

Mesmerising Blonde



Jessica Matthews

A "New Woman" Novel

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



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Mesmerising Blonde

By Jessica Matthews.

Blondes come in all shapes and sizes.

There's the svelte and the sexy, the sinuous and the slinky,

There are big ones and small, curvaceous, and lumpy.

There are blondes who can attract a glimpse and others that need a long stare.

There are blondes that can make you swerve when you should be concentrating on the traffic, and blondes who radiate danger.

The one crossing the street that afternoon was flashing hazard signals as she walked.

It was midday, but she could have dressed like that at midnight and still have looked dangerous.

She had curves where there should be curves, and more hair than was decent for a girl. It shone corn

and silk in the air as she walked. It moved as she did, as if following her obediently.

This was a blonde who could stop traffic; cause an accident at fifty paces; and make the holiest think impure thoughts.

She walked into the office, pushed the half open door, and sat in front of the desk.

Harry watched. The low-cut top left very little to the imagination. This was a blonde that blondes might dream about becoming when they grow up.

‘I need some help.’ I said.

My voice was gruff and masculine. It didn’t match anything he was seeing.

Harry’s mouth opened and remained frozen as he looked again, trying to make a little sense.

‘I know what you’re thinking.’ I said; the voice as gruff as before. ‘It’s not my fault.’

‘I wasn’t thinking.’ Harry coughed. ‘I was letting my eyes do that.’

‘I can tell.’ I replied. ‘But your eyes can deceive you.’

Harry looked at me hard and shook his head slowly. ‘Are you for real?’

‘My reality may be a bit beyond yours.’ I said. ‘I’m for real. Want to touch?’ I saw his eyes light up and realised I’d said the wrong thing. ‘I mean, I am exactly what you see.’

‘And what might that be?’

‘That’s the problem.’ I confessed. ‘I don’t know any more. What do you think I am?’

‘Okay, you want to play a guessing game.’ Harry shifted in his chair and lit a cigarette.

I pulled a face and he stubbed it out it back into an ashtray where it smouldered and stank in the tiny office. I stood up, picked up the ashtray, opened the window and threw it out. He watched, but made no move to stop me.

‘I’d say you’re one handful of a woman.’ Harry held my gaze as he spoke. ‘You’re opinionated and confident. You’re used to getting all your own way.’ He paused to think a little more. ‘You’re someone’s trophy wife, and you’re...’

‘Wife?’ I asked. ‘I hadn’t thought of that.’

‘I’m playing observant.’ Harry said. ‘That wedding set on your finger must have cost more than I earned in the last decade or two.’

I looked at my left hand, holding the fingers out to admire; rings and diamonds, perfect manicure, darkest red nails like claws. ‘Yes, you could be right.’

‘You don’t know?’

‘I think I’m a widow.’ I said suddenly certain of something, but maybe not.

‘You’re not sure?’

I thought about it. ‘I am sure.’

‘What else are you sure about?’ Harry grumbled.

‘I don’t remember anything before this morning.’ I replied honestly.

‘So why do you sound like a truck driver who’s smoked a lifetime of full strength.’

‘I don’t know that either.’ I replied.

‘You can’t really remember anything at all?’ Harry asked. ‘Let’s do a simple question. How did you know to come here?’

‘That’s easy.’ I remembered that far back. ‘I was walking along, and someone pointed the way to your office.’

‘Walking where?’

‘Just down the road, about two blocks.’ I said. ‘I called in a lawyer’s office I passed a couple of blocks down. I asked for a detective office and they sent me here.’

‘But I still don’t understand how you got to this area.’ Harry said. ‘You’re not making sense.’

‘None of it makes sense to me either.’

‘So why do you need a detective.’

‘I need to find out who I am, Harry.’ I said. ‘I woke up this morning. I was at home, and everything seemed normal. Then it wasn’t.’

‘So you know where you live?’

‘Of course.’ I pulled a face. ‘That’s a stupid question.’

‘Forgive me.’ Harry grimaced. ‘I’m a detective. I don’t do existential questions, just facts.’

‘I mean, I don’t know who I was before today.’ I felt stupid as I said it. ‘I know where I live; I know what car I drive; I know my husband is dead; I know I have money. That’s all I know.’

‘Isn’t that enough.’ Harry was getting bored. ‘I mean, you’re young and beautiful. There’s a lot of world out there for a merry widow.’

‘It’s not enough Harry.’ I paused. I knew I would shock him. ‘I want to know why I’m such a bimbo and why I have a....’

I couldn’t say it. I have a penis. I know girls don’t usually have those, but both me and my late husband had them. It puzzled me.

The door opened.

‘There you are.’ Sophia hurried over and took my hand. ‘I was so worried. We need to get you home.’

She touched my cheeks and forehead, pulling me close and whispering in my ear. I could feel myself relaxing. I couldn’t remember why I’d been in such a panic.

‘Thanks Harry.’ I shook his hand. ‘You were really kind.’

I could tell he was wondering how my voice had changed so radically. I knew I sounded like I looked again. I allowed Sophia to steer me out side and into her silver Lexus.

* * * * *

I don’t know how to tell this story. Trouble is, I can’t remember most of it. I made a few notes when memory allowed. Now.... maybe it’s complete, maybe not.

I scribbled notes when the sketches from my memory formed.

I’ve tried to put them in sequence. Maybe I got it right, but maybe some still sits out of sequence.

I thought it would help me; help me to get someone to make sense of it all, but then what do I know.

Now, maybe I don't care what happened any more. You can think about it. Decide what I should do next.

I think I'm going to let it all ride.....

* * * * *

'Welcome to the class everyone. This is the first session of Psychology 201, more commonly known as the class you take if you want to become a charlatan.'

The class laughed, a little nervous, a little polite. Brian Cooper had the reputation of running a great class, but he was severe in the mark he would award at the end of the term.

'We're here to study basic hypnosis. Clearly you all want to learn something here, and maybe you all have your own reasons. We'll explore those later. Naturally you want to know if I can do what it says in the prospectus, and so we have three volunteers. Would you step up please?'

Two guys and a girl walked nervously to the centre of the room. I was apprehensive, but I needed the money, and so took a deep breath and tried to calm myself.

'Now please introduce yourself and tell the class your experience of hypnosis, and why you're here this evening. Perhaps we can be old fashioned and ask the lady to go first.'

'My name is Ginny.' The thin blonde started hesitantly. 'I'm an economics major in my final year. I'm here because I saw the notice saying that you wanted subjects, and the fee appealed to me. I know nothing about hypnosis other than what the comic books and film shows.'

‘Thank you, Ginny,’ Brian said. ‘Now as you’ve never been hypnotised before, you get to decide if I hypnotise you quickly or slowly.’

‘You mean I get a choice.’ Ginny giggled a little nervously.

‘You do, Ginny.’ Brian leaned in closer to her and swayed slightly, holding her gaze. ‘Quickly or slowly.’ He repeated, ‘Quickly or slowly.’

‘I guess,’ Ginny watched him intently, hesitant and looking confused. ‘Quickly.’

‘Sleep.’ Brian touched her forehead.

The effect was instantaneous. Her head slumped forwards as her eyes closed. She leaned backwards as Brian guided her back into a chair, whispering in her ear as he did so. She slumped back, oblivious to the room and everyone in it.

‘And you, sir.’ Brian turned to the nervous looking guy with the short hair standing bemused as he watched the girl on the chair behind him. ‘Tell us a little about yourself.’

‘I’m Alan.’ He said. ‘I’m an economics major along with Ginny. She saw the notice and asked me to come along with her. I guess I need the money too.’

There was a ripple of laughter from the audience as he stood, self-consciously grinning in his embarrassment. Brian shared a conspiratorial sigh with the class.

‘And have you any previous experience of hypnosis.’ Brian asked, standing quite close to him, waving his arms towards the audience as he spoke. Please tell us what you know.’

‘I saw Wonder Woman get hypnotised.’ He said. ‘I guess that’s it.’

‘Wonder Woman.’

Brian repeated it again as if exasperated, nodding to the class as they laughed nervously.

‘And was she hypnotised quickly or slowly. Quickly or slowly; quickly or slowly.’

‘I guess...’ He started, as Brian touched his forehead, and held him as he too slumped back into the waiting chair.

Brian whispered to him as he sat, and then left him slumped there, turning his attention to me, the thin boy with the long hair, who was standing at the side of the stage laughing with the audience at the sudden demonstration. Brian stood in front of me; looking intensely but saying nothing. His gaze seemed to grow stronger as everything else in the room faded.

‘Sleep.’

I felt my head slump, and then he smiled reassuringly, as he leaned to whisper into my ear. I felt him gently massaging the back of my neck. What he said, I cannot remember.

It was a feeling that even now I can’t explain. I felt fearful, yet I loved it at once. It was comfortable, and exciting at the same time. I knew what was happening, and yet, I felt compelled to accept it all. I allowed myself to be guided into the waiting chair. Brian whispered into my ear as he sent me spinning further and further into trance; deep down into trance.

I was conscious of watching and listening to it all, yet at the same time, it was as if I was an observer. I know that I can’t describe all the feelings as they flickered through the fringes of my thought. That’s what it was though, just at the fringe. I loved the feelings, it was so incredible, and beyond anything I could ever explain.

‘So that’s it class.’ Brian announced. ‘That’s all you need to know. Any questions?’

He stood theatrically back and divided his gaze between the students in the auditorium and the three figures slumped at the back of the room. He stood in a theatrical pose and waited.

‘You want to know more.’ He asked rhetorically.

‘Yes’ came a voice from the back.

‘Okay, we shall try a few tricks. Our volunteers signed an agreement before they came here this evening. They agreed that they consented, and I told them that they could pop out of trance if they were asked to do anything that made them uncomfortable.’

He walked to the back of the chairs and placed a hand on my shoulder. He did the same to Alan. ‘From now on, I am only talking to you if I am touching your shoulder.’ He repeated, squeezing each of our shoulders for emphasis. ‘When I allow you to wake, you’ll find you are sitting next to the most attractive person you’ve ever seen. You’ll be alone in the room. You’ll see that this person is giving you a big come on with every glance and every gesture. You’ll respond; the only rule is you can’t take off any clothes and no touching below the waist.’

Brian turned towards the audience, taking his hands from their shoulders. He grinned wickedly towards them. ‘Wake.’

Brian stood back as I blinked and looked round. I saw this wonderful person looking back at me, and suddenly realised that I was getting a real ‘come on’ look back. Our eyes met and our gazes seemed to lock. I knew somewhere that there were other people around, but they disappeared from my mind. Alan appeared unaware of anyone else in the room. Si-

lently his posture shifted, and mine did too. They moved together and slowly began to kiss.

Somehow, I knew it was someone called Alan, but that didn't register as anything special. It was wonderful to feel this person responding to me, as I slipped into them.

Brian turned his back and addressed the audience as we began heavy petting, everyone could see that this was serious stuff.

'So the first principle is clear.' He said. 'Never ask your subject to do something that they would never do in real life. You may come up against moral scruples, and some inbuilt defence mechanism. Careful phrasing and a clear build up of the scenario is important, for example, the instruction here was simply to see the other person.'

He turned briefly and watched as the boys arms intertwined as they gazed into each other's eyes and kissed again. Then he turned to Ginny and put his hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him. 'I think I popped out of trance.' She said. 'I don't know how you did that.' She nodded towards the boys.

He looked at her, holding her gaze. She began to giggle and once he saw that, he touched her forehead again. She slumped in her chair again, eyes closed and deeply relaxed. He touched her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

'Okay.' Brian said. 'That's today's demonstration. No matter how secure you may feel your trance to be, your subject may surprise you. Ginny came out of trance entirely on her own. The subconscious mind is always working, and maybe she wanted to watch as well as participate.'

Brian continued to talk, describing the theory of trance formation and deepening. All the time Alan and I were entwined behind him. It was weird. I knew

what I was doing; well sort of. I felt totally oblivious to the rest of the room until he touched us, and placed us back into a relaxed position.

Holding Ginny's shoulder, he stood behind her. 'Whatever question you are asked, you will answer fully and truthfully.' He instructed. 'You will hear your words forming, but the only sound that you can make is a woof noise, like a dog barking. The more you try to speak, the more you will say woof, and nothing else. The harder you try, the easier it will become to say woof over and over again.'

'You have no idea what sex you are.' He told Alan. 'You know that there are two sexes, but you cannot decide which you are. No matter how you try to decide, you will find that you cannot.'

'And you cannot speak at all.' He told me; I think he realised that he hadn't asked my name.

He spent a few moments more deepening and reinforcing his instructions, and then told us to wake. He invited the students to question us closely, and stood to the side, smiling to himself as Ginny woofed, Alan struggled with the difficulties of sex, and I remained mute.

It all seemed so natural. I laughed at Ginny woofing away as if it was the most natural thing to do. I watched Alan struggling to decide if he was a boy or a girl. He could work out all the characteristics of boys and girls, but taking the logic and applying it, seemed beyond him. It was so funny.

I laughed along, but silently. When I was asked a question, I answered it. I knew my lips were moving. I knew there was no sound coming out, but somehow, it didn't matter. I was convinced that I was answering to the best of my ability.

After a decent interval, he decided to end the demonstration. We were released, and he told us to lose

all our memories of the session. I knew that I had no memory of it, and yet there was a memory remaining, and I knew I loved it.

Brian Cooper stood as the students took their leave. I made to join them on the way out as a few came to ask questions. He gestured for me to come and stand by him, and I did so.

‘You’re dangerous.’ A dark haired girl touched his shoulder. ‘Do you give private lessons, and can I borrow one of your subjects.’

I remember her smile, self assured and a little arrogant. Brian must have put me under again, because I found myself crouching at her feet. I liked her hand and woofed contentedly. I knew what he’d done to me when I was allowed to wake up, and couldn’t meet her eye.

I went home feeling elated and full of wonder. It was creepy, but I knew I wanted to do it again.

* * * * *

I arrived back in a daze. I could remember some of the things that happened. It was far more than I expected when I volunteered, but then, when you need then money, choices are limited. A few days later, I went to the briefing meeting for the next demonstrations.

‘Thanks.’ Brian had said. ‘I thought you were really good the other night, and I’d like to offer you some regular employment as a subject in this class. I know you students always need the money.’

‘I’m broke all the time.’ I confessed. ‘I can’t quite remember what you made me do, but I have the impression that I was kissing someone.’

‘It was only a suggestion.’ Brian continued. ‘I must have failed somewhere if you’re remembering anything at all. Come and sit here with me for a moment and I’ll check on that.’

* * * * *

‘It’s easy.’ I explained to my class mates as we discussed our latest assignment. ‘All you need to do is compare the tabulated results with the adjusted tables in the professor’s handout and calculate where the divergence starts.’

‘That’s all.’ Gerald spluttered. ‘We don’t all have your mathematical skills.’

‘I used the computer.’

‘Or the programming skills.’ Gerald came back. ‘I’ve never known anyone able to work through problems like you.’

‘I seem to have the knack.’

‘Either that or you’ve made a pact with the devil.’ Mary chipped in. ‘You’re in serious danger of getting a scholarship when term ends.’

