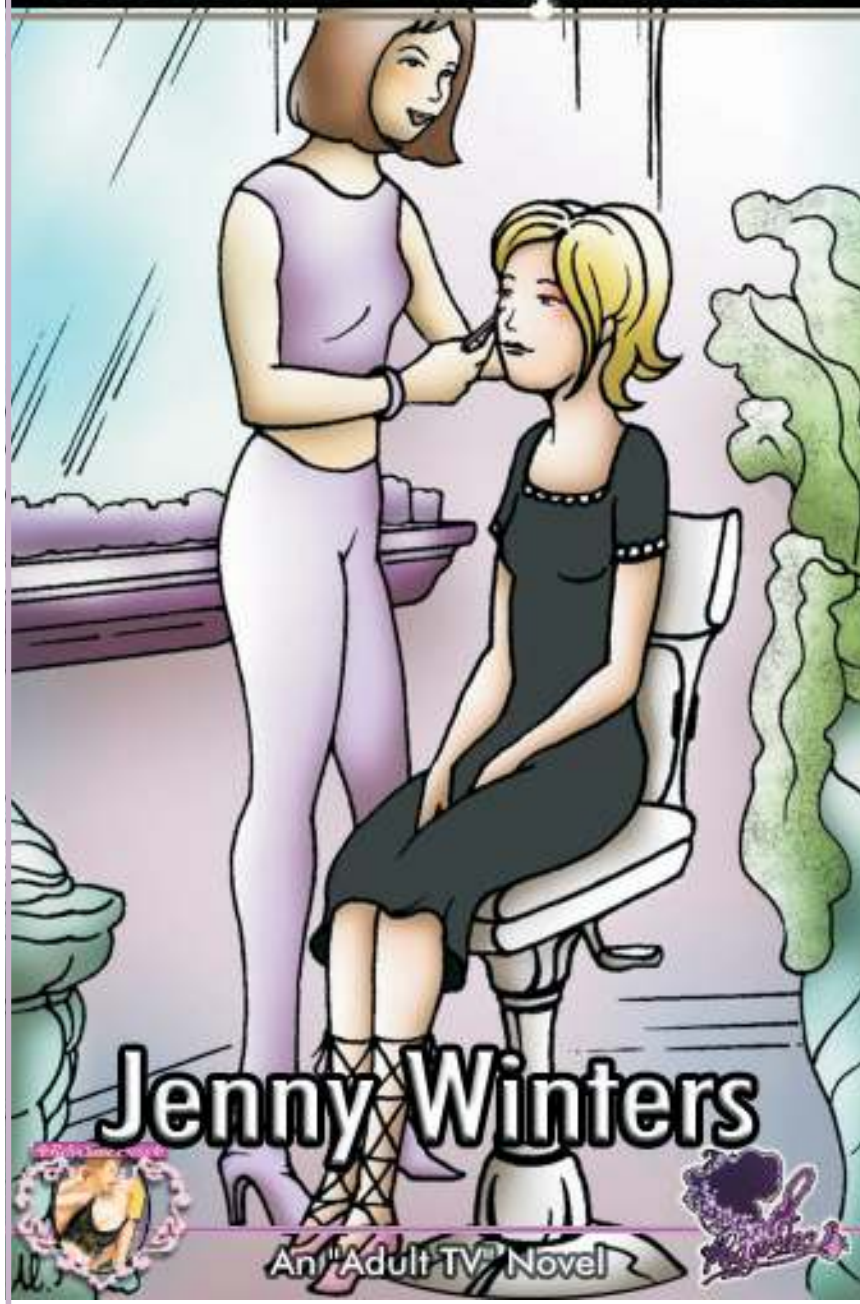


Glen's New Stepmother



Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Glen's New Stepmother

By Jenny Winters

I never ever thought that I'd be getting married. I never dreamed of it as a child or when I saw other ceremonies in churches and restaurants as I passed.

What was all the fuss about white weddings anyway?

I never dreamed I'd be having the perfect dream of a wedding, with the ceremony on the patio at the back of my house. I could walk slowly down the stairs from the balcony of my bedroom on the first floor and look at the guests as I descended.

I had to walk through a bower of flowers, whites and pinks to meet the celebrant at the front where all eyes would be on me.

I never thought of a dress like the one I was wearing. It was silk and strapless. It was tight to my thighs, then flared out in a symphony of silk. There was more to the back of the dress so that my matching heels wouldn't catch in the train.

It seemed strange not to have my wedding set on my left ring finger. I'd worn them there for so long that I wasn't conscious of them. My second ring had been sitting on top of them for our short engagement.

Now, I'd transferred those rings to my right hand. The left finger was empty now, waiting for the new symbol of this wedding to be slipped over the knuckle, to be joined by the matching engagement ring as soon as I could.

I'd chosen the rest of my jewellery carefully too. I had long diamond drops in my ears, so long that they skimmed my shoulders if I tilted my head. A single diamond on a pendant nestled above my breasts. Of course, I could never go anywhere without the heavy gold bangle which I'd worn on my left wrist since my poor deceased husband gave it to me on our wedding night.

My hair was piled elaborately on the top of my head. I'd refused to consider the tiara; that would have been ridiculous. My veil was full and transparent. It draped over my shoulders and down to my thighs at the rear.

I carried a bouquet, matching the colours of the bower.

I almost forgot about the colour. My dress was the palest fawn tinged with pinks. I'd been married before in white and I'd heard the superstition that white shouldn't be worn at a second wedding.

I walked slowly forwards, smiling and acknowledging the smiles of our friends. At the front, my stepson Glen waited for the ceremony to make me his wife. It was the culmination of our beginning and the start of a new chapter.

To all the world, based on appearances, that's what it was, but the backstory was something we never shared with anyone.

I hadn't heard from Glen Powell since we were in college over seven years ago. That was a long time ago and I was surprised that he'd gotten my email address which had changed since then. His had changed too.

He'd graduated and went to medical school; it was inevitable as his father owned a private clinic. They didn't have to work for money; it seemed they simply had money. That was a big difference between us. Exactly how we ended up as college friends I never knew.

After college, I drifted from one no hope theatre company to another. Of course, I didn't know they were no hope companies until I'd invested time and effort in them. Sometimes I even got paid before they went bust.

I hated it that I'd become a professional but casual waiter. I'd thought that coming to the coast would be better for an actor. It turned out to be good for a waiter.

The message wasn't much more than a "Hello, is that you?" sort of thing. I replied carefully. I didn't want to say what a failure I'd been. I guess it's always

like that with old college friends after a gap of a few years.

I was surprised when the reply came back the same day. It was a strange message and asked me to speak to him personally.

"I'll send a special cell phone to your nearest delivery office," the message said. "It will have my number programmed in. Please call me as soon as you can but don't use it for anything else. Call me as soon as you get it."

"He's a doctor. He's can't be some kind of double nought spy as well," I thought. "This seems to more cloak and dagger than a creaky spy movie."

I'd just auditioned for a part in one of those creaky spy movies; one with super heroes and lots of special effects. I didn't get the part.

"He's not the kind of guy to be a leading man." I overheard one of the assistants say to the casting director. "

"Agreed; we couldn't place him. He's too small, too skinny, and it's not worth spending on the special effects to try and make him look rugged."

I guess that was my problem forever. The days of the thin man in a dinner suit as lead in a movie ended a couple of generations ago. My credits were limited to a few frames as Victim Number One, and Witness Number One in some low budget movies.

They were so crap that I've even eliminated the titles from memory. I didn't see them either. I think they were straight-to-video releases.

I answered the email after much thought. It was quite a walk to collect the phone at the post office, so it had to stay there for a few days. I didn't want to have a wasted journey if it was still on the way.

I worked the lunch and afternoon at a restaurant on the beach. I liked the place. It generally had a happy holiday crowd. They didn't complain and they tipped well. I got fed well too.

It was mid-evening when I remembered the mobile. I switched it on as I walked back from the restaurant. I wasn't in any hurry; one room in a shared apartment isn't something you hurry back to.

It was a very basic thing. I think they'd call it a "burner" in crime stories. It looked to be charged and sure enough, there was a number stored there. I considered calling. Should I call or not? I called.

"Hi Les, I thought you'd never call." Glen sounded much as I remembered. "Is an actor's life so busy these days?"

"I've been busier," I made a non-committal reply.

"Does that mean you'd be free for a meeting?" he asked.

"I could be but I think you live a long way from me."

"It's only about four hundred miles," he replied. "I'll send you the fare and you can stay a few days here. I'll book you in somewhere nice."

"I can't afford it," I said.

I'd intended to be more subtle but there was no way I could afford anything but the basics. It wasn't as if we were close like we'd been in those college years.

"It's on me. I've a proposition for you and I need to act fast. I'll send you the fare and the tickets to travel. Does two hundred a day plus expenses sound okay?"

"I guess I can get away at that rate," I replied, immediately wishing I'd asked for more.

"Not a word to anyone about this; it's strictly confidential. Don't tell anyone; don't bring your own mobile." Glen sounded really keen to see me. "Please say you'll come."

"I'll clear my schedule," I said. "When do you want me?"

"I'll get it all delivered to the same place," he said. "It should be there by weekend. Come as soon as you can after that. Call me and I'll make sure everything's ready at this end."

He broke the call. That's when I started to reflect on the conversation. I'd not had a fee offer like that for ages and then it was only for two days. Whatever he had in mind must be important.

As the days passed, I thought more about it. I was determined not to get involved in anything criminal. A little guy like me wouldn't have a good time in prison. I thought back to college days. Was there something there he didn't want to become known? If there was, I didn't know it.

I waited until after the weekend before I went to collect his package. It was bigger than I expected and when I opened it in the back of the delivery office, I froze. One envelope held some open bus tickets for me to travel.

“That’s not luxurious,” I sniffed.

The second envelope made me stop in my tracks. I recognised General Grant’s portrait at once on the fifty dollar bill. I’d never seen so much of him before. I put the envelope in my pocket quickly in case anyone should see.

I walked out into the street, feeling conspicuous with all that in my pocket. I walked a little quicker and into the first pizza restaurant down the block. I ordered casually, then left my bag on the chair. In the bathroom, I locked a cubicle and counted.

I got to two thousand and guessed that there was the same remaining. There was a typed note too. “Use cash for everything,” it said. Whatever Glen wanted, he must want it pretty bad.

I worked my evening shift that day. I left the cash in my locker. I figured it was as secure there as anywhere. I didn’t know what to do but I’d taken the money. I’d better go and see what it was all about.

I told the boss I had to go away for a few days after my next shift. He shrugged like it didn’t matter.

“Call me when you get back,” he said. “I’ll see if there’s anything for you then.”

My roommates were just as “concerned” when I said I’d be away for a few days. They said they’d let my room if I wasn’t back by weekend.

That evening, I packed my rucksack; a change of clothes, some toiletries, and my spare shoes. I remembered what he’d said about leaving my mobile. I noted the few numbers I wanted to keep and then stuffed it under my pillow as if I’d forgotten it.

With all that money, I could buy whatever I needed. There didn’t seem any point in carrying the rest of my stuff. It wasn’t worth it.

I set off early next morning. I knew what time to catch the bus. First, I swung by the restaurant and collected the cash from my locker. I walked to the bus station. I bought a magazine, a sandwich and coffee, and sat to wait.

“It’s like the beginning shots of a bad road movie.” I thought as I watched my bus pulling in.

The bus rolled in on time. It wasn’t a new bus and when I got inside, the smell of body odour hit me hard. I took the front seat to be near the door, hoping that there’d be a draft to clear the air. Fortunately, there was.

The bus set off and hit the freeway which seemed endless. Bus stations came and went, looking pretty much the same. Passengers got on and off, the driver changed with another, and it seemed that I was the only one on the full journey.

I grabbed a quick lunch at one stop after making sure the bus wouldn’t set off without me. In the after-

noon, the driver stopped for coffee and a comfort break. I gratefully took the same opportunity, but once back on the bus, the journey seemed endless.

I got off about eight in the evening. I had no real idea where I was. It looked like a medium-sized town, but in the dark I could have been anywhere.

I called Glen. “There’s a small bar next to the bus station; there’s only one. You can’t miss it. I’ll pick you up there in twenty minutes.”

It wasn’t hard to find and there was no way to go into the wrong one. There wasn’t anything else that looked open. A rather bored waitress served me coffee and a piece of pie. I sat watching out of the window, expecting Glen to arrive in something flash and new.

My phone rang again. “I’m out back when you’re ready.”

“Aren’t you coming in?”

“It’s better that you come out.”

He ended the call. I finished my drink and walked round the building. A battered van flashed its lights. I walked over and opened the passenger door.

“I’d never have recognised you.” Glen looked quite scruffy, nothing like the prosperous surgeon I expected to see.

We shook hands and then hugged like old friends do.

“Are you going to tell me what this is all about?” I asked. “So far it seems like I’m in a conspiracy thriller without the violence.”

"I've a cabin in the hills." Glen put the van in drive and it rattled towards the road. "I'll explain it all when we get there but first you have to switch your cell phone off."

"Is that important? You're the only one with the number."

"I'm switching mine off too."

He took the phone from me, then took out the cards from both and put them in his shirt pocket. He opened the van door, walked a few yards, and dropped them into a drain.

"You do know that they can be tracked through the antennas as you travel."

I didn't but I took his word.

