

THAT'S A JOB FOR A MILE

BOOK 2

Story and Art by Melissa N.

THAT'S A JOB FOR A MILF (BOOK 2)

London, July 17, 1985

Dear Diary,

The school holidays started today. I can't believe it's finally summer! This was a tough school term. Sure, I'll miss my girlfriends (and also the boys!), but it's good to know that I won't need to see Linda's annoying face for the next few months. That bitch is always trying to mess with me. Last month, she told everyone that I'm a slut just because she spotted me kissing George. Gee, that happened only once! But of course she had to lie, claiming she saw us doing making out at least five times. Can you believe that? All this because she's so jealous. I know she'd love to be as popular as me, that bitch. As if she could! Well, I have to admit that George is really a good kisser. I'd love to kiss him again! (giggles) But in any case, I'll get back at Linda, even if I still don't know how.

I asked daddy to visit my cousin Dorothy, in Warwickshire. She lives in a beautiful ranch in the countryside, with plenty of space and exciting things to do. Dad doesn't want to let me go, though, just because last year we left the property without telling anyone. He thinks Dorothy is a bad influence on me. Little does he know that it was my idea to leave the ranch ! It was because of another boy, I admit, a handsome blond one, called David. I had met him at a party at my uncle's house. We talked for a long time, and he told me that he knew a beautiful lake not too far, and he was sure that I'd love to see it. I knew he wanted more than just showing me a nice scenery, but I played dumb... That was the first time I was kissed, and also Dorothy! She didn't want to go at first, but later she got along very well with Eric, David's friend.

Anyway, Daddy cannot keep me stuck at home all summer! It's not fair and I'm already fifteen! Maybe Mom can help me convince him to let me go. She knows how to soften Daddy...

Patricia was in her room with the old diary in hands. She had spent the last four hours reading the manuscript nonstop, almost as if she were in a trance. She just couldn't put it down – The more she read, the more she wanted to know what would happen next.

The owner of the diary narrated her life story since childhood with an impressive richness of details. Patricia kept wondering who would have written it, and many times she felt a shiver as she had a strange feeling that the diary was indeed her own. It wasn't possible, of course, but at every passage she read, she could picture the scene perfectly in her mind. "Picture" wasn't the right word... It was more like she could "remember" all the smells, tastes, and feelings described on the yellowed pages, which was definitely creepy.

She convinced herself that it was just her mind working hard so that she could actually incorporate the character. Mrs. Larsen had said that any mention to Patrick was forbidden from now on. They would act as if Patricia had always been a woman, and she didn't want to disappoint Mrs. Larsen.

I can no longer think of myself as Patrick, she repeated for the thousandth time, like a mantra. In fact, she could no longer think of herself as Patricia either. She soon found out she would have a new name... again! And this time, it had no relation to her old male one. But it wasn't all, oh no... It was clear that Mrs. Larsen wanted her new reality to be as distinct as possible from her old life.

"I wonder if I really can get used to all this" she said, sipping her tea, and unaware of how much her accent was already changing...



"Good morning, Mrs. Mason. Can I come in?" asked Samara.

"Of course, my dear! But why are you calling me Mrs.? You know that this kind of formality is no longer necessary. We're friends!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Mason, I mean, *Suzanne!* Sometimes it's hard for me to call you just by your first name."

"Are you implying that I'm old?"

"I would never do something like that! It's just that you're such an impressive woman... I think you deserve some reverence."

Patricia – now Suzanne – didn't even realize that Samara had begun to address her by his new name. The diary was really having a strong impact on her, together with some other of Mr. Larsen's tricks, of course.

According to the manuscript, Suzanne Marie Mason had been born in 1970, in London. Her father was a wealthy man, owner of several factories among other businesses; while her mother was a beautiful and classy socialite. Suzanne had been raised in a comfortable, large house, and had access to the best schools. During her childhood, she had been a cheerful, girly girl, always dressed like a doll by her mother and nannies – and the young Suzanne loved it.

"That's very kind of you, my dear" she said to Samara, who was pouring more tea for her.

"I'm simply telling the truth, *Ma'am*. Also, I'm very grateful because I've learned a lot from you."

"From me?" Suzanne raised her thin eyebrows.

"Of course, *Ma'am!* You're an *experienced* woman, after all, even though you still look so young and beautiful."

Suzanne felt a shiver down her spine and smiled. She realized that just like the girl in the diary, nothing pleased her more than being pleased by her beauty. It was her greatest pride... what defined her.

"That's why even having the honor of being your friend, I prefer to call you *Ma'am*. It seems like the right thing to do."

Suzanne didn't quite understand what was going on there. She knew Samara for nearly two months now, but suddenly she was being treated as if she were another person – the girl who wrote that diary many years ago, and now was a forty-seven year old woman.

"That's okay, my dear" she said. "If it makes you comfortable, I don't see why not."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mason!"

Suzanne thought that Samara was probably just following orders from Mrs. Larsen. The therapist had said that, for all intents and purposes, Suzanne had never been someone else, after all. But maybe –

just maybe – Samara was acting a little *too well*. The whole situation seemed so real that it was very scary.

In the past, when Suzanne needed someone to talk about her old (and real) life and her fears about impersonating a woman, she had Samara. Now, however, she doubted the girl would admit she knew that Suzanne used to be a man. Suzanne was completely stuck in her new persona. On the other hand, she began to feel an increasing contentment by being called "*Ma'am*". It made her feel a kind of power, and Samara's devotion was intoxicating, she couldn't deny. It seemed appropriate, too. She was supposed to be much older than Samara, after all...

"Would you like me to prepare your bath, Mrs. Mason?" Samara asked.

"My bath?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I brought some bath salts that I'm sure you're going to love!"

Suzanne remembered that during the two months she had been in the clinic, she hadn't yet used the tub in her bathroom. Taking a shower had always seemed more practical to her. Now, however, she was convinced that taking a luxurious and long bath could be the most desirable thing ever.

"Yes, Samara" she said, smiling. "I would definitely appreciate that."

London, April 23, 1988

Dear Diary,

This situation is getting worse and worse! Dad now is literally treating me like a prisoner. Mom has been trying to help me, of course, but dad doesn't listen to her anymore. Sometimes he even says that my "bad behavior" is her fault, 'cos she didn't know how to raise me to be a proper lady! I don't know what he means by "bad behavior". I'm just trying to live my life like a normal girl.

When I told him that, he was like: "You don't know what you are talking about, girl! And as long as you live under my roof you will follow my rules!" Ugggh this is sooo frustrating! Maybe I should just run away before it's too late.

That old American guy, Mr. Patterson, came here last night to have dinner with us again. Dad says he's just a business partner, and that they are about to close a big deal, but I don't know... I see the way he looks at me... I'm not stupid. I think he comes here so often because of me. Isn't he ashamed? That pig is certainly over forty. He could be my father! Oh, I can't stand even looking at him...

As Suzanne kept reading the diary, she found out that the girl who supposedly had written the manuscript – or herself, as Mrs. Larsen wanted her to believe – had had a very troubled relationship with his father during her teenage years.

It all started when she reached puberty, and began to ignore her dolls to pay attention to the boys. Her father didn't like it, and started repressing the girl, saying she should behave like a *modest and respectable* young lady if she wanted to find a good husband someday.

As predictable, such a situation wasn't healthy for the girl's development, and she became a "*boy-crazy*" girl in the face of so much repression. Over the years, she kept finding ways to meet a lot of boys without anyone knowing. However, when she was sixteen, her school principal told her father that Suzanne had been spotted by a teacher kissing another student on school premises. Her father was furious, and Suzanne was then transferred to an all-girls school.

The situation got so much worse when Larry Patterson started showing up at her family's house, when Suzanne was eighteen. As described in her diary, it soon became clear that the American middle-aged man wasn't only interested in doing business with Suzanne's father.

Mr. Patterson was forty-five years old. He was short, fat, partially bald, and had a round, flushed face, with tiny eyes and droopy lips. It was simply impossible for him to be less attractive to a teenage girl. He wasn't a nice company, either. His voice was too loud, and he only talked about himself, always bragging about his supposed deeds and his wealth. To make things a lot worse, there also was the obscene way he looked at the young woman.

Suzanne thought there was no way her father would accept such a situation. He wouldn't believe the girl's words, since he was angry with her, but when he realized on his own what was going on, he would surely tell Mr. Patterson to get out of their house and never return.

But what Suzanne didn't know was that her father was in serious financial trouble. Without Mr. Patterson's support, he was doomed to bankruptcy. Also, he saw in the American man an opportunity to kill birds with one stone. He needed money, and also needed to find a way to *save* his daughter and turn her into a *respectable woman*. What better way to do that than marrying her with Mr. Patterson? The man was rich, powerful and influential. It was just perfect.

Obviously, Suzanne didn't exactly appreciate the news. When her father told her about his plans, she broke half of the house, begging him not to force her to marry that man.

"I know what's best for you, stupid girl" was all her father coldly answered. "You'll thank me in the future."

The first months of Suzanne's marriage life were terrible. She was still feeling miserable, and Mr. Patterson hadn't changed a bit. She found out that her husband was not only a nasty man, but also a terrible lover, never bothering to know if his wife was satisfied with the intercourse.

The man also liked to show off his young wife to the high society as if she were a trophy. Thus, he made sure she always had the best clothes, shoes and jewelry available. That was the only part of her new life that Suzanne enjoyed. She loved looking pretty since she was a young girl, after all, and her husband spared no expense when it came to her looks – even though she soon discovered that he wasn't as rich as he liked to brag about.

But apart from that little piece of contentment, Suzanne's life had become empty and meaningless. Countless times she asked her husband to go to college, aiming to acquire some purpose for her life, but the man said it was nonsense since he would take care of all her needs. Her only duty was to look beautiful at all times.

He also wanted her to give him a son, but the truth was that Suzanne only managed to get pregnant many years later, when she already was twenty-nine. After all those years, Suzanne was still an unhappy woman, but had somehow adapted to her life, trying to make the best of that bad situation. What else could she do? She was totally dependent on her husband, and had nowhere to go.

However, her life drastically changed when her baby girl was finally born...

New York, September 14, 1999

Dear Diary,

I simply can't explain the joy of holding my daughter in my arms for the first time. It was... sublime! At that moment, I was happier than I thought it was possible to be. My life hasn't been easy, as you know very well, but I feel like I finally have a reason to live now.

I swear to God that Brianna's life will be different. I won't allow anyone or anything to force her to do what she doesn't want to. She'll be happy and free. This is what a real mother must do. She's my heart, my soul, my whole world.

The following years were the best for Suzanne. She spent all of her time with Brianna, and she just couldn't get enough of the girl. In her mother's eyes, Brianna was the cutest and prettiest girl who had ever lived.

Larry Patterson, her father, demonstrated little interest for the girl. As Suzanne knew, what he really wanted was a son, but she doubted she would be able to give birth again. She'd had a lot of trouble

getting pregnant for the first time, and now she already was over thirty, which would make everything much more difficult.

When the man finally realized it, he gradually grew apart from his wife. They kept up appearances, of course, acting like a happy couple in front of other people, but the truth was that they virtually didn't have any kind of intimacy anymore.

Suzanne thought it was a good thing. She had never loved – not even liked – her husband, so it was a relief not to be forced to deal with him so often. Also, it meant she had more time for Bree, who was now a lively, charming young child.

A few years later, though, things started to go bad...

Larry, who had always drank pretty much everyday, got even more addicted, to the point where it became impossible to see him sober at any time of the day. After pressing him for many weeks, Suzanne finally made him confess that business weren't going well. It wasn't like he was on the verge of bankruptcy, but he wasn't making as much money as before – not even close.

Suzanne offered help. Now she had more to worry about than just her well being. She had to think about her daughter's future, which was the most important thing for her. Larry was reluctant at first, but some months later he was forced to swallow his pride and accept his wife's offer. He had moved to a much smaller office, and any savings in staff would be welcome.

Suzanne started working as his part-time secretary while Bree was at school. She got the hang of it pretty quickly. Her strong point was interpersonal relationships. The woman found out she could be a master at that, which greatly facilitated the work of her husband in dealing with customers and suppliers.

The situation remained unchanged for some years, until the company's condition improved a bit. It was when Larry said that Suzanne didn't need to work anymore, which hurt her. She had helped to rebuild the business' reputation, and now he was dismissing her as if she were a piece of garbage.

Larry's excuse was that his wife had to their care of their daughter. Brianne was entering her teen years, so she needed full dedication of her mother. Larry was starting to get worried about how their daughter had been acting, a little *too friendly* toward boys.

Suzanne had seen all that before. Larry was saying the same things her father used to say when she was younger. But she wouldn't let her daughter have the same fate as she had, oh no! She had promised it the day the girl was born, and the couple started to fight pretty often about the girl's behavior...

A few years later, Larry's alcoholism and sedentary lifestyle finally took their toll on the man. After a massive heart attack, he died almost instantly, even before an ambulance could reach the family home.

Larry was over seventy by then, and his health had already been weak for some years, so his death wasn't exactly a surprise. Still, it was a tough moment for Suzanne. She had never liked her husband, true, and their relationship had deteriorated badly over the years, but even so, she had lived with that man for almost thirty years, and now she and Brianne were alone in the world. Moreover, she would have to take care of her husband's business by herself.

However, when she had access to the real situation of the company, she saw how terrible it was – even worse than during the first crisis. She was advised by the lawyers to sell everything while she could still make some money from it, and she cursed Larry for hiding the truth from her. That bastard, who had always boasted of his business skills, clearly was a terrible administrator.

But the worst was yet to come... In the company's cash book, Suzanne found several suspicious expenses, such as dinners at upscale restaurants and purchases at jewelry stores. None of that made sense. Suzanne had never been in many of those places, and Larry hadn't bought her jewelry for over a decade.

After some research, she was able to find out the truth. Over the years, her deceased husband had had several lovers, including prostitutes. That was why business was going so badly in the first place. Larry was spending company money on whores!

Suzanne had never been so furious in her entire life. The son of a bitch had not only cheated on her multiple times, but also compromised the future of his own daughter! Suzanne had always felt disgusted by him, but despite that she remained faithful to him during her marriage life. And now, at forty-seven, she realized how stupid she had been. She felt like she had wasted her youth for nothing. She had always been a stunning woman, and a lot of men lusted after her over and over again. Still, she'd never slept with a man who could truly satisfy her.

So much time lost in a marriage with a man she hated... What would she do now?

According to her diary, after many weeks of suffering and sadness, she concluded it was the time to make up for the lost time...

At that point, Suzanne – the *real one* – realized that the following pages of the diary were blank. She didn't understand it since the story clearly wasn't finished yet. But then, she felt a strange urge...

Taking a pen, she began writing in the diary furiously, and somehow she knew exactly what needed to be written...

Dear Diary,

I fortunately was able to make some money from the sale of the company. It will be enough to support ourselves for a few months, and I saved a good amount for Bree's college.

After the initial shock, now that I can think clearly again, I'm absolutely sure the death of that bastard was the best thing that could have happened to me. I feel free for the first time in my life. I can finally do the things exactly as I want.

I'll start working soon. I sent some resumes to several companies to get a position as a secretary, and I was so glad to receive a proposal! I'm going to work at a subsidiary of McFarland Inc., for a man called Gregory Hill, who is the director there. I have just talked to him on the phone, but I was impressed by his voice. He sounded so confident and gently... So different from that pig I used to call husband...

Some people may think that starting to work as a secretary is a downgrade in my life, but to me, all this seems very thrilling, and I can't wait to start my new journey. I'm an independent woman now, and I will do my best to finally have a happy life.

Since I want to look great for the first day at my new job – and Bree also needs some relaxation after everything that happened – I decided that we should spend some time in a very exclusive spa and beauty clinic. We're not exactly rolling in money, but I'm convinced it will be worth it.

Mrs. Larsen, the owner of the place, is a great woman. She's a therapist, and both I and Bree are having sessions with her. She's really helping me find my true self. In addition to my visits to the beauty salon, I will also have some work done by Dr. Reid, the clinic doctor. I heard he's amazing, and I can't wait to see how I'll look after the procedures. This won't be anything extreme, but I'm sure it will make a big difference.

As Mrs. Larsen always says, there is nothing wrong about wanting to look beautiful and desirable... I should not try to stifle my sexuality, especially after everything I've suffered. Now it's time to indulge myself a little bit...

When Suzanne finished her entry, she felt shocked. She had written all that without even thinking, as if that really were her life story. The memories of everything she'd read in the diary seemed clearer and clearer in her mind, and she realized that even her calligraphy had changed! She had written it with the same feminine, rounded handwriting from the rest of the diary, with each letter ending with a delicate upward flourish. She doubted that even an expert could find the difference...

DAY 63

"Oh, Mom, coming to this clinic was, like, the best idea ever! Everything here is soo amazing!" Brianna cried out, smiling brightly.

"I'm glad you are enjoying our stay here, sweetie" Suzanne smiled, caressing *her daughter's* hair.

They were in Suzanne's room, spending the afternoon together. Suzanne was wearing a lilac silk blouse with a nice bow at the neckline; a white skirt, which reached her knees; and 4-inch black mules. Brianna was dressing a low-cut white cropped top with pink lips print on it; denim shorts; and 3-inch wedges heels.

The difference between the outfits of the *two women* was stark, and made clear the age each of them was supposed to be. Suzanne was still having a hard time processing all that, especially due to the fact that not so long ago Brianna had been Christine Moss, her middle-aged friend and boss.

During a few days, Suzanne thought about talking to Brianna as if she were still Christine, just to know how she was feeling about her transformation. However, she just couldn't find the right time to do so. Brianna's act was so flawless that it seemed absurd – and even a bit ridiculous – to talk to her as if she were a grown woman.

The girl had completely surrendered to her new persona, and Suzanne decided not to ruin it. In addition, there were Suzanne's own feelings...

The love she had experienced when she met *her daughter* at Mrs. Larsen's office only grew stronger in the following days. It was the same kind of love described in the diary she had read, and this fact made it even harder for Suzanne to disassociate herself from the character of the manuscript.

How could it be even possible? She had no one to discuss this issue with. The only thing Suzanne could do was accept and embrace her new reality, however scary as that sounded.

She kept stroking Brianna's hair, leaving her mind free to roam. She really enjoyed that. It was so nice to pamper her little girl... Yes, it didn't matter that Brianna was already seventeen – she would always be her mommy's little girl...

"So, sweetheart, how are you feeling about the loss of your father?" Suzanne asked, before she realized what she was doing.

"I'm kinda okay, you know? Of course he was my dad and all, but we've never been that close. I think he never liked me that much."

"Don't say that, sweetie!" Suzanne hugged Brianna tightly. "Of course your father loved you. He just wasn't good at showing affection... that's all!"

Just then, *the mother* realized something. They were talking about Larry Patterson, another character in the diary, and Brianna truly seemed to consider him as her father! Suzanne shivered. Had Brianna read a diary similar to hers?

"Anyway" Brianna continued, interrupting Suzanne's thoughts. "As long as you are with me, this is what matters."

"Oh, Bree, that was so sweet!" Suzanne couldn't help it but hugged her daughter even tighter.

"Oh, c'mon, Mom! You're not gonna cry, are you?"

"Well, you do not say such beautiful things so often... Anyway, would you like some tea, honey?"

"Tea?" Brianna exclaimed, making a face. "Yuck! That's old people's drink! But I would love a coke or something rught now."

"Brianna Kathleen Patterson, are you implying that your mother is old?" Suzanne asked, with her hands on her waist, pretending she was mad, which made Brianna laugh.

"Of course not! In your case, I guess you like tea so much because you're English."

"That was a close one, young lady. You almost got in trouble. And you know you should avoid soda. This is not good for your health."

"I know, Mom!" Brianna said, rolling her eyes.

"But now that you talked about it... Don't you think I'm looking a lot older these days?"

"Oh, really?" the girl crossed her arms. "You're asking me that just because you want to, like, hear me saying how beautiful you are, right?"

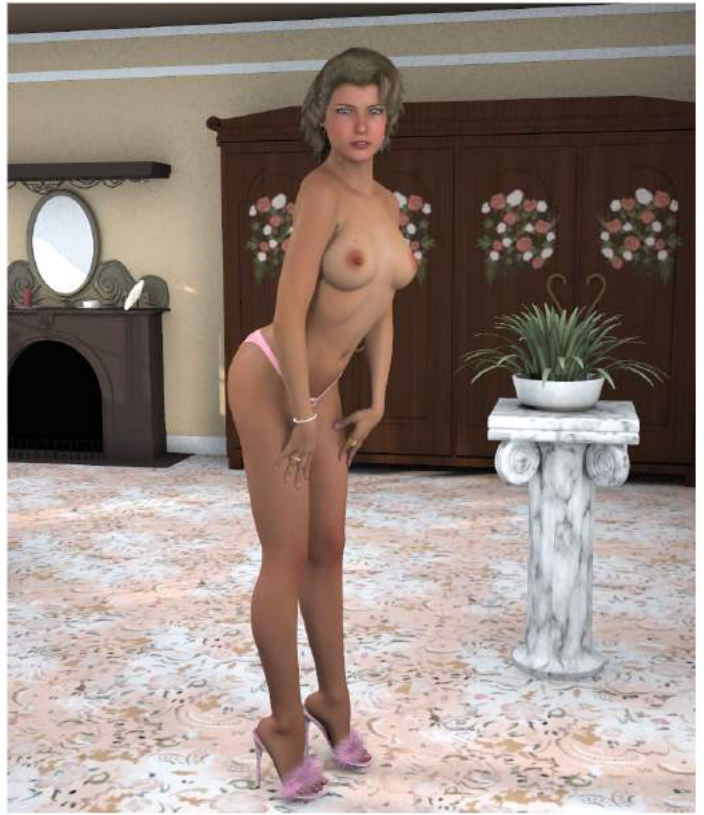
"I'm serious, Bree. Look at my face. I think I have more wrinkles than I had a week ago. Also, the skin of my whole body seems flaccid and..."

"Nonsense, Mom! You look much better than a lot of women in their thirties, even twenties! I hope to look as good as you do at your age. I see the way guys look at you, you know... They totally think you're a MILF!"

"Thank you, I guess, sweetheart" Suzanne said, and Brianna laughed again. "But to look good when you're older, you know you need to stop drinking soda all the time, right? Otherwise you will have a lot of cellulite and..."

"Again, Mom? Yeah, I got what you're trying to say, okay?" Brianna sighed, as impatient as any other teen girl receiving advices.

Brianna left the room some time later to go to the salon. Despite her daughter's words, Suzanne was still not convinced about her appearance. She was convinced she was aging rapidly these days, although no one else seemed to notice it.



She was still undergoing Dr. Reid's treatment, with many needles and weird substances, and she knew she was supposed to look older. However, it was the speed with which everything was happening that was frightening her.

Suzanne got undressed in front of the full-length mirror and analyzed her reflection. Her body seemed a lot heavier. It wasn't like she was getting fat or something, but she was definitely getting a curvier and more voluptuous figure.

Her hips were wider, her thighs thicker, her butt bigger, and her boobs seemed heavier and a little saggy; her skin didn't have the same elasticity as before, and her face definitely looked older, especially around the eyes and mouth.

She had a new appointment with Dr. Reid scheduled for the beginning of the following week, when the doctor said that he would perform some other *aesthetic procedures* requested by Suzanne. She wasn't sure what procedures he was talking about, even though something in her mind said that there was nothing to worry about.

Despite that, she was nervous because she hadn't seen Mrs. Larsen since she had received the diary. Samara explained her that the clinic owner had been forced to leave town for a few days, but she would be back soon. Suzanne didn't like it. Without Mrs. Larsen's advices, she felt lost and confused. She truly hoped the older woman would return before the mysterious procedures were performed...

DAY 67

Patrick Donovan woke up slowly, feeling disoriented. *What the hell am I?* He wondered, looking around. The place was entirely pink and there were no windows in sight. *Hello? Is anyone here?* he asked, getting more and more distressed.

Suddenly, he spotted something that looked like a figure of a woman, but it was hard to be sure. When the figure began to approach, Patrick heard the click of high heels.

"W-who are you?" he asked, afraid.

"Don't you recognize me, darling?" said a female voice.

"N-no! Tell me who you are!"

"Calm down, honey... You don't have to be afraid of me. Pretty soon you will understand everything..."

The person moved even closer, and now Patrick could see the woman who was talking to him. She was in her early thirties, had dark blonde curly hair, and a pretty face. She was wearing a black corset,

silk black panties, fishnet stockings, and 4-inch pump heels. She definitely had a beautiful body, and the way she moved her hips at every step was dizzying.

Patrick thought she looked strangely familiar...

"Do you like what you see?" the woman asked.

"Y-yes" Patrick stammered, mesmerized.

"Good..."

When Patrick realized it, the woman was right in front of him, less than one step away.

"Now, why don't you touch my body?"

"W-what?"

"Go ahead. I know you want it."

And so Patrick did. He just couldn't resist any longer.

"My skin is very soft, isn't it?" the woman asked, while he ran his hands down her hips.

"Yeah..." Patrick agreed.

"I'm glad you like it. But you still haven't seen anything!"

The woman then revealed her incredible boobs, and Patrick touched them right away.

"Oh yeah" the woman moaned. "Aren't they fantastic?"

"A-absolutely" Patrick stammered, aroused.

"Don't you think it would be amazing to have boobs like these ones?"

"W-wait... what are you talking about?"

"Look down, sweetie."

When Patrick did so, he saw two bumps emerging on his chest.

