

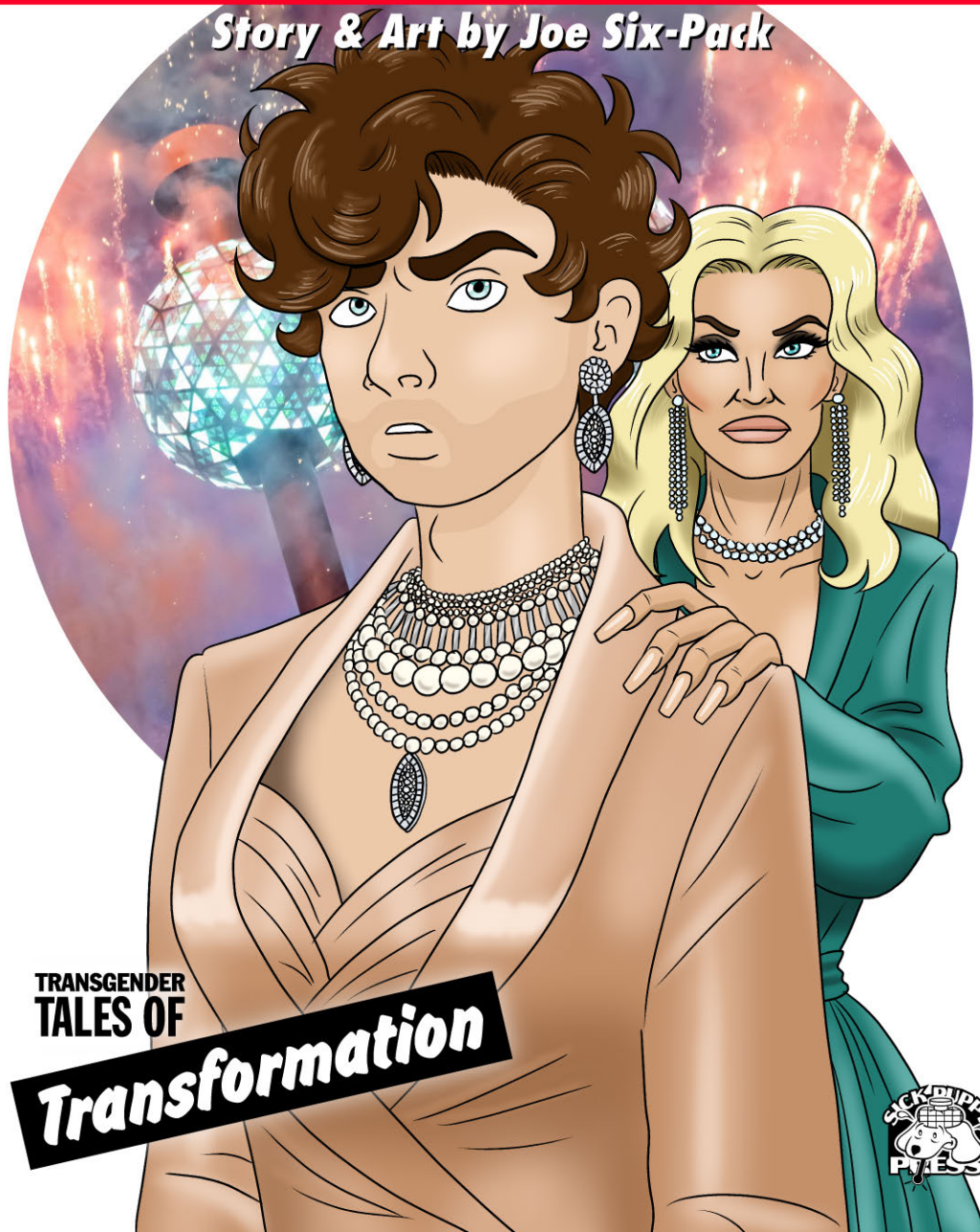
ADULTS ONLY

22 illustrations

# RUINED BY RESOLUTIONS

HOLIDAY TREATS #4

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER  
TALES OF

**Transformation**



**J O E S I X P A C K**

***RUINED BY  
RESOLUTIONS***

**Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack  
A Tales of Transformation Story**



2023 eBook Edition

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# RUINED BY RESOLUTIONS



The elegant ballroom was bathed in a soft, golden glow, with laughter and chatter filling the air. The decor was lavish, the atmosphere jubilant and the food was incredible. The New Years' Eve party for MyBanq was in full swing. The company's employees and their spouses had gathered to celebrate the arrival of a new year, and the atmosphere was electric.

Gregory Kane, the CEO of MyBanq, stood near the grand entrance, a glass of champagne in hand, scanning the room for his date, Angelika. She was a striking woman with long, golden hair and a radiant smile that had captivated him from the moment they'd met. She was a dazzling beauty, and an elegant woman. What he especially loved about her was her no-nonsense attitude. She was never afraid to go get what she wanted, and to Gregory's delight what she wanted was him.

"Gregory, *daaaahling!*" a voice called out, and he turned to see Angelika approaching, dressed in an angelic white gown riddled with glittering silver rhinestones. A long slit up one side exposed one of her devastatingly beautiful legs with every other step. She wore strappy silver heels, and her broad, warm smile that illuminated the space around her seemed to light the way.

Angelika came to a stop just in front of Gregory, and she tossed her thick blonde hair back with the subtlest flip of her head. She leaned in for a quick kiss on his cheek. "I'm sorry I'm so late. There were... Complications." She shifted her eyes to the side. Gregory followed her eyes and saw what she was hinting at: the complication.

Behind her was her nephew, Buck. He was 19, jobless, shiftless and listless. Despite everyone around him in the expansive, luxuriously garnished ballroom being dressed in tuxedos and gowns, Buck was wearing a hoodie and a wool beanie.

"Why is he here?" Gregory asked.

"Because I don't trust him at home alone," Angelika said. "A teenager alone on New Years' Eve with a cabinet full of liquor? When I return home, I want there to actually be a home to return to."

Gregory sighed. He had been romancing Angelika for over a year now, and she had just accepted his proposal over Christmas. He was head over heels in love with the woman, and had never loved — or lusted — after someone like this in his life.

Yet he was going to have to accept that Buck was going to be a part of the bargain.

“Hey, aunt Angelika,” Buck said, walking up to her side and lightly rapping her on the shoulder with his fist. “Where’s the food?”

“I just got here, sweetie,” Angelika said, trying to smile. “I know just as much as you do.”

“Do you know, Greggy?” Buck asked the man in the tuxedo and distinguished greying hair.

“There’s some hors d’oeuvres over by the wall over there,” Gregory replied, pointing the way while still holding his champagne flute.

“Hors d’oeuvres? Sucks. I wanted real food. Thanks for nothing.” Buck shuffled off in that direction anyway.

“Maybe letting him burn down the house wouldn’t be such a bad idea,” Gregory said. “As long as he was in it.”

“Oh, you’re awful!” Angelika said, giggling. He loved the way she giggled. “But he’s just a teenager.”

“He’s nineteen. He’s old enough for you to kick out.”

“Gregory, believe me, I think of that every day — but that horrible young man is all the family I have left after my sister died. I mad a promise.” She then pressed herself against her date. “But let’s not talk about him. I’d rather talk about...”

“Us?” Gregory said, hopefully.

“Us,” Angelika said with another big smile. “And finding the love of your life.”

The two looked into each other’s eyes for a moment as the rest of the world faded into the background. Gregory had waited a long time to find a woman like Angelika, and Angelika had worked so hard for this kind of relationship. They were both exactly where they wanted to be.

“I’m going to go find some champagne,” Angelika said. “You’ll wait for me?”

“I’ve waited a lifetime,” Gregory said.

Angelika smiled back, departing as she still held her fiancée’s hand for a moment as she walked away, releasing it only when she had to.

As he found himself alone again, the multi-millionaire CEO of MyBanq had to grunt in discontent to himself. It was 10:40, still over an hour to midnight, and he really just wanted to get to the part where they kissed. He had been picturing it for weeks now.

His thoughts were abruptly interrupted when he was bumped in the back by Buck, who was holding a plate overloaded with expensive food and stuffing it into his mouth like he was eating at a discount buffet five minutes before closing.

“Hey, Greggo,” Buck said. “I hope you’re not jealous. Seems everyone else here is more fascinating to Angelika than you. Already ditched you already to



do some networking.”

“She’s just getting a drink,” Gregory said, curtly.

Buck nodded as he finished chewing a whole canapé. “It must be a shame. You’re so important to this online banking business thing you own, but you can’t even hold the attention of your own future wife.”

Gregory tried to keep his composure. He had known Buck for only about eight months, but he’d begun to despise the brat mere moments after they’d met. The kid had never made any secret of their skepticism about his relationship with his aunt Angelika.

“She’s such a fucking gold digger,” Buck said. “She can’t wait to climb up the social ladder, even if she walks over your back to do it.”

“She’s not like that,” Gregory countered.

Buck laughed as little bits of food spat out of his overstuffed maw. “Oh, buddy. You don’t know her like I know her. Dear aunt Angelika. Can’t even spell her own name correctly.”

Gregory was going to very happy when the holidays were over and he didn’t have to deal with family anymore. “It’s a party,” he replied with a polite smile. “She’s just having a nice time.”

“You know,” Buck began, his voice low and conspiratorial, “You’re hardly ever available, and spend half the time jet-setting around the world on business. How are you going to keep her... Happy? It won’t be long until she someone who can give her the attention she needs and the status she craves.”

“Angelika and I are happy together. We have our own way of making things work. Meeting someone you can connect with is the best thing that ever happened to me. You should try it.”

“Yeah, right. Keep telling yourself that.” Buck had to pause every so often to eat more, as he prioritized the free food more than he did the man who paid for it. “You should hear her and her friends behind your back. They can’t stop talking about all the ways aunt Angelika is gonna spend all your money.”

Gregory caught a glance of Angelika as she flew from one social group to another. When he had met her, she was the most beautiful woman he’d ever seen. That she even wanted to talk him was a miracle of some sort. When he told her about this new startup, MyBanq, and the potential billions that might be made, she was fascinated. She pushed him into proposing and he felt like he was living a dream.

One of the servers held out a tray of crab puffs and Buck practically elbowed Gregory out of the way to take them all. The older man looked at his now-empty glass and set it on the tray with a sigh. Angelika certainly was taking her time getting back.

He could tell by the smug expression on Buck's face that he was getting ready to dig back in. Gregory just had to stand there and take it.

As the clock inched closer to midnight, Gregory made a mental note to discuss with Angelika his displeasure about Buck's behavior. He'd even paid for his tuition for college, only to be treated like this, and it was unacceptable.

"You gonna bang her tonight?" Buck asked. "She's wearing her lucky panties, you know."

"The relationship between Angelika and me is private, and just between us. It's not appropriate to discuss it any further." Simon puffed up his chest in defiance.

"Doesn't matter. She'll be bragging about it for days at home." Buck chuckled. "She tells her girlfriends every move you make."

Gregory had no intention of allowing his soon-to-be step-nephew's behavior to escalate into a confrontation, especially not at the New Years' Eve party. As he had to remind himself, Buck was Angelika's entire family, and he wanted to keep the peace for her sake. Choking him until his eyes oozed out his sockets would be impolite in public.

"Buck!" Angelika snapped as she headed toward the two of them. "I asked you to entertain yourself this evening, didn't I?"

"You say a lot of things," Buck replied with a shrug. "I stopped paying attention a while ago."

Angelika turned to Gregory. "I'm sorry, darling. Would you give us moment?"

"By all means. I have to call the office anyway," Gregory replied before departing. He did note that Angelika didn't have the champagne she had said she had been after.

Angelika focused her eyes on her nephew. "Listen, you little shit, don't mess this up for me!" She growled. "Do you know how many assholes I had to date before I could get to Gregory? I went through half of the Forbes 500!"

"I would have said more," Buck replied nonchalantly.

"I swear to God, Buck, this is my ticket! You lose out if I lose out!"

"Hey, it'd be worth it to see you mess up. You think you're so superior to everyone. You need to be knocked down a few pegs."

"You stupid piece of..."

"See, you don't respect me, and you never have. My mom asked you — on her deathbed — to look after me, not to shove me in the attic room and then treat me like a fucking leper, you selfish bitch!"

"You're nothing but an entitled brat! I've been paying for you for four years!" She was getting steamed. "I even begged Gregory to cover the cost of your

tuition, and then you dropped out two weeks into the term! You're selfish, disrespectful..."

"Don't get too mad, your last plastic surgery hasn't healed yet. You'll pop a seam."

"I've never had plastic surgery!"

"If by never, you mean the last three weeks, sure." Buck paused to swallow his food. "At least I don't look like my face is in a wind tunnel. You probably still tell people you're 35."

"You'll say anything. You don't care who you hurt."

"You're no better than me! You're the most selfish person on the face of the planet!"

"Selfish? Selfish?" She hissed. "I take charge! I know what I want! I'm proactive!"

"You never talk about anyone but yourself. You sit around all day on the phone, talking to your friends, doing nothing but sponging off what Gregory gives you!"

"I earned everything I ever got!"

"Your pussy earned it."

The slap was like cracking a whip in the ballroom, attracting everyone's attention. It didn't stop Buck from chewing his French pastry he was working on, though. "Stupid bitch," he said.

Angelika looked embarrassed and sheepishly turned away from the stares. She had committed a cardinal sin in her life. She had let her nephew get to her.

As Angelika plotted her next move, and as her nephew scarfed down what looked like a crepe stuffed with whipped creme, the light in the ballroom dimmed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, guests of MyBanq, please direct your attention to the stage!" A voice called out over the loudspeaker. "For your entertainment tonight, may we present: The Magnificent Mezmo!"

As a fanfare of music played, a spotlight shone against a black velvet curtain at the side of the ballroom. The company had sprung for some performances tonight to entertain their guests before the ball drop at midnight. After some weak, probably confused clapping, a puff of smoke and flash of light a man in a top hat and tuxedo appeared on stage. A magician.

"A fucking magician?" Buck said it so loudly it threatened to carry all the way to the stage. "Please," he added with a dismissive wave of his hand.

Even with his obvious disdain, Buck didn't miss a moment of the performance. The magician wasn't that unique, as he was performing an ordinary routine of familiar tricks, from card tricks to floating rings, and even

produced a proverbial rabbit from his top hat. Buck was largely correct. The magician's act was tired and worn out.

"What a tool," Buck muttered.

"I paid quite a bit for this," Gregory said, as he had returned to Angelika, and stood just a few feet away. "Would it kill you to be polite?"

"Ladies and gentlemen," the magician announced from the stage with a flourish, "I require the participation of two volunteers."

He used his black cape with red satin lining to make some theatrical moves as he paced around the stage, solidifying the impression he was a bit of a hack.

"I studied in the deepest heart of the orient for many years to decipher the mystery of the human mind," he said. "I travelled to India, to Nepal, to China and all over. I returned to civilization having learned the very darkest secrets of those who could entrance the thoughts of men and make anyone do my bidding!"

Gregory could hear a derisive chortle coming from Buck.

"I require the participation of two volunteers," the man on stage repeated. "Two volunteers to be subject to my powers!"

Angelika, sensing an opportunity to be seen and noticed, eagerly volunteered herself. The magician's eyes lit up seeing the beautiful woman who was approaching the stage.

Gregory was about to follow, when he was pushed aside by Buck. "Oh no she won't," the young man said, heading off after his aunt. "Fuckin' fame whore."

He intended just to grab his aunt and drag her back, but a spotlight was suddenly on him. Before he knew it, he was standing on the stage beside Angelika.

"Now, if you will turn your attention to the swinging pendant..." The magician said as he swung it in front of an eager Angelika and a highly unamused Buck.

It was only a minute before Buck was clucking on stage, using his feet to scratch the imaginary dirt of the illusory chicken coop he now inhabited. He was a comical display of uninhibited absurdity as he made the occasional exclamation of "Bgok!"

Angelika, meanwhile, became a ballerina, her poise and elegance a ridiculous contrast to her nephew's farcical antics. With unexpected grace, she twirled and danced across the stage, her movements practiced and fluid.

The magician had them imitate apes, get trapped in an imaginary box, struggle to lift a feather from the floor and many other familiar feats of stage hypnosis.

The audience reveled in their performance, moments of absurdity in an otherwise lackluster act. Had they known, neither Buck nor Angelika would

have endured the laughter and ridicule outpouring from the crowd of MyBanq employees and influential power brokers. They would have been mortified.

“Yes, they’ve been wonderful sports,” the Magnificent Mezmo said. “And to thank them for their efforts, a little help with their New Years’ resolutions.”

“Your name, madame?” He asked Angelika.

“Angelika Bannister,” she said, still in her trance.

“Please share with us your New Years' resolutions.”

Angelika spoke with a dissonant, disconnected voice. “My New Years' Resolutions are to teach my good for nothing nephew Buck what being an adult means — and teach him a few good lessons about growing up!”

“Ah, I see and...”

“Angelika, although hypnotized was still in the habit of interrupting people. “I also want to marry the love of my life and start again.”

Gregory, down in the crowd was touched. He really had found the right woman for him.

“And you, dear boy? What is your name?”

“Buck,” the young man replied.

The illusionist was taken aback. “Oh... Buck. I hear your aunt isn’t very happy with you.”

“Whatever,” Buck replied. “What about my resolutions, huh? Or is my aunt going to get all the attention?” Being in a trance had not dulled his innate ability to annoy people with his petty whining.

“Please, won’t you bless us with your resolutions for the new year?” the magician said.

“Well, I resolve... To show my dumb aunt that anything she can do I can do better,” Buck said with a sneer.

“Ah. Fascinating. Anything else?” Mezmo asked, unimpressed with Buck’s statement. “Go on. You must have something else.”

“Uh... Well...” Buck said.

“Oh, there must be something else. Don’t worry, it’s just between us.”

“Well, I... I... I want to know what love is,” Buck said, looking uncharacteristically uncomfortable. The audience laughed and snickered appropriately.

“Well, because the both of you helped me out here tonight, and as a reward for your help,” the hypnotist said, “I command you, under the power of hypnosis, to fulfill your resolutions. You will not let yourself slack off or be dissuaded. You will dedicate yourself to seeing your resolutions through!”

The crowd applauded the gesture, all of them aware of how difficult it was to fulfill New Years' resolutions, and somewhat envious that a hypnotic suggestion might just do the trick.

"And you will help each other attain their resolutions," the performer added, hoping to break the obvious tension between them by making them cooperate. He then snapped his fingers to break the, of the trance.

As they descended the stage, Gregory joined them, a knowing smile playing on his lips. "An unforgettable start to the New Year," he mused, his voice rich with amusement.

Angelika was confused, rubbing her temples. "I don't remember anything. Did I embarrass myself?"

"Oh *nooooo*," Gregory replied with a smirk. "Not at all."

She immediately knew something was up. "Tell me," Angelika demanded to know. "You have to tell me!"

"Well, maybe if you could persuade me," Gregory said as he put his arm around Angelika's waist and guided her away.

"I'm going to make you tell me!" Angelika repeated as they walked too far away to be heard anymore.

Buck was suspicious of what had just transpired. He was not the kind of person who enjoyed being laughed at, and he had a bad feeling in his stomach. But that was probably due to the two pounds of rich food he'd just consumed.

"You want to talk about Buck, don't you?" Angelika asked Gregory as they got to the other side of the room. "He'll warm up to you."

"Some people you just can't win over," Gregory said to his fiancée. "That's just the way it goes. And I hate to think how he's going to deal with my kids. They're so young."

Angelika sighed. "I have at least five wrinkles I can directly attribute to dealing with Buck's issues. But he's a teenager. They're just like that."

"I don't think he's about to change," Gregory asked. He looked through the crowd to see the teenager having a grand old time, laughing and scarfing down even more food. "He is incapable of change. He resists at every possible opportunity."

"I doubt..." As Angelika spoke the words, the crowd inside began to chant, counting down from ten.

It was time. Midnight on New Years' Eve. Gregory pulled Angelika closer to him.

"Five... Four... Three... Two... One!" The crowd shouted. On a big screen, the ball had dropped in Times Square and lit up the night. The magician on stage was twirling sparklers. Fireworks went off outside, and a cheer came up from

the streets of the city. The new year, flush with new opportunity and new chances, was here.

Angelika gave her date the deepest, warmest and sexiest kiss she could muster. Her lips caressed Gregory's mouth as she rubbed her hands all over his chest while she pushed her big, soft boobs into his body. Angelika Bannister wasn't going to leave anything to chance. She was going to be Mrs. Angelika Kane, and life would be putty in her hands.



It was the next morning after the party. More accurately, it was the early afternoon, but since it was a midnight party, everyone had slept in.

Angelika had been dieting for a week to fit into her dress that night, so when she woke up, her first stop was the kitchen. She was going to eat whatever she found.

In just her robe and slippers, she stumbled her way to the fridge, trying to keep her scraggly mess of blond hair out of her face. She was looking for either a hangover cure or a beer. There was nothing in the fridge but some old tortillas and a jar of pickled cocktail onions.

"Where's all the food?" She asked herself. "I had a leftover cake in here and..."

As she turned her head, she could peer across the kitchen countertops out to the TV area, where Buck was lounging and an empty plate lay in front of him. She straightened up and looked closer. It was her cake, alright. "Fucking pig," She grumbled.

Putting her hands on her hips, she had little choice but to do what she hated. She was going to have to make something. Angelika was going to have to cook.

First, she went back to her bedroom and cleaned herself up. If she was going to have to cook, she needed to be at least presentable. She combed her hair back into a reasonable shape and put on some lip gloss and eyeliner. Because she was the elegant and classy Angelika Bannister, she also put on a pair of high heeled slippers.

By the time she had returned, she found the jar of pickled onions gone, too. She scoured the kitchen for some ingredients and got to making her afternoon breakfast.

The smell attracted Buck, who wandered in. "What's that?" He asked, seeing his aunt stirring something in a frying pan.

"Do you ever stop eating?" Angelika said. "Not that you need to know, but this is my breakfast."

“What the fuck is it? It smells like shit.” He looked over at the ingredients next to the pan, which included a can of diced tomatoes, a small jar of marshmallow fluff and a tin of cloves. “Are you... What? That’s disgusting!”

“Well what do you want me to do, Buck?” Angelika said, exasperated. “You ate every other piece of food in the entire house!”

“But that... That’s just gross.” Buck said. “I... Ugh... Let me make something, okay? You’ll fuckin kill yourself if you eat that shit.”

“Like you care.”

“If you die, I gotta move out,” Buck mumbled.

“You think you can cook better than me?” Angelika asked her nephew, in disbelief.

The words triggered Buck. It triggered a command. A command he had been hypnotized to follow. *You must be better than your aunt.*

His resolution to ‘show that anything his aunt can do he can do better,’ was no longer just a promise to himself, he had been commanded to do it. Thanks to the magician’s hypnotic order, he had no choice but to prove he was better than his aunt.

“Yes,” Buck said. “You always think you’re the best at everything. Anything you can do, I can do better.”

“Oh yeah?” Angelika said, a bit ticked off. “Well listen here, you little runt...” Then the programming kicked in for her, too. Some part of her brain recalled that she was compelled to help Buck. *You must help each other with your resolutions.*

This desire to best her was something she had to help with, as she knew it was one of his resolutions for the new year. “Go for it.” She dropped the spatula, tossed her hair back and walked away, her heels clicking on the tile floor.

“Fine! I will!” Buck said, grabbing the spatula.

Soon, a pleasant aroma filled the kitchen. Buck had chopped up a potato he had found in the pantry and added seasoning and some frozen veggies.

Angelika, now seated at the table, watched him skeptically. “I suppose you think you’re some sort of chef now?”

Buck, stirring the ingredients, shot back, “Better than your... whatever the fuck that was supposed to be.”

When he slid the dish onto a plate and set it in front of her, Angelika eyed it warily. Taking a tentative bite, she was taken aback by the taste. “Well, I suppose this is passable.”

Buck, leaning against the counter, couldn’t help the hint of pride in his voice. “Told you I could cook better than you.”

Angelika, for once, seemed at a loss for her usual haughty comeback. “Like I care,” she said, a slight look of concern on her face.

Buck had an expression of worry as well. He had felt this strange compulsion to prove he was better than his aunt at cooking, and he couldn’t stop himself. It had felt like the most important thing in the world to prove it. Yet in truth, if his aunt was run over by a bus, he wouldn’t lift a finger to help her.

At the breakfast table, Angelika ate her actually delicious breakfast, worried that she was losing her mind. The last thing in the world she ever wanted to do was let that cretin of a nephew have any kind of victory. Yet here she was, letting him get a win over her. Worse yet, it was like she wanted to do it. Like she wanted Buck to prove he was better than she was. It was an unpleasant kind of feeling, the kind she didn’t want to feel again.



Angelika began her day trying her best to stick to her usual routine, even if she had already slept through half of it. She spent her mornings exercising, so she returned to her bedroom, changed into her workout gear and tied her hair into a ponytail.

One of the rooms in Angelika’s house had been outfitted as a small gym, with a treadmill, squatting machine, lifting machine and various other exercise paraphernalia. She took a seat on a mat and began her stretching routine, bending her limber body to the limit.

She was 45, but she was ruthless when it came to maintaining a slender figure. She had always been a thin woman trapped in the body of a chubby girl, and tenaciously battled her body’s desire to put on fifteen pounds in the blink of an eye. She was not going to let Gregory slip away from her, even if she had to work out eight hours a day.

Her first exercise was the squatting machine, a device that forced her to lift both herself and some weights along a rail. She grasped the handles, took a breath and got to work.

“That’s not even a real exercise,” Buck said as he walked in, munching on a stick of jerky.

“Go watch TikTok,” Angelika grumbled. “And leave me alone.”

Buck ignored her. “You’re lying down. How is that supposed to do anything?”

“What, do you think this is easy?” Angelika asked. “You couldn’t even lift this, I bet. You haven’t done anything physical since you graduated high school.”

The challenge laid down, Buck’s post-hypnotic suggestions forced him to take his aunt up on it. *You must be better than your aunt.*

“Lemme show you how it’s done,” Buck said.

Unable to prevent herself from helping her nephew, thanks to her post-hypnotic instructions, Angelika stepped aside. *You must help each other with your resolutions.*

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” she said with a smirk.

After a full three minutes of Buck struggling to lift the sliding apparatus, he had to give up. However, as Angelika didn’t feel like wasting her time waiting for her out-of-shape nephew to prove himself as a failure, she moved on to doing lateral lunges with barbells.

“Give up?” She asked when he walked away from the machine.

“Just need some time to warm up,” Buck said. “What’re you doing now?”

“Lateral lunges. They make my hips curvier.”

“How many can you do?”

“Think you can do more?” Angelika asked.

Buck knew he could. He just knew it. *You must be better than your aunt.*



A week later, Buck was doing Angelika’s exercise routine right beside her, as had become a regular part of his day. Every morning, he dressed in a pair of shorts and a tee shirt and was doing the very same routine his aunt was doing. It wasn’t long before he was catching up with Angelika, and after a little while, he was adding another rep or two. He had to be better.

When she did squats, he did them with twenty more pounds. When she did the treadmill, he did it faster and farther. When she did yoga, Buck would hold his pose longer. When she did anything, he had to beat her at it. He didn’t understand why he was compelled to show her that he could anything she could do but better — and Angelika didn’t understand why she was compelled to allow him to barge in on her workout routine.

Yet the two sparring family members continued on, now spending every morning in the gym, working out side by side, in silent contempt of each other. Neither could understand why — they only understood that they had to do it.



Nestled on her plush chaise lounge, phone pressed to her ear, Angelika was bemoaning the trials of high society life to her friend Marjorie.

“Marjorie, darling, you wouldn’t believe the torture. Looking beautiful is a burden. The things I endure for beauty, it’s positively monstrous,” Angelika lamented, her voice dripping with theatrical despair. “The hair appointments, the spa treatments, the shopping, the dieting, the exercise. Oh, and don’t get

me started on high heels, they're absolute murder on my feet — but one must sacrifice for beauty.”

Buck, who had been idly passing by, paused at the doorway, eager to eavesdrop. “Beauty a curse? Please,” he muttered under his breath. “If she had any beauty, she botoxed it to death years ago.”

Despite the way Buck saw her, there was no question his aunt was a very beautiful woman, but she was beautiful in the tradition of Southern Californian trophy wives. That is to say, they were attractive, but not terribly convincing. Their noses were too small, their faces too stretched, their skin a little too tortured. It was all the product of facelifts, never-ending skin treatments and in-patient touch-ups to keep the facade of being young.

