

**It's Not Stepmother's Fault**



**Jenny Winters**

An "Adult TV" Novel



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# **It's Not Stepmother's Fault**

**By Jenny Winters**

It was a horrible room in a squat. It didn't cost anything which was as well because he couldn't afford anything better. He'd moved at night, without telling anyone. He hoped that no one would be able to trace him.

The knocking at the door said his hopes had been in vain. He didn't answer but he trembled at the thought that it wouldn't take much to force the door open. The trill of his mobile phone broke the silence. If anyone was lingering outside, they'd know that he was in there.

He switched it off as quickly as he could and held his breath. Nothing; not a sound came from outside. He could breathe again. He lay on the floor as the daylight faded and prayed that no one would find him.

"Jackson, open this door." He recognised the voice and cowered further into the corner. "I know you're

in there, you forgot to switch your phone to silent and it's got GPS."

He didn't reply. Elsa, his stepmother was the last person he wanted to see was outside. No, that wasn't true; she was the second to last. His main worry was the debt collectors. They'd promised to find him. They said that they knew how keen he was to see them demonstrate their skills on his ankles with their baseball bats. He knew it wasn't an idle threat.

"Jackson, how long are you going to keep me standing here?" his stepmother shouted again. "You're as useless as your father was."

"Go away," Jackson said in a weak voice.

"You know that I'm not going away. I need to speak to you." She knocked so hard that he feared the door would give way.

"I've nothing to say to you."

"I've plenty to say to *you*."

She banged the door again so that it flew open. She came to stand over him as he cowered into the corner as if it could make him smaller than he was.

Before anything else was said, two men in black suits appeared. He knew who had sent them. Elsa was pushed aside. She scowled at them as if looks could kill.

"Time's up," one said. "Have you decided? Pay up or you'll be limping for life."

"Wait," Elsa said as she saw the bat poised to strike. "How much does he owe?"

"It's roughly Eighteen hundred, plus today's interest and today's collection fee."

"Why is there a collection fee?"

"We had to take a meal break on the way here and we'll need one on the way back. It's going to cost at least seventy-five dollars, so we'll call it an even hundred."

“Wasn’t McDonald’s open?”

“We only eat healthy food.”

“Can we negotiate?”

“No chance; he’s had all the time to pay but the boss says to deal with it today. Take a good look at him. He’s not going to look like that when he gets out of the hospital.”

“Wait, I’ll pay it,” Elsa said. “I can get it. There’s a cash machine across the street.”

“I think we should do one ankle at least,” the second man joined in. “It would encourage the others.”

“No, please don’t.” Elsa stood between them and Jackson who said nothing. “I’ll get the money. One of you can come with me.”

“It’s twenty-five hundred now and if you’re not back with the money in five minutes, it’s three thousand and you’d better call a stretcher for him.”

“I’ll get it.” She turned and ran from the room as fast as her short skirt and towering heels would let her.

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“I know you don’t like me Jackson, but you owe me for that.” Elsa drove away with him in the passenger seat and all his worldly possessions in a scruffy rucksack. “How did you get into that mess?”

“I borrowed some money,” he replied.

“You could have come to me if you needed it.”

“You wouldn’t have listened to me. It was for my girlfriend. She wanted to fly out to Vegas for an audition.”

“Did she get the job?”

“I think so; I never heard from her again.”

“So how much did you borrow?”

“Three hundred; I thought she’d pay me back. She made all these promises...”

“And left you to pick up the tab,” Elsa finished the sentence for him. “Why do your relationships always end up in an expensive mess?”

“I really try hard,” he replied. “It seems that I never do enough.”

“You never choose the right girl,” Elsa said. “Never mind, that was then and this is now. I’ve someone who wants to employ you and they’re offering good money.”

“Who’s that?”

“My brother Louie; he’s opening a small hotel next to one of his bars and he wants someone at reception that he can trust.”

“He’s a gangster.”

“My brother is not a gangster. He’s a businessman and property owner,” Elsa started at him. “Don’t ever let me hear you say that again.”

“Okay, he’s as shady as the... I don’t know what.”

“Think of it this way,” Elsa scowled. “You owe me three thousand. You have a chance of a job to pay me back. If you take it, I won’t expect interest. If you don’t, you may get a visit from some of my brother’s associates to collect the money.”

“You’re as bad as he is.”

“No I’m not; I’m the one who’s trying to help you pick yourself up after yet another bad relationship,” she said. “And I just paid three thousand to save you from a life of limping and pain.”

“Okay, I get it,” Jackson replied. “I do owe you. I’ll take the job but I’m not going to get involved in any of Louie’s schemes.”

“He doesn’t scheme. He’s a respectable business man and he’s offering you a place to live as well as the job.”

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“You live in the apartment at the back of the reception,” Louie told Jackson when Elsa delivered him to the hotel later that day. “As a bonus, you can get a meal from the bar when it’s open every day.”

“I didn’t know you had hotels as well as girlie bars,” Jackson sneered.

“I never ran one before; this is all new.” Louie waved his arms around his new venture and ignored the sneer. “It doesn’t matter. This isn’t the Ritz. Wendy’s my manager, she’ll be there each day and tell you when you’re working. She lives over the bar.”

“What’s the pay?” Jackson asked, more in hope than expectation of a decent answer.

“Minimum wage less a deduction for what you owe my sister and a deduction for your accommodation.”

“What does that mean?”

“You get ten dollars a day and you can keep the tips.”

“That means you may have paid me what you owe in about three years.” Elsa smiled at another little triumph.

“The dress code’s all black,” Louie said. “I’ll tell them to find something your size.”

Jackson sighed and went to get his rucksack from Elsa’s big SUV. He knew when he was beaten and right then he had no alternatives. If only he’d studied in High School and perhaps played some sports, but there wasn’t much demand for a skinny shrimp like him.

He thought of night school but the fees were beyond him and moving from place to place, as one relationship failed after another, didn’t help. He knew that they usually dissolved in a row about money but it wasn’t easy when he had none.

He was stuck; sunk without a trace, with no prospects and nowhere to go.

"You'll be working on the desk doing the night shifts," Louie explained. "It's simple enough; you take the money, give them a key card and if they leave early, you clean the room for the next guest."

"What day do I get off?" he asked.

"You don't unless Wendy says so," Louie said. "The hotel will be open all hours, seven days a week, starting the day after tomorrow. There's a buzzer at reception if you're away sleeping or anything."

"But the bar's only open five afternoons and evenings," Jackson protested.

"It's a separate business; different tax codes," Louie replied. "You'll probably find that most customers pay cash so I don't want to find you dipping the till. It's me they're paying, not you. Keep a day sheet and hand it in at the bar every day they're open, with the cash."

"But I get to keep the tips?"

"That's right and I don't care how much you make that way."

"What about housekeeping and laundry?"

"Contractors will be in every morning," Louie said. "All you have to do is let them in and watch that they do things properly. Keep them on their toes. This is a brand new investment. I want it kept clean and tidy; no smoking and all that."

"What if they want room service?"

"I told you this ain't the Ritz?" Louie sniggered. "They can order in, or you can provide stuff and overcharge the suckers if you want. Just don't tell me."

"He wants me to be as crooked as he is" Jackson concluded and decided not to ask anything more in case the answers were even more depressing.

Louie looked him over coldly. "You'll do as long as we get on." He punched him on the shoulder and turned to leave. "Take a good look 'round. There are thirty en-suite rooms here. We should do good business."

"Do try and keep on his good side," Elsa said as they watched Louie light a cigar as he stepped out of the door.

"Has he got a good side?" Jackson asked.

"He's giving you a job, and if you were listening carefully, an opportunity to make a bit on the side for yourself. I'd call that a good deal considering where you'd be without me looking after you."

"You're going to tell me that I'm lucky to have you." He sighed and looked at Elsa as he tried not to weep in his misery.

"I've looked after you since your father disappeared," she said. "It's a pity we didn't get on better."

I guess... Jackson's next words wouldn't come, he was so near to tears.

Elsa gave him a quick hug and left him with lipstick on his cheek and a haze of her perfume as she left him there to make the best of his situation.

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Jackson looked 'round his new home. It was a better apartment than any he'd had recently. Maybe it wasn't so bad after all. He had a bedroom and a bathroom, a kitchen and a sitting room. The furniture was new and looked solid.

He explored further. Twenty rooms and he looked in them all. Most were little more than bedrooms with a television, a bathroom, a kettle and a small refrigerator which was empty.

The top floor had bigger rooms. A sitting area separate from the bedroom with another television, was

furnished so that it could fit four people, but only one bed. Jackson tested the Wi-Fi as he went round and was pleased to find the signal coming in strongly throughout the place.

He saw the computer behind his chest-high reception desk and switched it on. It opened with a familiar screen and he was relieved to see that the programmes all looked familiar.

One icon puzzled him until he opened it and found it displayed several cameras in every room. He wondered if this was taking security too far, but then he remembered Louie. If they were there, they'd be something he'd schemed up

It was a simple step from finding the cameras to finding that they could be linked to a recording programme for both video and sound. They could record multiple channels, probably from all the rooms and maybe there was one for him too.

He searched one of the rooms and then another. The cameras were quite well concealed but he found them. Armed with this knowledge, he searched his own apartment and found none, although there was one on the public area of reception and one behind his desk.

"Maybe it's not too bad, after all," he thought, wondering if he could go to the bar and ask for a meal.

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The bar was dark, even though the sun was shining brightly outside. It didn't look as new as the hotel but it wasn't old.

"You're Jackson," a girl behind the bar said as he approached. "I'm Madison; Maddie for short. Louie said to feed you if you came in. I'll take you through to a table."

She led the way. Jackson watched her rear profile as she did so, admiring her wiggles on stilt heels. Her



skirt couldn't have been shorter or tighter. When she turned 'round to indicate where he could sit, he saw her top was as tight at the front too, showing an almost indecent area of breast. Her teeth were white and even as she smiled, with a touch of lipstick clinging from her generous lips.

Maybe her makeup was a bit heavy but then it wasn't too bright in the place. Knowing Louie, he guessed that the server's uniform and the general dress code would be all his own idea. She returned with a menu and flatware; a glass of water too.

"The staff menu's not the greatest but the burgers are okay and that includes the spicy bean ones."

"I'll take the spicy bean ones then," he said, handing her the menu. "Are you allowed to sit a few minutes and tell me a bit about this place?"

"I'll be back." She disappeared behind a door which he assumed was the kitchen.

Jackson looked around. He was in a side area and as he looked, he saw a stage and a dance floor with a few booths and some tables set at the edge. The bar was over on the opposite side of the place and he heard the clinking of bottles and glasses.

"I can only talk a few moments." She put his burger in front of him.

"I've no idea what's going on here," Jackson said. "My stepmother is Louie's brother, so that's how I got the job."

"I'd better be careful what I say about them then."

"Don't be." Jackson realised he'd said the wrong thing. "We don't get on so good. She bailed me out and got me this job to pay her back."

"You'll like Wendy; she's the General Manager here." Maddie watched him eat. She takes a bit of getting used to, but she's fair and looks after the staff."

"Does that mean she protects them from Louie?"

“He’s not a monster to us; I don’t know why you don’t like him.”

“It’s maybe because he’s related to my step-mother,” Jackson said.

“You’re Jackson.” A tall woman tapped him on the shoulder. “I’m Wendy; I’ll be in reception when you’ve eaten.”

As she turned and walked away, Jackson watched her.

“She has that effect on men,” Maddie laughed. “Remember though, all is not as it seems sometimes.”

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“I know what Louie said to you.” Wendy sat at her desk in the hotel’s small office. “I don’t mind you making a bit on the side but don’t get greedy and into trouble. Don’t try to rip off Louie. Remember those two rules and we’ll get along fine.”

As she demonstrated the computer system, Jackson let his mind wander. He didn’t tell her that he’d already worked out the basics as she carried on as if he’d never seen a screen before.

She was an attractive woman, if only her voice wasn’t so deep and her hands so big. He realised what he was thinking and looked at her more closely. The more he looked, the more little things he noticed. Her makeup was too heavy and ever so precise. Her nails, her hair, everything was so perfect.

“You’re a boy like me.” He gasped out loud, then realised what he’d said. “I don’t mean that badly,” he stuttered.

“It’s okay, I think.” She looked at him as if searching for a reason to start an argument but then she relaxed. “I’m the best woman I can be, even if creation didn’t quite plan it that way.”

"That's okay," Jackson stammered again. "I didn't mean to be rude; I've never been so close to anyone before... anyone like you, I mean."

"I think you have, but you couldn't tell." Wendy looked at him as if asking a question.

"I only met Maddie." Jackson suddenly realised that was what she meant.

"All the girls here started out as boys," Wendy said. "That's why the place is so popular."

"And I'm the only exception."

"Yes, but you don't have to be."

He didn't dare to ask what she meant and blushed instead.

Wendy stood up and came 'round the desk to stand close to him. Her perfume was sweet and citrusy at the same time. She reached her hand out and ran it through his hair.

"I think you might like this place more than you think," she said. "I'll sit with you at the reception from seven through nine this week, then you're on your own."

"Louie said something about ordering in for the rooms," he said.

"You use the bar first but if it's after the kitchen's closing time, then the number to call is on the wall. Same goes for drinks too and you're expected to mark them up. The prices are on the wall. You pay the bar price and keep the rest."

"Louie mentioned tips."

"You keep those too."

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"I get off work in an hour," Maddie said as she served Jackson in the bar. "I have the afternoon free

and you don't start until later. You could take me for a walk if you'd like."

"Why would I do that?" Jackson answered a little coldly.

"I could show you 'round," she replied, looking hurt at his reaction. "It would help you get used to the area."

"You're right." Jackson smiled and met her eyes, dark and heavy with mascara and black liner. "It's a nice day and I could use some time away from here."

"Me too; I seem to spend most of my life inside these walls." Maddie waved her arms as if to touch the walls. "And my evening shift starts at ten until closing."

"When do you get to go home?"

"I live here some of the time," she replied. "There's a dormitory over the bar. I like it; it's safer than having to walk home in the early hours."

A voice called from the back of the bar. Maddie touched his hand and stood, then walked back to the back of the bar.

"I'll call for you when I finish," she said as she disappeared.

Jackson finished his meal, then went back to his rooms. He changed to clean jeans and a denim shirt and waited. He wondered if he was being wise. He understood that he liked Maddie. He liked the way she looked and moved. She certainly seemed far nicer than his recent girlfriends.

That was the problem. They had been girlfriends. Maddie looked like an ideal girlfriend but Wendy had suggested that she was really a boy. He wasn't like that; he didn't date boys. But she didn't look anything like a boy. If Wendy hadn't told him, he wouldn't be worrying. He thought some more.

"It doesn't matter," he said to himself. "It's not as if I'm making a commitment."

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An hour later, Jackson was ready. Maddie wasn't in the bar when he expected to collect her but he guessed she'd want to change out of her work uniform before she went out.

"I hoped you'd be waiting."

Maddie came from the back of the bar. She'd changed and her chestnut hair hung loose over her shoulders. Her makeup was just as heavy but somehow it looked fresher and more suitable for the outside.

He looked carefully at her; black shadow on her eyes, with heavy mascara; pale peach lipstick. Her dress was short and flared, with a low neckline showing the top of her breasts. The bodice was tight to her waist. It was a deep red colour which matched her wedge sandals. Her fingernails and toes were almost the same colour.

