect his hand.

"Take a deep breath of this." Gordon held it to Adam's nose. "It will help your muscles to relax and ease the pain."

Adam hesitated, then did as he was told. He felt a flush, his heart pounded, and Gordon's penis didn't feel as terrifying as it forced its way deeper inside him.

“I feel like I’m floating,” Adam said slowly. “It’s strange.”

The pressure was there but it didn’t feel so difficult to let go of the tension. Adam shuffled his hips, pushing and trying to synchronise with Gordon’s thrusts. The pain returned and he must have seen the expression change. Gordon held the popper to Adam’s nose once again and this time he took a deep inhalation. The surge was as great but this time he was prepared and expecting it.

He pushed and was rewarded with the feeling of deeper penetration. Adam wondered when he’d know that Gordon was as far inside as he could be. He didn’t have to wait too long as the touch of his ball sack against Adam’s flesh gave him the answer.

“You feel huge in there.” Adam’s voice sounded like it was coming from a long way away as he spoke.

“I’m all the way in there,” Gordon replied. “You’ll get used to it.”

That thought struck Gordon hard. He didn’t know if this was the way things were meant to be. He didn’t know if he wanted to get used to it. Then Gordon shifted inside him. He knew then he wanted to find out what came next.

He was still euphoric and a little disconnected from his surroundings. The only thing he was certain of was that Gordon’s penis was as far inside him as it could possibly go. It was as if that feeling overrode all the other feelings and sensations.

“I think you know what I’m going to do next,” Gordon whispered and looked into Adam’s eyes.

“I want you to do it,” he replied. “Let me feel it all. I don’t think it’s going to be hurting again.”

Gordon started to move slowly at first, in and out, thrusting and withdrawing.

“You’re getting bigger,” Adam gasped, bucking in time to Gordon’s thrusts.

Adam was sure that the penis was groping deeper and deeper with every thrust but the touch of the sack told him that it couldn’t be true. The girth was another matter. Then he felt the first spasm. It shook him to know what it was.

He pushed harder and felt another, then another. Gordon groaned and arched his back; his hips pushed again, then held firm and still as the tremors of his ejaculation reverberated through Adam’s frame. Adam heard himself panting with each tremor.

And then it was slowing, decreasing. The rigidity of Gordon’s penis seemed to be softening and slipping away. He slipped out and lay on his side so that they were face-to-face.

They lay there, both quiet. Adam tried to gather all his thoughts together. So many things had happened that day. A feeling of contentment washed over him. He knew he’d enjoyed the experience, despite the pain, and he knew he’d be more receptive next time.

“You’ve made a mess of me.” Adam sensed the trickle of Gordon’s emission flowing out of his rear and tried to clench against it. He stood and dripped his way across the room as he rushed to the bathroom, where more was expelled as he released his muscles.

“There are some tampons in the cabinet,” Gordon shouted.

Adam knew at once what he meant. He opened the cabinet and found them in a blue box.

“This is going to hurt,” he thought as he lubricated one with some body lotion and inserted it. It was a different sensation to be standing with this small re-

minder of what had been inserted there only a few minutes before.

He went back into the bedroom, picked up the robe, and wrapped it around himself, suddenly feeling embarrassed to be naked around Gordon. He didn't want to think about being penetrated again so quickly.

"I never expected to feel all those things," Adam said slowly, leaning in to kiss him again. "Was all this planned? Was the stocktaking only an excuse?"

"Of course it was," Gordon replied. "I've wanted you ever since you asked for a job."

"I did a good audition?"

"The best and I should know."

"You're a serial womaniser then?" Adam asked, knowing that Gordon probably did this with all the girls he employed."

"I'd be silly with all that candy around, if I didn't enjoy a little now and then."

"So you're definitely not the marrying kind."

Adam cleaned himself up and dressed, inserting his breast forms into his bra, then carefully re-doing his makeup and brushing his hair. He examined his reflection in the mirror.

"I wonder if Kellie will notice anything," he thought, studying the reflection again.

He went out to the kitchen area where Gordon had coffee waiting. He accepted sugar and cream and sipped thoughtfully.

"So have I still got a job?" he asked. "Or now that you've had me, do I have to leave?"

“Of course you don’t have to leave,” Gordon replied and laughed in a kindly way. “Heck, we may even find ourselves stocktaking again sometime.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“You didn’t take your cell phone,” Kellie called as soon as he arrived home. “Melissa’s been calling all day. She wants you to call her back as soon as you can.”

“I never thought about the phone,” Adam replied.

“You weren’t answering at work either.” Kellie looked at her questioningly. “There anything you should tell me?”