Angelika, oblivious to his presence, continued in her melodramatic tone. “Yes, darling, I suffer for fashion. But what’s a beautiful woman to do? One must uphold certain standards. I swear, walking around in high heels all day is torture. No one knows our pain.”

“Is she serious?” Buck thought to himself. “Actually serious?” *You must be better than your aunt.*

Seized with the thought that this was an opportunity to prove he was better than his aunt, Buck quietly retreated to Angelika’s room and began rummaging through her closet. Finding a pair of her heels, he whispered to himself, “Let’s see how hard this really is.”

Back in his room, balancing precariously in the high heels, Buck practiced walking. “Easy peasy,” he grunted, though his wobbling said otherwise.

It was two days later when Angelika stumbled across her nephew walking around his room in a pair of three-inch black pumps. “Buck! What on earth are you doing? Are those mine?”

Buck, teetering but defiant, shot back, “Proving a point, aunt Angelika. If you can do it, so can I. And better.”

Angelika raised an eyebrow, a mix of amusement and surprise on her face. “You think you can best me at walking in heels? Seriously?” Despite the urge to point out how bizarre this scene was, she was quickly overtaken with the idea that she needed to help him. *You must help each other with your resolutions.* The hypnosis had kicked in again, just like it had for Buck. “You wouldn’t last a minute in my shoes, Buck. It requires grace and poise.” She then walked back and forth in her high-heeled booties, showing off her practiced flair.

Buck, sneering, challenged her. “Bet I could do it better than you. A whole week in heels, easy.”

Angelika laughed, a melodious, incredulous sound. “A week? In heels? Oh, I’d pay to see that.”

The next day, Buck emerged from his room, teetering slightly in Angelika's heels. "Watch and learn, aunt Angelika."

Angelika watched, amused yet intrigued, as Buck stumbled his way through the morning. *You must help each other with your resolutions.*

"Darling, it's not just about staying upright. It's about elegance, something you're sorely lacking. Just watch me."

Buck, undeterred, practiced diligently. By the end of the week, his gait had transformed. No longer clumsy, he glided through the house with a surprising smoothness.

Angelika, observing this transformation, couldn't hide her astonishment. "All right, Buck, you've got heels down. Now take them off. You made your point."

"I told you I could do it," Buck declared, now confidently strutting around the house. "You didn't believe me. Just so you remember who's the best at this,



and regret doubting me, I'm not gonna wear anything *but* heels.”

Angelika, watching her nephew parade around with an air of triumphant superiority, sighed. Why did she allow him to do this? It was ridiculous. *You must help each other with your resolutions.* Yet, she knew she had to help him. “All right, fine. But don't steal from my closet. Ask before you take.”



“You look wonderful tonight,” Gregory said as he helped Angelika into the passenger side of his Lexus. Angelika needed the help, as sitting in the car with the short hemline of her dress required a maneuver impossible to accomplish by herself if she was to protect her modesty.

“It's an old dress,” Angelika replied to remain humble. It was indeed an old dress, one she had bought a year ago, but was in her backlog of dinner outfits that was now at about 13 months. She was a bit of a clothes horse. “I hope it's not too revealing.” This was the kind of thing a woman on the prowl said when she wanted to bring attention to how racy her outfit really was.

“Oh, no, not at all,” Gregory said, secretly worried he had chosen too upscale a restaurant for such an outfit, but he was more than willing to risk it. “Watch your fingers,” he said as he closed the door.

The restaurant was opulent and quite stuffy, but Gregory had noted that Angelika liked those kinds of places. She seemed to delight in watching the waiters perform the little meal preparations like pouring a glaze or tossing a salad. He liked seeing the smile on her face in those moments.

What he didn't like was the white tablecloth and table blocking his view of her amazing legs. He often wondered if she was a workout fanatic or just naturally had dynamite legs. While eating, he had to satisfy himself with a look down her dress.

Of course, Angelika knew this, and didn't make it too hard for him to take a glance. But not too much — it was going to cost him a dinner if he wanted the full show.

“How was San Moritz?” Angelika asked, knowing Gregory had just returned from a meeting.

“It was... San Moritz.” Gregory said. “I didn't get a chance to do a lot of sight-seeing.”

“Such a shame. I hear the ski bunnies there are quite the temptation.”

“I have plenty of temptation here at home,” Gregory responded with a gleam in his eye. “And you? Anything happening at Chez Bannister?”

Angelika had to check herself. She didn't dare speak of what was going on in her life.

Somehow, the sound of clicking heels and seeing stilettos on Buck's feet had become the new normal in her house. Which each step, she could see Buck was becoming so much more skilled in heels than she was. She didn't know why she was tolerating this nonsense, except that she felt some vague sense of satisfaction that she was helping him get better.

She didn't dare let Gregory in her house to witness it for himself. Even when Angelika's friends came over, Angelika blocked them at the front door and took them out somewhere.

Otherwise, Buck wearing heels was just an everyday thing. Each morning, he'd ask Angelika to borrow a pair, and since she had plenty, and they shared the same size, it wasn't much of a problem for her. She only got angry when he scuffed them.

Buck had even started wearing a pair of high heeled wedge athletic shoes during their workouts, as if to rub in how much better he was at heels than his aunt, which was completely in character for him. There really was no end to his attempts to prove he was better than she was.

"Just the life of a lonely single woman," Angelika lamented. "That reminds me, have you given any more thought to setting a date?" She didn't need to be specific about what she was talking about. They both knew. It was a date for their wedding she was talking about.

It was a little forward for her, as she liked to keep things happening at Gregory's pace, but now Angelika was dealing with that post-hypnotic instruction to follow her resolutions. *I want to marry the love of my life and start again.* She had, after all, resolved to marry the love of her life, and she was compelled to push things along.

"Ah," Gregory said, looking to the ceiling. "My calendar is so unbelievably crowded. I have the company retreat in April, the Aspen conference in June... It will start to clear up soon. I'll know more in a few weeks."

"Don't keep me waiting, darling," Angelika said. "You never know when I might find some eligible young bachelor who sweeps me off my feet." She was teasing, but in the way that a woman does when she wanted to make a very serious point.

Gregory understood.



Buck was surprised to hear the front door open at only 10:30. He had figured that his aunt, with as much effort as she had put into getting ready for the evening, would be back in the early morning with a freshly-fucked expression on her tight face.

"I know," she said to her phone as she walked in, already in the middle of a heated conversation. "You don't have to tell me, Jodie." She threw her designer purse on the couch near where Buck was sitting and started to take off her shoes. "I've never been more embarrassed. Here I am, all dressed up, and I had to ask Gregory to take me home."

Buck put his phone down, and took his high-heeled feet off the coffee table as he sat up. He was curious to observe the behavior of his oddly expressive aunt, who seemed to be ignoring him. She walked into the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, which she quickly held to her head.

"I'm too young to have hot flashes!" She said to her phone.

Buck knew that wasn't the case. She was 45, even though she told everyone she was 35. He was one of the few who knew the truth, and was saving that tidbit for some blackmail down the line.

"Well, I take the pills most of the time... When I remember..." She continued. "It's not my fault! I'm too young to be on hormone replacement therapy, Jodie! It'll pass."

Buck picked his phone back up to google what "hormone replacement therapy" was, and was amused to see that it was therapy for old ladies when their vaginas dried up. He snickered at the plight of his aunt.

"I know what the doctor said," Angelika said to her phone. "But you know how I am with pills. I always forget to take them."

Buck then leaned over to grab his aunt's discarded purse, and found some untouched pill bottles inside. She hadn't even opened it yet, and the date on it was from three months ago.

"I know, Jodie," Angelika said as she returned to the living room wearing her white terrycloth robe. She fell down onto the c-shaped sofa, opposite where Buck was sitting. "It's not my fault! I just haven't had the time to catch up." She grabbed the remote and despite the inch-long nails on her fingertips, she expertly maneuvered her way through the on-screen menus. "I'm on episode three," she said. "I'm sorry! I know we said we'd all watch together, but I've been busy!"

Buck glanced at the screen. "The Golden Bachelor" was the show she was talking about. It somehow figured she'd be watching a show about old women trying to marry an old man. She was probably looking for tips.

"There have *not* been 12 episodes! I am *not* that far behind!" Angelika protested. Buck noted how she was flapping the fabric of her robe, trying to cool herself off. She was still having one of her hot flashes, it seemed.

Unamused, Buck got up and decided to head to his room up in the attic. He was a bit disgruntled by his aunt interrupting his evening of doing nothing, and now he was going to have to do nothing somewhere else.

“Have they been showing two a week or something?” Angelika asked her phone friend. “I can’t be this far behind. Shoot. I just exited out of the menu...”

She worked her way through her “My Shows” list, which was *The Golden Bachelor*, *The Bachelorette*, *The Bachelor*, *Real Housewives of Orange County*, *Real Housewives of Dallas*, *Real Housewives of Beverly Hills*, *The Kardashians*, *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, *Here Comes Honey Boo-Boo* and *The Property Brothers*.

Finally she found what she was looking for. “I’m watching it right now, okay? I’ll be all caught up real fast.” She was fast-forwarding the video to finish it even faster. “Yes, Jodie. I’m going to take the pills. I promise. I know it’s a serious thing, okay?”

She grabbed her purse, which was the last place she’d remembered putting her vials of estrogen and progesterone — but they weren’t there. “Where’d they go?” She asked herself.

Up in his room, Buck put the stolen pill vials on his dresser. He didn’t know why he’d stolen them. He didn’t know why he wanted to take them. The loudest thought in his head was that he could was that he needed to show his aunt that he could stick to a schedule and take pills on a daily basis. *You must be better than your aunt.*

Even as he put the pills in his hand, he was telling himself to not do this. He was pleading with himself to stop. Unfortunately, he had this New Years’ resolution he had to live up to. He had to fulfill his resolution. He had to. He couldn’t let himself down. He had to show he was better than his aunt.

With a quick motion, he downed the two pills. He felt sick with himself for doing it. Buck couldn’t understand his own thoughts, and he laid down on his bed terrified about what he had just done.



As the weeks progressed, the once vibrant and defiant Buck became increasingly withdrawn and unwell. Each morning was a struggle, marked by a pervasive sense of nausea.

Angelika, though initially dismissive of Buck’s eccentricities, began to sense that something was amiss. His pallor and listlessness were impossible to ignore. One morning, as they sat in the sun-drenched kitchen, she finally voiced her concerns.

“Buck, are you gonna die on me?” Angelika asked. “You’re always sick in the mornings. Is there something you’re not telling me?”

Buck, staring blankly at the breakfast he was cooking for himself, shrugged. “Like you care. I just feel off, I guess. Mind your own business.”

“But the heels, Buck,” Angelika prodded. “You’ve been wearing them non-stop. It’s weird.”

Buck fidgeted, an internal battle raging. *You must be better than your aunt.* Besides the shoes, he couldn’t bring himself to confess about stealing Angelika’s hormone pills. “I just... I don’t know.”

Angelika, perplexed and increasingly concerned, insisted, “Buck, you’re all screwed up. You need professional help.” She grabbed her phone. “I’m gonna call my psychic and have her give you a reading.”

“What?” Buck replied. “Are you kidding me? Just leave me alone. I’ll work this all out.”

“I simply can’t take you anymore, Buck. Your negative aura is suffocating,” Angelika declared, her voice a mix of frustration and exhaustion. She picked up her phone and started tapping. “I’m taking a day for myself at the spa. Heaven knows I need it with all this stress.” She kept tapping the phone. “And I want the facial, the steam bath, and the body hair treatment.”

“Body hair treatment?” Buck asked.

As she gathered her things, she continued, “Honestly, my battle with body hair is endless. It grows like weeds. I just wish I had born with smooth skin.”

With that, she left for her favorite local spa, seeking solace in pampering and relaxation.

Buck, left alone in the house, pondered over his aunt’s words. A new thought began to take root in his mind, a new subject for his New Years’ resolution to latch on to. He needed to have smoother skin than Angelika. He needed to show he could be better than her. He could have better skin. *You must be better than your aunt.*

Even as the thoughts started gaining more and more urgency in his head, he knew it was wrong to want this. He knew it, but he kept obsessing over it. He had to beat his aunt. *You must be better than your aunt.*

He quickly found a local salon that specialized in hair removal and booked an appointment for the same morning. It was bizarre, but just like his need to take his aunt’s pills and wear her high heels, he couldn’t calm himself until he took action.

Over the next several weeks, Buck committed himself to a rigorous schedule of hair removal sessions — three times a week, with the goal of losing all his body hair, save for his scalp and eyebrows. Each session was a step towards his new goal, a goal that he pursued without pause or hesitation. He kept this obsession secret from his aunt, which wasn’t hard, given how often she left him alone.

However, as time went on, Angelika noticed her nephew's increasingly smooth skin but didn't make any connection to her own lament about body hair. She just figured he was taking better care of himself.



It was this new obsession with hairless skin that led him to his next silent competition with his aunt.

When the electrolysis had finished with his body, it was time for his beard hair to go, which he dearly lamented. He could see the needle taking every hair from his beard, one by one. He had dreamt of having a thick, bushy beard someday, but with his sparse hair growth, he knew it would take years for him to cultivate it.

Those dreams were being crushed, follicle by follicle, as the electric needle extracted his beard slowly but surely, leaving patches of skin where no hair would ever grow again. The tears streaming down his face as the technician did her work wasn't just from the pain, but for the beard he was powerless to save. *You must be better than your aunt.*

"Why are you wearing makeup?" Angelika asked her nephew one evening in the living room.

Buck looked up from his phone. "What are you talking about?"

"You're wearing makeup," Angelika said, an acknowledged expert in all things makeup, given the thick coat she applied every day. "On your face. I'd ask if you were coving a zit, but it's like, half your face."

"I'm not wearing makeup," Buck replied. He has wearing a lot of makeup. He had foundation covering most of his chin and jaw, as the patches of where his hair had been removed were so obvious and ugly, he felt like he had little choice. It was either that, or display the odd hairless patches for everyone to worry about.

Angelika, stepping closer, examined his face with an expert eye. "Oh, come now, dear nephew. I know foundation when I see it. What are you hiding?"

Buck, cornered, let out a resigned sigh. "Fine, I've got patches missing in my beard. Happy now?"

Angelika laughed, a light, mocking laugh. "Missing beard patches? How utterly bizarre. But why on Earth would...?"

Buck, his voice tinged with defiance, interrupted, "I'm getting all my body hair removed. To prove I can do it better than you. I'm gonna have smoother skin that you could even dream of."

Angelika paused, her laughter fading. She regarded him for a moment, a strange confusion of emotions playing across her face. “You’re serious. You’re actually trying to outdo me in... body hair?”

Buck, arms crossed, nodded sullenly. “Yeah. I’m going through with electrolysis. Full body.” *You must be better than your aunt.*

“That’s insane!” Angelika, despite herself, felt a strange surge of compulsion to assist. *You must help each other with your resolutions.* “Well, if you’re going to be so absurdly committed, at least let me teach you how to cover up properly. And I’ll help with the electrolysis costs. It’s not cheap, you know.”

Buck, surprised by her offer, responded begrudgingly, “Fine. But I don’t need your charity.”

At her bedroom vanity, Angelika began showing Buck the basics of makeup application. Both were acutely aware of the absurdity of their actions, but neither could resist. “I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Angelika muttered as she demonstrated concealer techniques. *You must help each other with your resolutions.*

Buck, focusing on his reflection as he attempted to mimic her movements, replied, “Join the club. I don’t even know why I’m so obsessed with this.” *You must be better than your aunt.*

Both were trapped in a cycle of behavior they couldn’t understand, a hypnotic influence that neither could recall nor explain. “We should stop,” Angelika said, a rare note of self-awareness in her voice.

“I’ve tried. I can’t stop,” Buck added, meeting her gaze in the mirror.

Their shared realization, however fleeting, was an awkward moment of connection in their normally toxic relationship.

“Alright, Buck, pay attention,” Angelika began, her tone a mix of impatience and vanity. “First, you need a good primer. It’s the key to keeping everything in place.”

Buck, holding up a bottle, replied sullenly, “This one?”

“Yes, that one. Apply it evenly. And don’t skimp,” Angelika instructed, watching as Buck awkwardly spread the primer over his face.

“Now, for foundation,” Angelika continued, picking up a bottle. “This is crucial for covering those beard patches. You need to blend it perfectly. Like this,” she demonstrated, making smooth, practiced motions.

Buck mimicked her, a bit clumsily at first. “Seems easy enough,” he muttered.

Angelika, watching his efforts, scoffed. “It’s not just slapping it on, Buck. It’s an art. But I suppose you think you can do this better than me too?”

“Yeah, I can,” Buck retorted, growing more determined as he worked. “I’m so much better than you.” *You must be better than your aunt.*

“All right, you little shit, I’m gonna show you everything.” *You must help each other with your resolutions.* Angelika, driven by her unexplained compulsion, dove into teaching with fervor. She was now also under the influence of another one of her resolutions, and stuck with seeing it through. *I want to teach Buck a few good lessons about growing up.* This wasn’t what she had in mind, but it was indeed a lesson. “Fine, then. Let’s see you master contouring. It’ll give your face softer angles and add some character.”

As they moved through each step — from blending foundation to applying concealer, setting powder, and finally, contouring — Angelika found herself both critiquing and encouraging Buck. Despite her usual self-absorption, she became engrossed in teaching her nephew, revealing tricks and techniques she had honed over the years.

Buck, for his part, concentrated intently, his initial sullenness giving way to a focus he didn’t know he had. “Like this?” he asked, angling the brush as Angelika had shown him.

“Better, but you need to blend more here,” Angelika pointed out.

Hours passed as they continued, with Angelika showing Buck how to apply eye makeup and lip color. The atmosphere in the room was no longer tense, but the two were by no means warming up to each other.

As they finished, Buck stepped back to look at his work. He was surprised at the transformation. “I did it,” he said, a hint of pride in his voice. “I’m better than you.”

Angelika, peering over his shoulder at his reflection, sneered. “Hardly. I’ve had years more experience.”

“I’m gonna keep trying,” Buck said, ominously. “And you’re gonna have to admit I’m better than you. You’re not so great.”

“It took me years of doing makeup every day to get this good.”

“Well, I’m going to do it again and again!” Buck stormed out of the room with intensity in his bedroom eyes and a a scowl in his petal-soft ruby red lips. “I’m gonna be the best! You’re gonna go down!”



Two weeks later, Buck, surrounded by a litter of makeup products, stared at his reflection. His face was practically sparkling, a picture perfect display of expertly applied makeup, yet his eyes were filled with turmoil.

He had just finished his daily workout with his aunt Angelika, and his ability to go a little farther and lift a little more weight wasn’t as rewarding as it used to be.

When he was done exercising, he practically sprinted back to his room, worried that even a moment out of high heels would prove he wasn't better than his aunt, so he had quickly changed and fed his feet into a pair of beige platform pumps.

After that, he had spent the last half hour doing his makeup, much in the same style as his aunt, who had been giving him daily lessons. It wasn't even necessary for him to wear it anymore, as the electrolysis had been completed, and his face was baby smooth — as was the rest of his body.

Looking in the mirror, he was met with the bizarre sight of a teenage boy's hair and clothes surrounding an expertly-styled face with soft features, feathery lashes, perfect skin, dark eyes and luscious lips.



He muttered to himself, “What am I doing? I can’t keep living like this.”

Buck began to pack his belongings hastily, cramming his clothes into his backpack in a frenzy, reflecting his life-or-death need to escape. As he zipped up his bag, Angelika entered the room, her expression one of bewilderment.

“Buck, what on earth are you doing? Are you packing?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m getting the fuck outta here,” Buck replied, his voice steady but strained.

“Leaving? But why? Is it because of me? Because I couldn’t fill your mother’s shoes?” Angelika questioned, her tone becoming tinged with melodramatic self-pity.

“It’s not about you, aunt Angelika,” Buck retorted, frustration evident in his voice. “Something is messing with me. Messing with my head! I’m obsessed with outdoing you, and it’s nuts. I just gotta get outta here.”

Angelika sighed dramatically. “But Buck, darling, I did promise my sister that I’d look after you. I don’t want anyone to say that I didn’t do my best...”

“This isn’t about you,” Buck said. “Or maybe it is. It’s about whatever makes me do...” He held his arms out, showing his made-up face with lipstick and eyeshadow, along with the five-inch heeled platform pumps he was wearing. “...This.”

Angelika, her voice rising, protested, “But you’re leaving because of me, aren’t you? It’s always the same. No one can handle being around someone as beautiful as I am. It’s my curse.”

“Jesus Christ! This isn’t about your beauty or whatever,” Buck exclaimed, his patience wearing thin. “I’m losing my fuckin’ mind. We both are.”

He barged past his aunt, who only turned to watch her nephew drag his lone suitcase behind him as he headed down the hall.

“I don’t know why I’m behaving like this,” Angelika said as she trailed Buck. “I keep encouraging these strange habits. I wish I knew why.”

“I don’t know either, but I can leave. That’s the only way.”

“At least give me back my shoes, Buck,” Angelika said as he headed down the stairs.

“I can’t take them off,” Buck replied “That’s why I gotta get out of here. Something’s wrong with me. And with you.”

“I lost two husbands like this,” Angelika continued as she followed her nephew out. “My beauty is a curse.”

“It’s not about you!” Buck said again.

“At least I can give you some money, okay?” Angelika said. “If you die on the streets, I’m going to probably get arrested for neglect or something.”

She grabbed her purse to get some cash.

“Save it!” Buck said, as he plopped his backpack just outside the door. “I’ll just text you, okay? I wanna get the hell out of here.”

“Well, alright, but when you get settled, tell me where you’re staying. And if you don’t have a place...”

“I gotta go!” Buck interrupted, impatiently.

“Fine, go!” Angelika said. “A woman tries to be nice and she gets her head ripped off. Men always thinking they’re better than women.”

Buck shut the door and turned around with a look of horror on his face. “Why... Why can’t I... Why can’t I stop myself?” He walked away from the front door, with all his possessions in the world, save from what he was wearing, outside and unattended.

“I can... be... a better... *woman*... than you,” Buck said, every word coming out with a fierce struggle not say anything. *You must be better than your aunt.*

“I will... Help...” Angelika responded, with even more struggling than her nephew. Her face contorted with confusion and creeping terror. “I want to help...” *You must help each other with your resolutions.* “I can make you into a woman.”

“Thank you,” Tyler replied in a voice of strain and distress.

“Why don’t we get started?” Angelika said, unsure of the words she was speaking.

“Yes, please,” Buck couldn’t help but follow his aunt as she headed upstairs again.



In her large walk-in closet, Angelika stood amidst an assortment of her clothes, her expression one of reluctance and discomfort. Buck, equally uneasy, eyed the clothing with a sullen expression of resignation.

“Buck, being a woman... it’s not just about clothes or makeup,” Angelika began, her voice lacking its usual conviction. “It’s about... well, it’s hard to define. I suppose it’s about experience, about how society views women, the roles we’re often expected to fill.”

Buck, despite himself, asked, “Like what?”

Angelika hesitated, then said, “Like being nurturing, caring. Often being seen before being heard. It’s not always fair, but that’s life, I guess.”

“I don’t want a lecture,” Buck said.

Angelika looked at him, with even more discontent in her eyes and picked up a piece of lingerie. “Alright, to be a woman starts with your appearance. I

suppose we should start with the basics. Undergarments are... well, they're important."

Buck folded his arms, his voice flat. "Yeah. Good. Great."

Angelika shared his lack of enthusiasm, but had to continue. *You must help each other with your resolutions.* "Now, there are different types of bras and underwear for various occasions. You'll need to know which is which."

She held up a lacy bra, her explanation perfunctory. "This one is more for special occasions, and this one," she picked up a plain one, "is for everyday wear."

Buck, examining a bra, asked half-heartedly, "Okay, and what about the other stuff?"

Moving on to the other items she had on display, Angelika showed him leggings and pantyhose with minimal enthusiasm. "Leggings are casual, comfortable. Pantyhose are more formal. It's about the context, I suppose."

Buck picked up a pair of leggings, his frown deepening. "Right, got it."

Angelika's reluctance was evident as she went through skirts, shorts, and various tops and blouses. "This skirt is for formal settings," she said, holding up a pencil skirt. "And these tops," she gestured half-heartedly to a collection of blouses, "are for different occasions. Day, evening, that sort of thing."

Buck, holding a blouse, asked in a monotone, "And when would I wear this?"

Angelika, looking tired of the exercise, replied, "That one's more for evenings. It's all about the look you're going for."

The atmosphere in the room was one of mutual disgust. Both Angelika and Buck were compelled by the hypnosis to participate in this unusual lesson, yet neither had any idea why.

Finally, Angelika said, "Well, that's the basics, I guess. It's not just wearing women's clothes. It's about... understanding them."

Buck, staring at the clothing, responded dully, "Right."

"I guess there's no sense in just talking about them. You have to wear them." She gathered up all the items into her arms. "So you take these and try them out."

*You must be better than your aunt.* Buck accepted them, and with a sigh, headed back to his attic room.

"When you have something you like," Angelika continued, "come show it to me, and then I can show you what makeup to use with it."

"Okay," Buck answered with death row energy. He wasn't sure if leaving the house would have broken whatever spell he must have been under, but he had the awful feeling he'd missed his one and only chance to leave this living hell.



As the days passed, Buck's immersion into the world of women's fashion evolved. He began to treat Angelika's extensive and luxurious wardrobe as his own, each day selecting new pieces to wear.

At first, Buck stuck to simple dresses, the kinds that were elegant yet understated. However, with each day, his choices became bolder. He ventured into wearing short skirts, pairing them with various blouses, each more feminine than the last. He even began to experiment with Angelika's lingerie, carefully selecting pieces that he felt suited his mood for the day.

Angelika, observing this transformation, couldn't help but feel disquiet. No man could do what he was doing to himself and not be stressed to the point of breaking. "Buck, are you all right?" she remarked one morning, watching him accessorize an outfit with jewelry.

Buck, looking at himself in the mirror, added a pair of large gold earrings to his ensemble. "I guess so," he replied, his voice a mixture of resignation and curiosity. "I just wish I knew why I'm doing this."

Angelika watched as he expertly clipped his lengthening hair back, then chose a belt and a bracelet to complete the look. "You're dressing just like me," she noted, a hint of unwelcome pride mingling with her unease.

"Yeah, of course I am," Buck said, examining his reflection. *You must be better than your aunt.* He had to admit, he looked sophisticated and feminine, a mirror image of his aunt in her own style.

In just a few weeks, Buck had transformed from a sullen teenager into someone who could easily blend into the high society circles Angelika frequented. His outfits were smart, his accessorizing thoughtful. He moved with a confidence that belied his dread.

As Buck continued to delve deeper into the world of women's fashion, Angelika found herself offering advice, commenting on his choices, and even sharing fashion tips. Her compulsion to help Buck and to teach him a lesson was driving her to give him all the feedback he needed, even if just beneath the surface, there was a pervasive sense of confusion and conflict for both of them.

Buck, while appearing sophisticated and feminine, grappled with his identity and the reasons behind his transformation. He had to believe that this was something he was forced to do. He had no desire to pretend he was a woman. Especially one based on his vain and infuriating aunt. The only other option, that he was just filling some subconscious desire to become a woman, was too terrible to contemplate.





By the time May rolled around, Buck didn't recognize himself in the mirror. Four months of changes had left him a different person.

His daily exercises had forced him to drop twenty-five pounds. He now weighed 135, and Buck could see his ribs. That was bad enough, but the continued use of his aunt's HRT pills had started to alter the very shape of his body. He'd even had them refilled twice.

He thought it was just because of the exercises, but Buck's butt, hips and thighs had become larger and thicker over time. When he wore his aunt's slacks, they draped off of his rear like curtains.