"You smell nice." Jackson noticed her perfume as soon as she hugged him in welcome.

"I thought it was better than the scent of the kitchen." She smiled, showing those perfect white teeth.

They walked into the street; she immediately took his arm and walked close.

"I'm glad you came to work here," she said. "I was thinking I should leave altogether and live in my house."

"You have a house?"

"I have a business too," Maddie replied. "I only work for Louie occasionally. It keeps me grounded and up to date."

"Don't stay for me," he replied.

"I want to. I think you have promise."

“Well, that’s passed everybody by so far. My step-mother thinks I’m a waste of space.”

“She’s someone I wouldn’t like to have on my case.” Maddie pulled a face. “She’s scary.”

“How do you think I feel?” Jackson replied. “But she did save me from getting hurt and she did get me this job. I think it’s going to take me some years of working here to pay her back what I owe.”

“Stick with me and I promise it won’t be years.” Maddie pointed that they should follow another street. “You have a certain potential.”

They chattered as they walked. It was lighthearted and easy. The subject of Jackson’s supposed potential wasn’t mentioned again. Their path took them to the side of a river where a footpath took them to a café, where they sat at a table.

“Can I have a milk shake, please?” she said, heading towards the building. “I’ll be right back.”

He watched her walking away, hips swinging and hair blowing gently in the air.

“Is she really a boy?” Jackson thought. “If she is, then I’ve been dating donkeys.”

Maddie returned as a waitress brought their drinks. “You’re watching me so intently. “You’re wondering if what Wendy told you was for real.”

“I’m sorry; is it so obvious?”

“It’s very obvious; I know that look and I know how I look,” Maddie said. “If it’s any help, I think I pass everywhere.”

“What does that mean?”

“No one would ever guess that I’m not what I seem to be.” She smiled. “Not without being invited to take a closer look.”

“Is that an invitation?” Jackson blushed.

"It could be, if you wanted it to be." Maddie looked him in the eye, daring him to answer. "I've had boy-friends before but there's a vacancy right now."

Jackson hesitated but continued to search her face. "I think I might like that," he said eventually.

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It wasn't rocket science. Jackson spent his first nights on reception very quietly. There was nothing for him to do but watch movies and play on the computer.

"People haven't realised that we're here yet," Wendy explained when he complained about having nothing to do. "I think we're going to be busy quite soon."

Jackson's first guest was a surprise. She was obviously a boy underneath all the long dark hair, makeup, and clothes, not that she was wearing much to cover her long legs and generous breasts.

"I'm interested in taking one of the bigger rooms," she drawled in a Southern accent. "I'd like to look around first."

"I'll take you up." Jackson made sure the door through to the office and his apartment was locked, then put a sign on the desk to say he was away in the building. He got the room card and showed her to the elevator.

"I've not seen you before."

She leaned in close and put her hand to his cheek; she was really tall in her heels and Jackson's head was just above the level of her breasts which were getting uncomfortably close.

"I arrived when the hotel opened," Jackson explained.

“So you’re the one I need to know if I stay here.” She let her hand slip from his cheek to caress the back of his neck.

Jackson was beginning to sweat but fortunately the door opened and he led the way to the room and opened the door. He stood back to let her enter. She walked through quickly and then came back to stand in the middle of the room.

“I like the drapes,” she said at last, playing with the dimmer on the lights. “If I took it, would they let me bring in a few things?”

“I guess.” Jackson didn’t know how to reply. “You’d have to take them away with you though.”

“I was thinking of taking the room on a permanent basis.”

“I don’t think it’s big enough to live in.” Jackson looked round.

“You are a silly boy.” She smiled, showing perfect teeth and generous lips. “I’d be using it for work.”

“I’ll have to ask the boss about that,” Jackson replied. “I don’t think he’d mind if you’re going to be paying for it.”

“That sounds good. I think I need to test the bed before I decide.” She lay down and looked at him. “I need someone to test it with me.”

Jackson hesitated but then came to sit where she was patting the bed.

“Come on, lie down. Pretend you’re testing it with me.”

Jackson was pulled onto his back and she rolled onto his chest and kissed him deeply. He felt her tongue invading his mouth and couldn’t help but respond. He hand was massaging his groin and he could feel his penis growing.

“It seems to be okay.”

She broke away and sat on the edge of the bed, then stood to look down on him, enjoying his discomfort as he lay there, dazed by what had happened.

"If I take it, I want maid service and fresh linen every day," she announced. "I guess you can do that."

"Don't you want to know the room rates?"

"You can ask Louie for a special," she said, leaning on the door. Tell him it's for Charlotte."

Jackson followed her to the elevator. She didn't stop at the reception but waved as she went out of the door. He made a note, not that he'd forget her in a hurry.

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"We'll let her have the room and she can do whatever she wants," Wendy said when Jackson told her about the offer next day. "She'll pay full rate, or more likely, someone will pay it for her."

"Wait a minute; if she's paid and someone else pays... how does that work?"

"It means she's made a good tip for you and me to share," Wendy smiled. "You've a lot to learn."

"You know her?"

"She's an old friend," Wendy said. "Not that she'd ever forgive me if she heard me calling her old. I think we have her number somewhere. I'll call her."

One week rolled into the next and as time passed the hotel gradually became busier. Jackson realised what was going on pretty quickly. Guys were booking in and later they'd be back with a girl or, more likely, a boy who looked like one.

Sometimes a girl booked in and returned with another girl or maybe a boy dressed up, or maybe they both were. It started as something confusing but it soon became normal. Jackson didn't speculate on the sexual mix.

As Louie had suggested, he and Wendy soon developed their own brand of room service. Whatever food or drink was requested, they'd supply at a premium, with an absolute rule against supplying drugs. Elsa's demands that he pay his debts were receding as a priority day by day.

Charlotte took over her room but was there only irregularly. When she appeared, there was always someone clinging onto her; someone who paid and ordered in lavishly.

"You get more tips than I do," Jackson said when Wendy was counting the tip jar one day.

Jackson had noticed how their shared pot grew.

"That's because you're not a girl." Wendy put her hands under her breasts and lifted them as if to demonstrate... something.

"Do you really mean that?" Jackson asked.

"It's the way the world works, especially when you're dealing with the men who come here," Wendy said.

"It can't be that simple."

"Of course it can; men are simple creatures, especially when they come there and their mind is on one thing only."

"You mean sex." Jackson added things up in his brain.

"Most of them can guess that nature didn't make me this way. If they can't, it doesn't matter. They'll tip anyway to impress whoever they're with," Wendy said. "I smile and make myself extra feminine, bat my eyelashes, and take the cash."

"That's so mercenary."

"But it works," Wendy replied.

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"You've been avoiding me." Maddie came into reception as Jackson was starting his shift on a quiet evening.

"I've been busy," he said, avoiding her eye.

"Anyone would think that you didn't like me." She ran her fingers across his shoulders. "I thought you'd come back after we spoke. I think I made it clear that I liked you."

"I guess..." Jackson blushed.

"I get it; you didn't think people like me existed." She looked him square in the eye. "Get real. That's what this place is all about."

"I never knew until I came here," he replied.

"Life can be hard and nasty for girls like me. Louie's place made it safer and cleaner." She ran her fingers through her hair and twisted it gently.

"I didn't realise..."

"Anyway, let's forget all that." Maddie sat beside him and pulled her chair really close. "I heard Charlotte's back in town."

"I shouldn't talk about our guests," Jackson said pompously. "We hotel staff have to take an oath to protect their confidentiality."

"Rubbish." Maddie hugged him and lightly kissed his ear. "We've all noticed her in the bar."

"She's always an easy guest," Jackson said. "She always leaves her room neat and tidy."

"I heard that she has a room permanently," Maddie said. "I wish I could be as brave as she is."

"Is she brave?"

"Of course she is," Maddie replied. "She knows exactly what she is. She uses her body carefully and charges really high prices for her time."

“Isn’t that immoral?”

“Of course it’s immoral. The world is built on things like that.” Maddie looked at him to see if he was joking or naïve. “It takes a lot of money to be able to do the things she does. We hear bits of it. I heard she got flown out to Hawaii for a couple of weeks to look after somebody important.”

“I can see the temptation...’

“I thought *I’d* tempted you,” Maddie said, taking his hand. “I’d really like it if we could...” Her look made the rest of the sentence irrelevant.

“I’ve been torn,” Jackson replied.

“How about we stop thinking and then we don’t try too hard,” Maddie asked.

“Do you think we could?”

“I think I’d like to try,” Maddie said. “We’re never going to know otherwise.”

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“I don’t know how you fixed it for us to have a day off together.” Jackson and Maddie walked from the bar on a sunny afternoon.

“Wendy owed me a favour,” Maddie explained. “Either that or she took pity on us when I asked her.”

“You asked her?” Jackson said. “Now everyone will know.”

“There’s nothing to know, unless you want them to.” Maddie pulled herself closer to him. “I don’t think you know much anyway.”

“It’s still amazing to think I don’t have to do the late shift.”

“And think what we can get up to,” Maddie said. “I don’t have to work until tomorrow evening.”

Jackson didn't reply but as they walked on, he decided that he liked the feel of her so close to him. This was Maddie; she looked and smelled so good. What did it matter if she was really a boy under all this?

He guessed she'd dressed especially for the occasion. Her hair was as full and loose as he'd ever seen it. The contrast with her tight-waisted sundress was delicious, he thought. Her eyes were as darkly made-up as ever, with long lashes and peach lipstick.

She held onto his arm. He looked. Her nails were never this long or this red before. Whatever she was, there was nothing to show that she wasn't exactly what she appeared to be.

They chattered and laughed easily as they walked. They sat beside the river and watched as high school kids threw themselves off a bridge into the water. Jackson fell silent as he looked into her eyes and without meaning to, he kissed her.

She kissed him back. He could feel her lips so soft and taste her lipstick against his lips. They kissed again and he pulled back, looking down in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have..."

"Don't say that. I liked it," Maddie said. "I've wanted you to do that since I first saw you."

"I've been afraid..." Jackson started but found he didn't have the words to finish the sentence.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not addictive and I don't bite." Maddie leaned into him. "It may be confusing but you could pretend that I'm just as I look."

"I keep thinking..." Again he couldn't finish.

"Let's eat and then we'll go back to your place. I think we need to clear up a few things."

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Jackson's feelings were all over the place. He was largely silent as they walked back to the hotel. Maddie wrapped his arm around her shoulder for part of the way and held his hand when being so wrapped up together wasn't sensible.

She chattered, understanding that his silence wasn't indifference but because he was working things out. She knew it was a big deal for him to accept her as she wanted to be accepted and at the same time, to ignore the things she knew he'd rather not think about.

She was very nervous as they arrived back at the hotel. She knew, as he probably did, that the next hours would seal their fate.

"I need to go and change." Maddie let go of his hand as they reached the door. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Jackson turned to her and knew they were going to kiss before she went. He stepped into the hotel reception where Wendy was sitting. He knew she'd seen what had happened.

"Maddie's coming to talk to me in a few minutes," he said, feeling his face turning red.

"I'll look out for her and let her in," Wendy said with a broad grin.

Jackson closed his door behind him and leaned against it. He closed his eyes, trying to think sensibly about the things he'd agreed to and the things which might follow. He didn't have to wait long as there was a gentle tap on the door.

"I thought you were changing?" He saw her dressed as before.

"I remembered Wendy would be there so I thought I'd use your bedroom to change, if that's all right."

Maddie gave him another quick kiss and walked past him and into his bedroom. "What she doesn't see, she won't worry about."

"I think she's probably seen enough." Jackson found a smile coming as he said it.

Jackson sat on his couch and tried to look relaxed. He got up and sat at the other end, then went to look out of the window which didn't have a good view of anything.

"How do I look?" Maddie came back into the room and came to stand a couple of paces away from him.

"You look simply amazing," he said and really meant it.

Her hair was piled up in an untidy arrangement which looked casual and sexy at the same time. Her makeup was as dark as ever and her lips shone. She knew it and air kissed towards him as she saw his eyes widen in delight.

"I wanted to wear this for ages, but I needed the occasion." She did a twirl, making her robe and night-dress set swirl around her like shower of pale apricot frills and lace. "It's a copy of something I saw Ginger Rogers wearing in an old movie when she was dancing with Fred. It's wildly extravagant but I love it."

"You look lovely."

He opened his arms and held her as she came to him; the hugely wide Tudor sleeves lay over his shoulder as she wrapped her arms around him.

The tops of her breasts were visible as she pressed against him. He hadn't touched them yet. He knew she had implants and the temptation to check how real they felt was immediate. They looked inviting.

She leaned in and kissed him, squeezing him and making sure that her breasts pressed into his chest. Jackson tried to ignore the sensation that he was feeling her erect penis against him at the same time.

“I think we need to get this out of the way.” Maddie took his hand and pressed it against her breast. “I know you’ve been looking and trying to guess how real they are. Now it’s your time to find out.”

Jackson ran his hand around the breast; he lifted it gently and ran his finger around the nipple. Maddie shuddered at his touch and her eyes told him that she was enjoying his touch.

“There; that wasn’t so bad, was it?’ Maddie’s eyes challenged him, as she moved his hand downwards. “You know I have this, so you might as well feel it and get it over with.”

Jackson’s hand touched her penis. She guided it under her ball sack and around the shaft.

“It doesn’t bite.” She kissed him and gently nibbled his bottom lip. “It quite likes being touched, just like yours.”

Her hand slipped down and loosened his belt. He stood there passively, with the fingers of one hand wrapping around her penis and his thumb playing with the tip.

Her hand slipped inside his underwear and he couldn’t help a sigh escaping as she began to stroke and fondle his penis. She pulled her hand away, then pulled his away from her penis.

“Now we’ve got that out of the way, I think you should offer me a drink. Then I can get on with letting you seduce me.”

Maddie broke away from his arms and sat on the couch, her legs crossed and her arms spread along the back and over the arm. There was no mistaking her look.

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It didn’t quite work that way. Maddie sipped a little wine from her glass, then put it aside. She took the

glass from Jackson and leaned across the couch. Her body was snug against his.

Maddie's hand slipped inside his underwear and played with his penis, which grew almost instantly. His thought were trying to rationalise his feelings but the feelings took over as he grew and felt as if he was straining to grow bigger.

Her hand stroked the side of his face and she looked in his eyes, before kissing him. His lips opened at her touch and her tongue slipped inside his mouth, exploring his tongue, almost daring him to do the same. All the time, her hand was gripping his shaft, gently encouraging it; making him know that she was really holding it all the time.

Their eyes met and, keeping his gaze, she slipped down to her knees. His clothes somehow unravelled until his penis was standing tall. Her tongue licked the tip. His eyes glazed as a ripple of delight ran through his body.

Her tongue licked down the shaft, swirled around his ball sack, then licked its way again to the tip. Her eyes held his again as wordlessly; she slipped the shaft into her mouth. Her teeth gently grazed all the way down.

Then she was sucking and bobbing her head up and down, taking his shaft into her mouth, up and down. He was half-conscious of a slurping sound and imagined the picture of his tip hitting the back of her throat. It was building and building.

