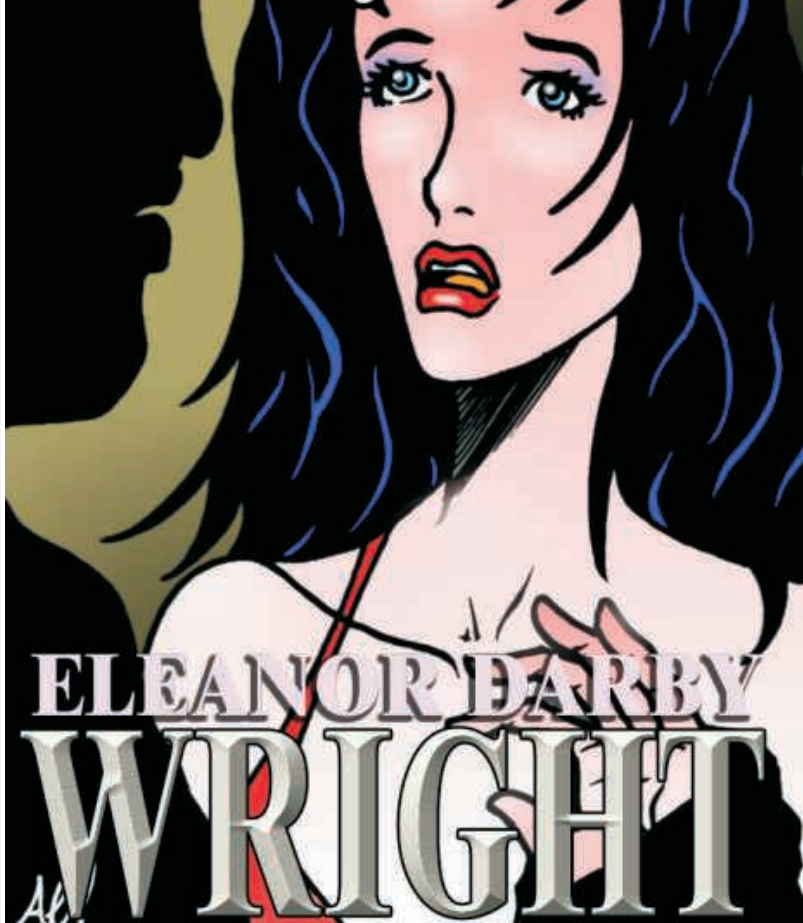


Stunt Double

Small Enough To Be A Girl



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STUNT DOUBLE

Small Enough To Be A Girl

by Eleanor Darby Wright

“Cut!” screamed the director. Even the steady wind blowing along the edge of the fourth-story roof couldn’t prevent that direction from being misinterpreted. Roger Danforth was in a rage once more.

Annette O’Brien, dewy-eyed debutante, star of three major motion pictures in the last year, clung, terror-stricken, despite the harness that held her so safely, to Murray Barton, one of the ‘heavies’ in the scene. Murray gaped at the girl whom he was supposed to fling out of the window at that point.

“I can’t! I just can’t!” Annette wept to the director. “I-I just can’t get closer to the edge!”

Roger Danforth stared at his leading actress. Not a word of blame passed his lips – not yet – but his glittering eyes spoke volumes about what he wanted to say. How could he have known that Annette O'Brien suffered from vertigo? Both she and her agent had read the script more than once. He had all their proposed changes on his own annotated copy and he was a reasonable man. He accommodated where he could but this was just too much. It was the second day of trying to accomplish just this one scene. He could almost hear Bob Marsh, the producer, scream when he told him that they would have to take one more day at this location to get the shot he wanted.

"Another day's payment to those people!" Bob would scream. The owners of the Sandstone Building would be delighted to rent out their property for another day. There was a percentage increase automatically in their contract for shooting past the scheduled date. Bob was furious at himself for negotiating such a clause and having had to pay it out once already.

Roger had talked overnight to Claude Roski, Annette's director on *Evil Hearts*. Claude had filled him in on how difficult Annette had been, even with more than half of the 'special effects' done against green screen projections. It seemed that Annette's imagination worked overtime even in those situations.

So much for the realism that Roger had stressed to everyone he was aiming for with his current project.

"We'll have to double for her," suggested Art Brinkley, Roger's young and upcoming assistant director, stating the obvious.

There was every safeguard in the world on this shoot, Danforth wanted to snap back angrily, both along the edge and over the side of the building. Annette, however, had only had to look at the edge of the rooftop – or,

worse, up at the sky – or, worst of all, at the neighboring building and she buckled physically at the knees.

Annette's face contorted at that point; sweated-over dialogue disappeared entirely from her mouth. No matter that her animated expression, captured for just seconds on some of the film already shot, was just perfect, perfectly panic-stricken, for the scene. But they were wasting light, wasting the time that they'd already put in on the roof shots. It would be awful to go to back projections now, green screens and trick photography, after the authenticity of outdoor shooting in all the other scenes to date.

"Let her stand-in take over," growled Roger Danforth. "Let's do the stunts first." He turned and walked away, waving to Matt Ronning, the second unit director, on the street below, about what was to take place.

The cellphone chirped and Ronning's voice was sharp in Brinkley's ear. "We have a problem," he said to the young assistant. "Myra did break her arm in the last fall we did and she's damaged her shoulder as well. There's no way that she can do any work for a couple of months at the very least."

"We need a stand-in for Annette," gasped Art Brinkley. "And we need her now."

"The only female stuntwomen we have here are Jill Kleister," said Ronning slowly. She was six feet three and had doubled as a man before, she had laughingly told Art Brinkley, "and Mama Ross."

Mama weighed over two hundred pounds and was great at old women scenes.

"You don't have anyone small and about Annette's size we can doll up?" asked Art Brinkley.

“Not among the women,” said Ronning. “You want me to tell Roger that we can’t go on today?” he asked sympathetically.

“Wait,” said Art Brinkley, seeing Roger screaming on the phone to someone, likely Annette’s agent. What had Jill Kleister said about the scene where she doubled as a man? Oh, yes, the guy she did the stunt with was small and thin. He’d done the girl’s part and been thrown out of the car while she had done the guy’s. All she’d had to do was drive.

“And Mike never had a scratch on him,” Jill said proudly. “Didn’t even ladder his stockings or muss up his lipstick. He should have done the death scene for Alicia Marques then. He really earned it. He looked so cute as a woman!”

Mike, Mike, Mike Sharp! Art Brinkley recalled the name now. And Sharp was on this film, set to do a lot of stunts as a high school kid among others!

“Is Mike Sharp there with you?” asked Art Brinkley as he heard Ronning talking to someone else about another scene he was setting up.

“Mike, yeah, sure,” said Ronning doubtfully. “I’m looking at him right now. He’s ready to do the street scene and fall in front of the car.”

“He’s Annette’s size, isn’t he?” asked Art Brinkley.

“Oh, hold on!” gasped Matt Ronning.

“Well, isn’t he?” asked Art.

“Well, yes,” said Matt reluctantly.

“Tell him to go to Makeup and Costume, then,” snapped Art Brinkley. “And tell him to hurry it up. Otherwise, it’s going to be me and then him flying out of this window! And Roger will make sure the bag is not there on the ground!”

Matt Ronning laughed. "I hope you know what you're doing," he said.

Well, that was the way I heard it from Art Brinkley, going cold all over as he talked about me, being made up to look like a woman again. Tammy Sung, the makeup artist, was waiting behind what looked like a dentist's chair for me as Art gave me the long song-and-dance. "And so now, Mike," Art finished, "you can see why I'm calling on you."

I didn't see, and I had a shoot to do, crowd scenes, one that concentrated almost entirely on me bouncing off cars. "Matt needs me on the street," I tried to say to him.

"Matt knows that you're working with me for a while," Art said. "Look. You were a woman before, Jill was telling me ..."

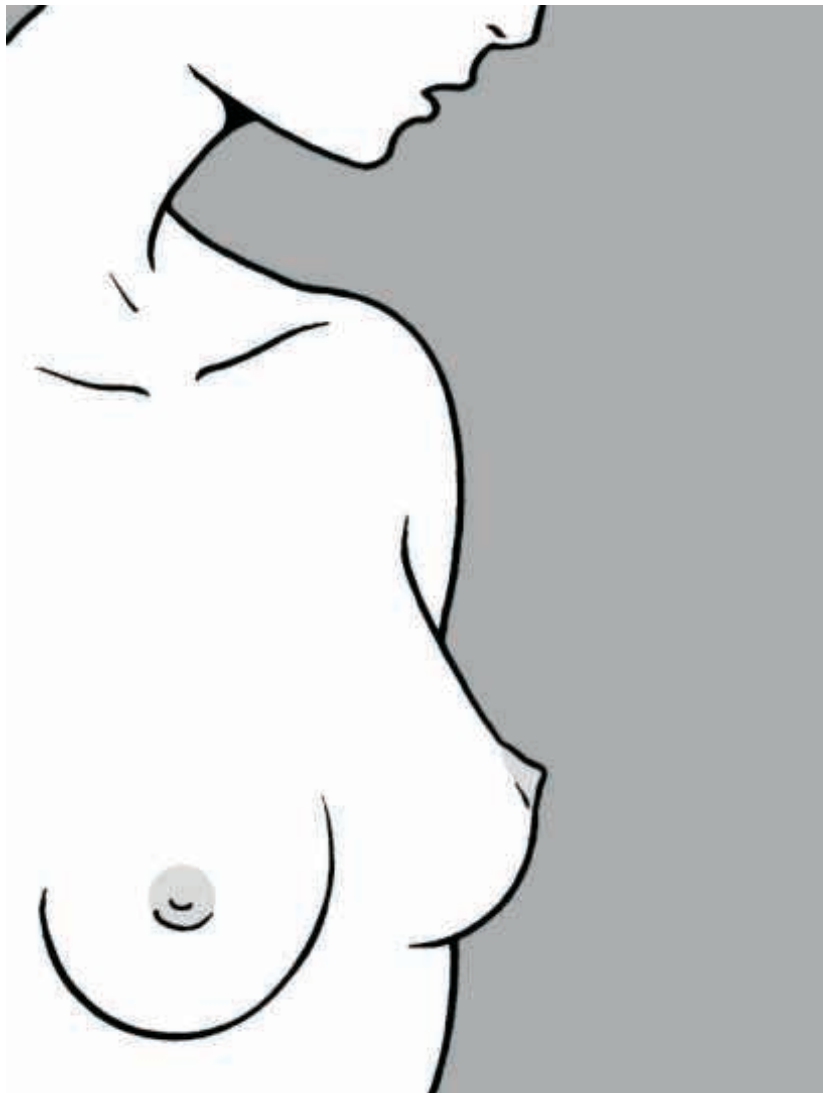
"That was only one scene and all I had to do was fall out of a car!" I protested. No, I wasn't going to remind him about the time I'd done all the stunts in that Canadian movie for Connie Stone. Gosh, how she'd teased me, and always did, telling me that I liked being her, didn't I? And I couldn't answer her back as she always said it when some of the guys were around. She seemed to love how they'd made my life miserable when they'd known it was me in the long hair and tight skirts. I'd resolved never again. I was a stuntman, not a stunt woman.

"This is the same," said Art doggedly, "only this time, you fall out of a window. And, for this, you get a bonus if we get this scene shot today."

"Double bonus whether or not the scene is shot today," I said, knowing what my contract said. Not that I was going to do it, anyway. The bonus for me was two

thousand for every shot that went into the movie that I hadn't already contracted for.

"Done," said Art Brinkley briskly and I knew that I could have settled for more than what was already in my contract. "Tammy, make him look like Annette. I'll send your sister over from Costume with the right clothes. And



hurry it up, people. Roger is ready to throw us all off the building if we don't get this scene in today."

I sat, fuming at my own stupidity, where Tammy had me sit, and she had me take off my t-shirt. "Good, you don't have any chest hair," she said with a smile.

"I'm supposed to be a teenaged kid," I began and she cut me off.

"And now you're a woman," Tammy said with a laugh. "I hope you can walk in high heels, girl, because you know what Annette is like about her stand-ins."

I didn't and, by the funny feeling starting again in my stomach, I should have guessed then that this wasn't going to be an easy, being a woman. But Tammy was good at her job. She had me close my eyes as she began to attach something like putty on me to make my face look like Annette's. She put some kind of sheathing on my neck and then a sort of breastplate on me. I opened one eye and yes I had woman's breasts on my chest. Or rather, I had a plastic replica of a woman's breasts being attached to me. The way that the nipples looked, so pink and good enough to snack on, made me shudder. They were way too authentic-looking.

Sue-Ann, Tammy's sister in Costume, came grouching into the shack then with a suitcase and several racks of clothing, all of it women's clothing. "Yes, I heard what happened up on the top floor," she said as I tried to explain. Well, I was feeling nervous about the way that I must look with the breastplate on me and the stuff on my face. "How long you going to be, Tammy, before I can get this corset on Annette."

Annette? Corset? I shivered. She meant me, of course, and I was to wear a woman's corset and I was no Annette.

"Open your mouth," said Tammy, pushing some small pads into my mouth between my teeth and my

cheek. "Does that look rounded enough to you, kid?" she asked her younger sister, though each of them were in their forties, I was sure.

"Yeah," said Sue-Ann. "I need time to dress Annette as well," she grouched. "So when you've finished futzing around ..."

Tammy was in front of me, applying different liquids to my face. She reminded me again to close my eyes and I think it was a foundation liquid that she put all over me.

"Mike's got a nice complexion and this won't take long," Tammy said as if it was a compliment. "I've been doing this girl for over two months now and I could do these eyes," I could feel a pencil of some kind and a brush at work on me, "blindfold. Mike, lift your legs a little and let Sue-Ann get those pants off you. See, kid, you're going to have to shave his legs."

"Hey!" I said and got a poke in the back.

"You're standing in for a woman, stupid," said Sue-Ann in exasperation. "Now, shut up and let us work. We'd have had you do this on the first day if we'd known before that you were going to be Annette's stand-in."

So, I sat shivering in the chair in just my underpants, listening to Tammy and Sue-Ann complaining about Art Brinkley, "who does he think he is, ordering us about, the little pipsqueak," while I could feel that false eyelashes were being fastened to my eyes. I hated it that Tammy said my nose was great as it was thin and bobbed, and she could make it look like Annette's in no time! Yes, my whole face was being made up like a girl's while my legs were being gently shaved by someone who seemed like an expert.

The touch of stockings on my legs made me jerk and made Tammy clunk me on the head as she swore at me and told me not to move. Sue-Ann laughed as I shud-

dered at her putting girls' stockings on my legs that stayed up where they were supposed to be. "I'm taking your pants off now," Sue said. "So don't make a fuss, but you will need this padding. You must have seen what a big ass Annette has and you have to have one as well."

It wasn't that I minded losing my underpants for a costume but I usually did it in some privacy and not in front of two women. And I wasn't being made into a woman, either, which I knew would cause me all kind of hazing from John G and the rest of the macho auto stuntmen. Tammy was holding my head still and tweaking my eyebrows then as Sue-Ann seemed to put a cushion about my tush.

"Hey," said Sue-Ann. "Is all this girlie stuff turning on little Mikey?"

"What's the matter?" asked Tammy, holding my eyelids down as she painted them.

"Little Mikey is becoming Big Mikey," laughed the younger Sung sister as I writhed a little as she pushed on my male equipment to make it go back in the panties, I guess, that were what she was sliding over my shaved, stockinged legs. Well, it was her fault, I tried to protest, trying to get her hands off my junk! I didn't need to be in panties, either! "You are going to stick way out in this scene, Mike, if I don't gaff you, and the quickest way for me to do that is with tape. So, get ready to be uncomfortable for a little while."

Uncomfortable wasn't the word for having a woman manipulating my genitals and my penis back between my legs and taping them with packing tape no less, so that I wouldn't show.

"Ah-ah, I can't walk with what you've done," I told Sue-Ann and Tammy grabbed my mouth and started

smearing lipstick, well, I knew it wasn't chapstick, over my mouth.

The women ignored me. I felt soft hair floating over my back as my regular hair was grabbed and Tammy started pinning a wig to me. Well, I had done that with wigs many times. I hadn't had a bra put on me before, though, with or without the breastplate on my chest. I hadn't had a waist cinch put on me so tightly, nor the garter belt that Tammy said that Sue-Ann had to put on me as that was what Annette was wearing when she left in the morning.

"So when she floats through the air," said Sue-Ann sardonically, "her skirt is going to fly up and show off all the lingerie that she's wearing?"

"That's our Annette," said Tammy with a short laugh. "Leg and boob shows all the time. She wouldn't be in movies without them. You've got the right skirt and top for the window scene."

"Of course," said Sue-Ann, consulting a list. "Here, read it for yourself."

Tammy was working on the hair on my head, completely blocking any view that I might have of the mirror. In front of me, my legs looked girlish and I had definite funny feelings as Sue-Ann attached the garter belt to the stockings and I felt them move against me. I don't know how Sue-Ann was able to do it but she got a top, I would have called it a blouse with no sleeves, onto me, along with jewellery, earrings that hurt like the devil, a necklace that bounced around my neck and bracelets on my arms.

She was wiggling the skirt about me when Tammy moved away from her sister and I suddenly got a look at the woman in the chair. Oh, gods, it was a woman in the chair. It was Annette O'Brien, as ravishing and teenager girlish as she looked every day on the set.

I had to stand up and women's shoes were there which I had to step into while Sue-Ann tightened the swishing skirt about my waist. Oh goodness, it felt so weird against my legs. I actually looked like a woman wobbling on her high heels. More than that, with the way the makeup had been put on me, I looked like a dewy-eyed Annette O'Brien in the flesh. It was a sickening feeling.

"I think we did it, kid," said Tammy, looking at the shuddering me skeptically, still moving strands of hair about my face so that the wig looked as neat as the way that Annette wore her hair.

"Yeah," said Sue-Ann sourly. "I think that we just saved Brinkley's job. Now, you know how to move in those heels, don't you, Annette?"

She supposed that I didn't. Well, I was used to shoes with lifts but she insisted that I cut my walk in half. "That's how Annette walks," said Sue-Ann. "Like a model on the catwalk. She puts one foot down in front of the other in small, mincing steps. It will make your tush shake as well like a girl. Not as much as she does, because she puts it on, but if you walk like that, Annette, you'll pass. Now, let's go and face the music."

Face the music? What did they have to face? I had to walk out of the shack and across to the building where the scene was being shot. I had to mince up three floors, past all the actors, stuntmen and hangers-on, who were gawking and smiling at me and the way I looked in a skirt and with boobs. I had to sashay right up to the director of the film and run through the scene with everyone staring at me. I knew as well that they were all laughing at me and probably thinking that I was some kind of queer as well to be dressed as I was and doing a scene as Annette O'Brien.

I trembled as I tried to walk as the Sung sisters had showed me. "Oh, hi, Miss O'Brien," said one sparkly-eyed, young woman from Script, coming out of the building and passing us. She must have been blind, I thought. I was totally embarrassed by the skirts swishing all about my shaved legs, giving me the strangest, girlish feelings as I tried to practise walking as the Sung wanted me to.

"Well, here's Annette," said Bob Marsh as we entered the right room where all the technicians were set up for the shot. "We'll be able to do this after all as soon as the stand-in gets here."

I felt Tammy's hand on mine, squeezing it as if to tell me to say nothing. Art Brinkley and Roger Danforth stood up from their chairs and, while Roger escorted Bob out of the room that was being used, Art led me to the place where the scene had been aborted that morning.

"You're looking so much better, Annette," said Art cheerfully to me. I wondered what the heck the man was talking about. "Those pills have really perked you up, haven't they? Let's just run through the scene again once more with Murray and George."