"What the hell is going on?" he cried out, horrified.

"Haven't you understood it yet? I am *you*, darling. Or better, you are *me*."

As soon she finished saying that, Patrick's body began to change. All he could do was watch – completely powerless – his figure becoming smaller and feminine, with a thin waist, wide hips and a rounded butt. His outfit changed, too, and when he realized it, he also was wearing a corset, stockings, panties and high heels. Finally, he felt his hair growing, and his face becoming soft and delicate. He had turned into an exact copy of the woman.

"It can't be happening!" he said in a feminine voice with British accent, feeling the taste of his – now her – lipstick.

"Surely it can, silly! You're Suzanne Marie Mason, a woman... A stunning woman! You love being Suzanne, don't you?"

"No, you're wrong! You couldn't be more wrong!"

"Oh really? Then why are you rubbing your body this way?"

"I'm not..." before the new Suzanne could finish the sentence, she realized that her copy was right. Her hands, which now had long red nails, were caressing her whole body, and there was nothing she could do to stop it.

"Isn't it amazing to be a woman?"

Suzanne tried to say no, but she was too horny for that. She began to moan uncontrollably as she squeezed her boobs. *Oh, how I love having boobs!* She thought.

"I know you do, my dear" said the other Suzanne. "Oh, don't look so surprised. Of course I can read your thoughts. You and I are the same people, after all. And there is no way back to us... We're going to be Suzanne forever..."

"N-no!"

"Shhh... Don't try to fight it, Suzanne... We've already changed so much... And this is just the beginning..."

Suzanne woke up suddenly, this time *for real*. It had been just a nightmare – a terrible nightmare. As she tried to control her breathing, she noticed something wrong. She could barely move her body, and she was in pain everywhere. With much effort, she managed to lift her head slightly, and realized that her whole body was covered with bandages. She was looking like a mummy! Could she still be sleeping? Was that another nightmare?

"Oh, Mom, are you finally awake?" She heard a familiar voice asking. Soon, Brianna's face entered her field of vision. "It was, like, about time! I was getting bored here while you were playing Sleeping Beauty" she giggled.

Suzanne tried to ask what had happened, but she was also unable to move her jaw.

"Don't try to speak!" Brianna told her. "Dr. Reid explained that you won't be able to do this for a few days, until you are fully recovered from the procedures."



The procedures! They were the only possible explanation for her current condition. But she couldn't remember having already been subjected to those damn procedures. What day was it? When she tried to remember, she felt her head hurting even more.

"Relax, Mom" Brianna told her. "You seem about to freak out, but the doctor said that everything went well, and you'll look wonderful when all the swelling is better."

Despite Brianna's words, Suzanne got even more worried. Whatever Dr. Reid had done to her, it seemed very extensive. She couldn't help it but thought of the words her copy had said in the nightmare...

We've already changed so much... And this is just the beginning...

DAY 71

"Hello, Suzanne, my dear. How are you feeling?" Mrs. Larsen asked.

It was Wednesday night, and Suzanne was in the therapist's office for another session. Mrs. Larsen had returned to the clinic two days earlier, the very same day Suzanne had been allowed to return to her room.

"I'm still feeling a little pain, but it's getting better" Suzanne explained. She still had bandages all over her body, but she was already being able to walk again.

"I'm glad to hear that, darling" Mrs. Larsen smiled. "Just remember that even if you are feeling a little pain right now, it will be worth it."

"T-that's right" Suzanne agreed, feeling apprehensive. The woman still didn't know what Dr. Reid had done with her body, and some things were worrying her a lot. Her boobs, for instance, were so heavy and large that they made her back ache pretty often. She hoped their current size was due to the swelling, and they would get smaller later.

In addition, she could feel that her butt was much bigger. When she sat down, it was almost as if she were sitting on a pillow. It also changed completely the way she walked, forcing her to swing her hips a lot more at every step.

Everyone kept treating Suzanne as if she had always been a woman, and Mrs. Larsen was especially good at it. When they met again for the first after Suzanne's surgeries, the therapist kept her word and made no mention of *Patrick*. It was as if he had never existed...

"I think it was very wise of you to decide to spend some time in our clinic after everything that happened, my dear" she said in that first meeting. "When you leave us, I'm sure you will be ready for the challenges of this new phase of your life."

"I agree, Mrs. Larsen. I can't thank you enough for all your help."

"It's okay, darling... but you know... I don't think this is necessary for you to call me Mrs. Larsen. I'm not *that* older than you, Suzanne" she smiled. And from that point on, Suzanne began to call her only Theresa. It was a little weird at first, but made sense somehow. *We are two middle-aged women, after all*, Suzanne thought, feeling a shiver.

DAY 75

Suzanne woke up feeling nervous and anxious. That day Dr. Reid would remove her bandages, so she would be able to finally see her new body. She got dressed with difficulty, putting on a simple white dress and flats, and approached the mirror to comb her hair, which was virtually the only part of her body that wasn't covered.

While she was doing so, she noticed something really, really disturbing... So disturbing that she started screaming.

"What's wrong, Ms. Mason?" Samantha asked, hurrying into the room.

"My hair! Look at my hair!" Suzanne cried out, pointing to her own head frantically.

"I can't see anything wrong."

"What are you talking about? Are you blind? I have a white hair! Right here, look closely!"

"Oh, Mrs. Mason, that's okay" Samara said, trying to calm Suzanne down. I'm sure the girls at the salon can solve this in no time!"

"You don't understand, Samara. I'm too young to have white hair!"

"Of course you're young, Ms. Mason. Someone in their forties isn't an old person, let alone a gorgeous woman like you! However, at your age, it's not *that* uncommon to have some white hair. If that is the first time this happens to you, I have to say you are really blessed! I have an aunt who already had lots of white hair at thirty-one."

Suzanne got even more frustrated. Samara was still acting as if she really were a forty-seven years old woman.

"I understand you're angry, Mrs. Mason" Samara continued. "That's the kind of thing that can shake any woman's confidence! But I have an idea to cheer you up... I'm sure you're going to love it! I just need to know if Dr. Reid agrees."

"Well, would you care to tell me what you have in mind?" Suzanne asked in exasperation.

"Just trust me, Ma'am. I'll be right back!" and saying so, Samara left the room without another word.

When she returned, fifteen minutes later, Suzanne saw that the young woman was smiling broadly.

"The doctor said this is okay! Isn't it great?"

"How can I possibly know? You still haven't told me what this plan of yours is about."

"This is pretty simple, actually. Usually, after removing your bandages, the doctor would spend a lot of time explaining all the boring technical details of the performed procedures. I just asked him to wait until tomorrow to do so."

"Why? How is that going to help me?"

"Well, after he removes your bandages, I'll take you directly to the salon so you can get a makeover, and we'll pick something nice for you to wear... Only then, all dressed up, you will see how you look. Now that will be a big surprise! I'm sure you will be so happy with your new appearance that you'll forget the white hair issue."

Dr. Reid was clearly eager to see the result of his work. He removed the bandages carefully, starting by the legs, and slowly reaching Suzanne's upper body.

"Remember not to look down, Ms. Mason!" Samara, who was also there, kept saying. "You have to wait until after your makeover."

The truth was that Suzanne didn't like Samara's plan at all. She really wanted to see what had been done to her body as soon as possible. However, the young woman was so excited about it that Suzanne decided to play along, so as not to disappoint her.

When Dr. Reid reached Suzanne's breasts, he said he would leave it to the end, moving to her face.

"How do I look? How do I look?" Suzanne kept asking, anxious.

"Wow, Ms. Mason, you won't believe it... you look wonderful!" Samara exclaimed, clapping.

"The procedure went wonderfully well" Dr. Reid asserted, touching Suzanne's face. "I believe the result will please you very much, Ma'am."

Even the doctor is calling me Ma'am? Suzanne thought, distressed. *I just wonder how much older I look...*

While the doctor was finally removing the bandages from Suzanne's breasts, Samara approached her carrying a bra so big that Suzanne thought it looked more like a parachute. She started freaking out. After the surgery, her new boobs had been firmly compressed all the time, so she had no idea what their actual size were until now.

"I don't think you'll be able to keep your eyes away from your new breasts, Ma'am" Samara said, biting her lower lips. "I have to do something about it."

She then took a piece of bandage and placed it over Suzanne's eyes.

"Samara, don't you think this is going too far?" Suzanne complained, annoyed.

"Trust me, Ms. Mason. You'll thank me later!"

When her boobs were finally free, Suzanne's torso bowed so hard that it was as if someone had pulled her down. "Let me help you" Dr. Reid said, supporting her. "Maybe you're still a bit weak because of the procedures."

Suzanne knew very well that the real problem was that her new boobs were so damn big that it was like she was carrying two heavy bags on her chest! She couldn't believe the weight of those things. How was she supposed to get used to it?

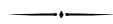
Again, Dr. Reid took his time to examine his work. He touched Suzanne's breasts meticulously, stating from time to time that they looked perfectly fine. Suddenly, to Suzanne's horror, her nipples began to get hard. She had always heard that busty women had less sensitivity in their breasts, but that didn't seem to be her case... her boobs seemed even more sensitive to touch than before!

When the doctor was finally satisfied, Samara helped Suzanne to put on the bra, followed by a pair of matching panties and a black robe. On the way to the salon, Suzanne was still having a hard time getting used to her new boobs. The bra was helping a bit, but she still could feel those huge things bouncing at every step – up and down... up and down... It was very uncomfortable, and completely changed her center of gravity.

To walk properly, she realized she needed to stick her chest out even more, which would certainly make her breasts look even larger. Wherever she went, they would always get there first, like her business card.

She was no longer blindfolded, so she was able to glance at her chest. Unfortunately, the black robe didn't allow her to see much. The only thing she noticed was that she could no longer see her lower body. From now on, whenever she wanted to look at her belly and legs, she would need a mirror.

It was such a disturbing thought...



The girls at the salon were very excited to see Suzanne, saying how beautiful she looked. Pretty soon, Brianna joined the party, and could barely control herself when she laid eyes on her *mother*.

"Oh, Mom, I can't believe it! I just can't! You look, like, *soo* amazing!" she hugged Suzanne tightly, which was another very strange experience for the *older woman*, as she felt her big boobs being compressed and realizing how much their presence would be noticed at every single moment of her daily life from now on.

It was then time for her makeover. When everything was finally done, about two hours later, Suzanne breathed in relief. However, she would still have to wait a little longer before taking a look at herself..

The woman was taken to a dressing room at the back of the salon, where she was helped to get dressed. Samara had selected a very low-cut purple dress that ended in the middle of her thighs and a pair of 4-inch leopard pump heels.

"I think you're ready now, Ms. Mason" Samara stated, telling Suzanne to turn around. Suzanne didn't understand what was going on. She was in front a large mirror, but she didn't realize that at first. She was convinced that there was someone else in the room – a middle-aged lady, who for some reason was wearing an outfit identical to her own.

Slowly, she started realizing who *that lady* was... It was so shocking that Suzanne had no reaction. For a long time, she just stood there, looking at her reflection. Brianna, Samara and Dana were still in the room, but it was as if Suzanne had forgotten about them. She just kept looking at the mirror, hypnotized, trying to make some sense of it all...

If before Suzanne looked like a feminized and slightly older version of her male self, now she looked like a completely new person – a hot mature woman, with a beautiful face despite her age and a killer body. In other words, she looked like a perfect MILF.

"Ms. Mason, are you okay?" Samara asked.

"I... I..." Suzanne stammered, not knowing what to say. Was she okay? She didn't know, feeling completely unable to understand what was going on inside her head.

"Can't you see she's *sooo* happy that she can't even speak?" Brianna exclaimed, hugging her mother again. "Oh, mom, it's so amazing!"

"Yeah, yeah, it is, sweetheart" Suzanne said, patting Brianna's back, just because she felt they were expecting her to say something. "Now, I would like to ask all of you a favor. I'd like to be alone for a moment, please."

After they left, Suzanne locked the door and moved closer to the mirror. It was time to examine her body... First, she paid attention to her hands when she was still approaching the mirror. She noticed that they looked aged, with the skin a little dry, and protruding bones, far different from before.



Next, she decided to take off her dress. Wearing only lingerie, she was even more aware of how much her body had changed. Her hips really were much wider – the type of hips that only a woman who had already given birth could have. She also could see some fat on her belly and waist, although it didn't look bad or *out of place* on her voluptuous body.

Taking off her panties and turning around, she saw how huge her butt looked. It was also a little flabby, and she could also spot some cellulite here and there. Despite all that, she couldn't deny that her butt still looked hot, especially considering her supposed age.



Just then, Suzanne thought of something important. She faced the mirror again and touched her *vagina*. She felt nothing... which made her let out a sigh of relief, believing she was still just using a prosthesis over her real genitalia, so she would still be able go back to being a man when all that craziness was over.

Do you really think this will happen, silly? A voice in her mind asked, mockingly. *You're a sexy older woman and this isn't going to change. Deep down, you know that you were always meant to be Suzanne. Oh, you're going to love it so much...*

As it went through her head, Suzanne continued to look at her fake pussy surrounded by her thick thighs. Involuntarily, she wondered if it would have been so bad if Dr. Reid had gotten rid of her male parts, turning her into a *complete woman*...

Disturbed and scared, Suzanne shook her head to dismiss that idea. What the hell was wrong with her? Why was she even wondering about something like that? *I'm just tired and confused*, she tried to convince herself, taking a deep breath. *There's nothing to worry about...*

She then started examining her face, the undisputed proof that now, for all intents and purposes, she was an older woman. No one would believe she was in her twenties with a face like that.

She could see some expression marks and wrinkles everywhere, especially around her eyes, which also had crow's feet; her cheeks were a bit flabby, and there were many laugh lines around her mouth; finally, the skin on his chin and neck was slightly saggy.

Even so, she still looked beautiful. Her lips were plumper, and looked tempting and kissable with the purple lipstick she had on; and her stunning green eyes seemed even more attractive and prominent than before, giving a sensual touch to her mature face... Oh, and there was also the fact that she was blonde now!



Finally, it was time to check her boobs, and she felt a mixture of fear and excitement...



"Oh God!" she exclaimed, completely astonished, staring at her bare chest. Her breasts were huge, even bigger than she had feared before, almost reaching her abdomen. They were full and rounded, with large areolas and long nipples – the type of breasts of a mature woman who had breastfed babies –, and didn't look fake, at all. Even Suzanne herself was having trouble believing those breasts were just implants, and wondered how Dr. Reid had been able to do that...

DAY 76

Suzanne woke up feeling tired after a terrible night's sleep. She found it incredibly difficult to find a comfortable position to lie down with her giant boobs. After some reluctance, she decided to get up, but had a lot of trouble doing so, feeling a lot of pain in her joints.

"What is going on now?" she wondered, realizing that her head was also hurting and her mouth was as dry as if she had a hangover.

When she finally managed to leave the bed, she walked into the bathroom slowly, with her huge breasts bouncing along the way. Once there, she began to feel a strange surge of heat running through her body. It was a good thing she was going to see Dr. Reid again that day...

"Good morning, Mrs. Mason" Dr. Reid said, when Suzanne entered his office. "You seem to be healing well, I see. But if you don't mind, I'd like you to get undressed and then I'll finally explain you the performed procedures, like I promised yesterday."

Just like everyone else, the doctor was acting as if Suzanne truly was a forty-seven years old woman. He made no mention of the fact that not long ago she used to be a young man, and proudly explained how he had managed to *rejuvenate* Suzanne's face, when in truth she looked much older than before. The same thing happened when he talked about her body.

"...and in your abdomen, as you can see, I removed some localized fat deposits through liposuction. Moreover..."

Suzanne felt unable to pay fully attention to what the man was saying, so shocked she was.

"...and I particularly appreciated the result of the work on your breasts" the doctor continued. "You told me that you weren't satisfied with their appearance, although you had no complaints about the size. Therefore, I lifted them a little bit, but maintaining a natural look. The incisions were so small that no one will be able to spot them."

Dr. Reid knew very well that everything he was saying was bullshit. What he'd really done was to turn a twenty-something years old guy into a busty, voluptuous middle-aged woman. He knew aware he shouldn't have done any of that, especially without the patient's consent. It was more than unethical... It was criminal.

But he had already sold his soul to the devil – which in his case was Mrs. Larsen – a long time ago. Dr. Reid had always enjoyed practicing *experimental medicine*, what had caused him some problems in the past. At Mrs. Larsen's clinic, however, he had the necessary protection, and was always presented with interesting challenges. And of all his projects, he was sure that Patrick – or Suzanne –

was his masterpiece. Perhaps her mature appearance wasn't appealing to everyone, but the transformation itself had been completely superb. He believed he deserved an award for such a work.

If only the medical community wasn't so *orthodox*...

"Now tell me, Mrs. Mason. Have you felt anything abnormal since the surgeries?"

Suzanne, still confused, took the opportunity to finally report how she had felt earlier that morning, and the doctor listened intently.

"I see..." the man scratched his chin. "Well, I suspect those symptoms have no relation with the performed procedures, Mrs. Mason."

"Really? What's wrong with me then?"

"Have you noticed any changes in your menstrual cycle, Ma'am?"

Menstrual cycle?! Suzanne's head almost exploded.

"I... I don't have periods, Dr. Reid!" she exclaimed, outraged. She had no doubt that she was being made fun of.

"I thought that would be the case..." the doctor lowered his glasses and stared at Suzanne. "Mrs. Mason, I think you are entering menopause."

"T-that's impossible!" Suzanne gasped, horrified. "H-how can I..."

"Calm down, Mrs. Mason. I know it can sound a bit scary, but this is something natural at your age. With proper medication, you can have a completely normal life."

"M-my age?! Dr. Reid, you know very well that I'm not a middle-aged person for real... I'm not even a woman! How can I be entering menopause?" Suzanne cried out, unable to keep her act.

"I'm going to ask you to calm down again, Mrs. Mason. I don't want to be forced to put you to sleep. Remember you have undergone surgical procedures now so long ago."

"Fine!" Suzanne answered, still angry.

"That's better" the doctor smiled. "Now, you were saying you're not a woman. Is that correct, Mrs. Mason?"

Dr. Reid asked it with such skepticism that Suzanne almost doubted her own memories. But she knew it was true! However much she was having trouble thinking of herself as someone other than Suzanne Marie Mason, a forty-seven years old woman, she knew that in the past she had been someone else... she still *was* someone else, despite her disguise!

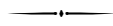
"Mrs. Mason, when a woman is entering menopause, it's common to experience some mental confusion. I'm confident that this is what's happening with you right now. But I'm here to help you.

You just need to be medicated and the symptoms will go away." the doctor then got up and took a syringe. "I need to run some tests on you, of course, but I decided to start your treatment right away because of your stress state. The most effective way to treat the symptoms of menopause is through hormonal therapy. Basically, we need to normalize the estrogen level in your body."

"Estrogen? This is female hormone, right? Did you inject female hormone on me?"

"Exactly, Mrs. Mason. You'll need regular doses from now on."

Suzanne couldn't understand what was going on. She had already been taking female hormones since her arrival at the clinic. What was the difference now? Maybe this menopause thing was just an excuse so she would keep taking hormones while maintaining the charade? But then, what could explain the symptoms she was feeling? And what about those new hormones? Would they be stronger?



DAY 81

A few days after the beginning of the hormonal treatment, Suzanne was indeed feeling better. She was being able to sleep, and the pain in her body had almost disappeared. It didn't mean she was in a good emotional state, though. She looked twenty years older, after all, and everyone kept act as if there were nothing abnormal about it.

She had even found new documents in her bedroom that stated that she really was Suzanne Marie Mason, a forty-seven years old British woman. Her real documents were nowhere to be seen, and she realized she hadn't seen them for a long time now.

To calm down a bit, Suzanne needed to remind herself that all this was just a temporary situation, and it would be worth it at the end. She was almost there... She just needed a little more perseverance. Her meetings with Mrs. Larsen were helping a lot. Suzanne still fully trusted the older woman, and just her presence was enough to make Suzanne feel better.

"You're facing a moment of transition, Suzanne" Mrs. Larsen said one night. "But you'll be okay, trust me."

"You know, Theresa, sometimes I don't know who I really am... Can you understand what I am saying? It's like I'm living someone else's life..."

"The reason for that is very simple, my dear. You've been imprisoned in an unhappy marriage for a long time, knowing you had potential for more. Now you finally are discovering your true self... The person you know you can be... When you accomplish what you long for, your your insecurities and fears will go away and you will be comfortable with yourself..."

Just then, Suzanne realized that she and Patrick had more in common than she had thought before. Both of them felt repressed, and believed they could accomplish a lot more. Suzanne had been dominated by her father and then her husband, while Patrick had had his potential limited by Ronald McFarland, his father-in-law and boss.

Such a realization made Suzanne more at ease in her new persona. She could understand and sympathize with the woman she was now. More importantly, she was even more certain that in order for her to achieve her goals as Patrick, she would need to first embrace her new character deeply. It was inevitable...

I'm Suzanne, she told herself. At this moment, I don't wish to be anyone else. I'm Suzanne and I'm finding my true self...

"There's something else, Theresa..."

"Go ahead, my dear. Remember that I'm here to help you."

"Sometimes I... I think I've wasted too much time... That maybe I'm too old for such sudden changes in my life... It's strange, you know, but it's hard to believe that I'm a forty-seven years old woman."

What Suzanne really meant was that she was having a hard time getting used to the fact that she had been transformed overnight into a middle-aged woman, but she knew it would be impossible to discuss the issue so explicitly.

"Life goes fast, doesn't it?" Mrs. Larsen commented, smiling. "But you must try not to worry so much about it, Suzanne. Your age shouldn't be a limiting factor in your life, and being middle-aged person may be more advantageous than you think."

"How exactly?"

"Well, you'll no longer be seen as an insecure young woman, and people around you will respect you a lot more, and pay attention to what you have to say. Nobody is going to tell you that you are too young to do whatever you want. You are at the right age to accomplish great deeds."

Suzanne liked the sound of that. As Patrick, she had always heard that she was too young and that she had to be patient to get where she wanted. *But I guess it can be different now*, she thought, satisfied.

"Not to mention the fact that you still look fabulous" Theresa continued. "

"Well, I have to admit that I haven't been feeling very confident about my image lately either."

"Why don't we try to solve it? Just relax, my dear. Focus on my voice and forget all your worries... Remember I'm here with you..."

DAY 82

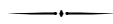
The next day, following Mrs. Larsen's suggestion, Suzanne decided to return to the gym. For this *special occasion*, Brianna and Samara helped her choose an outfit which would make her feel confident... or at least that was what they said.

"Girls, I don't think it'll fit me" the older woman said, looking at the red leotard they had handed her. "It's way too small."

"just trust us, Mom" Brianna said. "You'll look marvelous in this!"

When Suzanne put the leotard on, she had to admit that Brianna was right – she indeed looked great. The small garment wrapped her voluptuous body tightly, highlighting all the curves of her hot mature body. Suzanne couldn't help it but she felt especially proud of her huge boobs, which looked very tempting.

Oh, yeah, I love "my girls" so much, she involuntarily thought, staring at her reflection. I look so sexy... I wouldn't trade my body for anyone else's... I think I'm in my prime right now... I am no longer a silly girl... I'm a woman... A beautiful mature woman...



"Morning, Mrs. Mason" said Tony, the personal trainer. "It's amazing to see you. And if I may say so..." he added in a hoarse whisper, his eyes shining. "You look great, Ma'am!"

"Why thank you, Tony. That's very kind of you!" Suzanne exclaimed, feeling a shiver run through her body, fully aware of the way the young man was lusting after her body.

His eyes traveled all over her body, and he took a long time looking at her large, tempting cleavage. It didn't embarrass Suzanne – not even a bit. She was in fact overjoyed for being coveted by a man who was almost twenty years younger than her. Unconsciously, she drew her shoulders back to push her breasts out even further.

"Umm... Why don't we get started?" Tony said after a while, as if he had just awakened from a trance. "I'm sure you're anxious to start working out again, Ma'am!"

"You're absolutely right, my dear" Suzanne said, smiling charmingly. "I just can't wait to put my body in motion again..."

Despite her excitement, Suzanne soon realized that working out wouldn't be a simple task, at least for now. She no longer had the same strength and vitality as before, and her new boobs were always getting on the way.

When Tony told her to skip rope, for example, her "girls" bounced so hard that they even hit her on the face once. Suzanne made a mental note that she needed a garment that would give her more support next time. But she loved that leotard so much... Perhaps she just needed more time to adapt... She definitely didn't want to cover her gorgeous body with a lot of clothing... That would be such a waste!



Tony was being more solicitous than ever, always willing to help Suzanne in whatever she needed. He missed no opportunity to touch her body, to *make sure* sure she did all the exercises perfectly. Suzanne couldn't deny she loved all the attention, and the feeling of Tony's big, strong hands against her soft skin.

"That's right, Ma'am" the guy whispered in her ear at some point, while he held her waist from behind. "You're doing great! Now lower your hips a little more... Fantastic, Ms. Mason."

The fact that Tony was constantly calling Suzanne "Ma'am" and "Ms. Mason" was also arousing the woman. It made her feel that intoxicating sense of power once again. It was great being mature and

venerable... but sexy and desirable at the same time. This was something that only an attractive older woman could experience, and Suzanne was more than happy to have this opportunity.

At the end of the class, the older woman thanked Tony cheerfully. "That was an amazing, young man! I'm feeling *sooo* good now!" and saying so, she kissed him lightly on the cheek, just before she walked away moving her hips sensually, certain that Tony was checking her butt out...