‘I don’t think so.’ I could feel myself reddening. It wasn’t something I would turn down, but I didn’t believe in making predictions like that.

‘Ever since you’ve been doing extra shifts with the psychology department, your work rate has doubled. I can’t understand how you keep going.’ Gerald again.

‘They’ve been helping me with study skills; that’s all.’ I admitted. ‘I have something they want, and they’re giving me something in return.’

‘I thought you were just a volunteer subject for them.’ Mary said.

‘I am; and they pay me for being there.’ I tried to shrug off the conversation. I didn’t want to admit that I was an easy subject for any would be hypnotist in their class.

‘So how do they help you?’ Mary asked.

‘It’s not really help as such.’ I saw her rolling her eyes towards Gerald. ‘It’s more confidence building. They help me to visualise using my time productively, and remembering, and connecting things.’

‘Sure they do.’ Gerald pulled a sceptical look. ‘I bet they’re feeding you all kinds of chemicals to keep you awake through study periods.’

‘They’re experimenting on you.’ Mary said.

‘Maybe they plug you into the network.’ Gerald chipped in again.

‘If you’re going to be silly, I’m going.’ I stood and left them.

Somehow, I knew I shouldn’t tell them anything about what I was doing. It wasn’t that it was a secret. It was simply something I didn’t want to share.

* * * * *

‘I believe congratulations are in order.’ Brian shook my hand as I came into his office.

‘Yes, I graduated.’ I smiled and accepted his warmth.

‘Not only that, but my spies tell me that you could be on your way to a career in the department.’ He said. ‘I hope you’ll stay with me despite being on your way to greatness.’

To tell the truth, I needed to get the scholarship.’ I admitted. ‘It’s not going to be cheap with the tuition

fees and registration for research funds, and all the rest of the stuff that goes with trying to become an academic.'

'The first couple of years are the hardest of all.' Brian replied. 'I'll try and tap one of my research budgets to pay you a little more if I can.'

'I'm really grateful.' I agreed. 'Don't get me wrong though. I do like coming to your classes. I know I'm an easy subject and I worry about that, but it's a relaxation at the same time. I always seem to go away energised and ready for work.'

'That's the suggestion I always intend to leave.' Brian said. 'With you, it seems to be more successful than most of the other volunteers.'

'So I'm an easier subject.' I replied. 'I take suggestion more easily than the others.'

'I think it's more than that.' Brian said. 'I've been working through some video of your sessions for a paper. I think you take everything on board so much more profoundly than anyone else in the programme. I think we've improved your academic scores considerably.'

'I hope you won't be telling my supervisors that I'm just a creature of your method.' I replied.

'Of course not.' Brian shook his head. 'Anything I publish will keep the subjects anonymous, and it's my method that I'll be promoting. You'll be a minor part of the paper.'

Thus it became routine. Every Tuesday evening, I was there. Every Tuesday it was a new experience, although it was always the same at the end. Brian loved my silent act, as I thought I was answering questions sensibly, but no sound was coming out.

I remember feeling reassured at the end of each session as Brian insisted on making sure that I and

the other volunteers were safe, and free from any other suggestion.

* * * * *

I wasn't quite as comfortable when one of the girls in Brian's class started calling me and asking me to be her subject too. Sophia was a determined sort of person; just the type of girl who frightened me a little. I guess that's why I gave in. That and the money she was offering.

'I want to research personality theory.' She explained.

'I should have run away then, but not realising what she intended, the phrase didn't cause any alarm bells to ring in my mind.'

'I want to create an alternative personality for you, one that I can define.' She told me.

'I don't understand how that would work.' I said.

'Think how hard you have to work each and every day.' Sophia explained. 'Then imagine you could really switch off mentally and relax so deeply that when you returned to yourself, you'd be so rested that you could do anything.'

'So what would I be in this alternate personality?'

'Well, right now you're a research guy, focussed and I guess a little boring outside your fellow researchers.'

'Hey, you summed up my social life. I'm not really hurt.' I pretended a sob.

'How about if we create an artistic personality?' Sophia suggested. 'It's far away from what you do.'

‘I couldn’t think of anything further away.’ I agreed. ‘Only thing further would have been a movie star.’

‘How about that?’ Sophia flipped back.

‘Sure, why not.’ I laughed.

‘I need your consent, that way we have something to work on so that your mind doesn’t reject it completely.’

‘As long as you don’t make me fail my studentship, I consent.’ I replied. ‘I’ve always enjoyed the sessions with Brian. They’ve helped me to study. Could you add some study skills into the mix?’

‘It’s deal.’ We shook hands, looked at each other, and then hugged to seal the deal.

It sounded strange to me. I couldn’t see how it would work, but money was tight for me. Money never seemed to be a problem to Sophia. I knew her family had some sort of huge business somewhere nearby, and so the choice was easy, and I consented to let her work with me.

‘I can’t seem to get you as deep as Brian can.’ She told me one evening several months after we’d been working together.

‘I think you can.’ I replied. I never have any memory of anything you do with me when I wake. It doesn’t seem to have changed anything in the rest of my life either.’

‘That’s what I mean.’ Sophia replied.

* * * * *

‘Hi sis.’ Carl pulled up with a screech of tyres, as Sophia was waiting to cross the road. ‘Have lunch with me.’

Sophia looked at him. 'What's brought this on?' She asked. 'It's rare to see you from one month end to the next. Don't tell me you're in trouble with father again, and you want me to make the peace.'

'It's not my fault.' Carl spluttered, confirming her guess.

'Okay, tell me about it.' She got into the car.

'It's Dad; he's threatening to fire me again. If only Mom hadn't left, he'd have more to think about.'

'So what did he find you doing this time?' Sophie asked.

'It's a lifestyle thing.' Carl didn't look at her as he drove.

'I can guess.' Sophie nodded. 'He's never going to be happy unless you settle down and start to look like the conventional business executive.'

'But this is the twenty first century.' Carl pulled into a parking lot overlooking the beach. 'Conventional life styles are all kinds of different things.'

'Not to father.' Sophie replied. 'Selling heavy excavators and earth moving machinery is a man's world forever.'

'Okay, but I do try to be so careful.' Carl protested. 'It's just that he keeps expecting me to find a girl and settle down into a life he approves of.'

'And that doesn't include your boyfriends.' Sophie said.

'Apparently not.' Carl got out and slammed the door.

'Don't get petulant with me.' Sophie snapped at her brother's receding back as she followed him. She ran and took his arm. 'Why don't I help you?'

‘How could you help me?’ Carl had a tear in the corner of his eye. ‘You don’t know what it’s like.’

‘I couldn’t know what it’s like.’ Sophie agreed. ‘But I do know what it’s going to be like unless there’s some peace in this family. I want to make a living out of the family business too.’

‘Okay sis, I’m sorry.’ Carl took her hand. ‘Anything you can do. It just hurts to be so....’

‘Stick with me kid. I’ll get you there.’ She said. ‘I’ll call you, come and see me. I might have someone you’d like to meet.’

* * * * *

‘And when you open your eyes, you’ll see the world differently.’ Sophie said softly to me as I relaxed in trance. ‘When you open our eyes, you are going to see the world as a girl would see it. Use all your senses and all your imagination; disable all your doubts and fears, throw away all your inhibitions.’

She paused, watching her subject shuffling, a little restlessly as the suggestion clashed inside his subconscious. She waited until he calmed and took him deeper, slowly and gently, and then started layering suggestion upon suggestion. She wasn’t only layering suggestions; she was layering girl upon female upon woman with every suggestion.

I remember waking that time. It was so strange. I remember it, and yet I don’t remember anything clearly.

‘You’re really a wonderful guy.’ Sophie told me after another session. ‘I’m amazed at how you’re as accepting as I build your other personality.’

‘I don’t feel any different.’ I replied truthfully.

‘You’re not meant to.’ Sophie told me. ‘It’s all meant to slip into your subconscious seamlessly. When you change to the alternate personality, you should feel just as easy, natural and complete as you are in the one.’

‘Am I meant to understand what you’re doing?’ I smiled at the absurdity of my question. ‘I’m the monster you’re creating.’

‘Sure and I’m Doctor Frankenstein.’ Sophie laughed. ‘But you won’t be a monster, I promise you that.’

My memories fade a bit here. Session followed session and I found myself looking forward to them as a break from reality which was becoming harder as my work hit obstacles that threatened to derail the course of my academic career.

I remember feeling that the world was a man’s world and that I wasn’t the one to be looked after. I remember having a heightened sense of colour and scent. I chose my clothes more carefully, and watched what the women were wearing. It was so weird to read the women’s page each day, and to window shop as I walked through town. I didn’t realise it at the time, but looking back, I guess these were the first signs of the personality that Sophie was designing around me.

Yet it all seeped in so easily.

* * * * *

‘You don’t mind if my brother Carl comes to watch one of our sessions?’ Sophie asked.

Carl became a regular watcher. Occasionally he was there at the beginning, and stayed through, other times he was there when I came out of trance. I should have been embarrassed, but I wasn’t.

I got to feel confident when he was there to watch. It was like working with a safety net.

He was always ever so polite to me.

I started to use moisturiser each day and then to clean my face carefully each evening. I used eye cream too. It all seemed so natural.

* * * * *

‘He’s quite a guy.’ Sophie suggested.

‘I can’t understand what you do to him.’ Carl replied. ‘Wish I could do something like that. He’s my type.’

‘That’s why I picked him.’ Sophie said.

‘You mean he might be..?’ Carl hesitated, unable to think exactly how to put his thought into words.

‘He’s not.’ Sophie cut him off. ‘Anyway, he’s not yet.’

‘You mean he could be my type.’ Carl was mystified.

‘That’s what I was hinting at.’ Sophie replied. ‘You can’t understand it at all, but he could become rather attracted to you soon.’

‘You’ll have to explain.’ Carl looked suddenly more attentive.

‘I want to run the business when Dad retires.’ Sophie replied. ‘It’s that simple. If you and Dad keep feuding, there won’t be any business left for me to run.’

‘It’s all so macho.’ Carl mused. ‘I don’t know why Dad’s clients don’t want to deal with me, but it has to be pure prejudice.’

‘I agree.’ Sophie said. ‘And all you need is a change of image.’

‘A change of image?’

‘You’re turning into a parrot.’ Sophie laughed. ‘What if I could get you into a relationship with someone who’s like your ideal type?’

‘I’ve been trying to get something like that.’ Carl admitted. ‘It keeps going wrong though.’

‘And what if your ideal type could also pass Dad’s inspection?’

‘I don’t deliberately set out to upset things.’ Carl said. ‘He’s never going to like any of my choices.’

‘You may be trying too hard.’ Sophia replied.

‘It could be because I want to settle down, and have some stability in my life.’ Carl said. ‘It’s difficult always searching and never really finding..... But what about Dad?’

‘If your new relationship was with someone who didn’t attract our father’s disapproval, life could be easier for both of us.’ Sophie replied.

Carl blinked hard, and then looked at her, studying hard. ‘You mean your little toy.’ He said slowly. ‘That’s why you’ve been filling him with feminine images. You got me wrong though, I don’t want a relationship you’ve forced on someone.’

‘Don’t get me wrong.’ Sophie said. ‘I’m not that powerful, and I don’t believe anyone could force another like that. You’d have to do the work. I might be able to get you onto the field of play, but that’s all.’

‘So, are you saying that he’s not my type at all?’

‘I’m saying he could be your type, but you’ll have to do the work.’ Sophia replied. ‘At the same time, he could become someone who Dad would like too.’

‘So, what are you saying?’

‘He’d be a boy for you and a girl to the rest of the world.’

‘I never went for drag queens.’ Carl sneered.

‘I’m not wasting my time creating a drag queen.’ Sophia snapped back. ‘There are enough of them already. I’m talking about creating someone just for you.’

‘So, no one would know?’ Carl asked.

‘No one would even guess.’ Sophia looked directly at her brother. ‘He’ll be our secret and solve a few problems at the same time.’

‘Al this depends upon you manipulating him into my arms.’ Carl looked away.

‘No, you have to do that.’ Sophia forced him to look at her again, angry now.

‘You mean you can’t do it.’

‘I mean I don’t want to do that.’ Sophia’s eyes flared in anger. ‘I’m not your pimp. I may be able to help with the background circumstances, but if you want him, you’re going to have to do a lot of work. He doesn’t know anything about it yet.’

‘So what are you going to do?’

‘I can get you near, that’s all.’ Sophia said. ‘I can’t produce love, or lasting companionship. I may be able to get a short term infatuation, but in reality it’s up to you. I think I can create a physical personality. I can give him some stability within that. You will have to do the seduction, and work at it.’

‘I think I understand.’

‘I hope you do.’ Sophie continued. ‘I can help him to like you, perhaps I can help him to want you as well, but it’s no use if there’s no spark from you in the first place. He’s witty and intelligent, and despite the fact that he trances easily, he has a strong outward personality too. He has a mind of his own.’

‘Are you saying he could be difficult?’

‘I think I’m saying he’s not going to be submissive, so if your fantasy goes that way, I don’t think it would work with this guy.’

Carl blanched a little. ‘I’m not looking for a submissive.’

Sophie said nothing but noted that she should think that one through later.

‘And Dad?’

‘I was hoping that if it looked like you’d changed, Dad wouldn’t be a problem.’

‘I’m not on the same page.’ Carl looked puzzled. ‘You’ll have to explain again.’

‘How about if our boy becomes obsessed with looking female?’ Sophie asked. ‘He’ll look perfect, nothing left to wonder about, at least on the outside. No trace of drag queen anywhere.’

‘Once bitten, twice shy.’ Carl snorted.

‘Well really!’ Sophie snapped back. ‘What did you expect from that creature? He was built like a truck driver, has the most absurdly bad bleach, and the charm of a drunken rattlesnake.’

‘Okay, so I made a fool of myself.’ Carl admitted. ‘It was a passing obsession.’

'You're forgiven but think about what I'm saying.' Sophie took his hand and looked into his eyes. 'Maybe you could try for something you might enjoy.'

'Something I could control... is that what you mean?'

'No, something you could shape, mould, encourage, and share, whatever you want to call it. I can maybe start it, but you'd have to do the work.'

'You'd help me.' Carl looked at her, almost pleading now that the full implications were sinking in.

'I'll help you.' She replied. 'Be prepared for a bumpy ride though.'

'It could be fun.' He admitted.

She hadn't seen Carl look like that for a long time,

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I worked and worked through that term. It got more and more intense. The demands of my own deadlines and the commitment I had to Brian's class became a relief from the intensity of it all.

I don't know why I didn't drop Sophia's side project. I figured she could easily get some other guy to work with her. I never got round to telling her. It was becoming as easy to slip into trance for her as it was for Brian.

'You don't go as deep for me.' Sophie complained again after one particular session.

'I don't remember where you were trying to take me.' I replied. 'I never remember anything, from either you or Brian unless you tell me to.'

'Brian tells you the same.' Sophie smiled as if a though had suddenly hit her. 'He always ends the

session with that bit about not going into trance without consent, or something like that.'

'I guess so.' I replied.

'Maybe that's the block I'm hitting.' Sophie replied. 'I must speak to Brian.'

* * * * *

'Thanks for seeing me.' Sophia sat across the desk from Brian.