The other actors looked at me a little quizzically. "We've got the voice done," said Art to me as I stood there in woman's skirts and heels, long hair flowing over my back. "So we'll just play that back and all you have to do, Annette, is the physical part. Here, we track in after you, your back to us, and Murray grabs you. You push free and go over to the window, teeter and then you go through the window. Murray won't actually touch you at all."

He went on and on about the marks and so on and I saw Murray frowning at me. I shivered and wondered why Art didn't explain to Murray and George and the

technicians as well just who I was and what I was and what I was going to be doing. He even got on his cell and explained to Matt Ronning what was going to happen.

I distinctly heard Matt saying, "Isn't she going to be attached to the safety harness this time?"

"No," said Art. "Annette's fortified with some pills to help her concentrate and so we'll be doing this as authentically as we can. You get your shot in as well, right?"

Roger Danforth came back into the room and stood in the doorway, staring at me, making me shiver all over. That was awful as it made my skirt move as well against the women's stockings I was having to wear.

"Roger," said Art hesitantly and I think he was about to explain it all to him.

"No, you go right ahead," said Roger and there was a trace of a sneer in his voice. "You seem to be getting along well with Annette. Whenever you're ready, Mr Brinkley, start the shot and let's all do it right and get the heck out of this place."

Art licked his lips and looked at me. I wished that I could have done that but I had lipstick on my lips. I wanted, more than any of them, I must say, to get out of there as well. I could feel the hurts all over me, particularly between my legs as I teetered on high heels and walked through the scene with Murray, trying to keep my steps short.

I glanced over the edge of the window and the bag was in place. The cameras were all set, on the roof and on the ground. "Places, everyone," Art Brinkley was saying nervously. "And we do have film in the cameras, right, Berg?" It was a weak joke that made one of the cameramen roll his eyes and look heavenward. If Art was trying to relax everyone, he had just done the very opposite.

I clicked in those darned heels over to where I was in position one and Murray Barton loomed in front of me. He was frowning and then comprehension seemed to flood all over him. "You're not Annette O'Brien!" he said loudly and George Millen, the other actor in the scene, gave me an open-mouthed look then.

I shook my head, feeling the hair swinging about my neck and the earrings bobbling at my ears. That wasn't as bad as the pull of the garters on the stockings on my legs or the tightness of the corset about me. It wasn't as bad as the swish and swirl of the skirt about my legs and the airy feeling I had on my legs. I felt like a ballet dancer as well, the way that I was standing on the stupid high heels I was wearing.

I put up a hand as if I was pushing on Murray and there were the red, sticky-tape nails on my fingers that Tammy had insisted that I had to wear as well. I had to be careful, she had said, or they would break off if I jammed them into someone.

"And action!" called Art, his voice unnaturally high, I thought, for someone who wasn't dressed entirely as a woman as I was. Art Brinkley didn't have two actors staring at him and undoubtedly wondering what the heck they were doing playing this scene out to a drag queen as I must appear to be.

But Murray Barton was a pro and he reacted to the call to Action. He snarled his lines again and I slapped at his face, actually touching his face as he pulled back, making sure that the force of the blow went by him. He pushed on my extended arm. That was where Annette before had started screaming and had grabbed him. I propelled myself towards the window and grabbed onto the sill as she should have done.

I know. I've seen the scene many times since. I didn't intend to have the skirts fly over my back as they did and reveal the seamed stockings with the black tops and the black suspenders and panties I was wearing. I really didn't intend that and the scene could have been doctored there but, of course, they didn't do that.

I teetered over the edge as I was supposed to and felt the wind on my face and blowing through my hair. I looked up and tried to put on a frightened expression but really I was checking again that the cameraman hanging over the roof's edge was getting his shot. He appeared to be.

I whirled around as fast as I could and flung myself back at Murray. In the movie, it looks as if we did have a terrible fight while George Millen was just standing there, laughing at us. Well, most of that was indeed the real Annette, going hysterical as she clawed at Murray and tried to hold onto him. The poor guy had scratch marks all over his neck and face. That close-up, as we pretended to hit on each other, I could see where his skin was painted over with makeup, even down under his shirt and tie.

I let Murray put his hands on my chest, on my phoney breasts then, which made him stare at me in surprise. I flung myself backwards and just managed to get my derriere over the windowsill. The screaming you hear in the film wasn't me. That was all Annette. The scene I did with Murray was mostly silent as he stared at me as if I was mad as I did the usual stuff, clinging to the curtains, bouncing my feet off the sill and the wall outside. In high heels, that was much harder than I thought that it was going to be.

I tried to act as if I was frightened and that was the hardest part of all. That and trying to keep that bouncy skirt from exposing all the female underwear that I had

on. Well, I wasn't successful at that, was I? When I had done thirty seconds of bouncing off the wall and George had reacted at last to try to rescue me, as he was supposed to, I let go and did the usual stuff on the way down, flailing away with my legs and arms, hair blowing right over my face so that you couldn't see that it was me at all but of course that skirt, that I wasn't used to at all, was blowing all over the place. I wish they hadn't used that shot so much in the promo for the movie. It made me shiver a little each time I saw it. More than a little, I suppose.

I landed as we had all been taught, flat on my back. It's still a jolt to the whole system and you think for a moment that the bag is going to go, smack, right down onto the concrete below, but it never does and it didn't that time. I did what I normally do and just lay there for a moment and said a silent prayer of thanks for a successful jump.

Matt Ronning's head then appeared over the side of the bag as it bounced slightly and I sat up. "Great work!" enthused Matt. "I had three cameras on you as you were dancing on the wall! And not a harness or safety rope in sight! We're going to get great footage out of this."

Matt grinned at me. "Do you think you could put your skirt down, Annette!" he said then as some others of his crew were coming over to help me off the landing bag. "I'm an old man with a weak heart and looking at you in your undies is really turning me on!"

I flushed and pushed down my skirt so that at least my panties and stocking tops were covered. Of course, sliding over the bag didn't help to keep it in place. But there were several guys to help me off the bag beside the grinning Matt Ronning.

"Wonderful job, Miss O'Brien," said one of the men who put his hands on my waist and lifted me down just

as if I was a girl. I looked up furiously at him, Ben I think his name was, sure he was making fun of me. To one side, I heard Matt Ronning laugh but, surprisingly, he didn't correct Ben about who he was holding onto. Furiously, I refused his help, wobbled and tried to get my balance again in women's high heels.

"She was great, wasn't she?" called Matt. "Okay, guys, here comes the call from upstairs. All right, I'll tell her," he said into the phone. "Everyone thinks they got great shots," Matt said then to me, "but you know how it is with Roger." He raised his voice to the people standing around. "All right, everyone, take two. Get ready! As soon as Annette gets back upstairs, we get to do it all again."

I didn't open my mouth. I should have but I was so furious with Matt Ronning, teasing me like that. I didn't know what the rest of my fellow stuntmen must be thinking of me. They couldn't be missing me too much yet as Matt was the one who was supposed to be supervising the shooting of the street scenes. I was supposed to be one of the scattering pedestrians and such as Annette, who lands in the back of a garbage truck in the film, goes careering down the street, knocking over the usual shopping carts and garbage cans. All the while, stuntmen dive away from the car or do their specialty like me, hanging on to the car and throwing myself away as if I had been badly hit.

I shuddered as I thought of John Q, Bim and Rocky Jim watching me and laughing at me. I knew I was going to be teased awfully even if I got out of all the stuff that I was wearing. They would see the rushes of what I had just done and they would know it was me. The word would be out and I could almost hear the comments they would be making about my legs in the stockings I wore

and especially I would hear about the panties that were flashed as I fell.

The Sung sisters grabbed me as soon as Ben, who still didn't seem to know I wasn't a woman, escorted me back to the house, telling me again how great a scene I, 'Miss O'Brien', had just performed.

Sue-Ann was smiling at me and at the man who accompanied me, his hand touching my skirt at the back. I didn't know how to handle that except to tell him to get lost, which I didn't do, as I guessed how much it would shock him when he heard the voice that came out of my mouth.

"I think I made up the girl too well," said Tammy as she took my hand and Ben was left to return to the bag where it was being readied again for another fall.

"She's laddered her stockings," said Sue-Ann as if I was a girl and both of them scolded me then for the way I had been walking with Ben.

"Not just in the shot," said Tammy as we went up the stairs to the third floor again. "You have to walk like a woman all of the time. You never know around here when they will want a casual shot of you to insert into a scene."

We got back to the room where Murray Barton, I could see, was in a quiet but heated discussion with Roger Danforth who looked rather grim and was nodding away even as he watched me enter the crowded room.

"Let me touch up your makeup," said Tammy which wasn't so bad as she re-arranged and sprayed my hair. But still that made me shiver as she started on my eyes and eyebrows again, powdering my face and then re-doing my lipstick.

“Lift up your skirt,” said Sue-Ann and, right there, in front of everyone, I had to lift the woman’s skirt and show off my stockings and garters. Worse, Sue-Ann unclipped my stockings then and began to roll them down my legs, her soft hands like a caress. She didn’t know it but I was aroused by what she was doing. It was a good job that she had put that gaff around my private parts as I felt an urge in me that I hadn’t felt since Debbie, the girl I had had to say goodbye to when I came back here to do this shoot for Marshco.

Tammy had one of the sound men bring me a chair. I had to put on new stockings, make sure the seams were straight and then fasten them to the dangling, enervating garters at the tops of my thighs. Only about twenty men and a half dozen women were ogling me as I did that, making me feel so silly and embarrassed as I did it and then put my heels back on again.

Yes, Ron Yates, with the handheld, filmed me doing that and it is in the movie with a slightly different background. They must have fiddled with that although Roger Danforth has always claimed that *Bilked!* was a film that was entirely authentic. So, what Tammy said to me was true, I thought grimly, as I saw myself, and I knew it was me and not Annette putting on stockings like a woman. There I was, standing up, my skirt hitched up and fastening the last garter and running my red-tipped fingers over the tops of my legs, smoothing my thighs as well as my stockings, as I checked that the seams were straight.

Roger came over to me then and I started to perspire. What is that old saw? Oh yes, ‘Horses sweat, men perspire and women glow’. I was definitely glowing as the director looked me directly in the eyes and smiled appreciatively at me.

“That was very well done,” Roger Danforth said to me. “I see that the Sung sisters have worked their usual

magic on a stand-in. Tammy says that it will be difficult for you to talk with all the prostheses in your mouth and cheeks to make you look like Annette and so I won't make you speak. We'll just do this shot one more time and then, while Matt does his street scenes, I'd like you to come over and see me in my trailer. I have a proposal that should be profitable for you, Miss, Miss, oh, I don't know your name. No matter. We can introduce ourselves over a drink in my trailer."

I must have looked horrified at that. Anyone would, who was a man, to find that he has been taken to be a woman mistakenly by another man.

"Oh, don't think that I am propositioning you," said Roger Danforth, looking a little aggrieved by my reaction. "Art Brinkley will be joining us and Annette's agent, Lucy Neubaum. Annette is just not well and so we are going to need your help. But later, we can discuss it later, can't we?"

Well, I didn't say yes and I didn't say no. As Roger had said, I couldn't really talk in clear words. I could have grunted but what good would that have been.

I did the scene with Murray and George again and it went much the same save that the men were much more alive and active and not so stunned to see me flying to the window and then out. Matt had re-positioned his cameras on the ground and so the fall in the movie has so many cuts and angles in it because I even did it one more time. Roger asked me and answered for me that I wouldn't mind one more run through just to get everything perfectly right. Luckily, I didn't have to put on new stockings the third time, before Roger called it a wrap for the day. I saw him patting Art Brinkley on the back and telling him something that made Art look rather green.

I wobbled only a little at the start as I stood up from the bag and there was Ben again to help me to my feet, seeming to get a real charge out of taking my hand and, with his hands about my waist, helping me put my feet on the ground, my skirt all caught up in the air behind me as usual.

I heard Matt calling John Q and telling him to get the road gang into position and so I hurried as much as I could with the short steps I had to take. I wanted to get into the shack and get changed and get out in my place but it was hard to move quickly. Ben walked with me and told me again how wonderful I was and that he could never make that fall to save his life. He really couldn't.

"Next scene for you," said Tammy as she took charge of me at the door to Makeup and Costume. She shoed the smiling Ben away.

Sue-Ann was already in the shack and she was selecting out new garments and frowning as she did so.

I gargled a bit, trying to say that I had to be on the second set with Matt Ronning right away. Tammy made me sit in the same chair where I had been before. She was talking on her cellphone as I was casually pressed back into the chair, the wig flowing all about me again and the earrings swinging against my neck. I was going to be really glad to get rid of them.

"Did you get all that?" Tammy asked her sister who nodded and frowned.

"I don't know what Art wants," Sue-Ann said sourly. "Frigging miracles, if you ask me."

"My mouth," I said, gesturing with my feminized hand to the stuff along my teeth to puff out my cheeks like Annette. That's what I was trying to say but it came out more like 'eye out' than anything else.

“Don’t try to talk, dear,” said Tammy absently and, lo and behold, she started working on my hair again, combing it back and exposing my ears, but pinning it to me.

“Att Ronnin,” I gargled and Tammy understood me clearly.

“Don’t talk, Annette,” she said to me as she began to brush the hair up from my shoulders and I saw the Annette, who was me, in the mirror begin to have a pony tail hair style. Tammy put a pink ribbon about the hair then as I sat there in astonishment as she seemed to be preparing me for another scene as Annette.

“She thinks she has to be in the street scene with Matt Ronning,” Sue-Ann said. “Don’t you, darling?”

I nodded even as I thought angrily about all this ‘she’ and ‘Annette’ that they were calling me. I’d done the scenes that Art Brinkley had asked me to and they should have been helping me now to return to who I was, Mike Sharp, and let me get on over to the second set. Wally McKee did makeup for the stunts, if we needed any, that is.

“Art has talked to Matt,” said Tammy to me as she took off the big, bangle type earrings from me but then she put on some new ones that dangled down like soft tassels on my neck.

“Ow!” I said. That at least came out right.

“Don’t be a baby,” said Tammy Sung with a fierce frown. “If you are going to continue being a stand-in for Miss Annette, girl, then you should have your ears pierced and this will all be so much easier.”

There she went again, calling me ‘girl’ as if I was some friend of hers. I tried to protest but she stilled me again by the simple expedient of painting my lips again with some kind of gloss.

"I think a more professional look, don't you, sis?" asked Sue-Ann Sung, advancing on me with a pink, woman's suit draped over her arm and a woman's white, almost transparent blouse over her arm, frills running down the front of it about where it fastened.

"That's what Art suggested, kid," said Tammy, turning my head this way and that, powdering me again and dabbing more of the perfume she'd used on me on my neck and on my wrists.

"What's going on?" I asked, bewildered as I was asked to stand. The two of them helped me out of the top I had worn and the skirt but I was left in everything else, my padded corset, the little undergarment I was wearing, the panties and stockings and even the high heels.

Then Sue-Ann was putting the blouse on me and asking me to turn this way and that as she pulled up this tight skirt about me. She tightened the corset another inch or more before she was able to fasten the skirt at my waist. That fastening seemed to make the breast part of the corset grip me even tighter and push on my chest muscles. It was funny but I actually did seem to have something there on my chest, more than just the padding, something resembling cleavage.

"Yes," said Sue-Ann, "but different heels."

She had pink high-heeled court shoes that were just like the ones that I had worn before. I stood up and tried to walk as Sue-Ann told me to and, boy, was it ever different in a tight skirt. It really restricted how I could step out.

"Oh, much better," enthused Tammy. "She is actually walking like a girl in that skirt. We should have had her in it first of all."

"Well, we couldn't, silly," said Sue-Ann to her sister. "There has to be continuity with the scenes that have been shot so far."

"I know that," said Tammy huffily as if I wasn't even there. "I'm only saying that she moves so much better in a straight skirt where she can't take those long, gallumping strides like a man."

But I am a man, I wanted to protest. I was bewildered as well. I didn't know what scene they were prepping me for this time. I thought that all the shooting was over for the day. Surely they didn't expect me to go to the meeting with Roger Danforth in the costume that I was wearing. Suddenly, shockingly, it occurred to me that they did. I was going to a meeting with the director of this film, dressed like a woman! No, dressed like film star, Annette O'Brien! I was trying to protest about it when there was a knock on the shack door and Art Brinkley was there.

"Is she ready?" Art asked anxiously, doing the 'she' thing just like the Sung sisters. Then he saw it was me as I turned from where I had minced under Sue-Ann's direction and faced him. Yes, I was as tall as him now in my high heels, I thought. No more having to look up at you, mister assistant director, I thought angrily, and I am a 'he', a man, and I tried to tell him.

"Let's get going," said Art Brinkley, opening the door for me and so I minced out of Makeup and Costume, my pink skirt preventing me from doing anything else but mince after him, the thick, pony tail swinging most disconcertingly across my back.

"Evening, Mr Brinkley, Miss O'Brien," said a cheerful assistant continuity girl as Art led me towards the trailers of the major actors, the director and the producer. All the rest of us got an early and a late bus to and from the motels where we were billeted.

Ben Whoever stopped the work he was doing, stowing the drop bag onto the back of a pickup, and nodded to me, a big smile on his face. I know that I blushed and Art,

turning to see why I wasn't walking as fast as him, caught it, glanced at Ben and then looked back at me with a knowing smile.

"Your first conquest," Art said, moving right beside me. He took my arm as if I was a woman and needed his direction. "Now, before we go in and talk to Roger," he said. "I didn't tell Roger that I couldn't get a female stand-in for Annette. He knows that you're not Myra Shafer, but he thinks that you are a woman. I just didn't tell him at first to avoid the argument we were going to have. I thought that when he saw you, he'd know what the Sungs and I had done, and that he would agree that I'd made a good decision, Mike."

There, I thought as minced along on my high heels, my stockings tugging on the corset that I wore, and feeling so foolish to be dressed throughout like a woman. At least, I should have my own underwear on, I thought, thinking of the panties that I was wearing, and that, of course, the thought of me being in panties and in stockings, made me glow again. Oh, I hoped my feminine perfume held up in the nerve-wracking circumstances in which I found myself.

"So, the things that you have in your mouth make it that you can't talk in this meeting," said Art Brinkley and I came to a full stop as we were walking along.

"What?" he asked, glancing nervously about at the few people around but many were looking at us. Where else would they be looking, after all, but at the pink suit and the long pony tail and the tasselled, swinging earrings of the shapely, womanly Annette O'Brien.

I tried to ask him what he thought he was doing to me. I wasn't going to do any more deception for him. I was going to let Roger Danforth know exactly who I was and what I was doing. It shouldn't take long. Roger Danforth

had a reputation as far as actresses and his top, female staff went. Once he knew what I was, I was going to be out of there so fast. I only wanted my bonus to be honored and any humiliation I suffered was sort of worth it. I could really use the money.

I thought that Art understood me. "Yes," he said. "Okay. I'll represent you fairly. If you have to say anything, just whisper to me and I'll tell the others what you said. Now, you are going to hear some pretty confidential stuff in here, I have to tell you, and you do remember the confidentiality clauses in your contract, don't you? What you see and hear in here, Mike, has to stay in here, believe me."

I almost fell as I went up the steps and into the spacious trailer that was assigned to Roger Danforth. As I went in, my skirt restricting how I could move, a funny thing happened. The men in the room stood up for me which sent a funny, little chill through me. Art followed me in, putting his arm about my shoulder. It was almost as if he was signalling to all the others that I was a woman. Oh, I really glowed then as Art began to introduce me to the all the people in the room.

It wasn't just Roger Danforth who was there. Bob Marsh was there as well. The only woman there was Lucy Neubaum, who frowned at me as Art said her name. He didn't have to say Conrad Donovan's name, but he did, and the star of the movie gave me one of his celebrated smiles and a handshake, stroking my hand. Wow, it was supposed to send golly wobbles through me as a girl and the stroking touch of his hand did that to me.