We followed the road for a couple of miles, then pulled onto a track where the headlights bounced off the trees as the van shuddered to the front of a small cabin.

"I'll get the generator going and then we can talk." Glen led the way to the door and after a few moments, the light came on.

The cabin was really that; one room with a wood burning stove at one end beside a kitchen area and two beds at the other end. Two easy chairs were either side of the stove, with a low table between them. Glen put a bottle and two glasses out.

"Are you going to tell me what this is all about?" I asked. "Why all the secrecy?"

“All in good time.” He pointed me to one of the chairs, filled two glasses and sat opposite. “I need to know if anyone’s going to miss you.”

“I guess not,” I said.

“You’ve nothing in production or whatever you call it?”

“Glen, you’ve probably looked me up somewhere. I’ve nothing. I’m bumming around, pretending I’m still trying.”

“What if I could give you a role for a few years, with all expenses paid and a pretty good life to go with it?” Glen asked. “Could you immerse yourself in something so completely that everything else gets pushed aside.”

“That sounds like you want me to be a spy,” I laughed. “Deep cover; I have to blend in with the natives.”

“Something like that.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious.” He reached for a folder and put it on his knee. “First I need to know. Did you tell anyone about this trip.”

“No, there’s no one that’s going to miss me anyway.”

“Okay, I’d better start at the beginning.” Glen opened the folder and handed me a brochure. “This is Dad’s clinic. He was the director and owned forty percent. My stepmother has thirty percent and a venture capital company owns the other thirty.”

“I don’t really understand finance, apart from working out if I can eat from day to day.”

“The company came in because Dad needed to raise money for improvements and equipment. You’re not a surgeon, so I won’t explain it all but it’s made the difference. The place is state of the art and the sort of surgery we do is really an art form”

“Does that mean plastic surgery?”

“I’m great with noses and breasts,” Glen laughed. “Faces are my real speciality. Dad taught me so well.”

“Does he operate too?”

“He died a month ago.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know. I remember when he came to visit you at college. He always included me in the dinners.”

“He liked you. He thought you were a good influence on me and kept me on track and away from some of the distractions.”

“Maybe I did something right. I still don’t see where I fit in though.”

“I’m coming to that.” Glen refilled our glasses. “Remember I said thirty percent went to my step-mother.”

“So it’s you and her. I assume you inherited your dad’s share.”

“That’s the problem.” Glen took a deep breath. “I’m going to give you the condensed version and you can ask questions later.”

“I take it that there’s a problem somewhere.”

“Her thirty percent reverts to the venture capital company if she doesn’t secure it. Don’t ask me how that works. The lawyers tried to explain the hows and wherefores. I still don’t understand them.”

“Surely, she’s on your side.”

“That’s the problem.” Glen stood and walked round the chairs as if collecting his thoughts again. “You never met her. Sandra is a wonderful person, bright, bubbly, and attractive. How Dad caught her, I’ll never know.”

“I remember you leaving college when your mom died.”

“That’s right. Dad was absolutely lost until Sandra came into his life. She was a receptionist in the clinic, just a year or two older than you and I. She rescued him and they had a good life together for a few years.”

“You didn’t get the wicked stepmother then?”

“Not at all, she was so good.”

“You keep saying ‘was’ when you’re talking. Where is she now?”

“That’s the problem.” Glen sat forward. “Sandra had a vascular incident over a year or so ago. She’s in a persistent vegetative state with no hope of recovery.”

“That sounds awful but I don’t know what it means.”

“She makes no response to anything. Her body is being kept alive, but her brain has stopped working.”

Dad got her into a private sanatorium under a false name so that he could keep running the clinic as before.”

“That must have been so awful.” I remembered the way he was so kind to me. “He found something good just to have it snatched away.”

“He told me that the only decision left to make was when to switch off the life support. He couldn’t bring himself to do it. He immersed himself in his work. It wasn’t a problem until he died.”

“So why is it a problem now?”

“He told everyone that she was having a period of severe depression and was being treated. She has to reappear otherwise I lose control of everything he worked for.”

“I can’t pretend to understand all that but you haven’t told me where I come in.”

“It’s simple.” He looked me in the eye. “I need you to play a part for me. I need you to become Sandra.”

I looked at him in disbelief, wondering if I’d heard him right. He looked at me, then looked away, stood and returned with another bottle. He filled our glasses silently.

“I don’t see how I could do that,” I said at last.

“Think about it before you turn me down,” he said. “Sandra is a year or two older than you. She has the run of my father’s homes. She has her car and a sub-

stantial income. She has a life of luxury to do whatever she wants within reason.”

“So she’s a rich bitch?” I smiled to show that I didn’t mean that maliciously.

“She was pampered with charge accounts, salons; everything she wanted was there for her. Dad didn’t resent it. Heck, *I* didn’t resent it. She made him happy and, above all, she was a good person. Wouldn’t you like a life like that?”

“If I was to say yes, and I’m not agreeing to anything right now, how could we get away with it?”

“I like that you said ‘we’ there.” Glen smiled.

“Seriously how could I be taken for her?”

“She’s a woman.” Glen looked at me like I didn’t know about women. He was probably right. I wasn’t much good at dating.

“Forgive me for saying this to a distinguished surgeon, but I’m not a woman.”

“She’s a modern woman,” Glen said as if that should explain everything. “No one knows what her natural hair colour was. She was always on at Dad to do her breasts, or her chin, or something else that she wanted perfecting.”

“Did he agree to do all that?”

“He loved her; she could have anything. I think he saw her as his greatest work of art.”

“Remembering your dad, I can understand how he’d want to be kind.”

"I don't think anyone saw her without makeup, not even Dad."

"Are you saying that you could make me look like her?"

"Yes, I could do that easily." Glen thought for a few seconds. "I'm looking at you and thinking as a surgeon. There's nothing major to change. A bit of work to round your chin. Opening up your eyes to be more like hers is an obvious thing."

"Doesn't she have breasts?" I asked sarcastically.

"One on each side." His hands indicated the obvious.

We looked at each other and laughed spontaneously.

"I can't imagine having real breasts," I said.

"It's essential; there's no way of avoiding it." Glen looked serious this time. "It would help you get into character and stay there."

"But I don't know how to be a woman," I protested; this was getting deeper into fantasy. "You want someone to act the part all day, every day."

"You've played a woman's part before. I remember that Shakespeare season you did at college. It was the all-male cast."

"That was on stage. I could do that."

"You looked pretty good offstage too. I remember the last night party."

“Don’t remind me. I think I had too much to drink and got carried away with it all.”

“You were perfectly into your role if I remember correctly.” Glen said. “I remember we went into the trees and you kissed better than anyone I dated that whole year.”

“Don’t say anything more, I don’t want to remember the rest.” It was the closest I ever came to a gay encounter.

“I can’t forget it.” Glen reached for my hand but I snatched it away.

“I was so scared after that.” I remembered all too well. “I was afraid you’d try and seduce me.”

“If you hadn’t had so much to drink, maybe I would have.”

“You don’t mean that.”

“Let’s just say that was back then.” Glen raised his glass to me and we looked at each other silently; he was waiting for me to speak.

“Oh, come on. How long would I have to be your stepmother?” I broke the silence.

“As long as you want to play the part; it could be great fun,” he replied. “We’d have to think of some excuse to end it if you wanted to, but that shouldn’t be too difficult.”

“And what’s in it for me at the end of all this?”

“You’d have the income from thirty percent of the clinic,” he said. “I’d honour that and there’d be some additional settlement.”

“How do I know that you’ll honour it?”

“If I didn’t, I’d be exposing myself to all sorts of charges. You’d have me over a barrel.”

“It’s fantasy; I can’t do it.” I thought of all the impossibilities.

“Please don’t say that,” he pleaded. “Stay here a couple of days and think it over at least.”

“I’ll sleep on it,” I agreed. “I’m making no promises though.”

I was up first in the morning. Glen was fast asleep in the other bed. I set out for a walk to clear my head. I didn’t know where we were so I kept to the track. I hadn’t slept well; there were so many things running through my mind.

I remembered that production when I’d kissed Glen. I did get carried away at that party.

I really enjoyed taking the female lead and playing it up when I was in full costume. It’s not so often that the little actor with the long hair gets a lead role. It had been hard work to learn it all though.

It was modern dress so I had to learn makeup and hair. I had to practise for hours in high heels to get the walk right and then there were the posture and hand gestures. They made me wear breast forms and a bra too for authenticity. I wondered if Shakespeare’s boy actors had been told the same thing four hundred years ago.

But that was then. This was now and something else entirely.

I walked and thought. I was tempted to agree, mainly because I loved dressing up and playing a part. I knew I'd probably have fun being a woman for a while, even if I had to be Glen's stepmother.

Being wealthy would be a great change for me and if he did as he promised, I might be set up for life. I tried to imagine that. I might even stay as a woman for the rest of my life.

Then there was the opposite. If I agreed, he'd want to change my body in ways I'd never imagined. The thought of all that surgery was scary. What if anything went wrong?

I'd have to throw away everything I'd learned in the past. No more being a waiter. I wouldn't miss that, but no more hoping for that breakthrough part in a hit movie.

I knew no one would miss me. I'd no family to ask whatever happened to what's-his-name, that cousin who moved to the coast.

My mind was in such turmoil. I walked back to the cabin without a decision. I had so many doubts, but the devil in me was lurching towards agreeing, no matter how unprepared I was for the consequences.

I think that was where I realised that I'd made a decision but I still wanted to be persuaded that it was the right decision.

When I got back to the cabin, Glen was up and the smell of coffee was most welcome. I sat at the table and sipped a cup as he made some pancakes.

“Have you thought about what I asked?” he asked eventually after avoiding the subject while we ate.

“I’m thinking,” I said. “How good a surgeon are you?”

“I think I’m the best,” he replied. “I couldn’t get the clients and the fees I charge if I was anything less.”

“Who are your clients?”

“I can’t tell you. There are strict confidentiality rules but you’ll have seen my noses, chins and breast in a lot of movies and on television.”

“Someone’s going to know if you do me,” I said.

“I’ve thought of that.” Glen replied. “There’s a clinic I use sometimes when there’s a really sensitive client. It’s on an island in the Caribbean called Saint Barthelme.”

“I’ve never heard of it.”

“It’s French and French-speaking. It’s small but there’s a really modern clinic there, with a wonderful medical team.” Glen reached for his cell phone and thumbed through some pictures.

“It looks really lovely,” I said, picturing myself working on a tan from a lounge beside the beach. “But won’t the people there think it’s strange when I appear as the patient?”

“First you’d be a client, not a patient. Second, they’re paid to be very discreet,” Glen replied. “If they weren’t, then their client list would tumble away so fast that it would destroy the place.”

“But what about photos? Everyone has a camera phone.”

“You wouldn’t be there as Sandra. I’d get you off the island while the bandages were still on. You’d be back at my house for the big reveal.”

“You can do that?” I was doubtful and I saw my chances of lounging in the sun to recover were disappearing fast.

“I can do that; private plane, ambulance via another clinic, then home.”

“You’re convincing me that the transformation could work, but what about the other things. How do I learn to be Sandra?”

“You don’t have to,” Glen replied. “Think about it. She’s had a bad breakdown and hasn’t been seen in over a year. That could account for a lot of things like her changed behaviour, her memory loss, changed habits, even some changes to her appearance that friends might spot.

“You seem to have thought this through,” I sighed. “I don’t know what else to ask.”

“Then don’t ask, just say you’ll do it.”

I thought for a moment. “What do I have to lose? I’ll do it.”

I don't know what made me agree then but as I rationalised it afterwards, it was an adventure, something to brighten a dull life.

Glen looked at me long and hard after I'd said that I would do it. "You don't know how happy I am to hear that," he said. "I've a lot to arrange and you have to disappear completely."

"No one knows where I am," I assured him. "I did as you said and told no one. My old cell phone was left under my pillow before | I got on the bus."

"That's good but you've got to vanish altogether."

"I think I've done that. How could I do more?"

"It's time for your first makeover."

We cleared everything we'd brought out of the cabin. Then after a second check that nothing remained, we rattled away in the van. In the first town, Glen pulled into a used van lot. He pulled a baseball cap over his head and told me to wait.

"We're changing vans," he said when he came back to get his bag. "It's good to travel with cash. It's not traceable."

I got my bag and followed him to an equally battered grey van. We set off immediately. On the road, he took off the cap and dropped it out of the window.

"This feels like we're on the run," I said.

“We’re hiding our tracks as much as we can. We’ll pick up another pair of cheap phones from the next service station.”

As night fell, he pulled into a dilapidated motel. I stayed in the van until he returned and drove round to the back where there were no lights.

“I’m sorry about this but it’s anonymous.”

The room was horrid. The carpet was stained and the beds were lumpy. They might not have ever been changed. The smell was of stale bodies, stale food, and a simple lack of any care.

We ate packs of sandwiches from the service station where he’d bought the phones. He programmed the numbers into each one.

“Don’t use this for anything else but me,” he said.

“Who would I call?” I asked. “Ghostbusters don’t do house calls anymore but I think this place could use them.”

Next morning, we were on our way just after dawn. About ten, we pulled off the road for a comfort break. Glen walked across the road and I saw him using his phone.

“I’ve arranged your first makeover,” he told me. “Go along with everything. I told them you were moving in with your boyfriend and had to change to female for the occasion.”