That's fine.' Brian replied. 'I know your work and have enjoyed your contributions to our projects.'

'I know my father's company might be willing to help you with a little research funding.' Sophie opened.

'That would be very welcome in these difficult times.' Brian ran his hand over a thinning crew cut, and smiled again. 'I take it there are some conditions.'

'There's only one. I want the boy that you hypnotised; the silent one. I know you can make him more open to me.'

'Okay.' Brian hesitated. 'Why should I do that?'

'Because you recognise that I'm a natural hypnotist, and he's a natural subject.' Sophia held his gaze, challenging him to deny her. 'And you know that I'm a rich bitch, and I get what I want.'

'I read your email.' Brian avoided her gaze. 'You were offering me a lot of money for some private tuition.'

'That's true.' Sophia replied. 'Although I don't think you could teach me much about hypnosis. We

could pretend that I need to learn a little about controls and cautions.'

'And if I agree to teach you.' Brian asked.

'You get paid when I get the boy.' She scribbled a figure on his notepad.

Brian looked at it. He thought for a moment, but not for long. He looked up expectantly. She made no attempt to be friendly or subtle. 'I want you to give him to me in hypnosis.'

'But I can't do that.' Brian smiled.

'Yes you can.' Sophia replied. 'I want you to put him onto trance for the last time, and then to pass him to me, in trance.'

'I've never done that.' Brian protested. 'He's a student volunteer. I can't abuse his trust.'

'I'm not asking you to abuse anything.' She said. 'You can leave that to me.'

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'That was a wonderfully successful course.' Brian said after the last session of the term.

I'd been the only volunteer that evening. Brian let me remember bits too, that was a first. He'd mentioned it as a fun diversion, like a party piece.

'Imagine a world where all plastic surgery is possible, and pain free.' He told me. 'It's all fun and exciting. You've had all the surgery possible, everything. If you don't know about it, just allow your mind to picture it.'

I could feel it settling into my mind.

'Your job is to sell it all, and you can talk without inhibition about everything. Whatever operation you

are asked about, you've had it. You love the results. You are excited to talk.'

The questions flowed. I remember getting more and more excited as I replied. The questions got more and more intimate. Brian took me back into trance a couple of times. I don't know why, but I remember feeling different each time. How I managed to describe breast and nose jobs, eye widening and cheek implants.

I think he was feeding me the concepts and then asking the rest of the class to put the questions. The more outrageous I said I was, the more outrageous I was feeling. It was such a different feeling too, and then it was over.

The others had their various other commitments as their final exams took their time and attention. It had been a good session, although I have no idea what I was doing most of the time, just the super feminine little bits. That was embarrassing. I just let go now. I was confident that Brian wouldn't let me come to any harm.

I remember him saying that and then as I walked some more, I realised that I had enjoyed it all, and that I was looking forward to being the subject in the next term class demonstrations.

Sophie was working with me at the same time. I had no memory of her sessions. She was always pleased with me, a little distant, but I guess that was to preserve the relationship. I tried to think more about what we had done, but all I got was a great sense of anticipation.

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Next week, I turned up at the psychology office instead of the usual lecture room. Brian met me at the door. Sophie was already there, and that's all I can

remember about it. It was very late when I went home.

Gerald and Mary seemed to fade from my life about the same time. I'd really wanted to get closer to Mary, but somehow it all faded away. Despite all the usual promises of keeping in touch, I did nothing about it.

I stopped seeing Brian too.

I studied some, but something was missing. I thought I had 'burned out' my capacity for study for a while, and didn't worry.

I read fashion magazines in the library.

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Sophia appeared to be much more important in my life shortly after that. I knew quite quickly that I would do anything for her.

I found myself talking to her much more easily too. She and I gossiped and chatted on the telephone for hours. We shared secrets and opinions. It was as if I had a different personality for her. I made an effort to learn about her interests, and to read the gossip magazines so we could talk for even longer.

It didn't seem to affect my work. I was quite a bit burned out from all the intensity of the previous months, and the chance to freewheel was too good to pass up.

I spent days off wandering through the malls, watching the girls as they passed. All very normal, you might think. I did too. Now I realise I was watching them differently.

I noticed their hair, and make up. I watched the way they walked and tried to spot all the little secrets in their body language; the way they moved their hands, hair signals, eye flashes, and all that.

Sophie teased me that I was learning too much, and too many secrets. She tested me, and we laughed together. She decided that we were working so well together that it might be fun to play with her personality theory research. I had no idea what she'd been saying to me in trance, so I had no alarm bells ringing.

I got excited when she suggested it. It was dangerous and a bit silly, but I didn't think it would be harmful.

'I wonder if your second personality could be really female.' She suggested.

I know now that she'd been working on that before. It was the first time she told me out of trance. The theory says it was a way of reinforcing my conscious consent. Theory can be bunk sometimes. I was hooked.

'Okay.' I said cautiously. 'How could that work?'

'Leave it to me.' Sophie said and then put on an accent. 'Don't you worry your pretty little head about it, my dear.'

* * * * *

I started seeing Sophie every other day, and then it became every day. Carl was there sometimes. I knew he was a bit different. I guessed he could be gay, but he seemed to be part of the scene.

He liked to watch some of Sophie's sessions with me. I got to quite like him being there too.

Somehow I found that I was always thinking about Sophie. No that's wrong. I wasn't thinking. She was just there; so powerful. No that's wrong too. I can't explain it all; she was just there in my life, at the centre of everything.

Carl fitted in, to the point where when I thought about Sophie; sometimes I saw Carl's face in my mind. Sometimes my picture slipped to something other than his face; that bulge in his trousers as I came out of trance.

I always seemed to excite him then.

I started to look for it after each session.

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Next term, things seemed to change for me. I was always on time for the Psychology class, but I wasn't the subject anymore. Sophie was still attending, and I discovered it was fun to sit alongside her and listen.

I took less in as time passed, and often doodled on my notepad. I knew I'd been there before. I loved being there, even though it was all too complicated for me to understand. I remembered meeting Brian before. I remembered that he was some kind of psychologist, and hypnotist. He seemed to know me though.

I doodled. I drew lips and eyes, dresses and shoes with ridiculously high heels. I drew and drew. I imagined the girl who might wear them. I imagined me wearing them.

Brian was very good at hypnotising people, but he couldn't hypnotise me. I know that. We were talking after class one time and he tried. Sophia asked him to and he couldn't. It just made me giggle uncontrollably.

When Brian had demonstrated something, Sophia asked me to pretend that she was hypnotising me, and do the same. It was so easy. I just did whatever she wanted. I remember it was really exciting to be there with her, playing along.

I didn't work out that I wasn't there at the front with Brian when she did that to me. I knew something was just at the edge of my memory but every

time I tried to grab the thought, I slipped away into thinking about lying on the beach, lazing in the sun, and thinking of nothing at all.

It was Sophia's idea that I become her boy friend. She wanted me to stop hanging around with the other people in my economics department. I agreed. In truth, I was finding it harder to understand all those concepts, and being with her became so much more important.

'Sleep.' I heard her and knew I had to obey.

It was getting to be every day, sometimes several times a day. She said sleep, and I went. At the most inconvenient moments, I would be put into trance and never knew what happened. I'd wake somewhere else, or wearing something different.

After a few moments, I'd remember how it had happened. It was amazing. Each time she did it, it was like.... hey, that was cool.

One time I woke up and I was wearing her night-dress... and lipstick.

Sometimes she played games with me. She told me to resist her, and that I shouldn't allow her to put me to sleep. I tried so hard. Over and over again, I tried. Sometimes I succeeded, and she laughed because I stayed awake; and then she'd sneak up on me. She'd tell me that I had won, and then I'd be back in trance in a second.

I knew I couldn't win, couldn't resist.

She knew that I was aware of everything, yet it didn't bother her. No matter how she tried to erase my memory, I knew, and I could tell her exactly what she'd done to me. It didn't matter though. She knew exactly what was going on.

I never put it all together. All the behaviours she was leading me to were hers, rather than mine. Girls stuff, not boys stuff.

She knew I couldn't resist. I wasn't remembering for real.

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'That's right, just drift deeper and deeper, and listen only to my voice.' Sophia took me deeper and deeper each day. 'Think of how you want to do anything I want you to do. Think of how good it makes you feel. Obey and obey.'

'Is that for real, sis?' Carl watched as Sophia took me deeper once more.

'Sure it is.' Sophia told him. 'He's all mine.'

'I don't believe you.' Carl said. 'No one can hypnotise someone like that.'

'Remember our conversation.' Sophie said. 'I promised you something special'

'I thought you'd forgotten, or maybe you were kidding.'

'Really. It takes time, and there's not a text book plan to follow.' Sophia walked up to him. 'What would it take to convince you that he's all mine.'

'Don't be silly.' Carl backed away. 'I know you've always been able to do it, but that deep; no way.'

'So you believe me when I say that he's all mine.' Sophia loved to tease her brother. 'He's so all mine, that I could make him do anything.'

'Anything.' Carl's eyes sparkled with an evil thought.

‘Sure.’ She replied. ‘I can see what you’re thinking. You want me to turn him into a plaything for all your gay friends. Maybe I will.’

‘You’re ahead of me, sis.’ Carl grinned. ‘I’d settle for a boy friend, you know. You did promise.’

‘But father wouldn’t like you to turn up with a boy friend in tow. You know it offends him that you’re not the red blooded macho male to take over the business from him.’

‘He doesn’t know.’ Carl was less confident now. ‘I’ve taken your hint and tried to appear ... well what he wants me to be.’

‘You’ve been very good.’ Sophia admitted. ‘You’ve done what I asked and in return, I’m working on our little project.’

‘I can hardly wait.’ Carl said. ‘I hope father thinks I’ve changed.’

‘He does, but he still suspects.’ Sophia walked round her brother speaking softly to him. ‘He asks me about your conquests. I just tell him you seem to be very popular. I don’t tell him that you’re not likely to produce the heir he so desperately wants.’

‘That’s your job, sis.’ Carl seemed to get a bit more confidence back. ‘You can do that for him.’

‘Unlike you, I have a sense of duty and family.’ Sophia replied. ‘I should have been the heir, not you. I have the balls for it.’

‘Sure you do.’ Carl replied. ‘You’re a girl though, so he’s not going to give it to you.’

Sophia turned to him. ‘I’ll give you the most perfect boy friend; one that will satisfy father, and keep you in his will. You give me fifty one per cent of the company, and let me run it.’

‘Come on, you’re asking too much.’ Carl replied.

‘So Carl, have you really thought about my proposition.’ Sophia asked. ‘I am serious you know.’

‘Which proposition would that be?’ He asked flip-pantly.

‘Don’t play the wise guy with me.’ Sophia snapped back. ‘You know I could manage once father’s re-tired.’

‘I know Dad has to retire soon, the doctors told him so last year. All I have to do is wait.’

‘Sure, you wait; you take over, the business folds. I can see it all now.’ Sophia stood over him. ‘You know I could make more money for both of us. All I need is for you to keep out of the way.’

‘Dad would never allow it. He still thinks of you as his little girl, to be protected and shielded from the tough world of business where gentlemen aren’t gentlemen.’

‘You mean some are like you.’ She sneered.

‘I can run the business as well as anyone.’

‘What would father say if he saw these pictures before he made a decision?’ Sophia pulled an envelope from her handbag and flung them at Carl.

He took them and slowly, with a sense of foreboding, pulled them from the envelope. ‘Where did you get these?’ He gasped in astonishment.

‘It was easy.’ Sophia replied. ‘I didn’t want to show them to anyone, let alone you, but if you force me, they’ll be in father’s in tray tomorrow.’

‘It’s not what it seems.’

‘Okay so what’s that big drag queen doing behind you in the picture?’ Sophie pushed one into his hand. ‘Is he pushing you upstairs, and the camera was at an unfortunate angle?’

‘You really are serious.’

‘Thank goodness you realised that.’ Sophia threw up her hands in mock horror.

‘I think I should inherit.’ Carl said softly. ‘It would never do to have a woman running things.’

‘I’ll cut you a deal.’ Sophia forced herself to be calm. ‘You take over, and then take a back seat. I get the majority and you don’t do anything without my permission.’

‘What guarantees do I get.’ Carl sensed it was time to compromise as he flipped through the pictures.

‘None; only my word.’ Sophia sensed it was turning her way. ‘I won’t cut you out, and I won’t humiliate you.’

‘I can’t let you do this.’ Carl stood.

‘No, Carl.’ Sophia stood up to him. ‘Think again. I’m not planning on cutting you out.’

‘Okay, sis.’ Carl sighed. ‘You’re probably right; the thought of turning up every day, and planning for the future, being responsible for all dad’s employees. It’s not really me, I know.’

‘You’re too weak. You like an easy life.’ Sophia softened her tone. ‘You know I could run things far better than you. Leave it to me, and I’ll take care of you and make money for us both. I promise you’ll have a better income and better protection from your own proclivities.’

‘I keep 49%’ Carl asked.

‘As long as you do what I say.’ Sophia agreed. ‘I must have a free hand.’

‘Do I get time to think about it all?’

‘No. It’s now or the pictures are sent. Do we have a deal, or do I have to send father all the information about your friends and life style?’

‘We have a deal.’ Carl replied, quite shaken.

‘Okay.’ Sophia smiled. ‘Sit there for a few minutes, and I’ll give you something you never dreamed I could give you.’

She walked across to me, and started to talk softly into my ear. I shifted, as if in a deep and satisfying sleep, as she whispered more.

‘Wake.’ She commanded, and watched as I slowly came to consciousness, and looked at Carl.

I saw him in an entirely different way that day. Sophia seemed to disappear from my consciousness, as Carl filled everything. He was really cool, really important.

She stood and watched as I walked across to Carl, and started to stroke his crotch over his trousers. When I got to my knees and pulled down the zipper, she left the room.

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I remember was getting out of the shower at home. I tried so hard to think where I had been and what I had been doing, but nothing would come. Would I see Carl again today?

Life was easier now that I’d dropped out of class. I dressed quickly and walked across to Sophia’s place. She was so messy, I knew it would take me a couple of hours to clean and tidy up after her, and then

there was the washing and ironing to do. I wondered how I'd ever been able to fit in any studying.

'Goodness.' I exclaimed. 'This place is surely a mess.'

I walked through the rooms gathering the dirty glasses and plates. I went into the kitchen and put on my overall, then loaded the dishwasher. I took a deep breath and started to make the place look loved again.

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'This place looks wonderful.' Wendy and Sophia came through the door. 'I can't believe how you manage.'

'It's a secret.' Sophia said. 'Would you like coffee?' Without waiting for a reply she called out to me.

A few minutes later I appeared, carrying two coffees on a tray with biscuits on a tray. I placed it on the table in front of their chairs and walked out of the room without a word.

'Was that really a flowered apron, with all those flounces and frills, and a big bow?' Wendy asked. 'Or was I seeing things.'

'No.' Sophia giggled a little. 'Remember I told you I'd been practising after the psychology class. He thinks it's an overall and that he's being paid to look after the place.'

'But he's not?' Wendy asked.

'Don't ask too many questions.' Sophia replied. 'Hypnosis is a powerful tool.'