DAY 86



"Is the water warm enough, Ma'am?"

"It's perfect, Samara" Suzanne replied, pleased. "No one knows how to prepare a bath like you."

After Samara left the bathroom, Suzanne leaned back against the edge of the bathtub and let out a groan. God, she really loved baths these days... It was so relaxing! Moreover, she could take her time

to rub her entire body with a soft sponge, making sure that in the end her skin would be clean, smooth and perfumed.

The whole ritual was also kind of erotic. Suzanne's skin was getting more and more sensitive... It was very enjoyable to touch herself, and feel all those mind-blowing chills.

I have an amazing body, she thought, touching one of her nipples gently, which immediately got hard. *I really do! I love the way I look now...*

After a few more sessions with Mrs. Larsen, Suzanne's resistance in accepting her new appearance was finally surpassed. Not only that, but her libido seemed to have returned to its previous level, and was increasing every day. In the first few days after her surgeries, the woman felt disturbed whenever she saw her reflection. Now, however, she felt proud and excited. She looked stunning, after all... There was nothing to worry about.

Still stroking her body, she began to think about the events of the previous few days...

Earlier that week, Mrs. Larsen had said she had a surprise for Suzanne. "Two new guests have just arrived at the clinic, and I think you will get along pretty well with them, my dear" she explained. "You're all about the same age, so I think you should spend some time with them."

Suzanne was then introduced to Nancy Taylor, a tall and thin woman, with short blond hair and big brown eyes; and Elizabeth Clark, who was short and a bit chubby, with long black hair and a round face.

They were very friendly, and Suzanne indeed enjoyed meeting them. Both Nancy and Elizabeth had recently divorced, and decided to spend some time at the clinic to relax. "I heard they do an incredible job here, and I really am in need of having some work done right now!" Nancy declared.

"Absolutely!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Especially now that we're single again... I think this is a good way to spend the money I got from that pig I used to call husband!"

The three women laughed, and then Suzanne said that what they had heard about the clinic was true. "You two need to meet Dr. Reid! He's incredible!"

"Well, if he's even a little bit responsible for how you look, I'm going to see him right now!" Nancy asserted.

Suzanne felt completely at ease with them, as if they really were the same age. Even when they talked about the *good old days*, when all of them supposedly were teenagers, Suzanne didn't feel like a fish out of water. In fact, she discovered that she had more knowledge about the 80's than she considered possible, and talking about it indeed felt like she was remembering her youth...

Now that Suzanne was allowed to walk around the clinic facilities freely, she began to enjoy everything the place had to offer along with her new friends. Usually, they would start the day having breakfast on the balcony in front of the beautiful main garden, and then they would walk outdoors. Next, it was time to go to the beauty salon, where they had some work done or just received a massage. After lunch, they always went to the luxurious pool of the clinic, where Suzanne could also meet her daughter – Brianne was always there, tanning her body.

Spending time with the two middle-aged women was something that certainly was having influence on Suzanne. She didn't realize that at first, but she began to see the world like the women. She understood, for example, that getting older was much more difficult for a woman, since they were more conscious about their appearance.

Mrs. Larsen decided to start a group therapy with the three women, saying it would be stimulating for all of them since they were going through similar stages in their lives. Such meetings only served to further solidify in Suzanne's mind her new identity, and it was getting harder and harder for her to think of herself as the young man she used to be.

During a few days of the week, she also went to the gym with Nancy and Elizabeth, although she still had private classes. It was very clear from the beginning that Nancy and Beth were very impressed by Tony.

"Oh, isn't that personal trainer such a pleasure for the eyes?" Beth mentioned, after one of the classes.

"I know right?" Nancy giggled. "I just wish he would look at me the way he looks at Suzanne..."

"C'mon, Nancy, what are you talking about?" Suzanne asked, acting like she was surprised.

"Oh, don't pretend you don't see it, darling! It's clear as the day that Tony is crazy about you!"

"Do you really think so? But he's so young and..."

"Oh, rellay?" Beth exclaimed, rolling her eyes. "We're not talking about getting marriage here, okay? Just a little fun, if you know what I mean... Which woman wouldn't want to spend some time with someone like Tony?" she smiled, slyly. "You have suffered so much already, Suzanne, dear. Don't you think you deserve a little adventure now? I know I wouldn't waste such an opportunity!"

Deep down, Suzanne knew the women were right. Yes, it was evidently that Tony wanted her, and it was reciprocal... Now that she was having fun with her sex toys again, she thought of Tony every night while she played with her body. She just couldn't help it. But was she really willing to turn that fantasy into reality? She had kissed another man before, sure, but with Tony she didn't think she would be able to stop it after just a few kisses... What would happen then? She was so confused... But just considering the idea made her so aroused...

DAY 89

"Come in" Suzanne said, when she heard knocks on the door. "Tony, my dear, I'm glad you could come!"

"Well, Ms. Mason, you know I could never refuse an invitation from you."

"You're so kind, young man! Are those flowers for me?"

"That's right, Ma'am" Tony said, handing the red roses to the older woman.

"They are beautiful" Suzanne exclaimed, putting the flowers in a vase. "Would you like to drink something?"

"Sure."

Suzanne then filled two glasses of red wine, and handed one to the personal trainer. "Please, sit down, Tony" she said, smiling. "You seem a little tense. The wine will help you relax. I love your shirt, by the way. You look great in it!"

"T-thanks, Ma'am!" the guy said, a little nervous, and Suzanne got even hornier. God, she loved being called Ma'am... And she also liked to know that, despite her age, she could still make a man like Tony nervous. "Hmm... You look stunning, as well..."

Tony was wearing a dark blue dress shirt and light brown pants. Despite Suzanne's compliment, the truth was that she thought it was a little weird seeing the guy dressed that way. She preferred when he was wearing just a tight shirt and shorts, with his muscled body on display.

The woman was wearing a long red silk robe and 4-inch mules. Even though she was in an informal setting, her face was immaculately made up, and her hair neatly combed.

They drank a little bit and made some small talk for a while. Then, Tony finally said: "So, Ms. Mason, you said earlier today you had something to show me."



"That's correct, darling" and saying so, Suzanne got up and took off her robe. Under this, she was wearing nothing more than a red corselette, stockings, and lace panties. "So, what do you think?"

The woman knew the whole situation a bit ridiculous – the kind of dialogue that one would find in a cheap porn movie. However, that night she wasn't worried about far-fetched words and subtlety. What she desperately needed was a big, fat cock inside her...

After much deliberation and internal conflict, Suzanne finally decided to follow Nancy and Beth's advice. It wasn't as if she had a choice, though – her body was desperately craving it. Her dildos were of great help, but she could feel that only the *real thing* would satisfy her entirely.

Tony stood still for some time, as if he couldn't understand what was going on. He knew very well that Suzanne used to be a man. During the last few months, Tony had witnessed every step of her transformation into a luxurious mature woman, and the truth was that the personal trainer couldn't stop thinking about him... her... whatever. Every night he would tough himself thinking about that sexy MILF... It had become a real obsession.

And now, here she was, practically begging to have sex with him. But was he really willing to do that? *Ms. Mason was still technically a man, right?* Tony wondered, but his member down there didn't seem to care about such unimportant *technical details*... It was so hard that it was almost painful. Tony couldn't remember feeling so horny before.

Why does she have to be so damn hot? He thought, realizing he had no choice. "Oh, Ma'am, I really, really like what I see... You have no idea how much..."

He approached Suzanne and kissed her deeply, which was way better than the woman was expecting. She just loved the feeling of his lips against hers; his big tongue invading her mouth; his large hands rubbing her back and butt...

They then began to take off each other's clothing desperately. After so much time teasing each other, they simply couldn't wait any longer. When Suzanne's big breasts were finally free, Tony's mouth dropped open. They were so perfect and tempting... At that moment, any reluctance he might still be feeling completely vanished.

He grabbed her boobs, and squeezed them gently. Suzanne closed her eyes and groaned, enjoying it immensely. "What are you waiting for, young man?" she whispered, her breathing getting faster and faster. "I want to see that big cock of yours right now!"

Tony got rid of his pants while Suzanne was taking off her panties. And then the guy saw it... It looked like that the *mature woman* had a pussy... a real one! How was that possible? Had Dr. Reid cut *her cock* off? Tony didn't know, but he liked what he was seeing.

Meanwhile, Suzanne's eyes were fixed on the personal trainer's cock. It looked delicious, and was the most erotic thing she'd ever seen. She couldn't understand how she had no interest in cocks before. The woman then knelt in front of Tony, and stared at his member in all its glory. With trembling hands, she grabbed the cock and started stroking it.

"Oh, Ma'am" Tony moaned. "You have fantastic hands... So soft..."

"I'm glad you like it, big boy, but you know what is even better than my hands?"

Without saying another word, Suzanne grabbed her own boobs and wrapped Tony's dick with them, rubbing it between her huge tits. She almost went crazy. It felt so, so good... She loved her big boobs, and more than anything, she realized she loved having a cock between them...



Slowly, she brought his dick close to her mouth. It was throbbing, and so huge that she could hardly hold it with just one hand. She kissed the tip and then looked up, straight into Tony's eyes, who grinned.

When Suzanne finally wrapped the dick with her lips, the man took a deep breath and moaned again. Suzanne loved it... and also loved the fact she finally was sucking a dick. It was so much better than her dildos...



She started sucking the cock deeper and deeper, stroking its base with a hand. At some point, Tony held her head firmly, forcing her to open her mouth even wider. Suzanne felt Tony's dick reaching her throat, but it didn't scare her. She had waited for that for so long...

More than ever, she felt like a woman, and everything she had read in the diary seemed real. So many years wasted on an unhappy marriage, with a useless, disgusting man who couldn't satisfy her! But it was over now...

When Suzanne took his dick out of her mouth, Tony followed her to the bed. A second later, he was already stroking her groin, with his hands dangerously close to her *pussy*. Suzanne was quick to dissuade him, though...

"You know what, young man?" she whispered, nibbling on his ear. "I'm feeling especially naughty tonight... I want you to fuck my ass!"

Upon hearing that, Tony had to struggle not to cum right away. Suzanne got on all fours, and the guy rubbed her huge ass. The woman enjoyed it, anticipating what was about to happen.

"Are you ready?" Tony asked.

"You have no idea how much..."

Wasting no time, the guy positioned himself behind her...

Suzanne had a lot of experience with butt plugs and dildos, but nothing had prepared her for that. Tony's cock was so huge that for a moment she thought he would break her in half. she didn't tell him to stop, though, oh no! She knew it was just a matter of time. Pretty soon she would be having fun...



Her perseverance paid off. When she relaxed and her ass get used to the *intruder*, she started to feel good... incredibly good! *This is really happening!* She thought, in ecstasy. *I'm being fucked! It feels so amazing... So right... I love cocks so much...*

Tony kept fucking her harder and deeper. It still hurt a bit, but the pleasure was so much more intense. The mature woman closed her eyes, enjoying all those wonderful sensations. No longer later, Tony's whole cock was inside her, while her boobs were bouncing wildly... She grabbed one of them, and started rubbing her nipple, which enhanced her pleasure.

It took no longer than a few minutes for both of them began to moan louder and louder, and then finally reach a wonderful, indescribable orgasm. It was way more powerful than what Suzanne was used to, and lasted so long that she was weak and exhausted in the end. She then collapsed on the bed, feeling Tony's hot cum inside her.

Suzanne fell asleep almost immediately, embraced by the personal trainer's strong arms. But before that, with a smile on her lips, she thought she would never forget that night... ever!

PART 2 – A NEW LIFE

A mild spring sun and a refreshing afternoon breeze pleased Suzanne as she walked down the street after a whole day of shopping. She had enjoyed her time at the clinic, but it was nice to be out again. She felt free and thrilled, knowing this was the beginning of a brand new life. Completely immersed in her new persona, she was truly thinking like a widow woman ready to start over.

A few days after Suzanne spent the night with Tony, she received a call from Mr. Hill, her new boss, asking if she could take up her new position the following week. Feeling scared, excited and anxious, all at the same time, she said, "Yes, sir! I'll definitely be there!"

Suzanne still didn't know how she had gotten that job so easily. According to *her diary*, she had sent resumes to several companies, and then received an offer from Mr. Hill. However, she knew she hadn't sent any resume at all. Most likely, all this had been arranged by Mrs. Larsen, and once again Suzanne wondered how that woman could do things like that.

Suzanne then moved to a small but charming apartment, not far from her new job. And obviously, she wasn't living alone... "Mom, just look at that skirt over there!" said Brianna, pointing to a shop window. "OMG, I need it, like, so badly!"

"Don't you think we've already bought enough clothes for today, Bree, honey?"

"Oh, don't be like that, Mom! I know you're enjoying shopping as much as I am!"

"Of course I am, sweetie! But I think that skirt is a little too short for you..."

"Seriously, Mom?! You know all girls *my age* wear stuff like that, right?"

Suzanne smiled at that. Brianna's new personality continued to amaze the *older woman* every day. The once strict middle-aged woman was now a perfect bubbly young lady – not to mention her appearance, which had changed incredibly during the last few days of their stay at the clinic...

For her supposed eighteenth birthday, Suzanne allowed Brianna to have some more work done by Dr. Reid, as well. When they left the clinic, she was the proud owner of tempting D-cup breasts. She had also received a new makeover, so now she had long, wavy platinum hair. In all regards, there was no trace of Christine Moss, the executive she had been not so long ago.

That evening, she was wearing a tiny pink top, exposing a lot of her fantastic new boobs, a mini denim skirt, and 4-inch sandals. Suzanne was wearing a black lace blouse, which also emphasized her big, mature boobs, a white pencil skirt, pump heels, and large sunglasses. The two women had received a lot of attention walking through the city, no doubt about that.

"Fine, Bree!" Suzanne said, sighing. "You can have the skirt, but after that you're going home. Remember I haven't started my new job yet, so we need to save money."

"Oh, Mom, you're the best!"

Suzanne knew she shouldn't spoil her daughter so much, but she just couldn't help it. The older woman had been so repressed during her youth... she just wanted her daughter to have a different life. So what if the girl liked to wear short skirts and low-cut tops? Suzanne had had the same desire at the girl's age – and in fact still liked showing off her body *a little bit*.

Brianna would be fine. Despite the way she liked to act, Suzanne was convinced that her daughter was a smart girl, and would get even wiser with age, just like her mother...

The attractive mature woman entered the building with graceful, confident steps. Her 5-inch peep toe heels clicked stridently on the marble floor of the main lobby, making everyone around look toward her.

She was wearing a black dress that ended well above her knees, exposing her legs that looked fantastic; and had a large neckline, allowing everyone to see a hint of her big, tempting boobs. Her accessories were very fashionable, as well – a large red belt around her waist, making her hips and butt look even bigger; a pearl necklace and a matching bracelet; and drop earrings.

Her face was immaculately made up, highlighting her plump lips and big green eyes, and hiding some of her expression marks and wrinkles. Her short blonde hair framed her face perfectly, and looked very stylish and professional.



The woman's presence definitely pleased the men around, who lusted after her voluptuous body as she passed by moving her hips sensually. She then approached a young receptionist, who looked her up and down, unable to disguise some envy. "Good morning. How can I help you, Ma'am?" she asked with a fake smile.

"Good morning, my darling. I'm Suzanne Marie Mason, and I'm here to see Mr. Hill."

"Oh, hi, Mrs. Mason! We were waiting for you. You're Mr. Hill's new administrative assistant, right? I'll let him know that you're here."

After a quick phone call, Suzanne followed the other woman into an elevator, which took them to the top floor. Despite her apparent confidence, Suzanne was feeling nervous and anxious. She was finally about to meet Mr. Hill...

When they left the elevator, Suzanne found herself in an elegant reception. Her eyes were immediately drawn to an empty desk, probably *her desk* from now on. The receptionist then knocked on the main office door and waited. "Come in" said a male voice – the same voice that made Suzanne shiver when she'd heard it on the phone. Feeling her heart racing, she stepped into the office.

Suzanne thought the office was impressive, with expensive furniture, tasteful paintings, and a nice view of the city. It was exactly the kind of office that Suzanne wanted so badly back then when she was still Patrick Donovan. However, the most striking thing there was the man who stepped out from behind his luxurious table.



Gregory Hill was wearing a fancy suit with a black and blue striped tie. Suzanne knew he was in his fifties, but she thought he still looked great. Mr. Hill had a fit body, and it was possible to see that he had strong arms. His face was very charming, with a strong jaw, and deep green eyes. His hair was gray, which suited him entirely, making him look even more like a powerful, experienced man.

But it wasn't his appearance what impressed Suzanne the most. There was something else about him – some kind of manly, confident aura that seemed irresistible to her... so different from her useless deceased husband...

The woman had to struggle to remind herself why she was there. She had to spy on Mr. Hill to find out if he actually was selling company's confidential information. Then, she would go back to being Patrick, and hopefully Mr. McFarland would be so happy that she would get a big promotion.

Her body, however, didn't seem to agree with that plan. Just seeing Mr. Hill in front of her made the woman aroused. She was sure that if she had a real pussy, it would be soaking wet now. Why did that man have such a powerful effect on her?

"Mrs. Mason, I'm glad to finally have the chance to meet you" Mr. Hill said, gently grasping the woman's much smaller hand.

"It's my pleasure, Mr. Hill" Suzanne said, smiling and unconsciously arching her back so that her breasts would get more prominent.

The man said the receptionist could leave and then returned to his desk. "Please, take a sit, Mrs. Mason." Suzanne did as requested, graciously sitting in front of him. "Would you like something to drink?" he asked.

"I am fine, sir."

"If we're going to work together, we don't need such formality when we're alone. You can call me Gregory."

"Understood, Gregory. In this case, you can call me Suzanne. I have to say that I am thrilled for this opportunity. I know I don't have much experience, but I promise you that I'll do my best not to disappoint you."

"I'm absolutely sure you're going to be a *perfect assistant*, Suzanne. When you applied for the job, I knew right away you were the person I was looking for... A classy, well-educated woman, from a traditional family. It's almost impossible to find someone like you nowadays."

"Thank you, Gregory. I'm flattered" Suzanne smiled. If she were a young lady, she was sure her face would be blushed right now. "However, if I may ask so, how could you possibly know all this about me just by reading my resume?"

"Let's say that I have my means of knowing more about the people I intend to hire" he smirked. "But I am still curious about something... Why would someone like you decide to apply for this job?"

"Being honest, the truth is that I've always wanted to have a career, but I decided to stay home to take care of Brianna, my beloved daughter, while she was a child. Moreover, my husband never liked the idea of me working outside the home."

"Has he changed his mind now?"

"He passed away some time ago."

"Oh, I'm deeply sorry to hear that."

"Thank you, Gregory... But I thought you would know about that. Haven't you researched about me?" Suzanne asked, with a clever look on her face.

"Not to that extent! I'm not some kind of stalker, you know..." he said, making her giggle. "Anyway, as I said, I'm sure you will be a great addition to the team. It'll be a pleasure to have someone like you around."

"I say the same, Gregory..." Suzanne stated, wondering about the real meaning of the man's last sentence. If all the rumors about him were true, she believed he wasn't referring only to work when he mentioned the *pleasure* for having her around...

Nothing unusual happened during Suzanne's first two weeks working as Mr. Hill's secretary. That surely was a very demanding job – Mr. Hill was the head of the most important subsidiary of the company, after all – but the woman was treated like any other employee. Among her responsibilities, Suzanne had to manage her boss's agenda, scheduling meetings with key clients and internal staff, write documents, besides accompanying Mr. Hill whenever necessary.

There were times when Suzanne was engrossed in her new role that she even forgot the real reason she was there. However, until then, Mr. Hill hadn't yet done anything that could be considered suspicious. There was no indication that he really taking part in illegal activities. It frustrated the woman. What if Mr. McFarland had been mistaken all along and Mr. Hill was doing nothing wrong? That would mean that all of Suzanne's effort had been in vain.

The woman kept trying to convince herself that it wasn't possible, though. While she was still at the clinic, during one of her meetings with Simone and Christine (by the time Christine was still Suzanne's boss and not her daughter), the women had said that some e-mails coming from Mr. Hill's subsidiary had been intercepted, and their contents proved that something criminal was happening

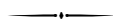
there. Not only that that, but it was also clear that from the company headquarters was involved in what seemed to be a large scheme.

Suzanne had already realized how much Mr. Hill liked to have control over everything that going on in the subsidiary. There was no way such a scheme could be taking place without his knowledge, which meant he was definitely involved. The woman just needed to be patient and stay alert. Sooner or later she would discover something.

But that wasn't easy since she always felt so distracted in Mr. Hill's presence...

She still couldn't understand it very well, but the truth was that every day she felt more and more aroused whenever the man was around. She had never felt so attracted to someone before. Every night, after spending some time with her daughter, she locked herself in her bedroom and penetrated her own ass with a dildo furiously, fantasizing about Mr. Hill.

It made the woman extremely confused. She knew that her mission was to uncover and reveal Mr. Hill alleged crimes, which would probably put him behind the bars, but at the same time she wanted to be fucked by him like there was no tomorrow...



"So, what do you think? How do I look?" asked Suzanne, one morning, leaving her bedroom and finding her daughter lying in the living room couch, still in her pink nightie, with her phone in hand.

"Wow, you look fabulous, Mom!" Brianna smiled broadly.

Suzanne was wearing a purple lace blouse with two buttons undone, so that the top of her breasts were temptingly exposed; a tight black leather skirt, which ended above her knees; and 5-inch purple peep toe platform heels, with cute little bows on the toes.

"Now tell me, why are you so dressed up today?" Brianna asked, slyly. "I bet you have a crush at work! Is he hot?"

"Don't say something like that, young lady!" Suzanne said, trying to sound serious but unable to hide a faint smile. "You know I need to be well dressed in my job."

"Oh, and that is such a sacrifice for you, isn't it? But seriously, mom, is there someone who caught your eye at work?"

Suzanne immediately thought of Mr. Hill, with his manly face and strong body. Oh, God... Why did he have to be so attractive? "Maybe..." she said, before she could stop herself. "But what if I really get involved with someone... would you be okay with that?"

"Sure, Mom! Why wouldn't I?"

"Well, you father passed away not so long ago..."

"So what? He was my dad and all, but... I'm not a little girl anymore! I know you totally unhappy while to him! Honestly, anyone could see that!"

"Bree..."

"That's okay, Mom. You don't need to lie to me, okay? You're such a beautiful woman... You can get any man you want. I just want to see you happy."

"Oh, princess, you're so sweet!" Suzanne said, with tearful eyes.

"Okay, okay, just don't get all emotional, alright? Otherwise you will have to redo your makeup!"

"Yes, that would be terrible, indeed! I'm already running out of time. What are you going to do today?"

"Just the usual stuff, you know? I'm gonna to the gym with the girls, and later we'll go to the mall..." since they had moved to the city, Brianna had made some friends of *her age*, and they spent a lot of time together. "Oh, And tonight I'm gonna see Tom."

"Your boyfriend?" Suzanne asked, raising her eyebrows.

"He's not my boyfriend... yet."

"Well, I'd like to have a little talk with this young man."

"C'mon, Mom, don't be like that! He's a nice guy!"

"Then why can't I meet him?"

"Of course you can! But not right now. How can I be like 'hey, babe, I know that we're not a thing yet, but Mom wants to know you. Is 7 pm okay for you?' He'd totally freak out!"

"Umm... okay, I see your point" Suzanne smiled. "But still, you have to be careful, Bree. Some guys just want to take advantage of..."

"I know all that, Mom!" Brianna rolled her eyes. "Don't worry. I know how to take care of myself. I'm already eighteen, remember?" she folded her arms petulantly.

"To me you will always be my sweet little girl!" Suzanne teased her daughter. "Just remember to be careful, okay? I just want the best for you. Now I have to go, sweetie!"

Suzanne walked toward the front door, only then realizing how weird that conversation had been. Once again, it was as if she and Brianna had always been mother and daughter. That feeling was getting stronger every day, and Suzanne wondered if Brianna still remembered her past – her *real past*.

"Aren't you gonna have breakfast, Mom?" Brianna asked.

"No time for that, sweetie" Suzanne replied, still a little confused by her thoughts. "I'll grab some coffee on my way."

"Oh, before you go, a weird letter arrived to you."

"What's weird about it?"

"You'll see... I left it on the dining room."

Suzanne hurried over there, and found a plain white envelope. The letter was addressed to her, but there was no sender's name or address on the back. Brianna was right. It was weird, to say the least.

But the biggest surprise came when she opened the envelope. The calligraphy of the letter was identical to that of the diary she had read while she was at the clinic. Who could have written that? At first, Suzanne thought of Mrs. Larsen, but that wasn't her handwriting. Perhaps she had the ability to use different calligraphies, but Suzanne wasn't so sure. She then started reading the letter...

Dear Suzanne,

I hope everything is going well in your new life. I know big changes can be difficult to adapt to, but they are essential to one's personal growth. Believe me when I say that everything that is happening right now will take you to a reality full of achievements and happiness. Don't be afraid to try new things and meet your desires. Remember that you know – better than anyone – what is best for your own life. Just listen to your heart and you'll know exactly what to do.

Best wishes,

A friend

And that was all. Suzanne stood there for a while, trying to understand the meaning of what she had just read. She wondered once again who would have written it. That definitely sounded like something that Mrs. Larsen would say, but why would she write it anonymously? Suzanne didn't know. But she had to admit that she felt calmer after reading the letter...