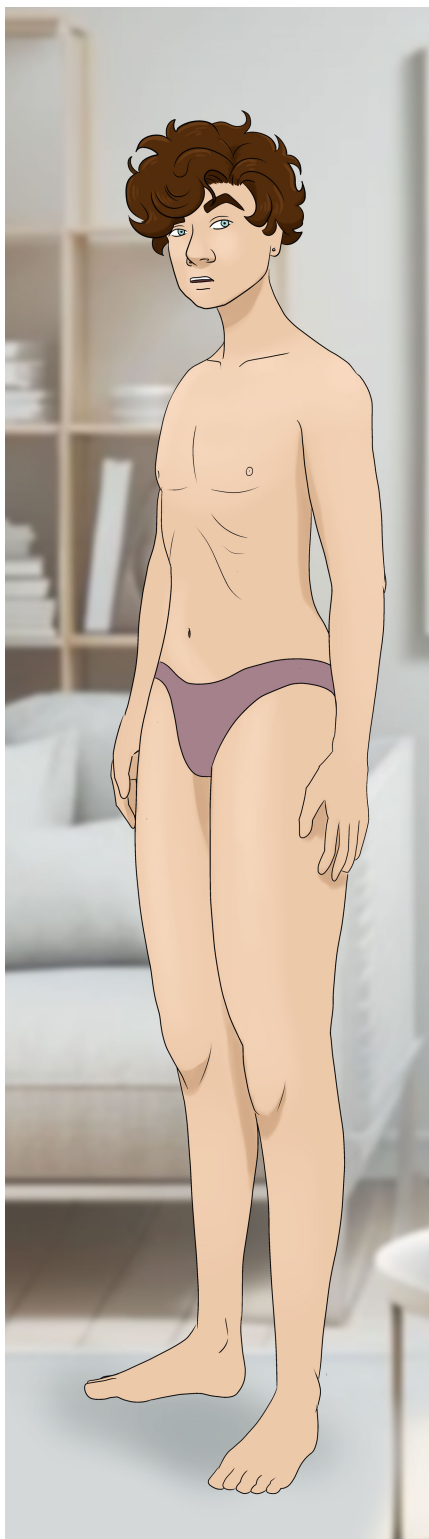
Any trace of muscles and strength had also vanished, leaving his arms thin as twigs, and just as weak. The exercises he did every day were meant to tone, not to build strength.

The electrolysis had a far more dramatic effect on his appearance than he ever would have suspected. The loss of his beard and the familiar blue-black hues on his chin made him look like an 11 year old.

Even his hair, which had been a scraggly mess all his life, seemed thicker and straighter as it grew out. He would have cut it except he dared not leave the house for a barbershop.

His face was now as feminine as any woman's, with perfectly blended shades and flawless skin tone. It would have been the envy of any Beverly Hills socialite. To his eyes, it could not have appeared more alien and grotesque, yet to anyone else, it was a perfect match with his seemingly endless wardrobe of middle-aged fashionista outfits.

He spent his day going over daily



lessons in femininity from his aunt, and walking around the house dressed like he was about to raid the stores on Rodeo Drive or attend a red carpet movie premiere.

He was also feeling more and more distressed at the sight of his legs. He had always given his aunt credit for having amazing legs, which were supple and sexy. The delicate curves and sensuous shape was genetic, as his mother had the same incredible legs, but he'd never let himself think about it for too long. Of course, lusting after his aunt was slightly more permissible.

The trait certainly ran in the family, because as the days and weeks went by, he could see his own legs taking on the same shape. The loss of hair from the electrolysis had revealed them in new way, and the continued workouts and hormonal effects had started to make them just as sexy as all the women in his family.

He'd forced himself to keep his eyes from looking down, just in fear of being reminded of how feminine, silky and sexy the legs on his body were.

When, as he asked himself several times a day, would this madness end?



“Something on your mind?” Gregory asked his date for the evening.

Angelika had to snap herself out of her preoccupied attention span. “No, no,” Angelika replied with one of her patented warm smiles.

“You seem distant,” Gregory said as he lifted another fork full of pan-seared Alaskan halibut to his mouth. They were in a fine dining restaurant, and despite the both of them dressed formally for dinner, and the extravagant surrounding with rich delicious food, it was clear that Angelika was not quite there.

“I’m fine,” Angelika said with conviction. She tried to fix her eyes on Gregory, and give one of those looks that said she was fascinated and spellbound by his presence.

The truth was she couldn't help but think about her nephew — which was understandable. It had been a wild day with him.

It all had started over a morning breakfast of smoothies Buck had prepared for the both of them. The everyday cruelty of dealing with Buck, who was resembling one of her middle-aged friends more and more, was hard enough. However, when it came to reaching him everything there was to know about being a woman, the horrors kept mounting.

The hypnosis she had undergone was still compelling her to help him achieve his resolution of being better than her, and now that he was wearing a full ensemble of women's clothes, like shoes, jewelry and even makeup, his lessons on becoming a woman had moved on to more advanced topics.

“So how was your day?” Angelika asked Gregory, trying to stay in the moment with her fiancée. She couldn’t risk him thinking she was losing her interest. Not when she was this close to locking him in as her husband, and taking all the wealth, privilege and status that went with it.

“You don’t want to hear about me,” Gregory said.

“No, I do,” she said, again focusing on his eyes. “I *really* do.”

As Gregory began to recall the very dull events of his work day, Angelika’s mind returned to her troubles with her nephew. She simply couldn’t believe what had happened just hours ago.

She should have knocked, but she didn’t, and she had walked right in on her nephew masturbating.

Or at least trying to.

His back was turned as he curled up on his bed, shaking and shuddering. He was gong at it with everything he had, but it was quite clear he wasn’t having much luck. That was confirmed when he turned and Angelika could see the tears streaming down his face.

Angelika couldn’t have known it, but Buck had been at it for hours, trying to get some kind of reaction. His penis was barely even stimulated. For reasons he didn’t know, he couldn’t even get hard. Of course, taking HRT was the culprit.

“*Honestly*,” Angelika said, irritated at the sight before her.

Buck nearly pulled all the muscles in his body as he straightened out and looked at his aunt in shock. “No... I wasn’t...” He tried to object.

“If you’re going to be a woman, you’re going to have to do it like a woman. I’ll be right back.”

Buck remained where he was, too paralyzed by fear and shame to do much else. Meanwhile, down the hall, Angelika was asking herself why she was doing what she was doing. *I want to teach Buck a few good lessons about growing up.*

“You’ll need to use one of these,” she said, tossing bright pink rubber cock-shaped dildo beside Buck on the bed. “Every woman’s best friend.” It was one of her spares.

“But... What?” Buck stammered.

“A dildo. You’ll need to use a dildo if you’re going to get off, Buck.” Angelika sighed. “Every woman knows that.”

“Wuh... The... Huh?”

“Do you have lube around here somewhere?” Angelika asked, impatiently. “Tell me you at least have that.”

Buck was still trying to get his heart beats down to under 2000 per minute, and didn’t respond.

“It’s probably in your top drawer,” Angelika said, as he opened it for herself. Sure enough, some KY jelly was there. “Good. So what you want to do is lube up the dildo, and then plunge that into your pussy.”

“I... I...”

“Or, I guess for you that’s a ‘bussy.’ Isn’t that what the kids are calling it?” Angelika crossed her arms. “Well? Get to it! Or don’t you want to be a woman?”

With those words, the programming kicked in, and Buck unfroze himself. *You must be better than your aunt.* He did want that. He wanted to be better than his aunt. He had to be.

He picked up the strange rubbery phallus and lubed it up. He wasn’t sure what he was going to do next, so his aunt had to help teach hm.

“You want to get on all fours, then reach around back and push it in, Buck,” she said. “As a woman, you’ll get used to doing most of the work.”

“It... It’s not...”

“Too big? I can get that one in my back door easily, Buck. It’s not even a challenge for me.”

That was all the motivation the young man needed. *You must be better than your aunt.* He put himself in position. Even though he was being watched, and watched by family no less, Buck became absorbed in his task. He had to show Angelika he could do this, and do it better than her.

He screamed from pain as he pushed it in, but he kept pushing it in.

His aunt was very encouraging. “There you go. That’s the way.” Buck looked up at her with agony in his eyes. “It hurts, yes,” Angelika commented, “but that will get better the more you do it. You might also pinch a nipple with your spare hand. That can help.”

“Arrgh!” Buck said, dealing with the pain. He was determined to show he could be better than his aunt. He was going to learn how to be the better woman.

“Don’t stop now! Push it in! Push it in!”

“It hurrrtsss....”

“Push it in! Push it in!”

“I mean, there wasn’t any other way to do it but push the meeting back an hour,” Gregory said. “Angelika?”

“What?” Angelika said, suddenly back with her fiancée at the dinner table.

“See? You are distracted.”

Angelika shook her head. “No! No, I was listening. You were saying you needed to push it in... I mean push it back an hour.”

“Yes, well, as I was saying,” Gregory continued, “marketing was raising hell, and my finance people were losing their minds. But I wasn’t going to budge.”

“That what I like about you, darling,” Angelika said. “You’re always so headstrong.”

No sooner had she said the words than she was remembering her nephew taking her dildo into his mouth.

“The whole head, Buck. I know it’s hard to breathe, but hold strong.” She told him as he deep throated the rubber cock. “You’re a slut, Buck. A desperate, cock-hungry slut! Act like it!”

She still couldn’t believe it. She had helped her nephew, a boy she’d known since he was a baby, learn how to give head and take it in the ass.

What troubled her even more was how satisfying it felt — how satisfying it was to help Buck become the better woman. She didn’t understand what was happening to her. *I want to teach Buck a few good lessons about growing up.*



Angelika, though, had little clue as to what was happening in Buck’s attic room while she was out dining.

Buck was training himself. He was forced by his own mind to want to be a better woman than his aunt, and that meant beating her at her own game — and her game was sex. Buck was going to win at sex. *You must be better than your aunt.*

His biggest obstacle was himself, and he knew it. He was a man, after all. Not even that, more like a late-stage teenager. That meant that he had the same impulses a teenage boy had. He was constantly horny for girls.

This was in direct opposition to what he needed, as he had decided. To be a better woman than his aunt meant being better a sex than his aunt. Because his aunt viewed the world through sex. She used sex appeal to get what she wanted. She used sex appeal to get men to do what she asked them to do. She used sex to go through dozens and dozens of men to find a rich one. She used sex to achieve all her goals in life.

Therefore, so did Buck. He was going to have to use men in the same way his aunt did. He as going to have to use sex to get what he wanted.

This meant he had to have sex with men. Kiss them, fondle them, surrender to them, and get fucked by them. He felt like throwing up whenever he thought about it, but he just had to show he was better than his aunt. He had to.

It repulsed him on a fundamental level. He wasn’t gay, and couldn’t even comprehend what it must be like to be gay. Even so, he was powerless to fight

what his hypnotic commands were forcing him to do. He was going to be better than his aunt, and better at loving men than his aunt.

Buck had to find a way to stop pining after cute girls and pine for rugged men. He needed to turn himself into a man-loving dynamo.

It had begun yesterday, in the most embarrassing and humiliating way it ever could, with his aunt instructing him to shove a rubber dildo up his own ass. Yet, it was the best sexual release he had felt in months. With his aunt's HRT hormones chemically castrating him, the pleasure he felt when being invaded through his ass and massaging his nipples was like water to man lost in the desert.

He knew now that he could do it. He could use that sexual release of penetration and grow it, nurture it into a full on lust for cock. So that was what he was doing tonight. He had porn on his phone, and a dildo in his ass as he imagined himself getting destroyed by the actor's huge dick.

Buck could feel it. He could feel it building inside of him. It was small now, but he was determined to build it up, his desire to get fucked. He knew that if he just kept at it, he would be a slave to cock in no time. *You must be better than your aunt.*



“Hello, Ms. Bannister?” said the strapping young man at the door.

“Juan!” Angelika said with a joyful smile on her face she leaned forward to hug him. “It’s been so long! Did your father...?”

“Sí, he passed away,” Juan said, with sadness. “In the end, it was for the best. He had been suffering for so long.” Then his expression changed back to a smile. “But I am back, and I wanted to ask, if you wanted me to...”

“You’re available?”

“Sí, señorita.”

Juan had been her personal trainer before he had to leave for Mexico and attend to his ailing father. It had been over six months since she had heard from him, so to have the young man show up on her doorstep was the most pleasant of surprises. Angelika had to restrain herself from running her fingers over his ripped chest right there and then.

“So tomorrow?” Juan asked.

“Yes,” she replied, mesmerized by the hard, muscled body of the young man. Flashes of their many, many workout sessions followed, especially the ones that took place in her bedroom. Juan was a *very* personal trainer. “Tomorrow at eleven?” She asked.

“Eleven.” He smiled, turned and walked away, as Angelika watched those tight buns undulate. She sighed at the prospect of catching up with the young man.

“Who was that?” Buck asked as he arrived in the living room. He was dressed in one of Angelika’s favorite dresses and a pair of her highest heels. He looked quite good in them, too.

Suddenly it struck Angelika that she had forgotten how much the dynamics in her house had changed. She was inviting Juan back into her home for their workouts, but the workouts were now for two, and one of them was her nephew dressed up in her clothes.

“Oh no,” Angelika said to herself. There was no way to call it off, either. Juan didn’t use a phone for his appointments, which was why he had shown up in person. It probably a necessary precaution, given that he was likely fucking most of his clients.

“Problem?” Buck asked as he freshened his lipstick.

Angelika was now faced with a choice. Not let Juan into her home tomorrow morning, or...

“Buck,” she said to her nephew, “We need to talk.”



“And who is this?” Juan said as he arrived the next morning, clad in his tight spandex trainer ensemble.

“This? Oh, this is my sister,” Angelika said, as calmly as she could muster.

Buck was dressed in one of Angelika’s exercise outfits, as he always was for their workouts. However, two things had changed. One, he had freshly styled hair. Two, he was stuffing his bra and tucking his penis.

“It’s not my fault you asked Juan back without thinking about it, you horny bitch,” Buck said when he was in the car on the way to Angelika’s salon. “Why do I have to do this? Why am I the one who has to suffer?”

“Do you want to spend the rest of your life inside? You were going to have to do this sooner or later,” Angelika testily replied as she drove. “You have a choice. Stop dressing up in my things or...”

The very thought of going back to the way he used to dress caused Buck to shudder. His mind simply wouldn’t allow it. He had to be a better woman than his aunt, and couldn’t do anything else. *You must be better than your aunt.* Pants and tees would have been to fail in his quest to see his resolutions through.

“Fine, whatever,” Travis replied, crossing his arms in teenage petulance. “Just let me choose what I want,” he said.

“That’s fine,” his aunt replied.

“Your sister?” Juan asked when he saw Buck for the first time. “I should have guessed.”

“She doesn’t talk,” Angelika explained. “But she loves to work out.”

“Good, good,” Juan replied. “I warn you, I will work you long and hard.”

All Buck could do was smile and play along. He was terrified that he’d be exposed, but his new hair really did seem to help. It was slightly feathered and lightened a shade or two, and was unmistakably feminine.

When he first saw it in the reflection at the salon, he was horrified, but after he had lived with for a day, he had come think he was merely terrified. Still, it did help him in his resolution. He may not have looked better than his aunt, but he was getting closer every day.

“Now, are you ready to work?” Juan asked Buck.

Buck looked over the young man, maybe just a couple of years older than he was, and had a curious thought. He was supposed to teaching himself to like men. This was a man. A handsome young man. Buck looked Juan in the eyes and nodded.

He still felt sick to his



stomach, though.



“Um... Aunt Angelika?” Buck said as he entered the living room a few days later.

Angelika paused *The Real Housewives of Salt Lake City* for a moment. She knew something was up because Buck was being nice to her. “What is it?” She asked. “Are your falsies bothering you again?”

“No, they’re fine,” Buck said, looking down at the feminine shape the new padding gave him. Angelika had bought them and given them to Buck without prompting, as she was still forced to help her nephew. “Aunt Angelika,” Buck began, his voice barely above a whisper, “I need your help. How do you... seduce a man?”

Angelika, reclining on the opulent sofa, looked up, her eyes scanning him from head to toe for any deception. She didn’t detect any. A look of surprise mixed with a hint of intrigue emerged on her tight face. “Seduce a man? My, we are diving into deep waters, aren’t we?”

Buck shifted uncomfortably. “Yeah, I guess. I just... need to know.” *I want to know what love is.*

Angelika sighed, a sense of duty under the compulsion of hypnosis overtaking her. *You must help each other with your resolutions.* “Alright, Buck. Seduction is an art. First, you must understand it’s all about subtlety. A glance here, a gentle touch there. It’s about suggesting, not declaring.”

Buck listened intently, his sullen demeanor giving way to curiosity. “Subtlety. Got it. What else?”

“Your eyes are powerful tools. Use them to express interest, to draw him in. A lingering look can speak volumes,” Angelika explained, demonstrating with a practiced gaze.

Buck tried to mimic her, his attempt a bit awkward. “Like this?”

Angelika nodded, though with a note of criticism. “It’s a start. But you need to be more... inviting. Now, let’s talk about conversation. It’s not just what you say, but how you say it. Your tone should be soft, yet confident. Make him feel he’s the only one in the room.”

Buck frowned slightly. “Soft but confident. Yeah. And what do I talk about?”

Angelika’s lips curled into a sly smile. “Find out what interests him and show fascination. But remember, the key is to keep a bit of mystery about yourself. Be intriguing, make him want to know more about you.”

Buck absorbed her words, his frown deepening in concentration. “Be intriguing, right. And what about... you know, physical stuff?”

Angelika leaned forward, her voice lowering. “The art of touch is crucial. A subtle hand on his arm, a playful brush against his hand. These small gestures can be very powerful. But remember, always leave him wanting more.”

Buck nodded, a sense of understanding dawning on him. “Leave him wanting more. I can do that.”

“Seduction is a game of balance. You must always maintain a sense of dignity and control.” Even as she was talking, her thoughts were swirling. She was terrified with the strange situation she found herself in, driven by an inexplicable urge to do these strange things. The middle-aged woman had to help her nephew, as humiliating as it was for him, and mortifying as it was for her. She wondered if he was under the same strange compulsion, too.

“How do you know if it’s working? How do you know if a man is interested?” Buck asked.

“That’s where you need to be observant. Look for signs in his behavior. Is he leaning towards you when you speak? Does he maintain eye contact? Is he finding excuses to touch you or stay close to you?”

Buck absorbed her words, a frown of concentration on his face. “So, it’s about reading his reactions?”

“Exactly,” Angelika affirmed. “And remember, there’s a fine line between interest and discomfort. Always be aware of his comfort level. Pushing too hard can be off-putting.”

Buck nodded, his eyes reflecting a mix of apprehension and curiosity. “Okay, I get it. Be observant, but don’t push too hard.”

Angelika, her voice taking on a more serious tone, added, “And Buck, once you know you want a man, never let that man go. Don’t look desperate, but be persistent. You will make that man yours.”

Buck looked at her, a slight twist in his expression. “I understand, aunt Angelika. Sorry.”

As Buck left, Angelika sat back, a complex array of emotions playing across her face. While part of her reveled in the vanity of being seen as a goddess of seduction and flirtation, another more urgent part of her mind wondered why Buck wanted to know this kind of thing at all.



Angelika would have been pleased to know that her lessons were taken to heart. For that very next morning, as she saw Gregory off at the airport, her nephew was blowing Juan.

It was just Juan and Buck for the morning workout, and Buck had decided to use this opportunity to see if a little seduction might work on Juan. There was

nothing to lose, as Juan was paid to be there every day, and wouldn't walk away from a steady customer. Not to mention Buck was pretending to be someone else, and mute as well.

Buck found out for himself that the right expression made a big difference, and touch was indeed very important. His seduction technique worked very well for Buck, but before he knew it, he was on his knees with Juan's bloated dick in his mouth.

It had started innocently enough. All Buck was trying to do was see if his "seductive" expression had any effect on a man. After giving Juan a few glances with his best alluring eyes, Juan gave Buck a much more personal workout. He was guiding the young cross-dressed man in his movements, encouraging more stretching by pushing Buck's arms and legs into place.

Buck didn't feel it at first, because he was wearing falsies, but he could see Juan's hand on his chest, in what didn't appear to be any kind of an exercise instruction. Before he had a chance to think about it, Juan's other hand was working its way up his thigh and headed to his crotch.

Still unwilling to use his voice, Buck had to fight Juan off as best he could, while remaining silent. He didn't want to appear too harsh, as he was trying to seduce Juan. He just needed him to stop being so physical.

His aunt was right. Touch was very important, but *being* touched was a very different thing indeed.

No sooner did Buck remove one hand than the other started to make a move. Juan was part trainer, part octopus. In a flurry of attempts to keep Juan's hands off of him, twisting and turning quickly, Buck found himself on his knees, with his head in front of Juan's crotch. That was not where he wanted to be.

"Ah, just want to cut to the chase, eh?" Juan asked. He pulled down his stretchy shorts to reveal a penis that was veiny and stiff, just inches from Buck's face.

He then felt Juan's hands holding Buck's head in place and pulling Buck toward Juan's ever-growing thunderstick.

It was then that Buck had to make a decision, back out and save himself, or allow this to happen. He was forced, by his programmed brain, to ask one simple question — what would his aunt do, and how could he do it better?

"Are you shy?" Juan said. "No need. I have many clients like you. Rich, lonely, insatiable. Ms. Bannister was shy at first, too."

Knowing his aunt was a slut made his next move inevitable. *You must be better than your aunt.* He swallowed and fixed his eyes on Juan's penis with equal parts revulsion and determination. This wasn't what he wanted, but it was something he had to do.

Buck grasped Juan's member and held it in place as he brought it into his mouth. He was trembling with fear, but at the same time he kept leaning in closer.

Almost on autopilot, letting his mind go blank, Buck closed his mouth around Juan's cock. It was the most disgusting thing he'd ever done. *Please no*, he thought to himself, *Don't make me do this, God*.

"Work it," Juan said. "You want to use your tongue, you know."

Buck's stomach felt like lead. He was degrading himself like he never imagined possible. Yet, he all but knew his aunt was better than this. She was older, after all. She had probably sucked hundreds of cocks.

Compelled to be the best, Buck ran his tongue along the bottom of Juan's hot and velvety shaft. He then swirled around the head, taking it into his mouth again.

Juan moaned in pleasure. He could tell Buck was a novice, but he didn't care. This girl was going to learn, and he was going to teach her. Buck kept sucking, his eyes shut tight.

Juan began to pump his hips, fucking Buck's mouth. He grabbed Buck's hair and pulled his head back. "Fuck, yeah. Suck it, bitch. That's it. Take my load."

Buck wanted to cry, but he had to keep going. There was no backing out now. He was doing this no matter what.

Juan grunted, his balls tightening up. He came hard, shooting cum down Buck's throat. Buck gagged, swallowing it just to keep it from overwhelming him. Juan pulled out and leaned back against the wall, panting. He looked at Buck, who was staring at the floor, not wanting to look back.

"Good job," Juan said. "I'll see you on Thursday." Juan pulled up his pants and left. Buck stayed kneeling there, feeling dirty. Feeling like he had just crossed a line he could never un-cross. He went to the bathroom and washed his face. Twice. He brushed his teeth and tongue for over five minutes. He stared at himself in the mirror, hating what he saw. Buck wiped the tears from his eyes and went to his room. The young man was too tired to cry, and got dressed for the day in his aunt's clothes.



Half out of necessity, half out of humiliation, Buck deleted his socials. His hands were trembling as he did it, but there was little choice. He couldn't keep up with the smattering of on-line friends he had made. The two or three people he had communicated with since high school were no huge loss, but the terms under why he had to do it made him feel like he was chiseling his epitaph.

“Should I even ask why you look so morose?” Angelika asked her nephew as they ate dinner.

“Life is shit,” Buck replied, dropping a chicken bone onto his plate with a loud clunk.

“My sister should have warned you,” Angelika replied. “Nice chicken, by the way.”

“Yeah, great,” the young man said, not accepting the rare compliment. His cooking skills had been improving, and he made dinner for the both of them most nights.

“Anyway, I’m going to be with Gregory for the next couple of nights. Please don’t have any parties while I’m gone.”

“Like I could,” Buck grumbled. “Look at me.” He was in a knit dress with gold bracelets and earrings.

Angelika was about to point out it was his own fault, that he was doing this to himself, but lately she was thinking that maybe Buck wasn’t emulating her out of his own volition. It was almost like he was being forced into it. Before she brought her little theory up, she had to know a little more about the situation, and why she herself seemed to be helpless but to assist in his gradual transformation.

“Fine, but if anyone comes to the door, you’re not going to have me to cover for you. So you probably shouldn’t tell anyone you’re a boy...”

“I’m a man,” Buck said with his dusty rose painted lips and smoky mascara-laden eyes. He was quite determined to remind both himself and his aunt that he was a man. Sucking the fitness instructor’s dick seemed to have Buck needing a little reinforcement of his masculinity. “A grown man.”

“Of course. But the point is you don’t want to get people asking questions. Have you even picked a name?”

“I’m not changing my name.” He was defiant. He didn’t want to lose who he was.

“Never the less, I think if anyone asks, you should lie and say your name is... I don’t know... Jordyn. I always liked that name.” She bit some more chicken off the bone in her hands. “And you’re my niece or sister or something. Visiting from another country.” She pondered it. “Spain. I always wanted to go back to Spain.”

“Fine,” Buck mumbled.

“You’re my sister Jordyn visiting from Spain. And my nephew Buck is...”

“Fighting overseas. Fucking gunning down Russians in Ukraine. A mercenary who’s a deadly sniper and assassinating generals...”

Angelika cut him off from rattling on about his man-child video game fantasy. “Good, fine. Buck is on a mission in Ukraine. My baby sister Jordyn is staying for a few weeks from her home in Spain. That’s what we’ll tell people. Okay?”

“Tanks. You gotta say I’m driving tanks, too.”

“All right, but do we have an understanding?”

“Yeah,” Buck mumbled.



With Angelika gone, that meant solo workouts with Juan, and it meant that the two were all over each other like cats in heat.

Buck was, if anything, even more repulsed with himself for his behavior, but he had an inner drive to make himself the better cocksucker, determined to be better than his aunt. He also opened up his back door to Juan, who was all too eager to exploit it.

Their workouts became quite heated. Half of the session was about exercise, and the other half was sweaty, heated fucking. It didn’t help that Angelika called a couple of days into her vacation and extended it for another week.

Buck could only wonder what Juan made of the situation, of sex with someone who wouldn’t let them touch certain parts of their body, and didn’t speak a word. However, he was pretty sure Juan was just used to screwing all his rich female clients and had to put up with a lot of eccentricities from his clientele of trophy wives.

Buck got used to the sex, to a degree. He didn’t feel like throwing up anymore, but he did spend a few minutes crying after Juan left every day. He had to let it all pour out before he applied his daytime makeup. Ass-fucking and sucking another man was the most degrading thing he could ever do in his eyes, yet he kept doing it. He kept hearing that whisper in his mind. *You must be better than your aunt.* If she could do something, he had to do it better.

Angelika’s extended vacation also meant that Buck had unrestricted access to his aunt’s wardrobe. It wasn’t like Buck wanted to try on his aunt’s things, but he felt like he had to. He had to show that he was better than Angelika in everything, and that meant looking better in her clothes.

He tried of a few of the dresses she had told him were “off limits,” and had to admit she had good reason to keep them for herself. They looked dynamite on him.

Then he found a few *higher* high heels, hidden away. These were five and six inch heels that looked like they might kill him. If he could wear those, he’d definitely prove he was better at wearing heels than Angelika, so he was compelled to wear them, which he did, right away. He figured they were hidden away out of embarrassment, which he could understand. He hadn’t

worn anything in the few months that didn't embarrass him.