Jackson's hand rested on Maddie's head, neither controlling nor directing the movement as she seemed to slip into a pattern of sucking and swirling. He was out of control. He couldn't say anything. He couldn't move anywhere.

He could feel the inevitable conclusion approaching. He tried to concentrate; to count and think of something different to make it last longer. He couldn't; then he was past the point of no return. He was in

climax; jerking and pumping deeply into her mouth, her throat, into her fully and entirely.

Through the touch of her lips, he could tell that she was swallowing; gulping down and at the same time breathing. He expected her to gag, but she didn't. It was as smooth as silk.

He'd been taken out of his comfort zone, out of anything he'd experienced before with any of his girlfriends.

He'd allowed this boy to suck him to a feeling he didn't know he could be capable of.

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Jackson lay back as she flicked her tongue across his deflated penis. Even her lips working the tip couldn't disguise that he was spent and incapable of further action for a while.

"I think you enjoyed that," Maddie said, passing him his glass, then raising hers.

Jackson realised that he was gasping and hadn't come down from the high. He tried to co-ordinate a thought and to say something but his voice didn't work. He leaned in and kissed her, feeling his own sticky saltiness on her lips.

He put his glass down and looked at Maddie as she looked at him with a curious and maybe a challenging expression on her lips. She handed him her glass and he put that down too. She shuffled further into the corner of the couch and put her legs over his knees.

Her hand slowly pulled up the hem of her nightgown. Higher and higher it slid up over her knees and then up her thighs. He saw that she was wearing matching panties which barely concealed her penis.

It was as if his hand was drawn by an unseen cord as it slid up her thigh and inside her panties. He felt

its length and its firmness and registered that there were no hairs there at all.

Her hips bucked gently towards him. That challenging look in her eye remained as she looked from his eyes to his hand on her groin. Not quite knowing what he was doing, he shuffled around, his hand still holding and then stroking the penis.

It was now or never; never would have broken the spell, so it had to be now. He didn't want this time to end. He leaned forwards and put her tip to his lips. He kissed it and tasted a drop which emerged there. It was no worse than that which he tasted when he kissed her.

His heart beating, thumping in his breast, he leaned down further and took the tip into his mouth. Her hips bucked and she pushed it further in. He was so unprepared. He hadn't expected that and he gagged.

He half-raised his head to let the reaction pass and get his breath back. He lowered his head and this time Maddie thrust her penis forward and into his mouth. She was whispering; saying something. Maybe it was encouragement, maybe it was love. He didn't hear the words, only the sibilance of her voice.

He licked round, copying what she had done. His tongue ran up and down the shaft in his mouth. She didn't give him a chance to nibble the length before he felt her stiffen. He knew it was too late to pull away and surely he didn't know if he wanted to anyway.

The first spasm hit his throat, then more followed. He swallowed and dribbled. It was running down his chin, down his neck, and soaking into his T-shirt. It seemed to be lasting and pumping so long that he forgot any other sensation.

Then she was spent; shrinking away out of his mouth. He licked round and swallowed again, then as she slipped away, he sat back to see her eyes following him with a glow and a tear showing in the corner of her eye that he rather liked.

"I bet you didn't know that you could do that," she whispered, grabbing some tissues from somewhere and wiping his chin.

He took some off her and wiped his neck and his chin again.

"I don't know *how* I did that."

"It's something you do by instinct," Maddie said. "You feel it and then do it."

Jackson looked at her as she untangled herself, then stood. She kissed the top of his head and she went through to his bathroom. She returned a few moments later. Her hair had been combed out and her lipstick shone from a new application.

Jackson watched her and thought, "There's something really special about this girl."  
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"Did you enjoy your day off?" Wendy asked when Jackson took over reception next day.

Jackson hesitated before replying, then decided that she probably guessed that they'd been doing more than sitting and talking.

"It was good, thanks." He saw her looking at him as if expecting him to say more.

"Maddie's a special girl," Wendy said when it was clear that Jackson wasn't going to say any more. "Louie thinks highly of her."

"What does that mean?"

"He's thinking of opening another bar on the coast." Wendy waved her arm as if to show the direction. "He was asking me who could replace her here."

"And who could?"

"You, of course."

"You're joking."

“No, I’m serious. You’re skinny enough, not too tall, and your hair’s down your shoulders. With a little work you could look as good.”

“It’s not me,” Jackson said straight away. “Besides I couldn’t afford it.”

“That’s not a problem; Louie would probably pay,” Wendy replied. “Girls like Maddie are worth their weight in gold to a business like this. That’s why she earns so much.”

“Wait a minute.” Jackson blinked as he heard that last bit. “What do you mean by saying that’s why she earns so much?”

“Just that,” Wendy replied. “You don’t see her bringing guys in here, do you?”

“No, but...’

“She gets them to take her somewhere really special and makes sure they pay special rates.”

“I never guessed.”

“Don’t tell me that you thought you were her one and only?”

“No but...’

“You are naïve,” Wendy laughed and shook her head.

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Jackson saw Louie in the distance approaching the bar. His heart sank when he saw Elsa was hanging onto Louie’s arm like they were exchanging secrets. An hour later, he was summoned to their table.

“Louie was telling me what a good employee you’ve been,” Elsa started.

“I do my job,” he replied.

“He got a girlfriend too,” Louie said with a smirk.

“I know what sort of girl he’d have found here.” Elsa smiled. At least her lips did, but her eyes were as cold as ever. “Did she teach you new tricks?”

Jackson didn’t know what to say so he dropped his eyes.

“I bet she did.” Elsa turned to Louie. “Tell me, Louie, do the girls here make a lot of money?”

“They make more than the boys, that’s for sure. He’s the only boy I employ and that’s only as favour to you.”

“That can’t be true.” Elsa smiled.

“The boys don’t attract the right sort of customers,” Louie said. “The sort of girls here and the prices make for the right kind of customer.”

“I’m sure it’s all above board and legal.” Elsa smiled again at Jackson.

“Sure it is. If one of my girls wants to earn a little on the side, who am I to say that she can’t?” Louie smiled back at her, like they were following a script, then looked at Jackson. “We could maybe fix him up.”

“If you could do that; I’m sure Jackson would appreciate the opportunity to pay what he owes me sooner,” Elsa said, turning to Jackson. “Isn’t that nice of your Uncle Louie offering to help you?”

“He’s your brother and you’re my stepmother. That doesn’t make him my uncle,” Jackson said calmly.

“That doesn’t matter; it’s all family.” Elsa smiled again. “I think you should thank Louie for thinking of you.”

Jackson nodded, neither agreeing nor giving ground. He turned and walked away. He had that sinking feeling in his stomach that decisions had been made and he couldn’t escape their consequences.

Back in the hotel when he was alone, he thought of Maddie. Was she really as well-adjusted to being a girl as she seemed? Did she really earn more than he did?

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That day with Maddie soon drifted into a memory as they both returned to their working patterns. Jackson was doing the hotel's late shifts at the same time as Maddie did days and split shifts in the bar.

Jackson did his best to ignore Wendy's revelations but he noticed Maddie's absences as the days went by. He noticed little things that had escaped his notice before, too.

Maddie always wore the black clothes which were obligatory in the bar but they weren't ordinary and plain. She hardly seemed to wear the same thing twice. Her dresses always showed her figure to the full, but they varied from the low-cut to the high neck. He noticed her shoes too.

Her whole look seemed the kind to come from designer labels, not the high street or corner stores. Her hair and nails were always immaculate; she always smelled so good too. Maybe Wendy had pointed him towards things he should have noticed.

He knew that this was right one day when Maddie called.

"I've arranged with Wendy that I'm taking you out for your birthday," she told him as they briefly met at work.

"It's not my birthday." Jackson looked puzzled.

"I know that. I think Wendy does too, but she owes me a favour. I'll pick you up outside tomorrow evening about six. You need to dress in smart casual wear."

"I don't have any." Jackson started to say more but she cut him off.

“You do now; it’s all waiting for you by your door.”

With a wave and a blown kiss, she disappeared back into the bar.

Next evening, Jackson was dressed in his new clothes; chinos in a dark tan shade with a gold shirt and a darker jacket. He had tied his hair back with the black scrunchie that had been included, along with underwear, socks and tan leather boots with a Cuban heel.

He was watching the bar, waiting for Maddie to emerge. A car horn sounded and a few moments later sounded again. He looked across to the white Mustang where Maddie was waving to him. When the road cleared, he jogged across and got into the passenger side.

They kissed briefly and once his belt was fastened, Maddie set off.

“Wendy hinted that there was more to you than I imagined.” Jackson smiled across the seats.

“If she told you my secrets, I’ll have to speak to her severely,” Maddie replied. “I hope she didn’t tell you that I have a penis too.”

“I think I knew that already,” Jackson replied, thinking that this was going to be an evening without inhibitions.

“Never mind; I may have a secret for later though.” Maddie squeezed his hand, the rings on her middle and ring finger flashing in the reflected light of the setting sun.

He looked her over and decided that this was a different Maddie from the one he thought he knew. Her half-sleeve dress was a restrained flower pattern woven dark grey into black. The neckline was low, showing the tops of her breasts with a necklace reaching down into the gap.

There was something different in her body language too. She exuded a confidence and a projection of authority too. Maybe it was this new vision he was

having. She had a gold watch on her left wrist and several gold bangles on her right. At her ears were gold hoops and sparkling stones on studs didn't look like fakes.

"You're looking at me as if you've never seen me before." Maddie noticed him checking her over.

"I'm sorry..."

"Don't be sorry." Maddie took his hand again. "It's a good living for a girl like me. I like to dress well and I love jewellery."

"It looks expensive."

"It probably is. I chose some things and some kind gentlemen bought the pieces for me. They like to be generous."

"And this is a lovely car."

"It's not a present from an admirer, if that's what you're thinking. I bought it a couple of months ago," Maddie replied. "I thought I deserved a treat."

"So you don't only work in the bar." Jackson didn't know how to be more subtle.

"If you're asking how I can afford all this, the answer's simple. I work in the bar some of the time but I have a select group of gentlemen who pay me to entertain them."

Jackson looked across the car at her; she caught his eye.

"If you're wondering if that includes sex, then wonder no more. I like sex and they like sex with a girl like me."

"There are men like that?"

"There are lots of them." Maddie smiled across the car. "They like the way that I always look really female. They can pretend that I'm their girl. They can take me anywhere and introduce me. No one's going to say that I'm really a boy. Then in private, it all happens."

“You mean they pay to have sex with you?”

“Don’t sound so shocked,” Maddie said. “I really like sex and now I can decide who I want to have sex with.”

“Don’t you always?”

“Not when I started,” Maddie said. “I didn’t have anyone to tell me what to do. I only knew that I wanted to be a girl.”

“But you have a penis.”

“That doesn’t mean that I’m not a girl.” Maddie turned off the highway. “There was a time when I’d go with anyone; I needed the money. Now I only go with my choices.”

“Am I a choice?”

“You’re more of a protégé,” Maddie replied. “I learned a few things and I could teach you.”

“Have you been talking to my stepmother?”

“Elsa’s a sweetie,” Maddie said to his surprise. “She thinks I could help you to find yourself.”

“I don’t think you’ll find a woman in me.”

“Don’t be too sure.”

She pulled into the grounds of a hotel, parked outside the reception, and got out of the car. She waited for Jackson to catch up.

“Your suite is number six,” the receptionist said, handing a key to Maddie. “The housekeeper has seen to all your requests.”

“Come on,” Maddie said to a bewildered Jackson who’d never been in a place as opulent as this before.

They drove a short distance and pulled into the drive of a bungalow, where a woman in hotel uniform awaited them and showed them through the place.

“I’m going to the bedroom to change,” Maddie said, kissing him deeply. “Think delicious thoughts and if

you can't, think naughty ones. I've a special treat for you."

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Maddie called from the doorway. Jackson stood and walked towards it as she came out.

"If you think I look anything like a boy, tell me now," she demanded.

She was wearing another lace peignoir over a nightdress. It was ivory silk and frilled everywhere from the neckline to the wide Tudor sleeves. Matching backless heels made her taller than Jackson. Her hair tumbled in waves across her shoulders and down her back. The perfume was irresistible.

"If no one had told me, I'd have my tongue hanging out." Jackson watched her move towards him.

"I need your tongue to be hanging out," she whispered. "It's essential if you're going to enjoy your surprise."

She took his hands and wrapped one around her and guided the other one to her rear. She guided his touch across her cheek and into the space between it and its twin. Jackson's fingers touched something he didn't expect.

"It's something you have to take out very gently." Maddie licked his ear and held her lips against it. "It's keeping me open so that you can go in there."

Jackson's mind was racing. He could feel the object and as he moved it gingerly, he saw that it affected Maddie, who sighed and pulled herself closer to him.

"I can feel you'd like to do that," she whispered as her hand took his already swollen penis and squeezed it just enough to make it grow some more.

She backed away from him and took his hand. "You have to come willingly," she said, daring him to do otherwise.

As if in a trance, Jackson followed her into the bedroom and when she lay on her back, he quickly stripped off. He saw that she had pulled her nightgown up and her penis was exposed, standing tall and as erect as his.

"You need to put the pillow under my bum," she said. "It helps the angle."

Jackson obeyed and knelt between her legs. She shuffled down on the pillow and raised her legs so that they rested on his shoulders. He reached under to find that thing he had felt nestling there.

"You have to lubricate yourself," Maddie told him, reaching to the bedside cabinet and handing him a small bottle. "You can't use too much."

Jackson slathered the oily contents onto his penis, feeling some warmth from the liquid which tingled pleasantly against his skin.

"Now you have to remove the thing that's in your way."

As if in a dream, Jackson's hands went to her rear and slowly, gently, pulled. The sparking tip came easily into his hand and he slowly pulled it out an inch, then another, and more. It was thicker than his penis and when it finally came out, it may have been longer.

"I feel so empty now." Maddie pulled him closer to her entry. "You'll have to fill me now that you've taken that out."

Jackson felt her hand guiding him. The tip of his penis touched her entry, then she was pushing against him. Instinctively, he pushed forwards and knew he was slipping inside her.

"You feel good," Maddie said softly, pushing herself against him so that he slipped further in.

Jackson held still, wondering what he was doing.

“Get rough,” Maddie whispered. “You’ve got to push and push hard.”

He could feel her almost grinding her way, forcing more of his penis into her. He pushed and met a resistance. He pushed a little more and the resistance remained.

“It’s natural.” Maddie saw the questioning look on his face. “It’s a muscle I can’t control easily. You have to push.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t and I promise the feeling when you get past that is one you’ll want forever.”

Jackson pushed and then pushed harder. The resistance remained. He withdrew a little, not thinking about why, but then he thrust forwards again and this time he slipped past that resistance and was moving further inside with every thrust.

Maddie moaned and pulled her legs towards her chest so that her bum was more available to him. His body pushed against her legs as he thrust inside her. She tried to reach ‘round and pull him closer but couldn’t grip and took hold of his upper arms instead.

They began moving together. It didn’t matter about anything else; this was all about the feelings. She was trembling because he was in her. He was pushing and feeling an imminent climax because he was in her.

Jackson could see Maddie’s penis under her gown. It was standing straight and tall as he thrust some more. Taking his weight on one hand, he grasped it, squeezed and released the pressure. Maddie moaned and then she was past the point of no return. He knew he’d made her come as a stain spread damply across the fabric.