"Good morning, Suzanne, darling! Don't you look lovely today? Are you going to a party or something?"

"Ha! Very funny, Mary!" Suzanne replied, as the two women crossed the entrance hall of the building. "I see you're in very good mood this morning, aren't you?"

Since Suzanne had started working at that subsidiary, Mary Pierce had been the only friend she'd made so far. Mary was an accountant who worked in the financial sector and, unlike Suzanne, she liked to dress in a more modest style; she was short and slightly chubby, with short brown hair and a round, friendly face.

From the beginning, Suzanne noticed the cold and distant way the other women were treating her, as if she were an unwelcome presence. Mary was the only one who approached her one day and invited her to have lunch together. Suzanne then took the opportunity to ask what was going on.

"Well, it's not your fault" Mary explained, smiling uneasily. "It's just that some of the women think that you're the new... umm... how can I put it... *Mr. Hill's girl*."

"And what does that mean?"

"Look, Suzanne, I'm not sure if I should be talking about it, but I think you deserve to know the truth. You just need to promise that you won't mention this conversation to anyone, okay?."

"No one will know, Mary. I promise you."

"Very well... The thing is, Mr. Hill's former assistants didn't have a good reputation among the staff. People thought they were *too friendly* toward Mr. Hill, if you know what I mean, and he really seemed to enjoy it. Because of that, his assistants always received special treatment."

"Are you saying that Mr. Hill had some kind of *extra-professional relationship* with his former assistants?" Suzanne asked, pretending she had never heard about that before.

"I'm not sure, although some people swear they've caught Mr. Hill and his secretaries acting *inappropriately*. None of these women lasted long at the job. It seems that Mr. Hill gets tired of them pretty soon and then start looking for a new one. I'm sorry, Suzanne. I'm sure that's not what you were expecting when you applied to this job."

"You're right, Mary... this is kind of surprising. Thank you for letting me know."

"You're welcome. I only told you all that because I truly am having a good time having lunch with you. You seem to be a very nice woman, unlike Mr. Hill's former assistants. So, if you decide to keep this job, you need to be careful!"

From then on, Suzanne and Mary began to have lunch together almost every day, and they got to know each other better. Mary was married, and had three daughters. Suzanne also talked about her

unhappy marriage, stressing how much she had suffered along the years, and only had had the strength to keep going on thanks to her beloved daughter.

During the following weeks, Mary remained concerned about the situation of her new friend, having to work as Mr. Hill's secretary. That morning, when they met at the company's entrance hall, Mary mentioned the issue again.

"You know, if you want to avoid *unwanted* attention from Mr. Hill, I don't think you should come to work so... umm... dressed up."

"Well, I can tell you that Mr. Hill has been a perfect gentleman so far" Suzanne pointed out. It was true that the man had touched her arm a few times, and put his hand on her back as they walked together on two or three occasions, but apart from that, he hadn't done anything that could justify his bad reputation.

"I fear this may change at some point. But you know what? Sometimes I think you're having fun with all this. Are you interested in Mr. Hill, Suzanne?"

"Me? I don't think I'm ready for a new relationship yet."

"That's a relief. And this is Mr. Hill we're talking about. I don't think he would be interested in a relationship, either. Most likely, he would just want to take advantage of you."

"You're so sweet, Mary! But I've been thinking... Are you worried about me just because people think that Mr. Hill is a womanizer, or do you know something else about him that you're not telling me?"

"W-what? O-of course!" Mary stated, although she seemed a little too nervous about the question.

"It's just... well, I think you deserve someone better than him! That's all!"

"Okay, then" Suzanne said, now suspecting more than ever that her friend was hiding something.

"Good morning, Mr. Hill" Suzanne said when her boss arrived at the office, half an hour later. As an efficient secretary, she was already at her desk, waiting for him.

"Good morning, Suzanne... And we're alone, remember? There's no need for such formality."

"Okay, Gregory. I'm sorry!"

"That's perfectly fine. So, any news?"

"Yes. Mr. Garcia called asking if you could receive him this morning. He wants to discuss the deadline for the new delivery."



"God, that man can be a pain! But he's also one of our best clients... I guess I have no choice. Tell him to come."

"Okay. Oh, and Alfred asked and he can send you his report tomorrow. He said he had an issue with a defective machine in the production line."

"No problem. But tell him I need it tomorrow without fail."

"Understood."

"I'm going to my office now. Could you bring me some coffee, please?"

"Black, without sugar?"

"Exactly! You already know me well, don't you?" he smiled. "Oh, and I really like your blouse, by the way" he said, his eyes fixed on her cleavage.

"Thank you, Gregory. That's very kind of you. I'll bring your coffee in a minute."

The day went by without anything unusual happening. Once again, Suzanne would return home making no progress in her mission, which was disappointing. However, the woman had no idea of the surprises the evening would bring her...

"Excuse me, Gregory" she said, entering Mr. Hill's office. "It's already 6 p.m. Do you need me for anything else?"

"Oh, no, Suzanne. Thanks. You can go. See you tomorrow."

"Umm... are you going to stay longer?" she asked, seeing that the man was still sitting at his desk with several papers in front of him.

"Yeah... I have to finish some work."

Suzanne found it weird. She had never seen Mr. Hill staying in the office at night before, and she had no idea what the documents in front of him were about. Maybe that was the chance she was waiting for...

"Well, you can finish it faster if I stay to help you."

"I wouldn't ask you such a thing, Suzanne. I bet you can't wait to go home and spend some time with your daughter. Those papers aren't that important, anyway."

"Brianna will be out tonight. She's going to see her boyfriend. I can't believe my sweet girl is already dating, they grow up so fast... But it means I'm *all yours* tonight, Gregory. So, why don't you start telling what I can do for you?"

Suzanne's hope that she was finally about to spot something that could incriminate Mr. Hill turned into a big frustration. The man wasn't lying when he said the work he had to do was nothing extraordinary – It was all about a large order from a Chinese company that Mr. Hill was dealing with personally, and there was no indication of something irregular in the negotiation.

Still, since she had already volunteered for the task, Suzanne stayed there until everything was finished, many hours later. Despite the frustration, she was convinced that it hadn't been a complete waste of time – she at least had taken the opportunity to gain Mr. Hill's confidence and get closer to him.

"Well, I think it's all done" Mr. Hill said, putting the papers aside. "Thank you for your help, Suzanne. Without you, I don't think I'd be even close to finishing it."

"I'm always glad to assist you, Gregory."

"What about a drink to celebrate? I have a nice bottle of wine here that I was saving for a special occasion."

"If you were saving the bottle for a special occasion, why waste it now?"

"I can't think of a more special situation than tonight. You and me, alone here... I'm so happy to have met you, Suzanne. You have no idea how much" he added in a peculiar way, and Suzanne was convinced he was no longer talking about work.

Mr. Hill took wine and poured two glasses. Suzanne sipped the fabulous wine, feeling her nerves settling down a bit. There was a certain tension in the air – a good one, it's true, but she was unsure about what was about to happen.

They started talking informally for the first time since they had met, and Suzanne enjoyed it. Mr. Hill was a pleasant companion, and knew very well how to impress a woman, telling fun stories about his career and his youth. At some point, he even talked about the time he had been married.

"Have you never thought about getting married again, Gregory?" Suzanne asked.

"Of course I have" he stated, filling their glasses for the third or fourth time. Suzanne had already lost count. "I guess I just didn't find the right person during all those years. I didn't want to repeat the same mistakes of the past."

"I see... and have you never had kids?"

"No. My ex-wife was afraid of pregnancy saying it would ruin her figure... Do you see why I said she was a *complicated woman*? It wasn't a big deal when I was younger, but now I regret it. I really wish I had children."

"Well, you still can. You just need to get into a relationship with a young woman."

"Oh, no, I don't think this is the right moment to raise a baby. Also, I'm not interested in a young wife. You know, I think there's something about *more experienced women* that is simply impossible to find in a young one... Obviously, I wouldn't object to having a relationship with someone who already has children... I would even be willing to assume a paternal role... You're a mother, aren't you? Why don't you talk a little about your daughter and how you feel being a parent?"

Suzanne felt a shiver down her spine. Was Mr. Hill really implying what she thought he was? Her maternal instinct loved to hear "*I would even be willing to assume the paternal role*". Yes, her daughter definitely needed some male influence in her life... Suzanne had to struggle to remember herself that she wasn't actually a mom and that Brianna wasn't really a young lady. None of that was true!

But then... why did it feel so real?

She began to talk about Brianna like any other proud mother, unable to differentiate fantasy from reality. She knew that the love she felt for her supposed daughter was genuine, and it was unlike

anything she had ever felt before... It was powerful, unconditional – something that only a real mother could feel.

Mr. Hill listened carefully, smiling and looking truly interested. This pleased Suzanne immensely – nothing could make a mother happier than a company willing to hear more about her children, after all...

"You know, Suzanne, I really admire you"

"Me? Why, Gregory?"

"Because you're a very brave woman who wasn't afraid to start over, and is always thinking about your daughter's good. I see how you talk about her, and it says a lot about you! You are smart, persevering, trustworthy..."

Mr. Hill got up and offered a hand to Suzanne. When she realized it, the man's arms were wrapping her tightly against his body, and she had put her arms around his neck.



"...Not to mention the fact that you are so beautiful... A stunning woman" he whispered, looking directly into her eyes. "You know... I think I just found the person I was looking for..."

Mr. Hill then kissed Suzanne, and the woman kissed him back as if her life depended on it. After so long dreaming about that moment... After so many nights touching herself thinking about that man... It was finally happening. Gregory's kiss was gentle and tender, but also warm and passionate... It was obvious he knew what he was doing. His hands stroked all over Suzanne's voluptuous body, and more than ever she felt like a woman, totally dominated by her growing femininity and the delightful sensations of being kissed and touched by a man.

"I'm not so sure if we should be doing something like that, Gregory. Especially here" Suzanne jokingly said, when they finally broke the kiss.

"Don't worry" Mr. Hill smiled. "I assure you that your boss won't be angry..."

He kissed her again, this time even more deeply, and Suzanne almost lost her breath. The woman was feeling so horny, and found it hard to think about anything at the moment. However, when Mr. Hill touched her breasts, it was as if a warning signal had lit up in her mind... She immediately remembered what Mary had told her earlier that day: *"It seems that Mr. Hill gets tired of his secretaries pretty soon and then starts looking for a new one"*.

Suzanne couldn't let that happen. She needed to keep Mr. Hill interested as long as possible. She loved the feeling of having her breasts touched like that, but it couldn't go on... Not that night.

"Stop Gregory, please" she whispered, reluctantly.

"Why?" the man nibbled her ear. "I'm pretty sure you're enjoying it as much as I am."

"Y-yes, of course I am... B-but... I think it's too soon. I mean, my husband passed away not so long ago. Can you understand that? Can you be a little patient?"

"Of course, my dear" Mr. Hill said, although he looked frustrated. "You are worth the wait" he added, kissing her hand.

"Thank you, Gregory. I think I should go now... before I change my mind."

"I can take you home."

"Don't worry, I'll call a taxi... It's better this way."

Suzanne left the office moving her hips sensually, absolutely sure that Mr. Hill was checking her out. Smiling, she thought she was finally getting somewhere. Now she just needed to play her cards right...

Three weeks later...

It was late in the night, and Suzanne was alone in the living room of her apartment. The only source of light was coming from the TV. The woman was watching some chick flick to pass the time as she waited for Brianna to get home. The girl had gone out with her boyfriend, and Suzanne was worried about her daughter. There was no way she would be able to sleep while Brianna was still out.

God, being a mother is so hard sometimes, she thought, concerned. Why kids never answer the phone?

She tried to focus on the movie to distract herself. At that point, the couple was having breakfast in bed after a night of love. In the past, when Suzanne was still Patrick Donovan, she would only watch a movie like that to please Julie, and even then the old Patrick would have got bored pretty fast. Now, however, Suzanne really found that kind of movie truly entertaining.

She thought it was impressive how her preferences and habits had changed since she embraced her new role as a middle-aged woman. She wasn't forcing herself to do that. The changes just seemed natural, as if she was getting in touch with a side of herself that she hadn't known before, but that had always been there, just waiting for the right moment to emerge.

I can't understand it, but I know it's true, she thought, playing with the hem of the sexy nightie she was wearing. That was just a small example of how much her tastes had changed. No matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't picture herself wearing a plain pair of cotton shorts to go to the bed like in the past. Only thinking about this possibility made her tremble in distress. It was so much better to wear something like the black lace nightie she had chosen that night... It was so soft and felt so good against her body...

Despite the fact that she was going to sleep alone, she also loved how hot she looked in that nightie, with the contours of her huge breasts and voluptuous body clearly visible through the delicate fabric; not to mention the tiny matching thong, which made her round, big butt look irresistible.

If only there was someone here to see how good I look...

Such a thought immediately made her think of Mr. Hill, and she smiled like a fool in love. She tried to scold herself, saying she was acting like a naive young woman, but she knew that it was an effort in vain. She simply couldn't control her feelings.



Suzanne was still determined to stick to her original plan. She had told herself several times that she was working as Mr. Hill's secretary – and even having a love affair with the man – just to find out if he was actually doing something criminal. However, nothing prevented her from *having fun* along the way, right? And God, how she loved spending time with Mr. Hill... she was definitely having an amazing time, and things had progressed a lot in the last few weeks...

Suzanne and Mr. Hill's making out sessions were occurring on a daily basis now, and were no longer limited to the office. After much insistence from the man, he had begun taking Suzanne home every night. Not only that, but he had even taken his assistant to fancy restaurants three or four times.

Until now, Suzanne had been able to contain the man's advances. The most she allowed him to do – besides kissing her, of course – was to touch her boobs a few times. She knew she needed to keep him interested and curious, and so far her plan was working like a charm. Mr. Hill seemed to desire her more and more every day. He was always so horny when they were together that Suzanne almost felt sorry for him when she repeated over and over again that he needed to be a little more patient.

The situation was difficult for her, too. She was feeling aroused pretty much all the time, and her daily masturbation sessions were no longer being enough to satisfy her. More than anything, she wanted to have sex with Gregory, but she had to control herself, no matter how hard it was.

Smiling, she looked at the flower pot on the center table of the living room. Those flowers had been a gift from Mr. Hill, and they made her feel thrilled every time she looked at them, remembering the night before. After giving her the flowers, the man had kissed her with more passion than ever... Suzanne didn't know how much longer she would be able to resist.

Mary, her friend, had already noticed that something was going on, and was worried. "You're falling for him, aren't you?" she asked one day.

"I don't know what you're talking about, dear."

"C'mon, Suzanne, you can be honest with me. I'm your friend, remember? Tell me, have you two kissed yet? Oh my, I can see the answer in your face! You shouldn't be doing that, Suzanne..."

"What do you know about Mr. Hill, Mary? What's truly going on?"

"N-nothing!" Mary answered, nervously. "I just think he's not the right man for you! But you're an adult woman, aren't you? You have the right to do whatever you want."

Suzanne knew Mary was indeed hiding something, and she had spent many nights trying to guess what it might be, and why her friend was so reluctant to share the information. She hadn't come up with any satisfactory theory yet, though.

Beside the flower pot, there was a compilation of the mysterious letters Suzanne had been receiving. The woman was keeping them in a notebook, still puzzled about who the sender would be. She even considered going to the post office to see if they could help her to solve the matter, but she soon let that idea go. Deep down, she was enjoying the mystery, and it wasn't like the letters were doing her harm – they were just some kind of motivational messages, and were truly helping Suzanne.

As soon as the movie Suzanne came to an end, she heard footsteps and laughter in the hallway outside the apartment. She immediately recognized one the voices – it was Brianna, her daughter. Suzanne quickly got up and put on a silk robe over her nightie, and, a minute later, Brianna and a young man entered the apartment.

"Well, well, well, look who decided to show up!" Suzanne snapped.

"Mom?!" Brianna cried out, frightened. "Gosh, I hadn't noticed you were here! What are you doing up at this hour?"

"What else, my *dear daughter*? I was waiting for a *certain girl* to get home... One that said she would arrive much earlier, and isn't answering her phone. Any idea who I'm talking about?"

"Mom... I'm sorry... It's just that..."

"It's just that what, young lady?" Suzanne angrily asked, crossing her arms.

"I know I messed up, but don't be like that... *Not now!*" Brianna added, glancing at the guy next to her.

"Umm... Excuse me, Ma'am" the young man suddenly said, coming forward. "Forgive me for saying so, but you shouldn't be so hard on Bree. It's my fault she's late. She said she needed to come home hours ago, but I insisted for her to wait a little longer. I'm Thomas, by the way. You can call me Tom, Ma'am."

Knowing her daughter very well, Suzanne doubted that the young man was being completely honest. Brianna didn't have the habit of getting home at the appointed time, after all. Still, Suzanne didn't completely disapprove the fact that Tom was lying to protect his girlfriend. It could mean he really liked her.

He was a handsome guy, about twenty years old. He was tall, had short black hair, an athletic body, and a manly face, with dark brown eyes, and a confident smile. The older woman had the feeling that he was a trustworthy young man, but she decided not to be so gentle with him, at least at first.

"Very well, *Thomas*. If what you said is true, don't you think it makes you a bad influence on my daughter?"

"Mom!" Brianna protested.

"Well, I can't blame you for thinking so, Ma'am. But I promise you this will not happen again...ever! I was eager to finally meet you, and I'm sorry that this is happening in such circumstances."

Suzanne had to struggle to maintain her severe expression. The effort the young man was making to sound polite was laudable, but also a little comical.

She then leaned back against the couch and sighed. "Fine! The charade is over. I don't like acting like a stern mother, anyway... And you, Brianna, you know things don't need to be like that. I never try to control your life. All I ask you is to answer your phone when I call you! Is that too much?"

"No, Mom" the young woman replied, pouting and looking down. "I'm so sorry, okay? You're an amazing mom... the best one in the world!"

Suzanne felt immensely touched by her words, and had to hold back the tears. *Christ, being a mother really is a whirlwind of emotions, isn't it?*

"That's okay, honey. I'm sure you'll do better from now on, won't you? Now, since we are all here, I'd like to take the opportunity to get to know my son-in-law. Why don't we drink something? I'll get a

glass of wine for me, and some soda for you two. No matter what the state says, you two aren't old enough to drink alcohol under my roof ..."

The three of them talked for a long time. Suzanne learned that Tom was attending a local college, and had a part-time job at his uncle's security systems firm. "We were responsible for installing the security cameras in the building where you work, Ma'am" he said, proud of himself. "That was an important job for us."

Also, it was obvious that he really cared about Brianna. During the whole time, he held her tight as if she were the precious thing in the world, and it was possible to see his eyes shining whenever he spoke about her. The feeling was clearly reciprocal. Anyone could see that Brianna was deeply in love as she snuggled into his arms like it was her happiest place.

Suzanne didn't know if that relationship would last long. At their age, things were always volatile. But she was glad that – as long as it lasted – her daughter seemed to be safe with someone who respected her. What else could a mother ask for?

"Excuse me, Gregory, did you want to see me?" Suzanne asked, entering her boss's office.

Mr. Hill took his eyes off the papers on his desk and looked up. Suzanne was right in front of him, leaning on the table. She was using an extremely low-cut red blouse and her huge boobs looked fantastic from that angle.

"You look particularly beautiful today, Suzanne."

"Why, thank you, Greg!" the woman exclaimed, showing her most seductive smile. "I think you have already earned the right to compliment me whenever you want, you know..." she teased him, thinking about how much she loved flirting with him. "But I don't think you've called me here just to talk about my looks, have you?"

"Well, I could keep doing exactly that all day long, you know... But you are right, unfortunately. I need you to deliver some documents. Oh, and I also would like to ask you something. Would you mind staying late at the office tonight? I've a lot of work to finish, and I'd appreciate your help."



"Not a problem, Greg. I'm always glad to help you, *in every possible way.*"

Suzanne knew very well that whenever Mr. Hill asked her to stay in the office at night, it never was only about work. But that was a good thing. That was a perfect opportunity for her to put into practice something she had been planning during the last few days...

"Well, I think that's it, Suzanne" Mr. Hill sighed, relieved. "Seems like everything is done."

It was already past eight, and they had finally finished analyzing the company's new export contracts.

"Oh, Greg, you look so tense!" Suzanne said, with a concerned look.

"You know how tough those contracts can be... They are definitely not pleasant to work with."

"Oh, poor you... Let me help you relax a little bit."

She went to the office's liquor cabinet, and poured some Scotch Whiskey, his favorite drink. After handing him the glass, she began to massage his shoulders.

"That feels nice, Suzanne, very nice indeed You have amazing hands... what have I done to deserve such a reward?"

"Well, *you're you*, silly. That's more than enough for me" she whispered in his ear, making him shiver.

Suzanne's original plan was to postpone as much as possible any kind of sexual intercourse with Mr. Hill, so that he wouldn't lose interest in her. However, these days she was afraid that she might be delaying it a bit too much, and it could have an effect contrary to the desired – Mr. Hill could get tired of waiting, and start having an affair with someone else.

Nothing indicated it was about to happen, and perhaps Suzanne was just being paranoid thanks to the man's reputation, but it was better to be safe than sorry. She couldn't have sex as the *other women*, of course, since her prosthetic vagina wasn't functional, but she certainly knew a trick or two to keep Mr. Hill entertained, and it would be no sacrifice for her...

She continued massaging his shoulders, and then her hands slowly went down to his chest. Oh, she loved his muscular body, and started daydreaming about how nice it would be to sleep with her head resting on his chest after a long night of sex.

The man was clearly enjoying what she doing. His breathing was getting faster and faster, and he had begun to moan softly. It was when, before Suzanne realized what was going on, he turned his chair and pulled her body into his lap.

"Oh, you are such a bad boy, aren't you, Greg?" she teased him, feeling his hard cock against her big butt. "I was just trying to make you relax but I see that relaxing isn't exactly what you have in mind."

"I just can't help it, Suzanne... Not anymore."

He kissed her deeply, seeming about to explode with so much horniness. His hands immediately went to her breasts, rubbing and lightly pinching her nipples. Suzanne reacted with equal enthusiasm, kissing him back and wiggling on his cock, making him even hornier.

Not long after, Mr. Hill had already lowered the top of her blouse and her bra, and was sucking her boobs.

"Oh, Greg, it feels so good!" she cried out, pressing his head even harder against her chest. Having her boobs sucked by Mr. Hill was one of the best feelings she had ever experienced. She was so absorted

that she didn't realize that one of the man's hands had sneaked into her skirt, between her legs, and was almost reaching her lace panties...

"Wait, Greg!" Suzanne begged him, when she finally understood what was going on. At that point, the man's hand was already touching her fake pussy through her panties.

"Oh, c'mon, honey..." Mr. Hill said, kissing her neck. "I know you want it as much as I do."

"O-of course I want!" she stammered, making a great effort to think straight since she was so aroused. "I want this more than anything. B-but I'm not ready yet. I ... I have never been with another man since my husband's death. All of this is new to me. I know how frustrating it sounds, but can you be a little more patient, Greg? In the meantime, I can do something for you... To show how grateful I am and how much I like you."

The woman disengaged herself from Mr. Hill's arms, and knelt down in front of him. She then began to massage his thighs, slowly rising toward his crotch, making Mr. Hill moan and squirm in his chair.

"Do you like it, Greg?" she asked, sensuously.

"Oh, I like it very much!" he cried out, closing his eyes. "Don't stop now!"

Suzanne giggled as her hands came closer and closer to his cock. She desperately wanted to grab it, but she decided to tease him a little further. She ripped his shirt open, making all the buttons fly around the room. Next, she started kissing his abdomen, while she continued to rub his legs. She could feel that the poor man was almost there, and she hadn't even touched his dick yet!

"Please, Suzanne...!" he begged.

"All in good time, my dear... All in good time."

When Suzanne finally unzipped his pants, she did it with her mouth. She wasn't sure where she'd learned that, but she felt really proud of herself. At that moment, she could make someone as powerful as Mr. Hill do whatever she wanted.

She then held his cock, ecstatic. God, how she loved cocks! Mr. Hill's one wasn't as huge as Tony's, but it looked delicious and was very hard and throbbing. Suzanne stroked his member a few times before she finally started licking and kissing it – just the tip at first, while she played with his balls, causing the man to have spasms.

When she began to suck the dick for real, the woman was glad it was so late at night, which meant the building was empty. Otherwise, everyone in the company would have been able to hear Mr. Hill's moans and cries of pleasure. She sucked it deeper and deeper, until she could feel his member reaching her throat. It felt so marvelous... No matter how much she practiced it every night with her dildos, the real thing always felt so much better... it was warm and alive inside her mouth...



Gregory was so turned on that he didn't last much longer. Soon his cries grew even louder and his whole body started contracting. Suzanne knew what was about to happen, but she didn't back away, determined to take it all – something she hadn't had the chance to do with Tony at the clinic.

Mr. Hill grabbed her head tightly and ejaculated lots of cum into her mouth. Suzanne swallowed his juice like a pro, and thought it tasted better than she had expected. The woman simply didn't know how she would be able to live without cum now that she had tried it. She kept sucking his cock as it was softening in her mouth, enjoying it until the very last moment.

"Oh, Suzanne!" Mr. Hill exclaimed. "It was Incredible! I had never experienced anything like this before!"