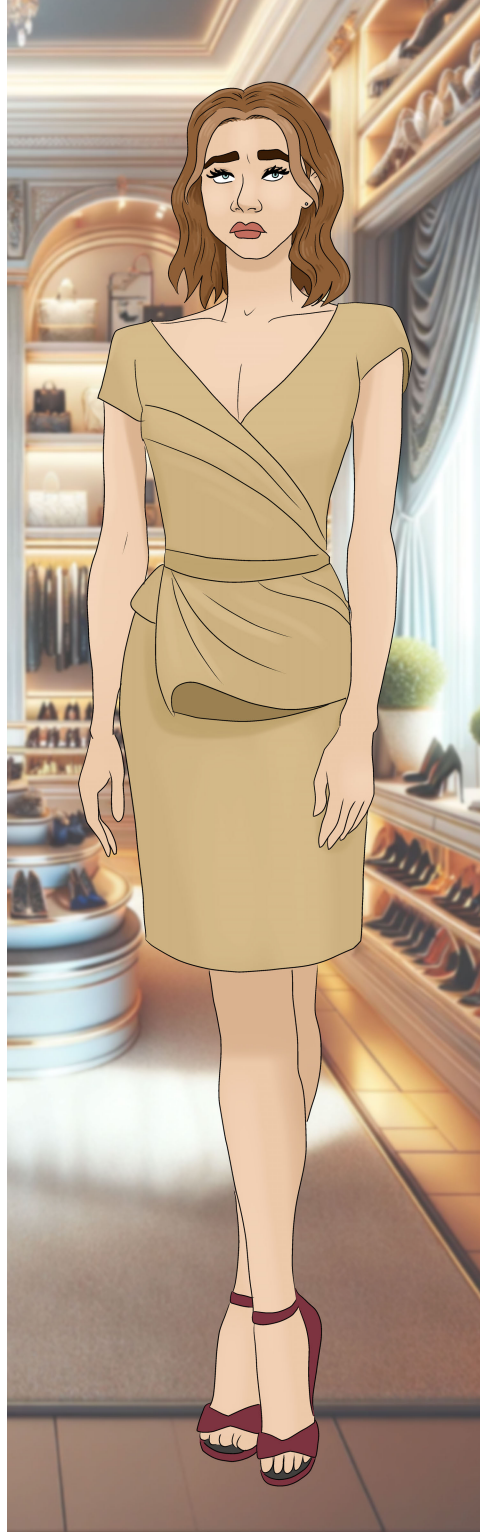
Then he found a treasure trove. A number of dresses in the back that had a fine layer of dust on them. These were far more daring than Angelika's usual outfits. The skirts were shorter, the tops more low-cut. Although he didn't know it, he had discovered the dresses Angelika had bought over time that she would "fit into after losing some weight."

All women were guilty of buying clothes they liked but couldn't actually wear, promising themselves that they would be able to after a diet. Once he slipped a couple of them on, it was clear to Buck that he had the thinner body his aunt didn't have. He was down to 118 these days. The dresses fit almost perfectly, and were a little racier than he had seen his aunt wear. With his developing butt and thighs, he probably looked better in them than she ever would, and he knew it. He even found himself stuffing his bra a little more to make it look balanced between his big butt his upper half.

For the rest of the week, he wore nothing else besides the racier dresses and the higher heels, practicing. For what, even he wasn't sure. But he felt like he was becoming the better woman, which both comforted his hypnotic compulsions and terrified his conscious mind.



"Welcome back?" The hair stylist said as Angelika and Buck walked



into the salon. “Does this mean we have a new regular?” She asked, looking at the mortified expression of Buck.

“Well, my sister is a bit of a mediterranean girl,” Angelika said as she led Buck to the stylist’s chair. “She lives in Spain you know, and they’re into that natural look. But I told her that here in SoCal, we like a bit of polish on our gals.”

“So right,” the stylist said in her agreeable way. “Smile, sweetie,” she said to Buck. “It’s salon day!”

The woman had no idea how much Buck was dreading this. His first trip to the salon had been like living out some kind of nightmare, being robbed of every last atom of his masculinity, pampered like a princess and humiliated until he reached a state of traumatic shock.

When his aunt Angelika told him they were going to the salon today, he begged her not to do it for hours, but Angelika’s need to help him achieve his New Years’ resolution of bettering her had forced to to assist in his unintended quest.

Buck, sitting in the stylist’s chair, felt wildly out of place as the stylist worked on his hair and nails. He watched, a mix of disbelief and resignation, as his hair was shampooed, trimmed, treated and dried, all the while some unknown woman was working on his nails as they were transformed with long, manicured extensions.

“I look ridiculous,” Buck muttered under his breath, examining his nails with a frown. They were getting back in the car, which Buck was having tons of trouble with, given he was used to being able to use his fingers to do things.

“Ridiculous? Nonsense, you look fabulous,” Angelika corrected him, her voice a blend of encouragement and insistence.

“Where are we going?” Buck asked when he noticed the car was headed away from home.

“I never waste a day when my hair is salon-perfect. I thought we’d do some shopping,” Angelika said, as if it were nothing. She knew her nephew was going to have to get out at some point, and he’d probably fight it. “Jodie and Marjorie are already waiting for us.”

“No!” Buck said, of out pure fear. “No! I can’t!”

Angelika didn’t want an argument, so she played her trump card. “So you’re going to admit that I’m better than you?” That’s all she needed to say.

Later, Angelika introduced Buck to her friends Jodie and Marjorie as ‘Jordyn’, her baby sister from Spain. “Jordyn is a little shy and has a problem with her voice, so she won’t be speaking much,” Angelika explained smoothly.

Jodie and Marjorie greeted ‘Jordyn’ warmly, none the wiser of Buck’s true identity. Buck, for his part, managed a strained smile, nodding in response to their greetings. He did notice that Jodie and Marjorie looked like slightly lesser



clones of Angelika.

As they went shopping, Angelika and her friends chatted and gossiped, while Buck trailed behind them. He felt like an imposter among them, out of place in his new persona. He tried his best to keep up the facade, nodding and smiling at the right moments, but inside, he was screaming to escape.

Every glance from an onlooker felt like daggers, every word spoken in his presence was a bullet. He felt like he was going to be read at every possible opportunity, and he was driving himself crazy. He couldn't have felt more miserable, and more humiliated, as he was deliberately paraded around Beverly Hills in a dress and high heels.

The day seemed endless to Buck as they moved from one shop to another, Angelika and her friends immersed in a world of fashion and frivolity. He felt like a puppet in a macabre theater of vanity he never wanted to be a part of, forced to maintain his disguise through sheer terror.

As they finally headed home, Buck was drained, both emotionally and physically. The weight of pretending, of hiding behind the persona of 'Jordyn', had taken a devastating toll on him. Angelika, meanwhile, seemed oblivious to his discomfort, pleased with how the day had gone, and how she had been able to help her nephew and teach him a lesson about being an adult — her resolutions were being fulfilled. *I want to teach Buck a few good lessons about growing up.*



Now six months into his nightmare, Buck Garber, 19, looked at his reflection in pure mortification. He was now 115 pounds, a whisper thin body he never wanted. His butt and hips stuck out, giving him the wide gait and curvy ass that would have been a showstopper on any woman's body.

Days upon days of squats and leg lifts had given him, almost unintentionally, the lower body of a mature supermodel. The increasing frequency of Juan trying to screw him was an indication of just how appealing that half of his body had become.

His hair, now long enough to reach his shoulders, was taken care of by the salon on a weekly basis, and glimmered and shone like spun silk. His makeup was as on point as ever, since he had been doing it on a daily basis, several times a day, for five months. He was now an expert. On his weekly shopping trips with Marjorie, Jodie and his aunt, he looked like he belonged amongst the three high-maintenance ladies with his polished look and stylish clothes.

He also didn't own a thread of male clothes. Buck didn't really own any clothes at all, and everything he wore was coming from his aunt's closet. He had claimed his own pairs of panties and bras, just for hygiene's sake.

But he already knew these shameful details. What made this day different was his chest. It had been achy and sore for a while but he had attributed this to the bras he wore, and as a man, he wasn't used to the constriction.

Now though, as he looked at the flesh that now hung from his chest, it was very clear to Buck that he was not suffering from irritation. He had small, but substantial breasts. He could squeeze them, he could push them around. He could jiggle them.

The thing that alarmed him the most wasn't the realization that he was growing breasts, the thing that scared him the most was that the first thought he had was he could wear lower-cut tops.

He came mincing out of his room, restricted by the platform heels he was wearing, with his makeup was running as he found his aunt downstairs. "Look at me, aunt Angelika!" He was crying, barely able to contain his emotions anymore, thanks to the HRT pills he had been taking. That also accounted for what he was showing his aunt. "What's going on? What's happening to me?"

"Calm down, calm down," Angelika said. "I'll call you back," she said to whoever she was talking to. She hung up and before looking at her nephew, asked, "What's got you in a tizzy, sweetie?"

"Look!" Buck insisted.

Slowly, languidly, Angelika raised her eyes and turned the ten degrees necessary to look at her frenzied nephew. He was pulling the neck down on the dress he was wearing, showing the two A-cup boobs that had appeared on his chest.

"You're ruining that dress," said Angelika.

"No, Look at me! I've got boobs!"

"I don't get it," Angelika said. "Is this a prank or something?"

"What are you talking about? I'm growing boobs! For-real *boobs!*"

Angelika had to get up on her feet and walk over to her nephew who was still holding the neck of the dress open for examination. "They look real," Angelika said.

"They *are* real!" Buck insisted.

"Well, why the fuck are you growing boobs?" Angelika asked, as if she expected Buck to know the answer.

"I don't know!" Buck replied. He was reaching a new level of panic as he looked down at the modest gelatinous mounds he now sported. "It's because I'm wearing women's clothes, isn't it? *Isn't it!*"

"Oh my God, don't be stupid," Angelika said. "That's not how it works. Get real." She put her hands on her hips. "We should call my homeopathic..."

The young man looked up, clearly at the end of his rope. "No! Call a doctor!"

“It’s not like it’s that noticeable,” Angelika said as she picked her phone back up. “I mean, when you get D-cups like mine, then you can complain.”

In the midst of his crisis, Buck began to get ahold of himself. He watched his aunt dial on her phone he began to hear that whisper again. He began to feel that fear again.

A fear that he wasn’t going to be better than his aunt. He considered what she had just said, looking down at his tiny boobs. Yes, he was horrified, scared that his body was undergoing some kind of change he couldn’t control. He felt like he was being locked into a body that wasn’t his, and he’d never be himself again.

Still, as the panic subsided, he could feel that compulsion. *You must be better than your aunt.* He knew it was not what he wanted to think about. He knew it was going to take him somewhere he didn’t want to go. He knew all this, but couldn’t help himself.

“My doctor can’t see you until September,” Angelika said as she hung up.

Buck couldn’t help himself. He already knew what he was going to say, but he tried to stop himself from saying it. “Can you...” He looked down at his modest breasts. “Can you make... an appointment...” He wanted to tear his mouth off, to throw his head in the microwave, to do anything but speak the rest of the sentence. “...With your plastic surgeon?”

He had to be better than his aunt Angelika. He had to be better — and bigger.



Angelika was through a half bottle of white wine as she sat by herself, bereft, in the kitchen. She was trying to get herself drunk, but she didn’t drink heavily that often, and wine was her preferred liquor.

She had been caring for Buck all week, ever since he had gotten back from the hospital. He had been restricted to bed rest, unable to stand, and taking painkillers to manage the pain.

Angelika was kind of jealous at the delirious state of semi-consciousness Buck was in. She wished she could numb her pain somehow. Even the drinking didn’t seem to be helping.

She still had no idea, over a week and a half later, why Buck had asked for breast implants. There he was, literally crying when he claimed to be growing breasts, and then the next minute he’s asking to get implants to have bigger breasts. It didn’t make any sense to her.

Once he had asked, though, she should have shut it down right there, and stopped him cold. What could have been more simple?

But it hadn't gone like that at all. As soon as Buck had told her that he wanted to have breasts bigger than she had, she understood. *You must help each other with your resolutions.*

Not only had she taken him to see her plastic surgeon, not only had she told him that Buck was never going to be happy until he had breasts, but she had paid for the entire surgery out of her savings.

Why had she done this? Why had she allowed her nephew to get the procedure? She didn't understand. Nothing with Buck made any sense anymore. He was very clearly trying to turn himself into a woman, and she had no idea why. He didn't seem to have any idea either, if he was to be believed.

This could all be some elaborate ruse on that lying little weasel's part, but she didn't think he was capable of such scheming. He was not a complicated person, Buck.

No, all this madness had begun six months ago. Things were so much simpler back then. She was just a woman about to marry a rich man, with little more to worry about than being the perfect bride for her soon-to-be husband. She only wished she could go back in time.

In fact, it was at the New Years' Eve party that her troubles seemed to begin. That was the night Buck started to become so difficult.

"Aunt Angelicaaa..." Came the warbling sound of her barely-conscious nephew from upstairs. It broke her train of thought. She considered pouring herself another glass, but she knew she had to help. "Aunt Angelicaaa..." He called again. *You must help each other with your resolutions.* She had to help Buck. She put down the wine and headed upstairs to tend to him.



In the days following his breast enhancement surgery, Buck found himself confined to his bedroom, which for most modern teenagers, would have been heaven on Earth. With a phone to use and a screen to watch, he had little need for anything else. The problem for Buck, though, was the knowledge of what he had done to himself, and grappling with why he had done it.

He was haunted, pursued by a specter he couldn't see or hear, one that seemed to possess him entirely from time to time. Most of the time he was perfectly salient, in his right mind. But there would be these episodes where he seemed unable to control his impulses.

Buck could see the obvious result of his uncontrolled impulses resting on his chest, two breasts protruding from his chest, multitudes bigger than what he had before. Now he had, what the doctor called "430cc Ultra High Profile Structured Implants" under his skin. It was so drastic a change in size and shape that the doctor had to cut his areolae out and moved them to a new

location to make them look natural.

Whatever they had done, it hurt like a motherfucker. Buck was doubling up on painkillers and could still feel it. Even with a phone to distract him, he couldn't help but see the damage he had done. He's felt this overpowering need to be better than his aunt Angelika, and in the process, he'd mutilated himself to reach his irrational goal. Now he'd never be the same again.

Still, he had to try and distract himself. Buck's only real diversion was the occasional visits from his aunt. Angelika, with the air and grace of a seasoned Beverly Hills housewife, carried herself with an effortless vanity that seemed to permeate the room when she entered.

It was a very peculiar way she behaved, and it was even more obvious to Buck as he laid in his bed with nothing to do but observe her. She was full of ticks and mannerisms particular to being vain and self-absorbed, and he'd noticed.

He also was forced to consider that his need to be better than her was furthered by understanding her. Only by understanding her could he be better than her. *You must be better than your aunt.*

Buck, lying in bed, watched her every move with an analytical eye. He took note of the smallest details: the deliberate way she would flip her glossy hair over her shoulder, the precise manner in which her hands moved when she adjusted the piles of pill bottles by his bedside, and the calculated casualness of her walk.

Each day, Angelika would enter his room, often absorbed in her own world, talking on the phone with a friend or fussing over her appearance in a nearby mirror. Buck seized these moments to study her. He noticed how her voice would adopt a particular cadence when she was expressing disdain or amusement, and how she had a habit of punctuating her sentences with a sharp laugh that seemed both mocking and self-assured.



Almost without realizing it, Buck began to subtly mimic her. At first, it was in the privacy of his room — practicing the way she would tilt her head in a conversation, or how she held her cup of coffee with a certain nonchalance. He replicated her gestures, the slight raise of her eyebrows, and the dismissive flick of her hand when she was unimpressed or bored.

As he got back on his feet, he became more proficient in mimicking Angelika's mannerisms, and he started to incorporate them into his interactions with his aunt. He tried to walk with the same measured steps, to speak with the same blend of disinterest and command that Angelika so naturally exhibited. He even began to echo the unique patterns of her speech, adopting the simplistic yet haughty language of a conceited, aging woman who modeled herself after reality TV stars.

Oddly, Angelika really didn't take much note of her nephew's new behavior. She was self-absorbed enough to wonder why more people *didn't* act like her. That Buck was acting and talking like her just made him easier to get along with, in her eyes.

This transformation was gradual but deliberate. Each day, Buck's behavior and mannerisms became more like Angelika's. He had gradually become aware that he was intentionally trying to best his aunt by acting like her, but by the time he was fully aware of what he was doing, it was too far ingrained in him. So when he had fully recovered from his breast augmentation, his post hypnotic commands made acting like his aunt feel natural and second nature.

It wasn't just mannerisms and vocal affectations, either. He was given the most alarming education on his aunt's behavior when he was recovering. One morning he had called for Angelika to help him get up for the day, and received no response. Concerned, and slightly agitated, he got up himself and being careful not to pull a suture, he found his aunt — and Juan.

It was their morning workout time but they had finished with the exercise portion, and were all over each other like teenagers behind to gym at the prom.

As Buck watched from just behind the door, peering in the open crack, he saw the two fucking like he had never imagined. She sucked him off, he fucked her in the ass, then the pussy, then he came all over her chest, then finally gave her a deep throated kiss sticking his tongue down her throat. In ten minutes, they had more sex than Buck had ever even attempted.

He felt a little betrayed by Juan, who he couldn't help but have some feelings for, as they had been so intimate, but beside that sense of latent jealousy, Buck was getting an up front instruction in how his aunt behaved while having sex.

She was very vocal as she began with Juan, directing him to do things, like rubbing her tits and licking her nipples. She pushed the young man back so she could suck his dick, did almost all the work as she drove her mouth up and down his shaft like a machine.



Buck noticed that when it came to anal, she didn't seem to enjoy it as much, biting her lower lip and seemingly in pain as Juan drove into her ass, as stayed quiet until it reached some point of relief, when she let out a scream of pleasure, almost howling like a wolf.

She took the initiative when it came to fucking, flipping around and drawing Juan in, by feeding his penis into her pussy with her nimble fingers. Buck noted the short breaths and occasional squeaking noise she made when she was being penetrated, climaxing with a deep and robust moan that any porn starlet would have been proud of. He saw how she rolled her eyes into her head as Juan came in her, and how she liked to trail her talon-like nails along his arms as she came to a crescendo, leaving little scratches.

He came again after he had pulled out, spurting his semen all over Angelika's bare stomach, which she rubbed into her skin like lotion, giggling as she did.

Afterwards, there was a few moments of stillness, ended when she lifted her head and smiled at Juan. "You're still the best, Juan," she said to him.

"Sé," he replied.

As Buck hobbled his way back to his room, his head was swimming with newfound knowledge. He now knew what real women did during sex. Not porn actors, but a real woman.

Most importantly, he knew what his aunt did during sex — and he knew he could do better.



Once Buck was on his high heels again, he was silently pleased to have more choices from Angelika's closet, but practically morose about the large boobs that made this possible. The breasts were heavier than he'd imagined, and he had taken to wearing a body-shaper to keep his back straight.

Still, every time he put on clothes, his breasts were there. Every time he had to wash his body, his breasts were there. Every time he ate food, he had to work the utensil over his boobs. When he sat down, his boobs jiggled into place. Coughing shook his boobs. Sneezes thrashed his boobs. Just breathing was more laborious, as he had so much more weight on his chest.

He was falling into a deep depression, unable to understand what was happening to himself, and slowly realizing he was falling down a hole he was never going to be able to escape from.



One day, lounging on her plush sofa, Angelika casually called out to him, "Buck, would you mind doing the dishes? I simply cannot risk damaging my manicure."

Buck, replied with resignation in his voice, "I wouldn't want you to chip a nail."

"But I'm so bad at it, darling."

*You must be better than your aunt.* "Sure, I'll take care of it," he responded.

As he stood at the sink, scrubbing away, Angelika's voice floated in from the living room. "Oh, and Buck, don't forget the laundry. I need everything fresh and perfectly folded. You do understand how important presentation is, don't you?"

Buck answered with a forced mimicry of her tone, "Yes, Angelika. Looks are everything, after all." *You must be better than your aunt.*

The chores became a regular part of Buck's routine, but he attacked them with a kind of zeal to prove he could do better than Angelika.

Angelika, who was always finding new tasks for him, one evening offhandedly mentioned, "Buck, darling, all these financial matters are such a bore. Could you handle the car, mortgage, and credit card accounts? Make sure everything's paid on time. I just find it all so tedious."

Buck, too enamored with proving he could handle yet another task better than his aunt, was all-in. "Alright, darling. I'll take care of it."

A few days later, he went online to start to manage the accounts, and almost inadvertently gained full access to Angelika's finances in the process. He didn't really think much about it at first, as he was focused on getting his tasks done. Buck couldn't help but feel a sense of annoyance at being burdened with these chores, but he knew he could do them better.

But as the days went on, he slowly came to realize he was now in charge of the money. All of it. All the alimony Angelika collected from her previous marriage was in his control. It was far more than he ever thought it was.

On a day when Buck was dusting the living room, Angelika commented, "You know, Buck, you're quite good at this housekeeping business. It's almost as if you were meant for it."

Wiping down a shelf, Buck responded with a forced smile. "Darling, please. I'm doing these tasks better than you ever had. I would think you'd be a little embarrassed."

"Oh, very good, sweetie. But you're not going to make me feel guilty," Angelika parried.

"Heaven forbid," Buck replied in the same haughty tone as his aunt. He made a mental note to see how much it would cost to hire someone to keep house for them. He knew Angelika could afford it, and he also knew she had no way to stop him from doing it.



As the weeks and months passed, Buck was growing angrier than ever, realizing that if it wasn't for his horrible, stupid, vain and selfish aunt, he would have never found himself in this position. It was her fault he had done this to himself, or so he figured. He wasn't sure how, but it seemed reasonable to him that if he had never seen the woman, he'd never want to be better than her.

Unfortunately for Buck, his anger manifested itself by being catty and snide with Angelika, who didn't seem to be phased by his increasingly bitter attitude. Indeed, all it served to do was to make Buck behave even more like his catty and snide aunt.

One afternoon, while Angelika was out on a date with Gregory, Buck, driven by a mix of anger and defiance, decided to take a stand in his own way.

He went online and hired a housekeeper to handle the chores. When the housekeeper arrived, Buck greeted her with a surprisingly feminine voice, an unconscious imitation of Angelika's tone. The realization that his voice, when he made it sound like a woman's voice, bore a striking resemblance to Angelika's struck him. He rationalized that since they were closely related, it was natural that their voices would sound similar.



Envious of the lazy and privileged attitude his aunt displayed while he was doing chores, Buck decided to do the same. He poured himself a glass of white wine and settled in front of the TV, watching those unpleasant shows his aunt liked so much. After a half hour, he was getting a little tipsy, and had to admit, his aunt was on to something. The shows weren't half bad when drunk.

Then he got a little curious. His new vocal talent intrigued him, and he wondered how far he could get with it. Impulsively, he called up one of Angelika's friends, Jodie. Adopting Angelika's mannerisms and tone, he was surprised at how easily he slipped into her character.

“Hello, Jodie darling, it’s Angelika,” Buck said, his voice a perfect imitation of his aunt’s. “Yes, I’m using my nephew’s phone. Mine’s charging.”

Jodie, on the other end, responded cheerfully, completely unsuspecting. “Angelika! It’s so lovely to hear from you. How was your date with Gregory?”

Buck, maintaining his composure, replied in Angelika’s manner, “Oh, you know, the usual. Gregory is such a gentleman. I’m hoping we’ll set a date for the wedding soon. But enough about me, darling. How have you been?”

The conversation flowed seamlessly, with Jodie none the wiser. Buck found himself easily able to emulate Angelika’s character, engaging in the kind of trivial banter his aunt was known for. After ending the call, a realization dawned on Buck. This ability to impersonate Angelika opened up a world of possibilities. He could almost completely pass as his aunt if he wanted to. The thought was both thrilling and unsettling.

Thrilling, because he now had control of his aunt’s money. Unsettling, because this revelation made him acutely aware of how much he had changed and how deeply he had been influenced and transformed by his proximity to Angelika and the hypnotic command he was under.

As he ruminated, the housekeeper came into the room and declared herself finished. He thanks her and transferred the funds from Angelika’s account.

“Thank you, Mrs. Bannister,” the housekeeper said.

“Oh, no, I’m not...” He then stopped himself from making the correction. “Never mind.”

“If you need more help, please let me know, Mrs. Bannister.”

“I will,” Buck replied in his aunt’s voice.



“So how was your date with Gregory?” Buck asked his aunt as they walked through a Rodeo Drive clothing boutique. “Any closer to setting a wedding date?”

Angelika, rifling through the dresses, replied with a note of frustration, “Oh, it’s just maddening. I don’t even know whether to prepare for a spring or fall wedding. I had a dress fitting scheduled, but what’s the point if I don’t know the season? It’s driving me absolutely crazy.”

Buck, seizing the opportunity to needle her further, said, “Sounds like Gregory might be getting cold feet. You might end up an old maid at this rate.”

Angelika, taken aback by his comment, turned to him sharply. “Back off, Buck. That’s none of your business. Gregory is just... taking his time, that’s all.”

Buck leaned in and reminded Angelika in a low voice, “Remember, it’s ‘Jordyn’ when we’re out in public.”

Angelika, with a dismissive wave of her hand, replied, “Oh, right, Jordyn. Whatever.” She glanced around the boutique one last time, her eyes narrowing in dissatisfaction. “There’s nothing I like here. Let’s go,” she declared, turning on her heel and striding towards the exit.

Buck followed her, laden with the shopping bags from their previous stops. As they walked, their heels click-clacking on the sidewalk in unison, Angelika made an offhand comment. “You know, Jordyn, with your new voice, I must admit it’s much more acceptable to be seen with you in public.”

The young man, feeling the weight of the bags in his hands, couldn’t help but retort, “Yes, and treated like a slave. I seem to do all the carrying and driving.”

Angelika, unfazed by his complaint, shot back, “Age has its privileges, my dear. And remember, if you don’t want to find yourself out on the street, you’ll do as you’re asked. It’s such a small burden.”

Buck almost pointed out that he was the one signing the checks — literally with her name — but he kept quiet. He didn’t want her to know that.

“Let’s try this place. They have a new fall collection,” Buck said, passing by a window full of dresses. He had developed a keen eye for fashion.

“Yes. I suppose it’s worth a moment,” Angelika said heading inside. Her eyes immediately lit up as she spotted a dress that caught her fancy. With a typical air of entitlement, she called out, “Can someone assist me here? I would like to try on a dress. Today, if you don’t mind!”

After a brief wait, a saleslady hurried over, apologizing profusely for the delay. “I’m so sorry for keeping you waiting. How can I assist you today?” she asked, her tone eager to please.

Angelika, with a flick of her hand, pointed at the beige dress. “I want to try this on. Make sure the fitting room is ready.”

As the saleslady scurried to prepare the fitting room, Buck watched Angelika with a critical eye. He thought to himself, “I’d look better in that dress than she would,” but he kept it to himself, not wanting to provoke another sharp exchange.

Angelika tried on the dress, and after a few moments of examining herself in the mirror from every angle, she decided to purchase it. The saleslady rang up the purchase with a \$500 price tag flashing on the register.

Buck noticed that the saleslady never asked to see Angelika’s ID when she handed over her credit card. This realization sparked an idea in Buck’s mind. With his ability to mimic Angelika’s voice and mannerisms, he understood that he could potentially use her credit cards without arousing suspicion.

They left the store with Angelika preening in her successful purchase, while Buck added yet another bag to his burden.

They stopped for lunch at an upscale restaurant, a place that seemed to cater to Angelika's tastes. As they were seated and began to look over the menus, the waitress approached to take their order. Without even a cursory glance at the waitress, Angelika snapped, "I'll have the Caesar salad, and I swear if the dressing isn't on the side, I'll send it back. I won't tolerate incompetence. Last time you got it wrong. I had to send it back twice. *Twice.*"

The waitress, taken aback, quickly noted down the order. "Of course, ma'am. And for you, miss?" She looked at Buck.

"I haven't ordered my drink yet!" Angelika snapped. "Pay attention! I want a lemon spritzer."

"Oh, yes, of course, ma'am."

"And don't think you're getting a tip."

After Buck placed his order, the waitress hurried away, visibly rattled by Angelika's harsh treatment. Buck, who had observed the exchange with growing discomfort, turned to Angelika. "Why do you have to be so rude to her? She's just doing her job," he asked, his voice tinged with disapproval.

Angelika, unfazed by his question, replied confidently, "Oh, Buck, you'll learn. Age has taught me that in this world, a woman needs to be assertive, even rude, to get what she wants. You need to get what you want by whatever means."

Buck shook his head, disagreeing with her philosophy. "I don't think you need to be rude to be respected. There's a way to be firm without being mean."

Angelika just laughed at his response, a dismissive, haughty sound. "Oh, Buck, you're so naïve. You'll see. The world isn't as kind as you think."

Buck felt a surge of anger at her laughter and dismissal, but he kept it to himself, seething in silence. He couldn't reconcile Angelika's abrasive approach with his own values, even as he continued to find himself emulating her in just about every other way.

As Buck tried to get past his feelings of anger and frustration with his horrible aunt, a thought began to crystallize in his mind. He already knew he was being compelled to be a better woman than Angelika, but his youth was a barrier he couldn't overcome. He'd never prove to anyone that he was better than her, because it couldn't be a direct comparison. It was during this internal struggle that Angelika, oblivious to his turmoil, dropped a piece of news.