Maddie moaned and thrust against him again. This time, Jackson could feel he was going to come as

well. As she faded, he started. Maddie's head thrashed from side to side as he felt himself pumping inside her. His hips bucked and pushed with each spasm, as if he could go deeper.

He didn't want the feeling to end and tensed his body once again, pushing as hard as he could. Maddie moaned again and then as he faced her and their eyes met, her expression eased and she smiled.

"I told you that I had something special for you," she said.

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Jackson woke to feel Maddie playing with his penis. It was starting to come to life again as she massaged up and down its length. He turned towards her.

"Not so fast," she laughed, let go, and stood. "You've got to take me to dinner and then you can seduce me again."

"What do I do with this?" He pointed out the obvious.

"You save it for later. Now come and talk to me while I change and dress for dinner." She stripped off and wrapped the hotel's robe around her, giving him a glimpse of her breasts.

Jackson sat on the edge of the bed as Maddie sat in front of the vanity mirror.

"You can watch every little bit of me getting ready," she said.

"I'm not sure that's a good idea." Jackson shook his head. "You've heard that Elsa and Louie have hinted that I should start to dress up."

"I think it's a great idea." Maddie turned to smile at him as she started to clean off her smudged makeup. "I'd love to have you for my sister."

"Sisters don't do what we've just done."

"Sisters with a penis might." Maddie wrapped her fingers around her penis and indicated it was ready to grow. "We could take it in turns."

"But you come when I do."

"That's true. I guess there's a flaw in the plan but it's going to be fun trying."

"You speak as if it's more than a hint."

"If Louie gets an idea, he's usually unstoppable."

"This time he's got my evil stepmother on his side too."

"Is she really that evil?" Maddie started to make up her face.

"She's pretty determined when she's got an idea," Jackson admitted. "She bailed me out when I messed up again."

"Could it be that she's found a way for you to live without messing up?" Maddie concentrated on her face. "I have a good life. You might like it."

"Come on," Jackson replied. "I'm not like you."

"But you could be. Imagine it." She turned to look at him. "I get to dress how I like, go where I want, more or less. I get people wanting to look after me and give me money and things."

"By people, you mean guys; men."

"Is there anything wrong with that?"

"I don't think I could do it."

"You did it with me."

"Not everything."

"It's only a question of degree," Maddie laughed. "I'll show you how easy it is after dinner."

Jackson fell silent as she started on her eyes; shadows in different shades, then eyeliner and mascara.

“These make the real magic.” She held out a package with several pairs of false eyelashes for him to see. “I’m going to use the longest in your honour.”

Jackson looked at the lashes behind their transparent packaging. “They look like they’d be difficult.”

“Not at all, you’ll love them.” Maddie started to apply adhesive. “I never go anywhere without lashes. I think I’d feel underdressed without them.”

Lashes on, Maddie started to dress. She chose deep red lingerie. She slipped the bar over her shoulders and turned to Jackson. “You can fasten me up, please.”

With trembling fingers, he obliged as he looked at the tops of her breasts. He knew that they were implants but right there and then, they were as real as anything. He hesitated, then fumbled a little with the hooks and eyes. She skipped away from him, stepping into an elastic garment, then panties to match her bra.

“Watch how I tuck my little man away,” she said, pushing with one hand and securing the elastic in place with the other.

“Would you like a garter belt or hold-ups?” she asked, then decided for herself, wrapping the garter belt round her waist. “I think you’d like this better. It’s sexier and more impractical.”

Jackson could feel his penis rising as he watched. There was something so erotic about watching Maddie, whom he knew to be a boy, becoming so feminine, not that he’d ever seen her any other way. For a fleeting moment, he wondered what it would feel like to dress up and to wear all that makeup and jewelry.

He tried to dismiss the thought but it wouldn’t go away. Maddie looked at him as she stepped into a deep red dress with thin shoulder straps. She could tell that he was thinking and guessed *what* he was thinking.

She knew this would happen. She knew she liked him immensely but Louie's suggestion that she'd like to help his transformation was also on her mind.

She'd refused point blank when he asked. Now watching Jackson, she thought it could happen, and happen easily. She wondered what it would be worth.

She turned to Jackson. "You'll have to zip me up."

He pulled the zipper up and felt her push her rear into his groin before giggling and moving away to get her heels. And these were heels, thin and high, with peep toes and an ankle strap. She sat, looked at Jackson, and lifted a foot. He took the hint and fastened the strap for her.

Maddie brushed her hair to make it as long and smooth as she could. It hung over her shoulders and down her back in a shimmering and shining cloud. Her earrings glittered as her head moved and the hair swung. Perfume came next; this time in a generous cloud of woody aromatic girly scents.

"I can pretend to tell you off." Maddie held out her left hand wearing a wedding set with a big statement diamond. "You can pretend to ignore me, like we're an old married couple."

Her eyes held a mischief and, much as she tried to hold it, the look on Jackson's face made her laugh again.

"That looks real." He gasped at the size of the stone.

"It is real," Maddie said. "I have the receipt. One of my gentlemen wanted me to play the part of his wife and I told him I wouldn't do it unless I got the real thing."

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All eyes were on Maddie as they strolled into the restaurant. All eyes, even those guys who were there with the most striking girls looked as if they couldn't



help it. Jackson glowed in reflected glory. They all fantasised on being him... with her.

He didn't object when she ordered for him.

"I don't want you to eat or drink too much," she said. "I have plans for you later."

Jackson smiled and did as he was told. He had plans too but he guessed that Maddie's would be the ones to take precedence.

Once back in their suite, Maddie turned to him, wrapped her arms around him, and kissed him deeply. Holding his gaze as long as she could, she turned and rubbed her behind against his groin.

"This is what you have to do when you're with a man," she said. "Keep reminding him that you're available and keep eye contact as much as you can. Lick your lips like this and look from underneath those eyelashes."

She demonstrated, and Jackson couldn't help but respond.

"Are you trying to teach me how to be you?" he asked.

"Of course I'm not. I'm teaching you how you could try some of the things I do. I think you'd enjoy it all." Maddie turned and started to undo his belt. "A bit of eagerness helps too. Just watch."

Jackson's belt came loose and then his zipper. He felt her hand going inside. She pulled out his penis and her eyes widened as it came into view. She kissed the tip and looked up at him.

"Watch how I'm looking amazed and impressed when I find your penis in there. I can't resist kissing it quickly."

"You're teasing."

"No, I'm teaching and we're both going to enjoy ourselves tonight." Maddie held on to his penis and slowly lowered herself to her knees. "Watch what comes next."

She took his penis in both her hands and massaged it. Her long nails flashed as she gently scraped down the length of his shaft. She sighed and kept her eyes on it as she placed it over her dress between her breasts.

“Now it’s time for me to turn and invite the guy to unzip my dress.” Maddie turned and looked at him again from under those heavy lashes.

Jackson obliged, knowing that she was part acting and part making him so excited that he couldn’t break the spell.

The dress slipped to the floor and she stepped out of it, then helped Jackson to shed his chinos and pants, his shoes and socks.

“I always feel its insulting if a guy doesn’t take off his socks,” Maddie said. “I hate it even though I always start by leaving on my stockings...” She stood and turned, bending her bum towards him before rubbing her bra against him and putting her arms around his neck. “like this.”

Jackson’s penis was stretching itself as it stood there. Maddie touched it and then bent to kiss it quickly.

“Now for its time for your surprise.”

She dropped her panties and turned her back to him. She bent down with her hands on her knees. Jackson couldn’t miss a big red jewel between her cheeks as she pushed against him.

“You have to take it out,” Maddie said. “Do it slowly and gently please?”

“You had me do this before.”

“I know. I’m trying to get you addicted to it.”

Jackson didn’t quite know how to do as she asked but very carefully, he touched the end. He gripped it and pulled as gently as he could.

“You’ll have to do it a bit harder than that.” Maddie reached round to touch his hand and wrap it around

the projecting jewel. Her other hand placed a small plastic bottle in his. "It's a lubricant to help it come out."

Jackson didn't know what to make of this. He stood and watched, then after a moment or two looking, he moved. He tugged and slowly from Maddie's rear he withdrew a scarlet object. As it came out, he realised that the texture was pliable. Out and out it came, inch after inch, until the shaped tip emerged.

"Now I feel really empty." Maddie turned her rear to him and her hand reached for his penis. "That's been keeping me open and ready for you. Get that penis lubricated from the bottle, try and work a little into me, then push for all you're worth. I need you in me."

Jackson's confusion gave way immediately. He wanted to be in there. He wanted to connect with Maddie's desire. In his haste, he spilled as much of the lubricant as he applied,

Maddie went to lean over the end of the couch in their room. Jackson wasn't so transfixed that he didn't know what to do. He pushed the tip of his penis into the space. He heard Maddie moan as she pushed against him and then he pushed again and again.

He felt her tightness as he entered and then an obstruction. It seemed that there was a muscle clenched against him.

"I can't stop that," Maddie said. "You have to work it and keep pushing."

Jackson did as he was told. His feelings were on overload; it was easier to do what he was told than to think about what he was doing. He let instinct take over, ignoring Maddie being a boy. All he wanted to do was to enter her as far as he could, then make her squeal as he made her wait for the ultimate climax.

She was tight; not badly tight or too tight, but comfortably tight as he worked his way deeper and deeper until his balls prevented any further entry.

She gripped him tightly as he started to thrust in and out.

He tried to hold it but it was impossible. All too quickly, his penis started to spasm and he could imagine with each motion that he was squirting deep inside her, deep inside a place he never dreamed he'd be entering. It was as his last spasms faded that he realised that he'd never felt so good before.

He slipped out. Maddie moaned as the tip of his penis was expelled. She turned quickly and licked his tip.

"Now I have to go to the bathroom," she said. "You're leaking all down my legs."

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Maddie ran her fingernails along Jackson's chest. He lay in their big bed, waiting for her. They kissed a few times and Jackson played with her breasts, licking and sucking the nipple.

"I like it that you do that," she whispered huskily. "I hope it feels as good for girls who got their boobs naturally as it does for me."

"They feel natural."

"At that price, they should." Maddie squeezed his face against her breasts. "Now I have another surprise for you."

"Am I going to lime it as much as the last one?"

"I don't know," Maddie said. "I'm going to make you wear my toy penis in your bum."

"You're kidding me."

"No, I'm not kidding and I promise you're going to love the experience if you don't chicken out."

Jackson looked at her, searching her face as if there was a way out hidden there but he knew she had a spell over him.

“Turn over and relax every muscle you can.” She slapped his behind to encourage him to move.

Jackson hesitated for a second, then did as she asked.

“Put this pillow under your tummy.” She pushed it towards him. “Don’t worry, I’ll be gentle.”

He could feel the trickle of lubricant over his cheeks and into his anus. He flinched at the touch of Maddie’s finger entering there and forced himself to relax once more. The finger went further and a warm sensation followed as the oil seeped deeper inside him.

“This is going to feel strange.” Maddie began to twirl the tip of her plastic penis around his rear.

“Take deep breaths and force yourself to relax every muscle you can,” she said, increasing the pressure. “It’s going to go in there, so don’t resist. It’s going in if it takes an hour or two.”

Jackson tried to obey. He tried really hard but the pressure as it slowly slipped inside was such a different sensation. Maddie knew what she was doing though. A slap, a nip, and hard backhands on his cheeks made the muscles relax, if only for a second.

Slowly but surely, the pressure increased and Jackson knew it was going in. He seemed to be having one of those out-of-body experiences. He wanted to do whatever Maddie wished but there was a big boy part inside him trying to shout that this was wrong. Maddie won. Further and further inside it went until Maddie stopped pushing.

“I think we should sleep a while,” Maddie said, curling round to spoon against him.

“You don’t mean to leave that thing inside me?” Jackson grumbled.

“It’s there for a purpose,” she said, reaching round him to scrape her nails over his chest again. “Trust me.”

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Jackson enjoyed the feeling of her breasts pressed against his back and her arms around him. He didn't expect to do so but he slept.

When he awoke, he knew there was a new sensation. Maddie was still lying behind him but her penis was big and hard and it was between his cheeks. Her hand was at the tip of the plastic penis in his rear and she was gently but insistently working it round and round, pushing and releasing pressure.

He lay there half awake, allowing the feelings to mount. Slowly, he heard himself moaning, just as Maddie had done the night before. He didn't resist when she pushed him onto his front and put the pillow under his tummy.

She knelt behind him and he waited, tingling with anticipation. He knew what was coming next. Slowly and tenderly, Maddie pulled it out of his behind. He felt her fingers and the warmth of whatever lubricant she was squeezing inside him.

He knew she was moving, positioning herself behind him. Her fingers worked inside him and then he knew that he was feeling the tip of her penis at his entrance.

She pushed and he clenched and then tried to unclench. She pushed again and he held his breath. This time she entered a little, then another push and a little more.

Jackson's mind seemed to stop working. All his feelings, thoughts, and emotions were concentrated. She was insistent. He wanted to feel her inside, despite his reflex clenching, holding her up. She pushed and, fraction by fraction, he felt the pressure mounting until with a burst, she was through whatever resistance his body held.

She was deep inside him, thrusting and withdrawing, taking him far more roughly than he'd taken her. Sensation after sensation dominated his mind. She

was in him and he loved it, aching for her to climax inside him.

He held his breath, waiting to feel that first spasm that would tell him that she was really there. He let out a little scream and arched his back when it came and then he was thrashing his head from side to side, ecstatic she took him, as surely as he'd taken her.

Jackson could feel Maddie's penis slowly losing its strength and slipping away. She didn't move away immediately but stayed behind him with some of her weight holding him down.

Jackson realised that he was panting; the sensation of her coming inside him remaining in minor tremors. He lay there thinking of everything and nothing. It was all about the memory of those sensations.

"Are you okay?" Maddie stood at the side of the bed looking down at him.

"Yes," Jackson said weakly. "I never even thought that there could be feelings like that."

"Does that mean you don't feel that I've taken advantage of you?" she asked. "You don't feel damaged?"

"I don't think I'll ever be able to get over that."

"I never did." Maddie sat and ran her fingers through his hair which had become tangled through the night. "That's the secret of my fortune; well, that and the fact that I choose my gentlemen wisely."

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They didn't go back the next day, or the one after that. Maddie said she'd called and fixed it with Wendy to cover for Jackson. Instead, they wasted the days wrapped in each other, exploring the country, but really exploring each other.

The nights took a pattern of their own too. Maddie always dressed to impress; hair and makeup, dress and heels. She made sure that Jackson watched her dressing and made him choose her jewellery and perfume.

After dinner, it was different. Maddie always took charge. She told him what to do and how to do it.

“Sometimes I think you’re using me as if I were your girlfriend,” he said after she’d been inside him with particular vigour.

“Is that an objection or praise?” Maddie’s eyes sparkled as she waited for him to think of an answer.

“I don’t know.” Jackson stroked her penis as if trying to get it back to life. “A week ago, I’d never have believed it. I love the feel of my penis inside you but I really love it when you come inside me.”

“I think you should try being a girl like me.” Maddie moved to offer her penis to his lips. “You could get paid for doing this.”

Jackson accepted her penis and sucked it. “I’d hate that. I’d have to do it with all kinds of people. I see them in the bar; some of them are awful.”