"I'm glad you liked it, Greg!" she said, sitting on his lap again and accepting his caresses. "And there's much more to come..." she whispered in his ear. The woman smiled as he stroked her hair, now completely sure Mr. Hill wouldn't get tired of her anytime soon...

"Oh my, it's so great to see you back, Ma'am!" said Samara, welcoming Suzanne to the clinic.

"Thank you, my dear!" Suzanne replied, hugging the younger woman. "It's fabulous to see you, as well. I won't be staying long this time, though."

"That's understandable. You're a busy woman now, right, Ma'am? But we're happy to have you here, even if only for a few days. Your room has already been prepared for you. I'll take you there. Now, tell me, please... How are you doing? What about Brianna? I want to hear everything!"

Suzanne felt completely at ease as she crossed the familiar hallways of the clinic, chatting happily with Samara. She had spent many months there, after all, getting ready for her crazy mission. She was very close to finishing her mission now... She could feel it. But first, she still had to solve *a small problem*, and once again she decided to turn to the Mrs. Larsen's clinic for help.

Mr. Hill and she were getting closer and closer. At that point, she was sure it wouldn't be long before he started trusting her entirely. The only issue was that she was running out of excuses to keep postponing having sex with the man. She had been satisfying him with her mouth for a few weeks now, but she knew that soon that wouldn't be enough anymore.

Last but not least, she couldn't deny that she was dying to have some kind of functional pussy to be able to have sex with him, even if just once. She spent all her nights fantasizing about it, after all. That would be so amazing to feel Gregory inside her...

It was when she called Mrs. Larsen, a few days before, explaining her issues without going into unnecessary details, and the owner of the clinic promptly said she was sure that Dr. Reid would think of some kind of procedure. Suzanne stressed out over and over again that she just wanted a *temporary solution*, and Mrs. Larsen agreed vaguely, still playing that game of pretending that Suzanne had never been someone else.

"Good morning, Mrs. Mason" Dr. Reid said, in his usual professional tone. "Please, take a sit. So, Mrs. Larsen told me you want some sort of *corrective procedure*. Is that correct?"

"Well, I think one could put it this way" Suzanne sighed, realizing that the doctor was still determined to keep acting as if she really had always been a woman, which just made things more complicated. "It's... it's about my private parts, Dr. Reid."

"I see. You don't need to feel uncomfortable talking about it, Mrs. Mason. This is a very common concern among women *your age*. Many of them seek medical help to improve the appearance of their vagina and feel more confident about their bodies."

"So... Is it really possible? *Really?* I mean, in my case..."

"Sure it is!" the doctor asserted, before Suzanne could finish. "The procedures are called vaginoplasty and labiaplasty. They are highly recommended for reversing the undesirable effects of aging and childbirths."

"I understand, doctor. I would like to know a little more about such procedures before making a decision. But in case I agree to them, when would you be able to perform the surgery?"

"Let me check my schedule. Well, what about this afternoon?"

"So soon?"

"I thought you would be glad to hear that."

"Yes, yes, of course I am. Then tell me more about it..."

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Mason?" Samara asked, entering the bedroom with the older woman's breakfast.

"Much better, my dear. Thank you."

That was the fourth day after Suzanne's surgery. The day before, she had finally been allowed to leave the clinic's ward and go back to her room, but she still needed to remain in absolute rest.

She had been in a lot of pain for some time, but her condition was improving. Dr. Reid said the surgery had been a success, which made Suzanne relieved. However, at least on those first days, looking between her legs wasn't being a pleasant experience.

There was a lot of swelling and bruising down there, and she could barely visualize the shape of what she believed to be the new prosthetic genitalia attached to her body. Dr. Reid also assured her that all this was perfectly normal, and that soon the swelling would go away and she would be able to see how her vagina truly looked.

My vagina... Suzanne knew this wasn't a real thing, but even so she felt thrilled to think that now she had something that could be called like a vagina. She loved it... she would be able to get penetrated, like any other female... Something inside her tried to say that she should be at least a little worried about everything that was going on, but she didn't pay attention to that.

After Samara served breakfast, the two of them began to chat, like in the old good days. It had been happening on a daily basis since Suzanne's return, and she hadn't realized before how much she missed that. Despite the *huge age difference* between them, Suzanne felt a strong connection with Samara.

The older woman told Samara everything about her new life, including her relationship with Mr. Hill. She talked about how she felt when she was with him, how much she loved the way he praised her, and even narrated their making out sessions, without skipping any of the juicy details.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason, I'm so happy for you!" Samara cried out, clapping. "The way you talk about this Mr. Hill... I think you're in love with him!"

"I-in love?!" Suzanne stammered, startled. For some reason, she had never considered this possibility before. "I... I don't think so, young lady. This is too early!"

Not to mention that I can't fall in love with him, she thought. My goal is to find out if he's doing something illegal!

"Don't lie to yourself, Ma'am! I can recognize a woman in love when I see one. And he really seems to love you back, doesn't he? Now you just need to see if he's good in bed!"

"Samara!" Suzanne intended to scold Samara, but soon they were laughing together.

About a week later, Suzanne was allowed to return home. Brianna had also gone to the clinic some days earlier, so she could help her mother on the way back. The older woman was almost completely recovered by now. Dr. Reid had assured her that in another four or five days she would be able to go back to work.

It was good news for Suzanne. She could hardly wait to put the next part of her plan into action. Moreover, she couldn't deny that she was dying to see Mr. Hill again. They had texted and called each other a few times during the time Suzanne was away, but it wasn't the same thing. She wanted to see him in person... hear his deep voice saying how beautiful she looked... feel his big hands stroking her body while his tongue invaded her mouth...

Everything in its own time, she told herself countless times, trying to control her excitement.

All in all, she was convinced that her trip to the clinic had been a huge success. She had gotten a new prosthetic pussy – far superior to the previous one – had spent a lot of time with her old friend, Samara, and had had some free time to relax and think of the next steps of her endeavor. Just perfect!

The only slightly odd thing she could think of her stay there had been her meetings with Mrs. Larsen. It hadn't been the clinic owner's fault, as Suzanne had to admit. Mrs. Larsen had treated her as gently and supportively as always. The truth was that something seemed to have changed within Suzanne. In the past, she could follow the Mrs. Larsen's words blindly; this time around, though, she didn't feel so much dependence towards the other woman. Maybe they had spent too much time apart, or perhaps Suzanne had just matured and became more confident in her own abilities...

Brianna spent the next two days beside her mother's bed. Suzanne thought it was cute and very thoughtful of her, but on the third day it started to get on her nerves. She was eager for a chance to test her *new equipment*, after all.

"Honey, don't you have to go to the gym today?" she asked in the morning.

"You know I usually go there every day... But I totally can wait a few more days until you're fully recovered. I need to take care of Mommy!" she giggled.

"That's very sweet, Bree, but I can spend a few hours alone. I'm already feeling much better."

"I don't know, Mom... What if you need something while I'm gone?"

"Then I'll call you right away. I promise you that, princess!"

It took Suzanne another ten minutes to finally convince Brianna. As soon as the girl left the apartment, the woman took a long, relaxing bath, drinking some tea. Back to her room, she spread scented creams all over her body, combed her hair meticulously and made up her face. It didn't matter if she wasn't going to see anyone. The woman liked to be all dolled up, whenever possible. It made her feel more confident and feminine – feel more like herself.

She then put on a pair of black nylons and 4-inch mules. Finally, feeling pretty and refreshed, she approached the full-length mirror. "Now that's a sexy lady" she told herself, smiling. "Not bad for a woman in her forties... Not bad, at all."

She touched her breasts with one hand, feeling her nipples already growing hard, while the other one went to the middle of her legs. It was undeniable that Dr. Reid was a true artist. Looking at her pussy, there was no way to say it was just a prosthesis – and best of all, it even felt like a real thing!

With slow movements, Suzanne began touching the labia majora, and then her fingers sneaked into the cave, just a little bit. She didn't know how that was even possible, but her hole was hot and wet. What kind of prosthesis was that? She wondered, barely believing how lucky she was.

She then made contact with her clitoris, and let out a moan of pleasure. "God, this is so sensitive!" she cried out, feeling her legs trembling. She then returned to bed as fast as she could, and kicked her heels away.



"All right. Now let's see what this thing is really capable of" she said, spreading her legs wide. The woman kept playing with her clit for some time, while her arousal was growing more and more intense. "Fuck, it feels so, so amazing!"

She then stuck two fingers inside herself again, this time going deeper and deeper, and pretty soon a third finger joined the party. "Ahh... ohh... God, it's good... unbelievably good... this pussy is so deep... seems like it has no end! It feels so marvelous!" she then grabbed her biggest dildo from a drawer of her bedside table.



Her crack was so soaked that the dildo slipped inside it easily, and Suzanne loved the feeling. It was more than just physical pleasure, though. Now, for all intents and purposes, she had a vagina, a functional one. It was an indisputable fact, and this realization was utterly mind-blowing.

"I'm a woman" she began to whisper, and pretty soon she was screaming. "I'M A WOMAN! GOD, I'M A WOMAN AND I FEEL SO HOT!" Her excitement was growing stronger and stronger as she shoved the dildo even deeper inside herself.

The sensations she was experiencing thanks to her feminine body were entrancing. She loved her soft, sensitive skin; the weight of her large, mature breasts, rising and falling on her chest at a fast pace; and especially, her newly acquired pussy, which was leading her to such a state of ecstasy that she had no idea that could be reached before.

Not long after, she touched her clit again, and she was so wildly aroused that it was enough for her to feel like about to come. She then started working the dildo faster and faster, as a huge orgasm grew inside her.



"YES! OH, GOD! FUCK, YES!" Suzanne cried out when it finally blew out. The pleasure she felt was beyond words. A truly transcendent experience, she would say. It was so delicious that she didn't want it to come to an end, so she kept fucking her pussy furiously. Not long after, her body contracted again, and she had another orgasm, and another and another and another... to the point where she simply lost count.

When it was finally over, Suzanne lay down feeling exhausted but also extremely satisfied. She smiled, already envisioning lots of fun ahead. She felt more confident about her femininity than ever... In other words, she felt like a complete woman.

The fact that she was so happy about her supposed prosthetic vagina and wasn't missing her male equipment didn't bother her at all, at least at that moment. In such a state of fullness, it was simply impossible to worry about *such small details*. All she could think of was that she could hardly wait to feel a real cock inside her pussy...

A week later...

Suzanne crossed the luxurious restaurant's hall feeling thrilled. She was wearing a tight red satin dress that highlighted her voluptuous curves and exposed a good portion of her perfect mature boobs. Her sexy 5-inch silver pump heels made her walk so provocative that it was humanly impossible not to look at her fantastic butt as she moved her hips in an almost hypnotic way.

The woman was very aware that she was drawing a lot of attention, and the truth was that she loved it. He felt powerful and feminine, knowing that all the men around her, young and old, would do anything to be with her. However, that night all her attention was focused on the man who was at her side – the man she'd been fantasizing about for so long.

She couldn't deny she was looking forward for the end of the dinner – which hadn't even begun yet – when she hoped she could be alone with him in some bedroom. Suzanne smiled at that prospect of the wild things she was planning to do, and it made her wet red lips look even more tempting.

"So, what do you think, honey?" Mr. Hill asked, as they reached the reserved table.

"Oh, this is such a lovely place, Greg!" the woman answered, excited. "I'm so happy to be here with you!"

"I'm very happy, too, Suzanne. I want this night to be a very special one... A night we'll always remember..."

That was the first weekend after Suzanne had returned to work. After so long time without seeing each other, that had been an *intense week* for the potential couple, with constant making out sessions. During one of those sessions, on Thursday, Mr. Hill invited the woman to go out with him on Saturday.

If she still had doubts before, now it seemed pretty clear that Gregory really liked her her. And since she no longer had *technical problems* down there – thanks to Dr. Reid's amazing work – the path was free for her to make Gregory even crazier about his secretary and lover.

This finding was exhilarating for Suzanne. She just wasn't sure for what reason...

On the one hand, all that meant she was closer than ever to accomplishing her mission; however, she was no longer so sure if such a mission was that important to her. *Perhaps I should just forget this spying thing...* she thought, unable to stop herself. *I could just accept my fate as Greg's girlfriend and eventually wife... Now that would be an amazing life...*

She got completely shocked by those thoughts. Where had they come from? Was that how she truly felt?

"So, what do you think about the champagne?" Mr. Hill asked.



"It's superb, Greg" Suzanne replied, sipping the drink. "I wonder why we are drinking champagne, though."

"Every moment I spend with you is a special occasion, my dear"

"Be careful when you say such beautiful things, darling" the woman teased him. "I may start believing you..."

Suzanne was feeling relaxed and playful, a state of mind quite different from what she had experienced during the last few days. Doubts about who she really was had consumed her so intensely that she had barely been able to get some sleep.

Was she meant to be a woman forever? Would she be able give up her new lifestyle and be a young man again? She was simply not sure what to do, and she even thought about contacting Mrs. Larsen for some advice. However, that idea just didn't sound as appealing as it would have in the past.

I'm not some insecure young girl, she told herself, firmly. I'm a mature, confident woman, and that's the kind of decision I should make myself.

Moreover, she was convinced there was no reason to rush any decision. She should just enjoy herself as she explored that *brave new world*. Eventually, when she was calm and relaxed, she would be able to find out what she really wanted to do.

That was it. Suzanne liked the sound of that plan, crediting it to the *wisdom of maturity*. The time to act impulsively – something that she as Patrick used to do so routinely – has already passed a long ago. She was a forty-seven years old woman.

The food was almost as enjoyable as the Mr. Hill's company. More than ever, she felt completely enchanted by the man, who seemed especially inspired that night. He praised the woman's beauty at the right times, told interesting stories, and listened to Suzanne while she was talking as if nothing in the world could interest him more.

"...and that's the truth, Greg. I was so happy when I started working at the company... Not only because I could meet someone like you, but also because I had the chance to start over. Before all that, I was feeling like my life wasn't going anywhere. The last few years haven't been easy for me, but now I feel alive again."

"You have no idea how pleased I am to hear that, Suzanne. You're such an amazing woman who deserves nothing but happiness, and I'm glad to have helped you – even if just a little bit – to start this new chapter in your life."

"Your contribution was much greater than *just a little bit*, Greg, and you know that."

"If you say so... In any case, it's great to know that you're feeling fully integrated to the company. As far as I know, everybody there loves you."

"I wouldn't say that..."

"What you mean?"

"Let's say that some people there wouldn't be sad to see me go away. Maybe they think I get some kind of special treatment for being your personal assistant?"

"That's absurd! Just tell me who is spreading such rumors and I'm going to fire them right away!"

"That would just prove their point, wouldn't it?"

"Damn, I guess you're right..." Mr. Hill lamented, and the two of them laughed.

"But yes, I was able to make some friends... Mary Pierce, for instance."

"Mary Pierce? From the financial sector?" Mr. Hill asked, looking a little troubled for the first time that night.

"Yes, it's her. Is that a problem?"

"Well, I don't want to interfere in your life, my dear, but I would advise you to stay away from Mrs. Pierce."

"What?! Why?"

Gregory looked reluctant for a moment before finally saying, "What I'm going to tell you has to stay here, okay? I can't go into details right now, but Mrs. Pierce is under investigation. Suspicions are that she is using her position to steal money."

"Mary? I can't believe it!"

"I had a hard time accepting this possibility myself. Mrs. Pierce has been with us for so long... But these suspicions were brought to me by none other Mr. Simmons, her immediate boss, who noticed some strange numbers in the company's accounting under her responsibility. There's still nothing proven, so I'm not making any kind of accusation here. However, if Mary truly is doing something wrong, I wouldn't like to see you in the midst of the whirlwind."

Suzanne's mind was racing a mile a minute. Why was it that everyone around her were suspected of being criminals? Could it be true? Mary seemed to be such a nice person and a great friend... On the other hand, it was undeniable she acted strangely sometimes, like when she showed an obsessive aversion towards Mr. Hill, without any plausible explanation.

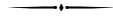
What if she had become close to Suzanne just to find out if Mr. Hill was suspicious of her? Could she be the person behind the corruption scheme that Mr. McFarland thought Mr. Hill was guilty for? Suzanne was getting less and less convinced that Mr. Hill could really be doing something illegal. She had been working as his secretary for many weeks already and she hadn't yet spotted any minimally suspect activity.

Then why would Mary be trying to make Suzanne hate Mr. Hill so much? Perhaps she just wanted a spy at her side. That was something Suzanne would have to investigate later...

"But let's stop talking about problems" Mr. Hill suggested. "This was supposed to be a special night for us, honey."

He then held Suzanne's hands over the table, and looked deeply into her eyes. "I really enjoyed hearing you talking about how you feel alive in this new phase of your life, Suzanne, because that's exactly how I feel, too, since I had the incredible good fortune to meet you. At my age, I really didn't expect to feel that thrilled again. It was as if I had already experienced all that life had to offer, and I was starting to get tired of it. But now... Now everything seems different, and this is all thanks to you. I know how silly it sounds, but sometimes I feel like a young man discovering new pleasures and falling in love for the first time. Because that's true, Suzanne. I *love you*. I love you like I've never loved anyone else before."

The woman was dumbfounded when Mr. Hill finished speaking. That had been the first time he had said he loved her, and she felt absolutely sure she loved him back. She was seriously looking forward to what that night still had to offer. Maybe... just maybe... that could even be the night that would seal her fate forever...



They arrived at the man's house about an hour later. Mr. Hill lived in a sumptuous mansion surrounded by a beautiful garden in the suburbs. The interior of the building was elegantly decorated and so organized and clean it was hard to believe that someone actually lived there. It was evident that Mr. Hill didn't spend much time at home.

Suzanne wondered if this could be because he felt too lonely in such a large house with no company. As Gregory kissed her again, her mind began to wander and she imagined herself as his devoted wife, waiting for her man to get home every night, always wearing something sexy... She could make him so happy... That didn't sound like a bad plan... not at all...

Wasting no time, Mr. Hill took her to his large bedroom. The lights were out, so the only illumination was coming from the exuberant full moon that could be seen through the open window, creating a romantic and dreamy atmosphere.

Before Greg could take the woman to the bed, she told him to stop, saying she needed to go to the toilet for a second. Once there, Suzanne started taking off her clothes until she was wearing only her thong panties and heels. Then, she straightened her hair, touched up her makeup, and spread some perfume on her neck, wrists and between her breasts.

"So, Greg, do you like what you see?" she asked seductively, when she finally left the bathroom. Seeing the man's astonished expression, she knew the answer before he even opened his mouth. Despite the dim lighting, she could see that his eyes were full of lust as he looked at her delicious mature body.

"Oh, you have no idea how much I like it, honey" the man said, coming closer and kissing her one more time, and finally taking her to the bed.



Soon enough, Mr. Hill had already gotten rid of his clothes, and Suzanne could see how great his body looked. She loved the feeling of rubbing his strong chest and abs, and being held by his bare muscular arms.

...and obviously, she also paid attention to his hard member down there.

The fascination she had acquired for cocks seemed to be a one-way ticket. She just couldn't think of anything hotter than dicks, and she found it unbelievable that she had never realized it in the past, when she still lived as a man.

She wondered if she would ever be able to feel sexually aroused by a woman again, but it was almost impossible to focus on that matter as she felt Mr. Hill's big hands rubbing her voluptuous boobs, and his cock pressing against her butt cheeks.



Gosh, why would I even bother about being with a woman again? She thought. I have my own pussy right now... and I'm dying to feel a real cock inside it!

The woman wouldn't have to wait much longer, since Mr. Hill was already taking off her panties. "Oh, Suzanne" he whispered in her ear as she spread her soft legs. "You're so beautiful. I've waited so long for this moment."

"Me too, dear" the woman said through moans, as the man touched her soaked pussy. "Me too..."

And then, it finally happened. Suzanne finally felt Mr. Hill's cock sliding inside her wet crack... Oh, that was a glorious moment! That was it. She had a functional pussy, and there was a cock inside it. She just couldn't think of anything that could make her feel more like a woman than that.

She closed her eyes, enjoying all those new sensations. Having a real dick inside her pussy was so different from playing with her dildos... It felt alive, warm, pulsating... and Suzanne just wanted Mr. Hill's dick to go even deeper inside her.

"Harder, Greg!" she cried out. "I need you to fuck me harder!"



"I'm working on that, honey!" the man said, breathlessly. He then started sucking one of her big nipples, as he shoved his cock faster and harder inside the woman, as she had demanded.

Suzanne appreciated his effort. She began to feel powerful waves of pleasure through her whole body, to the point where her low moans turned into cries of pleasure. Yes, she was having an amazing time... But then, suddenly, Gregory's body started to contract, as he groaned louder and louder...

...the woman felt a hot spurt inside her pussy.

"Oh, honey, it was amazing... Absolutely amazing!" Gregory said, lying down next to her.

Suzanne wasn't of the same opinion, thinking the man had come a little too fast... just when it was getting good for her! Still, she decided to be a little comprehensible. She had already been a guy – even if it seemed like a weird and distant dream – and she knew that those things could happen from time to time. They just needed to try it again...

"Oh, yeah, dear. You really know how to satisfy a woman, don't you?" she said to encourage him, feeling his cum trickling down her thigh. "I just hope you're not done yet, big boy, because I want to feel your hard cock inside me again and..."

"Yeah, right..." Mr. Hill said, yawning. "I promise you that in the morning I'm going to make you feel so good again... Just trust me..." he added, already turning sideways, about to sleep.

Now Suzanne was truly frustrated. Not only had she been unable to have an orgasm, but Gregory had also fallen asleep while she was speaking, without any regard for her. That long-awaited moment turned into a great disappointment. Earlier, she had thought that night would put an end on all her doubts about her future. Now, however, she was more confused than ever...

"Hey, Mary" Suzanne said the next Monday, when they were entering the company building. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course, Suzanne, go ahead."

"Are you stealing money from the company?" Suzanne asked, as casually as if she were talking about the weather.

"W-what?!" Mary cried out, choking on the coffee she was drinking. "Are you mad, Suzanne? Why on the earth are you asking me something like that?" she finished, looking around in fear that someone might be listening to their conversation.

"Please, Mary, just answer the question. Believe it or not, I'm just trying to help you here."

"Oh, really?" Mary snapped, angrily. "I don't know how such an accusation can be of any help! I thought you were my friend!"

"I'm not accusing you, Mary. I'm just..."

"Whatever" Mary murmured, coldly. "But we can't discuss something like that in front of everyone, right? Come with me. "

Mary guided Suzanne into a small warehouse on the second floor. "Now tell me what the hell is going on!" Mary demanded to know, looking furious. Suddenly, however, her anger turned into dread. "Oh my god, it was Mr. Hill who put this crazy idea in your head, wasn't it?"

"Well... I won't lie to you. Gregory indeed told me that you're under a discreet investigation thanks to some suspicions raised by Mr. Simmons."

"Oh my God, this is terrible! If something bad happens to me, what am I going to say to my daughters? To my husband?" she then began sobbing and weeping copiously.

"Listen to me, Mary. Is Mr. Simmons telling the truth? Did you do something wrong?"

"Of course not! They are setting me up!"

"Who are *they*? Since I first met you, I have the feeling that you're hiding something from me. It's time for you to be completely honest, Mary!"

"I... I don't know..." Mary whined, wiping her tears with a handkerchief given by Suzanne.

"Mary, please! You know you're at risk of going to the jail, right?"

"B-but that's not fair" the woman stated, losing control once again. "I didn't steal from the company! It was Mr. Hill who did that. And this is not all... I have reasons to believe that he's also involved in a murder!"

"A murder?! What makes you think so?"

"Well, I..." Mary stopped talking, looking suspicious at Suzanne. "But why should I trust you? You're so close to Mr. Hill now, aren't you? Maybe you're just doing his dirty work... coming to me to find out what I know exactly."

"No, Mary! Look into my eyes. I would never do that, okay? And you know what? I don't feel so close to Mr. Hill anymore. Maybe... maybe you were right about him. Most importantly, I'm a mother, Mary... just like you. I would never betray you. Think about your daughters..."

"Don't you dare to talk about my daughters! I need to get out of here. I'm going to look for a lawyer!"

"Mary, wait!" Suzanne begged one last time, but it was too late. The other woman was already marching back to the first floor. Suzanne followed her closely, still trying to call her to reason. Mary didn't want to listen, though, and was almost reaching the exit of the building when she was intercepted by two men wearing black suits.

"Are you Mary A. Pierce?" asked one of them.

"Y-yes" Mary said, nervously. "W-what do you want?"

"You need to come with us, Ma'am" said the other man.

"Wait! You can't take her like this!" Suzanne intervened. "Who do you think you are?"

"We are from FBI" said the first man, showing his badge. "Please, don't get involved. Now, Mrs. Pierce, if you may follow us..."

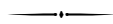
"N-no! I don't wait to go! I didn't do anything wrong!"

"In this case, you have nothing to fear. We're trying to be discreet here. Please, don't make this harder for either of us."

"B-but I have the right to a lawyer!"

"Of course, Ma'am. You can call one when we get to our destination."

Defeated, Mary gave her friend a pleading look, and Suzanne assured her that everything would be alright. But the truth was that Suzanne wasn't so sure of that as she watched Mary leaving the building surrounded by the two agents...



The next few days were very distressing for Suzanne, without any news about Mary's situation. She tried her best to snatch some information from Mr. Hill, but the man had been evasive in his answers, adding that Suzanne shouldn't worry about that, at least for now, because it wouldn't do her any good. Her aversion to Mr. Hill was getting stronger and stronger every day. How was she supposed not to worry about the fact that her friend had been arrested?