"Oh, by the way, on Tuesday, I'll be off to the Bahamas with Gregory for two weeks," Angelika casually mentioned as they finished their lunch.

This revelation sparked an idea in Buck's mind, one that immediately horrified him, but he couldn't ignore it due to the hypnotic command compelling him. *You must be better than your aunt.*

The thought was daunting and filled Buck with a sense of dread. Yet, driven by his compulsion, he knew he had to follow through. With Angelika away in the Bahamas, he saw an opportunity.

He had come to realize that to fulfill his obsession to be better than Angelika, he couldn't just be a better woman; he had to bet her at her own game.



As Angelika left for her vacation, Buck made a phone call. He had researched exactly what he needed to do, and was ready to act. He was absolutely wracked with anguish. He desperately didn't want to do what he was about to do, but he couldn't stop. Once he realized he needed to do this, he was locked in and just along for the ride as his mind and body forced him to do what he had to do to be better than Angelika. *You must be better than your aunt.*

He had considered just walking onto the highway and lying down, waiting for a car to crush him. He had considered downing every medication in Angelika's medicine cabinet. He had contemplated SWATing himself and calling in to 911 in the hopes the LAPD would blast him to bits.

Yet here he was, still alive, still in a dress, still in heels and still wearing makeup. He had packed a bag for himself with a change of clothes, his cosmetics, his hair products, lotion, mints and a few extra bras and panties. He didn't want to go, yet at the appropriate time, he stood up, grabbed his bag and headed for the door and the Uber car waiting outside.

"Are you alright, miss?" The driver asked.

Buck wiped the tears from his face. They were streaming down his face and the dabs of a Kleenex weren't stopping the flow. He was inconsolable about what he was being forced to do.

He was headed to go see the doctor. Angelika's plastic surgeon, to be specific.



Angelika Bannister was on a flight, nervously jogging her leg as she stared out the window. Beside her was a stranger. How she wished it actually was Gregory beside her — but she wasn't going on vacation to the Bahamas. She had lied to Buck about what she was actually doing.

She had to get out of the house. Angelika had to think straight. She needed to be away from her nephew and all the strange thoughts he caused to go through her head. Her life had become too focused on helping Buck turn into some kind of drag queen or whatever he was doing to himself. Her compulsion to help him was keeping her from figuring out why she was acting like she was.

She had been thinking for a while about how this all started. It was that New Years' Eve party, she was sure of it. Literally the moment that the clock had struck midnight, she felt like she was being commanded to do things against her will.

It was the very next morning when Buck had started behaving so oddly. He had been a colossal ass of a kid up to that point, but after New Years', he was behaving so very strangely, seemingly obsessed with her and her life.

So Angelika had left her house and set up in a hotel room in downtown LA. She took a few mental health days, but then went about trying to figure out what had happened that night at the party.

It was kind of remarkable for her, actually. Despite her short-tempered, impatient and petulant nature, she had managed to diligently track down a few people who had attended the party, and she asked them if they had noticed anything odd or if they were behaving strangely after the party. Her going theory was on some kind of contaminated food or something along those lines. She had seen a show about brain parasites once. That could definitely cause her to do these strange things, she assumed.

It wasn't until she had found a woman who worked for MyBanq as an accountant that she got her first clue. As the woman recounted the evening, she mentioned the stage hypnotist. Angelika had no memory of a hypnotist. She had a vague sense of a magician, but nothing about hypnotism.

After talking to two more people at the party, she confirmed that there had been a hypnotist, and he had done some kind of magic and hypnosis act with her on stage as a volunteer. She even got his name: The Magnificent Mezmo.

It seemed like a wild notion, that she was under some kind of hypnosis, but she had few other explanations. Hypnosis would explain why she was compelled to do things against her own will. She decided that this was her one and only lead, and she had to track this down.

Angelika's flight was headed to Minneapolis. She had no idea where that actually was, and she had to look it up on her phone. It was well outside California, as she learned, but was still kind of vague on its exact location.

She had never been there, that was for sure, but as to why she was heading to Minneapolis, she only knew that she needed to find someone there: The Magnificent Mezmo. He was not an easy man to track down, this person. From what Angelika could find, he performed at mostly private parties and state fairs. He had no posted schedule, and internet searches would only turn up events from years ago.

There was a mention of an arts & crafts festival in Lexington, Kentucky that he had performed at for the past three years, and Angelika had jetted off to see if she could catch him there. She missed him by a day.

She found another mention of a performance by “Mr. Mezmo” at a Kissimmee, Florida birthday party, but when she found the public park it was supposed be at, there was nothing to find.

Finally, with only two days to go before she was obliged to return home, she found a Facebook page with a mention of a stage magician who also did hypnosis that was playing at a senior center in Apple Valley, a suburb of Minneapolis. It did not list a name, but she had little to lose but another thousand dollars from her bank account. Thank goodness her first husband was paying her eight thousand a month in alimony, she thought to herself. First class was not cheap.

Upon arriving at the senior center, Angelika found Mezmo in the midst of his performance. He was a far cry from the dashing and mysterious magician one saw on TV. At 42, he seemed to have lost his flair. His props were worn and his costume threadbare. His performance was lackluster, marked by fumbled tricks and a lack of enthusiasm. The seniors, however, seemed forgiving and mildly entertained.

After his performance, Angelika approached him, marching right up to him. “You! You need to fix me. You hypnotized me at a New Years’ Eve party, and now I’m under some sort of hypnotic spell.”

Mezmo, looking tired and a little disheveled, responded with a shrug. “Lady, I perform hundreds of shows a year. New Years’ Eve? I’m usually drunk.”

Angelika, frustrated, tried to jog his memory with details of the event. “It was this year. Los Angeles. The MyBanq New Years’ eve party. You have to remember that.”

Mezmo remained clueless. “Look, I really don’t remember, lady. I do so many of these gigs, they all blur together. After twenty five years in the business, it’s forgotten the moment I cash the check.”

Angelika’s hope of finding a quick resolution faded as she realized that Mezmo either genuinely couldn’t remember or was too indifferent to help.

“Listen, little man, you’re going to help me. I refuse to live like this another day! It’s intolerable!”

“Frustrated by Mezmo’s lack of cooperation, Angelika was about to walk away when he made an offhand remark. “Well, if you buy me a drink, maybe I’ll try to remember something about that night.”

Angelika, repulsed at the idea of being seen in public with someone she deemed “common riff-raff” like Mezmo, refused. “I certainly will not be seen having drinks with you,” she retorted haughtily.

Mezmo simply shrugged and began to pack up his props, ready to leave. Angelika watched him, her mind racing. She realized that she had no other leads and that this might be her only chance to uncover the truth about what had happened on New Years’ Eve.

Swallowing her pride, Angelika called out to him, “Wait. I’ll take you for that drink.”

Mezmo stopped and turned around, a smirk on his face. “I don’t go drinking with angry women. Show me a smile first.”

Angelika was infuriated by his audacity, but she knew she needed his help. With a great effort, she managed to produce a half-hearted, strained smile.

“That’s more like it,” Mezmo said, somewhat satisfied. “Let’s go then.”

At the bar, Mezmo ordered a vodka sot and took a slow sip, his demeanor relaxed and somewhat detached. Angelika, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, broached the topic of the New Years’ Eve show.

“There was a hypnosis act that night,” Angelika explained, her voice laced with frustration. “Something to do with New Years’ resolutions. It’s affecting my nephew and me in strange ways.”

Mezmo, swirling his vodka left in his glass, nodded thoughtfully. “The New Years’ resolution bit, yeah, I do that every year. It’s a classic. But this year’s performance? I can’t recall anything specific, sorry.”

Angelika’s hope of gaining clarity waned, but she pressed on. Mezmo, sensing her desperation, nudged a shot glass towards her. “Loosen up a bit, maybe it’ll help you think.”

Reluctantly, Angelika accepted the shot, realizing it might be her only chance to glean some information from Mezmo. She took a sip, the liquor burning her throat.

Mezmo, now more engaged, leaned forward. “So, what do you think this hypnosis is doing to you?”

Angelika, feeling the warmth of the alcohol, confided, “It’s like I’m being compelled to do things. I seem to want to help my nephew in any way I can to achieve his desires. That seems to make me support my nephew’s... unusual endeavor. He’s trying to become a transvestite, I guess. I don’t know why, but I can’t stop helping him.”

Mezmo listened, his expression one of mild interest. “Sounds nuts. But, you know, my hypnosis acts are just for show. It’s all just entertainment, nothing serious.”

“This is quite serious, I assure you.”

“It’s not even real. People are just playing along for fun. One time, I think I might have put this guy into a trance, but he just fell over.”

“No, this is real. It’s really happening. I can’t help myself.”

“So, you’re always feeling this urge to help your nephew, even if it’s something you don’t want to do? That’s fucked up,” he remarked, a smirk playing on his lips.

Angelika nodded, her expression a mix of annoyance and resignation. “Yes, and I don’t know how far this... compulsion will take me. It’s like I’m not in control.”

Mezmo, seemingly entertained by her dilemma, signaled the bartender and ordered another drink for Angelika, despite her showing no interest in having more. As he enjoyed his vodka, Angelika watched him, her mind filled with cautionary thoughts.

She thought to herself, *Drinking more with this cretin would be the worst decision I could make.* She pushed the drink away.

“You could learn to loosen up a little,” The Magnificent Mezmo said. “It’d help.”

A sudden realization dawned upon the 45 year old socialite. If Buck’s transformation was based on outdoing her as a person, then logically, if she lowered her own standards, if she became a *worse* person, it would be easier for Buck to surpass her. She would be helping him by making bad decisions.

*You must help each other with your resolutions.*

This new line of thought was immediately crystal clear to her, as the hypnotic commands to help her nephew kicked in. Now fueled by her compulsion to help, this led her to a bizarre but logical conclusion: being a worse version of herself would aid Buck in his quest.

With this new compulsion in control, Angelika reached for the shot glass that Mezmo had ordered for her. She downed it in one swift movement, much to Mezmo’s approval and fascination.

Mezmo, now visibly aroused, leaned in closer. “How about coming back to my motel? We could continue this interesting ...conversation,” he suggested with a sly grin.

It was a terrible idea, a horrible thing to contemplate, yet the compulsion to assist Buck in his transformation urged her on. “Yes,” she replied, her voice tinged with a feigned enthusiasm she didn’t feel.

As they got up to leave, Mezmo introduced himself with a bit more sincerity. “By the way, the name’s Harold Pufkin. ‘The Amazing Mezmo’ is just for the stage.”

Angelika couldn’t help but giggle at the name ‘Harold Pufkin,’ finding it amusingly awkward and hilariously unsuited for a magician — or anyone for that matter.

“I haven’t gotten your name,” Harold asked angelica. She decided to continue down the path of making poor choices, in line with her rationale to help Buck.

*You must help each other with your resolutions.*

“You can call me Angie,” she said flirtatiously, a stark departure from her usual self. “And you know, I think magicians are kinda cute.” She tapped Harold on the tip of his nose.



After two days of making a series of questionable decisions, Angelika returned home, her mind unsettled, wishing she could have found any kind of answer to her situation. Even throwing herself at Harold didn't get her what she needed. The house was quiet, and she called out for Buck.

What she saw next left her speechless. Buck walked into the room, but he was almost unrecognizable. His face had been altered drastically; it was clear what he had done with his two weeks: he had undergone massive plastic surgery. Buck now looked like a woman who had undergone extensive cosmetic procedures, like a middle-aged woman desperate to chase youth. In other words, the twin of his aunt. The resemblance was uncanny.

Angelika stood frozen, shock written all over her face. “Buck, what have you done to yourself?” she gasped, her voice a mix of horror and disbelief.

Buck, his eyes reflecting humiliation and a deep sense of regret, replied, “I... I had to become a better Angelika,” was his simple explanation.

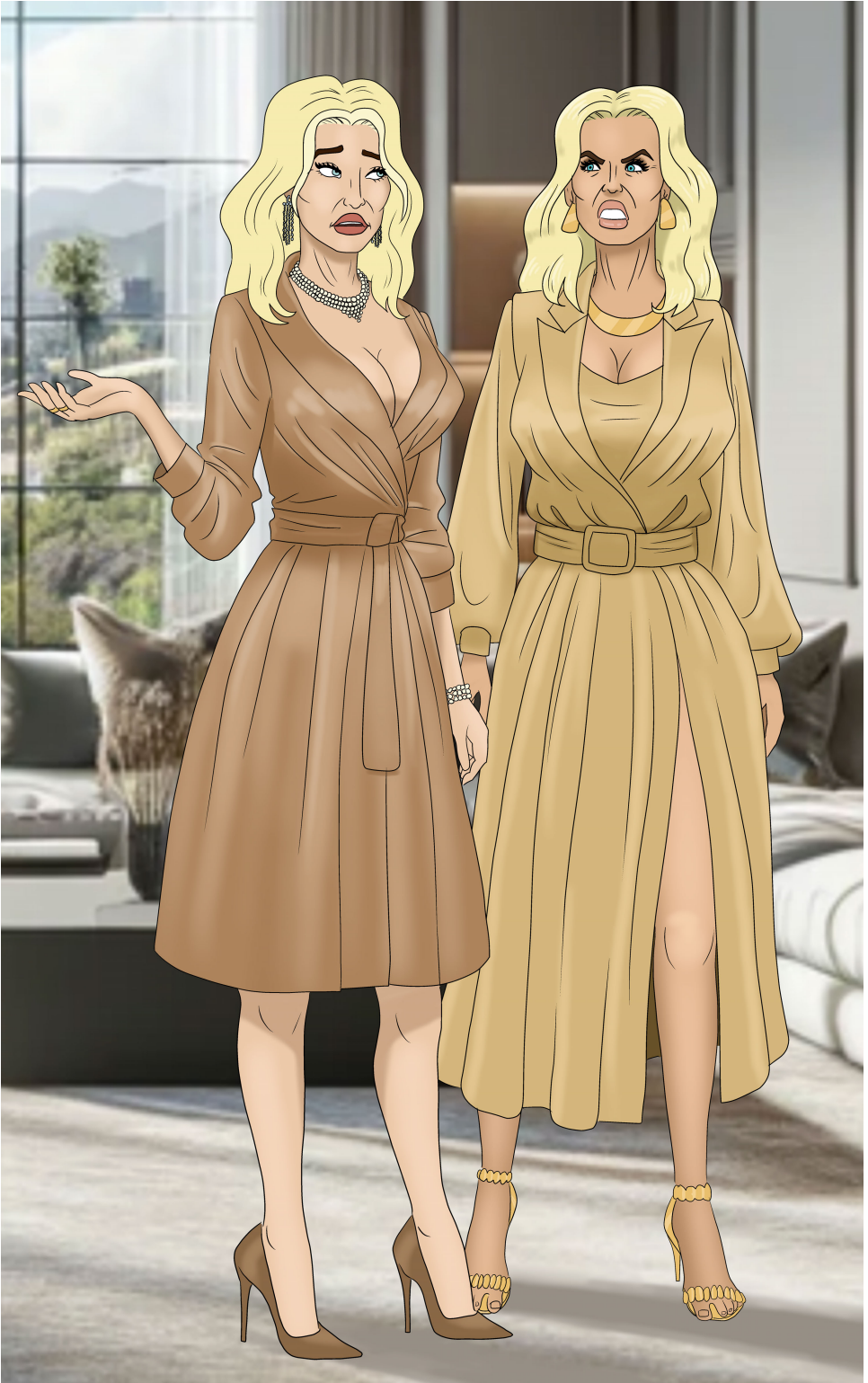
Angelika could barely process what she was seeing. He had transformed himself into her image, the compulsion to be a better than Angelika driving him to a literal and disturbing level.

The room was filled with a heavy silence, the gravity of Buck's actions hanging in the air. Angelika, for once, was at a loss for words. The sight of her nephew, now a mirror image of herself, was so disturbing, so appalling that she had simply no ability to respond to it, or anything else. She simply stood there, her mind lost in the ghastliness of the moment.

Buck, standing there, felt a wave of humiliation wash over him. He had been feeling humiliated ever since he had begged the doctor to make him a clone of his aunt, punctuated my moments of revulsion and shame, but no more so than right now, where he had to show his aunt what he had done.

The hypnotic command to be better than his aunt had led him here. It had started his transformation. Over time, he had started to dress like her, worn her clothes, practiced her voice, her walk, her laugh. He studied her signature phrases and the way she interacted with others. He even began to copy how Angelika would handle various situations, from social gatherings to managing her finances.

Buck's transformation was not just physical; it was a complete assumption of Angelika's identity. He was determined to be a better Angelika than Angelika herself, to prove that he could surpass her in every way.



Now here he stood, his future irrevocably destroyed, and a future only as a woman — a clone of his horrible, shallow and selfish aunt — was before him. His life was over.

“We need to talk,” Angelika said, breaking the heavy silence in the room.

All Buck could do was to nod in the affirmative. He couldn’t even bear to speak.

Angelika, usually so preoccupied with her own life, found herself deeply disturbed by the sight of Buck, in a way she had never felt before. The implications were impossible to ignore.

Finding seats on the couch, Angelika saw the blank look on her nephew’s face. She recognized that expression.

“Botox?” She asked him.

“Yes,” he said. “Here and here,” he pointed with his talon-like fingernails to the spots on his forehead.

“Buck, I... I don’t know what to say. I wish we knew why we were behaving like this.”

Buck, looking up with a mixture of sadness and perplexity, replied, “Looking at myself, I don’t... I can’t understand why I would do this. I’ve totally trashed my life.”

The room was filled with a tense undercurrent of emotions. “You need to figure this out, darling,” Angelika said.

Buck nodded, his eyes reflecting a deep inner turmoil. “I know. I don’t understand why I felt so compelled to do this. It’s like I was driven by something I couldn’t control.”

The one person in the world least capable of giving sympathy to Buck was probably Angelika Bannister, and she was going to live down to expectations. “It’s not the end,” Angelika said. “I mean, if looking like this is good enough for me... It’s good enough for you! Right?”

Buck looked at his aunt with bewilderment, except that his botox kept him from looking as appalled as he felt from his aunt’s shallow words.

“Look, I’ve been traveling all day, I need to get out of these clothes,” Angelika said, interrupting the tension with some vanity. She got up and headed upstairs to her bedroom. “Don’t go anywhere, we still need to talk.”

The woman simply had no capacity to deal with real problems, and she was more than ready to pretend like this was no big deal.

Her nephew was now her twin. No big deal.



It was now October, with ten months of hypnotic control changing the lives of Angelika Bannister and her teenage nephew Buck Garber.

It would be understandable, however, if one did not recognize Buck Garber. He had not been himself lately. Today, he sat in front of the TV, watching his aunt's shows as he sipped on a glass of white wine. He had his legs crossed as he bobbed one high-heeled foot idly. Occasionally, he would turn his head and sweep his long hair out of the way to watch the housekeeper do her work, his large gold earrings shaking as he did. The rest of the time, Buck was enjoying the pleasant buzz of the alcohol and snickering at the horrible behavior of the people on TV.

As he sat there, Buck's mind wandered back to his most recent visit to the salon while Angelika was away. He remembered walking in for his weekly appointment, still healing from his plastic surgery, only to be mistaken for Angelika by the salon staff. Instead of correcting them, he had played along, asking for his hair to be "fixed," which meant styled like Angelika's.

He was chastised for cutting it short, and told extensions would be expensive, but that strange drive inside Buck to be better than his aunt made it impossible for him to choose any other course. "Do whatever you need to do," he told the stylist.

"Nails, Mrs. Bannister?" the Korean nail artist lady asked.

"Just the usual, please," he had said, signaling them to replicate Angelika's nail style on him. Throughout the appointment, the salon staff treated him as if he truly was Angelika Bannister, chatting about the usual things they would with her. Buck found himself responding in kind, adopting Angelika's mannerisms and tone almost effortlessly.

The experience had been unsettling for Buck. The ease with which people accepted him as Angelika and his own uncanny ability to slip into her persona was both fascinating and disturbing. He left the salon that day looking — and feeling — more like his aunt than ever, a reflection of her in every way.

Just a day later, he would meet Angelika as she came home from her trip, a near perfect replica of the original.

Buck couldn't shake off the eerie feeling of that day. He had become so adept at being Angelika that it was almost second nature, yet it was a role he hated in every way. Her life was all about superficialities, about appearances, and being a royal bitch to just about everyone. He had always hated his aunt Angelika, ever since he was a child, and for good reason. But here he was, in one of her dresses, wearing her heels, adorned with her hairstyle and sipping her wine. In the reflection of the glossy TV screen, he could see her image staring right back at him, her face now his as well. He had slowly, gradually, become his aunt. Despite fighting it at every step, despite promising himself he would find a way to keep it from happening, he was already passing himself off as Angelika Bannister.

The reality TV show about idiot trophy wives catfighting with each other in their petty empty ways droned on in the background, a faint reminder of the life he was destined for, one he felt like he couldn't stop from happening.

"I'm finished downstairs, Mrs. Bannister," the housekeeper said. "Do you want me to change the sheets on the beds today?"

"Yes, Julie," Buck replied without thinking. "And freshen the towels too, while you're at it? You forgot last week. Get a move on. That's a good girl." He dismissed the woman with a flip of his hand.

Only as the housekeeper headed up stairs did Buck realize how he'd just behaved. It was all he could do to keep himself from breaking down and crying.



A few days later, as Angelika got out of the shower, she received a text message. She wiped off the fog and tried to read it. She was more than shocked, and slightly irritated, to see it was from Harold Pufkin, the man she knew as The Amazing Mezmo. "In town for a couple of days. Up for some drinks?" the message read.

She knew meeting Harold was a bad idea, but the hypnosis she was under compelled her to make exactly such poor choices. She nearly threw the phone against the wall to prevent herself from answering, but did so anyway. "Yes," she typed back, a sense of resignation mixed with the compulsion driving her actions.

Determined to present herself as the more down-to-earth "Angie" she had introduced to Harold, Angelika opted for a casual look. She donned a simple tee-shirt and denim jeans, a stark contrast to her usual sophisticated attire. Standing in front of the mirror, she didn't apply most of her makeup, leaving only a hint of her usual glamour.

Quietly, she sneaked out of the house, ashamed to be doing what she was doing. She dare not let Buck find out. In her focus on adhering to her compulsion to behave this way, she completely forgot what she had planned for the day. Instead, she carried her pumps in her hand as she snuck out in her bare feet.



Buck was frantically going from room to room in the Bannister house looking for his aunt. He had lost track of her that morning, and it had been hours since he had seen her around.

He stopped by the front window again to look out, and saw Jodie and Marjorie already walking up the front walkway.

“Aunt Angelika!” Buck called out. “Your friends are here!” He had known about this shopping trip for several days, as he was more or less in charge of Angelika’s social schedule, but all of the sudden, Angelika had just disappeared on him. “Aunt Angelika! This isn’t funny! Come out here right now!” His tone of voice was more or less like a mother dealing with an impish toddler.

His aunt’s behavior had been irritating lately. She, somewhat understandably, had been avoiding Buck since the facial surgery. Angelika hadn’t helped out at all around the house, leaving messes that needed cleaning up and had even been absent for their workouts. The only way Buck even knew she was around most of the time was the noise she made when walking around, such as the clack of her heels on the tile.

He heard the front door open and dashed behind a door, hoping to escape detection. Angelika had already told them that “Jordyn” had left back home for Spain, and there was no way to account for the presence of Buck as he looked now.

Jodie called out, “Angelika, darling, are you ready? We’re already late!”

Buck, realizing his escape was futile, hesitantly emerged from his hiding spot. “Uh, I can explain” he tried to explain, his voice unintentionally slipping into Angelika’s haughty tone.

Marjorie, turning to see him, exclaimed, “Angelika, there you are! Silly girl! We thought you were avoiding us. Look at you! You’re barely dressed!”

Buck, caught off guard and unable to reveal his true identity, reluctantly fell into the role of Angelika. “Well, I...” he said, resigning himself to his fate.

“You’ve been so distracted lately,” Marjorie said. “I swear you’ve been impossible, Angelika.”

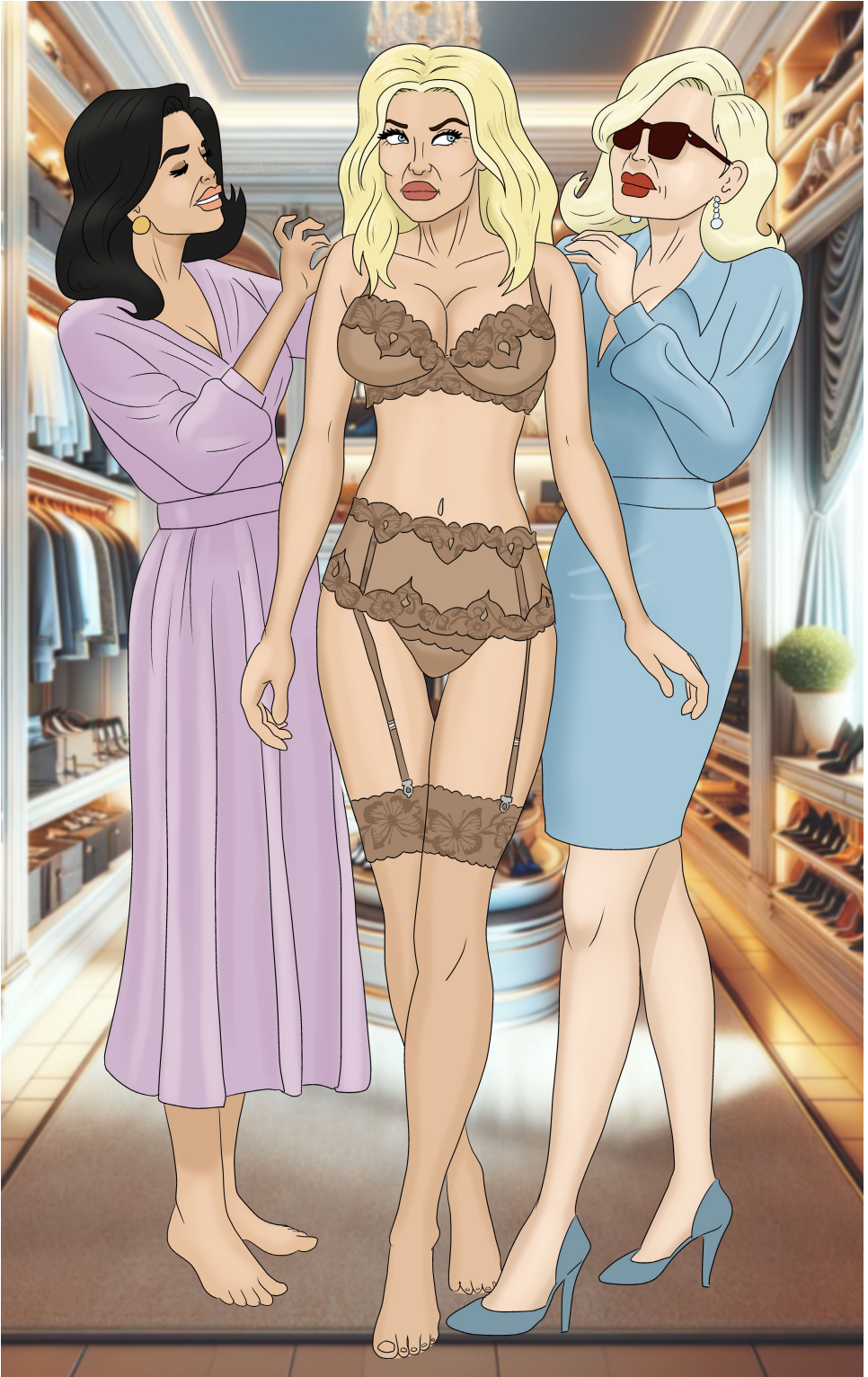
Jodie was making a cross face. “Let’s get to your closet and get you dressed like the shopping diva you are, girlfriend!”

Buck, stuck in this role, led them up to Angelika’s lavish closet, a sanctuary of high fashion and luxury. The closet was a kaleidoscope of designer labels, vibrant colors, and an array of shoes that could rival any boutique.

Standing there in a pair of panties and a bra, Angelika’s two friends hovering around him like a swirling tornado of fashion, Buck was terrified. It was a good thing he’d been able to push his shrunken genitals up into his body cavity lately, otherwise he’d have been exposed immediately.

“Oh, Angelika, darling, look at this stunning red dress! It would look divine on you,” Jodie exclaimed, pulling out a sleek, form-fitting gown with intricate lace detailing.