“I could help you.” Maddie fed more of her growing penis into his mouth. “I only see private clients, no casual pick-ups. They’re usually older, very clean, respectful, and very grateful.”

Jackson sucked greedily, as if he’d become addicted. Maddie gave up trying to talk to him and, as they became entangled, thought of conversation faded.

Next morning, they had to leave. Maddie took the opportunity to talk some more as she drove. It was one way of making sure he listened and didn’t distract her.

“I think you’d make a really attractive girl if you decided that was something you’d like to do,” she said. “I’d love to help you; it’d be like having a daughter all of my own; a drag daughter to teach and look after.”

"Do you mean that when you're looking after me, I can include me looking after you like we've been doing?"

"It could, if you'd like it to be that way." Maddie squeezed his hand. "You'd have to swear to do everything I told you, no matter what. I don't want you to agree and then hesitate or unsure and start.

"I guess I could, but what about Louie?"

"What about your stepmother?"

"Don't worry about her; she was suggesting I dress up already. Louie was agreeing with her. I don't think she likes having a stepson."

"That means Louie isn't going to be a problem," Maddie said. "I need your solemn promise to do everything I tell you. It's going to be difficult for you but I don't want any arguments."

"Okay, I promise to do whatever you tell me."

"I'll warn you that you're going to feel really embarrassed when you start dressing as a girl all the time. Are you sure you can deal with that?"

"I think so, if you're there for me," Jackson said, aware that he was committing himself to an unknown course, one that he'd never envisaged only a few days ago.

"Okay, let's go and see Louie as soon as we get back. You can give him the good news."

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"I don't think I can do it," Jackson said as they set off.

There was silence in the car for a few miles. Maddie and Jackson were both thinking about what to do next.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me,” Maddie said as she drove. “I’m not going to tell you everything but here’s the edited version if you’re ready.”

“You don’t have to explain anything.” Jackson was afraid of what might be revealed.

“You met me working for Louie,” she started. “I took that job for a break; away from a bit of chaos in my life, which I’m not going to describe in any detail. I needed that break.”

“Anyone can mess up,” Jackson agreed. “I’m a great example of multiple messes.”

“I’m an escort; a boy who looks and behaves like a girl. I’ve had surgery and worked on that image. I select my clients and I expect to be paid really well for my time.”

“But working for Louie doesn’t fit.”

“Some guys tried to control me, so I got out. I moved to the other side of the country, changed everything that might leave a trace, and started again. I have a really nice place of my own and I’ve been lucky. Working for Louie has been good. I’m starting to pick up a couple of good clients.”

“So why are you still with Louie?”

“I’m leaving soon; it’s not a secret,” Maddie said. “Two or three guys who treat me well are all I need. You could come with me. I’d like you to.”

“How would that work?”

“You could do the same as I do. You’d need some surgery and you’d have to work at it. I think you’d enjoy it and more than that, I’d like to have you as a friend.”

“But if I leave Louie, I’ve nowhere to live and I still have to pay off Elsa.

“That’s easy.” Maddie smiled across the car. “I’ll lend you the money to pay off Elsa and stake you for the changes you’ll need. You can pay me back and live with me until you get your own place.”

"That's too much to take in." Jackson's brain was racing. "Are you really asking me to be a girl like you?"

"I think you'd enjoy the life if you were willing."

"It's a lot of burning bridges if I don't enjoy it."

"That's true; you wouldn't be able to get away with half measures," Maddie said. "They want to see you as a girl, doing things they'd never even dare to think about. You could do it though, with my help."

"I'd have to change so much. I'd never be able to change back."

"You may never want to change back."

"I'm a bit afraid to say that I'll do it."

"Take a little time but don't forget the alternatives," Maddie said. "Coming with me now doesn't mean you have to do that for the rest of your life."

"I want to say yes," Jackson said. "You've shown me how good the sex can feel but give me a while to think it through."

"Okay, remember your choice is a life of overalls and aprons working in the kitchens and bars with Louie or some other place like his, or it could be a life of silk, heels and perfumes. I know which *I'd* choose."

"But I don't know if I *could* live as a girl like you."

"There's only one way to find out," Maddie sighed. "You'd have to live and act one hundred percent girl all the time. I promise it can be more fun that you ever dreamed of."

"And probably more than Elsa ever dreamed I could have." Jackson started ahead for a few moments. "Okay, I'll do it."

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To their surprise, the hotel was closed when they got back. There were notices on the windows and a padlock across the door.

"I'll wait round the corner," Maddie said and pulled away into the traffic.

"It's some mix up with the bank," Louie said when Jackson asked the obvious question.

"The lawyers are going to sort it out." Elsa appeared from a side room looking like she knew a secret. "Louie's going to let you work in the bar while the hotel's closed, but you'll have to dress up."

"Is that right?" Jackson looked at Louie.

"I haven't anything else for you to do," he replied. "Go and get changed; you start tomorrow tonight."

"But where do I live? All my stuff's inside the hotel."

"And we can't get in," Elsa said.

"I don't know how I can..." Jackson started, then turned and walked slowly out.

"I'm sure your girlfriend can help you out." Elsa almost chuckled with delight at Jackson's apparent distress.

He walked round the corner and found Maddie's car after a hundred yards or so. He told her what had happened.

"It looks like a few decisions have been made for you" she said. "You can either come with me or go and beg for a favour from Elsa."

"Let's go," he sighed. "It seems like the decision has been made, not that I hadn't gotten most of the way there myself."

"I'll go and see Louie," Maddie said. "I'll tell him we're taking a few days off."

Before Jackson could say anything, she was out of the car and striding away. A few minutes later she returned, slammed the door and started the engine.

"Welcome to girls' world." Maddie put the car in drive and they were off.

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"Is this where you live?' Jackson looked at the view from the penthouse of a block overlooking the river.

"I only put the deposit down last week," Maddie said. "I've got a three-month trial before I have to either agree to purchase the place or move on."

"Is this for real?" Jackson looked at all the space around him. "You can really afford this by being..."

"Yes and yes," Maddie said. "And you could too."

"Suddenly I'm scared." Jackson slumped into a couch.

"You haven't time to be scared," Maddie replied. "We've only got a few hours to make you over into something spectacular."

"I'm really scared." Jackson put his head in his hands.

"It's too late for that," Maddie replied. "Remember, you have to do everything I tell you. No questions; just do it. I'm going to make a few calls, then you're coming with me to a few appointments. By tomorrow, your own mother won't recognise you."

"Can you include Elsa in that?" Jackson looked up.

"Stepmothers can be included." Maddie picked up her mobile and started a call. "Go and shower, wash your hair, and use the robe from the back of the door."

Jackson decided it would be easier for him to do that. He didn't want to know all the details. It was enough that he was on his way for good or ill.

Maddie was still speaking on her mobile when he returned.

"Where did you put my clothes?" he asked.

"You haven't got any," Maddie replied. "You've showered away Jackson for good. From now on you are Jackie. You can be my sister, my girlfriend, or even my niece, but you're as female as I am from this moment on."

"But..."

"No buts are allowed. You promised to do what you were told and that's the first instruction, Jackie." Maddie emphasised the name and looked eye-to-eye, as if daring any dissension

"But you've been making appointments for me. How do I do that? I can't go naked through the streets."

"No you can't, that's why you're going to be borrowing some of my clothes." Maddie pointed to the table where a pile of lacy things were waiting. "Drop the robe and start getting dressed, there's a lot to do today."

"There's a bra here." Jackie's voice held a question and a doubt. "I don't need one; I've nothing to put in it."

"You *do* need one," Maddie answered. "You need to wear one all day every day until you feel naked without it. Until you get breasts of your own, you'll have to use the breast forms from that black box under the clothes."

Jackie picked them up delicately as if afraid that they'd bite, and opened the box.

"They look like breasts." He sounded surprised, and picked one up. "They feel real; well, something like real."

“There’s no need to sound surprised.” She took one from him. “They’re the best substitute; they move and feel like the real thing. They can be glued to your chest so that they don’t come adrift at an embarrassing time.”

Maddie helped Jackie into the bra and placed the breast forms into the cups. She adjusted the shoulder straps.

“Get used to that feeling ” she told her. “It’s going to all day, every day from now on, until you get breasts of your own.”

“This feels weird.” Jackie put her hands under the cups and lifted. “I don’t think I’ll ever get used to them.”

“Can I quote you on that in a year?” Maddie asked. “You’re going to be my little sister and I’m going to make sure that you’re the sort of girl who turns heads wherever you go, starting today.”

“I should feel that this is so wrong.” Jackie stood, admiring the bra from the front and sides. “But I think I could get to like it.”

“Stop admiring yourself and get dressed,” Maddie laughed. “I can see that you’re going to be a vain sort of girl. Panties come next.”

Jackie looked up at her and blushed, realising that she was only wearing the bra and that her penis was standing out.

“I don’t think I can.” She gestured downwards.

“I’ll get some ice,” Maddie said. “Unless you’d like me to do it another way.”

“What other way would that be?” Jackie said coyly as Maddie came and kissed her, then fell to her knees.

“Ooh,” Jackie squealed and her penis went into Maddie’s mouth.

Maddie knew what to do. This wasn’t all about prolonging a session of mutual passion. She wanted him

dressed quickly and so she sucked and licked. She massaged and manipulated him. She nibbled and cupped his balls in her hand until, with a rush, he came.

Jackie sighed as the climax faded and fell back into a chair. Maddie went to the bathroom and washed her mouth out quickly so that there wouldn't be a trace when they went out.

Jackie was dressed quickly. A soft blue top with a high neckline and blue canvas trousers with a wide leg and a wide belt completed his first feminine look. Maddie gave her some sandals with straps and low heels.

"You don't need a coat, we're not going far," Jackie said. "I'm not going to do any makeup,; his is one of the very few times you'll leave here without at least some eye makeup."

"Where are we going?"

"You're going to get a full body wax," Maddie said. "Girls like us are always hairless below the eyebrows, with perhaps one little exception."

"Where would that be?" Jackie asked in a puzzled voice.

"You'll soon find out."

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The salon was waiting for them and, without any ceremony or delay; Jackie was taken through to a treatment room and ordered to strip.

"This may hurt, so here's an apology," The white coated girl with a name badge saying she was Natasha told the new girl. "Maddie's told me what to do. Don't worry, you don't have anything that I haven't seen before."

"Are you sure?" Jackie asked.

She laughed. "You don't have anything that I haven't handled before either."

It wasn't a pleasant experience. Jackie felt the wax being ladled over his legs. The first tear made him scream in shock.

"You have to suffer a little to be beautiful," Natasha said. "I think that's why Maddie had full laser hair removal. You're down to have that too but she wanted this to be quick."

If the legs hurt, it was nothing compared to his rear cheeks and his groin. She used some small scissors to trim away the longer hairs and then waxed again. Jackie had learned to bite down and hold back the scream but this was something else.

"I've left a landing strip." Natasha pointed and Jackie looked down to see a small line of hair above his penis. "Some guys like that."

Jackie didn't want to ask how she knew that. He stayed silent as she trimmed the hairs under his arms, waxed the remainder, and pulled them away.

"I never knew that I had so much body hair." Jackie felt the smooth skin on legs and arms as well as now the underarms. "There can't be much left."

"Only your eyebrows." Natasha started to look closely at his face. "You don't have any beard."

"My father didn't have much of one either," Jackie replied. "I guess I was lucky to get that gene."

The pain as she waxed his eyebrows took him by surprise, even though he was prepared. "I thought girls had more eyebrows these days," he grumbled.

"We don't have them pencil thin and highly arched anymore," Natasha replied. "But Maddie wanted yours to be really nicely shaped and as high as I could get them without stripping them."

"Can I look?" Jackie took the hand mirror and saw how the proportions of his face had changed now that

his brows were more refined. "I don't think that boys have brows as shaped as this."

"It's a good job that you're not a boy anymore." Maddie entered as he said it.

"I'm about finished for today," Natasha said, as she handed a bag to her. "Here's the lotion to apply after a bath."

"Thanks; he'll be here bright and early in the morning," Maddie replied.

"Is there more?" Jackie asked. "Haven't I had enough pain for one week?"

"There's no pain," Maddie replied. "Ear piercing is really painless these days. You're having your hair bleached and styled, then you're having a manicure, a pedicure and eyelash extensions."

"What, all at once?"

"Yes, all at once," Maddie replied. "By tomorrow evening, there'll be no chance that you could dress as a boy and get away without a lot of curious looks."

"Don't worry." Natasha smiled in reassurance. "We know what we're doing. You'll look great."

"So all you have to learn is how to behave when you look so great," Maddie added.

"That's all right then; I only have one thing to be worried about."

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Bathed and covered in soothing lotion, Jackie might have thought that the ordeals of the day were over.

"Get dressed before dinner." Maddie pointed to the bed. "Your lingerie is here and you can pick a dress from the wardrobe."

"Any dress?" Jackie asked.

“Yes but it has to be suitable for dinner,” Maddie replied.

“Will I know which is suitable when I see it?”

“That’s the test.” Maddie went to the door. “Come out when you’re ready. It would be good if you could wear some makeup too. You know what to do; you’ve watched me doing it.”

“But I don’t know how to...” It was no use; Maddie had closed the door behind her as she left.

Jackie looked through the clothes on the bed.

“Things were never so complicated when I was just Jackson,” she thought.

Jackie knew how to dress in lingerie by now and once his breast forms were nestled in the cups of her bra, she stopped to admire the effect.

“There’s no doubt about it,” she thought. “Stockings and a garter belt give a totally different impression to tights, or even hold-up stockings. I used to think that when I looked at the pin-ups; now I can really feel it too.”

“A dress for dinner is what I have to wear.” She opened the wardrobe and saw the choices there. “I think dark and plain would be good.” She felt along the possible selections. “It can’t have a low neckline or my breast forms may show.”

She looked again. “Maybe there’s something with half-sleeves?” she thought as she spied a deep blue dress and pulled it out. “It’s quite fitted and those black heels at the bottom of the wardrobe would look good with it.”

The back zipper proved a bit of a challenge as Jackie reached up behind her and then down over her shoulder to pull it right up. She rested and looked at her reflection.

She sat to try on the heels and hesitated as she worked out how the ankle straps worked with the

open toes. She checked that they looked right and then, holding on to the chair, she stood carefully.

“These are really high,” she thought. “I’m going to fall if I’m not really careful.”

Very cautiously, she went to sit in front of the mirror at the dressing table. She combed out her hair so that it hung straight and loose over her shoulders and looked at her reflection.

“There’s no point in putting it off,” she thought. “I’ve got to use a little makeup,” she said.

Jackie thought hard. Maddie always wore a lot of black makeup around her eyes. There on the top of the dressing table was a cosmetic bag. She looked through it. A black pencil and some black powder shadow were there, together with mascara, and a brush for the shadow.

“I think I know what to do.” Jackie lined her eyes, top and bottom, with the pencil, then used the brush and the shadow. She brushed it from the lash into the crease and then a little above, extending outwards and reducing the intensity of the shadow as it went higher.

She watched carefully and she did each stage, comparing left and right, striving to keep it even. Satisfied, she brushed mascara into her top and bottom lashes, giving then three coats until the lashes were heavy. For good measure, she added a little black line under her lower lash line.

