



SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part One

by Valerie Hope

"WHEREVER YOU LIKE IS FINE with me," the tall statuesque blonde told me, gesturing around the half-full restaurant at many of the open tables. I never would have picked this woman for the hostess at a mid-scale downtown eatery, I mused to myself as I followed the delectable sway of her pert ass through the air in front of me, following her to the table I indicated. She had that regal, haughty jet-set allure that bespoke summers in the south of France and chalets in Aspen, shopping on Rodeo Drive and a string of wealthy ex-husbands to fund her diamond habit. Seeing the elegant thirtysomething, her blue eyes regarding the world around her with just a touch of disdain, working as a wage-slave like myself seemed to rip the illusion of her having brunch with celebrities and hosting \$1500-a-plate fundraisers for her cause *du jour* into sad shreds.

I fumbled for some small talk – she was definitely attractive, and it simply wasn't in my nature to pass up an opportunity to flirt with a good-looking female. "So, uh... have you worked here very long?"

She offered me a distracted smile as she set a leatherbound menu in front of my place setting at a table near the window. "Just a few months. I've been out of the country for a while and I needed some quick cash," she explained.

"Out of the country? Where?" I asked, seating myself.

"Eastern Europe," she explained. "I have family there."

I spread my linen napkin in my lap and offered her my most disarming smile. "Well, welcome home," I told her.

"Thanks," she grunted, turning away from me as if I didn't exist.

So much for that afternoon's diversion, I thought sadly. I did notice, however, that she gave me some long and searching looks from her station in the foyer. Maybe my practiced charm had made a dent in that cool, aloof armor. Some of the glances she sent my way were downright suggestive.

The meal was trendy and unmemorable, like most of the upscale restaurants in that part of town that catered to people like me with more money than sense. I finished my wine without even really tasting it and called for the check, already resigned to a boring night of doing the same thing I did every night – searching the seedy singles scene of the city for a companion for the evening, someone I could spend my latent sexual frustration inside and then never call

back. I paid my bill with a credit card and stood up to leave when I felt a warm and soft hand on my arm. It was the delectable hostess, who offered me a seductive smile that... *promised*.

"Do you have plans for the rest of your evening?" she asked me directly.

"Nothing I can't rearrange," I told her. "What do you have in mind?"

"A drink. Something more, perhaps, depending on how it goes," she told me. "I get off work in two hours, can you meet me back here?"

I tried to cover my elation at being saved from the bars and clubs and the sick predatory antics I'd be forced to enact in order to find a respite from loneliness. "I'd be delighted," I told her honestly.

She smiled and appeared almost relieved, as hard as that was for me to believe.

"I'm Alex, by the way," I told her, extending a hand.

She took it palm down, very ladylike and genteel in a way that excited me. "Natasha," she replied. "I look forward to getting to know you."

"You do?"

She bit her glossy bottom lip and appraised me in a way I'd always wanted a woman to look at me, then seemed to make up her mind about something. "Very much so," she purred.

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I did my best to try and mentally force the intervening time to pass more quickly, without success. A few drinks at a nearby bar, fantasizing about creamy white skin and gleaming blue eyes, and a quick run to the corner drugstore to buy breath mints and condoms in case the night I desired actually came to pass. Eventually, however, the two hours did crawl past and I found myself leaning against a streetlamp, idly smoking a cigarette in front of the closed, darkened restaurant, waiting for the intoxicating woman to come out with the rest of the tired wait- and kitchen staff.

She appeared out of a back alley, wrapped in a black wool pea-coat, her breath frosting in long plumes from glossy lips which split into a sincere smile when she saw me.

"I wasn't sure you'd be here," she confessed.

"How could I not?" I returned. "It's not every day a beautiful woman expresses such an interest in me. I'd be a fool not to be intrigued."

She eyed me frankly. "You're no fool, I can tell that much just by looking," she said.

She threaded her arm through my invitingly crooked elbow and pushed her firm, taut body against mine as I tossed the half-smoked butt of my cigarette into the gutter. We strolled along the sidewalk wordlessly for a while before curiosity forced me to break the companionable silence between us.

"Anywhere in particular you'd like to go?" I asked her.

"There's a nice bar just around the corner," she told me. "I could really go for a glass of wine. Afterwards, who knows?"

I hid startlement at her thinly-veiled innuendo – I was not used to women so forward – and let her pull me along the nighttime foot traffic towards the little pub nearby. She ordered a glass of chardonnay from the waiter while I chose my customary Scotch. We passed the time waiting for our drinks with meaningless chit-chat as she shed her coat onto the back of the chair and took out a cigarette of her own, which I lit for her.

"So, Alex," she said. "What do you do for a living?"

"I own and operate several web storefronts," I told her. "Everything from skin care products to clothing to exercise equipment. It's very lucrative and it leaves me a great deal of free time to pursue my first love – restoring classic cars. You might say I'm more or less a man of leisure."

"Interesting," Natasha commented, setting her cigarette in the ashtray between us long enough to accept the glass of wine from the waiter and take a small sip.

"Not as interesting as you'd think," I confessed. "But I do like the details. And you? I don't suppose a woman like you plans to be a hostess in a restaurant forever."

She chuckled, a deep and rich throaty sound. "Oh, I take a job for a while until it bores me, then I quit and move on to another. My family left me a sizable inheritance – I could live on just that if I truly wanted – but I'm one of those people who needs a job to pass the time. I tend to get myself into trouble if I don't stay busy."

"Idle hands, I suppose," I laughed.

"You sound as if you know what I'm talking about," she said.

"I could bore you with stories of my misspent youth," I told her, "but I prefer to talk about you."

"There isn't much to talk about," she said. "Born in Romania, emigrated to London, then from London to here. No husband, no family and no real interest in reliving the past."

She finished her wine and stubbed out her cigarette suddenly. "You know something, Alex? I've made up my mind about you."

"You have?"

"Yes," she said. "I've decided that you're very much the kind of man whose dick I'd like to suck. My apartment is three blocks from here. Are you interested?"

My cool aplomb tattered, I could only take the hand she offered me, drop some cash on the table for the drinks, and let her lead me into the chilly night.

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Natasha's place took only a short five-minute walk which cost us the better part of twenty minutes to make, since she kept dragging me into secluded alleys and alcoves to press hot, demanding kisses on me and slide her hands over every part of my body she could easily reach. My own hands explored her firm, taut body as well as I just tried to keep up with her volcanic desire, returning her hungry kisses and gropes as best I could. By the time we actually reached the front door of her small walk-up, I panted with arousal and my hard-on pressed painfully against the seam of my trousers. She fumbled a key into the deadbolt and pulled me bodily through into the small foyer, where she slammed me roughly into the wall and began to roughly pull and tear at my clothes.

"Wow," I breathed. "You're incredible."

"You haven't seen anything yet," she said, fumbling with my belt buckle.

The biggest struggle on the way to her bedroom proved to be not knocking over her furniture. She tossed me physically onto the bed and began tugging my pants down my legs. My cock popped out seemingly of its own volition and bobbed gently in time with my heightened pulse, making Natasha growl sexily deep in her throat and lick her lips invitingly.

"For me?" she giggled. "You shouldn't have."

"Well, what else do you get for the girl who has everything?" I quipped back.

She gave me a smile that could only be described as wistful, which confused me a little. "I really like you, Alex."

I offered her a tremulous smile. "I'm glad. I like you, too."

She seemed to struggle with herself a little, then closed her eyes and offered whatever internal argument inside a reassuring nod before lowering her head towards my turgid cock. I could feel her soft hair cascade across my inner thigh and her warm breath across the ever-so-sensitive head of my erection.

I wasn't sure, so mesmerized I was by the sight of her soft, glossy lips parting just above my cock, but I thought I heard her whisper a barely-audible "I'm sorry" before engulfing my penis in her warm, soft mouth. My eyes rolled back a little bit and my muscles tensed involuntarily as the first wave of excited pleasure broke through my body. I'd had plenty of blowjobs before – I was far from a player, but I got my share of female companionship – but I'd never had one that felt even remotely like this one. Natasha's mouth somehow caressed my entire body and felt like it somehow even invaded my mind a little. I knotted my hands into the bedsheets and bit back a soul-deep groan of pleasure, trying not to give in to my baser instincts and simply grab the back of her head and start humping her like some kind of an animal in rut.

"Dear God," I managed through eyes squeezed shut tightly. "What are you *doing* to me?"

"Don't worry about that," she whispered gently, stroking me against her soft cheek while she caught her breath. "I'm taking you someplace. You're going to like it, honey, I promise. Just relax and try to trust me. I know what I'm doing."

She didn't wait for a response before she pressed my cock deep into her throat again. My body spasmed again with a pleasure approaching pain and I couldn't repress a growling scream. Something deep inside me felt as though it ripped and tore away, shooting through my body to be sucked from the tip of my surging cock and into the gorgeous woman between my thighs. The energy surging out of me appeared to sustain her somehow that I couldn't fathom – lines of care and worry around her mouth and eyes seemed to fade as I watched, and her skin lost a bit of dullness I hadn't even noticed was there until I saw the vital, youthful glow that shone from it now.

But for everything that flowed into her something flowed out of me, and I experienced the distinct feeling of being *food*, of being *prey*. Something was being taken from me, by force, even though she rewarded me with exquisite pleasure, to the point where I think a less aware man would not have even noticed.

She performed a particularly deep and slippery twisting plunge with her soft lips and the groan that broke from my throat sounded different to me. Breathier, to be certain, and higher, and with a strange lilting, lyrical quality that had never been there before.

A strangely *feminine* voice, to be sure.

Sensations assaulted me – the satin sheets underneath me suddenly seemed slicker and softer, more like a lover's caress than they had before, and I felt every distinct change of temperature in the air around me much more keenly – the colds seemed colder and the warmths seemed warmer and my body reacted more slowly to the shift than before. Some strange sort of softness surrounded me, around my face and my shoulders, and unless I opened my eyes very wide a strange dark fringe surrounded my vision. Even my panting breath sounded softer and higher.

I brought a hand to my face and saw milky pale skin and long, slender fingers that I'd never seen before. Alarm gripped my heart, making my breath catch in my throat, but before I could push Natasha away my body shuddered and went rigid in a mind-bending orgasm. Natasha's throat swallowed convulsively as her hand pistoned up and down on my shaft and I cried out – now a high-pitched, ululating scream that could never even be mistaken as masculine – as I felt my chest push out, twin mounds pointing towards the ceiling, crowned with proud pink nipples. Dimly, through the massive surge of ecstasy, I felt my cock shrink and slip from between Natasha's sucking lips, still spurting energy and something torn from the very core of myself, but I still felt the contact of her warm, soft mouth on my sex. The rapidly pumping fist around my shaft did not slow its rhythm but instead of the soft, firm grip I felt warm, stiff fingers now sawing in and out of me, into a wet hot place between my legs that dripped with arousal and desire. I sensed as much as felt those invading fingers and then the tender, rapid flick of a tongue brushing between folds of skin that had once been my scrotum and across the incredibly sensitive bud of what used to be my cock-head. The sensitivity sufficed to nearly blind me with desire and sensation, and I squirmed on a newly rounded and padded backside on the slick satin, wanting to escape the incredible sensitivity and drown in more of it at the same time. Another orgasm – a much *different* orgasm, one that built deep inside me and seemed to shoot up and down my spine in waves, suffusing my skin and body with little tremulous waves of ecstasy – ripped through me and little gasping girlish squeals filled the air as I bucked my hips and ground myself against the fingers in my new, untried pussy.

I *knew* it was a pussy, even not seeing. I knew what had been ripped from me and sucked from me by Natasha, what she fed upon from me. Her fingers slipped from me wetly and I sagged a little, as if some kind of life support had been unplugged from my body, but I forced myself up in a tumble of shiny, silky raven's-wing black hair and a teasing jiggle of breasts against my narrow chest with an indignant squawk.

"You bitch!" I shrilled, my new soprano screech shocking my ears. "What did you *do* to me?"

Natasha propped herself up on an elbow, sexily disheveled and looking sated. She casually wiped a glistening bottom lip with a slender finger before answering, "I think you know."

I backed away from her against the headboard, gathering the coverlet around me to hide my new, pale-skinned nubile body from my own eyes as well as hers. "Why?"

She shrugged casually. "I was hungry, for one thing. For another, well – it was just time."

"Just *time*?" I screeched. "Just time for what?"

"To have a daughter," she explained. "And I'm a little tired of hearing you yell at me, young lady. I'll thank you to moderate your tone."

"Moderate my... you expect me to..."

Her eyes flashed with something malicious and all my anger seemed to dissipate. I swallowed hard, ending in mid-rant with a wide-eyed, fish-mouthed look of shock.

"What I *expect*," she hissed, "is a daughter who knows her place. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered meekly.

She sat up and stretched like a cat, letting out a pleasurable moan as she worked kinks from sleek, firm muscles. She fished a cigarette out of a bedside humidor and lit it with a filigreed lighter, breathing a cloud of fragrant smoke out above the bed.

"Much better," she said. "Now, I suppose you have questions."

"How did this happen?"

She French-inhaled her smoke and released another lungful of smoke towards the ceiling. "You probably have some preconceived notions which need to be dispensed with," she began. "I suppose you've read – or, since you're American, seen the movie – Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, correct?"

"Yes," I answered meekly, trying to fight past the huge weight of intimidation and fear that kept me from speaking unless I was spoken to, much less screaming and hitting her with furniture the way I wanted to.

"The worst piece of shit to ever be printed," she spat. "Horribly written, for one thing, but moreover it shed light on a particular segment of society that really wasn't interested in notoriety in any form. Plus, it got *everything* wrong."

"You're telling me that you're..."

"Don't interrupt, dear," she cautioned. "And yes. I'm a vampire. So are you, now, if you want to put a fine point on it. You see, love, Stoker took quite a bit of dramatic license with our true nature, in order to sell copies of that pathetic attempt at literature. The real nature of vampires is quite different, and considerably more benign."

"We don't drink blood, for one thing, and we *certainly* don't kill," she went on. "I find the whole concept of murdering humans for sustenance to be insulting and revolting."

"So what *do* we eat?" I asked.

"For want of a better term, we consume masculinity," she explained. "All vampires are female, despite Stoker's sexist attempt to portray us as otherwise. He fell in love with one of us, you see, and she turned him away. His – I hesitate to call it a book, but it was bound and published... his *book* was a rather juvenile attempt at revenge. He did come dangerously close to exposing us. We had to lie very low for a few decades. Of course, now his skewed version of vampirism is now a cornerstone of popular culture. We can operate quite openly now, since no one even suspects we're who we are."

"You eat masculinity?" I pressed.

"It's a bit more involved than that, but essentially. From day to day, for energy and health, we consume food like any other human. You saw me eat, for Christ's sake. But to maintain our life – and more particularly, our youth and vitality, we need to feed from a male," she explained. "My body, before our little tryst, I would have put around forty or forty-five years old. Now, I'd estimate I'm around thirty-two or so."

"So you wait until right before menopause, then turn some unsuspecting dude into a girl and then wait to do it all over again?" I asked in disbelief.

She rolled her eyes dramatically. "Of course not," she said. "We have to keep ourselves a little better fed than that, sweetheart. I'm nearly three hundred years old. You'll learn, as I did, to just take a little bit at a time. A few months from this guy, perhaps a year. You'll age, but very slowly. Then you only need a big feeding – like what I did with you – once every forty or fifty years."

"And this works? Taking masculinity from random guys? And they don't notice?"

She laughed aloud, making the air around her seem to shimmer. "Sweetheart, when was the last time *you* noticed anything when your cock was in a beautiful woman's mouth? And so what if this guy doesn't join a football team or that guy takes an interest in cooking or interior decoration or Amy Heckerling movies. No one even notices."

"Oh, so no one is going to notice what's happened to me?" I accused.

She sighed. "You're a special case. And no. No one will notice. Do you actually think I asked you all those questions over drinks because I was *interested* in your life? No, it was an interview, you silly little bitch. No friends, no family, bouncing around from city to city with no real connections. If I'd discovered anyone – *anyone* – who depended on you for anything, then I would have politely and gently turned you down. You were a prime candidate."

"You've got to take it back," I told her. "Undo it. There was nothing wrong with you like you used to be. You don't need my masculinity. Please. Give it back."

She smiled softly. "I felt the same way, dear, when I got changed. You won't feel that way for long. I'll help you – you're my daughter now, it's my responsibility to take care of you and introduce you to this world. You'll soon feel as though it's the best thing that ever happened to you."

"But I don't want to be a girl," I told her.

"You will," she told me. "Besides, I can't undo it. It's done. Your masculinity, it's *gone*."

"Gone?" I pleaded. "Forever?"

"It's not as bad as you're making it out to be," Natasha told me. "You're going to love your new life, I promise you. I'll show you."

"I don't believe you," I said, and fat tears began to gather in my eyes for the first time since I was eight years old. Her arms snaked around me and stroked my hair – my new, long and silky hair – and she rocked me gently back and forth, shushing into the hollow of my neck and soothing me.

"You'll see," she whispered. "You're going to be wonderful, my darling. And Mama is going to give you the very happiest of lives. You'll see. Mama is going to make everything okay."

* * *

I'm not sure how much time I spent in her arms before a fitful sleep found me. I woke in the same bed where I'd recently lost every shred of my masculinity, sunlight streaming through the eastern-facing window across my face. A face I sincerely doubted I'd recognize in the mirror. Which, ironically, fostered an irresistible urge to sit at the antique dressing table near the bed and take my first real look at myself.

Dainty, tiny feet dangled over the edge of the bed as I threw shapely legs over the side and strange weight settled over my much smaller, compact frame. As I put my weight onto my feet and stood fluidly, I felt my breasts settle on my narrow chest and the wider stance I had to adopt in order to accommodate my larger, more lush derrière. My walk became a wiggling, swiveling affair to accomplish the twin purposes of transporting myself from Point A to Point B and *not* thumping myself in the chin with my jiggling breasts or knocking chotchkies off the shelves and table with my giant ass.

I sat in front of the mirror gently, still a little overloaded by my newly increased physical senses. The slightest touch on my soft, pale skin sufficed to begin turning me on; I couldn't bear the thought of feeling my new pussy become wet and charged with sensitivity right now.