“You did what?” I couldn’t believe my ears.

“It’s a makeover; a disguise,” he explained. “Make sure that there’s nothing identifiable in your rucksack and abandon it there. You’ve got money. Use it

to pay for the clothes they're going to give you. I told them your sizes. It was a guess, but don't argue."

"Isn't this taking it a bit too far?" I said. "It's paranoia."

"It's being cautious. You've got to disappear."

The place was called "Chrysalis" and it was at the end of a mall on the edge of the next town.

"They're expecting you. You're Alissa as far as they're concerned. I promised them two hundred as soon as you arrived and another seven if they got you ready in five hours."

"That's almost a thousand? Are you made of money?"

"It's an extra fee to make sure that you're their only client and that their cameras are switched off," Glen said as if the money didn't matter. "Give them a hundred for a tip."

"Can you trust them?"

"Who knows, but its more money that they could make by selling the pictures. Call me when you're ready to be picked up. Stick to the story."

I went in. I'd checked my bag. I knew there was nothing traceable and nothing worth keeping.

"Alissa?" The girl, or was it a boy, behind the desk smiled through her heavy makeup.

I nodded and counted out four fifties onto the counter. She took it and nodded. "Charmaine will be right out."

Charmaine was just as doubtful. I didn't know if she was a woman either. She had big breasts prominently on display, whatever she was.

"Come in, dear," she said. "I know you're in a hurry, so let's not waste time."

The room looked clean and smelled of cheap perfume. "I'll leave you to strip, there's a robe behind the door."

I stripped, feeling very vulnerable but thinking that Glen knew what he was doing. I called out that I was ready.

"Have you been waxed before?" Charmaine asked.

"Never," I replied truthfully.

"Well, it's going to hurt but that's the price of beauty."

I didn't ask how she would know. It wouldn't have been a good idea. I was directed to lie face down on a bench covered by a hygiene sheet. The girl from the desk came and between them, they gave me an awful time. I wasn't prepared as the wax was applied to my skin. I screamed when the first strip was pulled off.

"The first is always the worst." Charmaine came to smile at me and laughed.

They did my back, then they did my front. The waxed right in between my rear cheeks and then took every hair from my balls. They did my eyebrows rather more gently than anywhere else, leaving me

with what looked like even brows. They were thinner than before, but not that super thin that was fashionable some years ago. Even I knew that.

“You’re very smooth.” Charmaine felt my chin.

“I never grew any whiskers,” I admitted. “Puberty didn’t get that far.”

“It’s probably as well if you’re moving in with your boyfriend,” she smirked. “He’ll love you hairless.”

I could feel myself shaking as I stood

“You’ve no need to be nervous.” Charmaine pointed to a couple of bags from stores I didn’t recognise. “Your boyfriend told us what to buy and where to get it. He must think a lot of you.”

“I think he does,” I stuttered.

“He’s gone to a lot of trouble to make you into his perfect girl.”

“He’s a sweetheart.” Even as I said it, I wondered where those words had come from.

“You get dressed and we’ll do your makeup.” She smiled and left the room.

I looked through the bags. I think I knew what I’d find. Lingerie from panties and bra to camisole and tights. I knew what to do and I put them on quickly, fumbling with the bra. I fastened it at the front and twisted it round to pull on the shoulder straps. I had no idea of how to adjust them.

There was a black dress with a scooped neckline, tight at the top and with a flared skirt. It was short and finished well above my knees when I pulled it on.



The shoes were ballet flats, but with a tie that went up almost to my knees. What a cliché!

The only other thing was a denim jacket. I carried it and went through to the other room where I could hear Charmaine talking. I did what I was told to do. Everything that I'd carried in to the place was left behind and there was nothing to link them to me.

"That looks good, girl." She came and hugged me, letting me smell her cheap perfume and a little body odour. "Let's do your nails first and then your makeup. Your boyfriend won't be able to keep his hands off you when he sees what we can do."

The false nails were deep red and glued easily over my own. They were a little longer than mine but nothing to make me think I couldn't handle them.

I pretended to be naïve and to know very little about makeup. Charmaine knew very little about makeup but I let her get on with making up my face. She did it heavily, with no attention to contouring or subtlety.

"Your ears are pierced." Charmaine looked at me in surprise.

"What did you expect?" I drawled. "Every girl has pierced ears."

I congratulated myself on that reply. They'd been pierced years ago and I'd almost forgotten. I hadn't worn earrings since that play.

"I think we've some with black stones that would look good on you." Charmaine fussed in a drawer behind me and then I could feel her fitting them to my ears. "They look good."

I looked in the mirror she held up. Given how awful I looked, they did look right, dangling almost to my shoulders.

My eyeliner was done in heavy black, with false lashes, long and spiky. The blushers made it look like my cheeks were out of proportion and don't ask about my lipstick. I kept my cool. Glen must have known something about this, or so I surmised.

Then my hair was brushed out, coiled and piled on top of my head in a messy bun. It was held there by a few pins and a lot of hairspray. I kept smiling, even though I looked like an imitation of a cheap hooker on drag night in a sleazy bar.

I thanked them and paid. They smiled and said all the things you'd expect for a thousand dollars. I couldn't wait to get out of there. I called Glen.

"I hope Sandra doesn't look anything like this." I complained as soon as we set off in yet another change of vehicle.

This one was a little better, a big Toyota sedan that looked like its better days were a few thousand miles ago.

"Nothing like that." He smiled at me. "But you don't look anything like the boy who got on the bus a couple of days ago."

"I feel very conspicuous," I grumbled. "I'm sure that wasn't the idea."

"On the contrary, you look like you'd fit in where we're going." Glen patted my knee in a way that

would have been nice if I'd been a girl. "You're having another makeover in a few days and I promise you'll like that better."

"I've given up thinking about what you're doing with all these changes of vehicle and never staying anywhere for more than a day," I said.

"It's to protect us both," he said. "You don't think I normally go round without shaving and in supermarket clothes."

"I didn't think you dressed like this for your wealthy clients."

"I don't." He took my hand; that was a first. "I'm making sure that we don't leave a trail that anyone could follow."

"No one can be that anonymous anymore," I said. "I think I read that on the internet."

"I'm sure you did but cash doesn't leave an electronic trail."

"I get that," I agreed. "It's why we're carrying all this cash and paying that way."

"These vehicles we've been using are all cash bought."

"Don't you have to give the trader an address?"

"Not these kinds of traders," he replied. "They don't like doing the government's work."

"But what about the vans you've left behind?"

“They weren’t registered and by the time they’ve been sold, there’ll be no way that they could be traced to you or to me.”

“So where do we go next?”

“I’ve a place booked the same way.” Glen squeezed my hand; another first. “That was harder. I’ll be there for a couple of days, then I have to go back to work.”

“What do I do?” I was feeling a panic building. “I don’t look like I could fit in anywhere. I look like some low-class girl, but I don’t know how to behave. I’ll be pointed out wherever I go.”

“That’s why you’re going for another makeover.”

“What am I going to look like this time?” I asked. “I don’t like this.”

“You’ll like the next one, I promise.” Glen let go of my hand and turned off the highway. “You’re going to be more conventional so that you’ll blend in anywhere.”

“You’re forgetting my experience as a girl extends to a drunken fumble with you after that play and today’s makeover.”

“You’ll vamp it.” He smiled across, sharing a confidence which I wished I could feel. “Keep a low profile, don’t talk too loud and learn from whatever you see around you.”

“So that’s what you’ve done.” I was getting mad. “You learned how easy it was; no nerves and no mistakes. I’m willing to take lessons.”

“Trust me. Remember what’s at the end of all this.”

“How could I forget?” I snapped back. “You get your clinic. I get a dress, breasts and a lot of recovery time. How could I have been so stupid?”

He pulled over into a gravel area beside some trees. Without warning, he leaned across the car and kissed me. I tried to push him away, then realised that I didn't really want to push him away.

I let him kiss me and when he pulled away, I kissed him back. Then I came to my senses.

“What was that for?” I reached for the purse I'd been given at the makeover and flipped down the sunshade to look in the mirror. “You smeared my lipstick.”

“I had to stop you grumbling.”

“Was that all?”

“Maybe I remember that kiss after the play. We should have carried on.”

I didn't reply. My mind was churning all kinds of thoughts and feelings. This couldn't be for real. I was going to be his stepmother. I repaired my lipstick and leaned back in my seat.

“We'd better get going.” He pulled into the road without another word.

Half an hour later, we pulled off the road again. It was a small resort by a lake. There were individual cabins with woodland behind. It was the sort of place where families on a low budget would bring their kids

for a few days. Fortunately they'd be in school this time of year.

Glen was watching the numbers as we drove along the access road, then pulled into the drive of one cabin.

“Was this another cash deal?” I asked.

“Yes. It was advertised online but the owner was happy to meet and take cash. He didn't want the tax man to know he was renting the place.”

We got out of the car. Glen got a bag from the trunk but I had only the purse from my makeover. He fumbled around the side of the step and held up a key.

Inside, the place was super clean, if a little faded. It smelled fresh and the girl that I was checked the bathroom. It was just as clean, and more importantly, there was a selection of toiletries.

I think we were both a little wary with each other. That kiss had done something. I stayed out of arm's reach and went to check the bedroom. To my horror, there was only one bed. It was a big one, with a lovely feel and a soft duvet, but there was only one bed. That provoked very mixed feelings inside me, if I'm honest.

“I'll have this,” I said. “You can have the couch.”

Glen looked at me and then nodded. “I guess that's fair.”

I didn't want to talk so I went to sit in the window. The sun made the lake look pretty but it was getting late in the afternoon and that wouldn't last long.

"I think we should eat," Glen said. "Would you come to a bar with me?"

"I don't think I look like your girlfriend." I said. "They'll spot me for a fake the moment I walk through the door."

"They might spot you as a fake girlfriend but I don't think they'd spot you as a boy." He looked at me hard as if to examine every part of me. "We've nothing here so we need to go out. I'll find somewhere with booths; somewhere that isn't too brightly lit."

"It's a big risk."

"I don't think so." He came over to me and saw me pull back when he tried to touch me. "And neither of us is going to look like this next week."

"Promise me that we'll get out of there if it gets, well, if it gets too much."

"I promise." He grinned. "You can decide but you're going to have to do something with your body language."

"My what?"

"If you're my girlfriend and we're out to eat, you can't flinch when I touch you. You act like we're a couple."

"I get that." I knew he was right. "You took me by surprise with that kiss. I wasn't prepared."

"Can you do it?" He looked really concerned.

"I'm sure I can. Let's go and find somewhere to eat." I linked my arm in his and moved towards the door.

I saw my new red nails shine as my fingers wrapped around his arm. It made me really think about where I was going. Things were going in a direction I could never have imagined. Suddenly I was expected to act and look like a woman. Even stranger, I was supposed to be Glen's girlfriend and eventually his stepmother. What the hell had I gotten myself into?

Still, even as weird as it all was, if I was honest with myself, I was kind of enjoying it. I mean, I could look at it as a form of acting, right? I was playing a part, even if the "audience" didn't realize it was watching a show.

The restaurant was a ten-minute drive away; time enough for me to get more and more nervous. Glen parked as close to the door as he could and took my arm as we entered. I kept my head down and said nothing.

We got a booth and Glen ordered for both of us. I chose a pizza. I thought eating a burger would be too difficult with my nails and makeup. I know girls eat that way every day but it didn't seem a good idea.

I was mortified when a nail popped off as I cut the pizza with my knife. I tried to put it back but I didn't have any glue so it was hopeless. Glen just laughed.

I ate slowly and took little bites. I thought that was more feminine. I didn't have pie to follow either, but I did accept a glass of wine. The lipstick smear on the glass was another new sign which reminded me to get my mirror from my purse and reapply it.

Glen paid cash as usual and as we got back to the car, I was feeling a lot better. I wasn't looking down all the time. I didn't object to his hand on my knee as he drove back to our cabin. I entwined my fingers in his and held it there.

I didn't want his hand to go exploring.

"I haven't any other clothes," I said when we got back to the cabin. "I should have kept a T-shirt or something."

"I've a spare." Glen went to his bag and held one out to me. "It may not have an appropriate design."

"I'll say not." I looked at him after taking in the cartoon of the naked girl with huge breasts. "I hope I'm not going to look that... unbalanced."

"You'll be elegant, I promise," he said, taking my comment seriously.

I left Glen and went into the bedroom. I knew enough about makeup to wash my face with a cleanser that was in the bathroom. I stripped and when I slipped into bed wearing that T-shirt, I was asleep in moments.

I slept in late the next day and lay there thinking about all that had happened and what could come next. I knew what was in the longer term, but for that day and the next, I had no idea.

I heard Glen moving about several times and wondered if he was making a noise deliberately to wake me. I got out of bed and brushed all the hairspray

from my hair. It looked a mess but I stepped out into the living room.

“I’ve only got the clothes from yesterday,” I said after sipping the coffee that Glen poured for me.

“Shopping is on the list for today.”

“I thought I was going for another makeover.”

“That’s tomorrow,” he replied. “I need to call them with your sizes too. They’re going to provide a week’s wardrobe for you.”

“How did you manage that?”

“I didn’t have to say anything. I told them what I wanted them to do for you.”

“Did you tell them that I’m a boy?”

“I told them that you were in transition.”

“Is that what I am?”