She sat back. It all looked a bit massy but it wasn’t unfeminine. She decided that it wasn’t bad for a first attempt and that she rather liked the look and feel of it on her eyes and the way it made them stand out.

“Lipstick should be next,” she thought.

The cosmetic bag held several. She tried each one on the back of her hand and compared the stripes of colour. Then watching in the mirror, she held that hand up to her face.

"I think I'll go for the peachy one," she decided, picking up the tube and tentatively drawing across her bottom lip. "It's not as easy as it looks; there's no line to guide me."

By trial and error, she managed to get her lips looking made up and even. She looked critically at what she'd decided would have to be her final attempt before going out to see Maddie.

"My lips are so thin" was her final thought as she looked in the mirror before standing to go.

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"You look lovely," Maddie said. "Keep practising and before you know it, Jackie will be as much in demand as I am."

"Did I decide that I was going to do that?" she asked.

"Maybe not in so many words, but you've no boy clothes anywhere. By the end of tomorrow, you wouldn't be able to look like a boy, no matter how you dress."

"I'm not walking very elegantly." Jackie tried to think of something that wasn't saying female things.

"You'll soon be so used to heels that you'll be sprinting in them before long."

"I hope that doesn't mean I'll have to sprint away from some of your men friends."

"I promise only the gentlest and most appreciative men for you." Maddie laughed, then produced that plastic penis. "Come and let me help you with this."

"Do I have to?"

"You know you do." Maddie smiled and licked her lips. "If you're not open, how do you expect me to get inside you later?"

Jackie almost hesitated but lust took over. Their eyes met and each knew what the other expected.

“Is this where I touch my toes?” Jackie asked.

“I think you’d better lean over the table so that I don’t push you over.”

It was easier this time. The penis found resistance but Jackie’s mind seemed able to command the muscle to relax. It slid in further, only to meet more resistance. It hurt as Maddie slowly twisted and pushed, withdrew and pushed again, until the jewelled end barely remained showing.”

“Now try walking,” Maddie said. “You’ll find it’s impossible without swaying your hips.” She watched him take a few tentative steps. “One foot should land directly in front of the other. That’s going to exaggerate the hip movement.”

“I can feel it.” Jackie looked at her. “Is this how they train models to swagger on the catwalk?”

“I’ve no idea. I don’t think so but the way you’re starting to move, it might not be a bad idea.”

Arm in arm, they walked the short distance to an Italian restaurant. Neither was really in the mood for eating; they both knew that they were in the mood for something else, something that could only happen when they got back to the apartment.

Immediately, they were through the door, Maddie pulled Jackie to her and started kissing her. Hands roved from waist and shoulders to bum and breast.

“Imagine these are real and I’m admiring them.” Maddie’s hands showed where.

Somehow, Maddie’s panties fell to the floor and a moment after Jackie’s followed. Dresses were pulled up and penis touched penis. Maddie took them both in her hand and rubbed them together.

Forcefully, she turned Jackie round. The plastic penis was removed with a slow twisting movement which sent tingles up Jackie’s spine. Maddie pushed

her over the arm of the couch again. Jackie could feel lubricant being applied around her entry, then being massaged inside as far as fingers could reach.

The tip of Maddie's lubricated penis slipped inside easily, pushed past the first muscles and began to work hard on the reflex resistance further inside. Jackie tried and tried to make it relax, moaning and arching her back to increase the pressure inwards.

Jackie arched her back again and relaxed, then once more. This time the penetration went further. Maddie was right in and began to thrust in and out, working towards a climax. Jackie could see her own penis was standing as strongly as it could and she gasped again when Maddie's hand came round and started to massage it.

Jackie started to climax, and as she did, Maddie came deep inside her. She imagined Maddie's penis so deep inside, pulsating and squirting herself deep inside, making her feel as much of a girl as ever **would** be possible. It was good, and she felt sweat trickling from her hair, down her back.

The reverberations continued inside; Jackie tried to hold Maddie in there as much as she could and for as long as she could. It didn't matter that she was slowly shrinking and being expelled, the waves of pleasure remained until, with a short dull sound, Maddie flopped out.

Jackie stayed there for a few moments, conscious of something beginning to trickle down her leg.

"I think you're getting used to being the girl," Maddie said.

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"Take a long look in the mirror. Take a photo if you like," Maddie said as they stood in the salon the next morning. "By you come out of here there'll be no way of remembering what you look like now."



"You're scaring me," Jackie said.

"No I'm not; you're as excited you could be. This is the day you say goodbye to Boys' World."

"Am I really being sensible about this?"

"Of course you're not," Maddie replied. "What's the use of sense at a time like this?"

"I guess you're right." Jackie's excitement was more palpable now.

"Are you ready for today?" Natasha appeared from the back. "It's going to be a long day. Let me make sure I have everything listed."

"It's the works," Maddie said.

"So that means hair, nails, and ear piercing," she said. "Would you like to add anything to the list?"

"What sort of other things could you do?" Jackie was puzzled to think what other things there could be.

"We can pierce other parts; lips, eyebrows, tongues, tummy buttons, cheeks."

"Ugh, no thanks." Jackie almost recoiled in horror.

"Tummy buttons are really popular," Natasha said, pulling up her top to reveal a sparkling chain suspended from her own. "We do lip enhancements too."

"Would that work?" Jackie turned to Maddie who registered real surprise to be asked.

"I guess it would," she replied.

"I wonder... Last night I thought I had really thin lips," Jackie said.

"You don't have to have them made enormous." Natasha sensed some enthusiasm. "We could do a little, not so much that everyone would notice."

"Just a gentle enhancement," Jackie asked. "Something subtle and nice?"

“We can do that.” Natasha beamed. “I’ll add it to the list.”

“That’s a surprise,” Maddie said. “This girl stuff must be penetrating your mind.”

“And she’ll be ready for you to collect about six this evening,” Natasha said pointedly to Maddie.

“I guess that’s me told.” Maddie looked from Jackie to Natasha. “Be very careful with her. She has to look as natural as I do and you know what that means.”

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“What did she mean that I had to look as natural as her?” Jackie asked. “She’s just beautiful.”

“I know what she means,” Natasha replied. “That means you have nothing to worry about.”

“I don’t think that I could look that good.”

“Tell me that when we’ve finished.” Natasha held out a cape and took Jackie to a backwash station. “We’ve so many things to do. You’re probably not going to recognise yourself when Maddie comes to collect you.”

“Is that why you’ve covered the mirror?”

“I thought the full look would have more impact if you didn’t watch the stages in-between”

“As long as Maddie recognises me...” Jackie put her head back and relaxed as Natasha wet her hair.

The shampoo smelled sweet, like green apples and sweet spice. The chemicals which followed as her hair was sectioned and wrapped in foil strips didn’t smell so nice. It was a relief to have them released and rinsed away after a period under the heat lamps.

The next lotion was much sweeter smelling, as was the next one. Her hair was wrapped in a plastic cap.

“That’s only to keep it damp for after we’ve done your makeup and other things,” Natasha explained. “I don’t want it to dry completely until I blow it out and that’s the last stage for today.”

“So what’s next?”

“You wanted your lips doing.”

“I’m not so sure now.”

“Don’t worry; I asked the best nurse I know to come and do yours,” Natasha said as an older lady in a white uniform came into view. “Linzie’s been qualified for some years and she’s never messed up.”

“Okay.” Jackie looked from Natasha to Linzie. “Please remember, I want them to be a little bigger. I don’t want to look like a carp.”

“There’s no fear of that,” Linzie replied as she set out her instruments on a clean towel beside Jackie’s chair. “I have some numbing cream, so you won’t feel a thing.”

“Is that true?”

“They may feel a little swollen at first but once the cream has worn off and the injection has settled, I promise you’ll have beautiful lips and they won’t look anything but natural,” Linzie replied. “You’ll have the boys lining up to kiss them.”

“Or maybe for something else.” Jackie thought it but didn’t say it out loud.

The chair tilted back and, wearing a mask, Linzie leaned over her, feeling her lips, then rubbing the cream over them.

“We have to give it a moment to take effect,” she explained, patting some antiseptic smelling swabs over Jackie’s lips. “Now keep still and I promise you won’t feel any pain.”

“Are you *sure* I won’t feel anything?”

“There’ll be a sensation as the needle goes in but I’m sure you’ll be brave enough for that.”

There was that sensation, like a push against the skin. She worked from side to side, dabbing each time the needle came out, across the top lip, then under the bottom one.

“There, that’s all done,” Linzie announced, standing back and looking carefully at the result. “You’ll feel a bit swollen and maybe even feel where the needle went in but by tomorrow, it’s all going to look and feel natural.”

“I feel like I can’t talk properly,” Jackie mumbled.

“That’s the numbing cream. It’ll wear off in a few minutes.”

“And with all the other things we’re doing, you won’t have time to think about them.” Natasha nodded to Linzie as she packed up and walked out. “The next job is to choose what colour you’d like your manicure and pedicure.”

“Don’t Maddie tell you?”

“Maddie said you could choose,” Natasha replied. “You have a choice of three different ones.”

“But they’re all dark red.” Jackie saw the shades that Natasha held out for her to see.

“It’s traditional and always the best,” she said. “Personally, I like the darker one. It’s classy and stands out whatever you’re wearing.”

“I’m in your hands; I’ll have that.”

Jackie watched as Natasha worked on her fingernails. She seemed to have so many processes to go through, before wrapping the nails in a foil and applying a blob of something which she worked across the nail and then elongated as far as a mark on the foil.

“These are the best acrylics.” Natasha held her mouth in concentration. “They should last a couple of weeks and then you’ll have to come back to fill in the gap where your nail’s grown.”

“Does that mean they’re permanent?”

"If they fall off, you get your money back," she replied. "They're tougher than your own."

"But you're making them so long. How will I ever do anything?"

"You'll adapt." Natasha held out her hand for Jackie to look. "Yours will be a bit shorter than mine and you never noticed when I was doing your hair."

"But you're used to them."

"And you've no choice but to get used to them." She smiled infectiously.

"I never thought about it like that," Jackie replied. "I guess I'll have to."

Natasha filed and buffed the nails to shape so that they were even. "These are called square shapes. They're like shorter stiletto nails, but squared off so that they're easier for a learner."

"I'm definitely a learner." Jackie looked at her fingers and shook her head. "I hope I'm a fast learner."

"Now your toenails; they have to match."

"I guess that's why Maddie said I should wear these mules without stockings this morning."

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Natasha took a break then; together they drank coffee and ate a small biscuit.

"We're doing fine," she announced. "There are your eyelashes to do next, then your makeup and finally we have to style and blow dry your hair."

"That sounds like a lot," Jackie said, although she'd no idea how long it could take.

"The eyelashes will take the most time."

"How can something so small take longer?"

"It's *because* they're small," Natasha explained. "It's about gluing individual lashes to yours so that

they all look much thicker and much longer. You'll love the effect."

"Don't they fall out?"

"You have to be careful when you clean off your makeup but they should be okay until your nails need filling," Natasha replied. "Then we can do both together in a couple of weeks."

"Is that it?"

"I forget; you haven't been in a salon before." Natasha sipped her drink and put the cup down. "You'll have to have your roots done every four weeks. Nails and lashes can be done then as well."

"So I have to come every two weeks and then every other time, it's hair as well?"

"Maddie's already booked you in. She'll be coming at the same time as you."

"But she's not here today."

"She came a couple of days ago. She said that she had a hot date over the weekend but I think you got the benefit of that."

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Jackie couldn't watch her eyelashes being fitted with extensions. She had to recline and keep still and felt little as Natasha worked patiently. It seemed to take ages but probably wasn't as long as it seemed.

"I wish I could see," Jackie said when she sat up again.

"All in good time," Natasha replied. "You don't want to spoil the surprise."

Jackie couldn't watch as Natasha did her makeup either. She knew the process by now but here in the salon there seemed to be more stages.

"Maddie did this much more quickly."

“Maddie isn’t an award winning makeup artist,” Natasha said. “Anyway, she said to make it spectacular.”

“I can’t comment.” Jackie decided that being pampered like this wasn’t all that bad and stopped herself from worrying.

“I almost forgot.” Natasha stood and reached into a drawer behind her. “Ear piercing; Maddie said to double pierce them.”

“That’s going to hurt,” Jackie winced.

“No it’s not; we have painless ear piercing these days. It’s not a needle and cork anymore.”

“Is that for real?” Jackie’s eyes widened in horror.

“Not for a long time. There’s a freezing spray and a proper piercing gun.”

She raised the chair in which Jackie was sitting and looked carefully from ear to ear. With a cosmetic pencil she marked each ear, sprayed the lobes, and walked behind the chair out of sight.

She came round the front and then without warning, Jackie heard two clicks on the right, felt a tugging and then two clicks on the left, some more tugging. Then Natasha stood back.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” she smiled.

Jackie cautiously felt her ears. Sure enough; two studs were fixed in each one.

“You’ll be able to change the studs for something much sexier as soon as they heal. It shouldn’t be more than a few days. Maddie will know how to keep them clean.”

The final process had arrived. Hair styling and drying was all that was left to do. Jackie could feel that she was getting nervous again as she returned to the stylist’s chair and Natasha started to brush out her hair.

“I’m going to trim away the split ends.”

“I don’t want it shorter.”

“It won’t look shorter but it will look much fuller,” Natasha replied. “Maddie would kill me if it was cut short.”

“So would I,” Jackie replied. “Even though I have no idea what it looks like now.”

“You’ll be amazed.”

The cutting was soon over after the length was checked and compared side to side. The noise of the drier prevented any more conversation as her hair was brushed and blown into shape.

“Is that really my colour?” Jackie asked, catching a glimpse of the hair as the brush flew.

“It’s a light natural blonde,” Natasha replied. “I was told to make it a really girly colour but to keep it a colour which might possibly be natural.”

“I don’t think you got the last bit right.” Jackie suddenly felt a fear again as the end of the transformation drew near.

“Maddie’s going to love it,” Natasha assured her.

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Jackie looked in the mirror. “Is that really me?” she thought as she watched a hand with long red nails run through her long blonde hair.

She stepped close to the mirror and looked at her makeup. Perfect eyes, dark and smoky shadow over superbly long lashes; a perfect pout with peach-coloured lipstick, understated so that the eyes took all the emphasis.

“I guess you like your new look.” Natasha stood to the side. “And I know what you’re thinking too.”

“What am I thinking?”

“You’re thinking that you’d like to date a girl like you,” Natasha laughed. “Then you’re thinking about

who you're going to be dating... apart from Maddie of course."

"Do you know what she has in mind?" Jackie felt the real world creeping through the magic of the moment.

"I can guess." Natasha walked to the door and opened it as Maddie came in. "And I'm sure you're going to like it all."

"Hey girlfriend," Maddie said slowly, looking at Jackie. "I knew you'd make a good looking girl, but I didn't expect you'd make me look plain."

"Don't be silly." Jackie blushed and then laughed. "I think I'm in another fine mess, and you're to blame."

"Of course, I'm to blame. Wait until Elsa gets a look at you."

"Does she *have* to?"

"You're going to pay her off and get her out of your hair."

"Will she go that easily?"

"She's not going to get a choice," Maddie replied. "We'll not fall out with Louie. He knows I'm not going to stay there forever and he only took you because Elsa insisted."