The vision of loveliness staring back at me from the mirror nearly stole my breath. I traced the soft contours of my face with long, sensitive fingers, in utter disbelief that the features of that girlish, pale-complected face actually belonged to me.

My eyes shimmered as blue as ice from wide, round eyes rimmed with the longest, thickest lashes I'd ever seen. A narrow, porcelain face with a lush, pouty-lipped mouth and high cheekbones nestled in a thick nest of shining, silken black hair. All in all I bore a striking resemblance to Katy Perry, I thought, although my lips puffed a bit more than hers and my face seemed a little longer. Still, I thought, I could easily be mistaken for her if someone didn't take too close a look.

I sat back a bit and took in the long, slender neck and narrow shoulders, hidden by the thick tumble of glossy black hair which flowed over my shoulders and down my back. High, compact breasts rode a slender, narrow chest, crowned with large pink nipples which contrasted sharply against my pale skin. A perfectly flat belly dimpled with the soft swell of an abdominal six-pack nipped down to a tiny waist and then flared out to round, girlish hips. I already knew my ass was round and lushly padded, but I hadn't known until I craned my neck around to see just what a perfectly round, firm bubble it was. A tiny tuft of black pubic hair perched invitingly above a trim, puckered little pink pussy tucked between creamy, perfectly firm thighs that tapered to softly rounded calves to form a pair of long, slender dancer's legs and two tiny, dainty feet. A body to make men drool with desire.

I stared for a long while, running fingertips across my smooth skin in various places just to assure myself that the anatomy I was touching actually belonged to me, using the tingling sensations evoked by my touch as proof. I did stay far away from nipples, breasts and pussy, however – mental preparedness for those kinds of reminders that my birth gender was irrevocably gone forever just wasn't in me. I hardly noticed when Natasha entered the room

and walked up behind me, a cup of steaming cappuccino in one hand and a cigarette smoldering in another.

"Good morning, lovely," she said throatily, smiling at me proudly.

"Good morning," I answered in the lilting soprano I still couldn't get used to.

"How are you feeling?" Natasha asked, sliding in next to me on the small velvet-upholstered stool and wrapping an arm around my waist. "Are you still upset?"

"Of course I am," I told her. "But I think I've calmed down, at least."

"That's a start," Natasha said. "I'm sorry the change was so traumatic for you, my dear, but the time has come to start getting used to the idea. So hustle your rump and get ready. We have an awful lot to do today."

My hands started trying futilely to arrange my sleep-tousled hair even though no part of my mind contained any intention of getting ready. With a look of shock approaching panic, I asked, "Why do I do this? Why do I always seem to obey you, no matter what I want to do?"

She smiled. "Because I'm your mother. Quite literally, dear. I made you. That's how the change works, somehow. You are compelled to obey my every command for the early days after your change. It's to keep you safe, I hope you understand. It will wear away over time. I hope by that time you will have come to respect me enough to take my advice, but it's not unheard of for mothers and daughters to go their separate ways without ever speaking to one another again. But I do hope we don't turn out like that. I quite like you, it turns out. I have high hopes for you and me as a family, my love. I want good things for us."

"You say we have a lot to do?" I asked, attempting to change the subject.

"Yes. We need to meet with my forger, first thing, so that we can arrange your identification. That will allow us to open a bank account in your name and set you up on your own. I suppose we should enroll you in school, as well."

"School?"

"It's age appropriate," Natasha explained. "One must keep up appearances."

"But I don't want to go back to school," I complained, a tiny hint of a whine appearing in my high voice.

"That's immaterial," Natasha told me firmly. "A girl your age should have that kind of social interaction, for one thing, and for another, it only makes good sense."

"Good sense?"

"Think about it, dear," she said. "You'll have to feed. What better place for that kind of activity than a school full of virile young men who will do anything to get their members out for you to do whatever you want with them. You'll be an extremely popular young woman, and no one will ever notice that the boys you have assignations with come away from the encounter a trace more feminine and a little less beastly."

"You will have to be careful not to take too much, however," she cautioned. "Once, when I was very new to this life, I gave in to my hunger and took too much. The boy I fed from became a

transvestite and I regressed myself to the body of an eight year old. It proved to be a very difficult problem to solve. I had to flee the country."

"How do you expect me to fit in?" I challenged. "I don't know the first thing about being a girl. I'm going to be spotted for a poser the moment I try to interact with anyone."

Natasha waved a hand dismissively. "We have plenty of time to learn the small details, dear, and there are certain parts of myself that were passed along to you when you changed. You know more than you think you do."

"More than I think I do?"

"Didn't you notice how easily you were able to walk across the room after you first woke up? That kind of movement takes years to master for men who choose to become women. Without even trying, you naturally crossed your legs at the knee. And look at your hair, dear."

I turned back to the mirror quickly. In the short time I'd been talking to her, my hands had taken on a mind of their own, apparently, and had neatly and quickly arranged my hair into two long braids, one behind each ear, and tied them with pink ribbon. Even as I looked, my long fingers fluffed and pulled my bangs into a cute little pouf above my eyes.

"As I said, the exchange wasn't completely one-sided," Natasha said. "Certain parts of me made their way into you."

"Walking and doing my own hair are all well and good, but how is that going to keep me from acting like and speaking like a lifelong male?" I asked.

"Do you think I would leave things like that to chance, dear? You've changed more than just your body and your appearance. You'll see as the days pass, love. You think like a woman now, whether you've noticed it or not."

"It can't be that simple," I murmured.

"It isn't," Natasha said. "You do have an incredible amount of work to do. I've just taken care of a few of the basics for you, just swept a few things off of your immediate 'to do' list so you can devote yourself more completely to larger adjustments."

"Such as?" I said.

"You've just finished urinating. What do you do?" she asked.

Tap it three times, tuck it back in my boxers down the left-hand seam and zip up, then walk away, I thought even as my mouth said, "Wipe from back to front, stand up knees together and pull my panties up and my skirt down."

"You've just brought a pair of adorable Gucci boots and brought them to the counter, where it's time to pay. What do you do?"

I fish in my pocket for my billfold. "I dig in my purse for my wallet."

"You're at a bar and the bartender asks your order."

A pint of lager. "A white wine."

"Your pants size."

Thirty-four inch waist and a thirty-six inch inseam. "Technically, a four, but I prefer squeezing into a two. It makes my butt look better." I think I even blushed.

"I see. Favorite football team?"

Minnesota Vikings, hands down. "I could care less, but I do like the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders."

"Favorite clothing designer?"

They have names? "Toss-up between Dior or Chanel. Depends on my mood."

"You get my point, I trust?"

I sighed. "I suppose so," I said. "So, the visit to the forger, and?"

"That's the spirit," she told me. "Then the usual morning things – gym, tanning salon, then breakfast at *La Boulangerie*, I thought. We both are in desperate need of a visit to the nail salon, and perhaps some window shopping. We'll get your ears pierced while we're out, more if you have the inclination and we have the time. Then I've made you an appointment with my surgeon for three o'clock and your dance class is at five."

"Surgeon? Dance class?"

"A dance class because I expect any daughter of mine to be a classically-trained dancer. I will permit nothing less," she said. "I was a ballerina, my mother was a ballerina – my birth mother and my vampire mother – and you will be, as well. And the surgeon because I expect to mold you into a young woman of privilege. Young women of privilege have work done. Besides, you're too small-breasted for your own good. I got my implants in 1967 and I've never regretted it for a second. Maybe some lip enhancement, or a nose job. I'll leave it up to you and Dr. Everett. He's a miracle worker."

I sighed. If I didn't go along, after all, she'd only force me to comply. "If you think it's best. I don't think I need any work done."

"Oh, you'll change your tune once you notice how much attention you get with a C-cup," she laughed airily. "After that, I thought perhaps we could have an early dinner in the city and then hit the clubs. Drinks and dancing, and then you can pick up a likely young man and I can teach you how to feed."

"So soon?" I asked.

"You have to learn sometime," Natasha told me. "Better to learn good habits right at first than have to unlearn bad later. Feeding is when we're at our most vulnerable, dear, and where the biggest and costliest mistakes can be made. I have to walk you through it, slowly and carefully. There are rules, my dear, and breaking them can be disastrous."

"Nothing you say, Mama, is ever going to make me feel ready for this," I told her darkly. "You've destroyed everything my life ever was, and now you're telling me that I can just jump into this new life at full speed and I'm never going to have the slightest problem."

"I know you're apprehensive, my dear," she told me. "But you must trust me. You're not the only daughter I've ever had. Or even the most angry about the transformation."

"There are others like me?" I asked.

"Yes. You're my fifth. All of them lovely, wonderful girls with daughters of their own now."

"They did what you did? To some poor sap they took home?"

"That's usually how it works, yes," Natasha said, sipping her coffee. "One day, you'll make a daughter of your own – you'll just hit a point and *know* it's what you need to do – and you'll understand how I feel, my love. Until then, I must ask you to simply trust me and believe that I love you and I would never steer you wrong. I have only your happiness and security at heart."

"I can't believe that you destroyed my life and my identity against my will, without even telling me, and now you're lecturing me about trusting you," I said. "You have a lot of nerve."

She released a long-suffering sigh. "My, you *are* hard-headed, aren't you? Stop thinking like a human, darling. Humans have the numbers and the opportunities that make trusting or not trusting a choice. There are only three hundred or so vampires world-wide. We don't have the luxury of not trusting one another. You're one of us, now. Lives depend on the trust you place in your sister vampires. There can simply be no other way."

"You're a madwoman," I accused.

"No, dear," she told me. "I'm a vampire. Just like you."

I felt myself beginning to tear up, and didn't want to provide Natasha the satisfaction of soothing away my tears again, much less seeing me so weak. So instead I pushed her away. "Leave me alone," I told her as firmly as my breathy little-girl voice allowed. 'I need to get ready, like you commanded me to.'

"Don't be like that, angel," she said softly.

"I'll do what you say, because if I don't you'll just make me," I hissed, "but you better get used to the idea that in my heart, and in my mind, I am a *man*. A red-blooded all-American male and none of your touchy-feely we're-all-in-this-together vampire solidarity bullshit is ever going to change that. I won't let you take that from me. And I'll never see you as anything other than a common thief who steals men's lives."

Her face hardened at my diatribe and my impassioned rhetoric met only with a cold, hurt silence. "Very well," she said flatly. "I've laid out your clothes for the day in the closet. The car arrives in one hour, do not be late, I despise waiting."

Unceremoniously she flipped a gift-wrapped box into my lap as she rose. "I'd hoped for this to be special between mother and daughter," she muttered, "but seeing that I'm nothing more than a thief, I suppose I should dispense with the pleasantries involved. They were made for me by one of the few men I've ever loved, a very talented goldsmith who lived in Berlin in the 1880's. I hope you like them, but you'll carry them nonetheless."

She stopped just shy of slamming the door behind her. I sat in a long, stunned silence before I picked at the burgundy paper on the small box with my long fingers and opened the velvet case I found within. It contained a beautiful cameo brooch, chased in yellow gold and bearing a strikingly accurate profile of Natasha, a painstakingly tooled golden locket on a herringbone chain, a small golden link bracelet strung with golden charms in impossible detail and a sterling silver cigarette lighter filigreed in red gold identical to the one I'd seen Natasha use the night before. I ran my fingers lovingly over each one, dumbfounded at the incredible

craftsmanship and the near-palpable value – both sentimental and monetary – of each piece. Wordlessly, I clasped the locket behind my neck beneath the silken curtain of my dark hair and positioned the squarish locket between my small breasts. A part of me had softened, I'd felt, towards Natasha. I still felt overwhelming rage and indignity at her, but somewhere within it a small kernel of sympathy had been planted. Putting her out of my mind as best I could, I put the finishing touches on my glossy hair and then went into the bathroom, hoping that my erstwhile mother had implanted within me the knowledge of how to brush my teeth without slinging my tits all over the bathroom and possibly giving myself a hernia.

* * *

"You told me you loved him," I said without preamble as I entered the foyer where Natasha waited. I wore the clothes she'd set out – a tight black suede miniskirt with a belt of wide circular silver links, opaque black tights and knee-high leather pirate boots with the tops turned down and four-inch stiletto heels which clicked loudly on the tiles of the entryway. A very tight white-and-black striped turtleneck clung to my every curve, accentuating even more the small little bust created by the double-A cup push-up bra underneath. A white angora bolero-cut sweater with pom-pom ties and a matching white angora beret set off my jet-black braids beautifully, and the matching black kidskin gloves and the black leather Fendi clutch finished the outfit. The locket and the charm bracelet contrasted sharply with the dark leather, and seemed to catch the light through the high windows even more than gold should.

"I beg your pardon?" Natasha asked, in a black second-skin sweaterdress and a wide gold lamé belt with a huge golden ring for a buckle, knee high boots with a four-inch heel and golden buckles all along the outsides, a Gucci clutch in black patent and a bright red woolen pea-coat which barely covered her thighs and a red woolen 'newsboy' cap completed her own outfit.

"The man you said made these," I repeated. "You told me you loved him."

"I did," she said wistfully. "I married him, in point of fact. I had to keep my infidelities a secret – it would have broken his heart – but I had to sustain myself. I wish I could have borne him a child the way he wanted. I truly do. But it wasn't to be. Vampires cannot conceive, unfortunately. Something I've always envied humans. What that must *feel* like, a life inside your body like that... but yes. I did love him, very much."

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"Medicine was much more simplistic and barbaric in 1891, you have to understand," she told me. "And quality of life was important to Hermann. He'd always said he didn't wish to live if he couldn't live well. So when he contracted tuberculosis... he declined so quickly. The smallest of efforts cost him every shred of energy he contained. Such a strong, vital man, reduced to such a shell..."

She rummaged in her purse and withdrew a tissue to dab her moistening eyes. "I couldn't help it. I broke every rule of our culture and I told him everything. Who – and what – I was. He didn't believe me, at first. But eventually I convinced him."

"And?"

"My husband, Hermann, became my daughter, Annika," she said. "She was so beautiful. And I finally allowed myself to believe that we would be together forever, my Hermann and I, through

Annika. Until she realized how I must have kept myself alive and young through all our years of marriage."

"She was one of the daughters you mentioned, " I said, drawing my own conclusions. "One of the ones who never spoke to their mothers again."

Natasha could only nod sadly. A part of me wanted to embrace her, to comfort her, but my rage shouted it down. I managed to stand aloof, watching my one-night-stand turned mother fight for composure.

"Is the car ready?" I asked suddenly, breaking the guilt-ridden spell I'd cast.

She sniffled loudly and wiped her eyes. "Yes, it's downstairs waiting."

"We should go," I said, edging past her towards the door.

"Wait," she said. "Before we go out in public, we should decide what to call you."

"Alex is fine," I said. "It works just as well as a girl's name as it did a boy's."

"Clean breaks are best," Natasha insisted. "You shouldn't keep your old name."

"So you're determined to let me have nothing of who I used to be," I said. "No matter that I was proud of the man I was. That I *liked* who I was. You'd rather just obliterate it all."

She sighed. "No, that's not my intention. I've just learned from experience that girls who insist on hanging on to their old lives tend to be miserable. I wanted to spare you that."

"I can take care of myself," I said. "And I'm still Alex."

Her eyes hardened again and I could tell she meant to fight me. "Your friends can call you Alex if they wish. As a nickname. Your mother will call you by your given name... *Alexis*."

I suppressed a groan. Of all the over-privileged, stuck-up spoiled little rich-bitch names she could have chosen... but I knew she wouldn't let it go.

"Fair enough. Alexis McAllister. And my middle name, Michael, can just as easily be Michelle," I said. "That works just fine."

She gave me a narrow-eyed look that promised future retribution but instead only snapped, "Come along, then, Alexis *dear*. The car is waiting."

I set out behind her with my unconsciously sexy catwalk strut – an exact copy of my mother's I finally noticed – towards the elevator and the car waiting below to whisk me away to my first day as a young woman.

Strangely enough, I found a part of me growing excited. And that scared me more than anything else had in the last twenty-four hours.

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Two

by Valerie Hope

THE CHILLY MORNING AIR PROMISED snow as Natasha led me outdoors, across the sidewalk to the idling Mercedes at the curb, door held open patiently by an aging African-American chauffeur who knew better than to speak to anyone with the look of fury on Natasha's beautiful – and newly youthful – face. I slid in, the programming given to me through my transformation keeping my knees together demurely as I sat on the seat and rotated into the car instead of the graceless flop I'd always utilized as a male. I slid over across the hand-stitched leather to the far side and Natasha slid in next to me.

“Into the city, please,” she told the driver. I tried to ignore her as best I could in the cramped quarters, sliding a pair of dark oversized Prada sunglasses onto my nose and rummaging in my designer purse past the makeup and tampons with which Natasha had stocked it for a pink-shelled iPhone and a package of Virginia Slims Ultra-Lights. I lit one of the skinny white cigarettes with the filigreed lighter Natasha had given to me and cracked the window just a little to let the smoke out, paying rapt attention to my phone in an attempt to avoid conversation with my irate mother. She had already tricked it out with all the applications she'd thought I would need – calorie counters and exercise planners, social event planners and clothing and makeup selectors. Not a single decent game, I noticed. I began to dig through the app store for at least Tetris when Natasha took my phone away and pushed it back into my purse.

“You can't ignore me forever, Alexis,” she said, placing special emphasis on my new feminine name. “We're going to talk about how you're behaving.”

I puffed my cigarette idly, trying to convey boredom and lack of fear with questionable success. I tried also not to pay attention to how I held the cigarette between the tips of my first two fingers, other fingers fanned out glamorously behind, cigarette held high next to my face and the filter stained with pink lip gloss, the only cosmetic I'd felt comfortable enough to apply without assistance that morning, or how I drew smoke through a sexy puckered pout and released it though the same, like a Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man* or a Rita Hayworth vamp.

“Angry or not, I expect you to comport yourself properly in public, *young lady*,” she scolded, emphasizing the new feminine epithet. “If you get found out, this early in the process, by someone the slightest bit inquisitive, then it will raise a great deal of uncomfortable questions that myself and my fellow vampires do not wish answered. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I muttered, blowing smoke sullenly. “I understand.”