The words hit me hard as I said them. I knew I was to pretend to be Glen’s stepmother but did it mean that I had to become a woman to do it? The whole thing seemed to be spinning away out of my control, but then I’d never been in control anyway. My head was almost literally spinning from everything I was trying to consider all at once.

“It was easier to say that than to think of another complicated explanation,” Glen said. “I told them that I was your brother and I wanted to support you.”

“I bet that got their sympathy.”

"I think it did," he replied. "I'm being as careful as I can to cover all our tracks."

"I know," I replied, letting my hand fall on his arm. "Please don't blame me for being nervous. All these changes; they're so sudden. I never thought that I'd ever be involved in anything like this."

I saw a look in his eyes. I thought it said 'danger' so I broke away quickly.

"I'm going to take a shower."

I left him watching me as I walked towards the bathroom. When I got there and looked in the mirror, I saw that my T-shirt only just came down to my bum. The tops of my legs were plainly visible as I stood there. I stepped back to look again. There was more on display when I moved.

I took my time washing, shampooing and conditioning my hair with the products that had been left there. I stood under the cascade until the water started to run cold. I wrapped a towel round me, doing it the girl's way, under my arms rather than round my waist.

I blew my hair dry, feeling better as all that hairspray was washed away. I brushed it through. It hung down my back over my shoulders. The colour back then was some nondescript shade; dirty blond if you want to be kind about it.

I turned to look at the back. It wasn't even; a bit ratty in fact. When I looked closely, I could see that there were split ends that would look better if they were trimmed away. I was skinny enough, but right then the question in my mind was could I look female enough?

I got dressed in yesterday's clothes. There was no choice; it was that or being naked and I didn't think that was a good idea around Glen. I even put the breast forms into the bra.

I rummaged through the drawer in the bathroom, then through my purse for makeup. I wanted to wear some if only to show that I was female enough to be wearing my black dress.

I overdid the black eyeliner and the mascara. I hated the lipstick shades that I had; they were all too red. I compromised by using a little and toning it down with a pan stick that was one of the items left in the drawer. There was no foundation or powder; I wouldn't have known what to do if there had been.

As I came into the living room, Glen saw me and his face showed approval rather than distaste.

"Can we go shopping?" I asked. "I don't like these clothes and I don't have anything else."

Half an hour later we were at a small mall with a big supermarket on the opposite side of the road. The mall was awful, cheap, and tawdry. I think I was developing my feminine taste as I rejected the shops there. Was my mind changing to match my changing form?

As a boy, I didn't wear supermarket clothes but right then there was no alternative, even if they made me look like a charity case. Fortunately their lingerie was not bad. It wasn't designer quality but it looked well-made and some of the colours were acceptable.

Glen stood aside as I piled things in my trolley. He was like my father would have been. It was a fantasy because I never knew him, but I could picture him standing aside while “women’s things” were being selected.

I loaded up, not giving a thought to the cost. I chose black jeans and blue jeans, a long flared denim skirt and a couple of short ones, one black and one an unexciting beige that could match anything. I took most shades of T-shirts, long sleeves and short, round necks and slashed necks.

In the shoe section I got some pink trainers, then black spike heels, low court shoes with smaller heels in beige and black and just to be silly, some furry mule slippers with kitten heels.

I think Glen’s face dropped when he saw it all but I pretended not to notice and went to look at the cosmetic racks. Fortunately they were surprisingly well stocked with Maybelline and Bourgeois; no MAC or any of the more upmarket brands but sufficient for my needs.

Now all I had to do was learn how to use it properly. I threw a few magazines which I thought would help me with that into the cart. Glen paid without comment. Laden with bags, we went back to the car.

“Aren’t you taking this a little too far?” Glen surveyed my new clothes strewn over the bed as I tried on one outfit after another.

“How dare you!” I was really angry. “You’re the one who asked me to do this. What do you know about being a woman?”

“What do *you* know?” he shouted back.

“Not much, but I’m trying to learn.” I said. “You selected me. All you knew is that I played Rosalind in a play.”

“You did that so believably.”

“But you don’t know how I got that role,” I said. “I was selected by the traditional method. They picked on the small guy with the long hair, then threatened him until he agreed.”

“I never knew that.”

“Of course you didn’t. You didn’t care; that was clear when you made out with me after. If I hadn’t been so drunk, you’d have had me sucking you off.”

“Okay, I’ve been insensitive.” He held up his hands. “I really want this to work and I *really* want you to know that I respect you. I’m so grateful that you agreed.”

“I guess I’ve gone too far to stop now,” I said, feeling myself calming down now that I’d got all that out of my system. “Let’s start again, shall we?”

“That sounds good.”

“I need another shower,” I said. “Why don’t you go and find an Italian restaurant and book us in there for this evening. Then you can take a walk and don’t come back before seven.”

We talked a little more, calmer now with the shouting match behind us. He stood at the door, paused, then left without speaking but with a friendly look on his face.

I knew what I wanted to do before he left. I showered and washed my hair. I dried it, hanging my head upside down to make it as full as I could. I dressed in the best of the bra and panty sets that I'd bought that day, with hold-up stockings.

With the breast forms in my bra, I tried several tops until I settled on a pale pink one with a scooped neckline that didn't put my lack of real breasts in any danger of being seen. I tried skirts and jeans, and eventually decided on a pencil slim skirt that came down below my knees. The black high heels were higher than I was used to, but I knew if I leaned on Glen's arm, it would look right.

I don't know if I calculated how right it would look or what signals it may send. I didn't intend to be sending any signals.

I looked through the magazines I'd bought. I needed some inspiration for my makeup. It was true that my experience was little more than that one play and the party after when I'd had help. Now I had to do it for myself.

I decided that using a lot of products would get me into a mess. I concentrated on my eyes. I shaded the upper lid carefully, with grey shades blended with a hint of green. I was so careful with the black eyeliner. It went a little heavier than I intended, mainly because I couldn't seem to get the line straight.

I drew really carefully under my eyes, and then looked back. From a little distance, it looked like the smoky eyes depicted in the magazine illustration. I applied several coats of mascara, probably too many, but my lashes were heavy and unmissable.

Lipstick was another problem. The diagram showed a lip line being drawn. I didn't have a lip liner

and I didn't have many choices of shade either. I'd gone for pale and subtle. My red fingernails were never going to match.

I heard Glen open the door and realised it must be seven. I did my lips quickly. The shade was a sort of beige and coral. I pouted at myself in the mirror and decided I liked the shade and the super shine it gave to my lips.

I remembered that I'd seen some perfume in the bathroom. I tried it. It was light and flowery with hints of vanilla. I sprayed it under my chin and down my neck. I sprayed it on my arms and waved them about to disperse it in case I'd sprayed too much.

All the time I was getting ready, I was thinking. Glen had chosen me to complete his plan. In doing that, he'd assigned me a role. In that role, I had to adopt a new relationship with him. It was time I began to assert some authority before he accepted that I would be the submissive partner.

I didn't have any jewellery apart from the one set of earrings from that makeover. I put them into my pierced ears and checked myself in the mirror. I fluffed up my hair and brushed over it so that the top looked smooth. I took a deep breath and then I felt ready.

It was time for me to switch to being the dominant partner. I went to face Glen.

He was sitting at the table, looking at the door as I came through it. I could tell by his eyes that there was something about me that he wasn't expecting.

"I'm your stepmother," I said with an authority in my voice that I didn't feel but was something I'd determined to get used to. "What do you usually call me?"

I hoped the way I was looking at him would emphasise my words. I'd read that most men caved when faced with a dominant woman.

"Sandra or Sandy," he replied. "You've told me to do that when Dad introduced us."

"Why don't you call me Mother?" I was pleased that he didn't but I wanted to push back in this situation.

"You told me not to because you're only two years older than me."

"So from now on, I'm Sandra," I said. "Get used to it. Use it all the time. You can use Sandy occasionally but remember that I married your father."

I saw him looking at me intently. For a moment, I thought he was going to argue. He didn't. He stood.

"Shall we go to dinner, Sandra?" he said softly. "I think you'll like this little Italian place I found about ten minutes down the road."

He opened the door for me and I walked through. I hesitated outside. He offered his arm and together we walked to the car. He opened the car door for me. I wrapped my skirt under me and slid into the seat in the way I remembered seeing ladies do. He looked like he was happy to be with me as we drove.

It wasn't the greatest restaurant; even I could tell that, but it was the only one around. More important was the way that Glen started to treat me. It was as if



I'd gone from junior partner in the relationship to being equal.

That was how I learned that being a woman had advantages, especially when dealing with men.

After dinner, we took a bottle of wine from the restaurant back with us. I sat at the table while Glen opened it and poured two glasses.

"I don't know what I did or what you did, but you're as much of a woman as most I've met."

"That's because I'm your stepmother," I said. "You have to treat me with some respect. Your father chose me."

"Yes Sandra. I think he chose well."

"That's very nice of you to say," I replied. "On that basis, I think this project of yours may be on target," I said and sipped, holding his gaze as I did so. Then I licked my lips to make them shine again. "I think it's time to learn more about Sandra, so let's start doing it seriously."

We drank and chatted some more. It was an easy conversation. I'd got his attention and now I'd hooked him; I wanted to reel him in a little more. I smiled and fluttered my eyelashes. I tried everything I read that girls do to attract a man's attention.

Don't ask me how but I knew I had to put my stamp on this relationship if it was going to work. I'd not forgotten that there was as much riding on it for me as for him.

When it was time to go to bed, I let him kiss me. It was brief and a bit passionless but I let him kiss me all the same.

“Darling, did you say that you were taking me for my second makeover today.” I came out of the bedroom, fully dressed and made-up, wearing a denim shirtwaist dress and my pink trainer shoes.

“Yes, we’re moving on today,” he replied, stammering a little.

I liked the thought that my new confidence was having an effect.

I think it was the shock of seeing me as this assertive woman. I’d decided that if I was to do that, I’d better do it my way and keep him a little on the back foot.

“I want to see some pictures too,” I said. “You must have some photographs of your father and me before we married. Some of our wedding day would be good too.”

I sat opposite him. He didn’t reply as he appeared to be lost in thought. “I need to gather some memories for when I meet our old friends again.”

“I have some on the laptop in my office. I have some video too.”

“I’ll need to see it soon,” I said. “I have to learn Sandra’s poise and mannerisms.”

“You’ll have a few spare days,” Glen said. “I’ve booked you a room at a retreat hotel on the coast. You can be as sociable or as private as you wish. It’s going to take me a few days to get everything together before we go to the clinic.”

“You’re going to leave me alone?” I asked.

To be honest, I found the prospect of being a woman alone rather daunting. I didn’t want him to know the real reason, a fear of being found out. I wanted him to think I was simply afraid to be left alone; the frail little woman ploy you may call it. It was up to him how he squared this with my move to being assertive.

“It’s only a few days,” he said.

“Will they know that I’m not really the woman I appear to be?” I didn’t want to remind him that I was a boy and so avoided the word.

“I’m not going to tell them that,” he said. “I hope you’ll be able to pass; I’m sure you can. There are hair and makeup salons there and a manicurist. It’s all included.”

“Have I been there before?” I asked, keeping in character as Sandra.

“You went on a wedding shower once,” Glen replied. “I don’t think the staff would remember you.”

“And I can always trade on the fact that I’m fragile and recovering from a breakdown,” I thought out loud. “It may work, especially when I don’t remember names and faces.”

“I thought of that,” Glen said. “I’ve made the reservation on that basis; that you may be fragile. I’ve spoken to some of her... *your* friends to prepare them for any lapses you might seem to have.”

“This is where your plans could falter.” I tried to think it all through. “I have to switch to being Sandra

before the surgery and I'm doing it now. That's before I look authentic."

"I couldn't think how else to do it," Glen replied.

"Neither can I," I replied. "If I don't quite look like Sandra, I can put it down to my being unwell for so long. I can ask them to help me. I'm sure they'll be willing to help me with hair and makeup and make sure my grooming is up to standard."

"I did say that you'd been unwell for a long time." Glen looked at me. "Don't you think that was right?"

"Have you mentioned the surgery?" I didn't answer his direct question.

"I hinted that you were distressed at how being unwell had made you let your standards slip." Glen thought before continuing. "I hinted that you wanted a little assistance at the clinic before you felt able to carry on as before."

"What about the real Sandra?"

"You don't want to know but there's no chance that she could turn up to derail everything."

Glen dropped me off at mall outside of town. This salon was "Perfect Beauty" and it looked a world away in quality from the last makeover salon. The place was spotless and the air inside was scented and fresh.

I may have been a little underdressed for a place like this. I had black jeans and heels, with a white T-shirt. I'd chosen the one with the slashed neck. It

would give the least away. I carried a denim jacket casually over my arm. A black bag over my shoulder and I was complete.

My makeup was only around my eyes. Black liner and mascara, with light grey shadow on my lids and a smear of lip gloss.

I only had earrings and as I watched the girls and women around me, I was conscious that many of them had more jewellery.

When Glen picked me up, I would tell him that getting Sandra's jewellery was a priority. If I was going to be her, attention to detail was important, especially when her friends would recognise inconsistencies.

"You're Sandra," the girl on reception addressed me as soon as I came in.

Glen must have taken my decision to use the name to heart.

She led me through to a lounge and poured coffee freshly for me. It even smelled like good coffee too.

"I'll get the team who're going to be looking after you to come and talk through what you'd like," she said.