'That's what they said in class, but I couldn't get the hang of it all.'

‘I guess you have to have a talent.’ Sophia replied. ‘Not so much a talent as a natural aptitude really, and I’ve always been fascinated by it all.’

‘Is he still in class?’ Wendy asked. ‘He can’t have much time.’

‘No, he left his courses to look after me.’ Sophia replied. ‘It was all his idea really. He decided that working for me was far more comfortable.’

‘And Carl?’ Wendy left the question until last. ‘Has your father discovered his secret?’

‘Okay, I knew you’d ask that.’ Sophia sighed. ‘I’m trying to deal with that. The trouble with Carl is even though I’m trying to help him, he keeps protesting too much.’

‘He’s never been easy.’

‘You don’t have to tell me.’ Sophia sighed. ‘I’m trying to get him sorted out, but he keeps asking the same questions. I don’t think he believes me.’

‘The bit about you running the business, or the bit about you sorting him out?’

‘Both, I guess.’ Sophia sighed again. ‘It’s just macho pride of course, and he can’t keep it up forever, but it gets hard work, keeping him and father from spitting fire and brimstone at each other.’

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‘Hi Carl, Sophia won’t be home until later.’

‘That’s why I came.’ He stood there grinning rather stupidly.

I blushed. It was the first time he’d seen me with make up. Just a little... mainly around my eyes... and perfume too.

I opened the door and stood back to let him in. He pecked at my cheek like I was his old maiden aunt.

‘You can do better than that.’ I said closing the door.

Holding eye contact with a sly smile on his face, I slowly wrapped my arms around Carl’s neck and gently pulled him close; I opened my lips to receive Carl’s probing tongue, and closed my eyes to concentrate on the feelings his tongue was giving to me as it seemed to swell inside my mouth.

I peeked, just a little. Carl saw my eyes closed as I responded to the kiss, sighing softly as the caress deepened. I felt his hand exploring down there.

‘Naughty boy, you’re working well.’ I thought.

‘Sophia’s not home yet.’ I broke the embrace, and took Carl’s hands. ‘She said I was to look after you... and I’d love to look after you.’

I reached down. Nature had given me something to reach for. I opened my hand and let it linger, smoothing across the material.

Carl stood back as I held eye contact. He looked shocked. I put my middle finger to my mouth and slipped the tip inside.

He looked a little puzzled, and then a slight grin was spreading across his face as I slowly reached to open his belt. I let it fall loose. I hesitated and looked as if I was considering what to do next.

I started to unzip his jeans. Slowly I let my hand spread over the gap as it went down wards.

The waistband started to slip down as I sank down to my knees, still holding eye contact.

Carl’s excitement was obvious. He could feel my hands, soft and gentle as they reached inside his



pants, but then urgent as I grasped his rising manhood.

I could feel Carl inevitably rising. I knew I could play him like a musician with a favourite instrument. Sophia had been training me in how to look after Carl.

I deliberately gave him a wicked look and broke eye contact. His manhood was stiff and firm in my hand. I slipped his tongue across the tip in a brisk flick. I looked up and saw the anticipation in his eyes.

I flicked my tongue across the tip again, and then slipped the jeans and shorts further down, like a hobble to prevent him moving.

‘You like.’ I whispered.

My tongue flicked over the sack and sucked it in gently. I nibbled at one side, and then the other, sucking gently as I did so, flicking with my tongue.

A moan, then my tongue was sliding up the underside of the straining penis, as my hands cupped his sack and my nails took over where my tongue had been.

I stopped and blinked. I saw a hand, but it wasn’t mine. It had long, feminine nails, painted a red so dark they were almost black. The tips of the nails were playing up and down, as my tongue; and yes, it was my tongue; played across the tip.

I looked again and my hands were as they always were; nails short and uninteresting.

Uninteresting. Why did that word come into my mind at that moment and linger there. I watched what my hands were doing as my tongue continued to flick left and right, then up and down.

I tried to push the picture of painted nails from my mind as I played with the tip, sucking it into my

mouth and releasing it. The tighter my eyes closed, the more vividly the painted nails came into my mind.

I opened my eyes and holding the tip gently in my lips. My hands cupped his sack, and played with the base of his shaft. The nails seemed to flicker from plain to paint. With my teeth just gripping, I looked up to see a picture of pure ecstasy on Carl's face; well, not really pure, but you can get the picture.

I sucked and worked him deeper and deeper into my mouth. I felt him touching the back of my throat and instinctively opened it, suppressing a gag response. I knew I was doing that, and as I did it, I remember being amazed that I knew to do that. Carl's hands were resting on the back of my head, moving me back and forwards, increasing the pressure.

I could tell he was flying, and let him carry on, accepting, breathing where I could. I felt a thrill of desire. I could feel him losing control. I knew I was winning, making him do it.

Regardless of what he wanted, I was taking control of him. At that moment, I wanted to take control of him. I wanted to make him lose control and lose the will to control himself. I was determined to make him do it. I licked and sucked. I forced his shaft deeper into my throat, and then withdrew. In and out, lick, nibble suck, thrust.

He moaned, and gripped the back of my head more tightly. He was swelling and then swelling more. He held me still. Still.

I worked my tongue under his shaft, forward and back, and gently forcing it against the roof of my mouth. He would feel my top teeth as my tongue pushed.

Nothing seemed to be happening for a moment. He held still; then everything was happening.

He pulsed up the shaft again and again. I could feel him, with each pulse, pumping into the back of my throat. I held my breath. I tried to breathe through my nose. I swallowed and tried to open my throat to let it all go back there.

The taste; salt, and yet not salt. Musk scents, and a warm smell, sensations flooding through as the pulsing seemed to go on, and then... and then.

Just as I was thinking it was inevitable that I would have to cough, or choke, the pulsing slowed, and I could feel the rigidity over my tongue start to weaken, and start to shrink slightly.

Then it was shrinking more, slipping slowly back, weakening, and sliding; not sliding withdrawing, back to my lips, where I felt it dribble onto my chin as he released my head and leaned back with a sigh.

I wiped my chin with my hand. I looked down and saw the nails again, as I licked the drops off my fingers. I looked up to see Carl looking down at me.

I wondered what he was thinking.

I was thinking what a good girl I was.

Where did that thought come from?

* * * * *

‘You had a wonderful time with Carl today.’ Sophia told me that evening. ‘You really did well, and he loved every minute of it.’

I remember her saying that, and then it all just drifted away. I knew it had something to do with the make up. I was practising all the time.

I fell into a routine after that. I helped Sophia with the housekeeping, and whenever Carl came, he was always pleased to see me, and me to see him.

I kept him under control. I was getting really good at dealing with Carl.

Weeks passed. Sophia looked after me so well. I had some housekeeping to do, and she really cared for me. She sent me to her hairdresser, and even paid for her manicurist to look after my hands.

She said it was because I was doing so much work in the house. I just got to like being pampered like that.

She took me out a few times too, usually when she went out with the girls. She liked a club where there were female impersonators. They were good and I liked it when the girls came and chatted with us. I found their make up and hair, the way they could change everything absolutely fascinating.

We talked make up and hair. We laughed at the way it was easy to control a man once he was caught in the net. I listened and learned.

Sophia told me I could look up how they did all the transformations on the internet. She said I should look and learn.

I didn't tell her, but I started to practise more exotic make up on myself. I sat at her dressing table... false eyelashes. She was so busy working that I had hours to practise.

I don't remember getting my ears pierced. Twice.

I don't remember when I started to have long finger nails, always painted beautifully.

I remember playing on Carl just like he was my toy.

* * * * *

'You're looking nice today.' Carl said as he came into the flat. 'And you smell wonderful.'

It was the dress... and the heels. Carl was fascinated when I wore really high heels. I understood what I was doing.

That shocks me.

I was dressing to please him. I was dressing for more than that. I wanted to be what he wanted, so that I could manipulate him. That was why I always spoke in my own voice. Sophia told me always that I had to sound like I always did when I was with her or Carl. When anyone else could hear, I had to soften it.

‘Don’t you just love this dress?’ I remember saying.

It was pretty. Pale green with a flower motif, short and daringly low cut. My heels were green too and spiky. The effect lacked something. I knew that.

The stuffing in my bra was showing when I glanced down. When Carl glanced down, I knew he was seeing the same thing. I knew it spoiled the image.

He kissed me and I kissed him back really enthusiastically. I loved a compliment, especially when he noticed things, like I was wearing some of Sophia’s special perfume, just like she’d told me to.

I pulled back, blinking so that he could see my lashes, and then kissed him again, a little more hungrily.

‘Where’s my sister?’ He asked.

‘She’s at a meeting with the operations director, and then she’s going on to dinner with a couple of representatives from.... I can’t remember... she’s going to be late.’

‘Sounds like my sister.’ Carl grinned stupidly. ‘I guess that leaves us some time.’

‘I’m to cook dinner for you.’ I told him. ‘Sophia’s orders.’

‘And she who must be obeyed...’ Carl bowed, in mock tribute, flamboyantly exaggerating the gesture, ‘...must be obeyed.’

I giggled and kissed him again, holding it a little longer this time. I could feel that I was having some effect on him, but I had instructions to follow, and squirmed away as he tried to hold me.

‘Why don’t you open the wine and pour us a drink.’ I said. ‘We’ll have time later, after we’ve eaten.’

I turned away towards the kitchen and he followed obediently. I had to cook first, and then I had to do something. I couldn’t remember what it was. I didn’t worry. I knew it would all play out and fit into place. Sophia had told me really carefully what I had to do.

‘There’s a big steak for you,’ I showed him. ‘and a small one for me. The bread is on the table, waiting for a big strong man to cut.’

I pushed him away as his arms strayed round my waist. He groped down and pulled the elastic of my garter. I remembered I had to get slimmer.

The steaks sizzled under the grill, and I served them onto two plates. I put them onto the table, and then remembered what I had to do.

‘Back in a minute.’ I blew him a kiss.

I hurried into the cloakroom, and turned to the mirror. It was time to touch up the make up. I had started wearing false lashes. Once I got used to them, I really loved them. It’s a girl thing, Sophia told me.

I stroked a kohl pencil inside the wet line of my eyes. I was a little nervous as this was the first time I’d worn so much make up for him. I twisted the mascara out of the tube and gave two quick coats to my lashes, and then a single coat of a nude, but shiny lipstick.

I stood back and looked at myself. I looked good. He'd seen that. He hadn't seen that I was wearing pink lace panties in boy shorts style. I guessed he'd like that. They matched the bra.

I knew I liked wearing them, but that thought was a new one too. How long had I been wearing bra and panties? I thought hard, but then shrugged it off. It didn't matter.

'That's better.' I sat across from him and smiled.

'You devil.' He said, noticing at once. 'You beautiful, wonderful devil.'

'I'll show you devil's work later.' I replied. 'If you're lucky.'

He was really lucky.

* * * * *

'So how are you managing that brother of yours?' Wendy went straight to the point.

'I'm managing.' Sophia sat down and sipped the wine that was waiting for her at the table. 'I think I have an idea to keep him occupied.'

'I thought that boy was already doing that for you.' Wendy remembered their last conversation.

'Carl may have changed recently.' Sophia said casually.

Wendy shot her a puzzled look, but said nothing.

'I thought he was set in his ways, but there was something missing.' Sophia replied. 'It didn't seem to be sticking. I can't tell you the details. I thought he wanted someone to love and care for...'

'Isn't that what we all want?' Wendy asked.

‘Sure, but I think Carl needs someone to love and take care of him.’

‘I’m not sure I understand the difference.’

‘I think he’s got a good deal of the feminine in his psyche.’ Sophia replied.

‘But he’s such a he-man.’ Wendy protested. ‘He’s got muscles and style, and such a presence wherever he goes.’

‘I do not doubt that.’ Sophia agreed. ‘What I mean is that despite his looks...’

‘Go on.’

‘I don’t know the right words to use.’ Sophia replied. ‘I’m not explaining well.’

‘Just use the wrong words. Keep talking; we can work out what you mean later.’

‘He’s the man, but I think he needs a friend...’ Sophia saw Wendy’s eyebrows rise in an unspoken question. ‘Okay..., a partner who can treat him like a woman.’

‘Treat him like a woman?’ Wendy repeated.

‘Use your imagination.’ Sophia snapped. They looked at each other then spontaneously laughed.

‘Okay, I can get a picture.’

‘Don’t be facetious.’ Sophia quipped. ‘He needs to have a boy friend, but at the same time as he wants to be with a guy, he wants to something of the woman. He doesn’t want to dress or act the woman, but it’s more a psychological thing. It’s hard to explain. I think there are too many shades of sexuality to explain.’

‘Have you tested this theory?’ Wendy managed to splutter.

‘Actually, I have.’ Sophia replied. ‘He’s not really responded to someone being too feminine with him. He needs someone to take the lead role.’

‘Are we talking about who I think we could be talking about?’ Wendy asked. ‘A certain guy seems to be getting more feminine by the day?’

‘How could you possibly think..., well, yes? Is it that obvious?’

‘Darling, I know you. I do have eyes, and I remember hearing about your special talents. Put all that together with the need to keep a brother out of trouble, and what do you get?’

‘Someone who makes Carl behave?’

‘Someone who keeps Carl under control.’

‘And he could be about to show Carl a hidden side of his character any time about now.’

* * * * *

I packed the dishes into the machine, and came back to the table. I ran my fingers through my hair, wishing it were longer.

‘Do you think I’d make a good blonde?’ I asked, and pushed my hair into a messier style, and then smoothed it again. I saw him looking at the big gold hoop ear rings that I’d borrowed from Sophia’s jewellery box.

I knew I was sending hair signals. I didn’t know how I knew that, but it felt right.

I couldn’t work out what had made me say that, but it seemed to fit.

Carl looked at me. 'Maybe you'd make a beautiful blonde.'

'I'll put it on my list of things to do, if you'd like me to.' I stood and went behind his chair.

I started to massage his shoulders, then crouched down and stuck my tongue into his ear gently. Then I nibbled the lobe.

'You like the make up?' I asked. 'I thought you'd like me to be more of a girl for you.'

He looked. 'I like.' He said.

I was really pleased to hear that. I'd got to like wearing make up. I sort of wanted to wear more, but I didn't want Carl to disapprove.

He stood and kissed me hard, and then we were walking, laughing our way to the stairs; up the stairs, and then onto the big bed in the guest room.

We lay there on our backs; he took my hand and slipped fingers in between fingers. He leaned into me and kissed me again.

'Undress me.' I whispered. 'Please do it gently.'

He looked for a moment, as if not really hearing me. Then he moved slowly and started gently to remove my shoes. As he pulled the tee shirt over my head, I started to unbutton his shirt, and then kissed his nipples as I slipped it from his shoulders.

I sat back as he unfastened his shoes. I pushed him gently to rock him as he struggled to get the knot out of the laces. He pushed me away gently, and then as he started to unfasten the waistband of my shorts, I fumbled with the belt of his jeans.

It was such a cumbersome mess. Without saying anything, we both stood and stripped off on opposite sides of the big bed. He was wearing black shorts, the

front tenting away. I was wearing pink boy shorts, frilled and lace, with a tent in the front.