“Now sit up straight,” she said briskly. “Cross your legs and keep your chin up. You're sitting like a second baseman in the dugout. And do something with your hair, it looks deplorable.”

Without real conscious control of my body, I did as she told me, straightening my dress and then touching a few stray locks into the sprayed and primped *coiffure* I wore for the day.

She lit a cigarette of her own and leaned closer to the open window beside her to blow the fragrant smoke into the outside air. “You'll be meeting a young man tonight so that you may feed

for the first time. You're not going to get much if you act like a knuckle-dragging man in a woman's body. It takes a bit of finesse, no matter what common wisdom seems to think about pubescent boys. Don't let the myths overcome your good sense, darling. You will *not* be able to land yourself a man – and a meal – by simply crooking your finger. Besides, you'll want to be sure and choose a young man who has the masculinity to lose. Disobeying that rule can lead to some of those indelicate questions I mentioned earlier, as well.”

“I'm sure I'll manage,” I mumbled.

“You'll do more than manage, Alexis,” she cautioned darkly. “Like it or not, you are a steward of centuries and centuries of knowledge and experience. We haven't survived as a species for as long as we have by allowing our sisters to be the slightest bit irresponsible. You will keep the secrets you're required to keep, and you will keep them well. We will accept nothing less.”

“Or what?” I challenged.

She offered me a tinkling laugh. “Or you can suck the dregs of masculinity from Merchant Marines in some dockside brothel, taking beatings and abuse in exchange for sustenance. The moment you decide you don't want any further part of this life of comparative ease and luxury I'm offering, let me know. You'll have a job in the seediest airport strip club by the end of the business day.”

My spine stiffened with every word spoken, a mixture of outrage and absolute bone-chilling terror seeping into me with each syllable. Unable to respond effectively, I stuck out my pink-glossed bottom lip in an excellent little-girl pout and stared at the cityscape speeding by outside my window, toying idly with my long, soft hair and smoking my slender cigarette without engaging in any further conversation.

Natasha reached over and patted my knee gently and attempted a cheerful smile. “Don't be so pouty, now, kitten,” she told me. “You're making a terrible assumption that your life has not changed for the better. If you were to come down from your high horse for a moment and take some time to actually enjoy this day, then I think you might be surprised at how wonderful it is to be a young, attractive female in this day and age.”

I turned away, trying not to betray the slight glimmer of curiosity that crossed my pretty face. I didn't want to give my new 'mother' the satisfaction, but a part of my mind indeed wondered just what was in store for me today.

Apparently, Natasha knew me better than I cared to admit, because she uttered a small, self-satisfied chuckle before sitting back and returning her attention to the streets outside her own window, letting the smoke from her imported cigarette curl sexily around a plump top lip which quirked upward in a knowing smile.

* * *

When Natasha told me about a visit to her forger, I pictured a squinty-eyed balding man in a perpetual nervous sweat, working under harsh lights on a drafting table with an x-acto blade and laminating machine. The tall, polished Mediterranean man in the pale silk shirt and the tailored pleated trousers who greeted her with kisses to both her cheeks, a portrait of tanned, patrician good health and vitality, wrecked everything I'd envisaged. He turned abruptly from the pleasantries he exchanged to hold me at arms' length and look me up and down critically before

leaning close and planting a dry, chaste kiss on each of my cheeks and offering me a brilliantly white smile.

“Alexis, my dear, you are absolutely beautiful,” he told me in a lightly accented baritone, giving my upper arms a slight squeeze before releasing me and walking in a tight circle around me. “I’ve arranged papers for two of Natasha’s daughters, you’re my third. Far and away the most breathtaking. Absolutely exquisite.”

I felt my face color at the praise and I lowered my long eyelashes demurely, which he laughed away airily. “She is shy. How charming. But where are my manners? Come in, come in, you will have a drink with me while I arrange everything for you, my love,” he said. “My name is Petros, my lovely. Anything you ever need, you call me, yes?”

I followed him, dumbfounded, while he chattered gaily with Natasha about nothing of import. He led us into a bright, tastefully decorated sitting room with outstretched arms. Servants whom I had not noticed upon entry swept in and took my coat and hat and vanished just as silently while Petros poured coffee from a silver pot into matched porcelain cups. He handed me the saucer smoothly, the cup barely clattering. Conversation halted temporarily while he administered milk and sugar from silver serving pieces and saw to our seating on an overstuffed velvet couch.

“Now, Natasha,” he said smoothly, “do I assume you wish your lovely new daughter to have the standard documents?”

“Birth certificate, passport, immunizations, bank accounts, yes,” Natasha said.

“Citizenship?” he asked.

“Let’s make her naturalized American,” she told him, “born in Italy, I think, or perhaps Austria. That will make it easier to connect her to me as her mother.”

“Of course, of course,” Petros said. “But perhaps you might consider Swiss descent? You were a member of the consulate there in 1992, my love, and that would make her an American citizen without any intermediary documents, you see?”

“Whatever you think is best, my dear,” Natasha said. “Swiss, it is.”

“Age?”

“Let’s say born in Zurich in 1992,” Natasha suggested.

“Wait... I’m *eighteen years old*?” I asked in disbelief.

“Too old, dear?” Natasha asked. “I don’t think you could pass for less than sixteen, but we can try to make it work.”

“I can’t believe this,” I groaned.

“What is the problem?” Petros asked, looking lost.

“I can’t even drink, now?” I asked Natasha.

She raised an eyebrow at my outburst but remained calm. I took a breath and tried to control myself, not wanting to risk any part of the wrath to which she’d alluded in the car.

“My dear, you will find that not only will you be able to drink, despite your draconian and ridiculous American alcohol laws, with impunity, but the likelihood of your ever needing to buy a drink for yourself ever again in your life has dwindled to nothing.”

Petros nodded sagely. “Very true.”

“We'll need school transcripts, too, then,” Natasha went on as if I hadn't even spoken. “She'll be in her last year of – how do the Americans call it? – high school, so I'll need transfer paperwork from someplace reputable in Switzerland.”

“There are several excellent academies for young women there,” Petros said. “I have letterheads for all of them, and their computer systems, child's play to break through. Natasha, Natasha my *dear*, when will you bring Petros something challenging?”

They laughed at the egotistical joke and returned to business. “You have numbers for the usual accounts to start her off, I trust? Savings, checking, investments?”

“Of course,” he told her. “I have recruited a new man for my stock investments. Your daughter's portfolio will be a matter of some envy at the brokerage houses.”

“I should have him invest on my behalf, then,” Natasha said. She reached into her purse and withdrew a small folded piece of cream stationary. “Unfortunately, I had to move the bulk of my personal assets to avoid some unpleasant invasions of my privacy in the last three years. The accounts on which you draw for payment have been moved. The new accounts are written there.”

He tucked them beneath the coffee service without a look, his European reluctance to discuss matters of money overcoming any curiosity. Besides, an air of long-term, implicit trust between Natasha and her loud Greek colleague permeated the air between them. I knew, without any doubt, that Petros would not take a single penny more than his customary fee.

“You wish an Interpol file?” he asked her.

“An *Interpol* file?” I spluttered around a sip of coffee.

“Very few people can reach the age of eighteen without some trouble with law enforcement,” Petros explained. “Many of my competitors, they spend too much time on the documents and not enough time constructing the identity. A few minor infractions in an Interpol file, a few complaints filed with Swiss law enforcement, they make the identity more secure. If someone goes looking into your past, darling, and finds no police record, no infractions, they become suspicious. But one or two public lewdness citations for dancing on tables in bars, some speeding tickets or a driving while impaired – this makes anyone who pries believe you have really lived the life we've constructed.”

“Such a thing as too perfect?” I offered.

“Just so,” Petros said with an ingratiating smile.

“Languages,” Natasha interjected.

“For a Swiss girl?” Petros opined, “one would expect French and German, of course. Perhaps some Russian, or Dutch?”

“I wouldn't want to overdo it,” Natasha said. “Stick with French and German.”

Petros snapped his fingers and a servant appeared, seemingly out of the ether. He nodded curtly to a few whispered commands in Greek and disappeared, rematerializing a short time later holding a stack of cased CDs on a silver tray.

“These will make her fluent,” Petros said, gesturing for the servant to offer them to Natasha, who took them without a second look. “They will also provide a passable accent.”

I tried not to grumble at the two people I barely knew arranging my life to suit themselves, setting my coffee to one side and fishing in my purse for another cigarette. I scarcely placed the slim white filter to my lips before another servant appeared with a crystal desk lighter which he snapped into flaming life wordlessly. I inhaled deeply and reclined, remembering to keep my legs crossed lest I bring more of Natasha's wrath.

“The documents, they will take a few hours,” Petros announced. “Will you wait?”

“I think not, for now,” Natasha said, clasping his forearms in her hands and offering him a warm smile. “We have errands. If we return by noon, will they be ready for us?”

“Of course, my darling,” Petros said. “But do not break dear Petros' heart by insinuating that you will not have lunch with me, you and your beautiful daughter. I have a new chef, a French one. He will delight you.”

She smiled. “I find myself incapable of denying you yet again, Petros,” she said throatily.

He stood and spread his arms wide. “The hours cannot pass quickly enough,” he said, gathering both of us into a staccato embrace which turned into a brisk pressure on our shoulders that forced us gently into a quick about-face towards the door.

“Now, please, leave Petros to his work,” he said, ushering us out. “Art such as mine, it is best done in privacy, yes? Come back to me at noon, everything will be prepared.”

* * *

From Petros' luxurious apartment, we took the limousine deeper downtown. The chauffeur opened the trunk once we'd arrived and took out two Adidas gym bags, Natasha's in burgundy and mine in a bubblegum pink more suited to a teenage girl. We slung them off of our shoulders and stepped briskly through the thickening pedestrian traffic of mid-morning up to the glass doors of the upscale, exclusive gym. Natasha showed a laminated pass to the attractive young blonde woman at the front desk and had me sign in as her guest at the register with a whispered admonishment to sign my new name in a girlish fashion.

Biting my bottom lip, I took the pen and signed “Alexis McAllister” in a rounded, bubbly script that seemed to consist of a long string of interconnected circles. Natasha looked over my shoulder and nodded in approval.

We entered short hallway and Natasha nudged me none-too-gently with her hip to stop me from going through the wooden door marked “Gentlemen.” She took my wrist and nearly dragged me through the second door marked “Ladies” and into a place I'd never thought to see, the women's locker room. Muted pastel pink tiles and grey carpet lined floors and walls, and polished wooden benches stood between rows of polished wooden lockers. But even the tasteful décor, the absence of the lingering foot smell of the men's lockers, and the strange sight of a white enameled tampon dispenser bolted to the wall near the stalls, the absence of urinals – none of

these minor oddities could distract me from the handful of women walking around, wearing nothing or next-to-nothing or simply draped with poorly-wrapped towels.

I stopped dead, eyes wide, and received a hiss and a sharp nudge from Natasha. The distinct feeling of hardness filled my crotch, which I found completely disconcerting given the lack of a trouser seam to hide it. I looked down, past my small budding breasts, expecting to see the front of my short shirt tented out by a gently bobbing, throbbing erection, giving me away to all the women in the locker room and ending my charade forever. But the pleats of my skirt lay flat against my thighs just like it always had. But a heavy, musky dampness began to spread beneath the demanding feeling of hardness that I found so familiar, a seeping feeling that began warm but cooled rapidly, making the wispy fabric of my panties cling to the unnatural folds of my new sex, which seemed to be warming and swelling. A yawning feeling of emptiness ticked at my midsection which made me want to squirm.

Natasha grabbed my bicep in an iron grip that made me nearly flinch. “Do *not* stare, you stupid little girl,” she hissed into my ear. “Remember that you are a woman now, and these others have nothing you haven't seen before. Wipe that look of shock from your face this instant and change into your gym clothes.”

Flustered, I had no idea whether it was the embedded programming inside me or just the shock and fear built inside me combined with these strange new sensations that made me bob a quick curtsy and whisper “Yes, ma'am” in a hurried voice. I dropped my gym bag onto the bench and hid my brightly reddened face in an unoccupied locker to hide my shame and confusion.

“Do you see, now, why I'm forced to be so strict with you, Alexis?” she asked me quietly as I began to remove my clothes. “Do you see how easy it is to make mistakes without guidance?”

I sniffled. Hot tears began to gather at the corners of my eyes, which I dabbed away skillfully with a Kleenex from my gym bag, carefully not wrecking my makeup. “Yes, ma'am,” I said in a very small, very girlish voice. “I promise I'll listen from now on.”

She nodded. “You mustn't stare at the other girls, Alexis,” she cautioned. “Not like that, at any rate. There's no shame in being attracted to women. I still am. But to go slack-jawed like that – *leering* the way you did – looking at the naked female form in that manner gives away your previous gender at a hundred paces. We girls – we must be more subtle.”

“But mother, I couldn't help it – I got so...”

“...so wet? Of course you did, Alexis. You're *supposed* to. Any hot-blooded young woman gets wet when she sees something that turns her on. You needn't be upset about it. No one can tell. It's our little secret.”

“But I felt so horribly *empty* in my belly, Mama,” I sniffled.

“That, my dear,” she said with a mischievous smile, “is where a big, stiff cock comes in handy. Or at least the rubber equivalent. Your index and middle fingers, if you're really desperate. But I recommend the first one. They're a great deal more fun and much more receptive.”

“I doubt I'm ready for that,” I said honestly.

“Of course you aren't,” Natasha said sympathetically. “Nor should you be. But in lieu of some good hard sex, might I suggest a very intense and exhausting workout? I've always found a physical outlet to be best for sexual frustration.”

I nodded. I hung my expensive designer clothes on some hangers I found in my gym bag and folded my underwear – sodden as some of it was – neatly on the shelf below it in the locker, finishing by placing my costly Christian Loubouton boots side-by-side the lowermost shelf next to my purse. Naked except for the golden locket and charm bracelet Natasha had given me, I rummaged quickly in the gym bag – still a little uncomfortable with the thought of being so naked and so exposed in the girls' locker room and still unable to escape the feeling that a huge boner should be bobbing gently between my legs – and found a snug-fitting cotton thong decorated with little hearts in various shades of pink which I shimmied up my legs quickly to cover my aching aroused pussy. Even the soft touch of the well-washed cotton against the sensitive flesh made me gasp a little and bite back a moan of pleasure.

I felt my self-imposed ban on masturbation and exploration of my new body erode a little.

I hoped the grunting wrestling match I then performed with the cotton jog-bra to pull it down over my compact, hairless torso and then attempt to situate my small breasts didn't draw too much undue attention. Even so, my nipples tented the front of the garment prominently, but at least I could attribute that to the chilly air under the air conditioning vent. I noticed three of the other women in the locker room eyeing me strangely, and my heart seized in mid-beat as I felt the sudden grip of fear that they'd seen me and *known*. There was a man – a well disguised man, but a man nonetheless – in their *sanctum sanctorum*, spying on them and having decidedly sexual thoughts about their naked bodies.

As the original galvanizing slap of panic faded, I began to register the looks I was getting from the other women as I dressed. Not surprise, as one might expect if they knew my true nature. Nor the desire a buried, distinctly male part of me wished for fervently. No, I knew that look, even among the feminine trappings. They were looking at me with unabashed jealousy. But why envy? What could I possibly have that they might want?

Then it sunk in. *My body. They're jealous of my fucking body.* Tight and firm but still lushly curved, youthfully springy and muscled lavishly like an athlete. Only my small breasts remained unenviable, and each of the women stood with shoulders back and chest displayed to show me they were more generously endowed than I.

I simply kept my head down, forcing all my concentration on the next items in my gym bag. A second-skin pair of stretchy lycra yoga pants that folded down at the waist in a bright pink band that matched the pink and heather-grey of my sports bra. I slipped my dainty toes into a pair of nondescript white cotton socks with pink elastic and slipped on a pair of pink-and-white Reebok “Easy Tone” sneakers over those. I slipped my phone – which doubled as my MP3 player – into a pink vinyl arm-band and dangled the white ear-buds over my shoulders. My hair, already braided, simply required a narrow pink elastic band to keep hair from my eyes during my workout, and a pair of white fingerless workout gloves on my hands completed my preparations. I slung a fluffy towel around my shoulders and slung a baldric containing my water bottle and the key to my locker over one arm, ignoring the looks I got as best I could and following my new 'mother' through the double doors and into the gymnasium proper.

Natasha stopped me before I could board the nearest free elliptical trainer with a hand on my slender arm. Wordlessly, she synched my smart-phone with her own over a Bluetooth connection and downloaded a very large file into my music directory.

“Listen to that while you exercise, darling,” she bade me, then caressed my cheek. “If you need me for anything, dial 8. It will establish a two-way connection between our phones so I can whisper advice into your ear. I'll never be too far away.” She tapped the Bluetooth headset secured in her left ear above her white-gold hoop earrings and gave me a reassuring wink. Then she left to begin circuit weights, on the other side of the gym from me.

I climbed onto the elliptical machine and dropped my towel and water into the tray. Pressing 'play' on my phone, I tucked the buds into my ears and began a brisk jog. The music I heard would not have been out of place on any loudspeaker in any sports arena, a mindless 'jock jam' with a driving beat and very little in the way of musical integrity. But something else seemed to be just underneath the thumping techno that boomed against my ears. Something barely there, just beyond the range of what I could detect, speaking to some innermost part of me. I instinctually matched my pace on the machine to the beat of the music, losing myself in the beat and the rhythmic pump of my arms and legs, a glossy sheen of sweat covering me and dampening my raven's-wing black hair into thick, matted ringlets on my face and neck. A part of me knew that my old, male body would have been wheezing for breath and wracked with cramps by now but this new, youthful body simply descended into some strange, visceral state where physical exertion did not take a toll. I actually found myself feeling *more* energetic the more I pushed.

The first song ended rather abruptly, almost in mid-phrase, and I found myself missing it. Then I toweled sweat from my forehead and noticed for the first time the timer on the exercise machine, which blinked an elapsed time of nearly fifty-two minutes and a distance of a little under nine miles.

I just ran flat out for nearly an hour? I goggled in disbelief. Nearly nine miles? I'm barely even winded. I can't believe it. I hardly felt the time pass. But something about the music I'd been listening to made me want – maybe even *need* – to hear more. Toweling down the machine, I moved from there onto one of the many abdominal machines and cued up the next track. More of the same – a driving, monotonous beat and repetitious electronic excuses for a melody – but my body responded the same way it had before, finding a rhythm and just pouring out the energy. I lost count of my repetitions at one hundred but still didn't stop until the music did, about ten minutes later.