A few moments later, she returned with three girls in white coats. They were all beautiful and it took a lot of will power not to wilt as I looked at them standing beside me.

"I'm Amelia," the first one said. "I'm your lead beautician. These girls are Amy and Charlotte. We'd like to talk a little so that we know what you'd like."

“That’s really kind.” I sipped my coffee and put the cup down. “I think you’d better sit down. I feel like you’re ganging up on me standing there.”

“I hope we don’t seem intimidating,” Amelia said. “Your son said you’d not been well.”

“I hope I don’t look that old,” I said “He’s my stepson.”

“We didn’t see him. It’s what we were told when after he’d come and paid for your treatments,” Amelia explained.

“You’re forgiven.” I smiled as sweetly as I could. “The truth is I seem to have lost my skills to look after my appearance. I’ve rather let it all go. Things I used to be able to do easily with my makeup seem to have slipped away.”

“Don’t worry,” Amy chipped in. “We all have to change the way we do things every few months. There are so many new products. I’ll make sure you’re comfortable with it all.”

“I know I’ll have to practise,” I admitted; they didn’t know how much practise I’d need. “My hair used to be a classic blonde before it grew out. I’d like to go back to that, but with a fashionable shade.”

“What about the length?” This time it was Charlotte who smiled at me. “May I feel?” She touched my hair and ran her fingers down the length.

“I don’t want to lose any length but I know there are split ends and you’ll have to even it out.”

“Your hair will look so much more than better with a good cut. Don’t worry; I’ll leave the length as long as I can.” Charlotte combed it back and looked again.

“It’s been neglected, I can tell but with a good moisturising treatment and a gentle colour, you’ll be lovely by the end of the day.”

“And I’ll be doing your mani-pedi as well as helping the girls through the day,” Amelia said. I knew what that meant thanks to the magazines I’d read assiduously the previous evening.

“I can’t believe you’re all here just for me.” I decided to look wide-eyed and impressed.

“It’s what your stepson wanted for you,” she replied. “He tipped well too but I’m not supposed to tell you that.”

“I forgive you.” I laughed with them; I was going to relax and enjoy the day.

Of course, this bore little relation to the poor makeover I’d had before. It was all a new experience for me. These girls were the real deal, professional and skilled. I determined to let it all happen around me and not to show my ignorance of an upscale salon. That was going to be difficult. I decided that between my dormant acting skills and the excuse of having been sick, I would be able to fake it successfully.

My skin was cleansed, then toned and moisturised. My hair was pinned back and then soothing hands and soft cotton balls worked across my face. It was so relaxing; I never knew how good a facial could be until that moment.

Charlotte took me to hair station and washed my hair. I was towel dried and then sat chattering as

mindlessly as I could about movies and soaps, designers and shops. I knew I was failing here. I had to pretend that I'd lost those memories during my illness. I hope she didn't think I was too fake to be a real woman.

Amelia and Amy came to help as Charlotte worked her magic with my hair.

"I'm going to use three shades with your foils," she announced. "Highlights and lowlights; it's all going to blend in like this."

I looked at a picture she held. It was so glamorous. The girl's hair seemed to shine and bounce, even in the still photographs. It wasn't a great difference from my own dirty blond hair, but the changes were subtle. It's true that the colour mix could never have existed in nature but that didn't matter.

It was really feminine and a long way from any colour a boy's hair would be.

I wondered if I'd be beautiful. That seemed a bit farfetched but I thought I'd be good looking at least. I remember reading that beautiful women have an aura, one which makes men eager to please them. Men fear failing to do so. I hoped I could remember this to my advantage as the weeks went on.

"Let's work on your mani-pedi for a while as your hair develops." Amelia took me to her station after I'd been sitting with a head full of foils wrapped in some kind of plastic turban for a while.

"These nails are awful." She looked at the stuck on nails from my last makeover. "I hope they haven't damaged too much of your own nail."

"I hope so too," I answered lamely.

"I'll have to do a full set of acrylic nails for you," she decided. "These have been badly done and left your nails brittle."

"Only the best," I smiled.

"I'm going to suggest we do yours like this." She showed me a few pictures. "These are long coffin nails."

"Coffin nails?" I asked.

"It's a ballerina's coffin shoe shape, not like in a funeral." She laughed at the thought and my reaction. "They're quite long, but not impractical. The squared-off tip makes it easier to use your hands than if they were pointed."

"Do you think they'll suit my hands?"

"I think they'll make your fingers look longer and more elegant. You can always file them shorter if you find them too much."

"I always like them to be red," I said as if this was a conversation I was used to. "I like the classic look rather than the blues or greens some girls have."

"There's nothing wrong with being fashionable." Amelia started to brush and shape the acrylic over my nails and the forms. "Some dark blues are okay but I think I agree with you."

She worked some more, holding her face in concentration. At least, that's what I thought she was doing; it was hard to tell behind the protective mask she wore.

"I like these two colours." She showed me some nail samples. "This is a pure dark red; classic and

wearable but you might like these as well. They're almost black, shading to a similar shade of red towards the tip. It's a really popular way of doing nails. People like the shading."

"I'll have those shaded ones. I think they're lovely. People must like showing that they have professional nails. I don't think anyone could manage that at home."

I really liked them and wondered if I really dared to wear them then I decided I could, even if they were difficult. I was that kind of girl now.

"I think you're right," Amelia said, and proceeded to use some coloured acrylics to blend into the shade and shape.

As I watched, I remembered what I'd thought a few moments before. *Was I that kind of girl?* That wasn't right; the question should have been more like asking if I could be that kind of woman.

I was a woman, not a girl. I'd better get used to it because there was no easy going back from this makeover and even less chance of going back once I'd been through surgery.

I didn't have time to ponder on these thoughts. It was a good thing; negative thoughts were not going to help me become the sort of confident woman that Sandra had been. Before I had time to admire my nails, I was back in the hairdresser's hands.

In no time at all, I was rinsed and trimmed into shape. I watched the hair fall from the cape around me and wondered if they were going too far. I need not have worried but at that moment, I think I was in that state of mind that can worry about anything.

“This is the final rinse and condition,” I was told as my head was once again treated to a gentle massage with the product being spread evenly all over. A few moments later and I was being rinsed, towelled, and taken back to the stylist’s chair.

I tried to listen. I tried to make intelligent replies but the drone of the hair drier was too much. I watched as my rather dull and wet hair changed as it dried into something shiny and, if not quite golden, then a shade or two lighter than that.

I watched and a frisson of fear rippled through me, asking what I had done. It was only a moment, because I loved this new blonder me.

“We’ve been asked to do a really full makeup,” Amelia told me as I walked back through the salon to sit on an elevated chair. I squealed as the chair tilted back. “I should have warned you,” Amelia smiled an apology.

“We’re going to extend your eyelashes,” she said. “It’s semi-permanent because the extensions fall out with your own lashes, but they should last a couple of weeks if you’re careful.”

“I never tried that before.” It was the truest thing I’d said all day.

“You may prefer to use ordinary false lashes,” she continued. “These take time to be refreshed.”

“I’m in your hands.”

I reclined and waited as pads were placed over my cheeks and my own lashes were prepared. Amelia chattered. I didn’t need to say anything but I lay obediently, opening and closing my eyes as I was told.

“I love them.” The mirror showed long luxurious lashes, far too thick to be natural, but incredibly sexy. Yes, I thought my eyes looked sexy!

“I think you’ll love the makeup too.” Amelia held up a bag. “We’ve a complete set of everything we’re using for you to take home. It’s all part of the package.”

“I wonder if I’ll be able to do it as well as you do.”

“I hope you enjoy it,” Amelia said and paused. “Of course, if it was so easy, I’d be out of a job, so don’t get *too* good. First job is to tidy your brows and shape them a little better than they’ve been shaped before.”

I listened as she worked, describing every step of the process of making me look great. Foundation and powders, shading and blushing. I tried to take it all in. I watched carefully as my lips changed into something bigger.

“These modern plumping lipsticks are good but a little filler may be something to consider.”

“Do you really think so?”

“I think you’d like it.” She held three lipsticks in her hand but did most of the work with brushes. “You could have a little more pout, but be careful as some operators go too far. You don’t want to look like a trout.”

I couldn’t reply. She was working on my lips but it was yet another feminine thing for me to store in memory.

“I was fascinated as she worked on my eyes. The shades on my eyelid seemed to change and blend with every stroke of her brush. My eyes looked bigger

and wider. Her eyeliner and mascara were superb; much more subtle than the way I'd done it. I'd managed but I'd never tried to look like this kind of woman before.

"All done," she announced, removing the cape from my shoulders.

I stood and looked at my reflection. I did look like a real woman now. I wasn't a bombshell beauty but I knew at that first glance that I was attractive. I wondered idly if Glen would approve. Then I wondered why I was wondering that.

"I only have cash," I said as I saw the card machine by the front desk.

"It's all paid," I was told. "Even a generous tip and you get a free perfume. This month's is great, it's a Chanel special."

I smiled and opened the package. "I think I need some of that to go with the way I look now." I sprayed it generously on my arms and on my neck. "Maybe I used too much," I laughed.

"It's lovely." I handed her the bottle and she smiled back and sprayed herself. "I'd better call Glen to pick me up."

"I'm outside," He replied. "Walk straight down and you'll see me."

I did as I was told. I walked with my head up, chest out and loved the sound of my heels clicking on the path. Car lights flashed from a black Audi TT. I walked over and slid as elegantly as I could into the seat of the low slung car.

“I’m pleased to see the back of that old Toyota but where did this one come from?”

“Don’t you recognise it?” Glen smirked. “It’s your car.”

“But I never learned to drive.” I couldn’t believe I said that but it was true.

“Sandra has a licence, so you’d better learn fast.” Glen set off like a rocket. “I think we can arrange for you to have refresher lessons after your illness.”

“That excuse has to cover for an awful lot.”

“This is where you live.”

Glen pulled into a private drive lined with mature trees. It opened to a lawn area with parking and garages at the side. The front looked welcoming but austere.

“How big is this?” I was awestruck at the size.

“You have six bedrooms, all with bathrooms. Yours is at the rear, with a sitting room and a view over the gardens and pool.”

“There’s a pool?” I repeated.

“What did you expect? You married a wealthy man.”

“But this can’t all be mine,” I protested. “What about you?”

"I'm pretty wealthy too." Glen pointed across the grounds to another substantial house. "I live there but I really only use a couple of rooms. It's far too big for me really."

"No girlfriend?" I raised an eyebrow, hoping I'd got the look right.

"Not for a while." He pulled to a stop and started to get out. "Don't ask."

We walked through the place, checking all the rooms and the bedrooms. I loved the one which was mine immediately. It was as feminine and comfortable as any I'd seen in the magazines and it was mine. What a contrast to the shared house which was fading away like a bad memory.

"I have to leave you here for a few days," Glen said. "I need to go to Saint Barthelme to make sure everything's ready for you and I have to brief my team."

"Will they know who I am?"

"They'll think you're a player from Las Vegas; your boyfriend's paying for the best just for you."

"That makes me sound like a gold digger."

"They pay the best, so the team's all happy."

"When do I go under the knife?"

"Don't make it sound so melodramatic," he laughed. "It's meant to be your dream come true."

"I don't know if I'm that good an actress."

"Spend a few days exploring this place and I promise it will be your dream come true."

“What else do I need to know about being me, Sandra?”

“I’ll show you a few things.” He took me to my bedroom, flipped back a picture and opened the safe behind. “Put your thumb here and it’ll be programmed to open in the future.”

He closed it and invited me to try. I put my thumb on the reader and heard a click. I turned the handle and the door opened.

“That’s your jewellery and some cash; a few other things as well.” He took a blue bag from the safe and handed it to me. “That’s your wedding set. You should get used to wearing the rings all the time. Never take them off.”

I loosened the string of the soft blue suede bag and tipped the contents onto my hand.

“Are these real?” I looked at the sparkling diamonds.

“Everything’s real,” he said. “You loved your jewellery. Dad always said you were like a kid in a sweet-shop when you went to the jewellers. There are a couple of boxes back there. Get used to wearing your jewellery all the time.”

“All the time,” I repeated, slipping the heavy gold wedding ring onto my ring finger. “It’s a bit tight.”

“Good, that means it’s not going to slip off.”

I followed it with a diamond studded band, then an engagement ring with a central diamond surrounded by several smaller ones. They all fit together snugly. It was one flashy finger. I held my hand out, admiring the sparkle of the rings and my elegant nails.

"You always wear this bangle. I don't think I ever saw you without it."

Glen held out a round gold one. I slipped it over my wrist with a bit of effort. It looked good too. I didn't think I'd have trouble following Sandra in this.

"I'm sorry I have to go." Glen came towards me and instinctively I fell into his arms, accepting his embrace. I looked up at him and he kissed me softly. I kissed him back, then he pulled away.

"I'd better go." His face flushed with embarrassment. "Remember this place and everything in it is yours. Get used to it and enjoy it."

"Wait, am I all alone here?"

"There's a cleaner and housekeeper in the loft over the garage. She was hired after you were in hospital. Dad liked her and he was fussy. He said he hardly knew she was here but she kept the place really well."

"I don't think I know how to handle that." I thought hard. "Is she a servant?"

"Sort of; she's the housekeeper. She's called Maria and she's about fifty. I don't think you'll have a problem."