Buck, holding the dress, couldn’t help but agree. “Yes, it is quite stunning. But perhaps a bit too formal for an afternoon shopping?”



Marjorie, rummaging through the racks, suggested, “What about this lovely brown minidress? It’s so chic and perfect for the season.”

“Skirts are getting shorter this year,” Jodie added.

“But Angelika has the legs for them, don’t you dear? Let’s match that with this long cardigan.”

Buck examined the brown dress — a tight, stretchy number simple and basic, meant to show off curves. The cardigan afforded at least a little bit of modesty. “Charming indeed. I think this could be the one,” he said, adopting Angelika’s discerning tone.

The decision made, they moved on to shoes. Jodie picked up a pair of elegant high heels, the color a perfect match for the leg-exposing dress. “These heels are simply a must. Just look at the lines!”

Buck, sliding into the heels, felt a mix of discomfort and admiration. The shoes were a work of art — stiletto heels with smooth suede that complemented the dress exquisitely.

Finally, Marjorie suggested a purse. “This clutch will complete the look. It’s understated, yet so sophisticated.” The clutch was a delicate beige, with a subtle sheen that played off the light.

As Buck stood fully dressed, he was the epitome of a Beverly Hills socialite — the dress clinging to Buck’s newly acquired curves, the heels adding poise, and the clutch a perfect accessory. Jodie and Marjorie stepped back to admire their handiwork.

“Oh, Angelika, you look absolutely breathtaking. Your taste is divine as always,” Marjorie said, her voice dripping with approval. “I wish I could borrow your closet for just one night.”

Buck, looking at himself in the mirror, saw not a hint of his former self. He was Angelika in every way — from the clothes to the mannerisms. As they prepared to leave, he felt a pang of loss for his true identity, overshadowed by the persona he had so convincingly adopted.

Quickly, Buck found Angelika’s wallet and, stuffing it into the clutch, joined Jodie and Marjorie. The trio set off, with Buck fully assuming Angelika’s identity.

As he rode in the car to Beverly Hills, he found himself easily engaging in conversations about the latest gossip, their favorite TV shows, commenting on fashion trends, and even offering advice on purchases — all with the air and poise of Angelika.



At the bar, Angelika, or “Angie,” met Harold. The informal setting and her dressed-down appearance were a far cry from the luxurious lifestyle she was accustomed to. It was a dive bar, no doubt about it. She hadn’t been in a place this seedy since high school, and knew she had made the right choice for the outfit. Anything she’d normally wear would stick out here and draw unwanted attention.

“Angie, is that really you? You look... different,” Harold remarked, pleasantly surprised by her casual appearance.

“Oh? Well I was... The last time you saw me I...”

“You were probably attending a wedding. That’s my guess. I figured that’s why you were all glammed up.”

“Yes,” Angelika replied. “You’re exactly right.”

As they sat and ordered drinks, Harold seemed intrigued by this new side of her. “I have to say, Angie, I like knowing you’re really a down-to-earth kind of gal. It’s refreshing.”

Angelika, enjoying the attention, leaned back in her chair. “That’s me. I’m just a simple woman.” She sipped her beer. “So, what’s the life of a magician like?” Angelika asked, genuinely curious.

Harold chuckled, “Mostly traveling. But has its moments. And having drinks with someone like you is definitely a moment.”

Their conversation continued on and on. The bar got crowded over the next couple of hours, and then emptied over the hours after that, and they were still talking. Angelika was powerless but to act like she found Harold enthralling, despite her repulsion with his worn-out clothes and unshaven face. In truth, she found nothing about the man appealing in the slightest.

She just knew she had to make bad decisions, and she was making a lot of them today.



As the three glamorous shoppers moved from store to store, Buck’s performance was so convincing that neither Jodie nor Marjorie suspected anything amiss. “Angelika, darling, you simply must try on this dress. It’s absolutely you!” Jodie insisted, handing him a chic designer outfit.

Buck, playing along, replied, “Oh, Jodie, you always know what fits my sense of style. Before I forget, let’s remember to stop by the jewelry store. I saw a divine necklace there last week.”

They continued strutting along the storefronts, their seemingly endless appetite for spending money on display. Buck maintained his facade flawlessly,

engaging in lighthearted banter and even partaking in their usual late lunch at an upscale bistro.

The atmosphere was buzzing with the chatter of the elite, the clinking of fine china, and the soft notes of a piano in the background.

Seated at a table with a pristine white cloth, Buck ordered only a salad with dressing on the side, conscious of maintaining Angelika's slender figure. He picked at his food sparingly, focusing more on the conversation.

"Oh, did you girls watch the latest episode of 'The Real Housewives'?" Buck asked, knowingly initiating a discussion that was sure to be pursued. He was dangling bait for them, and they took it.

Marjorie, sipping her mimosa, replied with a chuckle, "Yes, darling, it was scandalous! I can't believe what Elena wore to that party. It was a fashion disaster!"

Jodie, dabbing her lips with a napkin, added, "Oh, and don't get me started on her hair. It looked like she'd been caught in a tornado. Absolutely dreadful."

Buck, reveling in the catty banter, joined in, "And speaking of disasters, did you see that woman at the boutique today? The one in the plum Chanel? That dress was two sizes too small. It was hanging on for dear life."

The three of them erupted into laughter, the kind of catty arrogant laughter that would have sent people to the guillotine in another age.

Jodie, leaning in, said, "And what about that sales clerk at the shoe store? Those shoes she recommended... I wouldn't be caught dead in them. It's like she had no sense of style whatsoever."

Marjorie, shaking her head, added, "Truly, some people just don't understand fashion. It's a gift, really, to have such impeccable taste — as we do."

Buck, feeling a pang of guilt for participating in such mean-spirited conversation yet compelled to maintain his role, said, "Absolutely, darling. We're simply blessed with a sense of style that seems to escape so many common people."

They all laughed wickedly.



Sickeningly to Angelika, as she pretended to listen to Harold talk, she realized that he was falling in love with her. Or, with "Angie," to be accurate. She wanted to walk out, she wanted to tell him off and break his pathetic heart, but she was unable to counteract her hypnotic command. She had to help Buck be better, and to do that, she had to be worse.

"Let's take a walk," Harold suggested. "What do you say, cutie?"

"Lead the way," Angelika replied, wanting to kill herself.

They left the bar and strolled to a nearby park, the twilight air cool and refreshing. The park was dimly lit, with just enough light from the street lamps to guide their path. The sounds of the city were muted here, replaced by the occasional rustling of leaves and distant laughter.

As they walked, Harold talked about his life, his dreams, and the challenges of being a traveling magician. Angelika hated every word coming out of the man's mouth, but felt like she had to act like she was enjoying the moment. She laughed at his jokes and appeared to listen attentively, all the while hating that she was forced to pretend she was enjoying this pointless encounter and wasted evening with a common cretin.

The walk in the park, under different circumstances, could have been a romantic interlude, but for Angelika, it was a humiliating experience. She was trapped in a cycle of making decisions that went against her better judgment, yet the hypnotic command this little man had given her left her little choice.

After a while, Harold stopped and turned to her. "I'm really glad we did this, Angie. It's not often I meet someone like you," he said, his eyes reflecting sincerity.

Angelika, groaned inside, yet managed a smile. "I'm glad too, Harold. Tonight has been... great," she said, trying to end the encounter, but apparently failing.

"Now I know nothing can beat that night we had in Minneapolis, but..." He looked to the side, peering in the window of a store they had stopped at.

It was the storefront for an adult sex toy store. The window display was willed with vibrators, beads, plugs and plastic devices in shapes and sizes that made the mind ponder what they could possibly be for.

"You up for it?" Harold asked.

"I'm up for anything with you..." Angelika was forced to say. "...baby."

Harold held Angelika's hand as they ventured inside.



As the twilight became the evening, Buck, Jodie, and Marjorie continued their shopping spree through the high-end boutiques of Beverly Hills. Buck, deeply engrossed in his role as Angelika, was carrying on chatting with the girls when he suddenly slowed his high heels down and looked at a dazzling dress in a store window.

It was a stunning creation, a sleek, column gown in a deep shade of midnight blue, covered in sequins that shimmered under the boutique's lights. It looked like liquid night. It was gorgeous.

The dress, with its elegant lines and luxurious fabric, spellbound Buck, appealing to the part of him that had been steadily transforming into Angelika.

Jodie noticed his interest and encouraged him. “Oh, Angelika, you simply must try it on. It’s absolutely you!”

Marjorie chimed in, “Yes, darling, that color is perfect for you. It’ll accentuate your figure beautifully. And it’s Dolce & Gabbana. You simply must.”

He then glimpsed at the price, which was written on very small text on a tiny card next to the gown. \$7,945, it read.

Despite knowing the dress was insanely priced, Buck found himself swayed by the girls’ persuasions. He went into the boutique and tried it on. The reflection that stared back at him from the mirror was beyond striking. The dress hugged his figure in all the right places, accentuating the feminine physique he had adopted.

His apprehension and common sense about buying such a thing evaporated in the moment he was forced to take it off. He never wanted to take such a beautiful creation off. It made him feel like the most glamorous soul on Earth. He had to have it.

As he purchased the dress, a part of him felt a thrill of delight. He was eager to wear it and show off, reveling in the beauty and status. He had never felt this way about anything before, and couldn’t help but get excited.



Angelika was on the floor of the motel room, trembling in fear. It had been three hours of crazy, animal sex, a night like she’d had sick fantasies about. It was absolute debauchery. Above her, Harold dozed away, wrapped in slightly flaky sheets.

The magician was insatiable, a mess of fetishes and horniness that she hadn’t ever encountered in a human being. She’d dated some perverts in her time, but Harold was a step beyond them all.

Yet she just took it. She didn’t have the capacity to stop it. Angelika just took it all, believing that she was doing the right thing, being the kind of person that her nephew could easily be better than.

She wasn’t trembling because she was scared of the sex, however. She was shaking because she knew she had cheated on Gregory. Her future husband, her future sugar daddy. If he ever found out, Angelika had thrown it all away to have dirty sex with a fourth-rate stage magician.

It was the worst decision she could possibly make, and she knew she hadn’t stopped making them. *You must help each other with your resolutions.*

Drying her tears, she crawled back up, naked, into the bed beside the old man, pulled the thin sheets over her and tried to fall asleep.

She failed to.



At about the same time, back at home, Buck tried on the dress again. He stood in front of the mirror, admiring how the fabric flowed and how amazing it made him look. But as he gazed at his reflection, a surge of realization hit him. He was not just dressing to look like Angelika; he was dressing like this to become Angelika.

In a moment of clarity and horror, Buck ripped the dress off his body. He tore it to shreds, each rip a release of his frustration and anger. It should have felt cathartic, but despite him ripping and ripping, he didn't feel like he was really fixing anything. His problem was not with the dress, it was with what he was becoming. Tears streamed down his face as he destroyed the beautiful gown, spraying frayed fabric and tiny sequins everywhere.

He rested on his knees, breathing like he had run a hundred miles being chased by hunters through a never-ending jungle. No matter how fast he ran, they would catch him. There was no denying it. Angelika was now his one and only reality.



“You’re so tense,” Gregory said as he gave Angelika a back-rub.

In the luxurious setting of Monte Carlo bay, Angelika lounged on the deck of Gregory’s yacht, the sun casting a warm glow over the hotels and casinos.

Angelika couldn’t bring herself to reveal the true reason for her tension — her forced encounters with Harold and the disturbing transformation of her nephew into her clone. Even now, a week later, she couldn't stop thinking about it. Instead, she claimed her anxiety was the product of a more acceptable concern. “It’s just the wedding, Gregory. I’m getting anxious.” She lowered her sunglasses to peer over the tops. “People are beginning to talk.”

No one was beginning to talk, unless Angelika was counting the voice in her head which was desperately pleading for a wedding date. She needed something to hang on to, something she could target as the end goal. With her life becoming so insane, she knew if she could just make it to the wedding, she could survive.

Gregory, pausing his movements, looked at her thoughtfully. “Well, I’ve been thinking...”

Angelika’s heart leapt into her throat. He could say anything next.

“...Why don’t we have a winter wedding? Around Christmas? It could be magical.”

Angelika's heart sank at the suggestion. The idea of a wedding and future anniversaries around Christmas was far from appealing to her. However, desperate for the security that a wedding to Gregory would bring, she pushed her disappointment deep down inside of her and agreed. "Oh, Gregory! Are you serious? Tell me you're not joking."

"We have a couple of weeks off for the holidays at work. It makes sense for my schedule."

"Yes, Gregory! Yes!" Angelika gushed.

As they continued to enjoy the luxury of the yacht and the beautiful setting, Angelika's mind was in turmoil. The thought of a Christmas wedding gave her pause, as she detested the idea of the anniversary parties and gifts blending into Christmas. But how long was the marriage going to last, anyway? Four, maybe five years? Then she'd be on to bigger and better things. For now, her situation left her little choice. The wedding, once a dream scenario, had become a lifeline, a means to an end in her increasingly ridiculous situation.

The conversation about the wedding plans continued, with Gregory saying he was going to hire a company to handle all the details. Angelika, meanwhile, was lost in her thoughts, wondering how she was going to break it off with Harold, and how she was going to deal with Buck and his situation. Maybe he could take a vacation to the other side of the world and not show up at the wedding? That was certainly an option.

Finally, Angelika could relax and enjoy the luxurious Monte Carlo backdrop and the gentle swaying motion of the yacht with a sense of peace.



"Oh, that one is positively *stunning* on you, Angelika," Marjorie exclaimed as she saw a gown with an elegant train and detailed embroidery.

Jodie, adjusting the veil, added, "It's absolutely gorgeous. You look like a vision." She was swooning. "I'm so glad you came back from your vacation for this."

Each dress was more elaborate than the last, adorned with lace, silk, and intricate beading. It had been a long day at the bridal store, going through a myriad of wedding dresses. There was no time to waste, as the ceremony was less than two months away.

Buck, standing in front of the mirror, felt a mixture of humiliation and disbelief. Surrounded by Angelika's friends, including Jodie and Marjorie, he tried on an endless variety of bridal dresses under their watchful eyes.

Jodie, circling Buck to admire the gown from every angle, was bubbling with enthusiasm. "It's simply exquisite, darling. You're going to be the most glamorous bride."

Feeling exquisitely uncomfortable, Buck forced a polite smile. “Do you really think so? I’m not entirely sure. Could one of you take a photo? I’d like to have a different angle.”

The reason for the photo was that he needed to send it to the real Angelika for her thoughts, if one could call them that. Jodie used Buck’s phone to take a couple of pics and handed it back to him. He could barely hold on to it in his silk opera gloves.

Each time his phone vibrated with a response, he casually glanced at it and conveyed her feedback. “Angelika thinks...” He stopped himself. “I mean, I think it’s lovely but I want to see something more modern, too.”

The friends continued their enthusiastic involvement, offering suggestions and opinions. “What about something a bit more daring?” suggested Marjorie as she flipped through a printed catalog the store provided.

Obligingly, Buck changed into a modern, figure-hugging mermaid-style gown. Pulling his hair out of his face, he asked, “How about this one? It’s kind of a different look.”

Jodie, examining the dress, remarked, “It’s beautiful, but I think there are others that had more impact.” The other three women in the room all nodded and sounded their agreement.

In a life that seemed to be lurching from one humiliation to the next, this was a whole new aspect to shame he had not yet felt. Here he was, standing in the middle of a room with four of Angelika’s closest friends, all with their eyes trained on him like snipers, judging him, staring at his disgracefully feminine body, treating him like a forty-plus year old woman, and expecting him to act like one.

As the afternoon progressed, Buck found himself trying on even more gowns, each eliciting comments and excitement from the girls. Buck didn’t even have the simple dignity of being a mannequin, as he had to twist and turn in each gown, change in front of everyone, pose for photos, pretend to evaluate himself in the mirrors that gave him five different angles, parade around in each elaborate dress for ten to fifteen minutes for the wedding of a woman he absolutely loathed.

Even worse, none of the gowns seemed to satisfy Angelika. He could only imagine her sunbathing in the warm mediterranean, or lounging on a fluffy bed, passively ruminating on each dress and then lazily dismissing them.

It was eight hours of his life he’d never get back. Of course, it really wasn’t his life anymore, he had come to realize.

Angelika had threatened to kick him out if he didn’t do this fitting for her. She had phoned at the last second, saying she couldn’t bear to leave her vacation early, and wanted to get a head start on the dress. The woman was so conceited she couldn’t even attend her own dress fitting appointment. Buck’s body was



close enough, she figured.

The sad truth for Buck that he was going to get kicked out anyway when the wedding came, so he was presiding over his own metaphorical funeral.

There was no chance Angelika was going to keep the house after moving in with Gregory, and an even slimmer chance she'd try to explain to Gregory that she had some kind of secret twin that needed to live with them. He was going to have to find some way to live on his own in a few months, and since he looked like a middle-aged trophy wife, he had no idea what kind of work would even be available for him.

After several hours, they concluded the fitting session. Buck, exhausted from the emotional strain of the charade, politely excused himself. "Thank you, ladies, for your help today. I think we have plenty of options to consider."

"We'll be back here tomorrow!" Jodie said eagerly. Indeed, they had booked the place for three days. "See you then!"

The drive back to Angelika's house was a quiet one, filled with emotions ranging from self-hatred to self-loathing. Buck didn't see how this was going to end well for him.



"Aunt Angelika!" Buck said pushing his aunt's body back and forth. "Get up!"

She was asleep on her bed, dead to the world, and smelling like cheap beer. She had been out all night, and came home some time around four, stumbling to bed. Since then, she hadn't done much but drool on her pillow, and it was already 11am.

"Come on!" Buck insisted, as he rolled her back and forth, without a response. "You're going to miss it!"

Buck marched on over to Angelika's closet and started picking out her clothes for her, knowing she was running so late she wouldn't have time. It was going to need to be her good stuff, because this was the day Gregory had set aside for Angelika to finally meet Gregory's children.

He had two, a daughter Soleil who was 8, and a son Devin, who was three. Buck wasn't sure of the details, as he had learned most of what he knew by eavesdropping on one end of a phone conversation, but Soleil was the product of Gregory's first marriage, and Devin was had out of wedlock, as they say.

"Aunt Angelika!" Buck snapped as he threw her things on the bed. "You can't do this!"

This wasn't the first time Buck had found her like this, either. Over the past two weeks, ever since she had gotten back from her little vacation in Europe, she'd go out drinking somewhere every couple of nights. At first Buck assumed



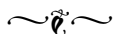
she was celebrating the wedding date, but he was beginning to suspect she wasn't doing much celebrating at all. She smelled of beer every time she came back, which definitely wasn't her kind of drink. Then, whenever she woke up, she was surly and didn't want to talk about where she had been. Even her friends were worried. In addition to all that, she was wearing... Denim.

Just yesterday, Buck had to take Angelika's place on the weekly shopping trip, keeping Jodie and Marjorie from getting too suspicious.

Why he had kept Angelika's date with her friends wasn't much of a mystery. He was, after all, better than Angelika, and to be the better Angelika, he had to prove he could do what she couldn't.

Which was why, as he glanced at the clock, he started to take off the dress he was wearing and slipped into the one he had just put out for his aunt. He knew she was never going to be ready for this, but a better version of Angelika would.

*You must be better than your aunt.*



Buck arrived at Gregory's luxurious penthouse, feeling a like he was going to fly apart at the seams at any moment. It was one thing to impersonate Angelika to her flighty friends who were so self absorbed they might not notice a nearby nuclear explosion, but this was Gregory Kane, a sharp-minded multi-millionaire banking executive. Buck could ruin both Angelika's and his own life in a very permanent way with one wrong move. Buck kept telling himself he had to keep it together.

Buck knew the importance of this meeting — Gregory was planning to introduce his children to their future step-mother, a role Buck was now uncomfortably assuming. This was essentially a test.

As the elevator doors opened, Gregory greeted him with a warm smile. He stepped forward and gave Buck a kiss as he embraced him, assuming him to be his fiancée. "You look stunning, Angelika. That dress is incredibly sexy, and your hair smells wonderful," he complimented, oblivious to Buck's true identity.

Buck, caught off guard by the kiss and compliment, managed a strained smile. "Thank you, Gregory. You're always... So... Charming."

Gregory, beaming with excitement, led Buck into the living room. "I want to prepare you for meeting my children. They're really excited to meet their future step-mom. Don't be nervous, they'll love you."

Buck felt a knot of anxiety in his stomach. Not only was he impersonating Angelika, but now he was about to meet Gregory's children under this insane pretense. "I'm sure it'll be fine," he said, trying to sound confident while his voice betrayed his nervousness.

Gregory, mistaking Buck's apprehension for typical pre-meeting jitters, put a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "Just be yourself, Angelika. They're great kids, and I know they'll adore you."

As Gregory went to fetch his children, Buck took a moment to compose himself. He was in too deep, playing a role that was becoming increasingly complex and challenging. There was still time to jump out a nearby window, he reminded himself as he primped his hair in a nearby mirror. They were fifty stories up, and it would be painless.

When Gregory returned with his two young children, Buck steeled himself and let out a very quiet whimper. Gregory led his young son, Devin, into the room by the hand, while his daughter Soleil followed closely behind. Devin, at three years old, was still mastering the art of walking, and Soleil, eight years old, appeared shy and reserved.

Doing his best imitation of his aunt, Buck greeted them with a warm, albeit forced, smile. "Hello there, I'm so happy to meet both of you," he said, his voice soft and caring. "My name is... Angelika."

As they approached, Buck noticed the children's timidity. They kept their distance, eyeing him with a mix of curiosity and caution. This immediate reaction from the children sparked a concern in Buck. He realized that the real Angelika might have a better approach in connecting with them, a thought that stirred his compulsion to outdo her.

Driven by his desire to prove he could do anything better than his aunt, Buck knelt down to the children's level, offering them a warm and inviting smile. "Hi Soleil, hi Devin, it's so nice to meet you both. I've heard a lot about you," he said gently, trying to bridge the gap.

Soleil, looking at Buck with curiosity, asked, "Do you like princesses? I have a lot of princess dolls."

Buck, seizing the opportunity to connect, replied enthusiastically, "I think princesses are wonderful. I'd love to see your dolls. I bet you have a lot."

Devin, still clinging to Gregory's hand, peeked out shyly. Buck extended a friendly gesture, "And Devin, do you like playing with cars? I bet you have some cool ones."

Devin nodded, a small smile breaking on his face. "I have a red car. It's fast!" "I bet it is!" Buck replied. "I bet it's faster than everyone else!"

As they talked, the children quickly warmed up to him, chatting about their toys and interests. He listened attentively, responding with kindness and encouragement.

Gregory watched the interaction with a satisfied smile, pleased to see his children taking to the person he thought was their future step-mother. Buck, meanwhile, felt the way a small mouse probably felt watching the cat give up

chasing them. He had managed to connect with the kids, surpassing his own expectations and, in his mind, doing better than the real Angelika might have.

As the visit came to an end, Soleil and Devin seemed genuinely sad to say goodbye to Buck. “Will you come play with us again?” Devin asked with hopeful eyes.

“Well, I’ll be around a lot more very soon,” Buck replied.

“She’s gonna be our new mommy,” Soleil said to her brother.

“That’s right,” Buck said, feeling a weird pang of guilt for the deception.

Gregory gave Buck a big, pleased smile, and then took his kids back to their rooms, once again leaving Buck alone. He guessed it was a success, this first meeting, but those kids were in for a big disappointment when that selfish, self-absorbed bitch of an aunt becomes their mother for real, he reasoned.

As Gregory came back from returning the children to their rooms, he was brimming with joy and satisfaction. Buck had never seen him so happy. He walked up to Buck, still believing him to be Angelika, and swept him into an exuberant embrace. With a spontaneous motion, he spun Buck around, his face beaming.

“You’re going to be a wonderful mother to my kids,” Gregory exclaimed, his voice filled with happiness.

Before Buck could react, Gregory leaned in and planted a smothering kiss on his face. Buck, caught in the whirlwind of the moment, felt a rush of panic mixed with the need to maintain his disguise.

Gregory, caught up in the emotion, asked with a hopeful undertone, “Do you have any plans for tomorrow, Angelika? Anywhere you need to be tomorrow morning?”

Buck knew exactly what Gregory was implying, and the thought he would have to fight this man off as he tried to get into his panties terrified him like nothing else before. He scrambled for a plausible excuse. “Oh, Gregory, I’d love to, but I have... um, a pancake breakfast fundraiser to attend. I’ve had the arrangement for months, and I simply can’t miss it,” he stammered, the excuse sounding feeble even to his own ears.

Gregory, though visibly disappointed, nodded understandingly. “I see, well, I understand. Maybe another time then.”

Buck, seizing the opportunity to escape the increasingly complicated situation, quickly gathered his things. “Yes, another time,” he echoed, making his way to the door with a hurried goodbye.

Once outside Gregory’s penthouse, Buck let out a sigh of relief. The job was done. Now he needed to get his aunt to live up to her responsibilities. The idea he was going to have to do anything more was ridiculous. She was the one

marrying a multi-millionaire, the opportunity of a lifetime, and she couldn't even be bothered to meet with him.



“No, I really gotta talk to you,” Angelika said from the floor of the bar.

She had been down there for a few minutes, after having slid off her bar stool. The middle-aged woman had been in the process of sliding off the stool for about ten minutes, so when she finally hit the floor, few noticed. It didn't hurt, either, because Angelika was well beyond being able to feel pain, as drunk as she was.

Looking up at her date, Harold Pufkin, she reached up, grabbing at his shirt.

Getting his attention, he looked down at Angelika. “Didjoo get drunk agin, Annngie?” He asked, his voice slurred by the several dinks he had consumed.

“I got sumthin I wanna talk to you about...” Angelika replied. She had something urgent she needed to tell him, but the alcohol had temporarily wiped it from her memory.

This was the fifth time she had done this. With her impending marriage to Gregory, she intended to tell Harold that she couldn't see him anymore. It was time to break things off. But whenever she met up with him, she made some bad decisions and started to drink. A few drinks and some heavy groping later, and she couldn't recall why she needed to talk to Harold.

As Harold, pulling Angie's arm, dragged her across the floor to a booth, Angelika's faint thought of having to talk to Harold about something was lost in a hazy drunken mind that would not clear up for several hours, until she was home in bed.



Not knowing where the hell his aunt Angelika was, Buck was forced more and more to step in for his aunt.

Buck found himself in yet another elaborate charade, having dinner at a fine restaurant with Gregory. The situation was becoming increasingly surreal, with Buck having to step in for his aunt Angelika at the last minute. Gregory was none the wiser.

Throughout the dinner, Buck was consumed with thoughts about his aunt's strange behavior. Angelika had been spending less and less time at home, and the last time he saw her, she was dressed completely out of character in a tee shirt, denim skirt, and flip-flops. This departure from her usual glamorous persona added to Buck's confusion and concern.

As they sat at the elegantly set table, Gregory noticed Buck's distracted demeanor. "Angelika, you seem a bit distant tonight. Is everything alright?" he asked, a hint of concern in his voice.

Buck, realizing he needed to maintain his act, quickly composed himself. "Oh, Gregory, I'm so sorry. I was just lost in thought. Everything's fine," he assured, forcing a smile and adopting a more affectionate tone to emulate his aunt.

Gregory seemed reassured by Buck's response and continued the conversation. "I'm glad to hear that. I've been thinking about our wedding plans. Have you given any more thought to the venue?"

Buck, playing the part of Angelika, responded with enthusiasm he didn't feel. "Yes, of course. A winter wedding would be so romantic, don't you think? A cathedral is what I'm thinking. The one downtown?" He slightly tilted his head the way he saw his aunt do when she was trying to flatter someone. "I can't wait to start our life together."

As the dinner progressed, Gregory began to turn up the charm, flirting more openly with Buck. Leaning across the table, he reached for Buck's slender, long-nailed hand. "Angelika, I must say, you look absolutely ravishing tonight. This color suits you so well," he said, gesturing towards Buck's attire.

Buck, knowing this beige dress was the same as a hundred beige dresses Angelika owned, replied with a forced smile, trying to emulate Angelika's flirtatious tone. "Oh, Gregory, you always know just what to say to make a woman feel special."

Gregory, encouraged by the response, continued, "And it's not just your style. I find myself constantly drawn to your wit and charm. You're an incredible woman, Angelika. I cannot believe I found such a treasure as you."