“No. Should there be?”

“It’s a bad habit to answer a question with another question,” Kellie said. “Especially when you’re blushing and looking like you were trying to avoid telling me that you’ve been having hot sex all afternoon.”

“How did you...” Adam stopped himself, realising that he’d already said too much.

“Never mind; call Melissa,” Kellie replied with a knowing look.

She threw the cell phone carefully across the room and waited until Adam made the call before leaving the room.

“Adam, can you be on the set on Monday?”

“Are you asking?”

“No, I’m telling you,” Melissa replied. “Don’t mess this up; it’s your big chance. Don’t tell anyone who you are and stay in total girl mode all the time.”

“But who’s going to know it’s really me when I’m in full makeup all the time?”

“Just get your little girl mind in gear and be there ready,” Melissa replied. “And just so you know, Adam has become Aurora in the billing.”

“So I don’t get to keep my own name?”

“Don’t worry about that,” Melissa replied. “They’ve upped the fee and I insisted on a notice at the end to say that Aurora has been played by Adam.”

“Okay, where do I have to be?”

“They’re filming the first scenes at Busters and most of your scenes are going to be based there. Do you know it?”

“You’re pretending that you don’t know,” Adam laughed.

“Of course I’m pretending. You can’t slip something like that past me. I even heard that you had a hot date today.”

“Does everyone know my business?” Adam asked.

“It’s only because they asked me to negotiate to use the place. I’ve known Gordon for years. He’s charming but I’d hate to be married to him.”

“I don’t think he’s the marrying kind.” Adam realised that he’d already said that once today.

“You’re much more his type,” Melissa replied. “But don’t bet on a ring.”

“I’m not like that,” Adam said without a great deal of conviction.

\*\*\*\*\*

As Adam was hanging up the call, Sharon arrived. She waved to him and then went into a huddle with Kellie. It was as if they didn’t want him to hear what they were saying.

"I'm really sorry I got you into this." Sharon came to sit beside Adam. "I should never have agreed to any of it. I can try to undo the damage if you'd like."

"There's no damage," Adam replied, shocked at her remark. "You only did the things I asked you to."

"I shouldn't have agreed," she said.

"Don't say that." Adam took her hands in his. "I feel so good. I don't want you to take that away from me. I wasn't getting anywhere as a boy but now as a girl, I feel really great about the future."

"Okay," Sharon said slowly. "Remember that I'm here for you whenever you need me."

"I think I'm going to need you very soon," Adam replied. "I have to be in full girl mode, as Melissa said, when I'm on set from Monday. They're going to call me Aurora."

"That's a nice name."

"They didn't give me a choice," Adam said. "I think I need you to help me create the full Aurora."

"But you're perfect already."

"No, I'm far from perfect. I'm a boy called Adam who dresses up as a girl and pretends to be one. I need a little help with believing that I am one."

"But why?"

"Because I want it to be that way and I think that there's going to be more chance of a career as a girl." Adam's eyes pleaded with her.

"I can help you with that... if you're sure," Sharon spoke slowly. "You have to promise to come to me if you start doubting your choice, or if you decide that you want to go back into a boy's world."

"I get that, and thanks," Adam said. "I won't forget but right now, it's important that I don't slip up. I

don't want to make a fool of myself while they're filming."

\*\*\*\*\*

"You're not still waitressing?" Kellie said when Adam asked for a ride to work.

"I spoke to Gordon and he's agreed to cut my hours but I still want to keep working there."

"Aren't you going to get paid a fabulous fee?"

"I'll get a fee but 'fabulous' isn't the best description," Adam replied. "Melissa's explained about a share of the royalty and percentages but it's not going to make my fortune."

"Does that mean Busters is going to make your fortune?"

"Of course not but it's a job. I've no illusions, but a girl can dream."

"Even when she's not a girl?"

"Even so," Adam smiled. "You're not going to hear me say a word against it. I think Sharon did me a great favour the other night. I feel like I'm really complete. I know who I am and what I am and I know that I can enjoy this life."

"But you may change your mind."

"Then I have Sharon to help me through it," Adam said. "And I have to tell everyone to start calling me Aurora."

\*\*\*\*\*

"How's the first week been?" Kellie asked.

"It's been hard work but its fun too," Adam replied. "I don't have many lines to learn but the choreographer's been really putting us through it."

“Us?”

“There are six girls and six boys in the chorus dances.” Adam rubbed an ankle. “The boys are too gay but the girls are nice. We have to share a trailer as a dressing room.”

“That could be dangerous if they find out your secret.”