The third track thundered in my ears as I began a circuit focusing on my lower body. My legs ached with expended effort by the time the music ceased. The fourth drove me on through a vicious series of calisthenics involving a workout ball – I'd stopped wondering where the knowledge of all these exercises, none of which I'd ever really done before, came from – and I listened to the fifth and final track given me by Natasha during the massage I ordered to finish my routine.

I didn't notice until I stood from the massage chair that I'd drawn a crowd of very sweaty, very healthy-looking young men that appealed to me on that level I hadn't allowed myself to explore. I didn't know *why* I thought they were handsome and sexy, I only know that I knew they were. Four of them clustered around me, all predatory smiles and invasions of personal space. I tried not to panic – blindly I dialed the number '8' on my phone and pressed 'Send.' A very comforting voice appeared in my ear.

"I see them, darling," Natasha said. "Don't speak to them first. Let them make the first move. And do try not to react too outlandishly to your voice."

My voice? What the fuck was wrong with my...

"Wow, you're *unbelievable*," one of the young men said with feigned admiration. I could tell he believed he could perform a more exhaustive workout simply on the grounds that he had a penis, but I didn't say as much. I only smiled.

"You must be a professional athlete or something," another of the men said. "I've never seen anyone work out as hard as you just did, and you barely look like you broke a sweat."

"*Danke schön*," I said in flawless German. I tried not to squeal in shock. Until that moment, I had never spoken a word of German in my life. So that was the underlying element in the music. And what the CDs contained that Petros had given Natasha.

"*Bitte sehr*," another boy said in halting German, trying to prove his worldliness. "I'm Brent. What's your name?"

"Alexis," I told him simply. My voice now carried the barest – and incredibly sexy – hint of an accent.

"You're German?" the first young man asked breezily.

"No, *liebchen*, I'm Swiss," I told him. "I've only just come to the United States."

"Welcome," the fourth boy, the one who hadn't spoken yet, said. "So, how do you like the New World so far, Alexis?"

I smiled prettily. "I haven't seen very much, so far. I hope to do some sightseeing over the next few days," I said simply.

"Good," Natasha said in my ear. "Don't volunteer too much information, my love. Just like that. Try to avoid details for now."

"Would you possibly be in need of a tour guide?" the second boy asked point-blank. His lack of finesse must have registered on my face, because he tried to ingratiate himself to me with a goofy smile that he must've thought was polished and irresistible.

"Oh, no, I have my mother for that," I said airily. "We have not seen one another for nearly two years, you must understand, and she wants *all* my time. You know how mothers are."

"Excellent," Natasha said. "You even managed to sound resentful about it."

"What sport do you compete in?" Cookie-Cutter Boy #2 asked me. He seemed obsessed with sports. I knew if I chose something like soccer or basketball he might be tempted to challenge me, so I tried to pick a sport that either he would not want to be involved with or one that was simply out of the question. I decided on the latter.

"Women's downhill skiing," I told him, thinking that would be appropriate for a Swiss girl. My other idea was gymnastics, but he might have demanded a demonstration, which would have ended as disastrously as if I'd said figure skating, another eleventh-hour idea that might have gotten me cornered into accompanying one of these guys to a nearby ice rink to fall flat on my face for them.

"Of course," the first one said. "You have a skier's build."

What the fuck does that mean? I wondered, searching for the hidden innuendo and finding too many possibilities to allow me to settle on just one. I covered it with a giggle and a smile.

“You're doing well,” Natasha said. “Now disengage. Gently, now. Don't look as if you're blowing them off. You may need one of these boys for sustenance someday. Never burn a bridge, darling.”

I decided to stick with my original strategy of blaming Natasha for everything. “You will pardon me, *meine Herren*? I have to meet my mother soon. She gets impatient if I am late.”

“We'll keep you company,” Brent told me. “I'd love to meet her, if she's nearly as pretty as you are.”

I laughed musically. “You will keep me company in the ladies' showers? Somehow, I do not think the people here will understand,” I giggled. “But it is *sehr, sehr* sweet of you to offer. Perhaps I will see you here another time. I exercise here quite often. Then you can show me around the city, *ja*?”

“It's a date,” Brent said, and the rest of his *coterie* nodded in assent.

“Well done, my dear,” Natasha said brightly. “You did that *very* well.”

It bothered me that the first thing I felt at hearing my 'mother's' praise consisted of a strong sense of pride and gratitude. I fought back a growl and forced the smile back onto my face.

The young men lingered a little while, making sure that I did not leave their vicinity without a phone number for each of them, making small talk as I edged my way towards the locker room. Flushed with excitement that I'd managed my first contact with young men in the guise of a beautiful girl so well, I entered the lockers a little breathless and flushed beneath my glossy sheen of perspiration.

The sight of the naked women excited me again but I think I covered it well as I stripped off my sweaty clothes and trod naked towards the showers carrying a fluffy pink towel of Egyptian cotton and bottles of body wash, exfoliant, shampoo and conditioner. My dainty feet padded softly off of the carpeted area onto the cold tiles as I turned the corner into the large shower.

The large communal shower.

The large communal shower filled with gorgeous, naked women.

I swallowed reflexively and a flood of musky moisture spread between my engorged labia – making my aroused pussy impossible to ignore – and starting to slicken my inner thighs. My nipples stiffened into prominent points and I found myself starting to breathe more heavily, through my mouth. Floods of sensation as nerve endings 'woke up' between my thighs and on my chest buffeted my senses. I covered the only way I could, by putting my eyes squarely on the pink-and-white patterned tiles below my feet and walking resolutely towards an empty showerhead. I didn't dare to look up as I started the water and adjusted the spray.

The first rush of warm water struck my erect nipples like a caress and I couldn't repress a moan, biting my bottom lip and arching my back without even meaning to, exposing my small but incredibly sensitive new breasts to the warm water. It ran down my taut body like stroking hands and I began to think that showering might have been a mistake, but I didn't think any power on earth could have gotten me to move from that spot at that moment. My hands took on a mind of their own and began to stroke the undersides of my breasts as I tipped up my chin and let the

water wash over my face and turn my hair into a damp, thick weight which tugged gently at the back of my neck. I'd never before had the sensation of my hair flattening and almost deflating upon contact with water like that, and the strange clinging heft of my sodden hair down my back and over my narrow shoulders made me giggle a little. So many little things about being female, an almost infinite variety of tiny little minutae that were *almost* like they were when I swung a cock between my legs but *not quite*, made for a dizzying adjustment. It surprised me somewhat that my overtaxed mind could keep up.

I jolted from my musings with a shocked gasp as my hands, which had been systematically running themselves over my breasts, down my firm belly, over my thighs and to points south suddenly made their first contact with the swollen pink lips of my vagina, causing them to mash deliciously against the very demanding bud of clitoris peeking from beneath its hood. Only the tiniest of contacts and I slumped forward, having to suddenly support my weight against the wall because my shapely legs no longer seemed to be functioning properly.

It was the first time that part of me had ever been touched.

Now that I'd experienced it, I cursed myself for not doing it sooner.

If not for the crowd of women in the showers, I probably would have masturbated myself to orgasm right then and there – I doubt it would have taken much – but instead through a triumph of willpower I didn't realize I'd possessed I pried my hand away from my pussy and busied myself applying a thick dollop of gel body wash onto a gauzy pouf of a scrubber, which I worked into a lather and began to rub gently across my skin.

“Hi,” a warm voice whispered from next to me, making me jump in startlement. I turned to look at a young girl similar in age to me, with sandy blonde hair and a cute spray of freckles across her upturned nose. She offered me a sweet smile and a curious but unafraid gaze through long, water-spiked lashes as she finger-combed her long hair out of her face.

“Hello,” I said, a bit confused. Males would *never*, in a million years, speak to a stranger in the shower.

“I'm Danielle,” she said softly. “I, um... I couldn't help but notice what you were just doing.”

I blushed beet red, a startling contrast to my normal pale, creamy complexion.

She laughed gently. “Don't worry,” she said comfortingly, “it's totally okay. I just thought I should probably introduce myself to the only other girl in this gym I've seen that gets turned on by the sight of tits and ass in the shower.”

My eyes widened. “You mean, you're...”

She chuckled again. “My God, you are *adorable*. Yes. I used to be the gym's resident dyke,” Danielle whispered. “But I kept it close to the vest. You know how some of these rich bitches can be. But it is really nice to know I'm not alone.”

I composed myself, finally, and offered a slim hand. “Pardon my lack of manners, Danielle. I am Alexis. I'm new to town.”

“I overheard you talking to the knuckle-draggers outside,” she said. “Switzerland, huh? Very cool. My parents ski there every year, but I've never been. They say Zurich is beautiful. If the scenery there is half as nice as looking at you, I'm tagging along next time they go.”

The open frankness with which Danielle seemed to be praising my sexuality set me off-balance a little and I found myself fumbling for words and wishing that Natasha's supportive and comforting voice still whispered advice in my ear.

"You are too kind," I said, trying to send a strong *back off, I'm not comfortable with this* signal which I could not tell for the life of me got through or not. Danielle still stood perilously close to me and her eyes roamed my naked figure freely and unashamedly. Suddenly the thought of what might be being whispered about us by the other women nearby crashed into my brain and immediately struck me with how much it *mattered* to me what they thought. Like if they thought I was gay, or somehow less than perfect, I might very well *die*. I now knew without doubt while Danielle whispered and didn't draw attention.

I found myself hating them almost as much as I desired their acceptance.

Danielle must have caught my clandestine glances at the other women, because she suddenly sighed and backed away from me. "I get it," she told me softly. "I wish I didn't, but I do. Don't worry, sweetheart, I'm not gonna blow your cover. Us dykes gotta keep up our protective coloration, don't we?"

I spoke past an uncontrollable nervous laugh. "Thank you, *liebchen*," I told her. "It means a lot. I have just come to this country, and my friends at home, they tell me over and over how repressed and – how do you say – *uptight* most Americans are about sex. For the first time I do not know what to say or how to act." *Not entirely untrue*, I thought in retrospect.

"Poor baby," Danielle giggled. "Listen, I rarely come up and talk to naked women in showers, so this is a day of firsts for me. But I wonder if you'd like to let me take you to dinner some night this week. I just have a feeling you and I are going to be friends."

"I'd like that," I told her. "Both dinner, and being friends."

"Great," she said, letting out a long breath that let me know her polished exterior hid real nerves. "I'm really glad."

"If you can let me finish cleaning up," I told her gently, "I can give you my phone number."

"That would probably help," she said, laughing nervously and a bit too loud at my joke, drawing a few eyes our way. "God, I didn't realize I was quite this nervous."

"I make you nervous?" I asked.

"You're really beautiful, Alexis," she replied. "I think you make a lot of people nervous."

I cast a look to make sure there were no prying eyes and gave her forearm a companionable and perhaps even suggestive squeeze. "You have nothing to be nervous about," I told her softly. "And I think you are *sehr* attractive, too. Too bad this is neither the time nor the place for a kiss, or I would give you one."

She blushed scarlet, a very cute and pretty affair. "Maybe after I take you to dinner."

I chuckled. "Definitely after you take me to dinner," I corrected.

Elated and full of renewed energy, I bid a whispered farewell to Danielle and finished my shower quickly, managing somehow to resist the overwhelming temptation to fondle myself a little more while thinking hungrily about Danielle's naked, nubile body, and wrapped myself in a fluffy towel of Egyptian cotton and padded out into the bathroom proper to begin the daunting process of

attempting to repair my hair and makeup without any help. Luckily, Natasha stood at one of the sinks, brushing out her damp hair, and offered me an encouraging smile as I stepped to the sink next to her.

“What am I supposed to do about makeup, mother?” I whispered out of the corner of my mouth. “Every woman in here will know by watching that it's my first time. I could barely manage lip gloss and mascara this morning.”

She patted my hand. “Which is why I made a point of heading to the tanning salon afterwards,” she explained. “No makeup or moisturizer beforehand. We'll put your hair up in a ponytail and once you've had your airbrush tan with me, I can help you make yourself presentable for the day.”

“Oh, thank God,” I breathed.

Natasha chuckled richly. “You will, however, need this,” she said, and dangled a small black velvet bag by its drawstring off of one manicured finger.

I looked inside and discovered a few filmy scraps of black lycra that could only barely earn the title of 'bathing suit.' A designer stamp on the side entitled it a 'competition bikini,' which mystified me somewhat, but I'd had a good enough day so far simply obeying my mother and doing what she said, so I shrugged and moved on towards my locker. After trying not to let my frustration show as I tangled, untangled and retangled the strings of the bikini, I slipped into the thong bottom, feeling the stretchy little scrap of fabric nestle softly between the rounded cheeks of my ass and trying not to squirm at the unfamiliar feeling as I settled the dangling ties on my hips and tried to get the front to stretch over my swollen labia and the little thatch of pubic hair as best I could. The narrow strip barely covered me.

The top, consisting of a pair of narrow triangles, tied behind my back and behind my neck like a halter, which took a little creative wriggling on my part to secure. The narrow strips were just wide enough to cover my nipples and very little else. Natasha stepped behind the row of lockers where I concealed myself just as I managed to tie the back and smiled appreciatively.

“Does this look right?” I whispered.

“Perfect, darling,” she reassured me. “Competition bikinis can be a bit tricky to put on but the results are very worth it, and your tan lines will be scrumptious. And with a body like yours, it's only fitting that you wear the type of suit a fitness model would wear.”

I blushed a little. “Ah,” I said. “Competition.”

“Right you are,” she said. “Now, hurry, sweetheart, and put something on over that. Go dry your hair and we should get going. I hate having to wait for a booth at the tanning salon.”

I curtsied, and this time it actually *wasn't* an automatic response. I *wanted* to, which surprised me a little bit. “Yes, Mother,” I said, and dug in my gym bag for a loose pair of jeans and a hoodie sweatshirt in a pale pink with “Spoiled” embroidered across the breasts. I tucked the cuffs of the jeans into the tops of my Louboutin boots and carefully stowed the rest of my designer outfit from this morning into my bag, hoping nothing wrinkled. Using the little ionic blow-dryer I'd found in the side pocket of my bag, I took over at a sink and started the unexpectedly lengthy process of drying my hair. The long, thick tresses held stingily to the water and it took a great deal of coaxing with hot air and hairbrush to get them dry. I suddenly understood why women took showers without washing their hair. I made a mental note to invest in some shower caps.

After a period that left my patience spent, I finally satisfied myself and tossed my tousled, shiny jet-black mane over one shoulder before brushing it all straight back and securing it at the crown of my head with a pink scrunchie. A far cry from the little fashion plate who entered the gym that morning, but svelte and attractive nonetheless, in a carefree, athletic way. The baggy clothes did little to disguise my taut curves, however, further reinforcing the fact that there existed *no* way for me to camouflage my femininity in any way. No one would ever mistake me for anything other than a teenage girl, ever again. The thought brought an acute pang of sadness, but intermixed with a strange, budding hope that I hadn't expected. A freshness, an air of discovery about the world I inhabited that hadn't been there since I'd been a tiny child. Everything was new and exciting, frightening and interesting all at the same time.

I realized I'd been almost gaping at myself in the mirror for quite some time. Natasha's soft touch on my shoulder brought me abruptly back to reality.

"Are you ready to go, kitten?" she asked.

"This is it, isn't it?" I asked. "I'm really a girl now. Nothing will ever change that."

"No," she said. "It's not such a bad thing, though, darling, if you'll just..."

I held up a hand. "I want to discover that for myself, if you don't mind, mother."

"Of course," she said, a little hurt.

"I didn't mean to be so abrupt," I said by way of apology. "I know you're trying to help me. It's... it's just a lot to take in, so quickly. I feel like I'll never fully adjust."

"You will, I promise," Natasha said.

"There is nothing left in my life that doesn't remind me I'm a girl," I mused. "From my shoes to the cigarettes I smoke to the tone of my voice. A purse bumping against my hip when I walk and hair tickling my neck. Nothing that isn't 100% pure female. I've been fighting it all morning, and I guess if I have any hope of feeling the slightest bit normal again, I suppose I should just embrace it. If it's to be girly, then I should just give in and be *girly*, n'est-ce pas?"

"I agree," Natasha said with a bright, hopeful smile, the first I'd seen on her face. "I can help with that, I think. Perhaps a more girlish endearment? If I called you 'princess?'"

I smiled, letting the warm flush of the feminine nickname wash over me like a warm bath.

"Princess would be perfect," I told her.

To be continued...

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SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Three

by Valerie Hope

I SPENT MY SECOND TRIP through the bustling city in the luxurious limousine with a much different outlook – instead of pouting sullenly as I puffed on a cigarette, this time I cranked the window down while I smoked one of the long, slender Virginia Slims and let my eye wander to the brightly colored billboards and advertisements which now catered specifically to me, showing almost-too-gorgeous-to-be-real models who used glamor and beauty to sell me clothing, underwear, cosmetics and perfume. I found myself making little mental notes of where I wanted to shop and what I wanted to try, pointing out some of the more enticing displays to Natasha, who joined eagerly and with great delight in my mental shopping spree.

“You must think I'm horribly greedy,” I told her with a girlish giggle – something I found myself cultivating, to my surprise – as I pointed out yet another clothing designer for whom I expected I'd paw through the racks. “Everything I see, I seem to want.”

She laughed. “Not greedy, just excited,” she corrected. “Besides, I need the ideas. Your birthday was only yesterday, and I haven't bought you any presents yet, princess.”

I blushed and suppressed a shiver of excitement and happiness at the name, which I'd done every one of the half-dozen or so times Natasha referred to me as 'princess' on our short trip. That being called 'princess' thrilled me to such an extent shocked me no small amount.

“I know several boutiques near here, some owned by friends of mine. I think you will be very pleased with the quality of your new wardrobe,” Natasha told me. “I'm looking forward to it, very much.”