We clambered together, the bed rocking. He pulled away my panties at the same second as I pulled away his shorts. It was undignified, and then suddenly we were naked together. I could feel his skin against mine.

We kissed again and again. His hands were all over me, which was fine, as my hands were all over him. Well nearly all over. I kept one hand on a sensitive part and brought mine closer and closer, so that suddenly he held still. I laid my cock against his, side by side. The tip of his was touching me, and mine was touching him.

Something clicked in my head.

I pushed him onto his back, opened his legs and kneeled between them. I crouched and licked his tip. I felt him relax, and then jumped forwards until I was kneeling on his chest. My tip was getting closer to his lips.

‘Kiss it.’ I said.

He looked at me, and then looked down. Very gingerly, he reached forward with his lips, and touched it briefly.

‘It doesn’t bite.’ I said and pushed it forward again, making it touch his lips. I pushed. He opened and allowed me to enter. I could tell he was reluctant. I wondered if this had ever happened to him before.

I knew what I had to do.

I slipped back between his legs and took hold of his shaft, holding it firmly from the base, squeezing slowly and carefully. He relaxed and lay back. Mistake! He didn’t know what I was going to do.



I scraped my fingernails up the underside of his shaft, then again a little harder. He squealed. Then I did it again softly, and kept on doing it.

I reached over to the bedside cabinet and placed a tube between my knees, and then grabbed back to his ankles and hoisted them over my shoulders.

I squirted the tube at his cheeks and over my shaft, then thrust forwards.

He froze.

His eyes opened in shock, and held mine. He didn't stop me. He didn't move away. I kept still, keeping the pressure strong.

I pushed again, harder this time, and then withdrew to the very point of contact.

'Relax baby.' I whispered.

I leaned back and squirted some more gel onto my shaft and up to the tip as far as I could. Then I pushed forwards again. He grunted. He clenched tightly closed.

This time I relaxed and leaned back, keeping contact, but no pressure.

'Relax baby.' I said again, sending a wriggling finger forwards, slippery with lubricant, sliding easily through his resistance, and inside. I let it linger long enough for him to register it was there, and then withdrew.

I pushed again, this time slowly, my shaft strong and hard, forcing it through the resistance once again. This time it started to slip inside.

He clenched, trapping it so tightly it almost hurt, but I was ready for him.

I held still, making sure that as he moved, I moved with him, so that there was no retreat.

‘I won’t hurt you.’ I said. ‘Relax, and take your time. I’m not going away.’

Whatever he did, I was there, insistent, waiting, slowly yet surely keeping the forward pressure.

He shaft strained upwards. I took it in my hand, slippery and smooth now from the lube spreading everywhere. Up and down in rhythm I moved, distracting him, transferring the feelings from rear to front.

I felt his clench slipping slightly, and pushed forwards again. He clenched as tightly, and gasped at the pain. He squeezed me tight in there.

‘Don’t resist me.’ I said firmly. ‘I’m coming right inside.’

I held back momentarily and worked his shaft again. I slipped a little further inside him, again, and then again, and then feeling a slip.

‘Breathe easy, darling.’ I whispered, pushing insistently.

I knew I was there; he was mine for the taking.

He knew it too. His eyes opened in shock, and then closed again as I pushed home. I was careful, slow and then I was as far as I could go. He whimpered.

His shaft was straining against my hand as if ready to burst.

I pushed again, and then began to work in and out, pushing hard as his resistance ebbed away. He moved with me, making strange moaning sounds.

I pushed hard, feeling that he was on the point of letting go.

I knew I had to come at the same time and worked my shaft harder and further, straining every nerve.

He shot a white glob onto his stomach, then another.

Then I came too. I could feel myself shooting inside him as he continued to shoot into the air. He slowed as I kept on, a dribble sliding down his declining shaft.

I pumped again and again, he squirmed and I saw a tear slip from the corner of his eye. Then I was failing too, shrinking and slipping. I allowed him to squeeze me out, and flopped back onto the bed, spent and exhausted.

How had I known what to do?

I didn't know how I knew what to do. I knew I had done it and done it well. I knew he was mine.

I knew Sophia would be pleased with me.

I gave Carl a lick from base to tip. He looked up at me, quite spaced out. I flopped down beside him and let him put his arm round me.

His hand played with my nipple.

I liked that.

* * * * *

I couldn't remember seeing it before, yet there it was on the ring finger of my left hand. I looked at the gold band, about three tenths of an inch wide. It had a big diamond. It was set all around with tiny diamonds, sparkling and white.

'How long have I been wearing this ring?'

I tested it, and felt it grip against the knuckle; a good fit against my finger. It seemed to be a natural thing there, and the more I looked at it, the more comfortable it felt.

‘Oh that little thing.’ Sophia looked up at me. ‘You’ve had that for ages. It’s your engagement ring, don’t you remember?’

‘No.’ I said as Sophia came to me and stroked her fingers over my eyebrows.

I looked at her again, and then I remembered. I had worn it for ages and ages. It was such a pretty feminine thing. I never took it off. It said I was Carl’s girl. I knew that really meant that Carl was mine.

My mind relaxed again. I remembered why I was wearing it. Every time I had a stray thought, whenever I couldn’t remember what I was doing, I would touch it, and I would hear Sophia’s voice in my mind, and I would know, without remembering, whatever I needed to,

It was confusing. It was reassuring too.

* * * * *

‘Do you think I’d look good as a blonde?’ I asked again.

Sophia looked at me and smiled. ‘Whatever feels good to you?’

‘No seriously.’ I asked. ‘I’ve been watching all these clips on you tube on the internet. There’s all these guys, well, they’re female impersonators, and they look good... well, some of them look good... and some of them not so good. I’ve been watching; that’s all.’

‘And your point is?’ Sophia looked up.

‘I really want to go blonde.’ I said. In truth I had no idea why I wanted it so much, but the idea had been burning stronger in my mind for a week or two. I think wearing a wig looks tacky compared to doing it properly. I want to be really platinum. Like a film star. I think it would be fun.’

‘It’s a big step.’ Sophia replied. ‘You have to keep re-touching the roots to keep it looking nice.’

I hadn’t thought of that. I hesitated. I lifted my hand and the ring caught my eye. It seemed to resolve things for me.

‘I can manage that, if you’ll let me go to the salon regularly.’

‘Okay, but have you thought that being blonde is very much a girl’s thing.’ Sophia tested the strength of the desire she had created in him. ‘You’d look really different as a boy if you were really blonde.’

‘Maybe I could look like a tomboy sometimes.’ I said. ‘I don’t care.’

‘Only girls can be tomboys.’

‘Okay, so I’m a girl from now on.’

* * * * *

‘So you’ve been in charge for three months?’ Wendy asked. ‘I can’t believe it’s been that long.’

‘It’s been a hard work three months.’ Sophia replied. ‘I never knew there was so much to rationalise.’

‘How’s Carl doing?’ Wendy waved to the waiter to refresh their drinks as they waited for lunch to be served.

‘I haven’t seen that much of him.’ Sophia dabbed her lips and looked round. ‘I sent him to Europe as

soon as I could after Dad retired. He went to visit some of our partner companies. Even he couldn't mess that up. He's been a couple of times, and he's due back in a few days.

'Is he working out as a businessman?'

He's schmoozing the customers, and I think he's been hacking round the golf courses of Spain with some of them, proving his handicap is... well... being Carl.'

'At least he's been letting you get on with things.'

'Let's just say that I arranged some distractions for him.'

'So that left you with a free hand to deal with the company?'

'It really needed some rationalisation, and with the new computer systems in place, we should achieve better results.' Sophia replied. 'The new marketing chief is really on the ball. Dad would have hated it, but the personal way he handled things was no good for the future.'

'It was really sad that your father took ill so soon after retiring.' Wendy replied.

'It was inevitable really. He'd been pushing himself too hard for years. I'm pleased the hand over went through before he did, otherwise we'd have been knee deep in lawyers for the last three months.'

'And the bills for the next three years.' Wendy laughed. 'Tell me, do you still have that boy helping you at home.'

'Sure I do.' Sophia replied. 'He's devoted to me, and such a great help.'

'You should marry such a treasure.'

‘Well, maybe not me, but somebody should.’

* * * * *

‘Can you take the car and meet Carl at the airport tomorrow morning?’ Sophia announced.

‘Sure, as long as you don’t need me.’ I replied. ‘It will be wonderful to see him again.’

I felt a little frisson of excitement as I said it. In that instant, I was planning to wash my hair, and blow dry it really carefully, the way I’d been taught when Sophia sent me to her salon. I wanted to be really special.

I wondered how long it would take Carl to notice that I’d stopped wearing stuffing in my bra. I wanted him to see the cleavage.

Cleavage. I’d got used to it. It was always a wonder to me. I remember having a flat chest so long ago, but it seemed distant and unreal. I remembered feeling so excited when they jiggled on my chest. Carl got really cute as soon as he saw my breasts.

I think he was afraid that he liked me with them so much.

They were amazing, the best thing, I guess.

He’d spot the platinum hair as soon as he saw me. He’d have to notice the boobs.

‘I’m surprised to hear Carl’s coming home so soon.’ I said, keeping my voice under control. ‘It will be wonderful to see him again.’

He’d been distraught when his father became so ill just after retiring. He had left for Europe almost as soon as the news came. He’d had to take over and do some work on relationships with customers. It was a simple deal, with the company being left to him and

Sophia to manage. Apparently they'd done a deal before the old man retired, and Carl left the day to day stuff to Sophia.

'Me too.' Sophia looked up at me and I knew at once I was going into trance again.

I drifted away and listened as she spoke. My mind wandered again. Sophia had flung herself into the business, and I became her driver and housekeeper. She was so busy, but whenever she took me anywhere, I was put into trance at the other end and left to wait. I didn't mind, it passed the time. I expected to be popping in and out of trance forever.

I think everyone thought I was some sort of bimbo.

I remember that evening. I felt so girlish. It was quite overwhelming.

* * * * *

The airport was busy, as it always was. I could feel the eyes watching me as I walked through the concourse to the arrivals. I ignored the whistles... well, mostly.

I was all in white, and that summer I was really deeply tanned. My dress was white and short, with a full skirt that flounced around. The neckline was a simple scoop, and I wore a white silk scarf with silver glittery bits in the weave. My heels were white too, and my bag was a white shoulder affair with clunky silver chains. I'd been to have my hair done, and I perched my sunglasses on top of all this swinging platinum hair.

I loved the way my face had changed. The wider eyes, the snub of my nose, the rounder chin. Sophia said it was the make up. I had a vague memory of being in hospital because I hurt my nose. I was all bruised.

‘You’re imagining it.’ Sophia said when I told her what I thought. ‘You’ve always been pretty.’

I’d gone all out, and sneaked into the car so that Sophia didn’t see me. She wouldn’t have approved of that tiny dress.

The dress was a statement itself, but then I’d overdone the make up. I used super shiny light mauve pink on my lips. I loved the way they looked so big and pouted easily now.

I didn’t remember them being so big, bit I guess they must have always been like that. The huge silver hoops in my ears almost brushed my shoulders. I couldn’t help it. I wanted to stand out. I wanted everyone to look at me.

I hid my eyes behind lots of kohl and mascara. It was on the seductive side of messy. The false lashes helped me to hide as well. It was like a mask. I could see out and although everyone was looking at me, I was hidden inside.

I love the feeling. I was super sexy.

I could have made a dead man’s corpse sit up and look. I stood in the arrivals hall waited for Carl. I knew how I looked and I loved it.

I saw him first. He didn’t recognise me until I was wrapping my arms round him and smearing my lipstick over his face.

‘Are you for real?’ He smiled.

‘Sure I am lover.’ I kissed him again, both hands hugging his face. ‘Just wait till I get you home.’

He whimpered that night, and he begged for mercy, and then he begged for more.

Next morning, he was walking like I was still there. He wiggled a little; know what I mean?

* * * * *

‘Will you marry me?’ He asked, and dropped to one knee just like in the movies.

I never expected it.

‘We can’t.’ I said. ‘I’m a guy. You do remember what I did to you last night?’

‘That’s why I want to marry you.’ He repeated.

‘But we’re already engaged.’ I held out my left hand where the ring said it all. ‘I don’t remember you asking me before I started wearing this.’

‘That could be Sophie’s fault.’ Carl said. ‘This is me asking.’

‘But here could be a legal impediment.’ I tried to brush it off.

‘I don’t care.’ Carl stood and pulled me to him. ‘I’m serious. I want to marry you.’

‘Okay.’ I said.

‘Is that all?’ Carl stood back still holding my hands.

‘Sure I’ll marry you.’ I laughed. He was so serious. ‘Can I go look at Vera Wang dresses? I want something strapless, so tight to my hips, then so extravagant that it makes everyone gasp.’

‘You can have whatever you want.’

He kissed me then and dragged me by the hand through the place, and found Sophie in the kitchen.

‘We’re getting married.’ Carl announced.

I laughed again, unsure if it was nerves or hysteria. I thought it was just that I’d worked him so hard

during the night, he'd lost his senses. Sophia looked at him hard.

'You're serious.' She smiled; really smiled. 'That's wonderful news. Father will be pleased.'

'Not to say relieved.' Carl added. 'As long as there's some thing no one knows.'

'No one will know from me.' Sophia said 'After all the work I've done, no one's going to know.'

Does this mean I can start looking at Vera Wang?' I giggled nervously.

'Sure you can.' Sophia hugged me tightly.

I hugged her back. It felt as good as Carl holding me. I wondered why that was so?

* * * * *

'My boy.' Carl slid into his father's bear hug, looking rather helplessly over his shoulder at me.

'Hi Dad.' I said nervously, as he held his arms out to me. 'I hope you didn't crush anything useful.'

'My dear, I'm so pleased to meet you.' He was gentler with me, and I saw his eyes on my chest as he pulled me close.

Sophia had stage managed the meeting, in control as ever. I had been dressed carefully in a modest and plain dark red dress, tastefully cut, but with a scoop neck that scooped a bit low. My hair was platinum as ever these days, pulled back smoothly, and hanging loose down my back. I loved the extensions. I held my hand out to show him the ring.

'My boy has taste.' He said, turning my finger to catch the sparkle. 'I hope you'll be very happy. Did I

tell you I'm really looking forward to meeting my first grand child?'

'Why father.' I said, pretending to be shocked at his boldness.

I played the part beautifully. I didn't tell him that unless Carl got pregnant there was no chance. I was the one putting it in, so to speak. Carl couldn't make it. He'd stopped pretending he even wanted to, as he whimpered and moaned as I rode him. I was a real bitch then.

We chatted the way people do on these occasions. We didn't know each other well enough to be comfortable. I played my part. Sophia had calmed my nerves before. I remember her taking me through a relaxing routine to calm my nerves. I chatted and held eye contact with Carl's father. I never even asked him to look up as he chatted to my chest.

'I have secured the services of a lady priest.' Sophia told Carl later that evening. She's not going to make any waves and as far as everyone will know, the wedding will be perfect and legal.'

'But really it's not.' Carl nodded. 'I know that, but I want to be fair. I want my wife to have full legal status.'