Like the other men, Conrad Donovan waited for me to sit down and watched me cross my legs till I was sitting just like the agent, Lucy. I thought, I hoped, that I had fooled him as well, though actually it was the Sung sisters who had done the fooling. I shivered as Conrad Donovan

treated me just like a girl and besides waiting for me to sit, he offered me a drink before he sat as well right beside me.

I couldn't tell, as Conrad was looking at me in appreciation, if it was all a tease on his part. I uncrossed my legs to take the drink from him in two hands, my fingernails gleaming and then I remembered that I must cross my legs when I sat. Conrad smiled then as the skirt ran up over my thighs and I showed him some feminized leg, I suppose, when I hurriedly re-crossed my stockinged legs, blushing as I could hear the rasp of nylon on nylon. He must have heard it as well.

Oh, I was glowing for sure as I sat like a woman with these important people on the film shoot and none of them, save for Art Brinkley, seemed to know that "Mike Sharp", as Art had introduced me, meant that I was a girl.

"Now, Michelle," said Roger and I felt my temperature go up a thousand degrees. He must have got that from Art, I was certain, that I was Michelle, known as Mike. Lots of girls in the stunt teams had names like Sam and Jo and I knew of at least two Michelles who were sometimes called 'Mike' by witty colleagues.

Oh, was I ever being set up for a disaster for my professional career of epic proportions was all I could think and it was all because of Jill Kleister talking out of school to Art Brinkley. But it was Art who was dropping me deeper and deeper into a big chasm, I felt sure, the way that Roger was going on, re-capping what had happened that day and then telling the others how great the rushes of the falling out the window scene were going to be.

I wanted to say, "Wait till you see them," and "Don't count your chickens, Mr Director", but I didn't. Oh, I had to get the things out of my mouth, particularly the one that seemed to interrupt the action of my tongue. Then I

could really tell Roger Danforth to wait till he saw how a male stuntman, disguised as a female, had saved one scene in the movie but that was all he could expect from me.

“That only brings you partly up to date, Michelle,” said a garrulous Roger Danforth then. “I don’t think you saw the ambulance that was called to the set this afternoon. If you heard about it, I hope you heard that one of the gaffers had gashed his leg pretty badly and that we called an ambulance for him.

“Really though, and confidentiality reigns from here on in, Annette O’Brien was in that ambulance and she was off to Pine Valleys for treatment for the shock she suffered today. Of course, the pills and powders,” he almost sneered as he glared in Lucy’s direction, “they had nothing to do with her trauma at all, did they?”

Lucy just looked stonily back at Roger Danforth.

“So we have a problem,” said the director.

“Biggest understatement of the week,” grunted Bob Marsh.

“Annette won’t return in under three weeks, her doctors say,” Roger went on.

“And only for green screen work,” Lucy put in quickly. “No more of this dangling off roofs and buildings, Roger. We had no idea of the things that you were going to put a tender ego through, as Annette has, in making this film.”

“We only have to have three more weeks of work from Annette,” chimed in Bob Marsh again.

“Hey,” Conrad Donovan spoke up. “I can’t wait around three weeks and then give you three weeks more. As my agent must have told you, I’m contracted to Dino and Vittorio, in a month. I have to be in Italy for the start

of the re-make of a Roman epic about Caesar with Associated. That's a firm commitment and you guys promised me ..."

"So we did; so we did," said Roger Danforth snappishly. "Which brings us to Mike," he frowned at me and I felt a flush all over me. I knew that I was breaking out in hives all over me. I couldn't help it. "I know that that's what the stuntmen call you, Michelle, but if you don't mind, I'm going to drop that Mike nickname and just call you Michelle, okay?"

I looked wildly at Art Brinkley who didn't say a word. I had thought that he said that he would represent me. Hah! Some representation. He hadn't even explained to anyone, not even his boss that I really was Mike Sharp. Yes, I was Michael Ronald Sharp, not Michelle anything.

"You can see here the work of the Sung sisters," Roger was going on as I burned under the gazes of four intelligent, perceptive people. Surely, one of them was going to tumble to what I was and very soon. "What is it, Art? A wig, a lot of padding and some restricting, a great deal of putty about the face and several attachments in the mouth that make it difficult for Michelle to talk to us."

"That's about right," agreed Art. "But Tammy thinks that, with a little time, she can reduce the mouth, cheek and jaw attachments to a more manageable all-in-one that Mike, um, Michelle, can just put in like dentures and so she'll be able to speak, at least, if not like Annette O'Brien."

"So," Roger went on, frowning at his assistant, and I realized that he loved to hear the sound of his own voice. "I think that we can carry on with the shoot with Michelle in Annette's place the rest of the way."

The only gasp of dismay in the room came from me.

"We'll dub in Annette's voice when she is able to work again," said Roger to Lucy Neubaum, who nodded in agreement, "and we don't tell anyone," he looked meaningfully at Conrad Donovan then, "that Annette O'Brien is not here. Miss Sharp will move into her trailer tonight and get the script for tomorrow and we will keep to the schedule and you, Conrad, will be on your way in perfect time."

"This girl is going to impersonate Annette O'Brien and you don't want anyone else to know?" asked Conrad doubtfully and I didn't blame him for asking such an obvious question. "I don't mean to rain on your parade, Roger, my boy, but can this girl, pretty as she is, even act?"

No, she can't, I wanted to tell him. Oh, that was absurd. I shouldn't even be thinking that! I shouldn't be saying or thinking, 'she can't.' What I should be saying was that 'he can't.'

"Sorry, Michelle," Conrad said to me with a big smile. "But there's still a lot to do and we can't be doing ten takes on every scene to get them right."

"I know we've done that for Annette," said Roger Danforth. "But Michelle is a quick study, I saw that today, particularly in the physical scenes. You should enjoy those, Conrad." I was the only one who didn't smile like the others did. I had no idea what he was referring to then. "I expect things to zip along with Michelle as we know we'll be overdubbing the voice all the time and that won't hold us up if there's a flub or glitch in the sound."

"All right," said Conrad, reaching over to me and squeezing my hand in his, while I almost panicked at a man touching me as if I was a girl. "I'm in if it gets this flick finished on time and I can be in Rome at the beginning of next month. See you on the set, Michelle."

“Oh yes,” said Roger as Lucy, Conrad and Bob Marsh stood up. “It’s not Michelle or Mike any more, right. It’s Annette. She’s Annette from now on and all of us must use it, even you, Lucy.”

“I know, I know,” said the female agent impatiently, staring at me. “Gee, when I look at this girl, she is Annette, Roger. Your Sung sisters really can work miracles, can’t they? For the real Annette’s sake, I’m going along with this, with you. My client can’t afford to have another clinic visit on her public record, can she?”

“But if I hear one word about this, I am going to deny we knew anything about this at all and I am going to sue all of you here, on Annette’s behalf, for defaming her in whatever it is you leak to the press.”

“The same goes for all of us,” said Bob Marsh strongly. “All right, Roger, give it a try with your stand-in for Annette while we all wait with baited breath for the rushes. If it doesn’t work, we’ll just have to tank the whole mess and count this as a tax write-off. I would like it not to come to that.”

“Stay, Michelle, Art,” said Roger then as the others left. “We have a lot to talk about and we have to set Michelle up in Annette’s trailer as Annette O’Brien.”

So it was just Roger, Art and me. I was livid at what had just transpired. I couldn’t believe how hard it was to make the others understand me. If I’d been a girl, surely they’d have made more of an effort to understand me. But they knew I wasn’t a girl, didn’t they, and that was why they were all ignoring me, I guessed. Still, I was shivering with suppressed indignation as I got some of the implants out of my mouth and could talk again.

"This is not going to work," I said, as the two men watched in fascination as I hauled the balls and stuff out of my cheeks. Oh yes, I thought as the long hair bounced around my neck, and they began to stare at me. I was beginning to look and sound more like me.

"What's the matter with her voice?" asked Roger, whirling around and confronting Art.

"Well, we didn't have a female stand-in," began Art. I have never seen a man turn as white as Roger Danforth did. He gaped at me and so I nodded to him. I tried to take off the wig. Well, it had been pinned to my own hair so well that it wouldn't come free but it didn't need to because Roger Danforth had got the point of my gesture anyway.

"You're a man!" Roger gasped at me. "A goddamned drag queen!"

"No," I said indignantly in my normal voice. "I'm a goddamned stuntman, that's who I am!"

Art stammered out the story, about Myra's broken arm, and no-one save me being around.

Roger Danforth just stood there, staring at me in my pink, woman's suit, the skirt tight about me as I sat across the table from him, my legs crossed, one of my high-heeled shoes dangling from one of my stockinged feet. "So," said Roger Danforth so quietly that I could sense the rage about to explode from him. "As a result of all your machinations, Art, I am now about to look like the biggest, bloodiest fool in the known universe when I talk to Conrad, Lucy and Bob again."

"Do you want me to call them back?" asked Art with a shudder.

Roger Danforth's nostrils flared. "No," he said, staring at me and I got a very uncomfortable feeling indeed

flooding over me. Danforth got up and went over to a liquor cabinet. Art started to talk but the director shushed him.

“So,” Roger Danforth said at last. “Who else knows about this, this idiotic, little trick that you pulled on all of us?” I was almost relieved that he was directing his anger towards Art Brinkley.

“Well, Matt Ronning, of course,” said Art hesitantly as I stood and tried to work the stupid hair free from my head.

“Leave it,” snapped Roger angrily and so I stopped with my hands up in the air, eventually pushing it back into the sort of style it had been before. Roger turned back to Art. “Matt owes me a lot. He won’t say anything to embarrass me. I’ll talk to him and make sure. So, who else? Who did the job on her face and her hair?”

Stop calling me ‘her’, I wanted to say to him but as I made to speak, the director of the film that was paying me waved me to silence; and so, shivering a little, I sat there like a woman, in the pink suit, my figure as shapely as Annette O’Brien’s, my legs still in the stockings and the garter belt that she would have worn in the last scene I had been in as her.

“The Sung sisters,” said Art uncomfortably. “But only them. Unless Murray Barton. He was talking to you, I saw.”

“He actually thought that she,” Roger pointed at me as he said that, “was Annette at first and he was dumb-founded at the way she acted. He believed that cock and bull story you told him about filling her up with drugs and he was concerned about her killing herself by falling and missing the bag. So, I had to tell him that she wasn’t Annette, that she was a stand-in, and that she wasn’t terrified of heights, only of missing her mark and not acting

right. Well, Murray didn't believe it until after she did it the first time. Then he said something about the tattoo. Did you know that Annette has a rose tattooed on her inner thigh, an inch or so from her panties?"

Art paled and shook his head.

"Find out what it looks like and if Annette has any other scars, tattoos, moles that we should know about and get them put on her body in the right places," said Roger, pointing at me as he said 'her'.

I put my hands up, waving at him in horror at what I was hearing. He actually expected me to be going on in this woman's costume for longer than this day, longer than this shoot.

"Yes, Annette," Roger said sarcastically. "We are going to press ahead. You will be a rich, little girl if we ever do get this movie finished. Now, see if the Sungs have gone, Art. I need to talk to them right now, as well."

While Art did that, Roger motioned for me to sit down and, with a gulp of nervousness, I did. "Don't say anything. Just cross your legs, Michelle, and keep your elbows in," he said and so I did, trying to tell him at the same time that I wasn't any kind of Michelle as I wasn't any kind of Annette.

Just the sound of my stockings crossing, one over the other, made me more nervous than jumping out of a fifth storey window and into a bag. I knew that I must look something like a girl as I sat there in front of Roger Danforth who studied me avidly. I could feel a flush coming over me as each of the feminine things I wore seemed to be tweaking my body in some way.

"I can do stunts," I said nervously. "But that's all."

"Shush," said Roger Danforth. "You will do exactly what I tell you to do, Annette."

"I'm not," I persisted but he wasn't listening to me.

There was a bang on the door of the trailer. The Sung sisters must have been just a few feet away when Art called them. They came in now, their faces quite still and unemotional.

"We have a problem with Annette," said Roger Danforth immediately.

Sue-Ann sniffed and shrugged her shoulder, frowning at me, and I thought that she was going to ask me for the suit back, "right now", as she did to so many of us when we had to work with her. Sue-Ann was not a woman to let the grass grow under her feet. If she had to come after any of us for a costume late in returning from a shoot, she could use the saltiest of language and expressions for us, and our parents for having us, and so for keeping her late at work.

Tammy just frowned at me. "Who's been at your hair?" she asked me bluntly.

"I need this," Roger began, looking at me and trying to think how to describe me to the two women who were looking at him and me. They were probably wondering, as I was, why I had to dress as a woman to be there.

"This stunt person," Roger said at last and Sue-Ann openly smiled at me. Shivers ran up and down my back as I heard him still talking about me as if I was a woman. I wanted to scream like a girl at him then as he went, feminizing my gender as he talked. "She is to be Annette O'Brien for the rest of the filming," said Roger. "We refer to her as Annette and not Mike or Michelle. She has to be Annette while the real Annette is on a little hiatus in Pine Valleys."

"We can do that," said Tammy with a knowing smirk at me, making me feel so awful all the way inside, inside all of the feminine things she'd done to me.

"But it gonna cost you big time," said Sue-Ann, reverting to her Chinese mama role as she did as a negotiating trick, I'd noticed before.

"Her voice gonna give her away," said Tammy with a shrug. "Nothing we can do about that."

"Yes, there is," said Roger and I shuddered and tried to speak but the vicious look he gave me actually scared me. I didn't want to get into a physical fight with a director and not in a skirt and all the women's underwear I was wearing.

"You, Tammy," said Roger, "can mimic Annette pretty well. I've heard you. Her little girl voice is pretty distinctive. You can teach it to the new Annette. But, in the meantime, you record her script for her a day ahead. If we make changes, I want you on set to make the changes to the audio as we go. Annette here is going to learn the script and she is going to mime exactly what you say."

"What if she isn't a very good mime?" asked Tammy as I tried to intervene and let him know that it was impossible.

"She is going to be," said Roger grimly. "Or this movie is going to end with her being run over by a car in one of the chase scenes Mike Ronning has begun to film, now that we don't need his stuntmen and cameramen on that frigging building."

"Big money," said Sue-Ann Sung stolidly, unlike the animated, complaining woman from before.

"You don't want it to get around what we're doing, right?" asked Tammy. She pulled a face. "Well, kid," she said to her sister. "I always told you that we could make any man into a woman if we used all our skills. Now's my chance to prove it to you."

"Show me the money," chanted Sue-Ann.

Roger had written something on a piece of paper. "That and a point," he said, referring to the profits that the film might make after it was out in public.

"Cash," began Sue-Ann and the two sisters began arguing with each other in Chinese.

"You get a contract as well," Roger Danforth said to me. He glanced at Art. "You put her on salary."

Art looked at both of us in surprise. That would be fair, I thought, and then I looked at the skirt halfway up my thigh and the stockings on my legs. No, I thought, shaking my head and feeling the long hair and earrings moving on my neck. No, I couldn't do what Danforth thought I could do, not at all, not for all of the money that was being invested in this film..

"Annette's trailer is yours," said Roger Danforth to me, ignoring again my feeble attempt to tell him that I was a stand-in for a woman, not a real woman. "The script for tomorrow and the shooting schedule will already be on the table in there somewhere. We are moving overnight and you three women can stay in there overnight and Annette can practise what she has to. We'll be back in the studio proper with the first unit and Conrad tomorrow afternoon and I want her ready."

"No," I said and that was when Roger Danforth shoved me down in a chair and climbed on top of me. I know I shouted as he was pushing me down as if I was a woman but no-one moved an inch as I tried to fight off a man who was kissing me as if I was really Annette O'Brien. His hands pinned my shoulders to the chair and his legs on either side of me held me with my legs crossed, as Sue-Ann had positioned me as I sat. His body pressed on mine, trapping me.

He really kissed me. Roger Danforth held me and he kissed me as he would have kissed a woman. The others

just stood there and watched him as he mauled my mouth and face, while I squealed and squealed for help. But none of the others moved as he kissed me, ran his hands over my top and padding, returning to my mouth again, his tongue inside my mouth.



I tried to twist and turn in panic. I tried to push on him but then he took my artificial boobs and pressed them back against me. I thought he was letting me up but his hands took my legs and spread them in my tight skirt that was hitched up so high. I tried to cry out but I was so shocked as this powerful man treated me like a woman, his hand fondling my twitching legs as I fought, not moving him at all.

There was no help coming and it was only afterwards that Tammy Sung told me brusquely that Roger Danforth always friggd the leading lady in his films. He always did. He'd had Annette O'Brien already and he didn't mind an audience. I was lucky that he'd decided to stop when he did but he'd been really aroused by me, hadn't he? She then warned me that not being alone with Roger was not going to stop him having me if he decided that he was going to have me.

"You wanna go through a law suit?" Tammy asked me. "None of us saw anything but you dressed up and acting like a woman. I should have told you in the shack that, if he wanted you to boff him, you were going to have to do it."

"But I'm a man," I told her in shock, the mirror contradicting me as I looked every inch like Annette O'Brien in a tight skirt and ruined makeup and hair.

"Not now you ain't, kid," Tammy said to me. "Now you're Annette."

"But I'm not a woman!" I'd screamed hoarsely at Tammy.

"You're not the first to be treated like this," said Tammy firmly, freshening my face with more makeup so I could look like a woman again. "Sue-Ann and I have done this half a dozen times in the past. And those girls

we made are having a fine time as actresses. You will too!"

"No, I won't!" I'd screamed at her, wiping my face with the back of my hand. "I'm a stuntman and I'm getting out of here!" What an idiot I was when I'd tried to leave the trailer then when Tammy hadn't given me permission to leave.

That first time in there, I struggled with Roger Danforth. I was pressed in the chair as he affectionately kissed my face and my neck while I yelled at him to get off me. I tried to push on his arms as suddenly my stocking tops and my panties came into view and he slid his hand right between my legs, onto my smooth thigh, caressing me and my garters as he also took hold of my panties and what was in them.

I think I screamed that he was a pervert and Roger looked down on me. "Who's the one here in women's panties and a pretty skirt?" he said. He kissed my forehead and my eyes as I turned my head furiously from him and then one of his legs went between mine and I felt his erection right through his pants pressing down on my panties.

I tried to scream and his mouth closed over mine again. I jerked and he put his free hand on my head and held it rigidly so that he could do whatever he wanted to do to me. What he wanted was to kiss me a lot, his lips working over my lipsticked mouth and he was definitely pressing into me when there was a rap on the door. Art Brinkley moved for the first time to block the scene of me about to be raped by a film director.

"Hey, Roger," said Bob Marsh and Roger got off me.

"What is it?" asked Roger, standing up, leaving Bob with a very clear view of me with my legs spread, my skirt hoisted, my panties exposed along with the tops of

my stockings and the bare tops of my thighs. It was very obvious to Bob Marsh what had been going on, one look at my messed up makeup must have told him that, but he said nothing and just talked about schedules and getting underway, back to the studio within the hour.

"Fine," said Roger Danforth. "Annette was just telling me how much she is looking forward to making love to Conrad tomorrow. We practised some. I do believe the girl can carry it off as well."

I gurgled something unintelligible to my ears but the men ignored me and whatever I was going to say. All I knew was that I wasn't going to be kissing anybody and definitely not a man like me. I wasn't going to pretend I was a girl and liked a man kissing me as Roger had been telling me to do.

"I'll get the trailers hooked up," said Bob Marsh, leaving us as quickly as he had arrived. He actually smiled and winked at me before he left me to Roger's tender mercies.

I don't know why I didn't appeal to Bob, why he didn't help me. Surely, he should have seen that, if I was a girl, I was about to be raped. I think it was because I was so ashamed, my face probably showed it, by the way that he was looking me. I wiggled my skirt down and crossed my legs again and by the time I'd done that, he was gone.