“I never thought I'd say this, but I am, too,” I blurted with a nervous giggle. “I don't know if it's me, or the CDs I've been listening to, or what, but everything just looks so *beautiful* to me right now. I look at these billboards, and I feel this ache. Like it's not enough just to see, I *have* to wear the clothes and feel the fabrics and smell the perfumes.”

“You shouldn't worry,” Natasha said. “It's what every young woman feels when she begins the process of discovering herself. Just enjoy the excitement, darling. You deserve it. You've been through a lot recently, and treating yourself will be just the thing to get you feeling better. Ah! Look! We're here!”

She pointed out the window on her side at the understated but very noticeable neon sign for Eclipse Tan, a very exclusive and expensive-looking salon on the ground floor of a high-rise condominium, sandwiched between a wine bar and an upscale bookstore on a short pedestrian mall. We bailed from the limousine as soon as it stopped beside the curb and walked in briskly to the lobby. The very attractive and *very* brown receptionist offered us a glittering smile as we entered.

“I need to get a membership for my daughter,” Natasha said after she'd exchanged pleasantries. “Unlimited spray, just like mine.”

The young woman handed me a clipboard – slightly greasy from the tanning lotion which seemed to permeate every surface of this place – and a pen. I sat in one of the plastic chairs and chewed the end of the pen pensively, trying not to let my confusion show over such things as 'address' and 'phone number,' which I no longer knew. Natasha sat next to me and whispered gently into my ear, helping me through the application discreetly. It seemed to take forever to fill out due to the circular, bubble-script I'd adopted, but Natasha seemed to be in no hurry. I handed the completed form back to the receptionist who entered my information quickly into her computer, then handed me a bar-coded membership card with another of her trademark, chalk-white toothy smiles.

“Here you go,” she perked. “You're all set, Miss McAllister.”

Miss. The sobriquet shocked me a little but made me feel warm and tingly. I tucked the plastic card wordlessly into my purse and followed Natasha back into the interior of the salon. Soft, muted music played from hidden speakers as I ducked behind a screen and removed my clothing, standing only in my barely-there bikini and shivering a little on the cold tiled floor. A large laminated poster of 'what to do' hung on one wall of the small chamber, so I dismissed Natasha with a wave and followed the directions, tucking my hair into one of the plastic caps and putting a generous coating of the protective cream on my nails and the palms of my hands. I applied a cute little heart sticker on my belly, just above my right hip, to make a cute tan-line design, which made me giggle a little bit at the thought. I'd never really considered things that others would find “cute,” much less expressed the slightest desire to make myself cute. The change in my demeanor made me smile. Finally, I stepped into the sprayer chamber and closed the door behind me, leaning slightly forward and holding my arms out to both sides as the poster had instructed.

I half-yelped, half-screamed as the icy cold jets of spray hit me from every angle, moving up and down my body and making me fight the urge to squirm and squeal. It covered every exposed inch of me. As I gradually warmed, which seemed to take a goose-pimpled eternity, I momentarily mourned the loss of my milky-pale, porcelain skin, but remembered that the effects of the tanning solution would fade over time. Besides, Natasha seemed to like the idea of my being sun-kissed and brown, and with the popularity of *Jersey Shore* on television lately, airbrush tanning stood very much *en vogue* right now. I did, however, intend to put up a hell of a fight if she expected me to go full Snooki for my look and style. I'd only seen five-minute shreds of that show, maybe five times in total in my previous life, and remembered thinking how self-absorbed and obnoxious all the involved characters acted.

I somehow schooled my body to stillness through 2 more passes of the icy cold spray, then waited for the excess to drip from my body before stepping out into the waiting room. Then, obeying the poster's instructions, I blotted my body dry with a towel and took care not to wipe or create any streaks. I shook my hair out of the plastic cap and put on my clothes, leaving the little heart sticker and my bikini on to let the tan lines develop as instructed, then wiggled my toes into a pair of black flip-flop sandals before walking back out to the lobby where Natasha waited for me, smiling.

“How was it?” she asked expectantly.

“Chilly,” I giggled, “but I persevered.”

She tinkled laughter. “The sacrifices we make for beauty, I'm afraid,” she said. “Now come along, princess, we have a table at *La Boulangerie* waiting. I'm famished. We should have just enough time after breakfast to get our nails done before we have to return to Petros.”

“How long before we do my makeup?” I asked, amazed at how perky and enthusiastic for the experience I sounded. Truth be told, it was hard not to bounce in anticipation. The thought of painting my face and making myself even more attractive for the day caused no small amount of excitement and happiness for me.

Natasha patted my hand. “Soon, darling, soon. I think Petros would be delighted to lend us a bathroom for the task. He'll need photographs, anyway, for your passport and such, and we must have you looking presentable for your identification. But first, we have to eat. A young woman must keep her energy up.”

“Lead on, *chère maman*,” I said, lapsing effortlessly into French.

I threaded my slender arm through hers and she led me out the door, back to the limousine, where the patient chauffeur held the door. I noticed that he allowed himself a long and very informative look at my ass as I slid into the back seat.

I never in a million years expected that to make me smile.

* * *

The little sidewalk café where Natasha took me offered more style than substance. The very height of trendy, the fare lacked a bit but I suspected that Natasha frequented the place more to see and be seen than because of any particular quality. The patrons – even the waitstaff, upon closer inspection – all bridged that gap between ordinary and the glossy, polished beauty only reserved for the well-to-do and the Hollywood glitterati. A veritable sea of flawless, unblemished skin, perfect smiles and silky, shiny hair clustered beneath the brightly colored umbrellas on the outdoor tables, chatting about this and that and setting themselves artfully on display for the gawking admiration of passersby. I felt a bit shabby, my skin still slick from the tanning solution, no makeup and baggy clothing, and shrank a bit from the display set out before me. Natasha noticed my discomfort and offered me a reassuring smile and a squeeze on my upper arm.

“It is not how you look that matters, *liebchen*, no matter how much it may seem so,” she whispered to me.

“Look at them,” I replied. “How can you say that?”

“It's not beauty,” she explained. “What you are seeing, princess, is glamor. Your eye is not being caught by beauty, but rather the glamor of these people. And glamor, dearest, is in the mind. It is projected, not worn or seen.”

“I don't know,” I replied. “I'm rather engaged by what I see, here.”

Natasha chuckled. “You're still thinking like a male, *liebchen*,” she said compassionately. “Thinking with your dick, so to speak. I don't expect that to go away overnight and neither should you. But you must keep yourself open to new perceptions, love.”

“So you're saying that looking the way I look, no makeup and baggy clothes, I can *project* myself as gorgeous and perfect as all these people?”

"I'd say it's a stretch to call them perfect," she said, "but yes. It's a matter of attitude."

"Teach me," I asked as the slim and incredibly attractive hostess picked two leather-bound menus from the hopper and led us through the tables to a site near the street.

"Two mimosas, please," Natasha bade the waiter offhandedly as we sat, then regarded me levelly over the top of the menu.

"It's not enough just to think that you are easily the most beautiful and attractive woman in the room," she told me. "You must *believe* it, princess, with no doubt in your mind. Your every move, your every breath inflames desire in every male and jealousy in every female who catches even the slightest glimpse of you. The sight of you in plain clothes and no makeup still outstrips the sight of any other woman near you. When you can feel that in your bones, beyond any doubt, then you will eclipse every person in this restaurant without any effort at all."

"That sounds like a tall order," I said dubiously, eyeing the crowd.

"Not particularly," she said. "Think of the sexiest woman you've ever seen."

"That's easy," I said. "Anne Hathaway. Hands down."

She waved a hand. "Not the most beautiful," she cautioned. "The sexiest."

"I'm not sure I see the distinction," I explained.

"Rarely do women born so attractive have to *try* to allure men," she said. "Those sorts of women tend to rely heavily on their looks and become a bit lazy when it comes to seduction. No, princess, I mean the sexiest woman you've ever seen. A woman whose slightest move makes you burn inside."

"Oh," I said. "I think I know what you mean,"

"Who do you see?"

"I don't think I knew it at the time," I told her. "She was in the old black-and-white movies my dad used to watch on TV. She was like that. Rita Hayworth."

Natasha smiled broadly. "Ah, yes," she said with a glimmer of fond reminiscence in her eye. "Excellent choice. Picture her in your mind. The way she moved, the way she commanded a room, the way she carried herself and the look she had in her eye."

I closed my eyes and black-and-white images flickered behind my eyelids. I felt myself smile.

"Now, simply do what she did, the way she did it. Don't imitate her – *be* her. Become Rita Hayworth, believe that there is no difference between her and you. Don't make a move unless you're completely and utterly confident that it is a move that she would make, exactly as she would make it."

Strangely, I felt something *new* enter my movements, a fluidity and a grace that suffused me and seemed to take me over somehow. Even my posture in the open-backed chair changed into something more liquid and sensual.

I opened my eyes slowly and began to see that every eye in the restaurant rested on me, from surreptitious stolen glances to open, slack-jawed stares to the narrow-eyed jealous knife glares to indecent leers. They seemed almost to caress me, causing my nipples to stiffen and a warm, musky wetness to begin between my thighs.

“Oh, wow,” I whispered.

“You made a very bold choice,” Natasha commented, selecting a cigarette from her silver case before she offered one to me. The conversation paused briefly while she lit mine, then her own, and we exhaled a cloud of pale blue smoke upwards to billow and chase itself beneath the umbrella canopy. “Rita Hayworth was a friend of mine, you know.”

“She was?”

“We were very close friends in the 1940s. It was an incredible time to live in Hollywood – nothing like it is now – and she was the life of the party. Magnetic, to say the least. She was one of us, you know.”

“A vampire?”

Natasha nodded, pulling languorously on her cigarette. “She lives in Singapore, now. Hasn't aged a day. She's had to keep a low profile since the old Hollywood Babylon days, let the memory of her die down somewhat. A difficult proposition when one's image exists eternally on celluloid the way hers did. But still the life of the party. Celebrities crawl over one another to get invitations.”

“I can only imagine,” I giggled.

“I can make a few calls,” Natasha said, accepting a tall flute of orange juice and champagne from a tray offered by the waiter who suddenly appeared. “We should attend, sometime. Her parties are... *interesting*, to say the least.”

“May I take your order?” the waiter said, never breaking from his earnest attempt to undress me with his eyes. I reveled in the attention, found myself wanting to strip for him, to lay back underneath him, to spread my legs wide and offer myself to him. The feeling intoxicated me on levels I didn't even know I possessed.

“Tartines, s'il-vous plaît, with café-au-lait. And some fresh berries, too,” Natasha ordered quickly and dismissively, waving him away. He lingered just long enough to ogle me a bit more, which I allowed excitedly, and then hustled towards the kitchen.

“You see, princess, how you present yourself has much more to do with allure than how you look,” she continued as if she'd never been interrupted. “However, you have the opportunity to pack the proverbial one-two punch. You can emanate the glamor *and* you have the looks of a Greek goddess to match. I sincerely doubt the ability of any heterosexual male to resist you. Being who you are, love, that is your most important characteristic. You will never want for a meal.”

“I still can't quite get used to how casually you discuss... *eating* people.”

“Not people, my dear,” she laughed. “Just masculinity.”

“I've been meaning to ask you, mother... just how did all this begin?” I asked.

“You mean, who was the first vampire?”

I nodded.

“There are no confirmed records, you must understand. The best I can offer you are legends. Some of us say that the First Ones still live, in hiding even among their own kind. You

must understand, love, that to ask another vampire her age is the absolute *height* of rudeness and is simply *not done*. It is a matter only discussed between mothers and daughters, and then only briefly. So I could not tell you how old any vampire is, excepting myself and my own mother. I have no sense of the ages of any other vampire I know. I could be dear friends with one of the First Ones and never even know.”

“That seems strange,” I mentioned.

“Perhaps,” Natasha replied, “but it is our tradition. It is not discussed. But the legends – I say legends, perhaps folktales is the better term, passed down by vampires whose ages I would estimate to be twice or three times my own. The legends speak of a young maiden who lived in Mesopotamia at the dawn of civilization, or perhaps Egypt. She was born long before her time, a free thinker, mathematician and philosopher, an architect and astronomer in an age where women rarely even learned to read.”

“What happened to her?”

“She studied in secret, through the help of a string of carefully selected lovers, until she reached the point where she could learn no more unaided. She petitioned her lover – a priest, the legend says – to study the stars under his tutelage and continue her learning. The man, jealous of her intelligence, beat her severely and cast her out into the streets to live by selling her body.

“What the priest did not count on was that the woman had read his sacred texts at night, while he slept. In despair, she made an offering to the Mother Goddess of the pantheon, binding herself with terrible oaths and spells. She prayed for vengeance, to make her former lover know the pain she felt, the hopelessness and despair he gave her. The Goddess responded by making her the first vampire, her priest lover her first meal and the first daughter of our kind. In the end, however, the First One took pity on her daughter and raised her, teaching her how to survive and how to feed, how to keep herself from being detected and avoid notice. Those same lessons have been passed down from mother to daughter ever since that time, those hard-won lessons added to and adapted as times have progressed.”

“So we're some kind of angels of vengeance?” I asked.

She took a pensive moment, puffing thoughtfully on her slender cigarette before replying, “I suppose you could look at it that way, kitten, if you so chose. Myself, I prefer to think of our kind as an alternate evolutionary track. Not better, mind you, simply different. And our unique longevity gives us certain advantages over humans, a method to gather wisdom, knowledge and wealth that ordinary humans simply can't possess.”

“I see your point,” I said. “I just wish it didn't feel quite so alien. I want to belong to humanity, mother, it's all I've ever known. I don't want there to be such differences between us.”

“I remember feeling the same way, when I first changed,” Natasha said wistfully. “It passes, with time, princess. You must be patient with yourself. As a human, it takes decades for one to come to terms with who one truly is. That definition has changed radically in your case. You must allow yourself time to take the journey of discovery again.”

Our food arrived shortly thereafter and I had my first real experience eating as a slender, body-conscious woman. For one, instead of tucking in the way I'd always done, I found myself tearing small pieces from my food with delicate fingertips and chewing infinitesimally small bites at a time. Also, the phenomenon of all conversation ceasing once food arrived, so common to me

when dining with males, did not hold here. Natasha and I continued an airy, lighthearted conversation throughout our meal. And for the first time in recent memory, I pushed my plate away still half-full with my new, shrunken stomach stretched pleasantly by the small portion I'd consumed. My mind still attempted to measure my intake in male terms, and I marveled that I felt pleasantly full and sated over a meal which would have barely amounted to an appetizer in my days as a male.

The downside, however, was that the alcohol I'd consumed in the two mimosas had gone straight to my head, making me a bit unsteady on my dainty feet and causing a numbed, euphoric haze to settle over me. My tendency remained to keep my own counsel and keep my mouth shut when buzzed, a lesson hard-learned when I'd been a male, and Natasha regarded me with an approving gaze.

"I should have warned you about the champagne," she said reassuringly.

"Not to worry, mother," I said with a trace of slurred speech. "I may not be able to hold my liquor as I once did, but I still remember how to keep my head."

"Good," she said. "I'd hate to see you taken advantage of."

That brought me up short. Before, I'd worried about shooting off my mouth and looking foolish, or perhaps winding up in a fight if I drank too much and lost my head. I'd never considered being raped. That thought sobered me quite a bit, lifting the pleasant haze of champagne giddiness off of me somewhat.

Natasha must have noticed my consternation because her face softened into a knowing, maternal smile. "By and large, we don't have to worry about being forced, princess," she told me. "No, our worry is that we lose control and accidentally take too much from one of our victims and have to cover our tracks. More than one vampire was made because her mother had a touch too much to drink and got a little greedy in the bedroom."

"Oh," I breathed in relief. "Have to say, *maman*, I'm not sure I'm even ready to think about fucking, much less accidental children."

She patted my hand. "Oh, darling, your mind will change. Faster than you can imagine." She dropped a sheaf of cash into the small leather folder, not even looking at the total of our breakfast, and slung her purse over one shoulder as she stubbed out a cigarette in the cut-glass ashtray.

"We should go, princess, we have an appointment at the spa," she told me briskly. "Ordinarily, I am a huge proponent of being fashionably late – but there are certain people one does not keep waiting. One's manicurist, one's gynecologist and one's mother, for example."

I giggled at the addition of the mother to the list, but I took her point by standing and slinging my own purse over one shoulder and following her to the valet stand, a sexy sway in my hips for the benefit of all the eyes I'd drawn.

* * *

Traffic thickened into a drive-time rush, allowing ample time for more airy conversation between myself and my new mother. I found her to be a very intelligent, very fun-loving and extremely perceptive woman, traits I'd intentionally overlooked when I'd originally tried simply to conquer her in the bedroom. I discovered how much I truly enjoyed her company, for one thing, and

started to have an inkling of how much she loved me, just from certain warm looks she regarded me with and a soft, almost tearful smile that she offered my direction when she thought I wasn't looking. To my pleasant surprise, I began to make subtle attempts to ingratiate myself to her a little, feeling an overwhelming and very acute desire to be a good daughter to her, to make her proud and happy with her choice of me as a daughter. Her approval meant a lot to me – another unexpected feeling – and I even began feeling the first tickles of love and devotion and trust towards her. A few times during the conversation, I found myself calling her 'mother' and truly meaning it. She protected me, she taught me and now she prepared to set me free and experience the world on my own. Everything a good mother should do.

We were a bit pressed for time by the time the limousine pulled up in front of the very exclusive and expensive day spa. We walked through a lush garden courtyard behind a wrought-iron fence and into a marble-floored foyer where our heels clicked loudly and echoed. Men and women dressed in fluffy white robes lounged and did quiet business on phones and computers in and among the carefully-tended plants in stone planters and among the beige sandstone columns. A wall of floor-to-ceiling plate glass opened on an expansive and luxurious outdoor botanical garden where yoga and t'ai-chi classes went on. Soft, unobtrusive music played through the foyer as we approached the front desk, dodging between staff members hustling this way and that in their khaki slacks and burgundy polo shirts, summoning clients to massages and sessions in the back or bringing drinks and towels to the waiting people. The whole place reeked of money and privilege. It took a bit out of me to make myself feel as though I belonged. Natasha, on the other hand, was well within her element as she led me to the desk and offered a golden membership card to the apple-cheeked female receptionist, who instantly became much more obsequious upon seeing the golden V.I.P. card being proffered.