Still, until she knew exactly what was going on, she had no choice but to keep acting like a woman in love around him. Mr. Hill and Suzanne had already had other *love encounters* after the first fateful night they spent together, and the woman felt equally frustrated at the end of each of these intercourses.

She realized that the problem wasn't just that Mr. Hill was poor in bed, oh no! The real issue was that he simply didn't seem to care about the Suzanne's pleasure during sex. As long as he was satisfied, everything was perfectly fine for him.

Suzanne also noticed that Mr. Hill was acting less *gallantly* than before. All those sweet words and constant compliments to the woman were gone now, which made Suzanne feel like a complete idiot. For a long time, she had truly believed that Gregory loved her, when in fact it was getting clearer and clearer that he just wanted to turn her into his *plaything*.

She felt ashamed, realizing how foolish she had been, especially considering she was no longer some kind of naive little girl. A woman of her age should know better. All she wanted was to disappear, but she knew she couldn't do that. Her mission wasn't complete yet, and she also needed to find a way to help Mary.

None of that would be easy, though. With Mary out of the picture, Suzanne she had no ally within the company. People over there seemed to have even more dislike for her now because everyone was already convinced she was indeed having an affair with Mr. Hill.

Suzanne was thinking about all that one night alone in her living room. She was so engrossed in her thoughts that it took her some time to notice that the doorbell was ringing. At first, she thought it was just Brianna. Her daughter had a habit of losing her keys at an alarming rate. However, after wrapping a purple silk robe around her body and opening the door, she saw she was wrong. Instead of Brianna, she faced a middle-aged bald man wearing a suit.

"Good evening, Ma'am" said the man, politely. "Are you Ms. Mason?"

"That's correct. And you are...?"

"I'm Frank Norman. I'm sorry to disturb you at such a late hour, but my client was very insistent about this."

"Your client?"

"Yes, I'm representing Mrs. Pierce."

"Wait... Don't tell me you're Mary's lawyer?"

"Exactly, Ma'am."

"Oh my goodness, I've been trying to contact her family for days but got no response."

"Let's say Mrs. Pierce's family isn't feeling *too keen* to talk to her former coworkers. They don't know who they can trust."

"This is understandable. But tell me, how is Mary? Is she okay?"

"Considering Mrs. Pierce's current situation, I'd say she is facing it quite well."

"When will you be able to set her free, Mr. Norman?"

"I fear it won't be that simple, Ma'am. I cannot go into detail because the case is being heard in private, but it'll be neither quick nor easy to prove Mrs. Pierce's innocence."

"God, this is terrible! Is there anything I can do? Why did Mary ask you to come here?"

"She asked me to give you a letter. Now, I didn't open it, of course, but I suspect Mrs. Pierce wrote this to ask you a favor... A favor that, as a lawyer, I wouldn't advise you to do."

"I don't understand, Mr. Norman."

"Mrs. Pierce believes that some people at the company are trying to incriminate her, and she told me she knows a way to prove her claims. However, no judge would authorize what she suggested to me without some strong evidence that what she is saying is true. That's what I told her, and shortly after she decided to write to you."

"I see... And what is her plan, exactly?"

"I believe you will find your answers by reading the letter. I'd better get going now, Mrs. Mason. Oh, just one last thing" he man added, when he was almost at the door. "For all intents and purposes, I've never been here. Have a good night."

After Mr. Norman left, Suzanne sat down, holding the letter from Mary. Her hands were shaking and her heart was racing. After so long, the woman hoped she would finally find out everything her friend knew about Mr. Hill.

She thought there was no way she would follow Mr. Norman's advice. If she had a chance – even if just a little one – to prove that Mr. Hill was a criminal, she would invest all her efforts in this endeavor, and so her mission would be finished.

And then... what? Would she keep living as a middle-aged woman? Would she return to the clinic to be Patrick again? It was simple to answer. Of course she wanted to go back to being a man... *right?* Now that she was no longer under the influence of Mr. Hill's charm, she knew it was the right thing to do. But then why did she feel so distressed by the idea?

Suzanne shook her head, pushing that thought away. She had more important things to do at that moment. Wasting no more time, she opened the envelope and began reading the letter:

Dear Suzanne,

First of all, I'd like to say that I'm deeply sorry for the way I treated you at our last meeting. I hope you understand that, due the circumstances, I was unable to think straight at that moment.

The last few days have been a true nightmare, but at least I had time to think about everything. I trust you now, and I regret not having fully trusted you before. I feel like you're a true friend, and I sincerely hope I am not mistaken because right now my fate is in your hands.

From what my lawyer explained to me, my situation is almost hopeless. The people who set me up opened a bank account in a tax haven on my behalf, and in recent months they have made several deposits to such account with money diverted from the company. I was told that some people who work at the headquarters are also involved in the scheme, but I don't know if they actually did something wrong or if they're just victims like me.

I had no idea of the existence of this account until the day I was arrested, of course, but only my word doesn't seem to be enough to convince the investigators. That's why I'm writing to you. You've always asked me what I was hiding about Mr. Hill. Very well, my dear friend, now I'm going to tell you everything.

About six months ago, when I was working on the quarterly financial balance sheet, I noticed some strange financial transactions. It was very subtle, almost imperceptible, but paying close attention I was able to spot some inconsistencies.

I mentioned it to Mr. Simmons, my boss, but he assured me that this was just a system glitch, and I didn't have to worry about the matter. I wasn't so convinced, though, so I decided to do some research, and my worst fears were confirmed...

I found out the company was making large transfers to other companies that had supposedly performed various services for us, but such companies actually didn't exist. That day, I was so focused on the investigation that I didn't even realize it was already night when I finally finished it. As I walked towards the exit of the building, I was considering whether I should wait until the next morning to inform Mr. Simmons of what I had discovered or if I should call him right away.

However, as I passed in front of his office, I heard his voice! I was thrilled to learn that he had decided to work late, too, and I was about to knock on the door when I heard another voice. It only took me just two seconds to recognize the person who was talking... It was none other but Mr. Hill.

I had no intention of hearing their conversation so I was already drifting away when something caught my attention: I heard Mr. Simmons saying my name. At first I thought I was imagining things. Why would Mr. Simmons be talking about me? I carefully went closer and put my ear to the door. Then, I had one of the biggest shock of my life...

I still remember the dialogue word for word:

"... Are you sure about it, Bill?" Mr. Hill asked. "Do you think it's safe to keep Mrs. Pierce working here?"

"Yes... At least for now. As I said, she spotted something unusual, but I believe she has no idea what's really going on... Moreover, she has always been an obedient employee, so I think she will follow my orders. In any case, I think it's better to keep her around to find out if she knows anything else or if she has talked to someone about it."

"I don't like it. Bill. I really don't. We need to be careful, especially now that we're so close to finishing everything."

"I know, Greg. I give you my word I'll keep a close eye on her."

"Good. And if at some point you think she's a problem, just let me know. I know someone who can take care of the situation."

"You're talking about that woman, aren't you?"

"Yes. I had another meeting with her last night. She came here at night."

"And...?"

"Let's just say the stupid guy who intended to bother me will no longer be a problem... Ever again! She showed me evidence of how she and her associates dealt with him. I have to say that I am very pleased with their efforts. "

Upon hearing this, Suzanne, I got so terrified that my legs were wobbly. If I had understood everything correctly, Mr. Hill was talking about a murder, and I could be the next victim if they thought I was a threat to them! I tried to move away, but I was so shaken that I stumbled and fell to the ground.

"Did you hear something?" I heard Mr. Simmons asking.

"I'm not sure. Let's check it out" Mr. Hill replied.

I thought that was the end of the line for me. They would spot me in the hallway, and would realize that I had heard everything they were talking about. However, at the last second, I was able to stand up and headed toward the first door I saw. It was an empty office, and I stepped in there, feeling relieved. However, deep down, I knew I was just putting off the inevitable. They would certainly check that office sooner or later...

But God intervened in my favor again and I suddenly heard a loud noise coming from some point not so far, maybe an adjacent hallway. That was probably just the janitor letting something fall on the floor, but it was enough to save my skin as Mr. Hill and Mr. Simmons decided to see what the source of the noise was.

When they moved away, I left the office quickly. However, I heard them heading back much sooner than I was expecting. I would be in their field of vision at any moment, and this time the nearest door was exactly that of Mr. Simmons' office...

Without choice, I went in there, hoping that I could find some place to hide. However, the first thing that caught my eye was that the safe located behind Mr. Simmons's desk was open, and that there were many papers scattered on his desk which usually was very organized.

Despite the risk involved, I felt compelled to take a look at those papers, and I saw something staggering. These were records of all the money the two men had diverted from the company, and

the accounts to which the sums had been sent! Not only that, but there was also prove that they were also selling confidential information to other companies.

I was so mesmerized by that discovery that I almost forgot about the difficult situation I was in. When I was able to come back to reason, I crouched behind a couch, just before they entered the room. Luckily they didn't see me, and I was able to keep hidden there until they finally decided to leave, much time later...

From that day forward, I started living in constant agony. I didn't dare tell anyone what I had discovered, not even to my family, fearing that they could be at even more risk if they knew too much. I thought about just quitting my job, but I was also afraid that Mr. Simmons might find this suspicious.

Then I just kept my head down, hoping that Mr. Hill and Mr. Simmons would forget about me. Without the documents I saw that night, I had no way to prove they were stealing the company, and I didn't want to get involved in the mess.

Still, the incessant fear was consuming me. God, it was so difficult... I felt depressed and afraid all the time, and even started seeing a therapist to try to deal with the situation. I could feel that something very bad would happen... Well, it happened, although it was different from what I was expecting. Those horrible men didn't try to kill me, but they're trying to incriminate me for something I didn't do.

I told all this to my lawyer, but he said there is no way to get a court order to verify that safe or Mr. Simmons and Mr. Hill's financial transactions without some evidence other than my testimony. That's why I'm appealing to you, Suzanne...

I'm aware you have no obligation to help me, and I have no way of knowing if Mr. Simmons is still keeping those papers in his safe. Perhaps he has even destroyed them. But right now, this is my last hope of regaining my freedom.

I also know I shouldn't ask you something like that. If you decide to try and get those documents, I know you'll be in great danger. I feel like a monster for asking it! However... I feel like you have your own reasons for being interested in Mr. Hill's past. Something beyond your romantic involvement with him... Finally, there's this connection between us. Given my situation, I had every reason in the world not to get close to you, who is Mr. Hill's personal assistant, since I wanted him to forget that I existed. Still, I just couldn't help it... soon we became friend... It was just inevitable, and I truly appreciate all the time we spent together.

Sincerely,

Mary

Suzanne was stunned when she finished reading the letter. She was still trying to process all that information, but one thing she was sure of... she was definitely going to do what Mary had asked for. But the question was... How? As she tried to think of some kind of plan, she was surprised by new footsteps at the door. This time, though, it actually was her daughter and her boyfriend, as Suzanne could tell by their voices and laughter.

Then, a crazy idea occurred to the woman... She suddenly remembered Brianna's boyfriend telling her when they first met that he worked at his uncle's security systems firm, and that they had been responsible for installing the security cameras at the building where Suzanne worked.

It seemed almost too good to be just a coincidence...

A week later...

"Oh, honey, you look so hot today" Mr. Hill said, grabbing Suzanne from behind and kissing her neck. "Looking at you, I even feel tempted to cancel my appointment so that we can have some fun... It's already past five o'clock, you know... I bet almost everyone else has already gone home."

"Do you really think I look so good?" the woman asked, smiling. "You're so sweet, my dear. This is just an old outfit, you know..."

That wasn't true. Suzanne had gone shopping the day before just to buy the outfit she had on that day, after all, and she also knew very well how stunning she looked wearing it.

The outfit consisted of a bright red top with a deep V-neck, a high waist leather skirt that ended well above her knees, and 5-inch sandals heels. Those were very provocative (and certainly inappropriate) garments for the office, even for her standards, but she had a good reason to be so dressed up. She had to seduce someone... This time, however, Mr. Hill wasn't her target. In fact, for her plan to work, she needed to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

"Aren't you going to be late for your meeting with Mr. Walter, dear?" she asked, while the man kept kissing her neck and started rubbing her breasts over her top. "He's waiting for you on the other side of town and you have only half an hour to get there."

"I can always meet the old Gerald some other day."

"If you say so..." she said, trying to sound thrilled. "What are you still doing with your pants on, then? I can't wait to feel you inside me, Greg... Oh, yeah! Let's just hope Mr. Walter doesn't decide to cancel the new contract just because you won't meet him today..."

It worked like a charm – Mr. Hill immediately stopped unzipping his pants, and looked troubled.

"Dammit! I don't think I can leave him waiting, Suzanne. Not today."

"Are you sure?" Suzanne asked, now pretending disappointment. "You made me so horny and now you're leaving? Not fair!"

"I'm sorry, honey, but remember that I'm about to close a huge deal with that bastard. I want it settled before next week, when I'm going to meet Mr. McFarland at the company's anniversary party. Do you remember the party, right?"

"Of course, honey."

"Good, because I want you there with me" he stated, kissing her. "Now, why can't you come with me to the meeting with Gerald again?"

"Don't you remember? I told you yesterday I'd need to accompany Brianna to a medical appointment this afternoon."

"Yes, now I remember. What's wrong with her?"

"I don't think this is anything serious... Just *women's business*... but I want to be by her side since she's a little nervous."

"This is understandable. Let me know what happened later" he said, although he didn't seem so interested on the matter. "I have to go now."

Suzanne waited for about ten minutes at her desk to make sure that Mr. Hill had actually left the building. Then, it was time to put her plan into action...

From the day she had received the letter from Mary, the woman had begun looking around Mr. Simmons's office, trying to find a way to get in there without calling attention. What she noticed, though, was that the office's hallway never seemed to be completely empty. Even after five, a Mr. Simmons' young assistant, who worked in an adjoining room, was always there, and Suzanne had no idea what time he used to leave the building.

It was almost as if Mr. Simmons was feeling that someone might be investigating him, and had placed a watchdog outside his office, which was a big problem for Suzanne. She couldn't just stay in the building until late at night because at some point she would be *invited to retire* by the security.

In face of that, she concluded that her best option would be to go there after office hours, when only the young assistant would be around, and *get past him* in order to be able to finally examine Mr. Simmons' safe.

For that to be possible, though, she also needed Mr. Hill to be out of the way. As his secretary, it wasn't difficult to achieve that. She had been the one who had scheduled that meeting for him at such an unusual time. That was the only way. These days, Mr. Hill seemed to want Suzanne by his side the

whole time, not because he liked her company, but to receive sexual favors or simply show her off as a trophy.

But she had hope that it would be over very soon...

Mark Watson was feeling physically and mentally exhausted. He had been working so hard during the last few weeks that he was sure he would lose his mind at any moment. The poor young man was lucky when he was able to leave the office before nine in the evening. Mr. Simmons had told him it was some kind of test so that Mark would prove that he deserved to be the next one in the department to get a promotion.

But I wonder if this is really worth it, he thought, as he returned to his office carrying another cup of coffee. He felt desolate remembering the pile of work that was waiting for him at his desk. However, when he entered the room, he saw something quite different from what he was expecting on his desk – there a hot mature lady, who smiled at him and crossed her legs sensually.



Now Mark was sure that he had already lost his mind. He knew that woman, of course. She was none other but Mrs. Mason, Mr. Hill's secretary. Why would such a sexy MILF be sitting on his desk, looking at him like that? That could only be a hallucination...

"H-hello, Ma'am" he stammered, nervously. "May I... umm... help you with something?"

"Oh, I truly hope so!" Suzanne said, smiling wider. "You're my last hope" she stood up, and began to walk seductively towards the young man.

"W-whatever you need, Ma'am!" Mark said, swallowing hard and unconsciously taking a step back.

"I've been noticing you for a while, you know..." the woman whispered. By then, she was already very close to mark, running a finger through his chest, which seemed to make the poor guy even more nervous.

Suzanne couldn't deny she was enjoying that. She felt very empowered seeing the guy so intimidated by her presence. As much as he tried to hide it, Suzanne could see that he found her very attractive. He could barely keep his eyes away from her cleavage, and she felt flattered.

Not bad for a middle-aged woman, she thought.

"N-noticing me, Ma'am?" Mark finally was able to say.

"Of course, my dear... Your name is Mark, isn't it? You are not only a very handsome man, but you also look so smart... I'm sure all the young ladies around here are crazy about you..."

Suzanne wasn't lying about Mark's appearance. He was indeed a handsome man, with a muscular body, short hair and a manly face. She especially liked his thick eyebrows, and deep black eyes, which gave him an air of mystery. Despite his insecurity, the woman could feel that there was more about him than could be seen at first sight.

"I... I don't know about that, Ma'am..."

"Oh, I see you're humble, as well. Now, as I was saying, I came here because I need your help. Just like you, I'm working late today. It seems like only the two of us were left in the building... Isn't it crazy to think about it? Anyway, I'm having a hard time registering some information in the system, and I need to have it done tonight! Could you give me a hand, please?" she finished, biting her lower lip and leaned her torso forward just a little so that the young man could see a little more of her ample cleavage.

"No problem, Ma'am!" Mark said, looking overjoyed to be able to help that voluptuous *damsel in distress*.

"Oh, you're such a lovely man! I have the documents here. Let me show you" and saying so, Suzanne approached the table, followed by Mark, making sure to swing her hips all the time to put a good show for him.

Mark took a look at the papers and then promptly sat down at his desk, inserting the information Suzanne needed into the system. In truth, it was a very simple task and the woman could have done it by herself without problem – if it weren't for the fact that she needed an excuse to talk to the young man, of course.

"All done" the young man stated, clearly proud of himself.

"Oh, thank you very much, darling" Suzanne clapped, looking at the computer screen over the man's shoulders. "I don't know what I would have done without you. Sometimes I get so confused when I need to access the system..." she added, as if she were some kind of bimbo secretary.

"I'm glad to help. It was no big deal."

"Oh, so was it *that easy*? I guess it's just because you're so smart... Now, I'd like to do something for you in return."

"T-that's not necessary, Ma'am."

"I insist. You look a little tired, my dear. I bet you have been working a lot lately..."

"Well, I can't deny that the last few weeks have been tiresome, to say the least."

"Oh, poor you... I think I can help you relax a little bit" Suzanne whispered into the young man's ear, making him shudder slightly. "Modesty aside, everyone says I have amazing hands... Let me give you a massage" and then, without waiting for an answer, Suzanne began to rub Mark's shoulders.

Mark couldn't understand what was truly going on there. Was that hot MILF only trying to thank him for his help... or was she trying to hint at something else? He honestly didn't know, and the truth was that he was unable to think about it at that moment... Suzanne wasn't lying when she said she had amazing hands, and the young man couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so good.

The fact that they were so close that from time to time he could feel her huge boobs brushing his back was the icing on the cake. God, he would die for the chance to touch those delicious boobs... He just hoped she didn't notice the growing erection in his pants as he fantasized about it!

"If I may say so, you have an amazing body, Mark" Suzanne said, as her hands went down from his shoulders toward his chest, making the young man gasp.

Mark had no more doubts. The woman was clearly flirting with him. Now the question was... what was he going to do about that? It was true that he'd love to fuck that hot MILF right there, but there was one *small problem*... everyone in the company was convinced that Suzanne was Mr. Hill's lover.

What would Mr. Hill do if he found out that something like that had happened? Mark would certainly be fired, and he doubted that Mr. Hill's retaliation would stop there.

However, Mark's fears were soon forgotten... When Suzanne decided to sit on his, he concluded that whatever his punishment would be, it was worth it. To hell with his damn job!

"I need to tell you a little secret, my dear" Suzanne smiled. "I didn't come here just looking for help... As I told you, I've been watching you... And the truth is that I feel very, very excited whenever I see you around... I simply couldn't resist any longer... Oh, and it seems you like me, too" she added mischievously, feeling Mark's hard cock against her butt.

Completely dominated by lust, Mark kissed her desperately, and the woman responded with equal enthusiasm, kissing him and wiggling her butt on his cock. Soon the top of her dress was already lowered, and Mark finally had the chance to touch Suzanne's boobs, just like he had dreamed of just a few minutes before. It felt better than he had imagined... He just couldn't get enough of her fabulous boobs, and thought he could spend all night just touching and licking them.

Those weren't Suzanne's plans, though, as it was obvious that she wanted much more than a little foreplay... When Mark realized it, she had already ripped off his shirt, and was scratching his torso with her long manicured nails, and then her attentions turned to his pants, which soon got out of the way with equal ease.

She then knelt down in front of the man, salivating. She was happy to see that his cock was as big as she could have wished for, and she could hardly wait to put it in her mouth.

"Ooh... ahh... so good... It feels so fucking good..." Mark cried out, as Suzanne sucked his cock deeply.

"Do you like it?" she teased him, licking his balls. "Good... But now I want to feel you inside me, honey. Let's see what you can do."

After pushing many folders and papers away, she told him to lie down on the table, and then went on him. Yes, she wanted to be on top this time around... She was the one in control.

It was clear that Mark didn't have a lot of experience with women, but he made up for it with his enthusiasm and commitment. The woman could see that he wanted to please her as much as he wanted to be pleased.

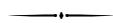


So different from Gregory... She thought, as she felt Mark's cock reaching deeper and deeper inside her. Now that her pussy was being properly fucked for the first time, she couldn't help it but thought it would be impossible to live without experiencing it on a regular basis. All those wonderful sensations... She was finally experiencing everything her *prosthetic vagina* was capable of offering when *rightly* penetrated by a man...



When she finally came, it was so powerful that she felt all her energy fading away. She couldn't be more satisfied. Mark was even more exhausted... so exhausted that after only a few minutes cuddling with the woman he was already sleeping soundly.

Suzanne couldn't blame him. Contrary to Gregory, she knew Mark had been overworking for a long time, with little time to rest, and their sex session had been truly wild. Moreover, she *did* need him to be unconscious in order for her plan to work. Looking at Mark one last time, with a big smile in her face, she finished getting dressed and then headed to Mr. Simmons' office...



When Suzanne finally left the building, about twenty minutes later, she was carrying all the evidence against Mr. Hill and Mr. Simmons she could have wished for. She simply couldn't believe her luck. As she walked down the street looking for a taxi, she heard her phone ringing.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Mason? It's me, Tom!" she heard the voice of her daughter's boyfriend, sounding extremely distressed. "I've already called you many times! Is everything alright? Can you talk now?"

"Yes, my dear. Everything is perfectly fine. I'm sorry I didn't answer you before. I was busy."

"So... It worked?"

"Yes. I have the papers with me."

"Oh my fucking god... I... I'm sorry for the language, Ma'am. It's just..."

"That's okay, Tom" Suzanna assured him, smiling. "I know how nervous you were about all this."

"Tell me about that! You know I wouldn't have done any of it if you hadn't told me Brianna and you were in danger!"

"I know, my dear, and I'm very grateful. You're a very good boy, and I won't forget what you have done for us. You can be sure of that."

Suzanne wouldn't be lying if she said she wouldn't have had the slightest chance of succeeding in her plan without the help of her son-in-law. The night she had received Mary's letter, she remembered Tom telling her when they first met that he worked at his uncle's security systems firm, and that they had been responsible for installing the security cameras in the building where Suzanne worked.

She then told the young man that she needed a big favor, and that Brianna's and her own safety depended on it. It was more than enough to convince Tom, even before he listened to what Suzanne expected from him.

If only he knew what he was getting himself into...

When Suzanne finished speaking, it was clear that Tom was feeling fearful about what she expected him to do, but he didn't go back on his word. Thereby, a few days later, he was back at the company building, saying that he needed to perform a preventive maintenance on the cameras to avoid a potential security breach.

Alone in the control room, what he truly did was to change the angle of a camera near Mr. Simmons' office, in order to have a good view of the interior of the room through the glass door. After adjusting the zoom, he waited until Mr. Simmons decided to open his safe so that he could discover the combination.

In the meantime, he made a copy of the system database so that later at home he would be able to find a certain recording that Suzanne wanted to see. It was exactly about such recording that Suzanne asked him on the phone while she was walking down the street.

"It wasn't easy, Ma'am, but I think I finally found what you're looking for" Tom told her, and Suzanne held her breath, full of expectation. "I found a video of that man you talked about meeting a woman in the lobby a few months ago, at night."

"Can you send it to my phone, Tom?"

"Sure, just give me a minute."

Suzanne could barely contain her anxiety as the video was being downloaded. She remembered very well what Mary had written about the meeting in the letter. Her friend was convinced that Mr. Hill had planned the murder of someone who was investigating him, and that mysterious woman and her associates had been responsible for executing the service.

"Well, it's time to see her face" Suzanne said, pressing the play button with her hands shaking. Little did she know that what she was about to see was even more disturbing than she was expecting...

At the beginning of the video, she spotted Mr. Hill alone in the entrance hall, pacing back and forth, impatiently. Then, suddenly, the lobby door opened and someone entered. Suzanne's eyes fixed on the new person in the scene. Despite the dim lighting, she could see the woman reasonably well.

She appeared to be about sixty years old, had short red hair, and she was dressed elegantly but discreetly, with a white blouse, a salmon skirt and low patent heels. In the distance, Suzanne thought the woman looked strangely familiar. Had she seen that woman before? Could it be that she worked in the company, too?