"Now we both know how this was going to end," said Roger Danforth tensely to me. "I've had a blow job at the very least from every woman who has ever worked for me and I will collect from you as well, Annette. But not now and not tonight. I have just given you the only screen test that you will ever need. Needless to say, you passed. You have very nice lips and if you kiss Conrad like that no-one will know it's not Annette kissing him.

"Yes," he went on to all of our astonished faces, mine most of all, of course. "You can do the tender work with Conrad, Annette, that your namesake hadn't got around to doing yet. The two didn't get along, you know. That's why Conrad will be looking forward to your love scenes together. And you are going to be very, very good together. No struggling and fighting as you did with me or I will require many, many takes to get those scenes absolutely perfect.

"Yes, I am going to pay you Annette's money as well for whatever scenes you do for her and for what we use. You are going to be a wealthy, young, drag queen, or stuntwoman, when we've finished with you. But you are going to have to earn the money, Annette. You have to co-operate and be Annette fully and, if you're really good, maybe you'll be the first female that I haven't screwed who's worked on one of my films."

"You would have let him rape me!" I rasped at Art and the Sung sisters as we entered the trailer meant for the real Annette O'Brien.

"You smell like her," said Art, not answering my question.

"No-one's stopping you from leaving now," said Sue-Ann, pointing to the door.

"Don't say that!" exclaimed a panic-stricken Art Brinkley, immediately positioning himself in the doorway. Sue-Ann winked at me. Well, that had been on my mind. My emotions were in such a constant boil as we had walked between the trailers and who should be there but Ben, the roustabout.

“Hey, Miss O’Brien,” Ben had shouted to me. “Are you in some kind of trouble?”

“Shake your head for ‘No’ and keep on walking,” Tammy Sung had hissed at me and so I had. Well, I was going to run for it at some point. But not in a pink suit, that clung to me, in pink high heels, in a woman’s makeup that made me look like Annette O’Brien and not with one of her wigs on my head and her perfume splashed everywhere on me.

We had scarcely been in the trailer for a minute and there was a clanging and a rocking of the thing and Art redundantly announced, “Well, we’re under way.”

“We gotta stop to eat,” said Sue-Ann, looking into the refrigerator and lifting out a bottle of white wine that the original Annette had put there. “Only thing in here is alcohol, other than the drugs, of course.”

“Oh no,” said Art, scurrying from the door then as Sue-Ann held up a series of pills in vials that seemed to be prescription drugs. Sue-Ann looked at me again and winked.

“Annette,” said Tammy sharply. “Come into your bedroom before we move and let me fix your hair and makeup.”

“And you need to change out of that suit and those stockings you and your boy friend laddered,” said Sue-Ann, coming right behind me and so I went into the narrow room that had served Annette as a bedroom on the site. Her frilly pillow was on the bunk-type bed anchored to the outer wall. It was roomy enough for two at a pinch.

“Oh good,” said Sue-Ann as she took a little pillow that was on the bed, opened it out and there was a night-dress, a hairbrush, several lotions that girls use on their skin, and even panties that the real Annette must have left

for herself. "Getting you ready for bed, Annette, just became a whole lot easier."

"I am not Annette," I said furiously in my own voice that made the sisters wince. "And I am never going to be."

"You're going to leave a couple of million lying on the table?" asked Sue-Ann in genuine surprise as I stood obstinately and folded my arms under what would be my padded breasts. The trailer lurched then and so I wobbled on my high heels and had to sit on the bed even as the sisters laughed at me.

"Roger Danforth," I began hotly.

"Is a man just like you," said Tammy Sung. "I wouldn't actually have minded seeing him boffing you, you know. I've seen men taking advantage of pretty girls for so long in this business, me included. It would have been nice for once to see a man getting what so many girls like me have had to get to move up in this business."

That was when I had protested and said that I was leaving, not caring about other men, who must have been gay, who'd made it with other men, dressed as women. I didn't know that Tammy, and her sister, too, knew enough Judo or something to smack me around pretty good. It didn't take long until I was trembling and sore all over, having been flipped a couple of times. No, I wasn't going anywhere and dressing in any other clothing than the girlie stuff that Sue-Ann had ready for me.

I shook with horror at what the sisters were saying, about themselves as Tammy gave me moist, makeup remover towels. I set to work cleaning my face as she unpinned the wig that was so like Annette's hair.

"Roger could have boffed me," said Sue-Ann, "for two million. Heck, for a million, I'd have worn a dildo and boffed him. But I've never been pretty enough for him. I

couldn't sue him even if I wanted to. No-one's ever going to say that Roger raped me."

"Everyone knows that he doesn't have to do that, kid," laughed her sister as she worked to get the wig she'd glued to my forehead, gently free from me. "Everyone knows that women fall over themselves to suck his pecker because they want to be in his films and that's how Annette got to be in this con job movie. It's all consenting adults and, anyway, Roger knows he can count on us to confirm that it was you who asked him what he wanted and you gave him a blowjob as a girl."

"You'd say that!" I exclaimed.

"If it came to it," said Tammy, "and for the money that Roger would pay us. Besides that, the job for life we'd have on all Marshco pics from now on!"

"I'm going to run for it when I can," I promised the sisters as Tammy motioned me to sit in front of huge makeup mirror. I looked at Annette O'Brien, thinner in the face than she had been before. Then, I shook my head and the wig hair and my earrings wobbled as well. No, I wasn't looking at Annette O'Brien, I was looking at myself in a pretty woman's suit.

I sat down and Sue-Ann took the jacket away from me. "I think she should bathe," Sue-Ann said then, "before we get her ready for supper."

Tammy opened a door that slid back into the wall. "Here it is," she said and I heard the sound of taps running. "Wow, instant hot water. I wonder if there'll be enough for us once we get unhooked and start moving."

"Doesn't matter," said Sue-Ann, undoing my skirt and letting it drop to the floor. "This girl is the star and she gets first dibs on everything."

In one way, it was a relief to have the wig unpinned, to have the corset undone and the cleavage at my chest disappear. Tammy peeled the eyelashes off me and then I had the most intense, feminine cleansing than I had ever had before. I kept saying, "No, don't do that," in a panic but the sisters didn't listen. They just switched to Chinese so that I couldn't understand them and they did things to me that no man should have to endure.

My thin body was covered in lotions and if we had missed removing any hair before on my body they didn't this time around. Worse was that I smelled like a flower shop after being pushed down into the bath and made to soak. I had thought that my eyebrows were just painted over but when I finally got out of the bath and looked in the little mirror there, I had to squawk as I could see that my eyebrows were almost gone. Just thin, female arches were in place over my pink, well-scrubbed skin.

Tammy had taken the putty from the top and bottom of my nose and along my chin and so I did look like me again, but a funny me with the eyebrows. I wasn't funny for long because she began at once to make me up again and her sister began taping my chest severely. I protested as Tammy began to make up my eyes, popping on the false eyelashes again.

I'd protested that all my genital hair had been removed. Sue-Ann pushed and pulled on me and then taped my genitals out of sight. I was glad for a moment that she had done that for me. At least, it wouldn't hurt when I could get my hands free and pull the stupid stuff off me.

"See, one pair of panties," said Sue-Ann. "It's much better for you."

"I don't want to do this any more," I gasped at the women, but they just went on methodically making me dress like a woman.

Tammy put a new wig on me, a little, blonde thing. "Oh yes," she said. "This I really like on you. If ever you are Michelle and not Annette, this is what you should look like. What do you think, kid?"

Sue-Ann had me in panties and a bra and was busy attaching some sort of gel packs to my hairless chest. "Yes, she's a pretty girl," she said with a frown, "but she doesn't look anything like Annette."

"Try her in that red dress," said Tammy as the trailer lurched and it became clear that we were moving steadily.

I shuddered as Sue-Ann selected a dress that I'd seen Annette in and put it on me. Well, there wasn't any male clothing in the cupboards of the narrow room and what could I wear until I beat Art over the head and took his clothes. I was just putting on the stockings and attaching the garters to the belt that Sue-Ann had put on me when the door opened and Art looked in on us.

"Conrad is here," Art said, staring at me. Conrad Donovan, standing behind him, got to look at me as well, putting on stockings and attaching garters along my thighs. I blushed furiously while he grinned at me. I hastily pulled the red skirts of the dress down, my face as red as the dress.

I didn't want to leave the little bedroom but the Sungos insisted and Art came back in a few minutes to insist.

The trailer was swaying as I wobbled into the living room on the high heels I had had to wear. Then I saw myself in the mirror on the door going out and I almost swallowed my tongue. Tammy had done the makeup on my face so differently and the hair and colors of my lipstick and eye makeup were so different.

Sue-Ann had made the neckline of my dress so feminine as well, hanging outside my shoulders like a Mexican style while the red bra straps went over my shoulders. I even rustled like a girl as I swayed with the trailer as it moved.

"Whoever is driving us must think he's in the Indy 500," said Conrad Donovan, standing up and catching me as I lurched. "Wow, Michelle, you should be in this movie as yourself and not as a phoney Annette O'Brien."

Conrad's arm was about my waist as he assisted me to one of the couches. There were lap belts I noticed then on many of the chairs for people who were travelling inside one of these things. "Call our driver and ask him to be a little careful, Art," Conrad said then.

I felt so silly sitting beside a film star like Conrad Donovan as Art stared at us while he was trying to contact someone by cellphone. Sue-Ann stayed in the bedroom to tidy up, she said while Tammy came out and sat so naturally at the little breakfast table, crossing her legs and reminding me to do so by the knowing smile she gave me.

"I haven't had a chance to do the recording yet," she said to Conrad who looked a little mystified as Art cut in then to explain what it was that Roger was planning to do.

Conrad laughed. "It won't work," he said, putting his arm about my bare shoulder as we swayed violently as if we had hit a pothole or something. "I won't say anything, Art, but it's going to get out, you know, that Annette didn't complete this movie. Should be a real career boost for you, Michelle, if you can act at all. I thought I'd come over and we could do a read through together."

I looked wildly at Art. Well, what do I do about this? I wanted to ask him. But Tammy cut in right away. "I'm going to read in some lines from what was sent over," she

said, "and Annette," she stressed the name I was supposed to be called, "you can try to mimic me mimicking your namesake. That's what Roger told us to do," she informed a frowning Conrad.

Tammy came and pulled me to my high-heeled feet, Conrad reluctantly letting me go and I shivered as I just stepped over to the table and buckled myself into the chair. My legs felt so bare and the dress felt so light and soft as it swirled about me. It felt well, so girlish, to be dressed as I was.

"Oh, Rod, you saved me," said Tammy in a mockery of Annette's voice and the gushing way that she spoke. "No, wait, Annette," that in her normal voice. "Let's try that one again."

Tammy did it again and tried to explain to me how she was doing it, talking about pitch and tone which I knew I would get wrong. "Let me record that," she went on, "and you can just whisper it for now but match your mouth to mine as I'm saying it."

I had acted before. I had lip synched in various bar or karaoke sessions but it was nothing like the work that Tammy and I had to do and, all the time, we had Conrad and a very nervous Art Brinkley watching us.

"Try it with me now," said Conrad, coming over and crouching beside the table. The swaying of the trailer had decreased considerably and though we knew we were moving along, it was more like being on a bus or a train than anything.

"Oh, Rod, you saved me," I mouthed, having to whisper a little as it's so hard just to mime and not having any noise shaping your mouth at all.

Conrad stopped the tape and rewound it and I looked at him in fright, sure he had cottoned on at last. "You're being sarcastic with me," he said. "You didn't see the pre-

vious scenes where I was so condescending and we were jumped by Murray's mob friends. Did you do the scenes where you slug the guys and you're the one who helps me to my feet? Oh no, that was Myra, wasn't it, and she broke her arm, doing it, didn't she?"

I looked at Art who was nodding very quickly. "Yes," I whispered, moving my head and feeling my hair move at the back of my head.

Conrad nodded. "You'll be doing all that work from now on, I hear, as well as Annette's scenes with me?"

Art was frantically nodding his head. "Yes, I think so," I murmured as Conrad looked ready to pounce on me just as Roger had done. I clenched my fingers into a fist and couldn't close with the fingernails that Tammy had attached to me, pressing into my palms.

"Good for you," said Conrad, touching me on the arm and making me feel like such an idiot. Then he went through the short scene we had to do and had me mime Tammy's words but my facial expressions had to show the scorn that I felt for him and what a blowhard, his description, for the man he was.

We ran through it the second time and there was a stillness in the room when we finished as Conrad just stared at me, his eyes slitted. "What is it?" I finally had to whisper to Tammy, who shrugged at me.

"Well, Roger said that you were a quick study," said Conrad to me. "He's right," he went on, nodding to Art Brinkley. "This won't be the area but let's just walk this through here as well."

And so Tammy played back the parts she had recorded with Conrad's voice right there as well. I had to get up and act like a girl, mouthing silly words as Conrad coached me in how I was to push him off me, pout at him

and stalk away from him. He and Tammy had a real discussion about my walk and where my hands should be.

"She isn't a fashion model," Tammy insisted.

"She should be," countered Conrad and I felt chilly all over. Then I felt as if I was standing in an Arctic breeze as Condo, all his friends called him that, said, "Now, about the love scenes that we have to do tomorrow."

"L-love scenes," I whispered, shaking in fear as I looked over at Art Brinkley who looked unhappy as well.

"Didn't Roger tell you?" asked Conrad and I shook my head and saw little blonde strands flashing across my face as I did so.

Condo grinned at me then and gently pushed a strand away from my lips where I think a hair must have stuck in my lipstick. "You'll have to wear a different lipstick," he said, "but Tammy knows all about that."

"It's supposed not to come off," said Tammy in disgust, "but it always does. How many takes are you going to put the poor girl through this time, Mr Donovan? Twenty? Thirty?"

"I'd like to," said Conrad Donovan, smiling broadly, and stroking my shoulders and arms in sympathy as I shivered and recoiled a little at the thought of me being kissed so many times by a man. I remembered Roger's kiss on my lips and felt so awful, so silly and so demeaned. I should have fought back and taken my beating from a man as strong as him like a, well, like a man.

Conrad must have read all that on me because he picked up my hand and stroked it affectionately. "It's not going to be bad," he assured me. "You may have heard all sorts of ugly things about Annette and me, and, well, most of them are true. Neither of us behaved very well in

the first run-throughs and that's why we have to do them again. It will be much better, I promise you.

"You won't be hopped up on anything and trying to put me down, will you, and I promise I won't be having half a bottle inside me to disgust you with." He shrugged as I looked at him, appalled, but not entirely for the reasons that he must have thought. "Well, it got me into bed with her at least but it didn't improve the mood, did it, Art?"

"No," said Art Brinkley.

"That's why you don't have any words for those scenes, Tammy," said Conrad easily. "I get all the dialogue, a voice-over, and Annette just has to turn and make love to me."

"In that see-through nightie again?" asked Tammy.

"What? We're doing that scene again?" asked Sue-Ann, coming out of the back room. "The sex scenes as well?"

Conrad laughed and hugged my stiff body to him as I shook, terrified, at what they were saying I should be doing. "Simulated," he said with a big smile. "Simulated sex. Every movie has a scene that everyone talks about in it. And yes, I talked to Roger and he wants to shoot those again as well as the rushes look so awful. No chemistry, as Roger says, and I had to agree with him. Really, that's why I'm here, Michelle, as well. I think we can do much better than I did with Annette."

Did we do better than Conrad and Annette? Watch *Bilked!* and you can decide. I still get chills just at the men-

tion of that film's name. First there was the way that I was dressed, or rather undressed.

Roger Danforth actually is working one of the cameras in the scenes that I had with Conrad. We went at it enough that they are all through the film, though I shot most of them over three passionate days in which I forgot



entirely that I was anything else but Annette O'Brien and making love to one of the most 'ruggedly handsome' men in America.

I can't see why Annette, the first one, had so many troubles with Conrad as he was so incredibly nice to me. I came onto the set in the see-through nightie and had all these guys, including Ben, staring at me as if I was putting on a spectacle. I had been listening to Tammy's words all night long, Conrad had been wrong about that and I did have dialogue in many of the scenes, including inevitably, the "I love you so much, Rod. You're the only man in the world for me."

All the cleavage that the world can see on me, even the dark nipples through the skimpy nightdress are synthetic, the breastplate on me that Conrad raised his eyes at but didn't challenge as he first rolled my nervous body over towards him in bed. After our first run-through and before we did it again, he lay with me, me trembling up and down my hairless, feminized body, trying not to do anything to make him think that I was a man in any way.

"That contraption does make you look like Annette in the camera, I suppose," Conrad murmured to me, "but I wouldn't have minded your real breast in my chest."

He had supposedly wakened me, Annette, with a kiss and I had had to smile and roll over to him, thinking that he was someone else my character was making love to him. We had kissed and Roger had told me to keep my eyes closed and just respond to Conrad as a woman should.

I shivered as I turned and tried to keep my body from touching his, so inflamed and agitated were my passions. I closed my eyes and waited for the world to end and it didn't. Instead, it got very complicated as Conrad kissed me so gently and his hand stroked my hair and my neck

and my shoulder and then down my body so softly. I shivered and it looks appropriate in the scene.

“Go with it,” Roger was urging me and so I did. I kissed the man back. Me, I kissed a man as I lay beneath thin bedsheets and he kissed me back. The camera was only inches away in close-up and the prostheses in my mouth and about my face can’t be seen at all. I am Annette and I felt like Annette as I tried to make Conrad believe that he was kissing a woman and not me, Mike Sharp.

I succeeded but we did it again as Roger had the cameras at work at different angles. I kissed Conrad who stepped it up a notch and I had the shakes as I really felt him and felt myself crazily being aroused. So much for acting. Yes, I was acting as a woman should in bed with a man like Conrad but it wasn’t acting. It was Conrad. He was kissing me so gently but with such skill that I wanted to respond and I did, opening my mouth a little, I don’t know why, but on the screen, my arm comes up about his neck and it is clear that we have chemistry.

We had so much chemistry that we shot different scenes in bed with me being stripped off in one scene and having my legs up in the air and about Conrad in another as he simulated making love to me, his hands caressing my legs. I was so consumed then with being a woman for him, I’d been praised for my work for three days and I’d seen the rushes. Conrad and I did look like a couple with a thing for each other in bed.

“Fantastic!” said Roger after the last shots as Conrad stayed kissing me and it was all over. I didn’t mind. I was Annette and I was kissing him back with an eagerness to match his own. “You can cut now,” said Roger, “or shall we just turn off the lights and leave you two alone for a while.”

Conrad stroked my exposed thigh and gently unhooked my garter belt and I squeezed him in panic. "I think that you can do that," Conrad said and he loomed over me and kissed me with such desire and passion that I felt it all the way through me and I so wished then that I could be united with him as a woman could be.

And that thought going through my mind horrified me. I was in a panic as I knew that I was thinking that I was a woman. Three days and more of nothing but love scenes and then the simulated sex that surely would get the film an 'R' rating and so would be cut, Conrad had told me, but it was a scene that he was going to have in his private copy of the film. Roger had promised him.

I was thinking I was a woman as I accepted Conrad's wonderful kisses and his touches which didn't make me tremble any more. I just loved them as they made me feel like the actress I was standing in for and sometimes I didn't want the scene to end, or the re-shoots as I lay in bed with a man and he caressed me, even between shoots, and I behaved as the most wanton of women with him.

"Let's hook up after this shoot is over tonight," Conrad whispered to me. His fingers walked down the side of my corset to my thigh and I almost convulsed right there as he stroked my smooth thighs. The cameras weren't even on but I felt his manhood on my thigh as well.

I was in a panic and went very still again as his hand played gently with my panties. No-one on the set could see but everyone knew that Conrad and me, Annette, now had super chemistry. There were smiles everywhere as I was told that I was 'saving' the film, whatever that meant.