"Okay," I said doubtfully as I went to hug him again.

This time we kissed. We kissed like we both meant it; hard and long, tongues touching.

"I really have to go." He pulled away. "Keep out of trouble; I'll call when everything's ready."

"You could apologise for smudging my lipstick."



“That’s what Sandra said.” He laughed, waved, and was gone.

It was getting dark outside. The trees lost their shape in the gloom but outside lights kept the area around the house bright. I watched him walk to the garage, then drive the Audi inside. A black sedan emerged and he sped away. I took a deep breath, and tried to relax.

“This is it,” I said to myself. “It can’t be that bad.” If I tried to put aside the fact that I was dressed and looked like an attractive, wealthy woman, the situation wasn’t bad at all.

I checked the kitchen and ate a little fruit and drank some water. I didn’t feel like eating much anyway.

I went to my bedroom and opened the safe. I looked through it; it was like a treasure trove. Sandra certainly had a lot of jewellery and she had a lot of good taste too. Earrings and necklaces, bangles and bracelets, rings too. There was far too much to wear in a week or even a month but there was nothing tawdry or badly designed.

I sat in my bedroom and looked round. This was now my private space which I must have shared with my husband, unless we had separate rooms. I decided to check that tomorrow.

My reflection in the mirror took my eye. There was nothing left of the boy looking back at me. I looked blonde, expensive, cool and confident. I told myself that I’d better learn to be those things and not to doubt myself so much.

I looked like a real woman now, almost disturbingly so. My makeup was a woman's and my hair was worlds away from a boy's hair. I touched my face, watching as the rings flashed in the reflection and the bangle slipped from my wrist to my forearm. I looked at them and decided that I liked wearing them.

My next exploration was the dressing room. It had cupboards and a walk-in section where dresses of all colours were hanging. Another section held skirts and trousers, jeans and blouses.

Sweaters and T-shirts were in drawers. I looked through the sizes and they seemed to tally with the things I was wearing. Shoes were in another section.

"How many heels does a woman need?" I asked myself, looking through the cupboard which held them.

They weren't all heels fortunately. There were flats and court shoes, even some walking boots. I tried some on. One or two were okay, but some others nipped. I made a mental note to be careful not to choose the uncomfortable ones.

I didn't see any lingerie yet. There was one other place to look and that was behind another door in my room. This was the right one. There were bras and panties packed in transparent bags so that they matched. Some had garter belts with them too, and some were quite daring.

I wondered exactly what kind of woman I was supposed to be and how much Glen knew. I blushed at the answer. Of course he's seen all this and he knew what I was going to find. How did that fit in with all his plans?

Nightdresses and pyjamas were folded and packed in this room too. As I fingered the silks and satins there, I realised that I was tired. It was as if my energy had been switched off. I'd been running on pure energy and nerves for days.

I needed to rest. I took the first nightdress that came to hand. I undressed and slipped it over my head. It had spaghetti straps and looked quite ridiculous when I looked down and saw how it hung over my chest.

I didn't have the breasts needed to make it fit properly. I thought to take it off but with a shrug that said it wouldn't be like this for long, I went to the bathroom.

I cleaned off my makeup, being very careful around my eyes so that I didn't dislodge my lashes. I brushed my hair through. I had monogrammed hairbrushes waiting on the vanity. I took a last look at myself, somewhere near a woman but now with a hint of boy showing through.

I flopped into bed, switched off the lights, and slept instantly.

"Are you there, Madam?" I heard the knocking at the door and guessed that this would be Maria.

"Just a minute." I looked round and spotted a robe on the closet door. I saw the time was nearly noon. I must have needed to sleep so long. I wrapped the robe around and fastened the belt in a big bow, and went to the door.

"I'm Maria, Miss Sandra."

She was a small dark woman with a blue overall. Her hair was long and hung in a black pony tail down her back. Her feet were in flat shoes and her voice had some accent to it. She looked like a stereotype of a housekeeper.

“I’m pleased at your recovery. Mister Glen said you’d be back yesterday but it was late and I wasn’t here. I wondered if you want breakfast.”

“Coffee and toast would be good, thanks.” I said, wrapping the robe round me more tightly. “I’ll be down in a few minutes.”

I hurried to dress, and did so quickly in a beige lounge suit of loose trousers and a hoodie top. I went barefoot, my red toenails bright against the beige.

Remembering what someone had said to me ages ago, although it could only have been a couple of days, I lined my eyes and stroked a coat of mascara on my lashes. I looked in the mirror and congratulated myself. I did look female.

After breakfast, Maria seemed to disappear to do whatever she did all day. I saw a gardener’s truck appear and a couple of men unloaded a tractor mower and set about the grass. Another man went to the pool at the rear of the house.

I went back to my room to hide. I didn’t want to face anyone. Glen had said that I was to keep out of trouble. The best way was to keep out of the way altogether.

I looked through all the clothes again; *my* clothes now. I wondered why some of the outfits had been bought and where they’d been worn. Were they for long lunches with girlfriends or formals with “my” husband? Were some for cocktails and others for

looking sexy and relaxing at home? I'd have to work it all out for myself.

I stayed there until I saw the truck disappearing down the drive and Maria walk across to her apartment over the garage. The lure of the loungers I'd spotted beside the pool was too much to resist as the afternoon sun shone down.

I chose a red swimsuit, an all-in-one; bikinis were for later when I had the right shape. It had a high neckline and although it was scoop-shaped, it hid enough. There were built-in cups, so I put my breast forms there.

I took sunglasses and a big straw hat, a pitcher of orange juice and a tray with glasses and ice and lay down comfortably under the shade of a parasol

I didn't hear a car come down the drive. I didn't hear a thing until there was a voice nearby.

"Sandra, I'm so pleased to see you're back." A red-head with waves of tumbling waves and a short sun dress called from the other side of the pool. She waved and I heard her bangles chinking on her arm.

She came round to my side of the pool; her high sandals making her walk like a goddess. I knew I shouldn't be thinking like that, but some instincts are there forever.

"Hi," I said nervously. "I got back yesterday late; Glen brought me back. I'm not used to anything yet."

I looked at her closely. She had a narrow waist and generous breasts. Her lips were full and shining with

lipstick. She took off her sunglasses and her eyes shone. Her makeup was subtle but I could tell that she knew how to use it.

“You must be really disoriented after all that time,” she said, coming to sit on the next lounge. “I really missed you.”

I didn’t know what to say next. I had no idea who she was. I gestured for her to sit. She looked at me as if puzzled by my reaction.

“You don’t know who I am,” she said. “Glen warned me that you may have some lapses after all you’d been through. I’m Katherine. You always called me Cookie.”

“Thanks Cookie, its awkward being me right now.” That was the unvarnished truth. “I sometimes have to wonder if I know who I really am.”

“I guess that Arnold’s death while you were in the clinic must have been a terrific shock. I know Glen was really concerned for you.”

“You’re right.” I picked up on that quickly. “Even now I can’t believe that Arnold’s gone.”

“I hope we can be best friends again.”

Cookie came close and hugged me. That wasn’t good. I could feel myself starting to grow. She obviously felt something too. She leaned back and looked down, then her hand followed. My penis shot up immediately in response. She pulled my swimsuit aside, exposing everything I should have been keeping secret.

"I always knew that there was something special about you." Her hand continued to stroke and I continued to grow.

"We all have our secrets."

"I'd never have guessed." She licked her lips. "Of course, Arnold knew. I bet he loved playing with this."

"We all have our secrets." I didn't know what else to say.

"And you can be my secret too." Cookie's eyes flicked from my face to my penis.

She straddled me, pushing me onto my back. She had one leg on each side of my lounge. Her hand went under her skirt but I couldn't see what she was doing. Then she lowered herself. I knew my penis was going into her.

"This is going to be our big secret," she said hoarsely, starting to raise and lower herself against me. "This is perfect."

"I'm not wearing a condom," I stuttered. "Are you sure this is wise?"

"I often think wisdom is an exaggerated quality." She leaned forwards to kiss me. "And I'm safe."

I tasted her lipstick as her tongue came into my mouth. I tried to hold back but I couldn't. Her eyes opened in shock or delight. I started to spasm and then pump deeply into her. She leaned back and moaned, her eyes seeming to lose focus.

"I needed that," she said slumping down as her orgasm faded.

We were both speechless after that for a while. We lay there as the sun dropped in the sky.

“I promise your secret’s safe with me.” She patted my thigh as she started to stand. “I always knew there was something special about you.”

“It’s the way I am,” I mumbled.

“Stay the way you are.” She started to leave. “I wish my husband could give me half of those feelings.”

How could I tell Glen about this? I decided that what he didn’t know wouldn’t hurt him.

The next few days passed easily. There were no more surprise visitors; all I had to do was relax, although I found that hard to do. I occupied myself with practising makeup. I knew I had to get it right.

The charts in the magazines and the leaflets with my cosmetics all helped. Then the internet showed me a lot more, step-by-step. I progressed from the makeup videos to hairstyling.

I’d always had long hair, so I was used to taking care of it. My styling skills had been limited to a low pony tail or leaving it loose; once or twice I even did a pigtail. Now I discovered a whole new world of hairstyling.

It was fun and I thought I was learning fast. I tried a different up do every morning and tested myself after I’d done my makeup. Would the hair stay up or would it fall down? Once when it was falling, Maria

took over and I had the most elegant French pleat for the rest of the afternoon.

“Everything’s ready,” Glen called one evening as I was preparing for bed. I knew what he meant and a stab of fear hit me. “Pack a small bag, there’ll be a lot of things you’ll need here. I’m coming to collect you tomorrow. I’ll call from the airport.”

We didn’t talk much after that. I was a little speechless as I realised that this was it. There would be no chance to change my mind, even if I wanted to. There was something about the feeling of finality about it.

Glen’s car pulled into the drive just after lunch. I ran out to meet him and instinctively hugged him as if he’d been away for months. He kissed me too; just quickly and just enough to show there was a spark there. The woman in me liked that.

My bag was packed like he’d said. The climate out there meant I didn’t need anything warm or heavy. I put in some really loose things, tops and a dress. I packed loose linen trousers and some cut-off jeans, with easy shoes; low heels and slip-ons.

We drove to the airport and to my surprise Glen waved a pass at the security gate and drove straight to a small plane. He handed the keys over to an attendant, got my bag from the trunk, then escorted me up the narrow stairs into the plane. I’d never seen one in the flesh, so to speak, before but I knew this was what they call an executive jet.

There seemed to be no formalities and before I knew it, I was strapped in my seat and we were accelerating along the runway and then climbing steeply. I think my tummy was still on the ground.

“You’re only having one session early tomorrow in the theatre,” Glen said. “It’s going to be over before you know it.”

“Does that include the healing?” I said weakly.

“That’s going to take time,” he said. “Don’t worry though. You’ll find the island is welcoming and easy.”

“I don’t think I’m there to enjoy it,” I grumbled.

“Our clients usually love the place.” He squeezed my hand reassuringly. “I’m sure there’ll be time to find out if they’re right.”

“Will you be staying or do you have to be back?”

“I’ll be there until it’s time to take you home.”

I was silent for a long time after that. I was thinking and worrying. I’d never been in a hospital before; now I was going into one to be physically altered and I was going willingly. It was a big concept to get over.

I wondered how I’d feel with breasts of my own, what they’d feel like. Would they feel false or would they feel like they were natural? It was ridiculous. I’d never had breasts so how could I know?

I knew how the breast forms weighed in my bra and how the shoulder straps held them in place. Would the real ones feel the same?

Of course not!

As soon as we arrived at the clinic, I was made ready. There was no time to be nervous. A cannula

was inserted in the back of my hand; it hurt. Some blood was taken and then something was injected into it. I was helped to lie on a wheeled stretcher.

“We don’t want you tripping over anything,” a nurse said as she settled a pillow under my head, then checked my blood pressure.

I remember feeling warm and spacey; it was as if everyone was at a distance. Things were happening around me and to me but I was detached. I saw Glen conferring with a lady in scrubs. They compared me to pictures on their computer. I giggled when Glen drew lines on my chest with some sort of black marker.

It wasn’t so funny when he did the same around my nose and under my chin.

Another injection into the cannula and I was floating away. I remember yet another one sometime later.

“Count backwards from a hundred,” I was told. I don’t think I got far.

I don’t know how long I was asleep. I think it was getting dark when I woke because I was in a different room with the blinds open. I couldn’t raise my arms. I croaked when I tried to call out. A nurse who must have been there waiting for me to wake came into view and smiled at me.

“Don’t try to talk, I’ll get some water,” she said. “I’ll undo your hands. They were fastened down to stop you disturbing the dressings whilst you were asleep.”

I sipped gratefully from a straw. It was then that I understood that it was all over, except for the healing.

Glen appeared at my side. "It's all gone really well. You'll like your breasts and when the stitches are out, I doubt you'll even see a scar."

He gave me another injection and I faded away again.

Next time when I awoke, I was alone in the room. I tried to sit up but the pain told me that I'd be better lying there. The nurse soon returned and gave me another drink.

"Who parked the truck on my chest?" I tried to joke.

"You all say something like that." She laughed and handed me a mirror. "Especially the boys."

"I look like I could audition for the invisible man." I saw all the dressings across my face. "But I don't think they'd like my eyes all red and swollen."

"It always looks a lot worse than it is. The swelling will go down quickly and you'll be able to cover the bruising with makeup quite soon. That's going to take longer to fade."