“I’m being careful and the chorus numbers won’t take long,” Adam said. “Then I have the room to myself.”

“What about the stars? Is there anyone I might have heard of?”

“I’ve met Rick Newman; you’ll remember him from that television series.”

“He’s really something.”

“I know and I have my romantic scenes with him,” Adam smiled.

“Down, girl. Stop drooling. You know I’m jealous already,” Kellie smiled. “You’d better make double sure that he doesn’t find out.”

“I’ll be as chaste as the driven snow.”

“Don’t you mean pure?”

“It’s probably a bit late for that,” Adam laughed, just as his mobile rang.

“They want to change the script,” Melissa told him. “They don’t want anyone to know that you’re not a girl at the end of the film.”

“Okay. They’re in charge.”

“Wait, you haven’t heard the reason,” Melissa said. “It’s Rick Newman. He really likes you and wants you to be in his next picture. He has a say in the casting and he wants you.”

“But he doesn’t know...”

“How you deal with that one isn’t something I’m going to advise you about,” Melissa said slowly. “You’re going to have to think about that carefully.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“Adam, I think we have to talk seriously before you go out.” Kellie heard the door of his new car slam and met him at the door.

“We’ll have to be quick; Rick’s taking me for a drive to the lake this evening.”

“That’s why we have to talk,” Kellie said, patting the couch for Adam to sit beside her.

“You’ve been out with him a few times now,” Kellie started slowly. “Guys like that are used to getting their own way and while he knows Aurora, he doesn’t know Adam.”

“He doesn’t need to.”

“Has he kissed you?”

“Yes, but he’s a gentle kisser,” Adam replied. “He has such soft lips.”

“And was all of him soft?” Kellie made a gesture which said which part she was thinking of.

“No, but he was a real gentleman.”

“Does that mean he asked you to use your mouth?”

“You’ve no right to ask me that.” Adam blushed immediately, a bright red. “You’re not my mother.”

“Have you thought what he’ll say when he slips a hand inside and finds something he didn’t expect?”

“I hadn’t thought of it like that,” Adam slumped. “What do I do?”

“I’ve no idea. All I can say is be very careful.”

“I told him it was the wrong time,” Adam blurted out.

“He’ll know that can’t last for weeks,” Kellie replied. “And your mouth won’t always be sufficient; I know boys.”

“Are you saying that I should tell him something?” Adam’s eyes filled with tears. “I really like him. How could I do that to him?”

“I think that ship already sailed,” Kellie replied. “It’s a mess but you can’t leave it as it is.”

“You’re right,” Adam sighed deeply. “I’ll have to tell him, even though I might get dropped from the movie and the next one.”

“I think sooner will be better.”

“You’re right, I’ll try tonight,” Adam said. “But I’ve no idea how to say any of the things.”

\*\*\*\*\*

“I can’t believe how good you look.” Kellie saw Adam heading for the door after a car horn sounded in the drive.

“I’ve been learning from the makeup girls on set,” Adam replied, stopping and coming closer. “Look how they taught me to do my eyes.”

“That’s smouldering,” Kellie agreed. “Do you think it’s wise to look so hot when you’ve a secret to reveal?”

“I’ve no idea. I’ve never done this before.”

Kellie waited up until after midnight. Adam still hadn’t come home. In the morning, his room was empty. She called his cell phone but it went to voicemail immediately.

“Don’t worry,” she told herself. “There’s probably a simple explanation.”

At that same moment, the simple explanation was stirring in Rick’s hotel room.

“I can’t believe you,” Adam said as Rick’s penis grew hard again. “You kept all that secret. My sister thinks you’re the hottest guy on screen.”

“Of course, she’s right.” Rick pulled Adam closer and pulled him round. “I’m the hardest too.”

“No, you don’t put that thing in me again without lots of lubrication. Do you know how hard it’s going to be for me to walk straight?”

Rick obliged and soon Adam was being pounded again.

“I could get to like you doing this,” he panted, rising to meet Rick’s thrusts. “You’re going to make me spill my own mess all over this bed.”

“It’ll give the chambermaid something to talk about.” Rick thrust harder and then held still, pushing hard.

“Oooh,” Adam moaned. “You’re coming again. I thought I’d have worn you out.”

“That doesn’t happen until after the next few movies,” Rick replied. “Or maybe long after that.”

Adam felt the strong pulsing deeply inside him. He knew he was being filled up once again, and that he was going to be in a mess later. He didn’t care. The feelings, the touch, the scent of it all was overwhelming. He was so happy.

“I love someone who’s realistic,” Adam sighed and sank back onto the pillow. “Kellie’s never going to believe this.”

###