"I, I have lines to learn," I whispered to him in the voice that Tammy was trying so desperately to get me to fake.

“So do I,” murmured Conrad. “Let’s ditch the Sung sisters for one night and learn them together, as lovers.”

I went so hot then as Conrad’s lips descended on mine and, even with the hurting that was going on in my taped groin, I was so aroused. I actually had thoughts about saying ‘yes’ and going with him and being his lover.

Gods, what was happening to me, I asked myself in panic as I put my hands about Conrad’s neck and accepted his kiss, loving the way he made me feel now. I felt that I was Annette and that we were lovers already. I was certainly his woman and the Sung’s were commenting on it, how womanly I was becoming in the arms of my man.

I had a man, I thought with a shudder. But I wasn’t gay. I had never had thoughts about making love to a man before. Not until Conrad Donovan and the way that he gently persuaded me that I was fooling him. He made me into the woman that I had become one so rapidly. And now he wanted his ultimate prize. He wanted me to be the woman that he thought that I was with him. He wanted me not as Annette, he murmured. He wanted me as Michelle.

“I can’t get away,” I murmured with a shiver.

“The Sung jailers have you locked up in that trailer?” laughed Conrad. “Hey, but they don’t know ...” and then he stopped and smiled at me.

“Don’t know what?” I asked him frantically.

“You’ll find out, my darling,” murmured Conrad. “There’s no jail in the world that can keep me out,” he said, rearranging a line from the movie that we were doing.

“What does that mean?” I whispered to him, feeling so chilled then as Conrad got up from our bed in the loose pyjama bottoms he had been wearing over some sort of

swimsuit. I did the woman thing and sat up with my hair all loose, my lipstick mused and a sheet clasped to my breasts. No, I wasn't wearing a bra but Sue-Ann appeared beside me and began to dress me with a laugh as men all around the set were going on with their business so casually as I stood there in a frilly corset and panties and then, at last, Sue-Ann put a black, sort of see-through negligee about me.

"You have to look like a star," Sue-Ann whispered to me. Art came up to me and the two of them escorted me back to the trailer that I was living on at Marshco film studios.

Ben, the stage hand, grip, gaffer, jack of all trades, made sure that I saw him and that he saw me. He always smiled at me and often told me that I was 'looking good'. "You really should stop and talk to that boy," said Sue-Ann. "He's got a thing for you, Annette. A little kiss and he'd be your fan for life."

I didn't have to answer. It was Sue-Ann's answer for everything. "Give him a little kiss and he'll do anything for you," she would say. Often it was directed at Art Brinkley and he would flush and depart from us right away, unable to see, I think, that Sue-Ann was playing with him. I should have told her what Conrad had said to me and, if I had, what happened to me wouldn't have happened.

I had these dreams now, more like nightmares really. I don't know how I had done it, but I had convinced myself that I could and should be a woman with Conrad Donovan. Millions of dollars, Sue-Ann kept saying to me, and, oh, I did so want to be rich, even if it meant being a woman. I'd had to scramble for every cent I'd ever made, doing every menial task going. All the skills I had finally gelled into repairing cars and machines. It was making them work in stunts and then being in the stunts that be-

came my 'ticket out'. Millions of dollars, I thought, as I abandoned my life as a man, as had the 'girls' Tammy had told me about who were just like me, and went to my first tryst, determined to be a woman with Conrad but it was as if I was going to the gallows.

But it hadn't been so bad at all, had it? I'd survived, and if my dreams were any indication, I really wanted to do it all again. I woke up every night for a while, my nightie up around my thighs, the braided hair of my 'sleeping' wig in a mess. I felt Conrad there making love to me as we were faking it for the cameras.

I felt him on me, I felt his kiss on my lips and, after a night and day of making love with Conrad for the camera, I felt myself spreading my legs for him. I felt his hard erection against me as I had that some time on my thigh. Then we weren't stopping. We were going on and on. My panties were sliding down my legs and I was kissing him. I clutched my legs about him and Conrad was lifting up my tush, his lips pressed to mine. He was penetrating me in the only place that a man could have me.

That was when I woke up and I wasn't alone in my bed. I had my hands around Conrad's neck and he was penetrating me. "Gug," I think I said as I went stiff and Conrad said, "Shush."

No, it wasn't a dream. Conrad's hard erection was inside me and the bed was starting to creak as I rocked back and forth, my legs in the air, my nightie up along my thinner waist, his hands stroking my legs and my sides as Conrad kissed me. I was wiggling and shivering in delight, I knew I was, as we went at it like a man and a woman, me the woman. Oh, I knew that I had been responding beneath him as his woman.

"No!" I gasped as Conrad entered me fully. Gods, I felt a man inside me. A man was inside me and I wasn't a woman.

"Yes, I know all about you," Conrad breathed. "Art Brinkley never was a man who could keep a secret, Michelle, from me. So lay back, my darling, and let your man treat you as the woman you were always supposed to be."

"No!" I gasped, trembling furiously, convulsing awfully as I heard what he was saying, that he knew about me and didn't care that I was a man! I pushed frantically at him and he put his hand over my mouth.

"Umm! Umm!" I tried to call out to Tammy and Sue-Ann who were sleeping in the living area and grousing about it as they had done every night. They were promising to make Roger pay them even more for having to be my bodyguards every night.

"Just keep on loving me, Michelle," whispered Conrad, "as you were when you were when you were just half asleep. Just like that, Michelle, my darling, and let me make you my real woman."

He was bucking me back and forth on the bed and the creaking got noisier and noisier. Conrad was grunting as well as he suddenly leant on me and kissed me even harder. I felt him gushing into me as I wiggled my legs in the air but I couldn't free myself at all.

It must have looked like I was enjoying myself as the door to the narrow bedroom opened and Sue-Ann stood there. She did a double-take before she stepped back with a shrug. I think she was going to close the door. I twisted my lips desperately from Conrad's as he was jerking and jerking his fluids into me.

"Sue-Ann!" I managed to call. "Help me! I'm being raped!"

Conrad sat up on me, one of his hands on the neck of my nightie. "Leave us alone, Sue-Ann!" he grunted. "Sixty seconds ago, she was loving getting it. Now, you come in and she thinks she has to protest me doing to her what she wanted to have done to her."

"Tammy!" called Sue-Ann and her sister came sleepily behind her. Frantically, I tried to free myself but Conrad was still pushing into me, rocking me harder and harder.

"What is it?" asked Tammy and then she made eye contact with me. She was laughing at me and looking so smug. "What is it, Annette? Don't like taking it as much as you thought? She's been really asking for it the last few days on set," she told her sister as if the fact that Conrad was raping me was nothing. "You should have seen her in bed with Condo here."

"Would you women get out of here?" barked Conrad.

"No, no, please!" I called out to them. "Please, he's raping me!" Oh, that felt so horrible and unmanly to be saying. "I was asleep!"

"How'd you get in?" asked Sue-Ann but she made no move to stop Conrad who started kissing my face again as I writhed and tried to push him off.

"Through here," said Tammy and the light in the bathroom came on. "See, the sump cover is pushed over."

"She was fast asleep when I checked her," said Sue-Ann. "Hey, Conrad, don't you have a six o'clock call for tomorrow. We have Makeup and Costume for Annette then."

Conrad sighed and laid his head beside mine, trapping me as he lay on my braided hair. He played with my plastic breasts. "These look and feel so real," he said, with a wicked grin at the sisters and he pulled his pecker out of me, letting them see what he was doing. He did that to

humiliate me, of course, and I shrieked as he did it, totally humiliated. Conrad then picked up the red panties I'd been wearing and sniffed them before he put them in his pocket. I felt so nauseated that I almost threw up.

"Now don't say," said Conrad Donovan, great screen lover, as he climbed off me, a man like him whom he had just raped, even though everyone was ignoring that, "that you didn't like that, Michelle. As Tammy said, you were begging me for it all day. I told you I was going to come and visit you tonight. And you loved me loving you like a girl, Michelle, or should I call you Mike. Fucking you was as good as fucking the real Annette. And now you can see why she hates me so."

"You going to leave the way that you came in?" asked Tammy while Sue-Ann just stared at me, trying to get the nightie to cover me, my hand finding the tape so slippery that bound in all my male appendages that were now hurting me so much.

"I might as well stay," said Conrad with a grin. "I think that Michelle and I could get it on again in no time. What do you say, girl of my wet dreams?"

I tried to hit him but he grabbed my arm, his weight descended on me and he was kissing me again. He forced my legs apart and his intent became very clear as his manhood grew and grew against me. I wriggled as he lifted one of my legs and I fought to get free.

"Oh!" Conrad suddenly grunted and he let go my leg and said, "Oh!" again before he slid and fell off me and landed up on the carpet beside my bed. Sue-Ann Sung was holding one of the long rubbery tubes, one of the heavy ones, that served as plungers and all kinds of things around the bathtub, and the bathroom in general.

Conrad lay on the carpet, blinking. Sue-Ann took hold of my foot and pulled me out of the bed, my nightie up

around my neck. I must have looked a sight, my hair, my face, my strange genitals so hidden, my tush all moist and leaky, my chest a girl's chest.

"You bitch!" said Conrad furiously, sitting up, holding onto his head. He looked at his fingers as light from the bathroom door poured in as Tammy pulled it wide open. There was no blood on his hands.

I cowered behind Sue-Ann, my nightie flowing all about me. "Serves him right," Sue-Ann said to her sister. "He raped her." That didn't make me feel any better at all.

"There is no her," screamed Conrad. "So how can I rape anyone?"

"He said the same thing when he had Catherine Bennett," said Tammy to her sister.

"She just rolled over and let him do her again," said Sue-Ann. "That girl was sleeping with every gay man on the set for weeks. So, they cast her as a girl again with Condo in *The Waitress*, didn't they?"

"I think he owes us a point in the movie," said Tammy with a smile at me, just lying there, trembling and feeling like, well, I didn't know what. I felt as if I had just lost something and woken up to find that out quite violently.

"He's got more than one point in this film," said Sue-Ann looking over her shoulder at me, me shuddering and crying at what had just happened to me. "I think that this will make a great story for the LA Times. We should get the police and a forensic team in. We got a story to sell."

Conrad swore and called us all 'bitches'. I think he called me that more than once. The upshot was that Sue-Ann had another point in the movie and she and Tammy had agreed that I hadn't been raped and that I had loved been made love to by another man.

"You want to do her again?" asked Tammy with a smirk on her face at me. "She's ready for you, isn't she? All taped up, like you wanted." Sue-Ann's head snapped in a double-take with her sister. "Or do you want a blow job from a pretty girl? We can make her look like Annette again."

Conrad looked at me and smiled. I felt a tremor of fright run up my spine. I knew that I was going to be in for more humiliation as I backed away in terror. But Sue-Ann waved her heavy, rubber tubing at Conrad. "No more raping," she said angrily. "The girl agrees or you do not touch her."

"Ask her," said Conrad, getting up and sitting on the bed where he had just boffed me, where I had dreamed of it and loved it in my dream until harsh and ugly reality had intruded.

What would have happened if Conrad had just been gentle at that point, asked Sue-Ann later, as she got me into the straight black skirt I had to wear for a scene. Tammy severely tied back my blonde wig hair as I impersonated another actress who had played a bank clerk.

If Conrad had just whispered that he'd thought I was awake and gently caressed me, would I have wakened up the Sung sisters, Sue-Ann wanted to know, or would I have held on to Conrad and eventually let him have his way with me but much more quietly.

"I wouldn't have made love to him," I said with a shudder.

"Hey, well done, Annette," said Tammy. "You sound like her now, you know. A little bit."

"Why would he come after me?" I asked her, trembling as she re-did my makeup.

"Because we are very, very good," said Tammy, smiling to her sister, "and he is very, very bad. Besides, you're a man and you deserve it."

"You want a man to treat you like he treated me?" I asked her bitterly. "That Catherine Bennett ..."

"And Anne Morley, Jane Stewart, Christine Bailey, Debbie Raines, Gloria Beckham," said Tammy with a grin, "though they weren't actresses first like you were. We had to dress them up for just the right man. Roger really went for Cathy Bennett which is why she is who she is."

"He hated her being cut," said Sue-Ann. "You won't do that to us, Annette, will you?"

"I'm a guy," I said with a shiver, clutching panties in front of me. "I would never treat you badly, like Conrad just did to me ..."

"Men do," said Tammy succinctly. "Men did. For years. And no-one helped me. You want me to testify for you and I will. For money. You don't want to pay my sister and me and you get frigged again by Condoman. My advice, Annette, is what was given to me. Lie back and enjoy it, bitch. Yes, you a bitch now, pretty boy, just like my kid sister and me."

It was utterly unfair. But who could I complain to? Art Brinkley? He had just stood by when Roger Danforth had almost raped me. The crew? They'd seen me each day in the sex scenes with Conrad. Oh, yes, they put those first, didn't they, quite deliberately. What was the crew going to think of me now if I proclaimed that I was a guy just like most of them?

I seethed and wondered what I could do to get out of all that I had been through in such a short time. What was happening to me? I felt terrible as I escaped the trailer for the early set, femininely dressed again, my makeup and hair perfect as Tammy made it. I went and sat in my chair,

my legs crossed and I could feel tears coming to my eyes. All around me, people were busy setting up the interior shots that I had a large part in. The sound man was playing with Tammy's tapes that I had memorized and had to mime to.

A re-freshened Conrad came onto the set and made a beeline for me. "Hello, gorgeous," he said to me and I should have stood up and slapped his face. If he had gone on, I might have but Roger called for Annette. I got up and walked as womanly as I could over to him. Let's get this film over before anything else happens to me, I thought, blinking away the little tears that had collected upon my lashes.

Roger set up shots with me. I worked and tried to be Annette, aware all the time that Conrad was watching me with that sneer on his face. There came a time, after I had done a costume change, that we were there together again.

"If you knew all about me from Art ..." I asked him unsteadily, my Annette voice coming and going. I realized how much Conrad had ignored the voice struggles I'd had. I should have known that he knew all about me.

"Why would I want to make love to a girl like you?" Conrad asked lazily. "I could say, to pass the time. Actually, you're pretty cute, Michelle. It was a lot of fun watching you trying so hard to be a female. And we did have fun, didn't we, in the love scenes. Don't try telling me that you didn't like kissing me. It was a little bit of a challenge but all my leading ladies get fucked by me, sooner or later, some more than once."

"It was all a laugh to you," I said with a shiver. "So you're going to the press with this?"

"Not me," said Conrad, leaning over and taking my manicured hand and stroking it just as Ben walked by with a huge piece of wood under his arm.

"Then Art will," I said to him, "and all of this will be public knowledge. Art Brinkley can't keep a secret. You said it yourself."

Conrad stared at Art so hard then that the young assistant director turned as if he sensed us looking at him. He looked startled then by the expression on Conrad's face.

"I have to go and talk to a man about a dog," said Conrad and I smiled as he left me.

"Going to set us all against one another?" asked Tammy from right behind me. "Is that the girl's idea?"

"Why not?" I asked her girlishly, batting my eyelashes. "Maybe no-one will be getting points in this stupid movie after all."

"You want points?" asked Tammy.

"Why not?" I asked her. "You arranged with Conrad to have him fuck me."

"Hmm," said Tammy. "Didn't you like it? Debbie loved him, and the Morley dame. She's snipped these days as well. Condo seems to think you really like him. He's coming again tonight and he wants you in baby dolls. Says not to tape you, as well. He's got things he wants to try out with you. Sounds like a fun evening and night for someone."

So I didn't get the promise of money but I got fair warning. I had a whole afternoon and evening to figure how to get off the set when I was dressed entirely like Annette O'Brien making a movie. Well, I wasn't going to have to do the stripper scenes until the next day though I did have to get together with the 'technical consultant'

and she was going to show me how to bump and grind, as modern men liked it.

“Ben,” I hissed to him and waved him over as I hurried out of the lounge where I had been practising being a stripper all afternoon. Deirdre Demille thought that I had to loosen up and she hated the breastplate I wore.

“Get yourself a boob job, honey,” she said to me. “Help your career as well.”

I still had the different cache-sexe that Sue-Ann had provided me with before my stripping class. I had never known that such a thing as an artificial vagina existed, certainly not that one could be put over my taped genitals. I looked exactly like a naked woman when I stood in front of the mirror.

Sue-Ann thought it was just the thing for me. “Wait till Condo gets an eyeful,” she said. “He’s going to want to taste you, girl. That is the best sex for a girl like you.”

I gaped at her. It was clear to me then that both Tammy and Sue-Ann thought that I was some kind of pervert who got off being dressed in girl’s clothes and being treated like a girl. I could expect no help from them in getting out of my torment.

“Miss O’Brien,” said Ben, smiling at me. “I like earrings like that on you,” he said. “Aren’t they really heavy?”

“They’re plastic,” I had to tell him of the huge danglers that Deirdre Demille had insisted that I wear as I practised my practically nude dancing.

“Ben, can you help me?” I whispered at him and the young man’s eyes went round with shock.

"Sure," he said gallantly, putting down the frame that he had been carrying.

"I've got to get out of here," I said to him.

"Why don't you ...?" Ben began.

"No-one must know," I hissed at him. "I have to get out!"

I could see it in his face. Drugs or alcohol, he was thinking.

"I, I have to see a, a friend in hospital," I told him and Ben's boyish face showed his relief and then his suspicions again. "She's in Pine Valleys and no-one wants me to see her but she called me today. She's really sick. Well, I have to go. She's my sister. If you could just get me away from my nursemaids."

Ben grinned at me. "They do keep a tight rein on you, don't they? I don't think they like me smiling at you."

"Oh, I love it," I said, with a flutter inside me as I tried to be all flirty with a man. "Don't stop smiling to me even if you can't help me."

"I'm really not doing anything," Ben said with a grin. "I can clock out anytime." He showed me a card he had in his top pocket. "This is Carl's card that he has to hand in as he leaves. They never check us now. It's just two cards into the box and two people going out. They know Carl and when he tells them he lost his card, they'll check and find it and think it was just handed in. I'll go and get my car."

"Should I come with you?" I asked anxiously.

"Someone would recognize you, Miss O'Brien," Ben said with that nice smile of his. I hated to be duping him. "I'll just be five minutes. It's an old, grey, Chevy station wagon. I'll be back."

I hid down between the dumpsters as the door I'd come out of was opened a couple of times but it always closed. I guessed that someone was looking for me by then and it was with relief that I saw the wagon come up and stop. I ran in my high heels and got into the front of the car with Ben.

"Hey!" I heard someone shout. Deirdre was standing in the doorway. I waved and smiled cheerfully and she looked a little confused. As Ben wanted, I cuddled up to him at the security gate. We sailed out, my thick sunglasses protecting my identity a little, that and the fact that I had taken the prosthesis out of my mouth that made me look most like Annette.

That shook up Ben a little. "You're not Annette O'Brien," he said, glancing at me, at my stockinged legs.

"No," I agreed. "I'm her stand-in. It's me you wave to every day," I told him giving him as sweet and girlish smile as I could. "You helped me off the bag after each of my jumps from the window of that house in the Springs."

"You're Miss O'Brien's stand-in," he said and understanding seemed to come to his eyes. "So, she didn't make the jumps from the windows."

"No," I told him. "She had a breakdown over it. She's the one they hauled out from there and put in Pine Valleys. She's the one who called me and asked me to see her right away. But my guardians don't want me to go anywhere until we finish here."

"Annette hasn't been in any of the scenes shot in the last week?" asked Ben in surprise.

"Shush," I told him, looking at the mirror on the back of the sun visor and trembling as I saw myself, a girl, out in public and I wasn't with people who knew me and would protect me. "No-one is to know. That's why I'm under trailer arrest, kind of."

“Wow,” said Ben, his mouth open in astonishment. “What’s your real name?”