“Welcome, ma'am,” the receptionist said. “How can we help you today?”

“I'd like to buy a V.I.P. membership for my daughter, first of all,” she said. “And then I'd like to find her some time with Vanessa for a manicure, if she's free.”

“I'll make sure she is,” the receptionist said, picking up the desk phone and making a few muttered demands of whomever picked up on the other end. In the meantime, a very classy-looking and attractive Hispanic woman in the burgundy polo but a black skirt and Louboutin heels walked up with a leather binder under one arm.

“I'm Maria,” she announced without preamble. “Are you Ms. Natasha Hajdú?”

“I am,” she said.

“And you want a membership for your daughter, is that correct?”

“I do,” Natasha replied.

“No problem whatsoever, Ms. Hajdú. I'll have the contract drawn up right away, but for now I'll issue a guest pass to your daughter. It will give her full access to the entire spa. Please, enjoy yourselves, and the paperwork will be ready for your signature by the time you're ready to leave.”

“Splendid,” Natasha said, taking the little laminated card that Maria offered and passing it to me wordlessly. “The name is Alexis Michelle McAllister. Excellent service, as always. I appreciate your time.”

“A pleasure,” she said, backing away and leaving the very wealthy customers to avail themselves of the spa's services while she took care of the serious business of relieving the customers of

their money. I harbored no illusions that the membership in question would easily reach into the high four digits or the low fives for a year, but Natasha dismissed it as nothing. I decided to follow her lead and do the same, trying to adopt the bored, dismissive “rich bitch” persona to match the scandalous amount of money that Natasha now added to my bank account. I had to accustom myself to a life of wealth and privilege sometime, so it made the most sense to start now, while I had an obscenely wealthy role model to pattern myself after. Besides, the haughty and disinterested rich girl attitude struck me as devilishly sexy, and served to fuel my newfound sexuality admirably.

Natasha led me through another open, airy room and into a small room down a short hallway beyond. A small desk sat inside and a slim, sexy Oriental woman sat behind it, offering Natasha a friendly smile as she stood at our entrance.

“Miss Natasha,” she said in lightly accented English. “So good to see you again.”

“Vanessa,” Natasha said warmly, taking her hand. “This is my daughter Alexis. She's here for some of your magic.”

“Of course, have a seat,” she said, gesturing to a comfortable looking swivel chair in front of the desk. “What do you have in mind?”

“I think a full set of gel nails,” Natasha said. “With extensions. Something very glamorous. She has several social engagements coming up.”

“Excellent,” Vanessa said, seizing my hands in her own and beginning to push back my cuticles with an orangewood stick and buff and file away.

I leaned over to Natasha conspirationally. “I have a confession to make, mother,” I whispered.

She raised an eyebrow.

“From before,” I said nervously. “I had – *have*, I think – a pretty significant nail fetish. I still feel the same way as I used to.”

Natasha giggled. “Significant?”

I nodded, giving my crotch a meaningful glance. “*Significant.*”

She fought laughter. “So, you're telling me you want them long?”

“So long I can barely function, I'm afraid,” I whispered. “Will that make me look like a whore?”

“It might, if you couldn't carry it off,” Natasha said. “But if you approach it with the right attitude, it can just be your 'thing.' Like a trademark or a signature look. You do realize, however, how much of a pain that very long nails can be, don't you?”

I blushed. “I'm afraid I'll have to find that out the hard way,” I said. “Because I don't think I'm going to be able to restrain myself. But I don't want to do anything you disapprove of. If you say no, mother, then I won't.”

“But you'd wish that you had,” she said. “Do what you want, princess.”

I swallowed hard and fought the urge to squirm at the sudden warmth and wetness between my thighs and the yawning emptiness expanding inside my midsection. Steeling my voice to stillness and the bored, detached 'rich bitch' tone I struggled to adopt, I turned to Vanessa and said, “I'd like them long, please.”

“How long?” Vanessa asked.

“Very long,” I told her. “I can show you, once you apply the extensions.”

She smiled. “Of course. Not many girls nowadays ask for long nails. They've fallen out of fashion, a bit, lately.”

“Maybe you and I can start a new trend, yes?” I asked with a nervous smile.

“I'm sure we can,” Vanessa said with a friendly smile. She went back to buffing and filing and trimming and I felt a warm flush across my upper chest, hoping my nipples didn't display too prominently through my shirt.

Natasha directed her attention to the latest issue of *Vogue* and I gazed uncomprehendingly at daytime television on the small monitor beside Vanessa's work-table as she worked away, clipping and trimming, then filing, then applying thick coats of malodorous gel to my nails with a paintbrush before grinding them down with a Dremel tool. Her neat desk was covered with dust and fragments of plastic and real fingernails by the time she released my hands and showed me the long, square-cut glossy glamor-nails that now adorned my every finger. They extended a good three-quarters of an inch past the ends of my fingers and were nearly an inch long from cuticle to tip. Gleaming white tips gave me the signature 'French manicure' look, and she had affixed a small rhinestone appliqué to each of my index fingers in the shape of a small curlicue near the nail bed. I almost gasped at the overwhelming glamor and beauty of the job she'd done. If I'd still had a cock, it would have been straining against my pants almost painfully. As it was, I was afraid I'd left a wet spot on her chair and that the distinctive aroma of my arousal was all too noticeable. Visions of my slender, long-nailed fingers sinking into Danielle's pussy, teasing her pert nipples, or wrapped around a thick, veined cock danced behind my eyes and it took a great force of willpower not to moan in utter sexual desperation.

“You like?” Vanessa asked, lowering the dust-mask she'd worn while working.

“I love,” I purred to her. “They're perfect. Absolutely perfect.”

“The bonding on the really long extensions doesn't always hold very well,” she explained. “You'll be in danger of losing them often. You may have to come back and see me quite a bit to keep them looking nice.”

“Worth it,” I said. I kissed her happily on the cheek and left her a one hundred dollar tip out of sheer joy and sexual arousal. I almost bounced as I stood from my chair and led Natasha back out into the spacious room beyond.

My excitement must have been infectious, because Natasha giggled and flirted with me all the way out to the limo. I liked the fact that my happiness equated so easily to her own. I felt very close to her as I slid into the leather interior.

“Where to next?” I asked happily.

“We only have a little while before Petros will expect us back. I'd originally thought to go shopping, but I have a feeling that will take some time. So what about some body modification for you, *mein schatz*?”

I blushed at her use of the German for 'treasure' and nodded. I had no idea of what she meant by 'body modification' but I was in no mood to argue, gazing at my long, sexy and glamorous nails in utter rapture. I didn't even see the word slip by outside the tinted window and only listened to

the conversation that Natasha offered to me with half an ear. After a while, she stopped trying, just subsiding into knowing and contented smiles as I gestured like a spokesmodel at various things in the back of the limousine just to have an excuse to display my new nails. A new, very desperate urge to use them to pinch my new, demanding nipples and to slip them inside my new pussy made its way into my consciousness and I wondered idly if there would be any time in the near future for me to be alone.

The car pulled to a stop and Natasha snapped me out of my musings with a gentle hand on my knee. We were in the warehouse district, with all its attendant chic urban decay and industrial backdrop, and try-too-hard hipsters walked back and forth on the sidewalk between coffee shops and vinyl record stores. Natasha ignored them deftly as she led me by the elbow towards an appropriately seedy-looking tattoo parlor. The proprietor's skin barely showed beneath all the ink he'd applied and he gave us both a hungry and appraising look as we entered.

"Is your piercer in today?" Natasha asked.

"You know it," he growled, gesturing towards the back. "Lemme know if you want some ink."

She led me back to a large chair manned by a skinny brunette covered in double sleeve tattoos and with huge spreaders in her earlobes. "Hi," she said as I walked in. "I'm Cherry."

"Alexis," I said, having a seat.

"You figure out what you're after, baby?" she asked me.

Natasha stepped in. "She's been after me for weeks to get her bellybutton done," she explained. "And while we're here, I thought we could get her ears done a few times and maybe her nose."

I gulped. She expected me to have all that done?

"Right on," Cherry said, pulling on a set of nitrile gloves. "Is that everything?"

"Unless she has other ideas," Natasha said teasingly. "Well, princess? Any other ideas? Your nipples, perhaps, or your clitoral hood?" The look in her eyes said she wanted me to volunteer for something, and I didn't want to disappoint her. And with the tingling warmth in my crotch, the thought of someone touching me down there did not upset me at all.

I adopted the excited teenage daughter stance. "You'd let me get my clit pierced?"

Natasha grinned, happy that I'd risen to her tacit challenge. "I don't see why not."

"Dude, your mom is crazy cool," Cherry told me. "My mom would shit if I asked her for that. I did it anyway, but still."

"Yeah, she's very cool," I agreed. "I'm lucky like that."

"Hell yeah you are," Cherry agreed, pushing me back in the chair. "Now, let's get you to sign some releases and we'll get started, okay? I love your fuckin' nails, by the way."

"Mom, again," I said proudly.

"Dude," Cherry said. "Think she'd adopt me?"

* * *

I'd started out liking Cherry, as she'd set up her gear and taken me through the paperwork. But then she started in with her needles and I learned to truly hate her. And then I began to really like her again as the realization sunk into my brain that I was one of those girls who was into pain. Oh, I doubted that I'd ever be one who needed to have the shit beaten out of her to get her rocks off, but the endorphin rush of the sharp, exquisite pain drove me to five quick, breathtaking mini-orgasms and led me to lay with my shirt pulled up across her boyfriend Richie's tattoo chair getting a 'tramp stamp' of a butterfly in the small of my back. Natasha had assured me that my new vampire physiology would have me completely healed in a matter of hours from the little ring dangling from my clitoral hood, the little rhinestone dangle nestled in my navel, the tiny diamond stud in the outside of my left nostril and the seven earrings through the lobe and cartilage of my left ear and the nine through my right.

I was shaking a little as she led me back outside to the limo after dropping a very generous lump of cash into Cherry's eager hand. She patted me tenderly as she ushered me into the back seat and gave me a knowing smile.

"You got a bit carried away, darling," she told me.

"I know," I gasped. I tried to light a cigarette with trembling hands, but she took my hands away and lit it for me when I couldn't manage. "I'm not sure what came over me."

"I am," she said. "You were turned on, and then the pain hit – all vampires seem to have a bit of a thing for pain, I think it's in our nature – and then you started to feel the hunger."

"The hunger?"

"The hunger we all feel, princess," she explained. "You controlled it well, for a first time with no instruction. It's maddening, especially when added to sexual desire. It requires a very impressive level of control. I knew I'd chosen wisely when I decided to make you my daughter. I'm very proud of you."

"Thanks," I said. "I don't feel like I did very well at all."

"You have to let it run its course, *süßer*," she said, using the term for 'sweetie.' "The hunger has a mind of its own. But unless you're very serious and committed to having a daughter of your own, you have to find other outlets. You found one in the piercings, which was a good first step. You'll find others."

"What kind of others? What do you do?"

She blushed a little. "I have a collection at home of rather huge dildos," she confessed. "Things that no woman in her right mind would even consider stuffing into herself. The pain, and the humiliation and the release – it lets me fulfill the demands of the hunger without consequences. I'll be honest, though – nothing feels the same as draining all the masculinity out of someone. Nothing in the world feels like that. But things like I described, they are an acceptable substitute. You'll find your own methods as you go along. It's not hard."

My mind reeled as I considered the enormous range of humiliating sexual options available to me in order to take the edge from the hunger I'd just felt. I had no shortage of ideas.

"Now, love, we should go home and change clothes. Your tan has set enough for you to wear something a bit more flattering to your figure, I think," she said, gesturing to the rich amber glow

on my arms, neck and legs. “Then we will join Petros for lunch and get your new papers. After that, I think shopping for a few hours before we must keep your appointment with Dr. Morris.”

“And then dance class, *n'est-ce pas?*” I asked.

“Yes,” Natasha said. “I think you'll truly enjoy that. Afterwards, we'll go home and get you dressed for an evening out. Your first feeding.”

“I'm nervous about that,” I confessed.

“So was I, my first time,” she said. “I'll be with you every step of the way, darling. I wouldn't set you loose on an unsuspecting populace unless I had every confidence you could control yourself and not accidentally hurt someone. I'll show you how to pick a suitable person and how to take just enough to sustain yourself. Soon it will be like second nature to you, like it is to me. You should only need to feed yourself once a month or so to keep yourself young, beautiful and healthy.”

“I'll get sick if I don't feed?” I asked.

“We're not technically immortal,” she explained to me as the limo pulled away from the curb. “We can die if we're murdered or have a horrible accident. We can get sick but we rarely die from disease – especially if we can feed. Feeding usually cures whatever ails us, except in cases of particularly virulent diseases, such as cancer.”

“And we age normally if we don't feed?”

“Correct,” Natasha explained. “A bit more slowly and with a lot more grace, I admit. I usually feed myself enough to maintain my health and let myself age to somewhere in my mid-thirties. Then I'll feed deeply and restore myself to my early twenties again.”

“And how do you know when it's time to create a daughter?” I asked.

“There's no single answer to that, love,” she told me. “It's a realization you come to, that you've amassed enough wisdom and knowledge to pass along. Loneliness has a great deal to do with it, as well. Vampires rarely love, you see – we have too much involved in keeping ourselves secret. Having a daughter, someone to share your secret and the life we lead – it is a connection most of us have to have at some point in our lives.”

“What if I wanted to just have sex and not feed?” I asked.

“You're a perfectly functioning young woman,” she said. “There's nothing stopping you. You may find it hard not to feed when you have sex, right at first. But you do need to take the normal precautions, of course. Sexually transmitted diseases are very annoying. And pregnancy is nothing to take lightly either.”

“Pregnancy? I can get pregnant?” I asked, a bit shocked.

“Of course you can,” she said. “As I explained, you're a perfectly functioning female. All of your children would be female, however, and mortal. I've had four children the natural way. I finally opted to have my tubes tied.”

“Why?”

“I couldn't bury another one,” she told me. “Or another grandchild. And keeping a secret like ours from someone as close as a child who's fed at your breast – it takes a toll. Remember, any

children you bear and raise will someday die, and you will not. You have to ask yourself if you're willing to put yourself through something like that.”

I chewed my bottom lip pensively for a moment. “I think I might like to at least try it, once.”

“Then you should,” Natasha advised, “but I wouldn't be in any hurry. You have a lot of living and learning to do, first, and you need to spend some time cultivating some beneficial relationships, like Petros and his like. You have nothing but time, and no biological clock to rush you into anything.”

“Speaking of Petros,” I asked, changing the subject from one that made my mother so obviously uncomfortable, “we should hurry, don't you think?”

She lit a cigarette and forced the haunted look from her eyes. “Yes, of course,” she said. “It wouldn't do to keep him waiting too long. He gets so excited by my visits.”

I left her alone for the remainder of the trip, toying with the aching points across my body where my piercings healed and gazing lovingly at my new, glamorous nails, leaving her to remember her departed babies in peace, and vowing to be daughter enough to help her put that pain behind her once again.

To Be Continued...

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Four

by Valerie Hope

OUR WHIRLWIND TRIP TO NATASHA'S townhouse lasted only long enough for me to change clothes and dust on a little makeup with Natasha's expert assistance, brush out my dark, glossy hair and spray on a little perfume to cover over the scents of tanning lotion and cigarettes which I'd carried inside with me. Mother laid out some clothes for me, as well – a light linen sundress in a print of yellow and green flowers, wedge sandals with a platform and a five-inch heel, a big cocktail ring with a huge yellow stone for my index finger, a woven purse and a white straw sunhat with an enormous, floppy five-inch brim and a yellow scarf tied around it. My glossy black hair hung loose over my shoulders and large, sparkling 'chandelier' earrings hung down to the tops of my shoulders. A pair of cat's-eye sunglasses with a white plastic rim and some very glossy, fuck-me red lipstick completed the look.

I dumped my stuff from one purse into the new one unceremoniously as Mother came in, dressed very similarly to myself. She allowed herself a pleased smile at my appearance as I smoothed the lightweight linen of my dress over my hips. The halter-style bodice brought serious attention to my flat-chestedness and I felt, for the first time, a pang of envy at my Mother's luscious cleavage.

“Hurry along, now, princess,” she urged me gently, “we mustn't keep Petros waiting.”

We hustled out the waiting car – the driver offered us a patient and long-suffering smile – and piled into the back, taking time to smooth the light fabric of our skirts behind our thighs and arrange our floppy-brimmed sunhats to best effect. The car pulled smoothly away from the curb and back into the thickening lunchtime traffic, the uneventful nature of the ride giving Natasha and me ample quiet time to talk.

“Mother,” I asked, clearing my throat nervously. “Do you – I mean, do you think other people – *boys*, I mean – do you think they'll think I'm pretty?”

Her smile illustrated the melting of her heart with compassion and – I suspected – love. “Of course they will, darling girl. I haven't wanted to mention it today because I was afraid it might make you uncomfortable. But I'm pleased that it matters to you.”

“I'm so not used to it,” I told her. “I've never even considered it before. But wearing this dress, and with my makeup on, and my hair... It just seemed to hit me, all at once. How much it matters to me that people think I'm pretty.”

“Pretty is a fairly pale word for it, *liebchen*. You're beautiful. Breathtaking.”

I felt myself blush. “Really?”

“Really,” she said. “All my daughters have been great beauties, Alexis, but I am not embellishing the truth when I say that you are by far the most beautiful of them all. I can scarcely believe you're mine.”

"I *am* yours, you know," I replied. "I feel a connection to you that I've never felt before, with anyone or anything. It's almost as if I could feel the pain if you cut your finger."

She chuckled richly. "I doubt it runs that deeply, princess, but the bond between mother and daughter among our kind is very strong. I could use it to locate you if you got lost, for instance, and we will never be able to lie to one another. We'll pick up on the other's moods, and be able to share very powerful emotions. I'm surprised you can't feel the pride I feel when I look at you, but the bond is young. As it matures, it becomes easier to interpret."

"I just know you love me," I told her. "I think I'll just leave it at that for right now."

She took my hand. "I do love you. More than I can tell you."