"What about this?" I indicated my chest, all swathed in bandages.

"That's a bit different. It's going to stay swollen for longer because the surgery went deeper inside. They did your breasts the best way for them to look natural."

"How long will it take to feel better?" I asked. "Right now it hurts like anything."

"I'll get you something for the pain." She put another injection into my cannula. "You'll feel swollen

for a few days, then you'll think your breasts are too high on your chest. After a week or so, maybe a little longer, the swelling will fade and they'll drop into the position they should be in."

"You've explained more than Glen did." I tried to smile under my bandages.

"He's always too busy." She gave me another straw to sip through. "The only other thing you need to know is that your nipples may sit a little higher than a woman's nipples would sit."

"Why's that?"

"The surgery to move them is too intrusive. Glen's the best but he won't do it, but some of the other surgeons do. It's not good, believe me."

They gave me another sedative and I drifted away again. I thought I could get to like that floaty feeling as I drifted away.

I was conscious of time passing, of sips of water and exchanging odd sentences with the nurse, or it could have been several nurses. I knew time was passing but I had no idea how long I was there. Eventually I seemed to come to and all my senses returned.

I don't want to remember the horror I felt when Glen unbound my breasts for the first time. The pain was awful, even with the nurse holding me up so that he could get round my back. Pulling the drains tubed out from under my new breasts really hurt.

“I can’t give you anything for it yet,” he explained. “I want to make sure that you have sensitivity and plasticity in your skin.”

If I knew what all that meant, I’d have said, “Go ahead, but don’t forget to give me something for the pain. It still feels like I’ve been hit by a truck.”

“It was a truck that gave you beautiful breasts. Your surgeon was an artist, if I do say so myself.”

“What about all these dressings on my face?”

“I’m going to deal with those next,” he said, nodding to the nurse who brought some instruments on a surgical tray.

Slowly and carefully, my face was unbound. There was a tug when the lower levels were sticking with a little blood. The nurse soaked them and they came away. A plastic splint came from my nose. I didn’t expect that.

“You’re healing well,” Glen announced after a long examination. “I’m going to remove the packing from your nose and then fix a lighter splint. You’ll have to keep it on for a few days so that you don’t dislodge anything.”

“Can I look?”

“It’s probably better that you don’t for a day or two. The bruising is still very vivid and your eyes don’t look like your eyes with all the swelling.”

“You weren’t going to do anything with my eyes,” I said.

“They’re right next to your nose, so the bruising spreads,” he said. “I did a little work to open up your

eyes a little though. It seemed silly not to do it when you were there.”

“Will I recognise myself? I’m beginning to doubt it.”

“You’ll be perfect, Sandra,” he said, emphasising my name. “You’ll be better than perfect when it’s all healed.”

It was strange to be addressed as “Sandra” but at the same time, I had to admit that my new breasts advocated against me being called by a male name. This was going to take some getting used to, to say the least.

A week passed. I hated the rigid bras which I had to wear for support. I hated seeing myself in the mirror and knew that I was feeling bad when I shouldn’t. Glen kept reassuring me that I was healing well.

At the end of another week, I was feeling a lot better; all the sutures were out and healing was progressing well. The pain in my chest was almost gone, although I was conscious of the weight of my new breasts, rather than the swelling and bruising.

I was getting used to the way they moved as I moved. It was nothing like having the breast forms. I knew why bras had shoulder straps now. They took the weight.

I scrutinised my face against Glen’s real stepmother. I couldn’t tell that there was much difference. The slight differences I could put down to being ill and growing older.

My roots were showing. I got Glen to ask someone to drive me to a local salon. I needed that boost. I wasn't going to let them loose on my colour but I needed a little pampering. It worked and I felt so much better when I came back.

"Are you going to take your stepmother to dinner?" I asked Glen when I saw him in the clinic.

"About eight if that's alright," he replied, rushing away to another client.

This was going to be make or break. I knew that I could get away with a pretty bra now, just for the evening. I understood the need for more breast support for longer, but a few hours off would be a good boost to my ego.

I'd brought a dress for just this occasion. It was a deep red skater dress, sleeveless, with a short flared skirt. The neckline was something I couldn't have worn before; it was far too low and revealing. I wanted to be revealing tonight.

Now that I had more practise and more skill, I was able to wash my hair and dry it. I put it up in a loose and casual do, with tendrils around my face. My makeup was almost as quick but tonight I wanted it to be a work of art.

Fortunately most of my eyelash extensions were still there. My nails were showing signs of regrowth and needing to be filled again, but they weren't bad. A girl would notice, but Glen probably wouldn't.

I'd brought some long dangling earrings with me, red stones among the diamonds to set off my dress. I still wore Sandra's wedding set and her bangle on my left hand. I chose a single ring with a red stone for my right middle finger.

A longer necklace held a ruby and diamond pendant that nestled in my new cleavage. It was surprisingly exciting to see it there. I loved it.

I used the Chanel perfume. Glen called to say he was outside and didn't want to come into the clinic in case he got caught up in something. I made him wait another ten minutes, then went out.

This time he was in a Jeep. He got out and helped me in before we set off for the bright lights.

"Saint Barthelme is quite an exclusive destination." Glen drove slowly as the road twisted and turned through the lush island forest. "That's why the clinic is here. The exclusive nature of the island makes it a place where the wealthy come for their surgery; that and our discretion of course."

"It's lucky that I'm a rich widow to be able to afford all this."

"And I'm lucky to have such a glamorous stepmother." Glen took my hand briefly before gripping the wheel round another hairpin bend. "I think you'll love the restaurant I've chosen. It's French, so the food is excellent."

"Is it as exclusive as the island seems to be?"

"It's difficult to get a reservation but they know me and the clinic, so we're in."

"And are the patrons as exclusive?"

"They're certainly rich," he laughed. "And if you're asking if you'll feel out of place, then the answer is

no. You'll be amongst the youngest there and certainly the one who'll get the heads turning."

"You're not just saying that?" I was feeling insecure again but trying hard not to show it.

"In that red dress and with those legs... be prepared to be stared at."

I smiled across at him and put my hand on his thigh. I let it rest there and then moved it a little further up; not too far, but enough to make sure that he was aware of it.

Maybe it was the island or the air; maybe it was the drugs or the lovely breasts I was so conscious of, but I was feeling really horny.

The restaurant was amazing. It was somewhere that I could never have dreamed of using only a few weeks ago. I'd no chance of coming to an island like this a few weeks ago. I should have felt like pinching myself in case it was all a dream. It wasn't and the night was still young.

We ate on the terrace. It was really romantic, with the sun going down and the soft lighting coming on around us. It was perfect for a romantic occasion. I don't know if Glen was thinking that way, but I certainly was. It was a familiar and unfamiliar feeling at the same time. I had certainly had bouts of horniness in the past but this time I felt like a woman who was angling for her man. That was different.

I don't know how to explain this but I knew that I was the girl now. I could guess how a boy would react

to a woman like me. I knew what I wanted and I knew what I was going to do.

I ate sparingly, choosing fish and being careful to eat slowly with small bites. I drank slowly too; sipping and pretending to sip sometimes.

I listened, with lots of eye contact, touches on his hand, playing with my rings as they sparkled in the light, playing with my hair and checking my earrings to send all those signals that said so much. Glen watched every movement.

We went through to a lounge and sat in the window with a final brandy. He took one end of a two-seater couch. I made sure to take the middle and leaned into him. His arm went around my shoulder and I snuggled up appreciatively.

I was working it for all I could. I was shocked at how natural it was starting to feel. I guess my new anatomy was controlling my feelings and emotions.

“You were going to show me where you live on the island.” I didn’t ask but presented it as if it had been agreed before.

“It’s very small.” He pulled off the road onto a bumpy track. “I only use it when I’m here, so don’t expect a palace.”

The road opened up into an area in front of a small single story house. It looked modern and cared for. He opened the Jeep’s door and came to help me out.

“I’d hate you to fall on the rough stones here. I’m not good at setting bones.”



I laughed and took advantage, leaning into him as closely as I could as my heels didn't make a good purchase on the rough drive. At the door we turned to look behind. The trees parted and the ground fell away gently to a small bay. The moon was reflected over the water, shimmering and glistening. It seemed like I'd ordered it specially.

He opened the door, but I hesitated looking at the view. His hand touched my shoulder and I turned into him. I held his eyes with mine. One hand slipped under his arm and onto his shoulder; the other went to the back of his head as I pulled him closer and kissed him on the lips.

It was gentle. I don't know if he expected it. Maybe he was engaged in the same conspiracy as I was. It doesn't matter. Our lips touched gently. We broke away but our lips didn't get more than a couple of inches apart before they were touching again.

This time we kissed more for real. This wasn't just a friend's kiss; this was one which sent all kinds of messages. I felt my penis growing and backed that part of me away from him. I could feel his penis was responding as well. My hand found it and fondled it through the material of his trousers.

I tried to slip my hand inside his belt but it was too tight and the rings on my fingers caught on the leather. I looked up at him, kissed him quickly and used both hands to open his belt. His penis was hard and rigid in my hand when I wrapped my fingers around the shaft.

I stroked it and made it obvious that I was looking at it in the moonlight. I slowly slid to my knees and licked the glistening drop at the tip. He was looking down, watching me. Our eyes met and then I took as much of it in my mouth as I could.

It's not that I knew what to do, or how it would feel; even less did I know about the scent or the taste.

Okay I'd seen a movie or two and I could act the rest.

I was firing on instinct now. His hands came gently onto my head as I bobbed back and forth, up and down his shaft. I let it out of my mouth and played with it, fingernails gently scraping under its length. I licked his balls, sucking them in turn into my mouth.

His moan took me by surprise. It told me that he was working strictly from the physical sensations. He wasn't thinking of me as a boy; a boy with breasts that he'd made. My mind clicked then and I knew it was time.

I took him into my mouth again. I suppressed a gag reflex and knew that the tip was further into my throat. I worked him mercilessly now. If he wanted to hold back, he didn't have a chance. I licked and sucked. I slurped but all the time I was working on his penis.

It stiffened and his knees buckled slightly. I sucked and licked more, flicking my tongue from side to side under that shaft. I could feel it starting; a twitch, and then another. His hips moved forward, thrusting into my mouth as if he could go deeper and then he was coming.

I felt it hitting the back of my throat and concentrated so hard on not gagging again. I didn't count how often he spurting into me. I think my mind wasn't up to doing anything more than enjoying the sensation.

It wasn't all I was enjoying. I knew that was my first understanding of the power of being a woman, even if I was his "stepmother."

We sat on a swing chair on his porch. I didn't let go of his penis, even though it had shrunk after its exertion. I licked it and kissed it. I sucked and let him hear my lips slurping against it.

I don't know how long we stayed like that. Eventually we went inside and drank a little wine, crisp and cold from his kitchen.

"Thank you; it's been a wonderful evening." I kissed him quickly and got out of the Jeep when he dropped me back at the clinic.

I didn't see Glen the next day or the one after that. I didn't worry. From my room in the clinic, I could tell that there were clients coming and going from early morning to mid-evening. One of the nurses told me that the medical staff had to entertain the wealthy clients and then they were meeting to discuss scheduling and treatments.

"You're all healed," Glen announced after examining me on the third day. "We're going home in the morning."

I stood out of bed and dropped my nightdress to the floor so that I stood naked in front of him.

"How do you like this monster you created?" I smiled and walked up to him.

"I think you can guess," he replied. "I'm a mess since the other night."

“Me too; we can work on un-messing ourselves back home if you’d like to.”

“I think you’d have to fight to keep me away.”

Home. It was my home now. Maria was wonderful. Everywhere was clean and sparkling. The dirty clothes I’d dropped on the bathroom floor and in the linen basket were all washed and put away. There were even fresh flowers waiting for me in the lounge, in the sitting room off my bedroom, and on the huge family table in the kitchen.

The garden looked wonderful too. Nothing had changed but I was getting used to it. I accepted it all and so I was looking at it with new insights.

“I thought I’d call to welcome you home.” Glen came in with a bottle bag and another bunch of flowers; roses this time, red and just beginning to open.

“They’re lovely.” I hugged him and kissed him quickly.

I looked at him as I put the flowers into a vase and water. I looked really hard, trying to work out if he was only being polite or if he was really coming to see me for another reason. I hoped it was the latter.

“I’m getting used to being the lady of the house,” I said. “I’m getting used to my new body too.”

“I noticed,” he said, eyeing my low-cut top.

“I never had these before, so forgive me if it takes time to get used to knowing what to do with them.” I

stepped up to him and kissed him again softly. "Thanks for the roses; they're beautiful."

I was surprised when I saw him blush.

"I have to go to the salon," I said. "My roots are beginning to show and I never learned to drive."

"I'd forgotten that. Sandra has a full licence somewhere so all you need is lessons."

"Can I use that? My fingerprints won't match."

"They don't use fingerprints in this state," he replied. "And your photograph is going to be fine."

"Can you give me lessons?" I asked.

"I think professional lessons would be better. You can say that you lost confidence while you were ill."

"I thought driving was something like riding a bike; once you learn you never forget."

"I can call the instructor. I'll say I'm your stepson and very concerned that you're safe on the road."

We drifted through to my lounge and sat looking over the garden. Glen opened the bottle he'd brought. When the cork popped, it fizzed and soaked his trousers.