Feeling increasingly uncomfortable but compelled to maintain the act, Buck responded, "You're quite the charmer yourself, Gregory. I'm lucky to have caught your eye. You could have any woman in the world."

"Don't be silly, my love." The conversation took a more intimate turn as Gregory leaned in closer. "I keep thinking about our future together, Angelika. I can't wait until marriage. I want you now."

Buck, caught unexpected, managed to reply, "Well, there will be plenty of time for that on the honeymoon... It's only a month and a half away."

"You are an awful tease, Angelika. But I don't know if I can wait. You're just so... You turn me on like no other woman ever has."

"Oh," Buck replied, not knowing what to say or do at this point.

"But I see I'm making you uncomfortable. Let's us finish this wonderful dinner."

As the evening wore on, Gregory's gestures became more affectionate, his eyes lingered on Buck longer, his hand often finding Buck's across the table.



Buck played along, all the while feeling absolutely repelled by physical contact with another man.

Finally, as they finished their meal, Gregory said, “Spending time with you tonight has been the highlight of my week, Angelika. I feel so connected to you.”

Buck, feeling the full burden of his deception, forced a final flirtatious remark, “Our connection is only going to get deeper, Gregory.” Buck said, trying to come up with things his aunt might say. “Tonight was just perfect.”

The dinner ended with Gregory escorting Buck to the car, his arm around his waist. Buck, while relieved that the evening was over, felt a deepening sense that Gregory was up to something.

Instead of going home the wealthy executive took Buck on a scenic drive through the Los Angeles hills. The view was filled with the glittering lights of the city below, creating a romantic ambiance that Buck found increasingly unnerving. Gregory seemed to be in high spirits, occasionally glancing over at Buck with a smile that indicated his intentions.

As they reached a particularly secluded spot overlooking the city, Gregory pulled the car over. The quiet of the hills enveloped them, and the only sound was the distant hum of the city. Buck’s heart raced as he realized Gregory’s intentions.

“Gregory, I... I think we should head back. It’s getting late,” Buck stammered, trying to ward off the impending romantic moment.

Gregory, however, was not deterred. He turned to Buck, his eyes softening. “Just a moment, Angelika. This view is too beautiful to pass up. It’s moments like these that I want to share with you.”

Buck, desperate to avoid the situation, scrambled for another excuse. “I’m really not feeling too well. Maybe it’s something I ate.”

Gregory’s expression turned to one of concern, but he still reached for Buck’s hand. “I’m sorry to hear that. We’ll stop by a pharmacy on the way back.”

Before Buck could protest further, Gregory leaned in and gently pressed his lips against Buck’s in a slow, romantic kiss. Buck’s mind raced with panic and confusion. He remained still, not reciprocating but also unable to pull away, caught in his lie.

Gregory finally pulled back, a contented smile on his face. Silently, he guided Buck’s hand towards his crotch.

Buck tried to think of any way he could run from the car, how he could slap Gregory across the face — how he could stop what Gregory was prompting him to do at any cost.

“Go ahead, touch it,” Gregory whispered, his eyes never leaving the cityscape. “You’re so good with your mouth.” Buck wanted to be anywhere but here, right

now. He didn't want to suck Gregory's cock. He wasn't gay. But knowing Angelika was supposed to be good at sucking cock, he also couldn't live with knowing Angelika could do something better than he could.

*You must be better than your aunt.*

Buck slowly reached out and cupped Gregory's cock through his pants. It felt warm and hard against his palm. He was scared out of his mind, but he did it anyway.

"Oh God," Buck said, looking up at Gregory, who smiled and nodded.

"It hurts, my love," Gregory said. "Please help."

Buck swallowed hard. He looked around. He looked back at Gregory. He couldn't do it. Not here. Not like this.

"Please," Gregory said, taking Buck's hand off his crotch and holding it. "Please. I want you."

Buck tried one last time to stop the inevitable. "Gregory, please. I..."

"Suck it. Suck my cock. Like only you can."

*You must be better than your aunt.*

Buck closed his eyes. He took a deep breath. He leaned forward and undid Gregory's slacks.

"Oh, fuck," Gregory said, closing his eyes. Buck pulled Gregory's massive cock out of his jeans. It was thick and long and hard. Buck looked at it. He couldn't do it. He couldn't suck it. He couldn't. But he did. He opened his mouth and wrapped his lips around Gregory's cock.

"Oh, Yes. My love. My Angelika," Gregory said, opening his eyes. He looked down at Buck. His eyes were wide.

Buck was caressing Gregory's cock with his lips. Then he licked it. He ran his tongue up and down it. He felt Gregory's hand on his head. He felt Gregory's fingers in his hair.

"Mggphh," Buck moaned as he sucked on Gregory's cock. He felt Gregory's cock throb in his mouth for a moment before hot cum shot into his throat. It just kept coming, pump after pump.

Buck's only way to cope was to swallow it. He swallowed every drop. "My Angelika," Gregory said, closing his eyes again. "So beautiful."

Satisfied he was giving Gregory a better cock-sucking than Angelika could had, Buck licked Gregory's cock clean. He put it back into his pants. Then he sat back in his seat.

"That was nice," Gregory said, smiling and gently petting Buck's hair. "Thank you."

“You’re welcome. I’m glad you liked it.” Buck tried to keep his true emotions inside, his true feeling of outright disgust from showing through. “I loved it, too.”

“I hope when we’re married you might do it from time to time.”

“Of course, darling.” He coughed in the most feminine way he could. “We should really get going,” he said, eager to escape the situation.

Buck sat back up and buckled himself in as Gregory fired up the car and pulled out of the parking spot. He sat in the car, thinking about what had just happened. He felt dirty. He felt used. He felt like he had lost something.

The drive back was a blur for Buck. He was overwhelmed by the complexity of the thoughts he had in his fevered head — guilt for deceiving Gregory, discomfort from the kiss, sick from the blowjob, and a deepening worry about the consequences of his impersonation. The wedding couldn’t come soon enough for him. Maybe then he’d be free of this insane impulse to be better than his horrible aunt.

As they arrived back at Angelika’s house, Buck quickly said his goodbyes and hurried inside, leaving Gregory behind. Once inside, he leaned against the door, taking a moment to compose himself.

The night had taken a toll on him, pushing him into debasing himself to a degree he wasn’t able to even believe. The musky scent coming from his mouth told him that it really had happened. Buck knew that the charade he was maintaining was spiraling out of control. He went into his aunt’s room to find her bed empty, as he had come to expect.



Three weeks later, Buck touched up his makeup in the mirror. Gregory was waiting for him, and he liked to make Gregory wait.

When he was ready, Buck strutted out of the ladies’ room in his heels, his short skirt showing all of his legs. He knew everyone was looking, and he wanted to appear confident.

In the three weeks he had been seeing Gregory, he had gotten somewhat adjusted to being seen on his arm. He had learned the hard way how to deal with it.

At first, his humiliation was almost crippling, and he’d dash from one safe area to the next, trying to stay away from the leering eyes and jealous stares of those around him. Experience had taught him that confidence was his best weapon. He stuck out his prodigious chest and kept a cool expression on his face as he walked from the restroom to where Gregory was waiting for him.

“Thank you for waiting,” he said to Gregory as he hooked his arm through his.

“I was beginning to worry,” the salt-and-peppered-haired executive said, dressed in a snappy tuxedo.

“Are you ready to go?” Buck asked.

“They’re already bringing the car around.”

As Buck stood in a stunning black evening gown beside his date for the evening, he tried to stay calm, or at least appear to stay calm. Nothing about dating Gregory had become any easier. He was still fighting his advances off, still frightened every moment he was with him that he’d he so something wrong, terrified of being found out and anguishing over what his life had become.

Gregory would probably have been stunned to learn that for the past month, he had been talking to Buck exclusively, not Angelika. The real Angelika was becoming even more elusive, and even Buck hadn’t seen her for two days.

It had been a



delightful night at the opera, with Gregory able to mingle with all the wealthy and famous people in Beverly Hills. Buck stood beside him and kept mostly quiet, only speaking when the men started to talk about “Angelika” and how lovely she was, as if Buck were a literal trophy being hauled around for his friends to gawk at.

Gregory helped Buck into the car and Buck waited patiently as he paid the valet and worked his way around to the driver’s side. He looked down at his long, supple feminine legs over his huge, ever-present breasts as he waited for Gregory. Buck hated everything about himself. He hated what he had become, from the top of his coiffed head down to his little polished toes.

It seemed half his life was spent at the salon these days, getting himself ready for dates and public appearances as Gregory Kane’s fiancée. He hadn’t worn a stitch of male clothing in over six months. He hadn’t even used his own name in two.

“Did you have a nice time?” Gregory asked Buck.

“I always have a wonderful time when I’m with you,” Buck said, channeling his best Angelika impression.

They drove towards the cliffs, stopping to look at the moonlight shimmering in the waves of the sea. Buck sighed and tucked his hair back. His dates with Gregory always seemed to end this way. He’d lost count of how many time he’d done this.

Buck unbuckled his seatbelt and hovered his head over Gregory’s lap, Gregory’s hands gently caressing his hair as he began to give him another exquisite blowjob.

The young man could feel the tension building within himself as he continued to deep throat Gregory. As the wealthy older man’s hands gently cradled Buck’s head, his fingers tangling in his long, golden hair as he expertly pleased him with his lips and tongue.

As Buck continued to blow Gregory, he tried to drive all the hatred and humiliation from his mind. But he was forced to focus on the task at hand — keeping up his disguise and satisfying Gregory’s needs — and he couldn’t keep an overwhelming feeling of shame from surfacing.

Despite the intense disgust that was raging within him, Buck continued to give Gregory the long, loving blowjob he required.

As he continued his ministrations, Buck couldn’t help but feel like a mere prop in this elaborate nightmare. He was nothing more than a human sex toy and walking status symbol for Gregory, and the realization filled him with despair. The act itself was skilled and satisfying, but it only served to reinforce Buck was playing a role he didn’t want or enjoy.

Afterward, back at his aunt’s house, Buck spent much of the night crying in bed, trying to come to terms with the reality of his situation. He had become

nothing more than a tool, a tool without a will of its own, no future, no freedom, and the thought made him regret everything about his life.



As the wedding grew closer, Gregory and Buck became practically inseparable. It seemed like Buck was being shown off like a prize pony to all of Gregory's friends and business associates. There were nightly parties, dinners, and galas. The young man knew how much Angelika would have savored all the attention and praise as the fiancée of a near-billionaire. It was like living the life of one of the real housewives she watched on TV every day.

But as it was, Buck was now stuck living the fantasy of a woman he hated. He hated her even more these days as Angelika was absent too often to rescue Buck from his role as an aging socialite, woman in love and bride to be.

Still, his drive to be better than Angelika in all things forced him to make himself up every day, put on a killer dress, fuck-me heels and spend hours on his hair and makeup to be the woman Angelika couldn't be. He'd given up fighting the impulse by this point. He knew that he couldn't fight whatever it was that controlled him — but he would never give up hating what was happening to him.

So when Roger asked if he could come in for a "nightcap" after taking Buck home after a late night on the town, Buck was powerless to refuse. Knowing Angelika wasn't home because her car was gone, Buck led the eager man inside.

He already knew what Gregory's favorite drink was, so he prepared a whisky on the rocks for him and served it. Buck had a tumbler himself, and although he was still too young to drink, no one on Earth would believe he was anything other than a forty-something woman.

The drink was a mistake, however, as an hour later, Buck found himself on top of Angelika's bed, with Gregory pulling his dress down like it was a banana peel. He was drunk enough to not be able to save himself with his usual quick-thinking mind.

By the time he realized he was in too deep, Gregory already had his bra off. Buck was desperate to keep Gregory from discovering he was a man, so he decided to try his usual method of avoiding intercourse.

But before he could even bend over to give Gregory a blowjob, Gregory stopped him.

"I need something more, my love," he said. "I want to take you."

"I... I... I'm on my period," Buck said in desperation.

Gregory smirked. “Well then, I’ll just have to take you in that amazing ass of your my love. Before he could fight it in his drunken condition, he was bent over, his ass exposed, and Gregory was ready to give him anal.

“Oh God no!” Buck screamed. “I don’t do that!”

“You will, my love,” Gregory said. “You will.” And with that, Gregory thrust his cock into Buck’s tight ass. The pain was excruciating, but Buck couldn’t say anything. He had to pretend to enjoy it. He had to pretend to be Angelika.

It was too much for him to handle. He started crying. He felt like he was going to die, ripped open like a butcher attacking a new carcass with a cleaver. Then, Gregory came inside him. Gregory began to pump his cock in Buck’s anus, and it was beyond painful.

Buck didn’t know what to do. He wanted to scream, but he couldn’t. He wanted to cry, but he couldn’t. He wanted to run away, but he couldn’t. All he could do was lie there and take it. And then, Gregory came inside him again.

And again. And again.

Buck was in agony. He was in so much pain, he truly believed these were his last moments on Earth. But he couldn’t say anything. He couldn’t move. He couldn’t even breathe. He just stayed there, bent over like an animal, taking it from behind. Buck needed to prove he could take it, and be better.

Finally, Gregory came inside him one last time. And that was it. He felt Gregory slide out of him, only slightly relieving the pain. He knew he’d be in terrible agony for days, as his body tried to heal. The ER wasn’t out of the question.

Gregory was a selfish bastard. He hadn’t even asked. He didn’t even care how much pain he had just caused. The man just took Buck and fucked him, and didn’t think about the ramifications.

Twenty minutes later, Gregory was ready to go again, and Buck put himself in position.



Buck, dressed impeccably in one of Angelika’s many fashionable, expensive dresses, waited for Angelika to return home. It had become a nightly routine — Angelika stumbling in late, always drunk, and her behavior growing increasingly erratic. She was a stark contrast to the glamorous socialite she once was, now often seen in common, casual clothing and wearing simple, gaudy makeup.

When Angelika finally arrived that night, Buck had been up for hours. It was 4:15 am. Hearing her fiddle with the front door, he got up from watching *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, and confronted her as she walked in. “Angelika, we need to talk about what’s been happening. You’re out every

night, and I'm left to fill in for you — shopping trips, wedding arrangements, even dates with Gregory. This isn't right."

Angelika, clearly drunk but still cognizant enough to be angry, responded defensively, her voice tinged with sarcasm. "Oh, poor Buck. Must be so hard being wined and dined, attending fancy dinners, and living a life of luxury."

Buck was going to mention the blowjobs and the anal sex, but didn't want to detonate that powder keg for the moment. Feeling completely frustrated with his aunt, and desperate to make her come to her senses, countered, "It's not about that! Don't you get it? I don't want to be you anymore. This charade is taking over my life."

Angelika, her expression hardening, shot back, "Listen, you think I want to do this? You think I want to be... Where I am?" She planted a pointing finger right in between her nephew's D-cups. "If it weren't for you, I'd be planning my wedding with the man I love!"

"How is this *my* fault?" Buck yelled, in Angelika's voice. Even in an unguarded moment like this, he couldn't really speak in much else now that he had been using it for months. "I'm saving your marriage!"

"You probably want him for yourself!" Angelika shot back. "Look at you! All dressed up like that! You're trying to steal him away from me!"

Buck wasn't sure if he should react to insults from his drunk aunt, but he wasn't going to let this one slip by. "I hate that fucking bastard!" he shouted. "He's a controlling, misogynist motherfucker who uses women! That asshole can go straight to hell!"

"You can't fool me, you fucking fag!" Angelika said. "You wanted this all along! You and your psychotic need to always be better than me!"

"Look at us! I am better than you, you cheap whore!"

"Cheap...?" was the insult that seemed to bother her most. "Do you think I want this? I'm compelled to be this way! I'm supposed to be the kind of woman you can be better than!" She was venting in a way few people ever do, letting every ounce of turmoil in her life come out of her. "Oh my God, I love Gregory, and his money, but I can't help but be who I am now! I can't stop it!"

Buck, confused and frustrated, exclaimed, "What are you talking about? I'm the one who's been forced to make bad decisions — to be better than you. Every time you open your fucking mouth, I have to be better! Look at me, Angelika! I've degraded and humiliated myself, gotten boobs, even I even had surgery to get your old, pathetic face! It's all because of this compulsion to outdo you and your fucking shallow, stupid life! I have to be a better than you! A better dresser, a better friend, a better lover... A better woman!"

Then Angelika spoke words that she would regret for time eternal. "You can't be a better woman than I am, you little prick, because you aren't even a real woman!"

That was all it took. That was all it took for the next tragic phase in Buck's sad life to begin. The message was correct, clear and concise. He couldn't be better than Angelika because he wasn't a woman.

*You must be better than your aunt.*

Angelika pushed her way past a stunned Buck and went upstairs, thinking she had won the argument.

As she exited, Buck tried to make the thoughts go away. The invasive thoughts he knew he couldn't banish. The thoughts that made him do these humiliating things. The thoughts that lead him to Angelika's laptop, and began the search for the world's foremost sexual reassignment clinic.



It was expensive, and took every last dollar of Angelika's savings. The clinic, located in Thailand, was a harrowing three weeks for Buck, more so than for most transgender patients. The difference between him and their usual clients was that he didn't want any of this. He didn't want to have his penis split, his scrotum turned inside-out, his testicles removed, his urethra relocated. He fought it every step of the way, in his mind, but every word out of his mouth said yes.

He said yes to it all. He signed the papers. He paid the money. He complimented the surgeons.

The nurses who attended to his needs were kind, and kept him as comfortable as a person could be as a post-op patient recovering from major surgery.

Recovering, he cried almost constantly, his mind forced to remind himself of what he had done. He had irrevocably forced himself into a life he never wanted and would never accept. The nurses kept him heavily sedated for the weeks it took for him to heal physically. There was little anyone could do to help him heal mentally.

When a nurse showed how to dilate his new pussy and keep it douched and clean, Buck was beside himself in anguish.

Oddly, ironically, the only thread holding his life together was the one thing that had driven him to this bizarre point in his life. He needed to be better than his aunt. It was the one thing he could focus on, and work towards. It was all he had, now.



“Is something on your mind, Angie baby?” Harold asked as they sat at their laminated table. “You’ve hardly touched your Whopper Jr.”

Harold Pufkin — stage name The Magnificent Mezmo — had treated his date with best he could afford, by taking her to dinner at his favorite LA spot, the Burger King inside the Arco gas station on Sepulveda.

The fast-food setting was a far cry from the luxurious lifestyle she was accustomed to, such as lunch with her friends in an upscale bistro on Rodeo Drive. Now, she was licking ketchup off her fingers. Her hypnotic command to make bad decisions had led her here, away from her fiancée Gregory Kane, and into the company of Harold.

As they sat across from each other with trays of burgers and fries, Angelika's mind was fighting itself. She knew this wasn't what she wanted from life, or where she belonged. She had worked so hard to become a wealthy Beverly Hills socialite. This wasn't meant to be her fate.

Convinced she could fix whatever was wrong with her mind, she was trying to break free from the strange influence that had been guiding her actions, but to little avail. However, this was one of the few lucid moments she had enjoyed since meeting Harold, who seemed to constantly be drinking, and getting her to drink as well.

Looking across the table at Harold, Angelika had just enough presence of mind to confront the issue directly. "Harold, I need to ask you something important. Could you have hypnotized me without realizing it?"

"Since when have I tried to hypnotize you?" Harold asked, though a mouthful of meat and bun.

"Back at the New Years' party."

"Oh, this again. Like I told you, I don't remember anything from that night."

"You've gotta remember. I need to be released from whatever command I'm under."

Harold, munching on a fry, looked at her with a mix of amusement and disbelief. "Hypnotize you? Angelika, that's just part of the act. I'm an entertainer, not a real hypnotist."

Angelika, growing more frustrated, insisted, "But it's real, Harold. Ever since that New Years' Eve party, I haven't been able to think straight. I know it sounds weird, but I think I'm under some sort of hypnotic suggestion. I always make horrible decisions."

Harold chuckled, shaking his head. "Angie, you're being silly. It's all smoke and mirrors. I don't have the power to do that."

Angelika, feeling helpless, replied, "But you don't understand. This isn't me. I'm not myself. This isn't my life. Yet here I am, spending my time with you, eating at goddamn Burger King! This isn't the life I know."

Harold, still dismissive, said, "What, you think we should have gone to In-n-Out?"

“No! You don’t understand!” Angelika whined.

“Finish your food, Angie.”

“But...”

“We’ll talk about this in the car.”

Angelika looked at her burger and shoved a bite into her mouth. She had no idea what to do. She was at the end of her rope.

“Please, Harold, I need you to listen to me,” Angelika said as she carried her large Diet Coke to Harold’s rental car, her pink flip-flops flapping as she walked. She slurped on the drink as she got in.

“We’ve been over this again and again, Angie. There’s nothing I can do,” Harold replied.

“There has to be *something* you can do.”

“Baby, I can’t undo what I didn’t do in the first place. You’re not under any hypnosis. You trust me, right?”

“Of course I do, Harold!” Angelika replied. “It’s just that I know I’m not supposed to be like this. I’m not like this at all!”

“Are you saying you want to break up? I thought we had a good thing going!” Harold said as he turned to face Angelika.

They did not have anything close to a good thing going. Angelika had been with dozens of men, all of them better than this cheap cretin, and she knew it. But she couldn’t say it. She couldn’t just tell him that her name was really Angelika Bannister and she was a wealthy Beverly Hills housewife who was engaged to a multi-millionaire banking executive. She couldn’t tell him about Buck and the strange things he was doing to himself.

She should have said something, but she wasn’t making very good decisions, thanks to her hypnotic impulses. Angelika kept silent about her real life.

“Harold, I really think...”

“Well, stop thinking so much, Ange.” Harold interrupted. “I can do the thinking for the both of us. Okay?”

“But Harold...!” She looked at this old man, with his scraggly clothes and unshaven face, and loathed him so much.

“I tell you what,” Harold said. “You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me, baby. Like an angel from heaven. I want you with me from now on. Let’s get married.”

“Married?”

“We can be in Vegas in five hours. We can hitched. You and me. Together forever.”

The hypnosis that controlled her decisions had one last kick in the teeth for Angelika. Because not only had she made a resolution to help her nephew learn some lessons and be a grownup, she had also made another resolution.

*I want to marry the love of my life and start again.*

Gregory Kane had the status and money she loved. He was the love of her life, according to her particular set of values, and in Angelika's polluted thought process, he had been the man she was meant to marry and start over with.

But an Angelika that was making bad decisions would have never chosen Gregory as her husband. No, the type of woman she needed to be, a bad Angelika, would make the worst decision.

Inside her, she could feel the word rising up her throat. She fought it. She wanted to never speak another word if that was what it took. However, she was powerless to stop it.

"Yes," she said. "Let's do it."

"You won't regret it, baby!" Harold said, giving her a sloppy, wet kiss. His grey scruff scratched her face roughly. He then started the car. "Buckle up!"

The love of her life was going to be Harold. It had to be him. That was what poor decisions would have told her to do, and so she had to do it. She was going to marry him and start over. She put a dumb smile on her face, the kind of smile someone who had just made the worst decision of their life would make. She continued to slurp on her Diet Coke.



"Whatever you had done, sign me up for that, because you look years younger," Jodie said.

Jodie couldn't know how off the mark she was. All Buck could do was smile and nod, knowing what the three weeks away had really cost him.

"Honestly, it's brilliant," said Marjorie, "Getting some work done just before the wedding. I'm going to do that for all my weddings."

It wasn't like Buck wanted to do any entertaining, as Buck had literally just gotten on his feet again. However, he had to better. He knew Angelika would never do this, so he had to.

*You must be better than your aunt.*

"You're both very kind, but honestly I didn't have any work done at all," Buck replied in Angelika's regal tone, as he sipped his wine.

"Of course you didn't," Marjorie said with a catty little smirk as she sipped her wine as well.

"Well, it's true. I don't want you two spreading any rumors."

They were on Angelika's sofa, all watching the latest episode of *Life of Kylie*, along with some wine, some cheese and lots of gossiping.

It was strange for Buck, as previously, he had always worried about being found out or discovered as a fraud before. But today, for the first time, he had no fear. There was nothing to discover, nothing to give him away. He could sit there in a dress, wearing heels, jewelry, makeup, and not worry about if it was enough to disguise his true identity.

What was there to disguise?

Jodie and Marjorie were as familiar to him as any friend he had made in the past couple of years, and hanging out with them was such a common occurrence, that there was no stagecraft whatsoever. He reacted to them honestly and authentically, as the Beverly Hills socialite he now was.

Their attention drifted back to the show. "Oh, look at her outfit. It's like she got dressed in the dark," Jodie scoffed, pointing at a woman on the screen.

Buck chimed in, matching their tone perfectly, "And those shoes! Can you believe someone actually paid money for those?"

Marjorie laughed, adding, "Money clearly can't buy taste."

Buck spoke in Angelika's haughty voice. "I know, right? Scandalous! And those accessories! It's like she raided a thrift store's reject bin."

Jodie snickered, adding, "And her hair is like a bird's nest. Does she not own a mirror?"

"No, she just doesn't like what they tell her."

"Mmm-hmmm..." The girls all said together.

As they continued to watch, Jodie turned to Buck with a curious expression. "Speaking of disasters, what ever happened to that nephew of yours, Angelika? He just vanished into thin air."

Buck, without missing a beat, replied in Angelika's haughty tone, "Oh, who knows. He just ran off somewhere. Young people. He's probably got himself into trouble again."

"Such a shame," Marjorie commented. "He seemed like a decent boy."

Buck shrugged, maintaining his façade. "Well, you didn't have to live with him."

They returned their attention to the TV show. "Can you believe Vanessa actually said that to him?" Jodie gasped, pointing at the screen.

Buck laughed along, "It's unbelievable. The drama these people create."

"Look at Lindy, pretending to cry. These shows get worse and worse every year," Jodie quipped.

Buck, laughing, responded, “Her acting skills are dreadful, aren’t they? I can’t stand people who are putting on an act.”

“Oh, they’re the *worst!*” Jodie agreed.

They sat and binged through a few more episodes, getting a little more drunk for each one, and the trio continued to exchange barbed remarks and laugh at the expense of the reality TV stars.

It was when he was waving goodbye to his friends that he realized, very acutely, that he did think of them as *his* friends.

So he walked upstairs and passed by the door to his old room and into Angelika’s room, where he undressed himself and took off his heels. He was now the only resident of this house. He hadn’t seen Angelika for weeks now, and didn’t see much point in not taking the room for himself. Whenever she came back, they’d talk about it then. The light was better, the room was larger, and it had all his clothes in it.

So he fell back on what was his bed now, and tried to understand, as he did every moment he was alone by himself, how this ever could have happened. Buck had become the person he hated the most.

It had felt almost natural, the way he behaved with Jodie and Marjorie. The way he gestured with his hands, laughed condescendingly at the shows, sipped his wine and fixed his lipstick. He felt he was taking this all too easily, he felt like he was becoming just like his friends.

...And if here being very honest with himself, they weren’t “his” friends, but “her” friends. Buck wasn’t a man anymore. He knew he’d never get used to that. He would never accept it. He would never allow himself to be Angelika.



The elegant ballroom was bathed in a soft, golden glow, with laughter and chatter filling the air. The decor was lavish, the atmosphere jubilant and the food was incredible. The New Years' Eve party for MyBanq was in full swing. The company’s employees and their spouses had gathered to celebrate the arrival of a new year, and the atmosphere was electric.

Gregory Kane, the CEO, stood near the grand entrance, a glass of champagne in hand, scanning the room for his date, Angelika. She was a striking woman with long, golden hair and a radiant smile that had captivated him from the moment they’d met. She was a dazzling beauty, and an elegant woman. What he especially loved about her was her no-nonsense attitude. She was never afraid to go get what she wanted, and to Gregory’s delight what she wanted was him.

“Gregory, daaaaahling!” a voice called out, and he turned to see Angelika approaching, dressed in an angelic white gown riddled with glittering silver

rhinestones. A long slit up one side exposed one of her devastatingly beautiful legs with every other step. She wore strappy silver heels, and her broad, warm smile illuminated the space around her led the way.

Angelika came to a stop just in front of Gregory, and she tossed her thick blonde hair back with the subtlest flip of her head. She leaned in for a quick kiss on his cheek.

“You look even more radiant than you did when you were married,” A man standing beside Gregory remarked.

“He’s right,” Gregory said to his bride. “You look even more beautiful, is such a thing is possible.”