As the woman approached the center of the lobby, Suzanne finally started realizing who she truly was... She got terrified. How could that be even possible? The woman she was seeing on the screen of her phone was no one else but Mrs. Larsen, the owner of the clinic in which Suzanne had spend a long time...

Suddenly, as if she were awakening from a long sleep, everything made sense to Suzanne. Mary had made a slight mistake in her deduction. Mr. Hill hadn't ordered a murder, as her friend had thought, although this wasn't so far from the truth.

Now that Suzanne knew about Ms. Hill and Mrs. Larsen's connection, it wasn't difficult to assume what had truly happened. Mr. Hill was aware that Suzanne – or Patrick, at the time – intended to investigate him, and decided to get the man out of his way. It was when Mrs. Larsen stepped in...

Suzanne couldn't believe how stupid she had been. For so long she was convinced that Mrs. Larsen was helping her, when the older woman was in fact an enemy. It made her wonder... how had she been persuaded to trust Mrs. Larsen so blindly? There was only one possible explanation... Those tapes she had been instructed to listen to during the time she was at the clinic... All those strange sessions with Mrs. Larsen of which Suzanne remembered so little... The mysterious diary... All that

had probably been used to mess up with her mind, making her trust Mrs. Larsen and probably even fall in love with Mr. Hill.

Suzanne couldn't deny that this had been a brilliant plan. Mr. Hill would not only get rid of someone who was a issue to him, but would also get a lover molded according to his desire in every little detail, who would be crazy about him.

Such a discovery leaded to much more important questions, though... Had Suzanne also been manipulated into believing she enjoyed being a woman? Was it possible that all the pleasures she had experienced in her new life had been just an illusion?

And there was something more...

Mrs. Larsen had told Suzanne that all the procedures to which she had been subjected were reversible, but now Suzanne knew the clinic owner wasn't trustworthy. What if Suzanne was going to be stuck as a woman forever? She felt a shudder at the thought of her *prosthetic vagina*. Was it really a prosthetic thing? It was hard to believe. She had been fucked less than an hour before, after all... How could this be even possible, unless she had a real vagina?

It seemed undeniable that she had been submitted to a sex reassignment surgery... Her male parts were gone, and she had no idea if there was a way to reverse it...

"Bree, honey, we need to talk" Suzanne told *her daughter* when she got home.

"What's up, Mom?" Brianna asked, without taking her eyes off her phone.

"Can you pay attention to me for a moment, darling? This is important."

Suzanne then took a deep breath, getting ready for what she was about to say. That wouldn't be easy. She had been avoiding the subject for a long time, but now she no longer had a choice...

"Bree... do you remember... umm... do you remember who you were in the past?"

"What are you, like, talking about, Mom? I've always been me, right?" she giggled.

"Not exactly, honey..." Suzanne said, caressing the *teen girl's* hair. "Please, try a little harder... We were different people before going to the Mrs. Larsen's clinic. Does the name Christine Moss ring a bell?"

Brianna looked up with a confused expression. For a moment, Suzanne was almost sure that *her daughter* was remembering something, but then, suddenly, her face became a mask of horror and despair.

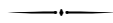
"Stop it right now, Mom!" she cried out, getting up. "I don't know kind of joke is that, but this is not funny, okay? No funny, at all!" she added, heading to her bedroom.

"Wait, Bree! We're not finished yet!" Suzanne shouted, following her *daughter*. "You need to..." but before she could finish whatever she had to say, Brianna had already closed the door on her face.

Feeling defeated and guilty, she returned to the living room, thinking she should have been more careful when addressing the issue. Her approach hadn't been subtle enough, and now her daughter was suffering.

However, at the same time, Suzanne knew that Brianna wasn't her daughter for real. Her real name was Christine Moss, and she used to be Suzanne's – or Patrick's – boss. How couldn't she remember that? And what would Suzanne do now? She loved Christine – or Brianna – as any other mother would love her children... But was that a legitimate feeling or had it just been *implanted* in her mind by Mrs. Larsen like everything else?

Suzanne was feeling more lost than ever...



The following week...

As Suzanne got out of the car, she took a few deep breaths to control her anxiety. That was it. After so many months, she was about to complete her mission, and there was no chance of failure now.

Mr. Hill put a hand on her waist as he escorted the woman into the luxurious ballroom, where the company's anniversary party would be held. For such a special occasion, Suzanne was wearing an elegant strapless black gown, highlighting her large and tempting breasts, and had a deep lateral slit, revealing one of her long, smooth legs, which looked even sexier thanks to the 5-inch pump heels that adorned her feet.



The interior of the place was tastefully decorated, and the general atmosphere was one of calm and tranquility, which contrasted immensely with Suzanne's state of mind. "Don't worry, my dear" Mr. Hill whispered in her ear. "I'm sure everyone will love you" he had noticed the woman's agitation, although it was clear that he was mistaken about the reason for such distress.

Suzanne wasn't afraid of not being accepted by those people. She already knew most of them, after all, and, as she walked around the room, she could spot several familiar faces. Nobody recognized her, of course. Who could anyone even guess that the attractive middle-aged woman she was now used to be a man in his early twenties just a few months ago?

But it didn't bother her. In fact, she felt good to be back there, and see all those people. For a long time, the time she used to be Patrick Donovan had become a kind of distant memory in her mind; a weird dream completely out of touch with reality. Now, however, all that felt real again. She knew it... She knew who she truly was, and it was time to recover her real identity and life...

"Mr. McFarland? It's great to see you, sir!" Mr. Hill said, when they finally found the company president. The old man was in a corner of the ballroom, surrounded by a lot of directors.

"Hello, Gregory" he said, with coolness. "I'm *glad* you came."

"Oh, I could never miss such an important occasion, sir. You know how proud I am for being part of McFarland Inc.."

"Right, right... And who is your *lovely* companion?" Mr. McFarland asked, finally looking at Suzanne, with his piercing eyes.

"This is Suzanne Mason, my personal assistant" Mr. Hill introduced the woman, and everyone around could see how delighted he was for having such a beautiful woman by his side. "I have to say that she has become an *invaluable* member of the team, sir."

"Yes, I'm sure she has..." Mr. McFarland said, smirking. Apparently, he wasn't completely ignorant about Mr. Hill's bad reputation.

"It's an honor to finally have the chance meet you, Mr. McFarland" Suzanne said, doing her best to hide a wry little smile. It was funny being introduced to Mr. McFarland, since she already knew the man very well – not only as a boss, but also as father-in-law.

Looking at the old man, she thought he hadn't changed at all during the last few months. His stern face still had that usual annoyed and impatient expression, and his white, thinning hair was combed back, which always made his large forehead look even bigger.

However, in a closer inspection, Suzanne noticed something different in his deep blue eyes. What was that? Fear? concern? Sadness? It was hard to say, but the woman could feel that something very wrong was going on.

While she was still thinking about it, her eyes met the eyes of someone else – a woman, who was just behind Mr. McFarland. For the first time that night, Suzanne was grateful to Mr. Hill for keeping his hand on her back; otherwise, she was sure she would have fallen to the ground. The woman kept staring at Suzanne intensely. Despite her smile, it was hard to tell what was really going through her mind, and Suzanne had no idea how to respond to that... She definitely hadn't considered the possibility of that meeting during the party.

The woman Suzanne had seen was none other than Simone Miller, the company director who used to be very close to Christine – or Brianna – in the past. Simone had been the one who had advised Patrick to go to Ms. Larsen's clinic in order to get disguised as a older woman.

Suzanne was now absolutely sure that Simone was involved in Mr. Hill's scheme. She had probably even helped to plan the whole thing, since she was the one who already knew the clinic. If that wasn't the case, why would the woman have abandoned Christine, her *friend*, even knowing that she was undergoing an extreme transformation?

Now Suzanne needed to decide what to do next. Simone looked completely relaxed as she smiled cynically at the *other woman*, probably convinced that Suzanne had been completely brainwashed, and couldn't remember anything about her past.

Considering her plan for that night, Suzanne concluded that her best choice would be to let Simone keep believing so. Thus, when Simone approached her, Suzanne smiled politely and looked slightly puzzled, as if it truly was the first time she was seeing the woman.

"Hi" Simone said. "I don't think we've been introduced yet. I'm Simone Miller."

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Miller. I'm Suzanne Mason."

"Please, my dear, you can call me Simone. I have to say that I really love your dress. Where did you get it? It suits you so well..."

And so the conversation went on. Not long after, Simone asked if Suzanne wanted another drink, and the two women headed to the bar. Suzanne thought she had already figured out what was going on there. Simone was certainly trying to determine if any remnants of the old Patrick still existed. Suzanne played that game wonderfully well, saying exactly what Simone would expect to hear from an mature lady. She even talked about Brianna, *her daughter*, like any other proud mother.

"What about Mr. Hill, my darling?" Simone asked, at some point, sipping her drink. "Are you absolutely sure he's *just* your boss?"

"I don't know what you're trying to imply, Simone" Suzanne said, defensively.

"I'm so sorry if I offended you. That wasn't my intention, I swear! I know we just met, but..." she made a pause to drink a little more. "I don't know... I feel like we've known each other for a *long time*. You're a nice company, Suzanne. And I have noticed the way Mr. Hill looks at you. He definitely doesn't think of you as a simple assistant."

Suzanne didn't know what to say. Where did Simone want to get? Then she realized it probably was just another test. She knew she was supposed to be crazy in love with Gregory, after all, as part of her mental conditioning. Aware of that, she had an idea on how to approach the situation.

"Thank you, Simone. I'm enjoying your company, as well. But the thing is... Well, it's hard to me to talk about it." she said, pretending reluctance.

"I totally understand, my darling. If you don't feel comfortable..."

"Do you really think he likes me?" Suzanne asked abruptly, with a false sense of urgency in her voice.

"Of course, darling!" Simone exclaimed, smiling again. "Anyone can see it... And by your reaction, I think it's safe to say that you have feelings for him, too... don't you?"

"Oh my god... I shouldn't talk about that" Suzanne covered her face. "You have to promise me you're going to keep this a secret, Simone!"

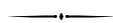
"My lips are sealed, my dear. You can trust me."

"I guess I just can't hide the truth from you, can I? You're right. I have *some interest* in Mr. Hill, so to speak... and..." Suzanne looked around, and moved even closer to Simone. "Our relationship hasn't been *strictly professional*. I mean..."

"Oh, Suzanne, you don't need to say anything else. I got it! Then you two are a thing already?"

"Well, not exactly. I like him... maybe I could even say that I *love* him... but I'm in a tough spot. He's my boss, and... I'm not sure what he thinks about us... I'd hate to find out that Gregory sees me just as a kind of *plaything*."

"I don't think so, Suzanne. I really don't. As I said, I saw the way he looks at you. Who knows... maybe you will have a pleasant surprise soon..."



About an hour later, Suzanne was sitting at a sumptuous table with Mr. Hill at her side. The man was discreetly stroking her legs under the table, as Suzanne pretended she was enjoying the attention. In truth, her mind was far from there, and she was feeling more anxious than ever. Every minute of that night seemed to take forever. Now, however, she just needed a little more patience...

Suzanne had already been in an event like that before, so she had a general idea of how things would happen. Near to the end of the party, Mr. McFarland would make a short speech, and then the stage would be free for the employees who also wanted to say a few words.

It was at this moment that Suzanne intended to act. She would go up there and announce who she really was, and then reveal all the crimes committed by Mr. Hill and his partners. As proof of her accusations, she had brought in her purse a pen drive with copies of all the documents she had found at Mr. Simmons' office, and she would show it to everyone through the stage projector.

That would definitely be a very dramatic ending to her mission, and she liked the sound of it – this was exactly the kind of thing that the old Patrick Donovan would do...

Realizing it was almost time to act, she decided to go to the bathroom to retouch her makeup. It was a curious thing. She kept telling herself that her life as a woman was coming to an end, but the truth was that she was still deeply immersed in every aspect of her femininity. The idea of being on a stage in front of so many people without making sure that her face was flawless seemed disturbing to her.

Old habits die hard...

Once she got into the bathroom, Suzanne approached the large mirror and took some cosmetics from her purse. Checking her face closely, she noticed that her eyes and lips demanded some attention. Then, wasting no time, she grabbed her eyeliner and started working.

The woman was so engrossed in what she was doing that she didn't realize it when someone else entered the bathroom, and stood right next to her. She only noticed that she was no longer alone when the other woman started sniffing softly.

"Is everything alright, my dear?" Suzanne asked, while she applied the eyeliner, without taking her eyes off her own reflection.

"I'm fine, Ma'am" said the other woman, who obviously wasn't *fine* at all.

Suzanne sighed. She definitely didn't have time to comfort someone right now. She tried to just ignore the inconvenient woman, but it became simply impossible when she began to weep copiously.

Dammit, Suzanne cursed herself for being such a *softie*. But that woman sounded like a young one, which was just too much for Suzanne's maternal instinct.

"Take a look at my purse, sweetie" she said, now applying new layers of mascara to her eyelashes. "You will find some tissues there. Then, try to calm down and tell me what's going on."

"Thanks. That's very kind of you, Ma'am" the other woman said, wiping her eyes. "But really... There's nothing serious going on. I don't know why I am acting like such a fool."

"Now, now, don't lie to me, my dear. I know very well when someone needs to vent. You'll understand it when you reach my age. So, just tell me what's plaguing your heart. Forgive me for not looking at you. I need to keep my eyes on the mirror if I want to look at least reasonably presentable when I'm done if my makeup... This is something else you will understand when you got older" she added, making the other woman giggle.

"Don't say that, Ma'am. You're so beautiful!"

"Ah, aren't you such a doll? Please, call me just Suzanne. Now tell why you are here crying instead of being out there enjoying the party."

"The thing is... I've been seeing someone for a few weeks. Nothing serious happened so far; I told him I wanted to take it slowly. But tonight... well... he told me he wants us to become a *real thing*. Gosh, he even said he loves me..."

"Well, isn't all this amazing? I can't see why you are so sad. Is there something wrong about this young man? Don't you like him?"

"You don't understand, Ma'am... I mean, Suzanne... No, there's nothing wrong about Noah, quite the opposite! He's so sweet and treats me so well... I think I truly am starting to fall for him."

"Then it's all good, isn't it? I still don't see the problem."

"The problem is that I'm engaged to another man!"

"Ohhh!" Suzanne exclaimed, surprised. "Now this is getting exciting... But you told me you've been going on with this Noah for a few weeks now, my dear. Where's the other gentleman? The one you're engaged to?"

"This is where things get even more complicated" the young woman stated, about to starting crying again. "My fiancé left the city many months ago. He didn't explain to me where he was going or why he had to do so, but he assured me that he would be back soon and then I would understand everything. He didn't come back as he promised, though."

"Has he ever contacted you during those months?" Suzanne asked, now putting on her lipstick, with a vague sense that the story seemed oddly familiar.

"Not even once!" the young woman cried out, suddenly getting angry. "And that's not all, Suzanne. He's is suspected of doing something very wrong. By now, he is already considered a fugitive, and everyone doubts he will ever return. People close to me keep trying to convince me to forget about him. They say he's not worth it... That's why I started seeing Noah in the first place. But... well, I'm still not sure I am doing the right thing."

Upon hearing the end of the story, Suzanne couldn't help it but thought about her past experiences. First her late husband... It was true she had never been married for real, but that damn diary was so ingrained in her mind that it *felt* real, and her anger was completely legitimate. Next, there was Gregory, who had pretended to love her when in truth he just wanted a *fuck doll*. She was tired of being deceived and used by men, and she felt that this young woman was going through the very same thing. Suzanne couldn't let this happen. She just couldn't...

"I'm going to tell you what I think, my dear" she announced, checking her face for the last time to make sure she had done a good job on her makeup. "I've been in your shoes before. Once again, I have to say that one learns a thing or two over the years... I think your friends are right. Your *so-called* fiancé is not worth it. I don't know if he's a criminal or not, but let's face it. If he really cared about you, he would have tried to see you, even if it meant he would go to jail! But he didn't even call you... Why should you waste your time waiting for someone who obviously isn't concerned about your well being? You can do so much better... Go find Noah and tell him that you accept to be his girlfriend, and..."

Suzanne stopped talking suddenly. At that very moment, she had finally turned to look at the young woman beside her. Her mouth opened in a mute scream, and she was sure that her heart skipped a beat or two. The woman in front of her... the woman to whom she had given such an advice... was none other than Julie, *her* own fiancée.



"Is there something wrong, Suzanne?" Julie asked. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

Suzanne thought that it couldn't be happening... It was just too much! How could she not have realized she was talking to her *own fiancée*? What was she going to do now?

For long seconds, she just kept looking at Julie, feeling extremely guilty. The young woman was right in everything she had said. After *his* disappearance, *Patrick* had never called her to explain what was going on. Suzanne was so focused on her mission that such an idea never crossed her mind. She hadn't considered how much Julie should be suffering not knowing what had happened to her fiancé...

"I'm fine, my dear!" Suzanne said, trying to buy some time while her mind worked furiously. "I just got surprised because... you look very much like someone I knew once."

"Really?" Julie studied Suzanne's features intently, and Suzanne hoped that she could somehow realize who the older woman was for real. However, such a foolish hope soon turned into frustration. "I don't think so, Suzanne. I'm quite good at remembering faces, and I don't think I've ever seen you before."

Of course, Suzanne thought, defeated. How could Julie recognize her fiancé when everything she could see was a mature woman? But Suzanne had to do something to change it... *anything*!

"Well, my dear" she started, holding Julie's hands tightly, about to say the truth... the words were about to come out of her mouth... "I..."

She lost her nerve at the very last moment, believing she needed a little more time to get ready "I guess you are right... Just forget it, okay? This is not important, at all..."

"Are you sure? In any case, I have to say that I am really glad to have had the good fortune to meet you tonight" Julie said, with the two of them still holding hands. "You've helped me to see my life from a new perspective, and I am grateful for that. I... I'll follow your advice... I'm going to find Noah right now and tell him that I accept to be his girlfriend."

"Will you?!"

"Yes. You made me realize that it's right thing to do."

Suzanne thought she couldn't let that happen! Julie needed to know the truth...

However, at the same time, she didn't know if she would really be able to do that... Not when she was seeing her *fiancé* smiling so brightly for the first time that night. How would Julie react to knowing that Suzanne was in fact Patrick? And more importantly, what would she have to gain by learning that?

I'd just drag her into this mess that is my life now, Suzanne concluded, sadly. *I have no right to make her suffer even more... First, there is no way in hell to prove that I truly used to be Patrick. She'd probably think I'm just some kind of mad woman or something worse... And even if she does believe me... Then what? What kind of couple could we be now?*

She felt a lump in her throat as she realized the implications of the decision she was making. If she was truly going to hide her real identity from Julie, it meant she could no longer expose Mr. Hill in front of the whole company, as she had planned. And even if she did decide to do this later, in a more private situation, it would still be too risk, raising many *inconvenient questions*.

I'm completely stuck, she told herself, feeling the full weight of that realization. There was no way back. She was going to be Suzanne Mason Marie Mason, now and forever...

Deep down, however much she had tried to delude herself, she had already been aware of this fact for some time now. Her face and body had been so drastically feminized and aged that even if some extremely talented doctor was able undo some of the procedures, she doubted it would be enough for her to look like in the past.

There was also the matter of her *private parts*. She had a vagina, and she knew it was a real one. It would be just impossible for her to perform as a man in an *intimate encounter* even again.

As if all this wasn't enough, Suzanne also had to think of Christine – or Brianna. The woman's mind had been so messed up that she had completely forgotten about her past. For all intents and purposes, she was a teenager who was absolutely sure that Suzanne had always been her mother. How could Suzanne abandon her, especially considering she truly loved the girl as a real daughter?

That was it. Suzanne's life as a man was definitely over, and Patrick Donovan was dead. The only thing she could do now was to try her best to adapt to that new and shocking reality...

"Oh, you are finally back!" Mr. Hill exclaimed, when Suzanne returned to the table.

"Did you miss me?" she teased him, knowing that she had no choice but to keep the charade.

"I always miss you, honey" the man smiled. "Also... I intend to say some words when the old McFarland is finally done with his speaking" he added, pointing to the stage. "I would like you to hear what I have to say."

Suzanne felt a shiver down her spine. Apparently she hadn't been the only one who had planned a surprise for that night. And she had a feeling that whatever Mr. Hill was about to say, it wouldn't be good for her...

Four months later...

"Oh, babe, it was completely amazing!" Mr. Hill said, putting on his underwear and lying down, feeling the kind of relaxation that only a good orgasm can provide.

"Oh, really?" Suzanne asked, smiling and playing with the man's chest hair. "Good, because I was afraid that by now you would already be starting to get tired of me."

"Why would you even think of something like that, honey?"

"Well, we've been married for over two months now... I am no longer a *novelty*, and I'm sure there are many women flirting a man like you..."

Mr. Hill couldn't help it but smiled. "I haven't got tired of you, Suzanne, and I doubt I ever will."



"That's what all men say... In any case, I want to make sure that I won't lose you to some young slut. Tomorrow I'll just spend the whole day at the salon and buy some sexy new lingerie. So at night, I can put on a good show for you... A very, very good show... Then you will fuck me pretty hard until you make me scream out loud... What you think, big boy? Does that sound good?"

"It sounds perfect, honey!"

"I thought you would like" she giggled. "But tell me something, Greg. You don't think I'm spending too much money in salon trips and clothes, do you?"

"You don't need to worry about money, Suzanne! As you know, this is no longer a problem."

"Oh, Greg, you are the best hubby in the world... You truly are..."

Gregory grinned, pleased. How could he be angry? Suzanne was just spending the money he'd taken away from the company, anyway, and by now he'd already stolen so much money that he couldn't even count it.

Suzanne had been the best investment he'd ever made. Now he had his own *mature slut goddess*, who was completely submissive to him, and spent all her days thinking of ways to make her man happy. She was the very definition of *trophy wife* – almost a brainless fuck doll, always ready to satisfy her hubby's desires.

Mr. Hill remembered satisfied the night he had proposed to her. It had happened at the company's annual party, in front of all his co-workers. It had served very well for his purposes. That event became everyone's favorite subject for many weeks, shifting the focus from any rumor about his honesty that might be spreading through the company.

After Mary Pierce's incident, Hill became paranoid about the possibility that perhaps someone else was aware of his illegal operations. But now he knew he was safe, at least for the time being, which should be enough. Just a few more days, and he would be able to vanish from the country, taking with him his nymph wife and a hell lot of money.

The wedding had been celebrated less than a month later, in a simple and reserved ceremony. Then, Suzanne and *her daughter* moved into Mr. Hill's house. Yes, there was also *Brianna*. It hadn't been part of the plan, at first. When Mr. Hill had hired Mrs. Larsen to turn the bastard who was meddling in his business into his own MILF whore, he had had no idea how literal the expression *MILF* would be.

But the man had been convinced that Mrs. Larsen had made the right choice. Christine Moss, the woman Brianna used to be, was about to ruin the whole plan. She had to be taken out of the way. *What better solution than using this setback in our favor, making Suzanne dip even deeper into her*

new persona? Mrs. Larsen had argued, and Mr. Hill soon understood what she meant. *Brianna's* arrival made Suzanne fully embrace her new identity, thereby eliminating any resistance or doubt.

After the wedding, Mr. Hill soon adapted to having a *stepdaughter* at home. Once again, he got dumbfounded by Mrs. Larsen's brainwashing ability. Seeing Brianna behaving like a perfect bubbly teen girl was almost as astonishing as seeing Suzanne living as a flirty middle-aged woman. Not to mention their physical transformation, of course!

Not long after, Mr. Hill informed Suzanne that she didn't need to work anymore. He assured her that he would take care of all her needs, so she could focus on other activities. By *other activities*, he meant being a perfect trophy wife, of course, and Suzanne happily accepted her new role. She was so bewitched by Mr. Hill that she had no objection to living her life with the sole purpose of pleasing the man.

Mr. Hill just couldn't understand why Mrs. Larsen was so reluctant to accept that her work on Suzanne was done. Perhaps this was just *artistic perfectionism*, but the fact was that Mrs. Larsen kept insisting that Mr. Hill should be careful and vigilant for now. The man didn't think so, though. He had had more than enough proof of Suzanne's loyalty and devotion, so he simply started ignoring Mrs. Larsen. He no longer needed her...

He was feeling so secure about his control over Suzanne that he even opened a new tax haven account in her name, in order to make it more difficult to track the money he was diverting from the company. Suzanne was already awake about her husband's *financial activities*, and gave him full support, knowing that Mr. Hill was just *reclaiming what was rightfully his*. He had helped the company to grow from the ground and reach its current level of success, but he had never been rightly rewarded for that.

And very soon, he told her. We're going to disappear from here and have a lush life somewhere else. Just think about it. Wouldn't that be fantastic?

Nothing and nobody could stop him now... Or at least he believed so.

—:—

A week later...

...Suzanne wasn't sure what she felt when she looked at the building again. Everything looked exactly the same. The well-kept garden that led to a fountain in front of the main entrance; the white walls, and the long, wide windows; the towering towers... Nothing seemed to change there – ever – as if the mansion were immune to time.

However, the woman knew it wasn't exactly true. Big changes could happen inside that place, as she had learned in the most dramatic way possible. After all, when Suzanne crossed the clinic's front door for the first time, she was still a young, fool man called Patrick Donovan.