"Are you going to give me a glass or can I suck it out of your trousers?" I asked, then realised he might not like that suggestion that now we were home. His look said he was very much interested, though, and I relaxed.

We touched glasses in a silent toast and I moved closer to him on the couch. I sipped and rubbed my

nose as the bubbles tickled. I half snorted and half laughed. I let my hand rest on his thigh; then as we sipped together, my hand moved further up.

“Should I get a towel?” I asked.

“I’d rather you went for the other option.”

“I knew what he meant and I let my hand stroke more firmly. His penis grew at once. Was I getting good at this or was he really that turned on by my touch? It seemed impossible; I was something he’d created. Was it coincidence; had he created me to be his plaything, or was he really attracted to me?

I hoped it was the latter. I’d never had much luck with dating and I’d never dated a boy. But I didn’t feel like a boy anymore. I certainly didn’t look like one and didn’t want the things that boys wanted.

I rationalised it. We were both acting naturally, I decided after virtually no thought.

Our eyes locked and we kissed. This time it was so much easier. I knew what to do and I knew I could do it. His penis was hard and strong in my hand as my fingers wrapped around it. The first touch of my tongue to the tip and I could tell he was excited.

I wanted it to last longer this time but I could tell that he didn’t. He held the hand which held his penis and guided me. My head came down and I went to kneel on the carpet between his legs. His hand was resting gently on the back of my head as I sucked and sucked.

I tried to move my head back to work on his balls but he held me and started to move. He thrust himself into my mouth, restraining my head as he did so.

It may sound as if he was aggressive but I didn't get that feeling.

I loved the way he thrust forward. He had to have known that I wanted him as much as he wanted me.

I don't remember breaking away from him. I remember sitting astride him on the couch, with my dress around my hips. He was spent but I knew next time I would want to take it further.

"A lady called Katherine called the other day," I said. "Do you know her? From what she said, she was a great friend of mine. I vamped it, pretending my memory was frail."

"She was so close to Sandra." Glen held my hand as we walked round the garden. "I think they may have been having a lesbian affair."

"Did your dad... err, my husband know?"

"I think he did and I don't think he minded." Glen stopped and we faced each other. "You're so much younger than Dad was. I think he was happy that you were happy."

"He wasn't jealous?"

"He liked them together. Her husband was an old friend. They socialised together, you know, on charities and boards to do good works." Glen frowned. "Why do you ask?"

"Katherine. She said I called her Cookie and came on to me." I waited for his anger but it didn't come.

I took a deep breath and decided to tell the truth. “She came on to me and found... you know what.”

“I bet she made use of it too.” He laughed. “Good old Cookie; never one to miss an opportunity.”

“You don’t mind?” I looked again for the anger I thought would come. “I had to suggest that your Dad knew and we....”

“Wow, that’s a big one. Did she say that too?” He laughed at the pun. “I don’t know how Dad would feel about that one.” It won’t get around. Cookie’s far too concerned about her status and fitting in.”

“Are you saying I don’t have to worry and you don’t think I’m a slut?”

“You don’t have to worry,” he said. “Cookie and I go back a long way and I know where the bodies were buried after she’d done with them.”

“I was so afraid to tell you.”

“I’m pleased that you did.” Glen stopped to kiss me softly and then we walked on, arm in arm. “Don’t worry. I have her before and after pictures stashed away.”

The weeks passed. Sandra’s life was the only life I knew now. I learned to drive through some “refresher” lessons and got comfortable and confident on the road.

I don’t know if Glen said anything to Cookie. I didn’t ask. I was cautious when she invited me to her

home. I was right to be nervous because I could guess what was on her mind.

I don't know where the power or the confidence came from. I said before I wasn't much good at dating but I took her in the bedroom, in the pool in the kitchen and anywhere the urge hit us. We did missionary and cowboy, spooned and tried reverse cowboy but that wasn't comfortable for either of us. Things were in the wrong place if you catch my drift.

Glen was always first in my mind. I learned how to make him wait and I learned how to make him explode so quickly that he complained he hadn't had enough time to enjoy it. But we still hadn't done "it," the ultimate consummation.

I went to the salon on my own. I had a regular appointment every Friday morning for nails and hair. The roots were done every two or three weeks. They changed the colour slightly to something lighter and then to almost white.

"Do you realise that you're behaving exactly as Sandra always would have?" Glen said when he saw the new hair.

"Did she have eyelash extensions too?" I smiled and fluttered my lashes at him.

"She does now," he replied.

It was a good relationship as it developed. I slipped into a wider circle of girlfriends and they didn't seem to think it strange when Glen, as my stepson, was my escort to several functions.

I demurred when I was asked to take on roles which Sandra had held before. I claimed that I was too fragile. They nodded sympathetically.

Glen's plan that I would take on Sandra's role on the board of owners of the clinic worked like a dream. I attended meetings, asked sensible questions, and while I didn't always agree with Glen in public, we'd worked it out beforehand. It was good to keep up appearances. And of course, the ownership of the business was never in doubt.

We were so involved in everything, social and business. We were close in age and I had a track record as his stepmother so it seemed that people accepted us together.

As a wife, I'd been beyond reproach and I'd been unwell for a long time as far as anyone was concerned. I needed support to get back into society. The illness was a great cover for my failure to remember people and places, events, even friends.

Thankfully they were all very correct with me. They may have seethed in private, but the surface is all most people see.

I hoped no one would think it strange when Glen and I started dating. We did it slowly and then after some months, confided in a few friends. Cookie would make sure it went everywhere; she knew all the gossip.

Of course, we didn't call it dating at first. We were careful to present a casual appearance in public but I couldn't get enough of him and fortunately he acted as if he couldn't get enough of me. Telling people we were dating seemed a natural progression.

After all, the relationship between stepson and stepmother isn't a prohibited one, if not 100% accepted.

But he hadn't come into me yet. I knew it was up to me to force the issue.

I'd never done it that way before. I never wanted to before. I knew enough to think it through and plan carefully. I didn't want to make it so difficult for Glen that he'd be repulsed. It had to be easy and it had to be a delight.

I knew that the back passage isn't as accommodating as a woman's vagina would be. I knew it was used successfully and pleasurably by many. I got on the internet and researched my subject.

I learned about lubrication and cleanliness. I bought a douche kit and several different sized plugs to stretch my entry and to get comfortable with something inside there. I practised and practised. Of course I didn't tell him. It took me a while to adjust.

I turned it into a game, testing myself and trying for a "personal best" of how long I could keep one inside me and how wide I could get the entry. I wanted him to slip in easily, feeling pleasure as he did so. I knew I'd be unable to avoid some resistance but I didn't want it to put him off.

I even bought a thick plug with a long bushy tail attached. I walked round the house in a short skirt with the long furry tail dangling from my rear and tickling my legs.

I really took it seriously. I even drove with something inside me. I was bursting to say something, to show him. He never knew when his penis was in my mouth that there was something in my rear, prepar-

ing it for that wonderful day when it would be his penis in there instead.

I was aching to get this side of our relationship going. I didn't know how to initiate it. A casual mention in the salon one day gave me an idea. I went to get my tummy button pierced. The manicurist had shown me hers; a strand of bright stones dangled down. I thought a "show me" ploy might be a way forward.

I was wearing as simple shirt waist denim dress when Glen came for dinner that weekend. My makeup was perfect, new nails, and freshly done hair falling over my shoulders. My bra showed in the unbuttoned top of the dress and when he got close, he's see my breasts being pushed up.

I had kitten heel mules on my feet and my tail plug was coiled under my dress; it tickled and reminded me of my purpose. Apart from perfume, I wasn't wearing anything else. I checked the tummy button piece as his car pulled up outside.

We kissed at the door. He handed me roses and a bottle in a presentation bag. I put them on the kitchen table and took his hand

"I need you to come upstairs with me."

I took his hand. I didn't pull him, he came willingly. He sat on an easy chair and watched as I stripped off my dress.

"Look at my new jewellery," I said pointing at my tummy ring with its hanging strand glittering down.

I knew that he'd be looking more at the big furry tail which fell between my legs. I unhooked my bra and let his look at my breasts. They were perfect, I knew. They were placed and shaped so naturally. I

hoped he didn't think I was merely showing him his own work completed.

I pulled him up and took him to my bedroom. Kissing him and unfastening his trousers at the same time was never easy. I didn't want to break a nail in the middle of stoking his passion. His penis was ever so reliable; it grew almost instantly.

"I need you to come into me."

I turned and knelt on the bed, presenting my tail to him. I looked over my shoulder, breaking the spell a little by handing him a spray bottle of lubricating oil.

"I've lubricated myself and cleaned everything inside. All you need to do is pull the tail when you're ready."

His eyes grew large. It seemed he was frozen in surprise for a few seconds. I could feel my heart beating. Had I misread the situation?

He stripped off quickly, then sprayed his erect penis. I reached round and massaged it, partly because I never tired of touching it, but also because I wanted it to be as well lubricated as possible.

"Do I pull this?" he asked, lifting the end of my tail and then pulling it slowly.

"It has to come out to make room for you," I said, wriggling a little to make the tail move.

He pulled it slowly. The tail was attached to a plug as long and as wide as any I'd ever used. He moved closer to me. I lifted my bottom to present it to him and crouched with my elbows on the bed.

I felt the tip of his penis at my entrance. I pushed back a little and he slipped in further. He pushed and I was conscious of a little clenching inside me. I steeled myself, willing it to relax, and pushed back again.

He slipped further in. I imagined the veins on the side of his penis rubbing against my passage. I wanted so much to feel every little feature of the penis I'd sucked and kissed so often.

Slowly, he worked further in. It was ecstasy and agony at the same time. I'd been prepared to be hurt. This pain wasn't bad. The hurt was from that muscle over which we have no control. It acts by unconscious reflex. I'd done my best to keep it open. I hoped it remembered and didn't make Glen's entry too difficult.

I gasped when I felt him withdraw. I feared he'd given up in disgust. I need not have worried. I hear the spray as he applied more oil and felt the warmth of the oil as he sprayed some into my entrance.

He slipped in again, pushing and relaxing over and over again. His penis was almost coaxing my passage to let him in; to persuade that awkward muscle to relax. I felt a sharp pain and then a movement. I knew in that instant he was going to come in as far as he possibly could.

He was gentle at first. Pushing and probing. I felt his balls touching the skin of my cheeks.

"Make me scream," I panted.

He took his cue and started to thrust and ram into me. It was a very acute feeling. I'd never expected it to take over my whole body like this. He slammed into me, as I pushed back onto him. We moved faster,

then slowed to a steady rhythm, each time seeming to get deeper, although I knew that was impossible.

I looked down my body. I saw the tummy button piercing rock back and forth as we moved. I saw my own penis standing as stiff and strong as it could. Looking at it made me understand that it was straining as well. I slowed and kept still. I didn't want this to end at that moment.

I knew it had to end. I knew how I wanted it to end and that staying like this was impossible but a girl can dream, can't she? I dreamt it was going to feel like this forever and he'd never have to come out.

Glen wrapped his arms round me and held me as tightly against me as he could. I knew what was happening; I could feel him swell and stiffen inside me. I squealed when the first spasm rippled through his penis and into me. I squealed again when the spasms came deep and regular, pulsing and throbbing as he spilled himself deep inside me. I pushed back as he held me.

He started to slacken. The pulses faded and a few intermittent ones came as his girth and length shrank. I flopped forwards and understood that my own penis had been pumping away at the same time as his was pumping into me.

I rolled away as he slipped out of me. I could feel something leaking and running across my cheeks. I knew it wasn't oil. Glen lay beside me and we spooned together.

"I'm going to make a mess all over you." I snuggled back into him.

"I think I may have helped you," he whispered.

We never got to eat that evening although Glen stayed all night. I sent him down for the wine and glasses sometime later as it went dark outside.

Having found out that we could do it, we did it again, then again. We did it several ways. I really liked it when we did missionary, with my legs over his shoulders and his eyes on mine almost the whole time.

We started doing it every weekend. I swear I must have been walking bowlegged on Mondays when he was back at the clinic.

Gradually the weeks turned to months and then a year. I had a few mistakes, but generally I slipped seamlessly into Sandra's life. Her friends became my friends. I even got to drive her fancy Porsche, but much preferred something more anonymous.

At the same time, Glen and I became closer. It wasn't just the sex, although I think we both enjoyed that even more as time passed. We didn't move in together, but he stayed weekends and holidays. I even went out to Saint Barthelme a couple of times when he was operating at the clinic there.

I remember one night in particular, our last night on that trip. I recreated that first night and took him in my mouth. We sat on the small terrace watching the sea and the sun.

"Do you think this place is good enough for a honeymoon?" he asked casually.

I didn't take it in properly at first. I thought about it and looked at him. I must have looked very puzzled

or completely foolish as he seemed to be waiting for an answer.

“What did you say?”

“I think I asked you if we should have our honeymoon here.”

“You have to get married to have a honeymoon,” I said, still a little confused. “We’re the same sex; we can’t.”

“But you’re Sandra Powell. You travel on her passport, use her driving licence, so I don’t think that’s a problem. There’s no advance medical test. All you need to do is stand there, look glamorous and say ‘I do’ when you’re asked.”

“I could feel tears coming to my eyes. “Yes,” I whispered. “Yes I do.”

We kissed; the best kiss ever. What a joy it can be to have a stepson.

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