“Michelle,” I told him. Well, I could hardly say ‘Mike’, could I? “You don’t have to take me all the way to Pine Valleys, Ben. I know it’s a long way. If you drop me off where I can call for a taxi ...”

“Well, I don’t have anything else I have to do this evening, Michelle,” said Ben with a slow smile that made me shiver all over. “I’ll take you all the way if you’ll just do one thing for me.”

I didn’t want to go to Pine Valleys but I was trapped for a little while in my own lie. I wanted to find a phone and talk to Art Brinkley and tell him that I wasn’t going to let Conrad Donovan fuck me again. If he couldn’t guarantee that it wouldn’t happen, his movie could go down the tubes. If I was threatened in any way, I was going to go to the police. That was my plan. All I needed to do was get to a phone.

“What one little thing?” I asked Ben, with a quiver of emotion as I knew that he was going to ask me to kiss him.

“When my friends ask, could you tell them, maybe, that you were out on a date with me, Miss O’Brien, um, I mean Michelle?” Ben almost pleaded with me.

“If I see any,” I said to him, putting my hand on his, “I certainly will.”

Big mistake as we almost ended in the ditch with the way that Ben reacted to my touch. “Oops, sorry,” he said. “I always get this way with girls.”

I'd thought that getting away from Ben Moore, yes, he did have a last name, would be easy. It wasn't. He stuck to me like glue. He was full of suggestions when I said that I wanted to go here or there. He stayed with me all the time as we went for coffee and to get a paper. Even when I went to the bathroom at the service station, I used the Ladies' Room and not the Gents, he was right there when I came out.

"Um," I said, thinking of a scene and dialogue in the film we were making. "I, I do have to make a phone call, Ben. Do you mind? It's kind of private."

I had fixed my face as best I could which meant that my lipstick was re-done and I had powdered my nose, cheeks and forehead as Tammy had done to me all the time. I hated myself for smiling at Ben as if I was a girl asking him for a favor. I recalled how Annette had swayed on her high heels as she had asked one of the people her character was embezzling for a favor. I tried to ask Ben in the same, girlish way.

I felt so awful when it worked. Ben even loaned me his phone and let me sit in the car while he went in and got us donuts and coffee. He took his time as well, I could see, giving me time to track down Art Brinkley.

"Hello," said Art at last. "Who is this?"

"This is Mike," I said to him. "This is Mike Sharp. Remember me?"

There was a rapid intake of breath on the other end of the phone. "Where are you?" asked Art. "What the hell kind of game are you playing, M-Michelle?" That tipped me off that someone else was there with him. "Tammy

and Sue-Ann are going frantic looking for you around the grounds of the studio."

"Who else is with you, Art?" I asked him. "Conrad or Roger? Or is it Matt Ronning or Bob Marsh? Or am I on the speaker phone to all of them?" There was a silence for a minute as I suppose Art was asking for or getting instructions on what to answer. "If you don't answer me, Art, I'm going to hang up and you and the whole frigging picture can go to hell and damnation."

"Who do you think you are?" roared Roger Danforth down the phone. "You may sound like her and look like her but you're not Annette O'Brien! For frigging sake, you're not even a woman!"

"Nice to know," I said as icily as I could. What did he mean? I sounded like Annette O'Brien? I didn't. I was speaking in my own normal voice as best as I could. Then, I realized that it had become ingrained in me to talk without letting sound come from my chest. It was all a heady, breathy voice I was using. I shuddered. Yes, that was the way that Annette spoke so often.

"Conrad Donovan went one better than you did, Mr Danforth," I went on. "But only because he had greater opportunity."

"What the hell are you talking about?" asked Roger Danforth angrily. "I frigging well told you, Art. She's frigging holding us up for money on her end. Is that what the frig you want, little Miss Stand-In? I want you right back here now, in the trailer I put at your disposal and I want to finish this frigging film with Annette O'Brien in it!"

"I don't want any more money!" I shouted down the phone. "But if you want to give me more, I'll take it! I've certainly earned it!"

"What the hell are you talking about?" sneered Roger Danforth once more at me. "What have you earned that I

haven't handed to you? I'm setting you up for life and you don't even appreciate it one bit, do you, you frigging, little slut!"

"Just like Catherine Bennett," I said then, thinking of the 'girl' Roger had created.

"Who?" asked Roger. "What's she got to do with this?"

I could hear Art Brinkley begging Roger to let him talk to me but Roger was too angry. "Where the hell are you?" he screamed at me.

"Just coming into Pine Valleys," I said. "You take a guess on whom I am going to see and why."

Roger was flabbergasted and that gave Art a chance to speak. "Annette!" he said urgently. "Don't go into Pine Valleys, please! And don't go near the rehab facility, for heaven's sake. Turn around if you can and get out of there as quickly as you can."

I didn't have to be a genius to figure out that something had happened to Annette O'Brien, but Art Brinkley didn't want to tell me what, not with Roger barking orders to him in the background. He wanted to make me an offer I couldn't refuse and get me back under his thumb.

"I think I'll just drive right in and find out what's going on," I said to Art. I heard Roger screaming and calling me all kinds of names, all of them swear words used for women, the 'cleanest' of which were 'slut' and 'bitch', which I could never be and I couldn't be the part of a woman's anatomy that Roger kept on using for me.

"I can't be the c-word," I told Roger, supposing that he must be able to hear me on another line or on a speaker. "I'm not a woman, remember?"

That produced another silence on the line. "But, me, not a woman," I went on, "was nearly frigged by you, Mr

Danforth, wasn't I? If Bob Marsh hadn't come in when he did, you'd have had me, wouldn't you, and you, Art, you and Tammy and Sue-Ann just watched and didn't stop him at all, did you?

"Well, Mr Danforth, Conrad Donovan went one better than you. He raped me. Yes, the slut who isn't even a woman got fucked, to put it crudely, by the big star of your precious film. That will look so great in the tabloids, won't it? Tammy and Sue-Ann saw it all and they've already blackmailed Condo for another point in your stupid movie."

That hit a nerve. "My movie is not stupid!" snarled Roger over the phone.

"I've earned every penny you're going to pay me," I answered him back as strongly as I could.

"Come in and we'll talk about it," said Roger suddenly.

"R-Roger didn't m-mean that," said Art Brinkley. "He m-meant that he didn't know about Conrad f-f-effing you. Is that really true?"

"Ask Tammy or Sue-Ann," I told him. "He's coming back tonight to do it to me again. That's why I've run away and I'm not coming back."

I heard Roger scream in the background. I saw Ben coming out of the coffee shop with a little tray with more than coffee and donuts on it. I got out of the car, smiled nervously to him, having to put up a feminized hand to keep the wind from blowing my long wig hair all about my face.

I stepped away from the car as Ben began to set up the coffees in the proper holders. I saw the girl that I was in the chrome on the car and in the mirrors. I was thin, I was

shapely and I had long, dark hair. I had makeup on me like a woman and I was in women's clothes.



I felt a real tingle of arousal as I stared at my stockings in the reflections I looked at. Yes, that long-legged girl was me. I loved looking at girls who looked like me and, when I looked at Ben, I got all anxious as I realized he was looking at me as I had always looked at a girl.

“Look, Annette, Michelle, Mike,” said Art Brinkley, trying to get me to answer, I’m sure, trying to get a handle on me. “You wouldn’t be phoning me, would you, if you were going to go to the police. You want to deal, don’t you? So, what do you want? We really need you in these last few crucial scenes.”

It was more than that and I knew it. They were basically shooting the whole film again with me in Annette’s part. I was having to learn how to flirt with men and be nice to them and match my actions to Tammy’s readings of the part.

“For starters, I don’t want to be effed again, or threatened with being fucked,” I told Art and, through him, Roger. “Condo should be in jail not trotting off to a new movie next week.”

Conrad had said that he was doing that quietly to me when I was sitting tensely beside him, having Tammy putting new hair on me, Sue-Ann arranging my dress just perfectly to show off my high, shapely, phoney breasts at their most femininely pleasing.

“Now, you have to be really, really nice to me again this week, Annette,” Conrad had said, his stress on the word clear in what he meant by using that name for me. “You have to smile and be happy with everything I do to you. The underwear and bikini scenes are going to be a hoot!”

“There are no bikini ...” I began with a shudder, my dress all rusty as I shook with an attack of nerves with

the thought of Conrad with his hands all over me. I didn't doubt that he intended to arouse me like a woman. I didn't think that I could stop him and I knew that I couldn't stop myself from feeling so like a woman that I might do things with him that I was going to regret always.

"There are now," interrupted Tammy, almost leering at me. "You and Condo have such wonderful chemistry with each other that Roger wants to take advantage of that and put in a lot more cheesecake scenes. Annette would have loved being exposed in a tiny bikini as you are going to be told to do."

"Wednesday," Conrad had smirked at me. "We go down on the beach and it's you and me, baby, and thirty or forty crew taking notes on how to make love to a woman in a bikini."

"I don't have the figure," I'd gasped and Tammy had nodded to her sister.

"Sue-Ann has some surprises for you," she said. "Beats the heck out of going under the scalpel and having gel packs stuffed all over you. Roger wanted to do that to you but the scars would show, despite the makeup we'd use. The crew would know something was up, then, and so we're going to rely on Sue-Ann and her prosthetics."

"And we lie on a blanket and make out all day long," sighed Conrad, sending chills right through me. "Money for nothing, isn't it? What else would you and I be doing, Annette, if we weren't making a movie, anyway? We'd be shackled up in some sleazy motel, right, and I'd be bonking your brains out and you'd be loving it, right?"

I had glanced fearfully at Tammy as Conrad had taunted me. I have to get out of here, I told myself then, and I'd done it.

"About the new scenes with me in a bikini," I said to Art on the phone.

"No, Michelle," Art said firmly to me. "You can't veto scenes in the film that you don't want to do. You're not the real Annette O'Brien."

"I think that I should go on into Pine Valleys and talk to her," I said, turning away from the reflections of me as Annette while Ben sat in the car, the door open, and watched me intently as I talked to Art. "I bet she'll tell me that she doesn't want me to be in such scenes as Conrad was describing to me yesterday."

Art sighed. "That's what frightened you?" he asked me. "We'll make sure that he treats you as he should a girl like you!" Art said went into a long speech that I interrupted.

"What I'm frightened about, Art, is being raped as if I was a woman," I told him bluntly. "Is it your turn next to penetrate me or does Bob Marsh think he should have me? Maybe Roger wants Round Two before Conrad has his pecker inside my tush again. I should go and ask Annette what she thinks of that as well, shouldn't I?"

"No, you shouldn't," said Art. Then he suddenly sped up his conversation. "Where are you? Is that music I can hear and other cars?"

"I'm standing by my car," I told him, wondering why he sounded so panicked. "There's a car here with a bunch of kids and their mom, going into the gas station for Slurpees ..."

"You're standing outside!" screamed Art at me. "Get in the car right away, Annette. Right away! Oh frick, you haven't been seen there by a horde of people, have you?"

"Only the two Greyhound buses that stopped and asked me for autographs," I told him. "They're going to be really ticked when they compare my signature to the real Annette's."

"You didn't ..." said Art, really choked.

"No, idiot," I told him. "I don't look so much like Annette now. I have a new disguise. I look more like Conrad now, Conrad in a dress. What's his autograph like?"

"Look," began Art.

"You look," I said, looking at Ben as I went back towards the car, seeing the slender woman again in the reflections, her huge, dark glasses now obscuring her face. Well, I'd done that because Art might be right. I'd be mortified if someone came up to me and asked me for my autograph as Annette O'Brien.

"I want my own bodyguard on the set," I said. "I'm going to stay off the studio lot at night at a place you're not to try to find. You all promise to treat me right," I got a real pain in my groin as I had to add, "like a lady." There was silence again. "Or else, I am going to just drive on in to Pine Valleys and talk to Annette about her coming back."

"She won't be doing that," said Art Brinkley.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Because she's not in Pine Valleys at the moment," said Art. "She and some other hopheads busted out of rehab this afternoon into the woods behind the place. They've been missing all afternoon. If you drive right on in, or if you're even spotted, it will be your tush, Michelle, my girl, that's sitting in a ward, trying to explain how it is that you are not Annette O'Brien when you are the spitting image of her."

“So where are you going to go now?” asked Ben. I wished that he hadn’t as I was in a real pickle. I had no money with me. I had no ID, no bank card, no car, save for the one that Ben drove, and no key to the apartment I shared with Jim Thomas and Lee Bevington over in Sandalwood. Wouldn’t that be just the end of the world if I got Ben to drop me off there and I walked in on Jim and Lee in my high heels, tight skirt, makeup and long hair.

“I’m not sure,” I said to him. “Let me think about it. I think I’ll have to have Art Brinkley or one of the Sung sisters meet me and bring me money and the things I need.”

I’d told Ben a little of what had been going on between Conrad, Roger, Art and myself. He knew now that I looked like Annette only because of the magic of the Sung sisters.

“I’ve got money,” Ben said as I knew he would. “And I’ve got a place. It’s just me living there. You could have the bedroom all to yourself. I’ll have the couch in the living room. I can drive you in tomorrow and be your body-guard while you get things straightened away about money, clothes and stuff.”

I’d expected him to do that but still it made a prickly feeling creep all over me. Ben Moore was a nice guy and he was half way, at the very least, to being in love with Annette. Now he was transferring some of that feeling onto me, I knew it, thinking that I was as real as Annette. He was even calling me ‘Michelle’ when he thought about it instead of ‘Miss O’Brien’. And that was causing me more than prickles. I was past tingles and goosebumps as well and way into quakes and disturbing thoughts as I thought of how I, a fake woman, was exploiting another man.

"I can't impose on you," I began and suddenly Ben slowed and turned the car off on a side road.

Panic flooded my brain but Ben just turned slightly and said, "Sorry, Michelle, but didn't you see the lights. There's a road block on the highway up ahead of us. If I turn up ahead here, I think that we can get into Palermo and go south to the Interstate. I think someone must have seen you on the phone at the gas station and called in that Annette was seen. Darn! They'll be on the lookout for this car as well!"

"I don't think ..." I said, shaken as we barrelled along, getting further away from familiar roads and towns.

Ben turned the radio on and fiddled until he got a news station. "I heard it on the radio station they were playing as I was looking out at you, sitting in the car and looking so pretty," he said. "I was coming out to warn you that the police are looking for you, that is, for Annette. They were saying that she went out on a hike with some patients from Pine Valleys yesterday and she wasn't back last night."

We drove into a small town where Ben turned off on a side street and parked.

"You'll need some things, toothbrush and stuff," Ben said, "if you stay at my place. I'll take a walk along the main street and get you some stuff. If you stay on this channel, they'll eventually come back to the Annette O'Brien story. I'll try not to be long."

So I sat there and wondered if I shouldn't just take the car and drive off. Well, I could, couldn't I? "And more on the bizarre story of the missing movie star," said a woman's voice on the radio. "Or is she really missing? Marshco execs are saying that Annette O'Brien is not missing at all. She worked all day yesterday on the film set of *Bilked!* and was talking to the director of the film

moments ago about a date she was on tonight. Who the woman was at the Pine Valleys Rehab Center, who was claiming to be Annette O'Brien, they had no idea. But she is still missing and out there, people. We'll have more on this weird and yes, to say it again, bizarre story in our later local newscast."

Bizarre? You don't know the half of it, I thought. Then Ben came back and nearly made me jump out of my skirt and wig as I didn't see where he came from. He had opened the back door and was putting several parcels on the back seat.

"What?" I began, looking to the back as Ben got in the drivers' seat and smiled at me.

"Well, I don't have any woman's stuff in my place," Ben said with that warm smile of his. "You need a nightie to sleep in and some fresh clothes for tomorrow. I think that they'll all fit you, what I bought."

"Ben!" I exclaimed, tingles running up and down my spine as we set off again. "I could have worn your pyjamas."

"Oh, I don't sleep in pyjamas," Ben said, coloring as he realized what he had said. "I mean, I wear boxers."

"I could have worn those," I said and then realized what I was saying. I flushed as well.

"You'd look a lot better in them than I do," said Ben with a smile. "But I couldn't ask you to do that. I got a lot of girl's stuff at the pharmacy. I don't think it's as high class as the stuff you use like your perfume but it's the best they had."

I swallowed hard as I thought of what remarks Ben must have brought out from the sales clerks in the pharmacy and the clothing stores where he had been buying women's clothing. I don't think that I would have had the

nerve to do that, even dressed as I was. But then he was six two, six three, and I was a shrimp, even in my high heels, next to him. Maybe the girls, I thought with a chill, would just have thought that it was cute that a man should be buying all the stuff he had for his girl friend. But if they had known that his girl friend was me ... Ooo, I got the willies as I thought of that. Me, I was Ben's girl friend. For a little while until I got out of this jam, at least.

Ben was worried that there was a description out on his car but he needn't have. He drove carefully and soon we picked up road signs to the Interstate and I breathed a little easier. In no time, we were in familiar places to me and I thought that Ben was taking me back to Marshco with the route we were taking. But he turned off and parked behind an apartment building in a dark, parking lot. Night had come on and I'd shed my dark glasses.

I should have known that Ben would have a place close to the film set where he worked. He checked that no-one was in any of the passages as he hurried me up the steps and stairs and finally into his one-bedroom apartment. He tipped the bags he'd carried onto the bed and I saw packages of stockings and panties fall onto the bed along with the nightie and a charming, dark green, narrow dress. It was charming, I thought with another catch at my throat, if you were a girl.

"I, I hope you like what I brought for you," said Ben anxiously. "I know you have to get up early. Do you eat breakfast in the morning? Coffee or tea? I like tea in the morning and I always have eggs in some fashion with toast. Is that all right?"

"It will be fine," I told him, quivering as I looked at all the stuff he had deposited. It was all for a woman, the woman that he thought that I was. He must have spent several hundred dollars on me! I would have to reimburse him when I could.

"I, I'll sleep over there," said Ben, pointing to the messy couch and coffee table, positioned to get the best view of the television when you were laying on it.

"I hate putting you out," I said nervously.

"No problem," said Ben, trying to squeeze past me to leave me alone in his bedroom.

Ben brushed against me and his arm came up automatically on mine. He looked down at me intently as he stopped. A strange feeling was going through me as I realized that it was the first time that he'd actually touched me. He'd looked at me a lot but he'd never had his hands on me as he did then.

"Do you mind if ..." he asked hoarsely.

Ben didn't get to finish the sentence and I didn't answer it. His lips were already on mine. There were fireworks, bells ringing and electric shocks all going off in my head. Ben kissed me and it wasn't at all like Conrad or Roger kissing me. It wasn't like all the girls I had kissed before, either, though some of them, like Mimi, made my hair rise and stand on end.

Ben's kiss was like that, only twice as enjoyable. I kissed a man and I enjoyed it. His arms closed about me and he pressed down harder on my lips and I moved them under his pressure and he hugged me harder. I couldn't help it. I did what Conrad had been coaching me to do with him all week long. I put my arms about Ben's neck and hung on. I felt his tongue on my lips and, without even thinking, I opened my mouth a little and Ben Moore was French-kissing me.

By the way that he was kissing me, Ben was enjoying it as well. I was pushed back against the door as my agitated chest was bouncing against him. He didn't know that they weren't real and he was moving me a little to get the full, erotic sensation of a woman's breasts against him.

I broke the kiss but Ben held onto me, kissing me still, even though I think he had more of my lipstick on his lips than I did.

"I've been wanting to do that for so long," gasped Ben Moore.

"Ben," I began, trying to get out of his arms.

"Oh, I know," he whispered as he nuzzled my ear and my earrings swung wildly against us both. I felt his male arousal then and, oh heavens, I was aroused as well. I could feel it in my panties, the hurt in my taped back groin. Oh frick, this couldn't be happening to me, I thought hysterically.