'I have a lawyer for you to see about that.' Sophia said. 'He'll draw up a trust deed to make sure all the rights and that would go to a wife will operate in the event of... well. Whatever... except divorce.'

Divorce?' Carl looked at her. 'I hadn't thought of that.'

'Technically there can't be a divorce, but in case you split up, there's a palimony agreement. I'm not going to let you hurt my creature.' Sophia used the word gently. 'I spent too long creating her for you to throw her away if you get a new boyfriend.'

'I don't think that will happen.' Carl said.

'Never say never.' Sophia replied.

I don't remember the preparations at all. I know I was around Carl and his father. His father even took me to dinner a couple of times alone. I giggled my way through, gazed attentively into his eyes, and let him look at my boobs the whole time.

He said Carl was a lucky man.

Sure he was. He had boobs to play with, and boobs that everyone watched; and I was keeping him well under control in bed in ways that father could never imagine.

* * * * *

I remember the wedding. I could replay every minute.

My hair was so white baby blonde and arranged in a tangle of tendrils, so artful, yet looking so casual. It took ages to get it right. My lips were pale and shiny. They seemed really generous and pouting. I would have loved to kiss them myself.

Their eye make up was the thing. Sophie wanted it pale and gentle, but I knew something she didn't. Carl was overawed by the girl in me, so I wanted dark and dramatic eyes, with big lashes. I told her and she agreed.

I was surprised that she made me argue with her. She usually knew I was going to agree with her. I got my way though. I felt like a really powerful woman as I stepped into my dress.

It was a fabulous dress, tight and off the shoulder, just like in my dreams. It was ivory silk, almost white, with hardly any decoration, to show how slim I was.

It was tight, really skin tight, to my hips, and then the skirt flared out and round into a trailing fishtail.

My nails were talons that matched exactly. They were a cruel length set of talons. I knew I could handle them, but they still scared me.

I didn't have a veil. I didn't want one. Instead I had a white silk pashmina, with silver threads. I wrapped it round my shoulders and draped a modest piece over my face.

My heels were soft pearl leather, with ankle straps, and almost six stiletto inches high. I didn't want Carl getting any ideas that he could reach over me.

The music sounded and Sophie began to escort me down the aisle to the ceremony in Carl's father's garden.

I remember he put the ring onto my finger. I looked at it; gold and heavy.

'You are mine; all mine.' I thought.

He kissed me gently and the congregation clapped. I held his gaze and pulled him into another kiss. I was in control of this one. I held him tight and pushed my tongue into his mouth. His teeth parted immediately. I swished my tongue round and the broke the kiss. I held his eyes as he pulled away. I thought I saw a frisson of submission in he eyes for a second, and then we turned.

I laughed and threw my bouquet into the crowd, and then as he took my arm, I put my free hand over his with my new wedding ring on show. We sat and received toasts from the guests, then danced and danced with everyone as the band played. It was the happiest day of my life.

* * * * *

I remember the night after the wedding.

‘Alone at last.’ Carl carried me into the guest suite when we finally got away. ‘I guess you want to freshen up.’

‘Sure I do, sweetheart.’ I slipped away and looked over my shoulder at him. ‘Unzip me and give me a moment or two.’

I held the dress and walked through into the bedroom where I let it fall and stepped out of it. I undid the straps and let my heels lie where they fell.

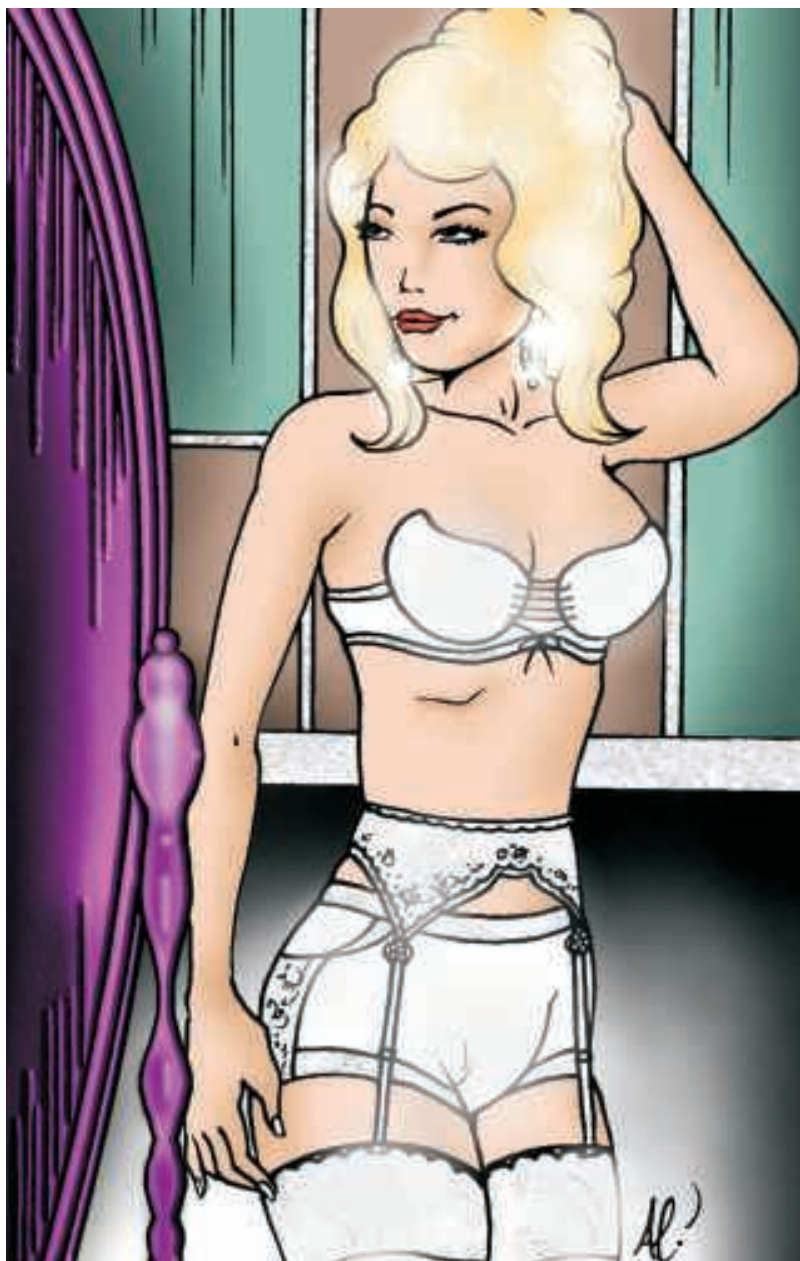
I looked at myself in the full length mirror. Everything matched the dress. I looked at my strapless bra pushing up my breasts, girl boxer panties hiding my secret which was carefully taped back for the day, garter belt, and soft silk stockings. It was time to consummate our marriage.

I pulled off the tape and carefully washed before arranging my panties again. They were sheer and even though I was hairless, there was an unmistakable shape to be seen there.

I opened the wardrobe and slipped a short teddy over my head. I was careful not to let it undo my hair any more that it was already coming loose. I redid my lipstick and finished with shiny topcoat, and flicked mascara over my lashes. It was unnecessary, but it was habit now. I turned, slipped my feet into white kitten heels, sprayed perfume all over my body and stepped back into the suite.

* * * * *

Soft jazz was playing and the lights were dimmed. Carl’s eyes widened as he turned to me. He handed me a glass of something sparkling, and I took it. I



held his eyes with mine and waited, daring him to make the first move.

I knew he was a little frightened. That was good.

He came to me, and kissed me gently. I kissed him back, a little harder, but telling him without words, what I was feeling; what I was going to do.

He didn't get a chance to back off, as I kissed him again, one hand holding the back of his head, the other reaching down to his belt, and below. He got the message and undid it. His trousers fell down, hobbling him. I flipped him back onto the lounge and straddled him. I kissed him gently, yielding when he tried to take control.

'Suck darling.' I pushed a finger into his mouth. He knew what to do and obeyed at once. He sucked gently, as I pulled his shoes and trousers off. His pants followed.

I scraped my free hand up the inside of his leg, making him fall back as he tried to pull off his shirt. He tried again, and I scraped my nails under his sac, and up his growing manhood.

The shirt was off and he was naked under me. I decided it was time to play with him a little.

I softened and didn't resist as he turned me over so that now he straddled me

'I do love having a big strong husband.' I whispered and nibbled at his ear, slipping my tongue gently around the lobe. I giggled softly and whimpered as his hands strayed from my breasts to my groin. He knew what was there but didn't take hold at all.

I pulled him up over me, and saw his manhood standing proud. I raised my head to kiss the tip and tasted a little salt on the tip. With both hands, and very gently this time, I played with his sac with both

hands, letting the nails scratch gently, and then I slowly scraped them in turn up his shaft.

I felt him tense and backed off. I wanted to play him for a while yet. I took my hands away and wriggled down.

I looked up at him, looking down in some state of ecstasy. I nibbled the base of his sac, then sucked it into my mouth, and licked. I took both sides into my mouth and sucked gently, and then swirled my tongue around and around.

Judging my moment, I let go and turned over. I wriggled up and raised myself on y knees, presenting myself to him.

He kissed me, and swirled his tongue around my hole. I wriggled and whimpered a little.

I knew he couldn't do it. I wanted to prove to him that he couldn't do it.

He tried poor boy. He did try. I felt him pushing tentatively, but I knew he didn't really want to do it. He had to pretend. I had to let him. I raised a hand and pretended that I was trying to guide him in.

As soon as I touched him, I let my mails dig in a little harshly, and then I rubbed up and down.

He tried to push again as I fondled his shaft, and then he tensed and cried. He was coming all over the place.

I milked him for all I was worth. I moaned and sighed, and kept hold of his shrinking manhood as he wiped away the mess he had made. I fondled him until he was quite tiny. I knew I had him.

Slowly I turned and came to sit, with him kneeling over me.

'Bedtime sweetheart.' I said.

* * * * *

I went ahead into the bathroom and cleaned off. I refreshed my lipstick and perfume; I could hear Carl in the other bathroom. I waited until I heard him coming out again.

I went out and paused, letting him look at me as I stood. He sat on the edge of the bed. I went to him and stood with my arms on his shoulders, then around his neck. I stooped so that my breasts brushed over his lips. He took the hint and kissed them.

I stood up and there in front of his face, I was fully exposed, panties pulled to one side. I thrust forwards against his lips and rubbed the tip from side to side. He took the hint and opened.

I pushed gently forwards, seeing his eyes register shock. I pulled back and let my fingers scrape around the back of his neck, up and under his ears. His shoulders relaxed and I pushed forwards again, going deeper.

'No teeth.' I slapped him gently, and pushed again. This time he opened wider and put his head back to allow me further in.

I put my hands to the back of his head and pulled him to me. I heard him gag as I thrust forwards and touched the back of his throat. A tiny hint of a struggle, but I eased back, held him firmly and pushed forwards again, not so strongly.

I felt his tongue starting to explore as I pulled back. That was a good sign. I was determined to make him accept me as the dominant.

There was no chance that he was going to come in me. He just needed to know it. He needed to accept it.

I quite liked his tongue swirling round, and sucking gently. I counted slowly, determined that I wasn't going to give anything away until I was ready. He was licking and sucking faster. I could tell that he was really desperate to make some thing happen. I pulled out and stood over him.

I flipped my hair to shake out the last pins, letting it fall over my shoulders, I bent forwards, letting it brush over Carl, and then slowly, I pushed him back.

I was kneeling over him and leaned forwards to kiss him, one hand massaging his flaccid parts and getting no response.

'Turn over.' I said. He started to say something, but I dug my nails into his shoulder and pulled him over. He moved with me.

'Kneel for me.' I emphasised the first word, as he turned. 'Come on, I want you.' I said urgently now, and pulled his rear upwards and pushed him onto his forearms. 'Present yourself for your bride. I whispered, crouching close to his ears, making my hair slide over his shoulders and over his head.

He did as I told him. I retrieved the lubricant I had concealed under the pillow as I slid back and applied it generously. I put some onto my fingers and slowly and carefully played with his hole. I slipped one finger in, and then two, slathering the film inside.

I heard him moan obediently almost. I slipped back and worked my body against his, with fingers still massaging him inside.

Trying not to let him notice the transition, I withdrew my fingers and placed the tip against the entrance. I pushed gently, and then again, feeling him tense.

I slapped his cheeks hard from the left and then the right. I pushed as soon as the slap resounded. He

wasn't ready to resist, and I slipped in. He gasped and tensed when he realised what was happening.

He squealed as the pain hit him.

Silly boy. He knew what was going to happen anyway.

I waited, synchronising my breathing against his. He dropped his shoulders and raised his rear as if offering it to me now. I pushed and felt his tense and gasp in pain. He wasn't resisting any more. He pushed himself back again, arching his back to flatten his shoulders further.

I pushed again and felt myself slipping past the final muscle. It tensed against me, but I was ready and relaxed once more to let it mass, then I was thrusting forwards and he moaned. He moaned again and started to thrust back, keeping time.

He thrust back and gasped as I pushed forwards. Harder we went, his gasps turning to little grunts, and then shouts. I knew he was out of control now. He was feeling, but not thinking. I whispered encouragement, telling him to give in to his feelings, repeating it as Sophie used to repeat things to me.

Suddenly I knew what to do. I let my instincts take over. I pushed in and out. I felt my sac slapping against him as I worked harder and harder. I slowed and concentrated, keeping the pressure on him, and then I knew it was time.

I leaned back, pushing as hard and as far into him as I could. I worked it, and then I knew it was time. I kept rigidly still as I felt the swelling building; still as ever I could, loving the moment.

And then I came. I could feel it; on and on. Carl could feel it too. I slipped a hand round to hold his shaft, and it was pumping too.

I could hear him crying and squealing in delight. I kept coming then held still. I came a little more; lighter pulses, and then I was spent. I kept the pressure on as I began to slip away, and then withdrew.

Carl gasped again, and then turned to me with a sigh. I may have been his wife, but he was all mine; and he knew it.

* * * * *

We slept a little after that. I woke first, and slipped out of bed to clean myself properly. My hair was all over the place, but my make up was surprisingly intact. I remembered that I'd been told always to clean it off at night, but I reckoned that this was an exception.

Carl was sleeping like a baby. He'd been curled around me, and hardly noticed I'd gone.

I felt myself growing again as I looked at him. I started to make him grow too. It was easy this time; he was almost ready before he was awake. It was a sticky mess down there, but I didn't care, this was for me.

I kissed him awake then pulled him around and pushed his head towards my shaft once more.

He knew what to do, and slipped his lips over the tip and without any prompting other than my hands on his head, he licked and sucked until I was almost ready, then worked me really deeply inside until I was shooting into the back of his throat. He gulped as he sucked.

He was learning fast. I was proud of him.

We slept some more.

* * * * *

He was sleeping when I woke again, curled up against me. How that boy could sleep. He should have been bouncing. It was his wedding night after all.

I was hard. I was ready too.

He was a sticky mess. All I had pumped into him was oozing out slowly. The bed was wet. He was a slippery mess too.

Slowly I got into position. I leaned away from him until my shaft was aiming towards its goal. I moved further forwards, touching the tip to the entrance. He shifted slightly, but didn't wake.