Our moment passed as the car pulled smoothly to a stop outside the gates of Petros' house, and the ease and relaxation associated with the intimacy I'd just experienced did not escape my notice. Such exchanges had always made me uncomfortable and embarrassed as a male. I didn't think my newfound comfort with intimacy was a function of my being a vampire, however. I suddenly realized just how different males and females truly were. My ease of intimacy was a function of being a woman. The thought brought a sigh of relief from me, a deepening of the realization that I would not be 'spotted' as a man in a very convincing girl suit but that I saw myself transforming into a true woman, body and soul, bit by bit.

I took the offered hand of the chauffeur and slid my legs out of the door, knees primly together, and stood smoothly on my tall heels, smoothing imaginary wrinkles from my skirt as it settled around my smooth thighs. The unconscious movements given to me by the subliminal programming that Natasha had administered felt like second nature now, and it didn't even occur to me to question or examine them. I hoped there was more. My clumsiness when it came to makeup and hairstyling needed attendance.

I threaded my arm through my mother's and we sashayed up the steps to the huge double doors of Petros' mansion. I allowed myself a quick, flirtatious glance over my shoulder, accompanied by a coquettish smile, to take in the very appreciative stares of the chauffeur and gardener at the twin figure-eights traced in the air by Natasha's and my divine, tight butts as we ascended the stairs. I couldn't help but add a quick wink and a giggle.

The butler opened the door before we even arrived and stepped silently aside to admit us into the marble-floored foyer. He took our hats and led us briskly into a brightly-lit sunroom where a very sumptuous lunch was being laid out by a synchronized, well-trained staff around a large, circular table. Petros, wearing a crisp linen suit, waited at one of the windows and turned to us at our approach with a bright smile and outstretched arms.

"Ah, my lovelies, you made it," he said animatedly. "Come in, come in. Sit. Enjoy yourselves."

He embraced us in turn, pressing dry but fond kisses on our smooth cheeks, before ushering us towards chairs around the table. He sat between us, reclining carelessly, selecting a dark cigarillo from a gold case and tapping it gently against the metal. On cue, Natasha and I drew out cigarettes of our own and waited while an attendant circulated with a crystal desk lighter and lit each of us, surrounding the table with a sunlit cloud of bluish, fragrant smoke.

"Now, to business," Petros announced. He gestured and another, more important-looking attendant placed a thick manila envelope in his hand which he passed to Natasha, which she in

turn passed to me. I slit it open with my long, glamorous nails, and spilled out several documents, cards and a computer CD-ROM onto the tabletop.

“Everything she will need,” Petros said. “Birth certificate and visa, immunization and medical records, a U.S. drivers' license, her school transcripts and a minor but colorful police record. Just so for an adventurous young girl, I think. The CD also contains some very well-done pictures and videos of her childhood. Dance recitals, school and sports events, that sort of thing. You approve, yes?”

I looked at the flawless picture that I'd never posed for adorning the drivers' license and nodded. “They're perfect,” I said.

“You are too kind,” he told me. “They will pass all but the most detailed scrutiny, my dear. If you stay out of serious trouble, they should serve you in good stead. My colleagues are seeing that your information is being input on the appropriate servers as we speak.

I lingered a while over the license, still mentally adjusting to seeing “Alexis Michelle McAllister” under my name, and a birthdate only 18 years prior, and showing “Hair: Black, Eyes: Blue, Sex: Female, Height: 5'-3”, Weight: 102 lbs.” in reference to myself. This truly described me now. The male who had been Alex Michael McAllister was truly gone, vanished from the earth and replaced by the petite brunette eighteen-year-old girl who sat smoking a cigarette in the parlor of a flamboyant Greek forger waiting on a five-star meal.

“They are exemplary, my dear Petros,” Natasha told him with a sultry smile. I began to suspect that my mother and the forger were a bit more than just old acquaintances from the smoky looks that passed between them. “Up to your usual caliber.”

He waved dismissively. “It was nothing, my dear,” he said. “And now, a little gift from Petros. To celebrate your daughter's new identity, yes?”

Another servant stepped forward and offered me a burgundy velvet jewelry box. A bit flummoxed, I opened it to reveal a platinum choker set with several large diamonds. My breath caught in my throat at the sparkle and sheer palpable *cost* which emanated from the lovely jewelry.

“Oh, Petros, it's *lovely*,” I gushed. “I couldn't possibly accept such a gift.”

He brushed me aside cavalierly. “A mere bauble,” he said with a sneering dismissal. “It is nothing, it pales beside your own beauty, yes? And besides, it is a bit of a tradition with Petros, for Natasha's daughters. You would not want to break with tradition, no?”

Still flabbergasted, I allowed the servant to lift it in front of my face and fasten it with warm, deft hands around my neck. The fit was snug but not uncomfortable.

Natasha leaned over and kissed Petros' cheek. “You're so sweet,” she told him. “Alexis, my dear, it's lovely on you. It suits you.”

“Petros, thank you so much,” I told him, hoping my gushing, girlish tone conveyed the amount of gratitude I actually felt. I found my bubbly, airy soprano voice posed significant difficulty when it came to sounding sincere. I hoped a throaty, sexual purr came more easily to me, when the time came tonight to go out and hunt for my first meal.

“It is nothing, my dear,” he said. “A man, he likes to give pretty things to a beautiful woman. Makes him feel more like a man. And perhaps, when you have business in the future that needs doing, you will look at this necklace and remember your good friend Petros, yes?”

“You'll be the first person I call, I promise you that.”

“Now, enough business. Eat. Enjoy yourselves. *That* is how you thank Petros.”

I suspected there was a bit more to it than just our company, judging from the fat envelope that Natasha withdrew from her purse and slipped to the servant who'd brought the choker. I slipped my license, my green card and the credit cards – all platinum, and some from the finest stores – into my wallet. The CD and the other documents went back into the envelope and into my purse, destined for a safety deposit box as soon as I could get one under my new name.

The meal lived up to the luxury which the rest of Petros' life seemed to exemplify – an ounce of Siberian Osetra caviar to begin, then a fava bean minestrone soup with a small niçoise salad, all accompanied by wine from Petros' private stock. The entrée was a fettucine carbonara with morel mushrooms that was quite possibly the most delicious thing I'd ever eaten. I found myself painfully stuffed by the time the servants offered me a slice of vanilla bean crème brûlée or a small bowl of mango sorbet. I took the sorbet and only allowed myself a small spoonful before retiring to my spectacular riesling wine and another cigarette. The conversation had been bright and sparkling but consisted of nothing important. Eventually, Natasha looked at the scandalously expensive Bulgari watch adorning her slim wrist and announced that the meal was at an end. Petros stood without argument and kissed our cheeks, inviting us to return any time and sample his hospitality. We retired to the powder room – larger than my first apartment, appointed all in marble and antique brass – and repaired makeup and hair before tugging the sunhats back on and leaving, our heels *clacking* resonantly on the marble as the servants opened the doors.

We stepped into the noonday sunshine – forcing me to slip my oversized Chanel sunglasses from my purse and onto my nose – when I noticed that our customary limousine no longer sat in the cobbled circular drive. I looked around a little, wondering if it had been moved for some reason, but spotted it nowhere in sight.

“Mother?”

Natasha smiled. “It is a little tradition, as Petros said, for us to give small tokens when one of my daughters gets her first identity papers. Petros went a bit out of his way with the Cartier choker, and I couldn't allow him to show me up, now could I?”

She gestured as a lipstick-red Mercedes SLK350 roadster with the top down to expose the black leather interior rounded the drive, the horn beeping merrily. The chauffeur climbed from the vehicle and handed me the keys wordlessly.

“Mother... are you *serious*? This is *mine*? You bought me a Mercedes?”

“Of course I did, princess. I couldn't have my little girl going away to boarding school without a decent car for coming home to visit. That would be scandalous.”

I devolved completely into cheerleader at that point, bouncing up and down on my heels and squealing and clapping my hands, managing only to squeak “It's gorgeous” over and over as I vacillated between hugging Natasha and jumping in place. Natasha smiled, as much at my blatant leap into utter girlishness as at my happiness itself.

“Now, princess, we should be going,” she finally said mock-sternly. “We have an appointment to keep with the surgeon, and then we *must* go and get you some nice things to wear before tonight.”

Still nearly vibrating with excitement, I slid behind the wheel of the convertible Mercedes and slipped the key into the ignition. A bit of surprise crossed my mind as I realized not once had I stopped to think about what kind of engine or horsepower the high-end luxury roadster afforded me, but only thoughts of how gorgeous I looked in it occupied my brain. The thought brought a fresh round of giggling which I fought to keep in check.

Natasha slid in next to me and fastened her seatbelt. After a bewildered series of moments as I adjusted the seats, pedals and mirrors I brought the engine purring to life and paused only to synch my phone with the sound system and coax some driving house beats over the speakers. I slid the car into gear and chirped the tires as I forced myself to adjust to the unfamiliar sensation of pressing pedals in high heels before pulling into traffic.

“Where am I going, mother?” I asked her over the howl of the wind.

She directed me through a series of surface streets to a very posh-looking and manicured medical suite, where I found a parking place easily and sashayed my way across the landscaped courtyard and into the tastefully decorated waiting room. The attractive receptionist, who favored me with a flirtatious smile, ushered us back immediately into an examination room where I was directed to disrobe in favor of a tie-back gown and sit nervously on the edge of a high examination table.

A tall African-American doctor in a starched white lab coat and stylish lightweight glasses came in shortly thereafter, holding a clipboard beneath her arm. “Hello, Alexis,” she bade me warmly as she entered and took a seat on a rolling stool, “my name is Doctor Burton. Natasha tells me you're interested in some augmentation work this afternoon.”

“I suppose so,” I answered.

She chuckled richly in her throat. “I see. New to the girl game, are we?”

My eyes widened a little. “You know?”

“I've been working with Natasha and others like her since I first got my license,” she explained. “I wish I could write a paper on you, but she long since swore me to secrecy. Still, I'm fascinated by you and your kind. Any opportunity I have to treat one of you, I take. How long since you were transformed?”

I cleared my throat. “Last night,” I told her.

She looked me over appraisingly. “Remarkable. Absolutely remarkable,” she commented.

I blushed a little. “Glad you like it.”

She placed a warm hand on my shoulder. “You, of all people, should be aware of how incredible this is,” she chided me gently. “There is no trace of masculinity in your body. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes several times, I would think you were insane if you tried to tell me you were a fully-functioning adult male this time yesterday.”

“She was, I can attest to that,” Natasha said, with a naughty smile. I blushed more deeply.

“Well, I suppose we should go ahead and do a quick physical, anyway, even though everyone you transform seems to be in perfect health,” Dr. Burton said briskly. She laid me back onto the examination table with firm but gentle hands and began a quick but thorough examination, checking my blood pressure and pulse, drawing some blood from a nearly-painless needle stick in the hollow of my right arm and finally doing a quick pelvic exam with a speculum and obtaining a pap smear. The speculum – now the first thing ever to have been inside me – was sensed more than felt, and the stretching sensation was painful and pleasurable at the same time. It honestly didn't leave that big of an impression on me, just left me feeling a bit bent out of shape and needing to pee. Dr. Burton didn't let that opportunity go by, either – she sent me to the bathroom with a small plastic cup for a sample. Getting that sample proved to be the first time in hours I'd actually missed having a penis as I washed and towed the hot liquid overspray from my wrist where I'd splashed myself. I sealed the cup in a plastic baggie and brought it back out to her.

“Now, Alexis, we can get down to the fun part,” Dr. Burton told me as I re-entered the room. “How big were you thinking about?”

I looked to Natasha for guidance. “What do you think, Mother?”

“It's your body, dear. You should get what you want.”

“I'm not sure, it's so... *final*. What if I make a wrong choice, or decide I don't like them?”

Dr. Burton interjected with a kind smile. “I get that a lot from my clients,” she told me. “You can always come back and have them re-done, although that can be painful and costly. And even someone like you would run the risk of scarring and infection. But with someone like you, and the increased capacity for healing that you have, I can suggest something that ordinarily I wouldn't recommend to my more mundane patients.”

“What's that?”

“Adjustable implants,” she told me. “They would sit under your pectoral muscle like normal implants, but I would implant a small injection port under your armpits. Using those, I can either inject or withdraw silicone to increase or decrease your size in a matter of minutes. It would be like an office visit, instead of needing surgery.”

“Really,” Natasha mused. “Perhaps I should get mine replaced with those.”

“I can put you on the schedule today,” Dr. Burton said in all seriousness. “How does the end of this week work for you?”

She smiled. “I'll check my schedule,” she said. “But Alexis is the focus for now.”

“Of course,” the doctor said. “Well, Alexis?”

“Those sound pretty good, actually,” I told her. “I don't want to be disproportionately large-breasted, but I would like a decent size. Perhaps just a *little* bit top-heavy. But I would like to know what it feels like to have enormous breasts at some point. Just not now.”

“I'll tell you what,” Dr. Burton said. “In the cabinet over there I have several implants and a bra with inner pockets. Why don't you try some on, and you and Natasha can figure out where you want to start. I need to send your blood work to the lab and start to prep the OR. I'll step out and be back in, say, half an hour?”

The doctor slid quietly from the room and Natasha opened the cabinet in question, drawing out several saline-filled implants of various sizes and a lavender bra – somewhat the worse for wear, but serviceable nonetheless – which she held out to me before noticing my consternation.

“Alexis? Honey?” she asked.

“I'm just trying to take it all in,” I breathed. “It's *me*. Really me, I mean, that all this is happening to. I have a pussy. It's *my* pussy. And I'm picking out *my* tits. The ones that will be on *my* chest. I'm waiting on the results of *my* pap smear.”

“I know, darling. It's a lot.”

“I'm really a girl,” I said. “There's no getting around it any more. I can't even begin to pretend I'm not. Or that there's even a part of me that's not.”

“I know I've been asking a lot of you, my princess,” she told me. “And I'm sorry. But if it's any consolation, darling, you are a *superlative* girl. Absolutely marvelous. I'm so excited for you and so very, very *proud* of you. You've done so much and so well in the last few hours. I can't wait to see the woman you'll become.”

“Thank you,” I said simply.

“All okay now?” she asked.

I nodded, then slipped my arms out of the hospital robe to bare my nonesuch chest. I slipped the tattered bra over my shoulders and reached behind myself effortlessly – a combination of my newfound flexibility and the subliminal training I'd received. The cups bagged on me, disturbingly empty, as I looked through the assortment of water-filled implants laid out on the examination table in front of me.

“I haven't the vaguest idea what to do, here,” I said. “What would you suggest, Mother?”

Natasha held one of the implants up against my chest. “In my experience, princess, you'll want to get them a bit bigger than you think. Once the scar tissue forms over them, they tend to turn out a bit smaller than you originally thought.”

“Okay,” I said. “How big is that one?”

She examined the markings on the side, faded and smudged from long use. “This is a B-cup. Proportionally they seem a bit small for you, and I'm not sure how much these adjustable implants will expand. Tell me, darling, what kind of breasts do *you* like?”

“I like yours,” I said. “But when I was male, I did think they were a bit small for my tastes. I confess, I liked my women a little bit top-heavy before.”

She smiled. “Most men do,” she commented. “There's nothing stopping you, love. And full-breasted women get a very special kind of attention, I admit. I think you'd look lovely with large breasts. But I'm very biased... I think you'd look amazing with any size. I think you look amazing right now.”

“Let's see what the big ones look like,” I said with an aroused blush.

She slipped two of the largest implants – double-D cups, the markings said – into the bra, bulging the cups. My entire center of gravity shifted and I had to reset my feet to gain a comfortable balance. I pulled the robe back over the cups and regarded myself in the mirror.

“Wow,” I commented at the bombshell curves I saw in the full-length behind the exam room door. “I’m... wow. That’s a big difference.”

“It certainly is,” Natasha said. “What do you think?”

“Heaven help me, Mother, I love them. It will be an effort not to pump them even fuller.”

She giggled. “They look wonderful on you, my love,” she said. “But perhaps we should take a look at a few more, just to be sure.”

I complied in good humor, slipping B-cups and C-cups, teardrop shaped and spherical into the bra and regarding my contours in the mirror, but the original *va-va-voom* feeling I’d had never came back to me quite as acutely as when I’d worn the first, largest set. With a shuddering sigh of nerves – and perhaps even a bit of embarrassment – I slipped the double-D’s back into the bra and pulled the robe back.

“These,” I said as firmly as my bubble-head soprano allowed. “I want these.”

Natasha nodded. “They suit you,” she told me. “I think you were destined to be large-chested, princess, from the very beginning. Your personality seems to favor it. I didn’t think you’d have the courage and ambition to get them that size right at first. You’ll be bigger than me, darling, and I’ve never had a daughter that wanted bigger breasts than mine on her very first day as a girl.”

“I don’t know if I can go out tonight,” I giggled. “I may have to stay home and play with them. I don’t think I’ll be able to keep my hands off of them.”

Natasha patted my shoulder. “Have a little faith. Letting someone else play with them is quite the experience, too. Besides, once you’ve eaten, any soreness or stiffness from the surgery will go away and they’ll feel much more sensitive. And you’re welcome, of course, to play with them as much as you like while you’re eating. Only your mouth will be busy at the time.”

I banished the alarm that rose in me at the thought of *I’m going to suck my first cock tonight* with a will and then reluctantly slipped the overfilled bra from my shoulders and helped Natasha replace all the implants back into the cabinet. We barely finished before Dr. Burton re-entered the exam room with a soft knock.

“Well? Did you reach a decision?” she asked brightly.

“These,” I told her. “The big ones.”

“Oh, my,” Dr. Burton said with a pleasantly shocked air. “You certainly aren’t inhibited.”

“No time for inhibition,” I said. “I have a life to live, and that life seems to require an enormous set of cans.”

The other women laughed uproariously as I sat back down on the examination table. A slender Oriental woman came in and sat next to me wordlessly and began an IV in my hand, then led me outside and down a short hallway to a pre-op suite. I arranged myself in the bed and took off the hospital gown.

Dr. Burton still chuckled as she came in, taking off her white lab coat to reveal a set of maroon scrubs. “I’ll be putting you to sleep soon,” she explained. “The procedure will take about two hours. You’ll be very groggy and maybe feel a little bit sick afterwards, so Natasha will take you home. With your particular metabolism, you’ll be over the worst of the pain by the time you

arrive home, and ready to be out and about in a few hours after that. No lifting for the first day, doctor's orders, and you should avoid alcohol or drugs for forty-eight hours. I'll want to see you tomorrow for a follow-up. The incisions will be in your armpits and people like you and Natasha tend to heal within a few hours with minimal scarring. Do you have any questions?"