"A film star like you," Ben started to say.

"I'm not!" I reminded him as he hugged me again.

"But you're going to be," said Ben. "When people know how well you've been doing Annette's role in *Bilked!*, you'll be inundated with offers and you won't know me at all!"

"Oh, Ben," I said without thinking as he was still holding and squeezing me. "I'll always know you and think well of you for saving me from Condo and Roger!"

Well, that earned me another kiss which I paid willingly. It was a long kiss and we were both panting for breath when it finished.

"I should let you go," said Ben, making no effort to do so. "You have to get up early in the morning. If I keep on kissing you, Michelle, you won't get enough sleep."

"No," I agreed, all my nerves jangling as I disentangled my arms from his neck. "I need all the beauty sleep I can get."

"You'll always look beautiful to me," said Ben loyally. "No matter if you've had no sleep at all."

I kissed him, without thinking. I kissed a man affectionately and he kissed me back.

“Good night, Michelle,” Ben finally said to me, giving me a smile that made me quake all over. “Sweet dreams. I hope that I’m in some of them.”

“So,” said Tammy Sung sarcastically, “the prodigal daughter has returned.”

I was more than a little relieved that she had called me a ‘daughter’ and not a ‘son’. Ben was taking his bodyguard duties very seriously and he bristled at any implied insult to me. I’d thought he might come to blows with Art Brinkley when Art had told me to get my pretty ass over to Costume and Makeup as the whole crew was just sitting around, waiting for me.

Art hadn’t talked like that to me before. I supposed that Roger had gotten on to him and told him that he had to put me in my place. Barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen, I supposed with a swallow. Ben had officiously taken me by the arm and opened all doors for me in his role of Miss O’Brien’s personal bodyguard.

“Where did you get that rag you’re wearing?” asked Sue-Ann, looking up from the Vanity Fair she was reading. “Gods, Annette, you call that wearing makeup and look at that mop on your head. Is that the wig you went out of here wearing?”

I could feel Ben bristling behind me. I’d done the best that I could do with the wig. I hadn’t dared to take it off in bed but I had braided it. I’d tied the ends with ribbons that were in the pack of stuff Ben had bought for me. I’d taken off all my makeup with the makeup remover he’d bought for me. I’d stored my false eyelashes carefully in

the old container and worn the new lashes that Ben had bought for me.

I'd slept in the nightie Ben had bought for me. He'd come in and wakened me earlier that morning by kissing me on my neck and shoulder. I'd almost jumped right out of the bed in fright when I realized what was happening.

"Michelle!" Ben had hissed out of the darkness. "It's six o'clock and you have to be on the set!"

The room was still dark as Ben kissed me on the side of my cheek again. "I, I'm awake," I gasped and he put the light on. I lifted the sheet as he stood there at the doorway, smiling at me.

"You look so pretty, Michelle," Ben said and that drew me shuddering into the day. "I wish you didn't have to wear so much makeup. You're much prettier than Annette O'Brien, you know. And that perfume you're wearing smells so nice. It was one of the ones I bought you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," I hissed at him. He withdrew after cheerily telling me that breakfast would be ready as soon as I'd showered.

With Tammy and Sue-Ann staring at me, I flushed and turned to Ben. "Could you wait for me outside, Ben?" I asked him. "I've got a lot of costume changes to get ready for today."

"You can say that again," muttered Sue-Ann, standing up and swinging the showgirl costume that I had to wear from the rack. I'd seen Annette in the same dress doing the scene that I was 're-shooting', according to Art, and so would I please get a move on.

"Your new boy friend?" sneered Tammy as she pushed me into the familiar chair and began to take the pins out of my wig. It came off and I looked so ridiculous

with the makeup on my face that I'd applied so lightly that morning, hardly knowing what I was doing.

"My bodyguard," I said tartly. "I need one now, don't I?"

Tammy laughed at me. "Has he seen you like this?" she asked me. I was forced to look at the grotesque reflection of me in the mirror, the earrings Ben had bought me dangling from my ears, the reddest of red lipsticks on my mouth, and my hair so terribly short.

"And this is the stripper?" asked Sue-Ann as she began to strip the burgundy, low-neck dress from me, revealing the black bra Ben had had the courage to buy me. "I guess boy friend didn't get his hands on your boobies last night."

"He didn't," I snapped at her, "and Condo didn't, either. And you didn't get to make half a dozen other men into women like me, did you?" Well, they shouldn't have made up the story about Catherine Bennett and Roger. Roger hadn't known what I was talking about over the phone.

Sue-Ann looked at her sister. "You told her!" she accused Tammy, confirming what I thought. All of this was as new to them as it was to me. But they'd clearly had a lot of fun and got back at a lot of men in making me do what I did with Conrad.

Tammy shrugged. "Connie really does want to fuck you again," she said to me.

"I'm not going to be friggered again," I said as Sue-Ann took down my panties and looked at the artificial vagina that I still had in place. Well, I had had to, hadn't I, with Ben being so close to me. He might have had a look at me at any moment when I was in bed or in the bathroom.

Sue-Ann took off the stockings that she had unhooked from the garter belt, making my legs feel all funny and making my groin hurt again.

"Don't think that wearing this is going to protect you, you silly girl," said Sue-Ann. "It won't. Not in this business. Look, kid. You just have to do like the rest of us and lie back and enjoy it. Imagine that you're with hunky Ben out there and that he's the one doing it to you or who you're blowing off. Makes it all feel better and it'll get you the jobs that you want."

"All I wanted was to be a stuntman!" I told her and she looked at me, shocked.

"Honey," said Tammy softly. "We are way past that now."

I shuddered. "Have they found Annette?" I asked her and, after a glance at her sister, Tammy nodded at me.

"Stoned out of her mind, wrapped around a tree," Tammy said. "She's locked up again in Pine Valleys. Lord knows when she'll be fit to be seen in public again. That's why you have a date with Conrad in a week's time for the Hollywood Awards show. You're even going to give out an award. So, you and I are going to be working on that voice of yours. It's a lot better but you just aren't girlie enough yet to be the perfect Annette. She talks with her body as much as the little-girl voice she uses."

"I can't go to any awards show!" I gasped as Tammy started fitting me with a blonde wig and Sue-Ann drew fishnet stockings over my feet. "There'll be real people there!"

"Sister," said Tammy Sung. "After the week of shooting that you have to do this week, you'll find it a breeze. It will be just like working on this film set, faking that you are in love with Conrad Donovan."

I protested, mostly with gargles as Tammy rearranged my face, my makeup, my earrings, and my hair. I must have had the longest dangling earrings in the world. The slitted, glittering dress I wore was made to come apart and then I would be in the tiniest, glittering bra and pantie set while I did the dances that Deirdre Demille had taught me.

Oh, the looks I got when I had to ride up on the buggy to the set proper. First, there was Ben with his eyes popping out and then there were all the people on the way, grinning at me and some even applauding me. There was Roger, looking at me with his jaw open, and Conrad.

“Oh baby, I can’t wait to get my hands on you,” Condo whispered to me as he leaned over and kissed my cheek with everyone watching me.

Well, everyone knew that Annette and Conrad didn’t get on and so my shudders as he touched my tush and bare shoulders were perfectly natural. What wasn’t natural was the way that I performed. I did the strip that Deirdre had taught me, prancing and arching my back and tush just as she had said that I should.

Then, the light or the sound wasn’t quite right and I had to do it again and again. I had to change slutty, sexy dresses and do it all again and again. I had a dressing room scene with Conrad, a love scene where he had to come on to me and I had to push him off and slap him. It was the best part of the day, even though I had to let him kiss me a dozen times and pretend that I liked it; and I couldn’t mind the caresses he gave me between my legs.

“I wanted to punch him,” said Ben flatly when we were in his car and leaving the studio lot, heading back to his apartment. “He flubbed those last scenes in the car, you know, just so that he could put his hand up your skirt. Everyone was saying so.”

"Perhaps he did," I told Ben, flushed at all the attention and compliments I'd received and particularly the hug I'd got from Bob Marsh and the big "Thanks" he'd said to me. "But it got that scene out of the way. Tomorrow will be different."

"Conrad Donovan is a pig," said Ben as he parked the car and we got out, he racing around to take the door for me. He held onto my hand and I felt the gollywobbles grow inside me as we went back into his apartment.

I had money now and credit cards in my purse. I'd suggested to Ben that I could go to a hotel and he had looked quite forlorn. "I don't mind sleeping on the couch," he said and so I hadn't said anything again. He'd brought me back to his apartment without querying where I wanted to go at all.

"It's an early, early call tomorrow," I said to Ben as we entered his apartment.

"I know," he said. "I'll set my alarm clock."

The way that he was looking at me as we stood in the doorway to the bedroom set my heart bumping. Again, it was nothing like kissing Conrad or Murray as I had in the earlier shots that day. They were like kissing cardboard to me. But kissing Ben was kissing a real, feeling, caring person. I felt it in his lips and I felt it in the tingling emotions that ran through me.

I had been just going to give him a little peck, ease off on what we had been doing the night before but somehow I couldn't. And after a while, I knew why and it shook me, through and through. I liked kissing Ben. I liked him kissing me. I wasn't Annette any more to him. I was Michelle and he liked me and liked kissing me, I was sure, as much as I liked kissing him.

I liked him touching me, caressing my bare back and hugging me to him. When Conrad had been at his most

objectionable towards me as a woman, I had glanced over and there was Ben, sullen and glowering, in the back of the set. I'd known then that if I had called him over, I could have had Conrad beaten and laid out on the floor.

It was nice to feel so protected. I actually felt like a woman at times as I was acting in the latter scenes with Conrad. That was the way I felt then as I kissed Ben so girlishly and held onto him as much as he was holding me. He loved my arms about his neck.

"When we have time some night," Ben murmured as he let me go first and I shivered and felt so let down, "you can visit me on my couch, Michelle, but for now, you have such an early call. I'll wake you up at four-thirty."

"Like you did today?" I asked him and trembled some more as I sensed what I was saying to him, that I approved of him waking me with a kiss.

"Of course," said Ben and so we kissed again, French kissing as though my life depended on it.

"G-Good night," I said at last and he closed the door on me, smiling as he did so, mouthing something like 'Sweet Dreams' to me.

I quivered all through getting ready for bed that night, creaming off my makeup and putting on the sleep wig that Tammy had included in my new 'overnight bag' with a clean nightie and underwear for me. I was to come in with the clothes I wore to Ben's, a loose-fitting, deep blue dress in which he had been able to feel my bra straps for sure. The pulling on them across my chest had been very arousing.

I did have sweet dreams and, yes, Ben was in them. He woke me with a kiss once more. I didn't know what I was doing really, in such a quandary as I realized how I was deceiving Ben. I got such funny, strange feelings as

we kissed and sometimes I wanted to just go on with him. But why couldn't he tell that I was a man.

Well, I was so careful. I dressed so girlishly to be around him, fragrant as any young starlet I had worked with had ever been. I shivered each day, however, after my scented bath and wondered how long how long I was going to be able to keep my affectionate bodyguard out of what was his bedroom and his bed.

I don't know how but I managed to keep him finding out that I wasn't a real girl until the night of the Hollywood Awards.

"You are going and you are going as Annette O'Brien!" stormed Roger Danforth at me. Art Brinkley had that look on his face again and the Sung sisters sat with legs crossed, like I was, bored as could be.

"Annette isn't going to mind," said Lucy Neubaum, Annette's agent. "As I was just telling Roger, I don't think that she's even going to be mentally fit to do the voiceovers that we said she would do when the movie is edited."

"But this is a public gathering," I said nervously and Lucy looked at me sharply. She hadn't heard me do much more than say Yes and No in my little-girl imitation of Annette's breathy voice. "Someone close is going to see that I'm wearing a false chest and have all this plasticwear in my mouth."

"You girls will have do something about that!" snapped Roger.

"It's gonna cost you," said Sue-Ann, putting on her poker face again which she seemed to do each time we were with Roger.

"You people are already costing me a fortune!" Roger raged at the three of us, all sitting there in our stockings and tight skirts, our hair long and dark, our makeup exquisite thanks to Tammy. I might have been a sister to the women beside me save that I was Caucasian and much younger. "You can darn well earn the millions that I am contracted to pay you right now. And don't try any blackmail, Miss Sung, whichever one you are! You've got an investment to protect as well as everyone in this room."

"Besides," said Art Brinkley, with a weird look on his face. "Think what would happen if it was revealed that Annette had been played by Mich-, by Mike here. No cut for the agent would be necessary. No blackmail would have to be paid. And the movie would be a success. Everyone would want to see it and make up their own mind about how well the guy in a dress played the main role."

"Our contract for points is legal," said Sue-Ann sharply.

"Then earn them," said Art with a bright, sunny smile. "You make sure that Annette has the right dress, the right prosthetics, the right makeup and wows them all at the Awards. Conrad is going to be her date for the evening, right? They must look perfect together as we start the ad campaign for the film."

"It's got to be an off-the shoulder dress this year," said Sue-Ann with a scowl.

"We can make her look gorgeous," said Tammy Sung, "but I won't be there to help her with her voice."

"Help her with her voice?" asked Lucy. "What's wrong with her voice? I thought your stand-in, Roger, sounded just like Annette does! She doesn't need to change it at all from what I am hearing."

"It is going to be on television this year?" asked Roger and Art nodded.

"All the entertainment channels will focus on it," said Art, "and we all know that means that one second on Conrad, to note he's there, and minutes on Annette and critique of the dress she's wearing and how her hair is. But Michelle has pulled it off all week in front of the crew so she should be able to pull it off in these awards. They're not biggies, after all."

"It's not the same," I said in a panic. "I have to talk in public!"

"Oh, I've seen the rushes, dear," said Lucy Neubaum, standing and taking Roger's arm. "You're doing a better job that Annette has in her last two movies, believe me. This movie, in fact, looks great. That fall out of the window and those scenes in the strip club, Annette couldn't have done those as well as you, her stand-in. I do want to talk to you after this awards thing and the last scenes you do next week about representing you, Michelle, as well. You don't have an agent, do you, and I need a new client with Annette on the fritz again. We should get together."

Roger laughed at that one. Well, Lucy wasn't supposed to know who I really was and clearly she didn't.

"You're going to be a big star?" grinned Tammy at me as she prepped me for the afternoon shoot where I had to do a sexy walk through a bank to distract Murray and George while Conrad does a switch. That was why I was in such a tight skirt. The Sungs and I practised what I had to do by walking up to the set and we got a lot of whistles on the way. Ben was there, frowning, as he did when the other guys on the set joshed me as men do, as I used to do, whenever they or I saw a pretty girl.

"I think you walk well enough now," said Tammy. "You do your own dialogue today as well."

I shuddered as I thought of what Annette had to say. It was all a parody of Mae West and Marilyn Monroe. On

the next day, before the awards show, I had to do a scene over a vent in a white dress and blonde wig and that was going to be cut in, dream sequence fashion, I supposed but didn't know, to what I was saying and doing that day.

When I saw the dress that Sue-Ann had got ready for me, all yellow, 'golden honey', she said, 'with sunshine inserts,' I almost died. I couldn't possibly wear a thing like that. But, of course, I could. I did wear the strapless dress. Conrad almost went google-eyed as he stared at my chest, at the cleavage I was showing and how it was all so apparently real.

"I don't believe it," Conrad said and he put his arm about me and felt my bouncing boobs.

"Don't!" I said to him and Ben loomed over both of us, looking down on Conrad with a scowl.

"I think they're real!" exclaimed Conrad. "Ye gods, Annette, what have you been doing to yourself, visiting the plastic surgeon?"

I knew that Ben was listening to every word. "N-No," I told him, trying to get his hands off me, but Conrad insisted that I had to walk with his hand about me, leaning against him, almost as if we were lovers. "I've got falsies in front of me, gel packs and my real breasts," non-existent but Ben was listening, "are taped so tightly to make me appear to have cleavage that if you pull hard on my arm, I swear I'm going to pop out and nasty things are going to be rolling around all in front of me.

Ben smiled behind me. As he closed the door of the limo for me, sweeping my skirts about my stockings and the sensationally pretty underwear I was wearing that he couldn't see, Ben whispered, "I'll be there to pick anything up if you really have an accident, Michelle." I shivered but it was a nice shiver as I rode with Conrad to the

awards ceremony and we only had to circle once before we made our grand entrance.

The photographers there were all calling on 'Annette' to stop and let them take pictures of her in her lovely, trailing dress. I tried to smile as I clutched Conrad's arm and waved when he said to do so even though I could see nothing with all the flashbulbs going off in my face.

I was led into the green room to meet the emcees of the show and to chat to all these wonderful men and gorgeous women about the show and the awards we were to hand out.

"Gee, Annette," said Tom Brant, taking my manicured hand and kissing my pearl ring and long fingernails. "You've changed since *The Riverside Affair!*"

I felt Conrad whiten beside me. I think he had forgotten that I wasn't the real Annette. Of course, there were people all about with whom she had worked. But Tom Brant was easy. Lucy said that he and Annette had got along well. "All for the better, I hope," I said with a bright, Annette-like smile.

"Oh yes," said Tom Brant with a slight smile on his face as he looked at my chest. "You're definitely a big girl now, Annette."

I leaned over to him just as a camera flashed and whispered, "It's all padding. So sorry to disappoint," in his ear.

Tom Brant, whom I had been on two films with, hugged me and introduced me to Adele Cummings, a lovely up and coming star whom I wanted to hug right there.

"I just love your dress," said Adele, in a midnight-blue gown. "It's a Lazerri, isn't it? I love the shape he puts into

his dresses. He makes you feel as well as look like a woman, doesn't he?"

I had wiggled along the red carpet in the long, flowing dress, the bodice so tight and femininely revealing, or it was supposed to be, gripping me as if it was glued to me, as it was. It would never fall down, Sue-Ann had assured me, when I was so flustered putting it on. She had slapped my hand as it went for the neckline to pull it up.

"The only way this dress is going to be an embarrassment is if the adhesive is broken by you touching it," said Sue-Ann. "You just leave this work of art and deception alone and let it bounce in front of you all through the night. Conrad isn't going to touch it again, not until the night's over anyway."

The last remark sent chills through me. I had to walk like a woman and smile up at the man who had friggged me as if I was a woman even though he knew I was a man. I think I did the best acting of my life as I let Conrad hold me for pictures. I smiled as if I was enjoying it.

Tom Brant wasn't the only one who knew Annette. There were actresses I had to acknowledge. "I'll catch up with you later," was a good phrase that I had learned to say in Annette's girlish voice. I couldn't say that to Brian Cumberland, however, who had once been a lover of Annette's, according to Lucy, and they had often doped up together. He knew Annette too well.

I shuddered and hoped that all the little moles and tattoos that I had about me would hold up as Brian leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, making my long earrings jangle against me. "Later, babe," Brian whispered to me. "I'm still at Drack's place. Come and visit us."

I shivered as Conrad held me and we went and lined up with Audrey Miller and her husband, she smiling at me. "I love your dress," I managed to say before she

could and she gave me a wider smile. In the amphitheatre, Conrad steered me to Roger and Bob Marsh, who both greeted me with hugs, kisses and compliments as I shivered inside and could only think about what a fraud that I was.

There were actresses all about me whom I admired so much. They all seemed to be with such handsome dates as well. But many of those saw me looking and smiled and winked at me, guys like Patrick Richards, the 'toughest, baddest cop on television'. I smiled as I started quaking inside by the looks I was getting. Well, you are Annette O'Brien, a rising star, I told myself.

The Awards were all known in advance. This wasn't a big awards show. It was more a mid-year publicity show. I had to be on show with Conrad as we presented awards for action shows. Conrad got in some outrageous plugs for the film that he and his 'lovely co-star' were making.