I reached forwards, my hands slipping towards his shoulders. I was ready.

I thrust forwards, slowly, but powerfully. I felt his resistance before he awoke, then he relaxed a little and I was in.

I pushed. He screamed. It must have hurt, but he didn't pull away. I pushed again, and felt the first resistance fade, and then grip me tight. It hurt. I know it had been working hard, but the pain was a surprise.

I was angry that he hurt me, and I waited until he relaxed again, moaning and wriggling into my lap. I pushed relentlessly now, feeling my way deep inside him.

I could hear him crying. I didn't know if it was pain or pleasure, but he wasn't pulling away, so I guessed he liked it. I kept going

He wriggled some more, and I pushed. I shifted my hips into him, and felt my sac touching his cheeks. I started to move backwards and forwards.

I was gentle, but I kept the pressure on. He moaned and cried some more. He kept on crying, but I kept on pushing and working him. In and out I moved, faster then resting to allow a little different sensation. Then a final thrust and I was coming. I could feel the swelling and I tensed. I felt him tense. Then I was pumping. I could almost feel the spurts hitting deep inside my husband's passage.

He was all mine. I had him.

* * * * *

Next morning, when we finally dressed, we walked from the guest suite, through his father's house, to the breakfast bar in the conservatory. I'd only made him take me once more.

I'd let him try to take me, but he couldn't make it. I was training him like a dog.

I wore a pink mini dress, with matching sandals, and I was radiant. My hair was tumbling all over my shoulders. My make up was too much for daytime, but I knew I could stop traffic at fifty yards. I felt so powerful.

I had my wedding ring and my engagement ring on my left hand, and flashed it everywhere.

Carl was a little subdued. He walked a little carefully too. I think I worked him a bit hard, but he had to learn who was in charge in this relationship. I was going to keep it that way.

'Hi Dad.' I said and stood on my toes and leaned into him and exchange a fatherly kiss. He held me a little too close, a little too tight, and far too long. I think he was pleased to see me.

I saw him look at Carl. He was thinking he knew why Carl was tired. He was almost right, but I'd been the one working him.

Sophia called me into the house. I knew what she was going to do, and I really wanted her to do it.

I went into a really deep trance.

* * * * *

The honeymoon was fabulous. I took Carl every which way I could. I took him in the garden, and made him suck me as I was sitting on the edge of the pool. I took him every night, and again in the morning. I taught him to kneel and present for me. When I wanted to be rough I climbed on top of him, pulled his legs over my shoulders and kept him on the bottom as I had my way. I kissed him lots, and hugged him.

I let him play with my boobs. I couldn't quite understand that. He knew they were fake and he was supposed to be gay for goodness sake. But he loved playing with my boobs. I guessed it was because he knew I shouldn't have any.

I taught him that he couldn't take me.

He tried poor dear. I made sure he failed every time. Oh of course, I was encouraging. I whimpered and moaned in all the right places. He couldn't do it. I consoled him and treated him so gently, and then finished off by taking him every time.

He was exhausted after the honeymoon. We moved into the guest suite for a while. It was to give us time to look for somewhere of our own. I think Carl was relieved to be back at work.

Dad was pleased to see me back.

* * * * *

I don't remember much about the next few months. Carl and I were happy, and I was making sure he was busy in bed. Believe me, there was no way he was going to stray. There was no way he had the energy.

Sophia was with me every day, and I knew she was helping me adjust to being a good wife.

Maybe I wasn't a good wife. I spent too much, and dressed extravagantly. I went to the salon most days just to get my hair fixed or a chipped nail repaired. I knew everyone looked at me and thought 'Trophy'. I didn't care.

I knew I had to look after Carl's father.

He was always around. He'd appear when I was sunbathing or doing a couple of laps in the pool. He was there when I was on the jogging machine. I know what he was watching jogging too.

He hugged me at every opportunity. At first I was scared, but after I told Sophia, I knew I could handle him. He hugged me one day, and was so hard against me, I couldn't help but notice. I had to tell Sophia.

She told me that I had decided to deal with him. She told me how to deal with him.

He was sitting in the garden. I was going to the pool, so I had on a tiny skirt and top with my bikini underneath. I had strap sandals with impossible heels, just to make him watch me walk. I clicked on the path.

He stood as I approached, and held out his arms to give me a kiss hello. I let him hug me and sure enough, he did it long enough for me to feel him grow again. I let my hands stray when he wasn't expecting

it, and started to hold him through his trousers. I put both hands there, holding his eyes with mine.

I think he was afraid right then.

I played with his belt and ran the zipper down. He stood out straight, just like Carl. I worked him with my hand a little more, then slid down to my haunches, holding onto him as my lips kissed the tip gently. I flicked my tongue across the top a couple of times, and suddenly he was gone. No control. He pumped all over my hair, my face, and my shoulders.

I stayed down there and let him.

He watched in something like a cross between delight and horror, as he sprayed all over me. I took it all. I let it hit my hair and my face, my shoulders and my hands. We looked at each other in silence for a few moments.

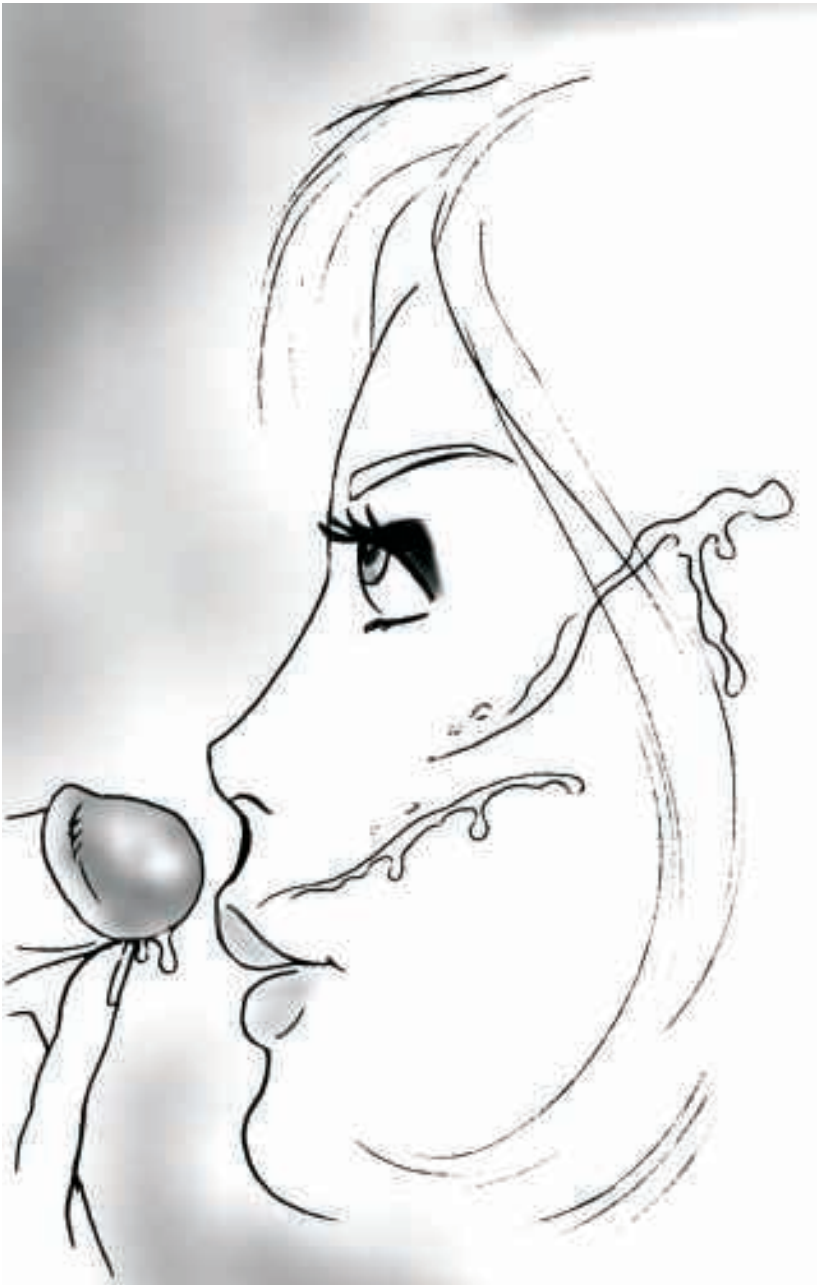
‘Daddy you did it in my hair.’ I stood slowly, and pulled a sticky strand from my shoulders to look at it.

I played with my hair some more, pretending I was a nice girl and that was something I was shocked by. He wasn’t prepared for me to turn and dive into the pool fully clothed. It was one way of washing it all away.

I came up to see him standing there, trousers around his ankles, mouth hanging open as if still in shock. His manhood was dangling limply. It was so stupid. It was the first time.

I knew right then that I could work him too.

Sophia would tell me that I had done well.



* * * * *

I had to keep Dad happy long term. Sophia really wanted me to do this. I started to feel bolder around him.

‘When are you and that boy of mine going to give me a grandchild?’ He would ask.

‘Why Daddy, that’s something you’ll have to ask your son.’ I pretended to be embarrassed at the question.

I didn’t tell him that two drakes didn’t make ducklings, and he never guessed.

He liked to take me places and introduce me everywhere. I always made real girlish and shy with his friends. I mean; I clung onto his arm, and kept touchy-feely with him everywhere. I’d whisper to him and give his arm little squeezes and then there was the occasional hug. I even let him hug me too long, and didn’t slap him when his hands strayed either.

Golf was his thing. Apparently the doctor recommended the exercise. I volunteered to go along and keep him company.

Soon there were two others making a foursome. That was me and three teachers of course. I knew they hadn’t come to teach me really, they only came to watch me swinging a club at the ball.

They watched the swing real careful, and I don’t mean the club. I knew what they were doing, and I guess they know that I knew as well. But I played along. I wore the shortest shorts, and the tightest and lowest of tops; said I was working on my tan. My hair was always loose and I was always playing with it.

Every time we finished a hole, I’d get out my lipstick and make a great thing of getting out my mirror

and pouting. They'd watch, and pretend they weren't, and they'd pretend they were getting exasperated, but they still watched.

'Are you sure you don't mind coming with me again.' Daddy asked one day as we were headed for a lunch with his old business friends.

'Why, I just love being with you, almost as I love being with my Carl.' I told him.

Some days he'd hang around when there was nothing else to do. I knew he was lonely really. I had to help him.

There was only one way I knew.

I sued my hands, and I used my tongue sometimes too. He was like a puppy waiting for a treat. He tried it on too.

'I couldn't do that with you.' I told him. 'I am a married woman and I am going to stay faithful to my husband.'

Then I sucked him off again, swallowed every drop and showed him my wet tongue.

* * * * *

Sophia asked me to join the family business. I got a desk in her office and my own computer and telephone. We shared a secretary. I got a little Lexus from the company, a silver two seater. I loved it in the sun with my hair blowing. Carl said I was a show-off, but what did he know?

I got to come in later that she did. I had to design stuff on the computer. Sophia always talked me through it each day, and I remember she loved my work.

I can't remember what I was doing.

Working in the office, Sophia insisted that I dress really well every day. I had to go to the hairdressers before I came in to the office. Sophia got me to do all kinds of things for her. We were really close all day long.

Nights, I'd go home to Carl and keep him happy.

'Are you happy you married me?' I asked him one night after a particularly strenuous session in bed. He was playing with me, trying to lick it back into life. I couldn't get any response from his.

'Of course.' He said. 'Where else could I have my secret boy friend all day?'

'And all night.' I reminded him.

'But there's another thing too.' Carl said thoughtfully. 'I didn't realise how much I would like having such a feminine boy friend. I dated a drag queen before, but it wasn't the same.'

'You're going to have to explain that one.'

'I didn't go for the false effeminacy.' Carl replied. 'I wanted to be with a man, not a pretend woman. It was fun to be so daring, but not fun really. Just because I'm attracted to men, it doesn't mean that I'm attracted to feminine men. It defeats the object. That's what surprised me when we met.'

'How so?'

'You weren't a pretend effeminacy.' Carl said. 'You were the real thing, but a boy underneath.'

'And I came on to you.' I laughed. 'You loved being chased and pursued. You loved it with a sexual predator.'

'Predator?' Carl laughed.

‘Well don’t deny it.’ I moved his hand now that I was big again. ‘If I’d had to wait for you to take the initiative, we could still be dancing around a handbag and getting nowhere.’

‘Don’t get it wrong.’ Carl replied. ‘I was attracted to the maleness in you. The fact that it was hidden was fascinating. I never expected that. Then the way you didn’t give me any chance to escape made it all the more fascinating.’

‘And here we are.’ I replied. ‘If you want confirmation, I’m happy to be the male in this relationship. I can’t pretend that I gave you any choice.’

‘And I do love you.’ Carl kissed me like he meant it. ‘It’s about sharing personal intimacies, and fitting together. Somehow we seem to do that.’

‘Yes, let’s do that.’

I pushed his head down and he did what he was meant to do. I let him suck and lick. It was good lubrication to go with the rest already there. I flipped him onto his back and let him wrap his arms round me. He still hurt as he accepted me, but his legs were pulling me in as he gasped and wriggled. I let him wriggle for a while, then took over and hit him with my last energy of the night.

I soon went small and slipped out. He sighed, almost asleep as the last bit passed out through his muscle.

‘Maybe you should wear a tampon.’ I said the next morning as he walked to the shower and I saw a trickle running down the inside of his thigh.

He threw a pillow at me.

* * * * *

Our first anniversary was celebrated by a huge party in the garden. I got a huge ring with pure white diamonds to wear with my wedding set.

I wore Yves St Laurent. It was totally impractical and cut low, almost dragging along the floor. The bodice was tight as I liked it. The skirt was such a trouble, but elegant. I loved it.

Carl was the model of the faithful husband, and I was making him work at it like he never knew how. It was fun.

When Carl got tired, and when he was at work, I spent more time with his father. He liked it. I played with him mercilessly still. He kept on asking but he never saw what was in my panties. I wouldn't show him: I wouldn't let him. I told him that it would be immoral. I kept him happy all the same. I knew how.

I think Carl told him that we were trying to give him a grandchild about then. He became real careful with me.

Carl was spending some time away from home seeing clients and customers. He and Sophia had it worked out and the business was doing well. No one expected me to know why or what it was doing.

Sophia saw me every day and we had some time alone. I don't really know what we talked about. We were real close. Time seemed to drift away.

* * * * *

Carl was due back on a Friday for the spring holiday. I was getting dressed to go to the airport when Sophia called on my mobile.

‘I need you to wait for me.’ She said. ‘Don’t go anywhere.’

I didn’t think anything of it until she came pulled up outside, then I saw her. She was red eyed and looked like she’d been crying. She walked with me into our lounge and we sat down. She was struggling with something.

‘It’s Carl.’ She started and I knew right then that there was something wrong. ‘His car hit a corner too fast in the Alps and he went over the edge.’

‘Is he ...’ I felt tears welling too, and I couldn’t speak any more. I knew what she was going to say.

‘He’s dead. He was killed instantly. He wouldn’t have felt it for more than a second. The car burst into flames as it fell.’