"She *is* his sister."

"And she's your stepmother," Maddie said. "That's all it is."

"It's a habit; she scares me."

"But she doesn't scare *me*," Maddie said. "And we have plans."

"Do we?" Jackie looked at her. "We do," she said, feeling less than bold, but knowing where her future lay.

"I'm sure you're trying to get me addicted to being the girl in this relationship," Jackie said as she got

out of their bed the next morning. “Not that I’m complaining. I love the feel of your penis as it comes into me and then does... what it does, even if I am a little sore the day after.”

“You’ve guessed my cunning plan,” Maddie replied.

“Is that what it is?” Jackie disappeared into the bathroom. “Can you plan not to leak out of me all day afterwards?”

“You could learn to hold it.”

“I’m not plumbed that way and you know it.”

“That’s why we girls use a tampon,” Maddie said. “There should be a packet in the cabinet.”

“I’m putting one in now.”

Sometime later, they were dressed and sitting together at the breakfast bar in Maddie’s kitchen.

“Should I be looking for somewhere else to live?” Jackie asked.

“What... you want to leave me already?” Maddie pulled a face. “I was getting used to having my own love doll on the premises.”

“Be serious,” Jackie laughed. “You’ve told me what you do and about the men and the money. I’ll be in the way.”

“Of course you won’t. I always get them to take me somewhere expensive. What kind of girl do you think I am?”

“Okay; it was a silly question but I can’t live here forever.”

“I don’t see that you have to hurry though. We’re good together and I have plans for you.”

“What kind of plans?”

“I thought you could work with me,” Maddie said. “Well, maybe not together, but if you were willing, I

could help you to earn a lot quite easily. You only need to be available and to show that you enjoy sex.”

“You mean sex with guys?”

“What other kind is there for a girl like me?” Maddie pouted.

“I don’t know if I could do that. I mean, how would I behave?”

“You do what comes naturally,” Maddie said. “Don’t overthink it and let the guy make the moves. They like to think they’re in charge but a girl knows that she has all the power.”

“Is it that easy?”

“I think you’d enjoy it. I’ve more guys than I can handle and the demand is rising – forgive the pun.” She laughed. “I’m very careful always and don’t take any risks.”

“Surely going out with a man is a risk.”

“It may be but it’s a bigger risk for him than for me,” Maddie replied. “Think of his reputation if he were to get caught. I’m a boy with breasts; I’m doing what comes naturally to me.”

“I hadn’t thought of it like that.” Jackie’s face said that she was thinking. “But what about me? I don’t have breasts.”

“That’s a mere detail that can easily be fixed.” Maddie smiled wickedly.

“I don’t know that I’m ready to think about that,” Jackie replied.

“Don’t worry too much. Breast forms would work but the real things would increase your earnings.”

“Is it all so mercenary?”

“Of course it is; you’re selling something. You’re selling your image, a fantasy, call it whatever you wish. They’re paying for something that looks and acts like a girl but isn’t. Don’t ask me to explain why; I just know that it’s the way it works.”

“I really don’t know...”

“Think about it. I’ll make sure you don’t come to any harm. Meanwhile, we’d better do a few shifts at Louie’s bar.”

“I’m afraid to go there looking like this.” Jackie looked worried. “What’s he going to think?”

“He’s going to love it and it’ll get you used to working as a girl. You’ll get your bum pinched, your boobs fondled, and all kinds of unwelcome attention.”

“That sounds awful.”

“It is, but you can give as good as you get,” Maddie said. “Spill a drink over them or even grope them back.”

“Won’t they hit me?”

“No, they’ll give you a bigger tip as long as you keep smiling and flutter your eyelashes. Tell them it’s a fine for breaking the house rules. Remember, men are simple creatures and Louie’s prices keep the place civilised.”

“But what about Elsa?”

“She’ll be a pussy cat, I promise, especially when you pay her off.”

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“I’d almost given up hope that you’d return, my favourite waitress.” Louie hugged Maddie like an old friend. “And who’s this you’ve brought me?”

He looked at Jackie as if trying to work out if he knew her.

“Hi Louie.” Jackson’s voice gave away his new identity as Jackie. “I’ve changed a bit since the hotel closed.”

“It’s going to open again soon.” He waved his arms as if in frustration. “It’s all a big misunderstanding with the bank and now the tax man has joined in.”

"I still need to repay Elsa," Jackie said. "Can I waitress here until the hotel opens again?"

"Of course. With your looks, you'll be an asset, just like Maddie." Louie put on his best fake smile. "Take a look at the rotation and put your names on the list. I think there are a lot of vacancies. Girls like you are in short supply this season."

"Is it okay if we work together?" Maddie asked. "Jackie's living in my spare room now that the hotel isn't available."

So they worked together. They worked on the busiest nights.

"That's when the tips are best and you don't have time to get bored," Maddie explained.

"How can you work those hours in heels?" Jackie complained. "My feet are killing me."

"Give it a couple of weeks," Maddie sympathised a little. "I promise that you'll get used to them."

"If it wasn't for the tips, I'd give up," Jackie complained after a few days. "My bum's been pinched, my garter tabs tweaked, and don't ask about the hands wandering under my skirt."

"You did well though," Maddie laughed. "I saw you tip that beer into the fat man's lap."

"He was asking for it," Jackie replied with a smile. "I told him he had to pay for the cleaning bills for my skirt. He gave me a fifty."

"I'd call that a good win."

"Me too. I know you said that the tips would be good but I never expected to be getting this much." Jackie massaged her feet as the bar was closed at the end of a busy Saturday evening. "I'll soon have enough to pay off Elsa without your help."

"I'm surprised that she hasn't been around," Maddie remarked. "I'm sure Louie will have told her about you."

“I’m surprised too. You’d have thought she’d be here, if only to gloat and ridicule me.”

“Maybe she’s saving it all up?” Maddie replied. “I don’t know her but from what you say, she’d never miss the opportunity to put you down.”

“We were never friends,” Jackie said. “I suppose I’m lucky she rescued me last time.”

It was a prophetic conversation. Next week, Elsa was sitting at the bar with Louie when they both arrived for work.

“Heck, Louie, you were right. He’s much better as a hooker than a pimp.” She half-smiled at Jackie, nodded to Maddie, and sat back with a smirk on her face.

“I’m a waitress, not a hooker,” Jackie said, opening her purse. “I work hard here and I’ve saved enough to pay what I owe you.”

Elsa’s eyes went from her face to the wad of notes in Jackie’s elegantly manicured hand. She took the money and smirked again, before putting it into her purse.

If Elsa was surprised when Jackie handed her the money Jackson owed, she didn’t show it.

“Don’t think I’m going to bail you out next time,” she said.

“I hope there won’t be a next time.”

Elsa looked at the cash in her purse. “I’ll count it later.”

“It’s all there,” Jackie said. “I know you thought you’d always have me in your debt but that’s over.”

“Okay, but don’t come running next time it all goes wrong.” Elsa gave her a long stare. Maybe you would like a loan to get some decent breasts. They look like cheap padding.”

Jackie gave her a hard stare, then ran through into the back. She felt her eyes filling with tears. Maddie followed a few paces behind.”

"Do I really look ridiculous?" Jackie asked.

"Of course you don't; she was just trying to hurt you."

"She succeeded." Jackie wiped her eyes. "You don't know how I have to screw up my confidence each day here. I thought it was getting easier but that cow really hurt my feelings."

"Stop it; dry your eyes or you'll ruin your makeup." Maddie handed her a tissue. "It's not people like her that you want to judge you."

"But are the guys out there thinking the same?" Jackie looked up into her eyes. "Tell me honestly. Am I being foolish?"

"I wouldn't let you look foolish." Maddie said. "In fact, there's a real gentleman coming this evening simply to meet you."

"You never said."

"It was intended to be a casual introduction," Maddie said. "He's a really nice guy, a little older but well preserved. He has a thing for girls like you and he's very generous too."

"Does he want to have sex with me?"

"Don't make it sound so sordid. He wants to take you out and spend the evening with you," Maddie replied. "Of course he'll want sex but he's gentle, he knows what he's doing, and he won't last long."

"You've been with him, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I've too many guys wanting me," Maddie said. "I thought you'd like to take this one from me."

"I'm scared," Jackie admitted.

"Of course you're scared. But all you have to do is remember to keep in character and follow his lead. He's always very nervous and very careful."

"If you're sure I could..."

“I’m sure or I wouldn’t have suggested it. Now let’s get to work. Those tips don’t get into your jar by magic.”

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At the end of the evening, Jackie saw Maddie with a tall man standing to the side as the place cleared. He was slim and athletic looking, grey hair, but expensively cut and not balding. His casual jacket and chinos didn’t look like chain store brands.

Maddie beckoned her over. “This is Michael Mitchell,” she said as the man’s face brightened when he saw Jackie. “Remember, I was telling you that he wanted to meet you.”

“I’m delighted.” Jackie looked into his eyes and saw nothing to alarm there; if anything, he looked reassuring.

“Maddie’s given me your number.” He took her hand and shook it gently, holding onto it for longer than necessary. “I hope you’ll let me take you to dinner soon.”

“I will.” Jackie looked to Maddie who nodded in confirmation.

“I’ve told Mr Mitchell that he’s lucky to meet you and that you’re new in town.”

“I’m so pleased to meet a friend, Mr Mitchell.” Jackie smiled as she retrieved her hand.

“Call me Michael or Mike,” he replied. “Mr Mitchell makes me sound so old and with a young lady like you, that would never do. I’ll call you in a couple of days.”

They watched him walk away.

“He’s a good catch,” Maddie said. “You’ll like him.”

“But what do I do with him?”

“You look pretty, look interested and let him talk. Men usually like to talk about themselves, especially when there’s a pretty girl to impress,” Maddie explained. “He’ll take you to dinner and then probably to his hotel.”

“And I let him make the running?”

“Don’t worry, he will.” Maddie took her hand. “And don’t worry, he’ll be nice.”

“And it’s that simple, is it? I don’t have to do anything.”

“You could play the game; let him know that you’re available. You’ll know what to do when you’re there.”

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Jackie was nervous and it showed. Her mind was skittering from one thought to the next. How should she behave? How would it feel to have this stranger making love to her? What would it feel like if it wasn’t Maddie?

Maddie was just as nervous but tried so hard not to let it show. She helped Jackie to get ready, pacing it slowly so that she wouldn’t be ready too soon. She didn’t want her to have to wait for Michael to pick her up.

She wore a silvery shift dress, tightly but tastefully fitted and high-necked. Her hair was loose and shining in waves down her back, and would fall artfully over her shoulders so that she could push it back. Jackie had wanted to tie it back but Maddie preferred the loose look.

“Every time you play with your hair, you’re sending hair signals to your guy,” Maddie explained. “It lets you show off your manicure and emphasises your femininity. It’s an unconscious thing but his eyes will follow your hands and your hair.”

“Is that for real?” Jackie asked.

“Would I lie to you?” Maddie replied. “I’ll lend you a couple of bangles and a ring for each hand. That’s going to play to the image as well.”

“Does my makeup look okay?” Jackie looked in the mirror for about the twentieth time in a few minutes.

“It’s lovely,” Maddie assured her. “You’ve learned so much so quickly.”

“I don’t think I’ve learned a lot,” Jackie replied. “Black shadow getting heavier to the lashes where I use an eyeliner, white highlights on the inner lid to the crease, and then the lash extensions really come into their own.”

“I like them; so much easier than false lashes.”

“I’m really careful to take care of them,” Jackie replied. “The special mascara is really easy to use and cleans away so well.”

“You’re doing your lips differently too.”

“Blame YouTube,” Jackie laughed. “I watched how to do it. I was afraid that the lip enhancement would be too much but it’s not. It’s made them only a little bigger but with a lip liner and this shiny peachy colour, I think they look good.”

“The test is if he kisses it off.”

“It’s going to be strange kissing someone without lipstick,” Jackie suddenly thought of a difference to come.

“Don’t dwell on that,” Maddie replied. “Lipstick kisses on lipstick lips are a secret for girls only. Don’t give it away.”

“How could I ever?”

There was no more time for conversation. The door bell sounded. Maddie sprayed her liberally with perfume.

“It’s Chanel,” Maddie said when she seemed to spray too much.

Jackie went to meet her date.

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"I've booked a table at a favourite restaurant of mine." Michael smiled across the car as he drove. "Then I thought you might like a late night cocktail at the Harbour Club."

"That sounds like a treat."

Jackie remembered her instructions. Maddie had told her to be impressed by everything and give out signals of a subtle submissive femininity. It seemed too difficult when she said it. Now in the car, Jackie found that it was easy to slip into that behaviour.

Michael took her arm gently as he handed his keys to the valet. They walked to the entrance. A doorman greeted Michael by name as he entered.

"They know you here?" Jackie asked.

"I always like to eat here when I'm in town," he said, not giving anything away as they walked through to the bar. "I think champagne might be good to start."

"Just a glass for me." Jackie smiled her thanks.

She remembered her instructions again as he talked. The first one was not to drink too much. The second was to listen and look interested; these men liked to talk about themselves.

His business seemed to be in high finance and insurance, about which she knew nothing. She knew to keep plenty eye contact and to smile at each revelation. She hardly said a thing.

"You're wonderfully easy to talk to," Michael said at last. "Most women want to talk about celebrities and clothes."

"I'm not like most women, as you know." Jackie caught a glint in his eye as she said it.

Before they could talk any more, their table was ready. The waiter made a show of collecting their



drinks on a tray and leading them through to a pretty table in the dining room.

Jackie was relieved to see that it was against the windows, rather than in the middle, even though she was getting more comfortable with her role as the evening wore on. It was so simple to let him talk and keep smiling. She toyed with the ring on her finger and carefully played with her hair, all the time watching him watching her.

They ate; a seafood pasta for her, a steak for him. Jackie ate slowly; tiny mouthfuls and delicate sips of her wine. It wasn't something that Maddie had told her but she was a quick learner and watched the ladies on the other tables.

She declined a dessert, claiming that she was watching her figure. Her hands as she said it made him look at her again. She excused herself to go to the bathroom, taking her purse with her. Locked in a cubicle, she took a deep breath and remembered that she was the girl in charge.

Fresh lipstick and a spray of perfume, a quick primp of her hair, and she was on her way back. She saw him watching and slowed her pace, remembering to put a little more wiggle into her walk. She could see that he was impressed.

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"So how was your date?" Maddie asked when he dropped her off the next day. "I was getting worried when you weren't back for lunch."

"Let me change and I'll tell you."

Jackie quickly changed into a lounge set, wide black trousers and a matching loose top, with fluffy mules. She quickly cleaned off her makeup and came to sit opposite Maddie, whose impatience was bubbling over.

“It was a dream. I thought I’d be too scared to enjoy anything but he was so nice and so caring,” Jackie said. “He took me back to his hotel and hinted that I should go into the bedroom. I knew he wanted me to prepare myself but he was too polite to say it in so many words.”

“I knew he’d be a gentleman,” Maddie said.

“He sure was. There was a nightdress waiting for me on the bed, all silk and frills like a fantasy from the 1930s,” Jackie continued. “I remembered all you said and lubricated myself and made sure the lube was somewhere I could reach it if the action came to the bed.”

“Good girl.”