Things couldn't be more different now, she thought, as her high heels clicked the paved trail that led to the building, and she felt her large breasts swaying at every step. That place had turned her into a middle-aged woman, as absurd as it sounded. Suzanne had already accepted such fact. There was nothing she could do to change it now. However, she could – and actually needed to – regain control of her life, once and for all. That was what she was back. She thought it was an almost poetic irony. Everything had begun in that place, and everything would come to an end there, as well.

Checking her phone one last time, she saw that the way was clear for her to act. *It's time to show those people that I know a trick or two, too*, she thought, smiling.

"Oh, Suzanne, what an amazing surprise!" said Samara, the clinic employee who had become *Suzanne's friend*.

"Thank you, my darling. I'm very, very glad to see you again, too."

"So, for how long do you intend to stay with us? I hope you're not planning to leave soon."

"Oh, I'm still not sure. All I know is that I need to address some issues, and I know there is no place like this one to do so."

"I'm glad you held us in such high regard. I also hope we'll have time to do some catching up. I want to know everything about your married life!"

"Of course, my dear. It sounds marvelous."

"Oh, before I forget, I need you to fill out an admission form. Just formality, you know. "

"No problem, Samara. Let me see it. Oh, but why do you guys use such small print on these forms? This is not suitable for an *old lady*... Where are my reading glasses again? It must be buried somewhere in my luggage. Why don't I say the information you need and you fill out the form for me, my dear?"

"As you wish, Ma'am..."

"...Is that all?" Suzanne asked, many questions later. "Good... let me take a look. That's funny, my dear... As I told you, my eyes are no longer the same, but your handwriting... well, this looks *peculiarly familiar*" the woman finished, looking at Samara. Suzanne's expression was kind and relaxed, but her eyes were ablaze.

Slowly, Samara realized what was going on, and her jaw fell open in a mute cry of surprise. "For how long you know?" she merely asked, with a sense of urgency.

"For longer than you'd guess."

"What you want to do now?"

"First, we're going to have a long conversation, like good old friends... Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Suzanne, darling, it's a pleasure to see you" Mrs. Larsen said, about an hour later, when Suzanne entered her office accompanied by Samara. "I was delighted when I was told you were here. You look great! Would you like something to drink? No? Okay, then. You can leave us alone now, Samara."

"If you do not mind, I'd like Samara to stay, Mrs. Larsen."

"May I ask you why, my dear?" Mrs. Larsen raised an eyebrow. Despite her quiet countenance, it was possible to see she was slightly surprised.

"I have a feeling that her presence will be important for the conversation I want to have with you" Suzanne stated, sitting down and indicating the chair next to her to Samara.

"And what do you want to talk about, Suzanne?"

"Let me tell you a story, Mrs. Larsen. Once upon a time, there was a naive young man who was so ambitious and anxious that he was willing to do anything to get a job promotion. He then found out that his boss was suspecting that an important director was stealing from the company, and began to think of a way to investigate the issue, believing this way his boss would be more likely to give him a higher position."

"The young man then hears of a mysterious clinic that could help him in this regard. However, when he goes there, he gets much more than he asks for... Rather than being just disguised, he has his whole body so drastically mutilated that in the end he not only looks like another person, but a much older one... a much older person from the opposite sex, it's important to say. He is even submitted to a sex reassignment surgery without his knowledge or consent."



"A very inventive narrative, Suzanne" Mrs. Larson said, slowly. "But I don't see your point, my dear."
"Oh, really? That's how you want to proceed, Mrs. Larsen? Let me just ask you something, then... Assuming such a story is true, what do you think that would happen to the person responsible for all this, if the authorities were aware of the situation?"

"Suzanne, my darling... you're not making sense now. Why don't you close your eyes and try to relax. I'm sure I can help you to see..."

"I wouldn't waste my time trying that if I were you, Mrs. Larsen. With all due respect, you know as well as I do that you no longer have power over me. It would be sad to see you embarrassing yourself..."

Upon hearing that, Mrs. Larsen's expression changed drastically, and Suzanne knew she was seeing the older woman's real face for the first time. Instead of gentle and kind, she looked cruel and evil, with her yellow teeth on display and her tiny eyes shining like the ones of a beast.

Suzanne wasn't scared, though. The general effect of the grotesque spectacle was actually depressing and pitiful. Mrs. Larsen wanted to look menacing, but in truth she looked more like a deplorable cornered mouse.

"I only did what you wanted me to do!" she stated, feeling the desperation growing inside her. She couldn't understand what was going on. At that point, Suzanne wasn't supposed to remember anything of that.

"Oh, I fear the FBI will think otherwise" Suzanne asserted, smiling. She couldn't deny she was amused by the power that she now had over the older woman. "Especially considering you conspired with my *beloved husband* all the way long to turn me into his perfect sex toy. I have an interesting footage of you two together, as well as documents evidencing the deposits he made in your account. Did you know he was paying you with stolen money? Of course you did. You were part of the whole scheme, after all."

"Now that's enough!" Mrs. Larsen shouted, furious. "I don't have to stay here listening to all this nonsense. It seems like you are very, very confused, Suzanne, *my dear*. As your therapist, I find myself obliged to recommend you a *prolonged* period under my care. Let's hope you can recover your sanity *someday*. It's sad, but I'm sure your husband will understand. I'm calling security now to take you to your new accommodations."

"No, you are not" Samara said, suddenly, and just then Mrs. Larsen remembered that her employee was also there. "Put the phone down, Ma'am. Now listen to voice..."

"What you think you are doing, stupid girl?" Mrs. Larsen yelled, completely out of her mind. "You're here to obey me! Do you really think your dumb tricks work on me?"

"Much more than you think, Mrs. Larsen" Samara said, her voice as calm as if they were just discussing what they would have for lunch. "That's why you did exactly what I told you to do. You are no longer holding the phone, are you?"

Mrs. Larsen noticed with horror that the young woman was right. She then tried to grab the phone again, but she just couldn't do it, as if some invisible force were stopping her hand.

"How?" was what the older woman was able to ask, as she looked at Samara with killer eyes.

"Oh, it's really astonishing how much the field of hypnosis and mental suggestion has progressed, isn't it? But you already know that, Mrs. Larsen. Wasn't that why you brought me to work here in the first place? I knew sooner or later I would need to do something about you, so I've been working on it for a very long time."

"You know I can crush you to pieces if you don't stop it right now, right?"

"That's the point, Mrs. Larsen. I'm convinced such a possibility no longer exists" Samara smirked. "But I think we're getting ahead of ourselves. Suzanne still doesn't know the whole story. So I'm going to ask you to be quiet while I speak... And when I say '*ask*', I mean that you have no choice but to do what I want, of course."

Samara then leaned back comfortably in the chair savoring the control she was exerting over the older woman. "About three years ago" she continued. "I was just a psychology student when I first heard about the 'Third Foundation' project. Mr. Griffin, one of my college teachers, told me it was a study group aimed to discuss issues regarding the application of hypnosis in the clinical area."

"I started to attend the group meetings, which was very interesting and instructive since the subject matched my undergraduate thesis. However, what began as a study group, soon became something bigger – an interdisciplinary project, involving psychology, medicine and pharmacy, with clinical trials and everything..."

"I won't tire you with unnecessary details, Suzanne. What is important to say is that all the work was developed having in mind a technique that reconciled the use of some new drugs and the hypnosis applied in a more methodical and pragmatic way. The purpose of all that, as far as I was concerned, was to assist patients with severe cases of depression, addiction, and other psychiatric disorders."

"After I graduated, I kept working on the project and, for some reason, I had considerable success with all volunteers I was working with, I even earning the nickname '*Mentalic*', a silly joke between us. I believe my 'special gift' was entirely based on the fact that I was the younger people involved in the project, which meant that patients didn't see me as a figure of authority."

"As our studies showed, it was essential for the psychologist responsible for the hypnosis process to be able to establish a bond of trust and complicity with the patient; something close to a true friendship, an approach which differed immensely from a conventional therapy session."

"Everything was going well, but then a catastrophe happened. Mr. Griffin came into my office one morning to let me know that one of my patients, Alice, a young woman I had been seen for three months, had committed suicide. This news alone left me deeply shaken, but there was more to come."

"Mr. Griffin pointed out that I could be in serious trouble if Alice's family claimed that her hypnotic sessions had somehow contributed to making her decide to take her own life. I told him it was absurd. Alice's treatment had been focused on exactly preventing her from trying to hurt herself, but Mr. Griffin argued that a judge might not think so since such treatment was still experimental and not approved. He said that the best I could do was disappear for a while, not only for my own good but also for the project."

"Now I know I shouldn't have heard him. Even if I was guilty of something, which wasn't the case, my best option would be to stay where I was and defend myself. However, as I said, I was young and naive, not to mention how stressed I was. Mr. Griffin said he knew a perfect place for me to hide, and that same day I came to this clinic to work as a helper with a new identity."

"Completely isolated from the outside world and feeling confused and anxious, I was an easy target for Mrs. Larsen's manipulations. Despite her apparent kindness and empathy, she subtly made it clear that I was totally dependent on her and that I would be screwed if I left here."

"Then, a few weeks after my arrival, I found out that Mrs. Larsen expected more from me than simply being a helper. She said she was aware of my skills and that, despite the '*unfortunate incident*' that had happened, it would be a waste not to make use of my talents, even if '*unofficially*'."

"What she expected from me was to approach some clients with mental disorders like depression and low self-esteem, and use the techniques developed in the project to make them feel better."

"My first impulse was to say no. Not only because I didn't feel confident enough to work as a therapist after what had happened, but also because it would be extremely unethical, not to say criminal, to subject patients to psychological treatments they were unaware of."

"However, as I said, I was entirely in Mrs. Larsen's hands, and I eventually succumbed to her insistent requests. She assured me that my work would be only complementary to her own, since she was a psychologist, too, and I would be always under her supervision."

"Just think about it, my dear, I remember her telling me. Mr. Griffin and I are old friends, so I know some details from the 'Third Foundation' project. I'm aware that the project was developed taking as one of the pillars a close relationship between therapist and patient. Don't you think you'll be able to get even closer to our patients if they don't know you're a psychologist in the first place?"

"And so it started. In the beginning, Mrs. Larsen was true to her word. She only asked me to help people with psychological issues, but soon enough it changed... She began to demand me to persuade

patients to undergo certain cosmetic treatments at the clinic. Just to make them feel better about themselves, she assured me."

"When I refused to do so, she once again stressed that I had nowhere to go, and that I would be in serious trouble outside the clinic. I know I should have resisted... I should have just told her to go to hell and left this damn place. But I was weak, which proved to be a terrible decision. When I realized it, I was not only manipulating people's minds to convince them to undergo cosmetic treatments, but was also creating false memories and making them addicted to this clinic so that they would always come back and pay for the expensive treatments offered here."

"But the worst of all was when you arrived, Suzanne. I almost had a nervous breakdown when I found out what Mrs. Larsen really planned to do with you. That was so cruel... so inhuman... but who am I to judge her, right? I didn't try to stop her, and I even assisted her, which certainly makes me as bad a person as she is."

"As you know by now, Mrs. Larsen never intended to help you. She was actually working for Mr. Hill on a diabolical plan to not only make the man you used to be disappears, but also turn you into a completely different person – A submissive and obedient middle-aged woman, who would become Mr. Hill's trophy-wife and live for the sole purpose of satisfying him in every possible way."

"And here I have to beg your pardon once again, Suzanne. I was too cowardly to say no to Mrs. Larsen, and followed her orders to the letter... well, almost. The process of creating your new personality was guided by a fictional diary that chronicled experiences of your supposed life as a woman, together with some drugs and hypnotic messages."

"Mrs. Larsen's idea was that you would slowly forget your true self and definitely assume the persona of a woman who had always dreamed of being the submissive wife of a powerful man. But I was the one responsible for writing the diary, you know, and I wrote a *slightly different* story from what Mrs. Larsen wanted. A story that would make you want to keep your free-will, but something subtly enough so that Mrs. Larsen wouldn't realize what was going on... That was the least I could do."

"Then, shortly after you left the clinic to start working as Mr. Hill's secretary, I had another big shock. One afternoon, just before knocking on Mrs. Larsen's office door, I heard her talking to none other than Mr. Griffin, my former boss, and they were talking about me."

"I pressed my ear to the door and strained to hear what Mrs. Larsen was saying. It was when I found out the whole truth. It had all been a big scam. Alice, my patient, hadn't committed suicide. They had made up the story to force me to come to this clinic and work for Mrs. Larsen."

"Learning that, I had to struggle not to break into her office right away and kill the bitch with my own hands. I knew that I needed to think coldly about what to do next. That was when I realized that my

best option would be to make her get a taste of her own medicine... I had always been responsible for bringing her tea, so it was easy for me to put the *right drugs* into it, in greater quantity than I had ever used before with anyone else. At the same time, I started playing some tapes in her room while she was sleeping – the same tapes we used to manipulate so many patients, but with messages much more authoritarian and demanding."

"Some time later, I used my newly gained influence on Mrs. Larsen to bring some justice to you, Suzanne. I got Mrs. Larsen's permission to start leaving the clinic regularly with the excuse that it would be better to have someone watching you closely and make sure the plan was going to work as desired. In truth, I started sabotaging her scheme."

"I was already aware of the Mr. Hill's crimes since Mrs. Larsen told me all about them after I started manipulating her mind. Then, I made sure the *right people* approach you, Suzanne, and your so-called daughter. People like Tom, who became Brianna's boyfriend, and Mary, who soon would be your closest friend at work. Also, I started sending you those anonymous letters, aiming to guide you *behind the scenes* through some keywords that I knew would trigger you. After that..."

"Wait" said Suzanne, interrupting Samara. "How exactly did you get Mary and Tom to approach us?"

"Oh there's no mystery about it. About Mary, let's say I got a job as her therapist... And Tom, well, it was even more mundane. I just made sure the apartment you and Brianna lived in was close to the gym Tom attended. Considering Brianna's new personality – personality such I had helped to shape – I knew she would feel attracted to them. The rest was all his doing."

"Talking about Brianna..." Suzanne said. "Why can't she remember her old life, unlike me?"

"I can only make assumptions. Maybe she was in a more vulnerable mental state... Maybe she was so dissatisfied with her old life that she grasped the opportunity to start over with all her might... I honestly don't know for sure."

"Can it be reversed?"

"At this point... I don't think so, Suzanne. Sorry. Bas honestly, looking at her now, do you think she would want to go back? There's not much else to say. I kept messing with Mrs. Larsen's mind, in preparation for the right moment to get even on her, but your unexpected visit today forced me to hurry things up. Fortunately, as you can see, I already have full power over her" Samara added, pointing at Mrs. Larsen with disdain, while the old woman looked at her and Suzanne furiously, but unable to speak or move an inch.

"I know you were successful in your purpose, Suzanne" Samara continued. "You already have evidence that can incriminate Mr. Hill. Well done, I have to say. But I also would like to ask you something. How did you find out about my involvement in all this mess?"

"Well, some things that happened seemed a little too convenient to be just coincidence. Someone had to be behind all this, manipulating the pieces on the board to help me corner Greg. There was also the letters, of course, written in the same calligraphy as the diary... Since I knew Mrs. Larsen was collaborating with my *dear husband*, you were the obvious option to be the person who were writing them to me."

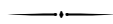
"I see. Yes, it seems simple when put this way. Now, how long have you said it would take for the FBI to get here?"

"It won't be long now."

"Good. Then listen to me, *darling*" Samara said, looking deeply into Mrs. Larsen's eyes. "When the agents arrive, you're going to tell them the truth. No, stop trying to fight it. You know you have no choice... not anymore. You're going to tell them all the illegal procedures performed inside this clinic, especially what we have done to Suzanne and Brianna. You'll give them all the evidence that proves your guilt... the documents and records of procedures performed without the patients being aware of what was going on. Are we understood, Mrs. Larsen?"

Suzanne could see the fear and despair in the old woman's eye as she tried to resist. Still, it was also evident that there was nothing she could do now. The young woman's control over her seemed total and absolute. And then, as Suzanne was already hearing some cars approaching the building, she had an idea.

"Samara, would it be possible to make Mrs. Larsen tell a *slightly* different story to them?"



Some time later, Suzanne and Samantha were once again alone, walking down one of the clinic's long hallways – ironically, it was the exact same hallway they had walked together when they first met, the day Suzanne had arrived at the clinic. The two of them didn't know it yet, but that would be the last time they'd ever see each other.

"I don't understand, Suzanne" Samara said at some point, breaking the long silence. Her voice was filled with a hesitation that contrasted sharply with the confidence with which she had dealt with Mrs. Larsen not long ago.

"What you don't understand, my dear?" Suzanne asked, again speaking like a kind middle-aged woman who addresses someone much younger.

"Well... why am I still here?" Samara let out, feeling like a fool because of silly her question sounded. "I mean, why wasn't I arrested together with Mrs. Larsen, Dr. Reid and Mrs. Beaulieu? Why did you

ask me to manipulate Mrs. Larsen's mind so that she wouldn't be able to mention my participation in the whole scheme?"

Suzanne didn't answer the question immediately. Instead of that, she kept watching the sunset through one of the large windows, her heels clicking along the way. "Do you really want to know the truth, my dear?" she finally spoke.

"Definitely."

"The truth is that I have no idea" Suzanne declared, delighted with Samara's puzzled look.

"B-but it makes no sense, Suzanne" Samara said, agitated. "Without my help, Mrs. Larsen wouldn't have been able to do anything she did to you. You know there is no turn back now, right? You undergone a sex reassignment surgery, and you are going to be a woman forever. Not only that, but you won't be able to look your real age again either. Not after the way Dr. Reid damaged your skin. And none of this would have been possible without my interference. Ultimately, I was the one who manipulated you into accepting going through all those procedures. Then why did you decide to spare me?"

"Don't you think you're being a little too dramatic, my dear?" Suzanne asked, with a funny face. "The thing is... I'm happy about who I am. I discovered some pleasures living as a mature woman that I had never experienced before. It wasn't an easy path, and by no means did Mrs. Larsen have the right to do something so monstrous and evil to me. That's why she's going to get her deserved punishment now. You, on the other hand... I guess I see you as a victim of that cunning, wicked woman, just like me. Not only that, but I also truly grew fond of you, and I fail to believe such a feeling is just some kind of *mental trick*."

"I... I don't know what to say, Suzanne" Samara whispered, with tears in her eyes. "You have no idea how difficult this whole situation was for me. You became a true friend. The only one I have ever had."

"It's alright, my darling" Suzanne said, hugging Samara. "There is no reason for crying."

They kept holding each other for a long time, until the sun finally disappeared behind a distant hill.

"Of course there is another possibility..." Suzanne said, as more and more stars appeared in the sky.

"Which possibility?" Samara asked.

"Well, someone with your skills could very well have simply manipulated my mind to think all this, right?"

"What?!" Samara's eyes grew wider, full of despair. "Suzanne, I swear..."

"Relax, dear. I was just teasing you. I know you didn't do such a thing. This is what I prefer to believe, at least. In any case, you're free to go now. You can rebuild your career or do anything else you want. I have only two requests to make."

"Of course, Suzanne" Samara promptly said. "Whatever you want."

"First, I want you to stop playing God with my life. I do appreciate your support until now, but as you know, I'm almost in my fifties, so I think I can stand on your own two feet from now on. So no more letters *suggesting me* what to do, no more manipulating people to make things easier to me, and so on."

"Fair enough. What about the second request?"

"Well... Is Tony, the personal trainer, still around?"

Epilogue

Ten months later...



"Here's your drink, Ma'am. Would you like anything else?"

The woman lowered her sunglasses to get a better look at the waiter. What she saw definitely pleased her. He was 6'3" tall, had a big, muscular body, and tan skin. Looking at his handsome face, with deep brown eyes and strong jawline, she judged the guy couldn't be more than twenty-five, what made her even more thrilled – So much that she smiled seductively at him, and crossed her legs teasingly before saying...

"I'm good for now, my dear. But if you come to my cabin later... let's say in an hour... I'm sure you can be of *great service* to me" she finished, biting her lower lips.

Upon hearing that, the young man gulped. Was that goddess MILF really implying what he thought she was? The waiter had been working on cruises for over three years now, and he was sure he had never seen a hotter mature woman than this one on board. Sitting on a beach chair by the pool, she was wearing a body tight one-piece swimsuit, which exposed a lot of her incredibly big boobs and sexy legs. He thought the woman should be in her late forties, but it wasn't a problem – not when the woman was so damn hot!

"You haven't answered me yet, young man. Will you come to my cabin or not?" the woman insisted, enjoying the surprise on the waiter's handsome, manly face. She knew very well that the guy was lusting after her body, although he believed he was doing it discreetly. *All men are the same*, she thought, amused.

"I... umm... yeah, of course I'll go!" the guy finally said, scratching his short dark hair and still looking mesmerized by the woman in front of him. "I'm Luke, by the way. Luke Finley."

"Well, nice to meet you, Luke. I'm Suzanne Middleton."

"Nice to meet you, Ma'am. Do you think that I could... umm..."

"Could what, young man?"

"Well... Call you by your first name, as well?" Luke finally asked, perhaps trying to make sure he really knew what the woman's intentions were toward him. But Suzanne wasn't about to make things easier for the poor guy – Not when she had grown so fond of teasing men. It somehow made her feel like a tigress playing with her prey just before devouring it.

"Do you really think it would be appropriate, young man? Haven't you been taught how to properly address older people?"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am! It's just that... well, you don't look like '*older people*' at all."

Suzanne had to smile. The guy seemed to be witty and clever. She liked that, too. "Very well, Luke. I'll forgive you just because you are so kind... Tell me, how old do you think that I am?"

"I'm not sure... Thirty-one? Maybe Thirty?"

"Ha! Here you are being kind and gallant again... Oh my, I guess I'll have to think of a good reward for you..."

"I can hardly wait, Ma'am" the man said, smiling from ear to ear.

"Very well. Cabin 48. I expect to see you there in an hour. Don't you dare be late, young man!"

She smiled watching the waiter walk away, and her mouth watered as she thought about the time they would spend together. She then leaned back in the chair, feeling a delicious tingling between her legs.

Now this is living! She told herself, feeling quite content, as she admired the beauty of the island of Ibiza on the horizon.

For the past few months, Suzanne's daily life had been a succession of cruises and crazy parties, with some shopping and salon trips in between. Money was no longer an issue... Not after the deal she had made with the authorities.

Gregory Hill, Theresa Larsen and half a dozen other people were now behind bars thanks to Suzanne. In return, the woman received a new ID (although she insisted in keeping her first name since she had grown fond of it), and was allowed to keep most of the money Mr. Hill had transferred to an account in her name.

She still remembered with pleasure the night her former husband had discovered the truth. It had taken place right after Mrs. Larsen's arrest, and Suzanne was there to see it all, enjoying the despair in the man's eyes as he was being handcuffed... The same man who had ruined her old life...

But Suzanne no longer felt bad about what had happened. She not only was fully adapted to her new reality, but also thought she wouldn't trade this life for any other. She was rich, happy, and had a new purpose in life – a purpose she had discovered when she least expected it...

It had all happened the day she seduced Mark Watson, the young man who worked for Mr. Simmons, in order to get her hands on the documents hidden in Simmons' office. The thrill she felt having that young man eating out of the palm of her hand was something indescribable – better than anything she had experienced before, even as Patrick.

The power, the feeling of being admired, the conquest... all those urges that in the past (when she still was an ambitious and fool young man) Suzanne had tried to satisfy through her professional life, were viewed from a new perspective. She could still accomplish all that... collecting lovers.

She would become a *cougar*, seducing all the hot man she put her eyes on. It was simply perfect. She no longer needed to worry about money, and she loved sex. So what better way to live her life than traveling, shopping, enjoying good food and drinks and taking strong, handsome men to bed?

She had started it with Tony, her former personal trainer at the clinic. The same night Gregory Hill was arrested, she slept with Tony in the bed she used to share with her husband. Two weeks later, she started traveling.

The only thing Suzanne missed was Brianna, her daughter. Brianna was now attending college in England (along with her boyfriend Tom), and Suzanne always took them on some nice trip whenever they had a few days off.

Brianna was also completely adapted to her new life and, to Suzanne's joy, she seemed happier than ever. Her days as a surly middle-aged woman were gone. Now she was a vibrant, beautiful young woman, with a lifetime ahead.

Back in America, things were getting back on track, too. Mary, Suzanne's best friend, had been released from jail, and had received a big reward when Mr. McFarland found out she had helped uncover the real culprits for the embezzlement scheme.

Suzanne had never heard of Samara again, but she sincerely hoped the young woman was well and happy, whatever she was doing now, and that she had managed to forgive herself for what she had done.

Julie, who used to be Patrick's fiancé, had been proposed to by Noah, her new boyfriend, and they were going to get married next spring. After Patrick was officially pronounced dead, many months ago, she had finally had her period of mourning, and was now ready to move on with her life...

...the very same thing Suzanne was doing. When Patrick had first entered Mrs. Larsen's clinic, he could never have imagined where the stupid idea of disguising himself as a woman to spy on Mr. Hill would take him. Now it was no longer a disguise. *She* was and would be always be Suzanne Middleton. The path to acceptance wasn't easy, but she had finally been able to discover all the delights of living the life as an attractive and wealthy middle-aged woman.

The most important thing that this sudden and unexpected maturity had taught her was not to worry about unimportant, silly things, as she used to do in the past. Life is short and, for all intents and purposes, she was just a few years away from turning fifty. She would live each day like it was the last, laughing and having fun, enjoying it to the fullest.

And in that particular day, she had high hopes that Luke, the cruise waiter, would help her in this regard...



THE END

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