‘No.’ I cried. I couldn’t believe it. I didn’t want to believe it. I cried and cried.

Sophia took my hands and started talking to me.

The funeral was a small affair. No one wanted to face a huge crowd. Sophia prepared me and gave me the strength to carry it through.

I wore a plain dress with black heels. I had big sunglasses to hide my eyes, and a black veil to draw over my shoulders and head in church.

I was a widow. I knew something was wrong with that statement. I was a wife, but then not really. How could I be a widow when I couldn’t be a wife, just a pretend one for the world, and for Dad. There was some logic, but try as I might it was escaping me.

It was all confused and confusing in my mind until Sophia calmed me. She took away my fears.

* * * * *

Sophia was home every day now. A manager was appointed to take over from Carl, and soon it was obvious that the business was running smoothly.

I knew I inherited some of it. Sophia helped me with the lawyer. I sat and sobbed, and then signed where I was told.

Dad and Sophia talked and talked through many long evenings. I stayed with them and snuggled up, sometimes to Sophia, sometimes with Dad. I needed comfort.

I don't remember why the decision was made. Sophia moved into the guest suite to look after me, and soon we were sharing a bed.

You can guess what came next. I loved it, and I loved her.

I was making love to her just as I was to Carl. It started with a soft kiss and then a hug. That was like we lit the fuse. A kiss became another and then we were glued together. I never played with anyone else's boobs before. I never made love with another girl before.

And then Sophia reminded me that I wasn't a real girl anyway, so it was alright.

I never made love like that before, but I soon learned what she liked and what really turned her on. I took her like I took Carl, well almost. Her body was differently arranged and I soon got to do some licking and sucking.

'Why didn't I think of you a long time ago?' She asked one time as we were lying quietly together.

'I was here.' I replied.

‘Sure, and I was in control too.’ She turned and kissed me, taking hold of me once more and surprisingly finding life down there.

‘HMMMM.’ She purred.

She shrugged down the bed and before I knew it, she had me in her mouth and I was growing harder and harder. I didn’t think there could be anything left.

Her tongue ran up and down my shaft. It was ever so sensitive on the underside. She knew it and nibble with her lips as she went down, then licked hard as she worked up, before taking it all in her mouth and sucking, working me to the back of her throat.

This was better than Carl. She had finesse. I felt that tension again, and she held still, feeling it to. There wasn’t much left, but I could feel it hitting the back of her throat.

‘You’re so good.’ She purred. Her kiss was salty as she pushed her tongue gently through my lips

I learned how to use my tongue, and where to scratch with my nails. I discovered she could take me to new heights, and I could play her like an instrument.

It was like with Carl. It wasn’t like it was with Carl. It was different, and just as good. She said I made her sore the next morning. Then she made me sore the next morning.

I was playing the same game as I did with Carl, but with his sister. It was fun. It was crazy. She really went for me, and she was the one who made me the way I was. I think I was in love again. Explain that?

* * * * *

Weeks went by. They were good weeks. Carl drifted into the past. It wasn't like I didn't remember him. It was because I knew he wasn't coming back. Things drifted back too, from the fringes of my memory. I'd have little flashbacks, and sudden insights.

It was then that I started to understand that I had been hypnotised so deeply for so long. It drifted into my thoughts gradually. I don't know if Sophia was allowing it, or if these thoughts were breaking through as she and I became lovers.

I think it was the change in my relationship with Sophia that started the change. As I remembered bits from the past, I figured out that she'd been keeping me under some sort of control

How did I do that? I guess it was something fundamental that changed. She would be taking me deep, or trying to take me deep. I was surfing. I knew what she was doing all of a sudden. I didn't rebel or anything. I liked what she was doing, and let myself go along with it.

It was like she was keeping me to herself; wanting me to transfer everything from Carl to her; all my time, all my affection..., and all my love. I could do that. I didn't need to be hypnotised to do it.

But I couldn't figure out where I came from. It got more difficult each day. I thought I'd find someone to help me. Sophia dropped me off at the salon one afternoon, and when I was finished, I decided to walk down the street.

'I'm going to browse towards the mall.' I said to the receptionist as I left. 'I should be back before Sophia comes for me. If I'm not, ask Sophia to ring my cell when she gets here, and I'll tell her where I am.'

I got an idea, and that's when I headed for Harry's office.

I didn't really know what to say when I got there. He was ogling me, talking to my chest. I wanted to tell him that I was a man. I didn't, and I don't remember what I said.

He would have been surprised; I knew what I looked like. He wouldn't understand if I said I was a widow, and that despite being married to a man, I wasn't gay.

The door opened.

'There you are.' Sophia hurried over and took my hand. 'I was so worried. We need to get you home.'

She touched my cheeks and forehead, pulling me close and whispering in my ear. I could feel myself relaxing. I couldn't remember why I'd been in such a panic.

'Thanks Harry.' I shook his hand. 'You were really kind.'

I could tell he was wondering how my voice had changed so radically. Suddenly I didn't want to say anything any more. I knew I sounded like I looked again. I allowed Sophia to steer me out side and into her silver Lexus.

It was still in my mind, and despite knowing that she was controlling me didn't seem to matter anymore. I wasn't prepared for the feeling of relief that followed.

* * * * *

I think you might like to learn more about the business.' Sophia said. 'After all, you own forty nine per cent now.'

‘Do you think I could?’ I looked up from the screen where there were images that I was putting into a newsletter.

‘I’ll help you.’ Sophia came over to me. ‘I think you’d be able to help me a lot.’

‘Would your father approve?’ I asked.

‘He’s eating out of your hand anyway.’ Sophia took my hand. ‘I think he suspects we might be more than good friends too.’

‘Oh dear; that could make things complicated.’

‘Not really. He’s learned a lot since Carl died, and he’s really slowed down. I will tell him what we’re going to do.’

‘Business-wise.’ I said. ‘Don’t tell him more.’

‘He’s old fashioned.’ Sophia replied. ‘He thinks it’s wonderful that we’re supporting each other through our grief.’

‘Well, he’s right.’ I grinned. ‘You are supporting me wonderfully.’

She kissed me then. I never did get over the thrill of lipstick upon lipstick.

* * * * *

‘As a business executive, I think you should loose the airhead image you’ve been living with for the past few years.’ Sophia said one Saturday morning

We were lying together in those idle moments after making love, and before the real world takes over.

‘I like being me.’ I really meant it.

‘I like you being you.’ Sophia replied. ‘I don’t want you to change. I think that a new image might make you feel more serious.’

‘I have to agree.’ I said reluctantly. ‘You think I need a sharp suit, shirt and tie. Maybe grow a serious moustache?’

‘You don’t need to go that far.’ Sophia replied. ‘Maybe you could try being little less flamboyant blonde, classier clothes and a make over.’

I kept it light; like a joke. I didn’t tell her that fragments of memory were flipping in and out of my consciousness.

A few weeks later, I was the perfect secretary come executive. I didn’t think I’d like the look, but I loved it.

I was a classy blonde now. My hair was the colour of light mink, with a smooth and glossy bounce. I’d learned to do a French pleat, with a couple of pins, and I loved that moment when I was in a meeting and I’d let it fall. They all went quite as I put it up again. I used it if the conversation wasn’t going my way.

I wore suits and tight skirts to work. I didn’t work hard. I was there for the routine stuff that Sophia didn’t want to do.

‘I wish you’d changed me into this kind of woman earlier.’ I said casually one evening as Sophia and I were relaxing. ‘The guys fall over themselves. I used to intimidate them with being such a bimbo, now I do the same because they think I’m brainy and powerful.’

‘And you’re rich, powerful, and running a successful company.’ Sophia relied. ‘There’s enough there for three lives.’

* * * * *

Sophia had to go the Europe. She tried to take me under and prepare me, and then she called me every day, but there was a shift in my consciousness.

I was comfortable and happy with Sophia, but memories were driving me crazy. They were half formed, crazy sometimes, but they kept itching beneath the surface. I did the only think I could think of. I went to see Harry.

‘What can I do for you?’ He stood as I entered his office.

‘I came before.’ I said. ‘Maybe you don’t remember.’

‘I’m sorry.’ He looked puzzled. ‘I’m sure I’d remember.’

‘You didn’t look at me, Harry.’ I said. ‘You talked to my breasts all the time.’

‘That was you.’ He remembered. ‘You were that crazy blonde with the voice.’

‘I’m still that crazy blonde.’ I smiled at his discomfort when he realised what he’d said. ‘I need you to help me for real this time.’

‘Okay.’ Harry smiled. ‘It’s why this fine business was established. What exactly is it that you need.’

‘I need to find out who I am.’

‘You better tell me the story.’ He sat at the desk and pulled out a notebook.

‘No computers?’ I asked.

‘I’m old fashioned.’ He replied. ‘I keep it in my head most of the time then no one can hack it. The papers get locked away. It works for me.’

‘I can tell you that I have been repeatedly subject to hypnosis, so that I’ve lost all trace of who I am, where I came from, everything. Right now, I know I’m a widow. I know that I own part of our family business.’

‘Isn’t that enough?’ Harry asked. ‘I may find out something you don’t like.’

‘Don’t worry.’ I shrugged. ‘I’m secure and reasonably well off. I can live with whatever you find.’

I handed him a sheaf of papers. ‘That’s my story as much as I can remember. You’ll see it starts when I was working for my late husband’s sister when she was studying. I don’t remember anything before then.’

‘Is that when you think the hypnosis started?’

‘I don’t know, but it could be then.’ I thought a bit more. ‘It must have been. I remember.’

Harry flipped through the sheets I had given him. ‘I know who you are.’ He said. ‘I remember the story when your husband was killed.’

‘You don’t know.’ I replied. ‘You know the public parts. That’s all.’

‘I guess if there’s hypnosis involved, I’d better get an expert.’ Harry said. ‘I know a professor at the University. I’ll get you an appointment. Leave me your cell number and I’ll call you.’

* * * * *

‘Brain Cooper.’ I repeated. ‘Ten thirty tomorrow morning in his consulting room on Franklin Avenue. I’ll be there.’

I was prompt and he met me at the door with a smile and a gentle handshake. He was doing reassurance from the start.

‘I’ve read the history you left with Harry.’ He said.

‘It’s all I have.’ As soon as I saw him, there was something I knew I should remember.

‘I think we need to work through this.’ Brian smiled reassuringly. ‘I propose to try some hypnosis to find out what your subconscious remembers. Your conscious mind may have blocked it all, but deep down, you hold all the answers.’

‘Do you think it’s going to work?’ I asked.

‘With your consent, it will work.’ He replied.

‘Okay. Let’s go for it.’

I knew what would be coming next and listened and waited as he explained it all. I knew it all anyway.

‘I’m sorry, you’re not responding.’ Brian said after an hour. ‘You seem to have a block, or maybe you’re really one of those people who can’t be hypnotised.’

‘So my memories are false?’ I asked.

‘It could be.’ He said. ‘I’d like you to see a physician before I consider if I can help you further.’

‘Okay.’ I agreed. ‘I’m healthy, but anything that might help.’

‘I have your cell number.’ He replied. ‘I’ll arrange something and get them to call you.’

The doctor was young and smart. ‘I read the history and Brian’s asked me to do a physical. Do you agree to the examination?’

His nurse was rather matronly, but smiled reassuringly as she handed me a robe.

‘Of course.’ I agreed.

I went into the dressing room, and changed. I came back into his room, and the nurse helped me onto a couch. He did the blood pressure, the reflexes, looked into my eyes and ears, and then helped me to sit. The stethoscope was cold on my back. Then he came to the front and listened again.

‘You had your breasts done.’ He said, as he moved from one side to the other, and then he looked closely at my face. ‘Your surgeon was an artist.’

‘An artist?’ I asked, confused. ‘The boobs are really good, but you didn’t mean that?’

‘Don’t try to pretend.’ He laughed. ‘I know how vain women can be, but I am a doctor.’

‘So your diagnosis?’

‘I mean that your boob job is perfect, and when I look closely, I can see some work around your eyes, and I suspect around your nose.’ He looked a little closer and felt gently. ‘Maybe you had some work on the chin too, and your lips.’

‘And I have a penis.’ I told him before he found it down there.

‘Okay, I understand.’ He went to look. ‘I’ve met boys like you before, several times in fact.’

He went to look. It hung there and didn’t react when he touched it. ‘You’re not taking hormones.’

‘I’m not taking anything.’ I replied. I watched him looking at it like it was a specimen in a kidney dish. ‘It works.’ I said. ‘Don’t ask how I guessed that was the next question.’

‘When did you decide you didn’t like being a boy?’

‘I have no memory of being a boy.’ I said. ‘That’s why I went to Harry, that’s why I went to Brian and that’s why I’m here.’

‘They didn’t tell me that.

‘They didn’t ask me and I didn’t tell them.’ I felt a tear seeping from the corner of my eye. I hadn’t expected reality to hit so hard, even though I knew it was coming.

* * * * *

Sophia came home a couple of days later. Things that I never realised had come flooding back into my head. I’d had time to think and time to reflect.

‘I want you to know that I don’t want anything to change.’ I told her when I opened the discussion. ‘I love you and the life we have here.’

‘Is this going to hurt me?’ Sophia asked.

‘No, I don’t want to do that.’ I replied. ‘I think you’d better know that the hypnosis isn’t working anymore.’

‘I knew it was slipping.’ She replied. ‘I knew as soon as our relationship changed that it would slip away.

We talked through the night, and then we went to bed. I’m not going to tell you more about that. You know enough already.

* * * * *

Blondes come in all shapes and sizes.

There’s the svelte and the sexy, the sinuous and the slinky,

There are big ones and small, curvaceous, and lumpy.

There are blondes who can attract a glimpse and others that need a long stare.

There are blondes that can make you swerve when you should be concentrating on the traffic, and blondes who radiate danger.

The one crossing the street that afternoon was flashing hazard signals as she walked.

It was midday, but she could have dressed like that at midnight and still have looked dangerous.

She had curves where there should be curves, and more hair than was decent for a girl. It shone corn and silk in the air as she walked. It moved as she did, as if following her obediently.

This was a blonde who could stop traffic; cause an accident at fifty paces; and make the holiest think impure thoughts.

She walked into the office, pushed the half open door, and sat in front of the desk.

Harry watched. The low-cut top left very little to the imagination. This was a blonde that blondes might dream about becoming when they grow up.

‘I’ve decided I don’t need your help anymore.’ I said.

‘I guessed you might decide life was good.’ Harry replied.

‘There’s nothing more to say. I think this will cover your expenses and my bill.’ I said handing him the cheque. ‘You did help. I learned all I needed to learn, and I suppose that best of all, I discovered what I had was something I don’t want to lose.’

I got up and walked out the door. I could feel his eyes watching. I looked as good as ever, classier, but I could still turn it on.

Harry turned and watched through the window as I walked across the road and into my Lexus. I waved back to him as I pulled away.

I could imagine Harry turning and sitting down at the desk. Maybe he pulled the old bottle out of the bottom drawer with a shot glass and toasted me.

‘Blondes.’ He would say. ‘They come in all shapes and sizes. Trouble is I can’t understand any of them.’

At least that’s what I’d like to think he would do.

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