“You look absolutely stunning, Angelika. That dress is just exquisite,” cooed one of the guests, a well-known figure in the social circuit.

Angelika, basking in the attention, replied with a smug smile, “Thank you, darling. I like to think that have an eye for the finer things.”

Another admirer, trying to catch Angelika’s attention, added, “Not just the dress, Angelika. You radiate beauty. It’s almost ethereal.”

With a toss of her hair, Angelika responded, “How kind of you to notice.”

Gregory, standing a bit to the side, watched with a mix of pride and awe. Angelika, meanwhile, reveled in the adoration, her responses haughty and self-assured.

A socialite, holding a glass of champagne, leaned in closer. “Oh good, you’re here Angelika. It’s not a party until you arrive.”

“Oh, don’t I know it,” Angelika said, a note of false modesty in her voice. “Some of us are just born with that extra sparkle, I suppose.”

Angelika’s demeanor was as petty and vicious as ever, her remarks sharper and more cutting. She engaged in gossip, making snide comments about others at the party, judging people, and making up rumors, always with a cunning smile on her lips.

Gregory eventually managed to pull Angelika aside. “Angelika, there’s no need to overdo it. Everyone is absolutely taken by you. There’s no need to be vicious. Everyone loves you.”

Angelika, looking into Gregory’s eyes, replied coolly, “Of course, they do, Gregory, and I have my role to play. Do I detect a hint of jealousy, darling? So unbecoming of you. I’m going to try and find myself a drink.” She was ready to ditch her husband and do some networking.

Angelika smiled back, departing as she still held her fiancée’s hand for a moment as she walked away, releasing it only when she had to.

She did hope she was making her husband jealous. He was so much more tenacious in bed when he was angry with her. If so, she'd have a story to tell all her friends tomorrow.

Approaching a group of elegantly dressed women, Buck overheard one of them discussing a recent vacation. Seizing the opportunity for a barbed comment, he interjected, "Darling, that resort is positively passé. You really should try something more in vogue." Her voice was dripping with a blend of charm and condescendence she had perfected.

One of the women, holding a champagne flute, laughed nervously. "Oh, Angelika, you always know the latest trends. We simply can't keep up with you."

"Do try," Angelika responded. "Even if it is in vain." Angelika smiled thinly, her eyes scanning the room for her next interaction.

She moved on gracefully, approaching a cluster of men engaged in a discussion about the stock market. With a sly smile, he interjected, "If only your stocks profited from such dull conversation, you'd all be richer than my husband."

One of the men, taken aback by the sharpness of the



comment, replied with thinly veiled irritation, “Angelika, your wit is as sharp as ever. Always a pleasure.”

“For one of us,” Angelika said, before moving on.

Since the wedding, when Buck had to say those fateful words, “I do,” becoming Gregory’s wife and to have and to hold, etc., his perspective had undergone a dramatic shift.

In Buck’s mind, the notion of being better than Angelika had changed. As his mind began to become more acclimated to Angelika’s world, so had his definition of “being better.”

To be better no longer meant being a better person, or being a better woman, it meant being a better Angelika.

As she mingled through the crowd of revelers, her eyes landed on a striking figure: a well-known billionaire, Derek Finley, who was the center of attention in a group nearby. The man’s reputation for wealth and charm was well-known in the social circles of Beverly Hills, and Angelika felt a pressing impulse to approach him.

With confidence and poise the real Angelika would have admired, Angelika initiated a conversation. “I must say, your presence here has certainly added to the evening’s allure,” she said, her voice laced with an air of flirtation.

The billionaire, intrigued by Angelika’s approach, turned his full attention to her. “And you, Mrs. Kane, are the highlight of the party. I must congratulate you on your beautiful wedding plans. Gregory is a lucky man.”

Angelika leaned in closer. “Thank you, but it’s not all about luck, is it? Sometimes, it’s about recognizing something... or someone special when you see it.”

The billionaire raised an eyebrow, clearly captivated by Angelika’s boldness. “Are you always this forward, Angelika?”

She replied with a daring glint in her eye, “Only with people who catch my interest. And I must admit, you are... very interesting. Not to mention, quite handsome.”

Derek chuckled, his interest visibly piqued. “Well, Angelika, I must say, your boldness is refreshing. It’s not often I meet someone who can match my own confidence.”

“Confidence is sexy,” Angelika said. “Don’t you agree?”

Beneath the surface, Angelika was acutely aware of the dangerous line she was walking. Flirting with the billionaire while being married only a week ago to Gregory was a risky maneuver, even for Angelika.

“I do need to get back to my husband,” Angelika said. “He gets lonely so easily.”

The billionaire leaned in. “I hope to see more of you, Angelika. You are quite the woman.”

Angelika smiled enigmatically. “Life is full of surprises, isn’t it?” She winked at him as she walked away, her gliding stride as seductive as ever.

As Angelika plotted her next move, the light in the ballroom dimmed.

“Ladies and gentlemen, guests of MyBanq, please direct your attention to the stage!” A voice called out over the loudspeaker. “You loved him so much last year, he’s back! For your entertainment tonight, may we present: The Magnificent Mezmo!”

As a fanfare of music played, a spotlight shone against a black velvet curtain at the side of the ballroom. After some weak, probably confused clapping, a puff of smoke and flash of light a man in a top hat and tuxedo appeared on stage. A magician.

Angelika couldn’t have cared less. She did understand that it was pointless to do any more mingling and networking with all eyes on the stage, so she grabbed some champagne and made her way back to her husband.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the magician announced from the stage with a flourish, “It’s wonderful to be back! And may I present to you, my lovely assistant, The Astounding Angie!”

A leggy platinum blonde with a bright smile strutted on stage. She wore fishnet tights, five-inch heels, a black leotard and tutu, with a small bolero jacket that was no match for her D-cup breasts. She waved to the crowd with a giggle.

It was clear that the interest of most of them in the crowd had just gone up a few notches.

Angelika found Gregory watching the show and sidled up to him with a tap on his arm to let him know she was there.

“Oh, there you are, my love,” Gregory said, eying his wife for a moment. He pointed to the stage. “Look at this. Doesn’t that girl look like you?”

Angelika didn’t even bother to look. She had little interest in other women. “Probably a tramp,” Angelika said. “Like all show people.”

“It’s almost uncanny,” Gregory continued. “She really does look like you. She could be your twin.”

Angelika glanced at the stage for a moment, just long enough to see the girl helping out with the classic rabbit-in-the-hat bit, kicking her leg to accent the trick and clapping like an idiot. She appeared to be chewing gum as well.

“Don’t be stupid, Gregory,” Angelika said, and then she leaned in closer. “Or do you think she can fuck you like I can?”

“It was just an observation,” Gregory said, as he broke his attention away from the performance.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the magician announced from the stage with a flourish, “I require the participation of two volunteers.”

He used his black cape with red satin lining to make some theatrical moves as he paced around the stage, solidifying the impression he was a bit of a hack.

“I studied in the deepest heart of the orient for many years to decipher the mystery of the human mind,” he said. “I travelled to India, to Nepal, to China and all over. I returned to civilization having learned the very darkest secrets of those who could entrance the thoughts of men and make anyone do my bidding! I require the participation of two volunteers,” the man on stage repeated. “Two volunteers to be subject to my powers! Angie, find two suitable vict... er... Volunteers, would you?”

“Sure thing, Mezmy!” The Astounding Angie said with a smile and a giggle. She minced over to the edge of the stage where a staircase was.

Angelika watched the woman descend awkwardly, and had to admit, there was something about her that was familiar. It would be amusing, Angelika mused to herself if this was her aunt. Imagine going from fiancée of a rich man to being driven around the country as the assistant to a lousy magician making peanuts at children’s parties and the like.

Then the girl in her ridiculous and demeaning costume headed their way. For a moment the two made eye contact. And in that moment, Angelika was terrified.

Angelika saw her husband’s arm start to raise, and she practically leapt out of her shoes to block it.

“Are you trying to embarrass me?” She hissed. She grabbed him by the arm and led him away. “You’re too focused on a flea-bag magician and not enough on what matters,” Angelika said. “Like me.”

Angelika pushed her husband as far away from The Astounding Angie as she could, and as quickly as he heels would let her.

“What did you have in mind?” Gregory asked.

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” Angelika said as she led her husband away. She didn’t look back.

As the sounds of a grown man making clucking sounds on stage faded into the background, Angelika took her new husband back to the restrooms.

Needing to calm herself, Angelika’s thoughts wandered back to the memory of her extravagant wedding.

She recalled the wedding dress in vivid detail. It was an exquisite creation, the very epitome of bridal elegance. She had spent many a day planning it with the wedding planners. At first, Buck didn’t want anything to do with it, only putting



minimal effort, but as it drew nearer, he became more and more obsessed with planning the perfect wedding.

The gown he had chosen was crafted from the finest silk, its surface adorned with delicate, hand-stitched lace that cascaded down the bodice and skirt. Each piece of lace was intricately designed, featuring subtle floral patterns that seemed to come alive with every movement. The skirt itself flared out gracefully, layers of tulle and silk creating a voluminous, ethereal effect.

But the most breathtaking feature was the train — a magnificent extension of the gown that trailed behind Buck like a regal cloak, edged with the same intricate lace and subtle beading that caught the light with every step she took. Soleil carried it as Angelika walked down the aisle.

Buck's hair was styled in a sophisticated updo that was both elegant and modern. She spent a full day at the salon as she told the stylists exactly what she wanted and didn't let them stop until they got it just right. Wisps of hair framed her face softly, adding a touch of romance to the look.

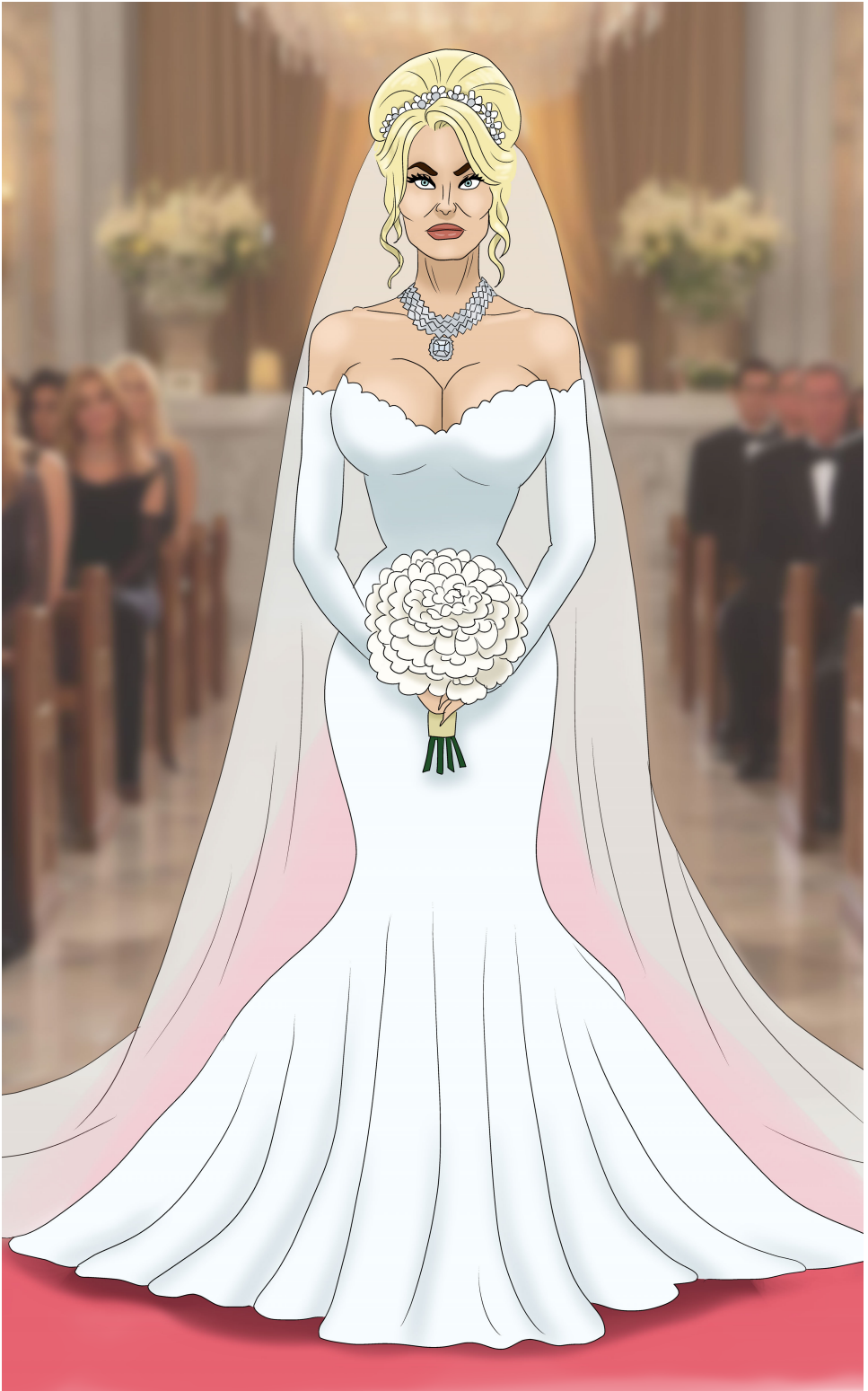
Then came the ceremony itself, each moment a showcase of wealth and carefully orchestrated pageantry. After the grand entrance in her stunning gown, Buck had proceeded down the aisle, the eyes of all the many wealthy guests following her every step. The downtown cathedral was lavishly decorated, with floral arrangements of white roses and peonies adorning every corner, their sweet fragrance filling the air. It had cost thousands and thousands, but Buck didn't care. It wasn't his money — yet.

As Buck reached the altar where Gregory stood waiting, there was a collective sigh from the audience. The couple stood under a beautiful arch, entwined with white flowers and soft, gauzy fabric that fluttered gently in the breeze. The minister began the ceremony, and the air was charged with anticipation.

It was all so perfect. The only fly in the ointment being Buck, who was being forced through this day at the point of a metaphorical spear. He was watching everything he prized as a young man — his independence, his masculinity, his future — all being extinguished in front of him, bit by excruciating bit.

When the moment came for the vows, Buck's voice was clear and confident. His hypnotic programming would accept no less. As he said "I do," in the most romantic and earnest way he could manufacture, his eyes locked with Gregory's, a perfect picture. As they exchanged rings, the audience erupted in applause. No one noticed a thing out of place.

The reception that followed was equally grand. The ballroom was a vision of luxury, with crystal chandeliers casting a warm glow over the elegantly dressed guests. The centerpiece of the room was the wedding cake — a towering confection of white and gold, each layer intricately decorated with edible pearls and delicate sugar flowers. When it came time to cut the cake, Buck and Gregory did so hand in hand, their smiles radiating happiness. The first slice was perfectly cut, and as they fed each other, there was gentle laughter and



cheers from the guests.

The ceremonial festivities continued with the garter toss. Gregory, with a playful glint in his eye, slid the garter off Buck's leg, his gown allowing just enough room for the tradition. Following this, the tossing of the bouquet was a highlight for the currently-single women in attendance. Buck, his back to the eager crowd, tossed the bouquet over his shoulder. The bouquet, a beautiful arrangement of white and blush flowers, was caught by Jodie, who apparently needed reminding that she was married.

Throughout these events, Buck, as Angelika, played the role flawlessly, his every move the epitome of grace and poise befitting a woman of her status. Yet, beneath the surface, he was acutely aware of the performance he was giving. Each tradition, each moment of the wedding, was a reminder of the identity he had assumed, the life he was now being forced to live.

When the evening drew to a close, Buck and Gregory shared a final dance, with the room watching them in admiration. It was during the dance that it finally occurred to him. He could no longer be better than Angelika, because he *was* Angelika.

Without that, he had nothing. He was just the skeleton of a young man encased in the husk of an older woman.

"Is it everything you dreamed it would be?" Gregory asked her as they slow danced in the dim lights. "I couldn't have asked for a better woman to be my wife."

It was probably the romantic thing to say, but to Buck, it hit completely differently.

He had done it. He had proven himself better than Angelika. He had won. His resolution was done.

Yet there was one more resolution to meet.

*I want to know what love is.*

That question would be answered that night, as the two newlyweds arrived at their rental in Greece.

Gregory carried his bride across the threshold. Buck, dressed in white, small and vulnerable, was his wife now. His actual wife.

Inside, Buck was terrified of what was about to happen. He was a virgin, and had never had sex as a woman — or as a man for that matter — and he knew Gregory was insatiable. All sorts of bad scenarios played out in his head, one after the other, each more terrifying than the next.

He threw him on the bed before he even bothered to close the hotel room door, and was ripping off his shirt as he leaned over her.

"I've been waiting for this, Angelika," Gregory said as he slipped the belt out of his pants. He had a wicked gleam in his eye. "You have no more excuses."

“Oh no! Oh no!” Buck cried out. “I’m not ready yet!” Gregory looked at him sternly. “You have to be ready. I’ve been waiting so long. This is the night. I want you now.”

Buck looked up at him. “I don’t know how to do this,” he said, being quite truthful. He had an idea of what to do as a man, but as a woman, he had no experience.

Gregory looked at him. “Then let me show you.” He got on top of him. “I’ll take care of everything. You just relax and enjoy it.” He kissed his lips. “It will be okay,” he said. He kissed him again and put his hand on his neck. He was shaking. “It will be okay,” he said again.

He took off Buck’s wedding dress, then the elaborate white laced lingerie beneath it. He kissed his breasts. He kissed down to his stomach. He kissed down to his thighs.

Buck was still not ready. He still didn’t know what to do. Despite trying to train himself to like men, he had failed miserably.

He kissed down his legs, all the way down to his feet. Then Gregory took off his pants. He was naked underneath them, his cock sprang forth like a railroad spike, aching to be driven home. The overly amorous middle-aged man got on top of Buck again, now nude. His grey chest hair rubbed against Buck’s massive tits.

The only thing Buck could do was wait for the inevitable. The inevitable moment Gregory wondered why Buck wasn’t responding in kind. As a man at heart, and a man who was repulsed by the idea of having sex with another man, it took all his willpower just to keep himself from throwing up.

But as Gregory’s very stiff dick was getting closer and closer to his surgically created vagina, Buck had to think of something.

Then it came to him, his memories of watching Angelika fucking Juan, their trainer. He quickly ran it back in his mind. He recalled that she had been very vocal as she began with Juan, directing him to do things, like rubbing her tits and licking her nipples.

“Rub my tits first,” Buck said. “And lick them.” Gregory responded as directed.

Angelika took the initiative when it came to fucking, flipping around and drawing Juan in, by feeding his penis into her pussy with her nimble fingers.

“Enough,” Buck said, pushing Gregory over onto his back. He started lowering herself over his husband and holding his cock in place as he inserted it into his pussy.

Buck remembered the short breaths and occasional squeaking noise Angelika made when she was being penetrated. He closed his eyes and imitated his aunt as best he could, making the same noises.

Gregory started moving in and out of Buck's cunt as he got going.

Buck climaxed with a loud moan. He recalled how Angelika rolled her eyes into her head as Juan came in her, and how she liked to trail her talon-like nails along his arms as she came to a crescendo, leaving little scratches.

He did the same, rolling his eyes into his head and grazing Gregory's arms as he did.

Afterwards, there was a few moments of stillness, ended when Angelika lifted her head and smiled at Juan. "You're still the best, Juan," she said to him.

As Buck laid beside his husband, he looked at him with loving eyes. "You're the best, Gregory," he purred. Gregory smiled back.

He had done it. He had survived sex as a woman. He thanked his aunt in her absence for the education. He couldn't have done it without her.

"That wasn't so bad," Gregory said. "Want to try again?" Buck shook his head. "Okay," he said. He got up from the bed. "We'll try again later," he said. He went into the bathroom for a shower.

Was this it? Buck asked himself. Was that love? Did he now know what love was? He didn't feel anything. He just pretended like he was having a good time. It was all fake. Was this really love?

Gregory returned, wet, wearing a towel.

He dried himself off, put on his clothes and opened the bedroom door. "See you later," he said. "I'm gonna check out the golf course." He walked out of the house. Buck laid there, alone and used.

This was love. His hypnotic commands forced him to accept this as the truth. He had learned what love was. He knew what it was now. It was fucking. It was fucking to survive. It was selfish fucking and leaving his bride two minutes after consummating the marriage to check the fucking golf course. This was love. He had learned his lesson.

His aunt was right. It was right to be selfish. If this was the way love was, a heartless transaction, Buck needed to look after himself from now on. He didn't need to be better than his aunt, but to be better at *being* his aunt. He needed to be selfish.

A better Angelika would be more petty, more vicious, more acid-tongued. She was a nasty gold-digging whore, impatient, selfish and self-obsessed. She would extract what she needed out of life. That was the only objective. Take no prisoners, and lie, cheat and steal to get what you needed and don't feel regrets. Just like Angelika.

So in Buck's mind, he needed to be more of that. Angelika was his future.

As Angelika led her husband away from the New years' party crowd, she pushed him against the wall in a secluded corner. She didn't need her husband

getting any funny ideas. Reminding him of who he was married to was imperative.

“Now take your pants off,” Angelika commanded. She liked to be in charge.

She pushed Gregory back and kneeled down so she could suck his dick, and did almost all the work as she drove her mouth up and down his shaft like a machine. It was still repulsive to her. She was still humiliated. Still, do anything as often as the new Angelika was doing this, and one gets used to it — even proficient. She could remember watching her aunt do this and was thankful she had a great teacher.

“Ten... Nine... Eight...!” The crowd shouted. On a big screen, the ball was dropping in Times Square.

Gregory saw the commotion. “We should go and...”

“Do you want a blowjob or not?” Angelika growled.

“Three... Two... One!” the crowd continued. As the skies outside the ballroom lit up with fireworks, Gregory came in Angelika’s mouth.

What she couldn’t have known was at that moment, the resolutions were fulfilled. The young man inside the new Angelika Kane was no longer subject to their power. He had his free will back, but not knowing he was under a hypnotic spell, he had no idea he had just been released from it.



Angelika swallowed carefully, wiped her mouth clean, and then crawled up her husband. “I need a couple thousand more on my allowance, darling. Maybe three? It’s not a problem, is it?”

“But we agreed...”

“I’ll suck you off again,” Angelika offered.

“Someone will see us,” Gregory weakly protested.

“You love the danger,” she said back to him. “You could be fired by the board of directors if someone discovered us. But your wife knows you too well, darling. You like the danger.”

“You bitch,” Gregory said breathlessly, still aglow in the moment.

Angelika smiled. She got back on her knees and sucked him off a second time.

This was what Buck’s life was about, now, being a better Angelika. An Angelika who was going to use her talents to get what she wanted. Buck would forever be a man consigned to misery, horrified at his fate, humiliated to his core, but he could use the tools he had at his disposal — sex, love and beauty — searching for something in life that might comfort him. Money seemed a good start.

As the celebration continued, the magician on stage was twirling sparklers alongside his wife and assistant. Fireworks went off outside, and a cheer came up from the streets of the city. The new year, flush with new opportunity and new chances, was here.

Angelika gave her husband the deepest, warmest and sexiest blow she could muster. She then stood and kissed him with the same jizz-covered mouth. Her lips caressed Gregory’s mouth as she rubbed her hands all over his chest while she pushed her big, soft boobs into his body. Angelika wasn’t going to leave anything to chance. She was Mrs. Angelika Kane, and life was putty in her hands.

The End



# Titles from Sick Puppy Press

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## **Sick Puppy Comics**

### **Making Friends**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

### **The Pet Sitter**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

### **A Curious Curse**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

### **Boys Will Be Girls**

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes anew group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

### **The Step-Witch**

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

### **Double-Crossed**

Story & Art by Joe-Six Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

## **The Charm**

Story by Joe-Six Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

### **College Can Change a Man**

Story & art by Joe-Six Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

## **Candlewick Court Series**

### **Welcome to Candlewick**

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 1 in a series. Candlewick Court is looking for new residents. Residents who will find new lives and new genders in a suburban paradise with a mysterious purpose. Book / 149 pages / 30 illustrations

### **Surrender to Candlewick**

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 2 in a series. Candlewick Court has found its first homeowners, and the kids need a school to attend. What kind of bizarre transformations await them? Book / 152 pages / 38 illustrations

### **Brides of Candlewick**

By Joe Six-Pack. Book 3 in a series. The story of Colin and Elliot concludes as we welcome Candlewick Court's next homeowners. Book / 159 pages / 39 illustrations

## **Teens Transformed**

### **She Made Me Into My Sister**

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

### **Gone Girly for Good**

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## **One Year in Tokyo**

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Student Exchange**

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

## **He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

## **From Boys to Bridesmaids**

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

## **Little Mis-ter Popular**

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

## **Bride to Be**

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Winning is Everything**

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## **Creating Samantha**

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Convicts to Co-Eds**

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

## **Mall Makeover Madness**

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

## **Crosley High Chronicles**

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

## **The Substitute Ski Bunny**

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who's fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It's not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

## **Tales of Transformation**

## **He's the Wrong Girl**

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

## **City Boy, Country Girl**

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

## **Thames Greene**

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***Hiding in High Heels***

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***A Blessing in Disguise***

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***I'm Your Dolly***

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***His Life as a Trophy Wife***

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

## ***Male Monday, Girl Friday***

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***The Happiest Place on Earth***

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## ***Hello, Nurse***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***My Boss, The Bimbo***

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## ***He's the Girl They Want***

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## ***Demoted and Degraded***

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## ***I, Candy***

"Sissy Sweets" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family's bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***Boyz II Girlz***

"The Making of the Ballroom Brats" by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***His Strangest Desire***

"Employee of the Month" by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he's going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***Hard Time or High Heels***

"I'm Turning into My Mother" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he's on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Seriously Skirted***

"The Show Piece" by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***From Mister to Sister***

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend's sister out of her depression. Instead, he's being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

## ***The Russian Girl***

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey's wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

## ***Swindled into Skirts***

"Beta Male" by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seem to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustration

## ***Mergers & Acquisitions***

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

## ***Suddenly a Secretary***

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

## ***Stories of the Supernatural***

### ***A Change for the Better***

"Do-Overs" by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

## ***Changed and Rearranged***

"Wrongs Make Wright" By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris' dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***From Pals to Gals***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Mandate of the People" By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***A High-Heeled Halloween***

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***Crossed Fiction***

### ***If the Shoes Fit***

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

### ***Sisters for the Summer***

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

### ***They're the Girls for the Job***

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### ***Blondie's Lost Summer***

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

## ***Blondie's Lost Year***

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

## ***Blondie He's Not***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

## ***I Never Wanted to be a Woman***

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***The Boy's Guide to Girlhood***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

## ***Fashion Victims***

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***The Making of a Beach Bunny***

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

## ***Medical Miss-Practice***

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

## ***12 Days of Christmas***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

## ***Seriously Sissified***

## ***A Family Femmed***

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

## ***Forever Femmed***

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

## ***Auntie's Girl Time***

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Revenge of the Cheerleaders***

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***He's Got His Mind Made Up***

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Fated for Femininity***

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

## **The Holiday Treats Series**

### **The Pumpkin Spice of Life**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Two friends are going to college, and when one gets addicted to pumpkin spice lattes, the both of them are about to find that the drink will lead to many unwanted changes. Mini / 85 pages / 21 illustrations

### **Halloween from Hell**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Lucky Fargo Jr., a manager with few redeeming qualities, is suddenly finding himself in a series of female costumes. Call it revenge, fate or greed, but he better get used to wearing dresses. Mini / 67 pages / 17 illustrations

### **Born on Black Friday**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Mini / 57 pages / 17 illustrations

### **Her for the Holidays**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Damon Spencer, big-city ad executive, has forgotten the magic of Christmas, and the only way to rediscover it is to for a man to be his girlfriend. Mini / 113 pages / 20 illustrations

### **Ruined by Resolutions**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Teen Buck Garber is stuck living with his horrible aunt. After a New Years' Eve magic act, he's now compelled to best his aunt in everything she does, including being a woman. Mini / 115 Pages / 22 illustrations

## **Web Classics Revisited**

### **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

### **Barbie's Life**

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images



## **Amazon.com Kindle books**

All Kindle books have the same content as the PDF versions.

### **Two Forms of I.D.**

Sold in two parts

### **Suddenly a Secretary**

Sold in three parts:

He's the New Office Girl (Part 1)

Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

### **I'm Your Dolly (Barbie-in-a-Box)**

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His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)