“Well that’s all there is to it,” Jackie replied coolly. “I drenched myself in perfume, renewed my lipstick, took the plug from my rear, and suggested that he might like to join me.”

“Don’t stop there; tell me what came next.”

“He was incredibly shy.” Jackie smiled at the memory. “I expected he’d be so demanding, but he wasn’t. I had to lead him a lot of the time. I kissed him and then I had to undress him. He seemed afraid to touch me, not because I was being scary though. I think he was afraid that I’d break or he’d break the spell.”

“As soon as I touched his penis, it was as hard as it could be.” Jackie looked across at Maddie. “It wasn’t as big as yours.”

“But did he know what to do with it? That’s what’s important.”

“He let me lick it and I took it in my mouth, but only for a moment or two. It was as if he was afraid to take it slowly.” Jackie went to get them both a glass of wine and returned to sit opposite Maddie.

“With hardly any foreplay, I was on my back, with my lovely nightdress above my waist and my legs on

his shoulders. He put a pillow under me and I knew that he wanted in right then. He put a condom on.”

“That’s good,” Maddie interrupted.

“He got behind me but I stopped him; I don’t know if he was really listening to me but I wanted to make sure he was lubricated,” Jackie said. “He didn’t say a thing but played a little with my penis and then he was inside me. He wasn’t difficult and slipped in easily. With a little bit of work, he was pumping away very quickly.”

“Did he rise again?”

“Not right then,” Jackie said. “He went to the bathroom and so did I after he came back. I slipped the plug inside me again. I thought that I’d taken him so easily, it would be good to keep open. I slipped into bed beside him. We kissed and his hands played with my penis and then before anything else, he was asleep.”

“So you didn’t have any nighttime athletics,” Maddie smiled.

“Nothing really; he seemed to want me spooned against him and I fell asleep too. This morning, he was hard again between my cheeks. I took out the plug and lubricated us both. He got another condom and came in as we lay there. He was so gentle this time but took a lot longer to come.”

“Is that all there is?”

“That’s it,” Jackie said. “We got room service, chatted a little and then I got a shower, did my hair and makeup, and dressed. We drove back along the river and here I am.”

“It sounds like everything went easily.”

“I was so scared,” Jackie confessed. “I didn’t want to do anything wrong. I had visions of being caught as a boy in a dress in the middle of the restaurant but when I was there, acting like a girl was easy. It seemed to come naturally. It was as if I was acting the

part that the dress demanded. Does that sound wrong?’

“I think you found your way to do things. You forgot all about Jackson and let Jackie take over.”

“You’re right and when she did, I felt absolutely great. It’s like you said. I wasn’t doing anything consciously but I was in charge all along.”

“I’m pleased,” Maddie said. “I think you’ll be pleased when you see how much you got paid too.”

“How much?”

“Wait and see when you check your bank.” Maddie’s smile suggested a lot.

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“I can’t believe it.” Elsa looked Jackie up and down. “I never thought that you could ever turn into someone useful.”

Jackie reported to Ernie’s office as Maddie returned to her usual duties in the bar.

“Thank you kindly, stepmother.” Jackie curtsied. “As there’s no job for me in the hotel, I thought I should join the girls.”

“I’m so pleased that you have such a positive attitude to work.” Elsa’s face said something different. “I’m sure you’ll enjoy being of service to the patrons.”

“If you’re going to get your money, you’d better hope that I’m popular.”

“You might be,” Elsa sneered. “But without breasts, it’s all going to fall a bit flat.”

“I’m saving up,” Jackie snapped back.

“I’ll subsidise that,” Elsa shot back. “I can’t think of anything better. In fact, I’ll pay and you won’t owe me a penny, provided you get then done big enough.”

"What's going on here?" Maddie had heard the raised voices.

"I was saying I'd pay for his breasts as long as he got big ones."

"Don't be silly," Maddie snapped back at her. "To look real they have to be proportionate. He doesn't want to look like some freak, even if you're paying."

"How do you know what he wants to look like?" Elsa shouted. "Did anyone ask you to butt in anyway?"

"Hold on," Jackie interrupted. "This is *me* you're talking about. I've never thought of having breasts of my own."

"It's a good idea," Maddie said. "Well, it is if you're serious about being a girl for a while."

"And I'll pay," Elsa said. "In fact, I'll pay for what Maddie calls proportionate ones, as long as they're too big for you to pretend to be a boy again."

"And you'd be doing this to get revenge on my father," Jackie said.

"He's dead; he's not going to know."

"But you got all the money."

"Stop it, stop it," Louie joined in. "Elsa, you need to calm down. It's up to him if he wants to get surgery and it's up to him what size he goes for."

"Thank you," Maddie said calmly.

"Of course, big ones would be more lucrative." Louie gestured with his hands in a way that left no doubt as to what he was thinking.

"If I ever do that, I'll decide," Jackie said. "And as Elsa's paying, I might just go and see a surgeon and I'll be sure it's the best one."

"I'll still pay," Elsa said defiantly. "I'd love to see you with real breasts. I'm sure your father would think it was a good investment."

“He died,” Jackie said softly. “I have no idea what he might think about anything. He wouldn’t want you to be playing these games with me.”

“I guess you’re right.” Elsa’s face softened. “I’m only angry because he died on me far too soon.”

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“I’ll be away this weekend,” Maddie announced.

“Have you got a date?” Jackie asked.

“Don’t look so surprised,” Maddie replied. “It’s time I got back in the saddle again. It’s an old boyfriend who’s coming through town.”

“Do tell.”

“There’s nothing to tell,” Maddie said. “I’m going to be having so much sex that I’ll hardly be able to stand when I come back. It’s wonderful.”

“You like this guy then?”

“What gave you that impression?” Maddie laughed. “He’s the one who wants me to pretend that I’m his wife. He has this habit of being very generous. It’s a wonder his wife doesn’t look at his bank statements and wonder where the money’s going.”

“Is that a danger?”

“Not really; he seems to sweat money.”

“I remember you showed me the wedding set.”

“You should get one too,” Maddie said. “It seems to allay a little of the suspicion if people see the rings on my finger.”

“And you’re such a girl, you like them,” Jackie teased her.

“You’ve a date this weekend if you want it,” Maddie announced a couple of days later. “My guy has a friend.”

“Do you know him?”

"No, I've never met him but he's older too," Maddie said. "You'd have to be his granddaughter."

"How do I get away with that?" Jackie asked. "It's going to look obvious if we're sharing a room."

"He's thought of that. He's taking a suite in the hotel grounds and he's here to watch his favourite granddaughter receive an award," Maddie said. "They're both from out of state, so they're sharing."

"Okay, I'll do it if you think it's safe."

"Good. You'll have to dress really young for the occasion and act like you're in college."

"How do I do that?" Jackie looked puzzled.

"Leave it to me."

Louie wasn't the most pleased bar owner when Maddie said they'd both be away for the weekend but he shrugged as he reached for his contacts book.

"Girls like you are hard to find but there's always someone out there."

"But none of them have our charm," Maddie shot back.

By Friday evening, Jackie was amazed at the changes. She stood in low-waisted cut-offs and a top that exposed her newly pierced tummy button at the front. There was a huge temporary tattoo just above her waist at the back and a flower pattern going up her left arm.

"Do they really do this to themselves?" she asked, looking at the colours running up her arm.

"They love it all," Maddie assured her. "I never fancied it myself but I do like the tummy button."

"It hurts," Jackie complained. "I can feel it as it catches my waistband."

"It won't hurt after a few days as long as you keep it clean."

“So how was the old buffer?” Maddie asked when she came back from her weekend to find Jackie relaxing in an extravagant silk peignoir.

“He was very generous and very undemanding.” Jackie stood and did a twirl. “This was his welcome gift to me when we got back from dinner.”

“His welcome gift?” Maddie’s elegant eyebrows were raised in a question.

“He wanted me to have something special.” Jackie raised her right hand to show a sparkling ring on her middle finger. “He said that he thought the agency, meaning you I suppose, would take most of his fee.”

“Perhaps I should reduce your fee accordingly.” Maddie’s eyes suggested that she wasn’t serious.

“You don’t mean that?” Jackie laughed. “If everyone’s as active as he was, then I need you to look after me.”

“Later, darling.” Maddie kissed her briefly. “My weekend was absolutely amazing. Brian was insatiable. He took me once and then I played him like a violin, or rather like a double bass. He’s a bit on the large size, is Brian but I’m sure my time was as well rewarded as yours.”

“I do get confused,” Jackie said. “Sometimes I think I have to be the girl and be ever so submissive and then I find that I’m supposed to be the instigator rather than seductress.”

“What’s brought you to this question?”

“My weekend. I expected to be ravished but in the end, he wanted me to treat him as if he was the girl, or rather the woman.”

“That’s not surprising,” Maddie said. “We are in the business of fulfilling their hidden fantasies, after all.”

“I thought it would all be different.”

“Don’t tell me; you expected to be seduced by a handsome young man.”

"I didn't, not really but there's a difference between experience and expectation."

"I guess that I'll have to arrange for you to have the next old-fashioned ardent suitor." Maddie laughed and held out her hand. "I think it's time I took you to bed. I want to be seduced tonight."

"There's something very special about kissing you," Jackie said as they clung to each other. "I think it's your lipstick on my lipstick."

"That kind of kiss is always the best. We're two girls together, or at least we could be if you got breasts like mine."

"Yours are lovely." Jackie kissed and sucked them in turn, hearing Maddie sigh as she did so.

"I could do that to you if you had breasts." Maddie's hand went to massage Jackie's penis.

"Let's not talk about it now," Jackie panted as Maddie's penis rubbed against her own.

One touch led to another. Lubricant was spread and spilled in their urgency. It was a tumble of limbs and giggles as they tried to outdo each other, like a game where the winner would be the one to enter the other. The *other* winner would be the one whose cheeks were penetrated.

Maddie was surprised to feel that she wanted to be taken again. She gave subtle signals, hoping that Jackie would recognise them. She whimpered and sighed, then made obvious what she wanted as she turned.

Jackie started to enter, playing with the entry itself, rubbing her penis against the tight hole and then pushing a little and withdrawing. Maddie's hands reached for Jackie as if to push her in but the lubricant made her hand slip away.

Jackie pulled one leg aside and the other over her shoulder and pushed hard. Maddie moaned and Jackie pushed harder, then harder still, forcing the resistance to yield. They both could feel every fraction

as she slipped further in until her ball sack was hitting Maddie's cheeks.

Jackie held still, allowing Maddie to get the full feeling of being penetrated so deeply. Maddie began to writhe as if trying to get more. She looked pleadingly into Jackie's eyes.

"Please; don't make me wait," she begged.

Jackie responded with one hard thrust which jerked through Maddie's body. She relaxed for a moment to let her know who was in charge, then she started thrusting and withdrawing. She was careful; she didn't want this to end too soon.

When she tried to slow it down a third time, Maddie took over, thrusting her hips and moving against her so that their climax came together. It came as a surprise. Jackie knew she was pumping into her as Maddie's penis started to pump over Jackie's tummy.

Their climaxes over, they held their positions, each aware of the shrinking penis, each aware of the gloriously sticky mess they'd achieved.

"I think you liked that," Jackie said as she shifted off Maddie.

"Just you wait." Maddie kissed her and reached for a towel. "I'll get you in the morning."

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Morning came all too soon. Jackie awoke to feel a penis between her cheeks as she lay on her side. Languorously, she allowed herself to be manoeuvred onto her back and this time her legs were raised over Maddie's shoulders.

There was no foreplay, just a look of expectation in her eyes as Maddie's penis started to demand entry. Jackie realised at once that her entry was tight. The penis started to hurt and she winced as Maddie splashed some more lubricant there.

Jackie wriggled round to give her better entry and raised her hips. She told her muscles to relax and allow passage but still they resisted. She could feel Maddie relaxing too and forced her mind to tell those aberrant muscles to give way.

Slowly Maddie entered further and slowly the pain dissipated and was replaced by a satisfying feeling of fullness. She knew that Maddie would be feeling every moment and every move as she took control.

Jackie told herself to relax more and let herself be taken. A few deep breaths, a slide of the hips, and she was comfortable as Maddie started to thrust in earnest. Maddie's hand massaged Jackie's penis as she thrust harder.

Jackie knew she couldn't hold back. Her penis erupted and spent itself as Maddie thrust harder, then held still. It was delicious as she waited those few seconds before the climax started and Maddie was squirting deep inside her.

They slept wrapped around each other and only woke when evening was coming.

"That was awful!" Jackie arrived back much earlier than Maddie expected. "That pig expected me to do things which were unbelievable."

"Are you okay?"

"I'm blazing mad but I've not been injured if that's what you mean." She paused. "And I didn't do it with his dog."

"He came recommended." Maddie looked surprised.

"I don't care if he was recommended by the president or the pope." Jackie was still mad. "I hope he paid in advance."

"He did. They always do but what did he want with the dog?"

"I'm not going to talk about it," Jackie said. "The sooner I can forget about it, the better."

“I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.” Jackie’s expression softened. “I think I need to take a shower and calm down. I feel so dirty, just from being there.”

When she returned in her favourite peignoir, Jackie looked much calmer. She’d dried her hair so that it hung loose and full and her eyes were made up as usual. Maddie took it as a good sign.

“Do you want to tell me?” she asked.

“Please don’t,” Jackie said. “I suppose we were doing so well that something had to go wrong.”

“I thought we were doing well since we left Louie behind too.”

“Me too. I never thought I’d ever end up working as an escort but it’s been great the way you’ve organised it.”

“And financially we’re doing amazingly well. I can charge more for you since you got those beautiful breasts done. Don’t tell the tax man.”

“I’m sure that there’s a law against the tax man living on immoral earnings.” Jackie laughed at her own joke. “Let’s put this one behind us.”

“I’m away for four days next week at a conference,” Maddie announced.

“There’s a conference for escorts?”

“Don’t be flippant. There’s this professor who wants company and he wants me.”

“Does he have a colleague who might want me?”

“Not this time,” Maddie replied. “But we can live in hope.”

“So it looks like I have a free weekend,” Jackie said. “It’s been hectic though; I guess I need a rest to catch up with myself. I seem to have been so busy these last few months.”

“It gets that way sometimes.”

"I need time to take stock of where I am."

"That sounds profound."

"I need to work out how I really feel about myself. I know that with these breasts permanently there, I can't go back to being a boy again. I mean there are all kinds of things that I have to do as a woman that I never thought about."

"It's one of the joys of being female," Maddie said. "I love it but I don't know if I'd feel the same if I'd been born this way."

"I know what you mean. It's much more complicated," Jackie said. "When I was a boy, life was so much simpler."

"You were living in black and white then." Maddie nodded. "Now you're living in technicolour."

"You're right," Jackie replied. "I have to think about all sorts of things. Am I wearing the right clothes? Is my makeup right? And what about these heels?"

"I get it," Maddie replied. "It's about what looks right all the time. You're always looking in the mirror to check how you look."

"I know. It's a real pleasure looking good, when I compare with the grunge look that I used to have, but it's a big responsibility." Jackie automatically checked her hair in the mirror as she spoke.

"Are you saying that your regret being my girlfriend and being a girl and being an escort and all that stuff?"

"I don't think I'd change it for all the world." Jackie held out her arms for Maddie to fall into.

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