They had one of those glittery pillars as we came off and that was when I got a real look at myself amidst all the crowds of luscious women trying to stand out from the crowd. I shook as I saw the woman that I had become. Yes, I was definitely holding my own in the attractiveness race. But it was such a relief then to be able to relax, even if it was with Conrad and talk to people that he wanted to talk to about film deals he had in the making.

"And you, Annette," said one distinguished man whom I knew was a reporter of some kind. "What are you doing next after *Bilked!*?"

"Ask my agent," I lisped in Annette's most little-girl voice, making it appear that I was making fun of myself. Well, I was in a way. The man laughed and I saw him the next morning on a talk show that was on as we were working. Everyone was watching the report on the awards and there I was in my long gown, on the red car-

pet, and there was the guy I had spoken to, saying such nice things about Annette O'Brien, a "really, classy woman and female actor".

That set up a cheer on the set, embarrassing the life out of me as Roger stared at me and smiled for the first time in a long time, I think. But I'm getting ahead of myself as I always do.

Conrad and Roger escorted me to the after-party where everyone was dancing but watching everyone else as they did so. I had to dance with Conrad several times and smile at the photographers who wanted us to kiss and so Conrad obliged by kissing my hair, my neck and my cheek, and then finally, lightly on my glossy lips. Well, I was Annette. I was a female star among female stars and so I had to do what other females were doing.

It was Roger, however, who took me right away from Conrad when it was time to leave. "Sorry, we are still shooting tomorrow," said Roger as we waved to the cameramen. "I have to put my star to bed!"

I shuddered as I heard him say it more than once, trying to smile as I was called to turn this way and that. Finally we got away in the limo and headed right into the Hills.

"This isn't back to the trailer or Costume," I said in a panic.

"No," agreed Roger with a smile, putting his hand on my leg, stroking the thin silk and my stockings beneath. "But it is the way to a little place that I have here all to myself. And any young lady I bring up here."

"But I'm not a young lady," I told him, trying to move his hand off me. "You know who I really am, Roger, and it's not Annette O'Brien."

Roger leaned back, and put his arm about my bare shoulder, pulling me back beside him. "There was something we started in my trailer, wasn't there?" he said. "It was something that we didn't finish, Michelle, and it's time that we did."

Roger Danforth kissed me and I struggled with him as the car rocked as we sped up a steep hill.

"Roger, I'm not," I began hoarsely, trying to sound like myself but Roger was a crazy man. He climbed right on top of me and I was pushed down in my lovely dress and he was kissing my chest, my cleavage and then my face again.

I tried to push him off me but then he opened his pants and his pecker, it must have been a foot long, flew out! I was pushed onto the floor in a mass of feminine petticoats. Roger took my head and thrust it strongly at the thing that was there in front of me.

The car turned and then glided past electronic gates to a stop in a colonnaded entrance. "You know what to do," Roger Danforth snarled at me. "All you actresses do it. This is the casting couch, Michelle. Do this and I'll put you in my next film and the next. Now do this for me. I'm going to have you tonight, you know, this way and any way that I want."

My mouth bumped right into his one-eyed monster. He must have used cologne on it because it smelled like flowers. I tried to say I wouldn't do such a thing but when I opened my mouth to protest, he pushed his thing into me. I gagged but he wouldn't take it out. Roger grabbed my neck and pushed me back and forth and so I tasted him as I tried to get my mouth free.

We heard the crash and the scuffle and shouting but Roger was relentless and I could do nothing else but suck on his enlarging pecker. "That's it," Roger said doing

most of the work as my head was trapped against the seat. "What every man wants! A blow job from a pretty actress! You got that job, Michelle! You got it!"

The door slammed open and two hands under my arms pulled me free from the mess that was being made of me. "No!" screamed Roger Danforth. "Bring her back! I haven't finished with her yet!"

I think that Ben would have given me back as he looked, horrified, at me and what was filling my mouth. I turned and spat at Roger Danforth. He screamed as his own junk went into his eyes.

"How do you like it!" I screamed at him as Ben held me, backing me a little over the prone body of Roger's chauffeur. "Eat it yourself, you pervert!" Then I threw up, projectile vomiting all over the car seat and splattering Roger as well.

Ben Moore lifted me and put me in his car. The front was all bashed where he must have driven it through the electronic gate.

I clutched his arm as he backed the car away. Roger Danforth was still screaming about never letting me work again anywhere while the chauffeur was sitting up and looking very bewildered. We drove out of the gate just as a security car came down from the top of the hill. It turned into Roger's place as we sped away, going down.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," I said to Ben, holding on to his arm. "Thank you for saving me."

Ben reached into his pocket and gave me a handkerchief and a little pack of tissues. "Fasten the seat belt," he said as we careered down and along roads that I didn't know at all. "What did Roger mean when he said that that was the only way to make love to a trannie?"

I hadn't heard that. I froze in cleaning off my mouth. Ben silently handed me a water bottle that was in a small waste paper container. I sprayed it on my mouth and wiped it. Lipstick came off by the ton and then I had a dry heave to make.

"Is that true about you?" asked Ben.

"Roger wanted to hurt me for not co-operating," I began with a shudder but then I looked at the tense expression on the face of my saviour. Yes, I could go on lying to him and his disappointment in me was going to be even greater than it would be if I told him the truth right there and then. Roger had given me the opening that I hadn't been able to get to.

"In some ways I'm a trannie," I said to him. I explained all about being a stuntman then, being Mike Sharp, which made his head snap around for a quick look at me, wiping my face clean of Roger Danforth.

"You're not a transvestite?" asked Ben as I came to the end of my long tale as I apologized for how I had used him to get away. "You're not even gay?" He sounded very doubtful about that.

"No," I told him. "I like girls and don't tell me that it shows in the way I dress. This is all the Sung sisters dolling me up to pass. Before three weeks ago, I'd only done one stunt as a woman with Jill Kleister and she told Art Brinkley and here I am, in this stupid evening gown and my mouth full of plastic and talking like Annette O'Brien and trying to get men from trying to succeed," I had to admit to that, "in making out with me."

Ben took an off-ramp, the car rattling at the front as we turned onto a freeway I recognized. It would lead us back to the Marshco studio or to Ben's apartment.

"Sue-Ann will be waiting to get me out of this dress," I said to Ben and he nodded. But he still swung off at his

apartment. He did what he always did and checked that the back stairs were clear. Then, he led me, my heels clicking, and my dress swishing so loudly, up the back stairs and into his apartment. A couple who were at their door, as Ben pushed his open, stared open-mouthed at us, at me in particular as anyone should if they saw a girl in the strapless, golden gown that I was wearing.

"I, I can't stay here," I said to Ben.

"Why, because I know about you now?" asked Ben harshly as I quivered and pulled my train about me. I had no idea what had happened to my purse, I thought, but then what man should be thinking about his pretty purse at a time like this.

"I need the bathroom," I told Ben. "I'm stuck into this dress and this wig until I see Sue-Ann."

I had to gargle, though, and clean up my mouth. Then I looked at my face with my false eyelashes and my eye makeup which I had wiped but none of it had come off. My cheeks were still blushed and my earrings still bobbed from my ears.

"If you had solvent," I said coming back into Ben's living room where he sat rigidly, watching a television show, "I could get out of this dress and maybe borrow a t-shirt and jeans from you."

That was when the screen changed and there I was on Conrad's arm, smiling and swaying, while his arm on my bare shoulder seemed to pronounce our intimacy as man and woman. I looked at him and smiled some more as he kissed my neck. I pouted in a mock kiss and then moved off as the voice of the announcer pronounced my Lazerri gown to be the hit of the Hollywood Awards.

"Sure you want to?" asked Ben, his voice so tense that I had to look at him. I thought that he was taking it very well that he had given up his bed for a week to a girl who

looked like a woman he had liked, loved, and now 'she' had turned out to be a man.

I pulled on the front of my dress which I wasn't supposed to do and, after a few tugs, it came free in some places from my skin. "Could you do my back for me?" I asked Conrad who had laid a t-shirt over the back of his only armchair.

I turned and chattered about how if he tugged it up for a moment or two it would come free. I felt his hands do that and there, I was loose in the dress. "If you could take down the zipper?" I asked him and he did. The dress floated away from me. I had forgotten that he would then see the soft underwear that I was wearing, see my garter belt and the patterned stockings on my legs, the upthrust bra and the little cups in them.

I stepped on my high heels out of my dress, turned to thank him and Ben put his arms about me. I only got out one shivering "Ben!" and my mouth was his. We had kissed every night and Ben had been so gentle and yet so arousing to me. Now, the gentleness was gone. He kissed me with force that left no doubt that he was the man and I was, was, what I was.

His hands explored my body, caressing me as Conrad had, but this time I felt myself responding as I had told myself never to do with Ben. I hungrily devoured his kisses and returned my own. I let him push me gently into the bedroom and onto my bed. I cuddled and snuggled into him, holding nothing back from what I had wanted to do so long with him.

It took him little time to take down my panties and then my gaff. I was exposed to him. I thought that he would want what Roger had made me do but Ben didn't want that. He wanted me to be a woman to him. I felt it in the way he caressed me and kissed my chest and the way

his bare legs wrapped about me. Then, I was flat on my back and he was lifting my tush and I realized what was going to happen to me.

But this time I welcomed it. This was Ben, my saviour, and I had more than a little fit of girlishness as I relaxed and accommodated myself to his manly needs. He penetrated me and grunted like a wild thing as he stroked my stockings and garters and I loved it and stroked him back. I was as womanly as I could be as I knew that was what Ben wanted and I didn't mind at all.

I rocked with him and poured kisses onto his face and head. I wiggled and clutched him with my legs and so Ben at last got to make love to Annette O'Brien. I was only sorry when he stopped shuddering at last that it had to be me, the fake one, and not the real one. And no, I didn't want to think at all about what I had done and the way I had been thinking and how girlish I had tried to be for him, a man just like me.

Ben lay with me, on me in fact, his passion spent and I let him. Suddenly, he lifted his head and I thought he would talk to me and we could apologize to each other and part. But he didn't talk. He kissed me, as gently as he ever had, and then, aghast, I felt his manhood stirring against my tush again.

"Ben," I said, gasping for breath, and his lips and tongue took over my mouth again. Well, I had sort of owed him that first one, hadn't I, with all the deceptions I had played on him. That was the way that I was rationalizing what I was doing in bed with a man and being his woman.

There was no rationalizing the second time. We made love and I was Ben's woman. He loved me, stroked me and in every way touched me as if I was a woman. He squeezed my 'clit', he called it that, and put his mouth on

it because women liked men to do that to their clitoris, or so he said. I didn't have enough experience with women to know that. When he had me thoroughly aroused, he then began to kiss my breasts, such as they were and squeeze my clit with his fingers as he entered me.

"Oh, Ben," I shrieked in ecstasy. I shuddered as he rocked me and I grew larger against him.

"My lovely Michelle," Ben murmured. He couldn't hold back his taking me any longer. Sometime in his assault on my tush, I climaxed and he loved it as I gushed on him, such humiliation running through me. But he would have none of it, kissing and cuddling me out of my shame and, somehow, I felt myself coming again as he did. All the nerve ends in my body seemed to be clenched as he released into me. I relaxed from whatever it was constricting me and I convulsed right there with him, kissing him and hugging him, loving him in every feminine way that I could as he called me his woman, Michelle, and I told him how much I loved my man, Ben.

It was so odd, so trembly, to get out of bed and take off my makeup and put on a nightie and go back to bed with my boy friend, all hard muscle where I was soft. I hadn't known how wonderful it could be to be so submissive to a man. I agreed with him that I was Michelle and that I was his woman. I had to prove it and so we made love again, my bouncy fake breasts pressed against him, his hands caressing my tush and my legs as I let him take off my stockings and my garter belt. I had my legs high in the air as my man entered me and kissed me, and the groaning and sighing, the little screams all were coming from me.

Ben woke me with a kiss again but he was laying against me, in perfect position to have me again to start off the day. He came into the shower with me and that was the greatest shame of all that he saw me as a man. He

told me much later how that had blown his mind, to see me as a youth, heck I was twenty-four at the time, and realize who he had been making love to.

Ben was so glad when I had made up, put on my wig, brushing it out, and put on my female underwear before I came in my slip and my robe to the table for our little breakfast. I was so nervous about doing that after I had been the one to ask him for a t-shirt and jeans the night before.

It was a little awkward to put on stockings and skirt and dress and drive with my erstwhile bodyguard back to the set. Ben reached out and held my arm before I got out. "What is it?" I asked, fearing that he'd seen something that I hadn't.

Ben reached over then as he set the brake and kissed me. He'd never done that on the set before. He put his arms about me and I snuggled into him and kissed him as well. Let the whole world see us, I thought. I was Ben's woman and the future could unfold any way it wanted just so long as he would hold me like this and I could act the part of his woman.

Everyone did see us and some tabloid even got a picture from someone of the two of us necking, me looking so blissful, as I probably was, as our lips were locked together.

It didn't take long for the 'secret' to get out, of course. Everyone soon knew that Annette O'Brien hadn't finished the movie *She Loves You Not* which is what Roger Danforth's 'authentic masterpiece' finally came to be called. Worldwide, the movie made enough money to

turn the Sung sisters into millionaires, Annette and me as well.

For a year, I lived fearfully, certain that, in an interview of the real Annette, of Roger, or especially of Conrad, that I would be outed for the salacious enjoyment of all the watchers of whatever entertainment program they were on.

“Of course we used a stand-in for Annette,” I heard Roger say and Conrad parroted him on another program. “For all the stunt work, we did use a stuntwoman, Myra Shafer, and she broke her arm doing the last stunt as everybody knows. So to say that we used someone in Annette’s place for the rest of the film is preposterous! Just take one look at the movie if you think that and show me where the girl in question is not Annette O’Brien.”

I met Lucy Neubaum then in *Spiro’s* for lunch. She had been calling me steadily for over a year, saying she had offers for me and would I at least give her the courtesy of a face to face chat if I was going to turn her down again.

I debated going to see her with my hair cut and in jeans and a t-shirt but propriety won out in the end. I went to the beauty shop in our little town and had the works from the girls there. I had my hair re-dyed the golden blonde that Ben liked so much. I had my eyebrows thinned and re-shaped and, all over, I was lotioned and cosseted as any actress should be though I wasn’t a professional in any guild at that time.

I wore my newest, tightest pink skirt, frilly white blouse and the lavender, push-up bra that made my figure attract the attention of every male within yards of me. My panties were lavender as well as was my garter belt that held my skin-toned stockings.

Lucy couldn’t believe that it was me. I had looked at myself enough to know why. My hair was long enough to

be cut into a feathered page boy about my face and I didn't wear anything like the makeup that I had worn as Annette. My face was thinner as well, the nose job that I had nervously had done, it meant that I was committed then to being a woman for the rest of my life, making me appear so different from Annette in looks.

"I can see why no-one would believe that you are a lookalike for Annette O'Brien," said Lucy as I sat as gracefully as I could in the swanky restaurant, aware of lots of men's eyes on me, the attractive blonde. "I can't believe that you're the girl I met in Bob Marsh's trailer, either."

"Then don't," I said in the different voice Ben had coaxed me into using over the year that I had been living with him.

"The man that you're living with called you his wife," said Lucy and I nodded, loving the sound of it. I melted into Ben's arms every time he called me that. Well, it meant that the mood was on him for me to act as a woman should for him. I had begun to call him 'husband' as well and it worked in the same way on him.

"Is he the one who has been keeping you from cashing in after all the great work you did for us all in Roger's film?" Lucy asked me.

I shook my head, my earrings feeling so natural at my ears. Ben was always buying them for me and I was wearing a pair of his favorite pendants to this lunch which he had urged me to attend.

"Matt Ronning has work on a spy thriller that calls for a girl with athletic talent as well as looks and he asked me to find out if you were interested," Lucy said to me with a smile. She was well aware of all the male interest around us and she knew, I think, that it wouldn't have been so blatant if it was just her there. "Annette," she said suddenly, "isn't available again and I do need another meal

ticket. Looking at you sitting there, Michelle, I think you are the girl I have been searching for, for a long time."

So, I anxiously signed with Lucy. She became my agent and I think that I got all the parts that Annette would have received if she hadn't been back in re-hab.

"What name shall I put on the contracts?" Lucy asked me. "Do you want to use your husband's name?"

Well, it would serve him right, I thought, my insides trembling as they had since I had started the interview with Lucy. So I became Michelle Moore and Ben was delighted. He bought me rings for my new status and decided that I had to wear them wherever we went off the film set.

I have worked constantly since I signed with Lucy. I've been an Egyptian queen, a stripper several times, and in a dozen heist movies, often in just a small part. It was amazing, though, how once I started on a movie, how often I was called back for more scenes, often extra love scenes to spice up the movie.

I'm in a sequel to *She Loves You Not* that Art Brinkley is directing, his first effort, and my name is first on the bill. He called it *She's Into You* and, for the first time, I have a stand-in, a beautiful girl named Liz, who looks a lot like me.

I saw Ben watching Liz as I was being made up for my part in Art's debut, which everyone working on it was delighted with, including me.

"That stand-in you have," said Ben as we got ready for bed in the suite that I was being put up in as the star of the film.

"Liz Holmes?" I asked him.

"She doesn't look at all like you," said my husband, as I slid into bed in my long nightie beside him. "She doesn't

have your figure or face," Ben murmured, kissing me as I snuggled up to him and then he couldn't say anything more for a very long time as his 'wife', by that I mean me, wanted all kinds of exotic loving from the husband she hadn't seen in a week.

Ben had had to go into town to look after our investments that the money I was earning was put into. I didn't worry about the money at all as he did. He worried that I would think that he was taking what I was earning and doing something wrong with it, just for himself.

I didn't care. I listened and signed where Ben told me to and begged him to come and play with me on whatever film I was on. Making love to so many men, I told him cooly, was really turning me on.

It worked at first and he was with me like a shot. Now, Ben was blasé enough to say to Geoff Newman, "Nice to meet the man who is making love to my wife."

Matt Ronning and Art Brinkley have never said a word to me about being what I am. They just keep using me in their films. I am going to be in some musical extravaganza for Matt as soon as I finish for Art and then in two huge European epics, in which I am the only love interest of numerous men, one of which is going to wait for me to be available before shooting. It will be shot on the French Riviera and so Ben has to come with me to see me on the topless beach I am going to visit.

Ben loves my new assets and I am so pleased with the T and A work I had done. He doesn't want me to have any other surgery though I would if he wanted me to. No, we've crossed that hurdle. I know very well why he wants to get me into a foreign country. Once I get a passport as Michelle Moore, which he has been working on with some organization, he is going to marry me legally.

I sat on the stairs in our lovely home in the hills and heard him planning it with Lucy. Only, he said that we hadn't had a 'big wedding' the first time and he knew that I would love it. I was asleep on the bed, he thought, and he begged her not to tell me his plans but he wanted them to fit in with hers for me. He was even discussing dress designers with her who would make my wedding dress.

I stole back to our bedroom then and waited for my husband to come and wake me with a kiss. No, I didn't tell him that I knew what he planned for me. I let him into bed and opened his shirt. He got the message and opened mine and found I wasn't in a bra and that my breasts were, as they say, rampant.

Ben must have wondered why I was so loving to him on that occasion. We stayed in bed for the whole afternoon as I wore my poor husband out.

"That's what married life is like," I whispered to my exhausted swain as we cuddled and he didn't get to watch sports on television for once.

"My wife," he murmured.

"My husband," I responded and he began to kiss my breasts once more. I would have let him rest but Ben has his needs as well and I had to fulfill those for him as well.

"Oh, Michelle, Michelle," he groans and then lifts me onto his manhood so that I can do for him what any woman could and should. Feminine feelings flood over me and we really get down to it then as we time it so that we can erupt together, Mr and Mrs, husband and wife, no stand-ins allowed.

*****end*****