"Yes," I said, "Natasha has some CDs, could I listen to one of them while you're working?"

"I don't see why not," Dr. Burton said.

Natasha came in a short time later, while Dr. Burton scribed dotted lines with a strange black marker on my chest, and gave me a kiss on the cheek before she pushed the ear-buds of my iPod into my ears and took my earrings and choker for safekeeping. She pressed 'play' just as Dr. Burton's surgical assistant pressed the plunger of the syringe plugged into my IV and the world just dissolved slowly into a comfortable blackness as soothing, polytonal music filled my ears and then my rapidly-fuzzing consciousness. I could only remember thinking *I hope I turn out pretty* before blackness claimed me and I knew no more.

* * *

I awoke slowly, emerging gradually from a thick black haze with shreds of the lovely electronic music from the iPod still flitting slowly around the insides of my skull. My first real awareness was of my hair, a soft and shining curtain around my head pillowing my face in glossy softness like rabbit's fur, a mischievous tendril creeping over one eye to tangle in my long lashes which brushed my cheek like butterfly wings when I blinked. A lingering soreness reached my consciousness then, a painful dull ache and stretching sensation across my chest like I'd been hit with something thick and hard. I also realized the sensation of needing to pee very badly – the first real experience with an over-full female bladder, much more demanding and urgent than it had been as a male – and an all-over lethargy which made my arms and legs seem like lead.

Natasha's face coalesced in front of me from the haze, smiling maternally at me and stroking the back of my hand with her manicured nails.

"Well, hello there, Miss Sleepy," she said softly. "How do you feel?"

"Sore," I croaked, my voice thick and husky from the intubation. "How do I look?"

She reached across me gently and pulled back the thin sheet covering me. "See for yourself, darling," she told me happily as she revealed the twin spheres sitting proud and red on my narrow chest. They swayed softly against the surgical dressings as I breathed in and out, and my distended nipples pointed unashamedly at the ceiling, stretched out to the size of mini-marshmallows, a darker more ruddy pink than the swollen, abused flesh of the rest of my new, bountiful breasts.

"Oh, my goodness," I murmured, my eyes sparkling with what I could only describe as utter and complete love as I gazed, enraptured, at the twin spheres adorning my chest. I ran soft fingertips over their taut, firm surface and was rewarded with a little *frisson* of shimmering pleasure up and down my body as well as the sore complaint of pain I received.

But I found it difficult to care about how they felt just then. My mind filled only with thoughts of how they *looked*, how they made *me* look. They were perfect, my new round breasts, and they made me perfect. They stood up in open defiance of gravity and had a definite 'porn' look to them, being almost perfect spheres and disproportionately large for my frame, standing a bit too high for natural breasts and without the slightest sign of sag or droop. The stretching of the skin

around my chest had ballooned my areolae to the size of fair-sized cookies and expanded my nipples to a glorious, full size. I would have tried to suck one of them if I hadn't been so sore, so I simply put it on my 'to do' list.

“Beautiful,” Natasha murmured.

I tried my best to hug them close but couldn't due to the tenderness, settling instead to just kind of cradle them close for a moment. “They are, Mother, thank you so much. I love my new tits, I can't tell you how much. They're the best present I ever received.”

“I'm so glad, darling. I want my little princess to be happy,” she said, and I think I detected a small lump in her throat. She kissed my cheek softly. “Now. You rest. I'm going to take your car and send Jürgen with the town car to take you home. I'm going to pop 'round the shops and buy you a few things for this evening and for the next few days. I promise, *liebchen*, we'll have a huge shopping spree tomorrow and buy you a whole new wardrobe for your brand new body. I'll be back by the time you wake up – and I expect you to put on your headphones and go *directly* to sleep once you're home, young lady.”

I felt my knees bob a curtsy even though I was laying down, saying “Yes, ma'am.”

She tenderly rubbed the lipstick remaining from her kiss from my cheek with her thumb and stood, slinging her designer purse over one shoulder. “I love you, Alexis,” she said.

“I love you, too, Moth-- *Mama*. I love you, too, *Mama*.”

It was hard to see her as she turned her face away and walked briskly away, but I think I made her cry. I cried a little bit myself as I queued up the next track on my iPod and closed my eyes once more, my fingertips tracing the most gentle of lazy circles on the firm, supple flesh of my new glorious tits.

* * *

I could only stand a very loose purple one-shoulder sweatshirt over my swollen tits, belted at the waist over black stretch leggings with my high wedge platforms. Walking proved interesting to say the least – without a bra to restrain them, my huge new additions bounced and jiggled painfully with every step unless I took very small steps, one foot in front of the other, and added an exaggerated, Jayne Mansfield sway to my walk. Jürgen, the silent chauffeur, helped me to the black limo with his seemingly inexhaustible patience, and I dozed over my cigarette as he drove me home. He assisted me up the short stairs and into the bedroom, where I simply lay back on the luxurious bed in my clothes, stuffing the earbuds back into my ears and hitting 'play' before drifting off into a deep, restful sleep.

I awoke gently to the sound of the big front door shutting. I sat up, surprised at how much I'd healed in the meantime – the soreness felt more like a hard workout now than the traumatic pain from before. And whatever had been embedded inside the music I'd listened to as I fell asleep left me with a tingling, vaguely happy feeling all over, enhanced by the huge bobbing globes adorning my new chest.

I pushed my legs over the side of the bed and stood easily, shifting my weight in subtle ways I hadn't known before to accommodate my new figure and center of gravity. The subliminal training I received during my sleep helped me adjust to my new body admirably – but it didn't remove the bombshell wiggle to my walk, I noticed with a happy giggle.

I stretched gently, easing the tension in abused muscles. Raising both arms above my head nearly made me swoon as I reveled in the look and sensation of my gorgeous new tits jutting proudly from my small body and I couldn't repress a heartfelt laugh. All the years I'd spent admiring and lusting after women with over-large chests and flat bellies, pert little bubble butts and long legs, I never even considered how wonderful it would feel to *be* one. I felt as though I couldn't be further away than a few steps from a mirror, just to be able to turn my head and look at myself whenever I wanted. Loving how difficult it was to navigate my new breasts with my elbows, I threaded some 4-inch hoops through my lobes – the thought of going around without any jewelry whatsoever disturbed me deeply, thanks to the new subliminal training – and scooped my glossy black hair into a loose ponytail. I dug through the disorganized mess on my vanity for a scrunchie to hold my ponytail in place when I noticed a small, wrapped gift box with a pink bow sitting on my dressing table.

“*Was ist das?*” I muttered, and then started in shock (bringing a painful jolting jiggle to my chest). *I was thinking in German!* And, it occurred to me, I vaguely remembered dreaming in German as well. The subliminal training transformed me into a native speaker, and now English – the language I'd spoken my entire life – proved a bit of a struggle, forcing me to translate in my head in order to make myself understood.

“Das ist unglaublich! Eigentlich bin ich ein echter Schweizer Mädchen nun!” I said happily. *This is unbelievable! I'm actually a real Swiss girl now!* Humming happily to myself, I picked up the small box and shook it gently before leaving my bedroom with my sexy wiggling walk to go and meet my newly-returned mother, whose voice I could clearly hear from the entryway.

“Mama, hör mir zu! Ich denke auf Deutsch jetzt! Englisch ist auch nicht meine erste Sprache nicht mehr!” I called as I hustled down the hallway, trying to keep my tits from jiggling painfully in my hurry to see her. *Mama, listen to me! I think in German now! English isn't my first language any more!*

“Das ist wunderbar, Prinzessin! Das heißt, Sie müssen Ihr Englisch jetzt Praxis, wenn Sie ein gutes kleines amerikanisches Mädchen sein wollen,” she replied in her flawless German. *That's wonderful, Princess! That means you must practice your English now, if you want to be a good little American girl.* She dropped the many shopping bags she carried and threw her arms wide to envelop me in a tight hug. It made my tits ache painfully, but I didn't care. I squeezed her back as tight as I could stand.

“Yes, Mama,” I said softly, groping for the English words in my head. It was a bit of an effort and left me with a soft, slurring accent that made my every utterance sound devilishly sexy. “Is this better?”

“Much,” she said. “You'll need to work hard on your English if you want to fit in at school. Look, I picked up your school uniform while I was out, and your dancing clothes. Your class begins in about an hour, darling.”

I had forgotten about my dance class and screwed up my pretty face in an adorable little pout. “Must I go to class today, Mama?”

“Yes, my dear, I insist. I know you're sore, but you need to keep up with your dancing. Come to your bedroom with me, I'll show you what I found for you.”

She led me back quickly and tossed all the shopping bags onto my bed. The first thing she showed me was my school uniform – a burgundy blazer, white blouse, burgundy plaid necktie

and matching pleated skirt with knee socks and black patent leather penny loafers with silver buckles. I would be every man's schoolgirl wet dream, I could already tell. Mama had even gotten me some plaid hair bands and scrunchies to match my uniform. She thought of *everything*.

"I'll look cute in this," I said, holding it up against my body.

"You'll look cute in anything," Natasha said warmly. She set out a large assortment of things on the bed next, a pink gym bag and an assortment of leotards and leggings, loose shirts and a few towels, and a small vinyl makeup bag full of cosmetics and a little shower kit. She pushed a pink and grey patterned leotard at me, a pair of hipster pink cotton panties and a pink stretch athletic bra, a loose tunic tee-shirt with a rhinestone heart, a pair of fuzzy pink leg-warmers and some toe shoes.

"Put those on, princess."

I needed her help to pull the snug bra over my new bountiful tits. The tight compression kept them tight against my body and prevented them from moving, easing the soreness I felt immeasurably. The patterned leotard looked as though it would never fit, but the stretch lycra expanded and hugged my every delicious curve like a second skin. The leg-warmers and shirt gave me a little bit of a Jennifer Beals "Flashdance" look, but updated and modern and ultra-sexy. By the time I was dressed, Natasha had laid out an astonishing assortment of bras, panties and other lingerie to fit my new bustline, from modest and workable all the way to scandalously naughty. A pink lace basque with skin-tight PVC panels with matching g-string, lace fingerless gloves, stockings and garter caught my eye and I held it up to my body with a hungry look.

"I liked that, too. I bought myself one," Natasha confessed.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to a pink checkered sleeveless polo shirt and a white visor.

"An indulgence," she said with a shy smile. "I don't know if I told you or not, princess, but I'm a rather avid golfer. I have a membership at Hildebrand Oaks country club and they have a championship course. I thought you might want to join me for a round."

"Golf? I used to play golf all the time," I laughed. "I'd love to, Mama. But I'm not sure how well I can swing a club now." I gestured to the large new additions to my chest.

She laughed. "You'll do fine. I've ordered you a set of clubs, just in case you said yes. I hope you don't have any objections to Callaway."

"Not at all," I said, remembering my old set. The thought of playing eighteen holes at Hildebrand Oaks – where I'd never been allowed before, with their six-figure-a-year membership fee – touched a very male feeling in me which I didn't try to beat down. I did love golfing and going with my mother and my new, gorgeous body appealed to me on a level I thought I'd legitimately forgotten.

"Now, to business," she said. "Your night out tonight."

I tried to keep my excitement from distracting me as I stood closer to her, one hand on her shoulder.

"It's important, princess, to remember that when you're only going out to feed and not to make a daughter, that you have a cover identity. You never want to go out as yourself, in case one of your meals decides to try and track you down. My advice to you is to never feed in the city where you

live and to stick to large metro areas where chance meetings are statistically low. You're going to be very distinct – a beautiful, sexual woman with big breasts and a German accent will be quite memorable – so you'll have to do other things to mask who you really are.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, who you are is a gorgeous young woman who wears designer clothes and expensive jewelry, cultured and polished. You have breeding and class, distinction and manners. You'll want to present yourself very differently when you're out tonight.”

She laid out a few things from the last shopping bag, from Target. A designer knock-off purse and some cheap, tacky jewelry. Some cheap perfume and mid-range Maybelline makeup. A pack of Marlboro Ultra-Lights and a plastic, disposable lighter.

“I think I see what you mean,” I said. “A girl like me in designer clothes and Tacori jewelry would be even more noticeable. But a girl who shops at Target...”

“Exactly,” she said. “I found you a tacky little club dress, too.” She held up a blue lycra tube dress covered in large pearlescent paillette sequins. A pair of cheap blue strappy platform shoes with a chunky heel joined it on the bed, along with a shoulder-length ash-blonde wig and some temporary tattoos.

“Perfect,” I said. “I think I will be named Stephanie tonight. Maybe I am a teller at a bank, or a waitress? With only a few weeks left on her student visa?”

“Excellent. It gives you a good excuse to disappear. You don't want to be found after you feed, darling. I tend to rotate six or seven good, solid identities, never the same one twice. Try not to have a favorite, but it is difficult. I confess that I like Lindsey the Biker Girl an awful lot. She makes me want to buy a motorcycle.”

“Making identities for me could be something fun to do together,” I told her.

“It could,” she said. “But you'll need to learn how to do it by yourself, in time.”

She pointed to the small gift box in my hand. “Aren't you going to open that?”

“*Verdammt*, I completely forgot!” I giggled. I tore at the pretty silver paper with my long, glamorous nails to uncover a small plastic box. I opened it to reveal a small black plastic molded piece that I couldn't identify.

“It's a transmitter,” Natasha explained. “You'll wear it in your ear tonight while you're out. I'll be able to speak to you while you meet people and talk you through the whole process of feeding. I'll be like your own personal guardian angel.”

“That sounds like fun,” I giggled.

She gave me a playful smack on my rear, making me jump a little. “Now get yourself moving, princess. Your class starts soon and you haven't a bit of makeup on. And your hair isn't going to do itself. You look an absolute mess. I wouldn't want Miss Amber to see you in such a state.”

I bobbed a quick curtsy and squeaked “Of course, Mama,” as I hustled myself to the bathroom, my ass and new tits swinging wildly in my uncustomary hurry. I had my InStyler in my hand, obeying the knowledge and skill imparted to me by my subliminal programming, before I truly knew what happened. I didn't mind the knee-jerk obedience to my mother, however, since she had never led me into anything I didn't truly enjoy on a very visceral, girly level. Before, I might

have viewed her enthrallment of me as a taking away of my personal freedom and will. Now, that I lived beneath it, I couldn't imagine living without mindless, happy obedience to my mother's will. The absolute certainty that *Mama knows what's best* infused every thought and feeling I had. The thought of *not* acquiescing to her will bothered me more than the fact that I never questioned anything that she told me.

I began whirring the motorized InStyler down the length of my hair in small sections, happily taking my mind away from any heavy thoughts and settling down to the happy business of making myself pretty – not just for my dance class, but to make my mother happy.

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Five

by Valerie Hope

MY NEWFOUND SKILLS, TAKEN FROM the subliminal programming I'd received during my surgery and my sleep afterwards, guided me effortlessly through the process of arranging my hair and applying my makeup in a surprisingly short amount of time, particularly with the upbeat Katy Perry song on the radio driving me along.

I dusted a light coat of mineral powder over my face to give a nice, even matte finish and lined my ice-blue eyes with a brown pencil that I smudged with my finger to give a soft look. A little bronze powder for my cheeks, a few coats of mascara and a little golden-brown eyeshadow and a thick coat of pink lip gloss gave me a carefree, daytime look. My glossy black hair hung over my shoulder in a thick braid tied at the end with a pink satin ribbon, leaving some well-placed black tendrils to curl around my heart-shaped face. I wore a pink headband since I suspected my dance class would leave me sweating. Even in the relatively short amount of time I'd spent in front of the mirror, I could detect a difference in the level of pain I felt from my recent breast augmentation. My new metabolism healed me at an astonishing rate – by tonight, I felt sure that I would be pain-free and moving as if nothing had happened.

I tugged at my leotard one more time just to watch my twin 36DD's jiggle deliciously beneath the snug constraint of the athletic bra I wore. I could not keep my eyes (and could barely keep my hands) from my proud, beautiful new additions for long. I knew, objectively, that an obsession with my tits grew rapidly inside my mind, but I didn't care. I knew, beyond doubt, that I possessed a *perfect* rack and it made me feel special and unique, even *better* than other women. I harbored wild thoughts of posing for an auto parts calendar or submitting pictures to *Playboy*, but I knew Mother would frown at my doing something that would draw undue attention to myself. I knew I had the body for it, though, and perhaps a rare moment of defiance would rise in me soon and I might find myself Miss September. The thought absolutely thrilled me.

I slipped my feet into a pair of platform wedge sandals – I seemed to *need* heels, on some kind of strange visceral level – and tucked the pink ballet toe-shoes Mother had given me into my gym bag, which I slung over one shoulder and hung my designer Fendi purse over the other. Slipping a pair of Chanel sunglasses into my hair, I sashayed as quickly as I could down the parquet hallway to the foyer where I found Mother waiting with long-suffering patience.

“You look lovely, princess,” she told me.

“*Danke schön*, Mama,” I said brightly in my peppy, cheerful soprano. I bobbed a quick, delighted curtsy. “We should hurry, yes?”

She nodded and opened the door for me, leading me down the short flight of stairs outside in the waning afternoon light to my brand-new, lipstick red Mercedes convertible. Mother handed me my keys, now adorned with a sterling silver heart keychain with my name, *Alexis*, picked out in pink Swarovski crystals. I smiled at the little trinket, yet another in a long line of small tokens of love and esteem she'd given me over the course of the day. I slid behind the wheel, pausing only

long enough to bring up some upbeat music on my MP3 player for the sound system and to light a long, slender Virginia Slims cigarette. Mother did the same as I brought the engine to life and steered into traffic, dropping my oversized sunglasses over my eyes and checking the onboard navigation system to find out just where in the hell I was going. As a male, I never started the engine without knowing exactly where I was going. Now I could care less. The journey itself – and how I looked along the way – mattered more to me now. The wind whipped our hair as we drove, just long enough prior to evening drive-time to be able to make good speed on the freeway. I loved the intoxicating freedom of being young, beautiful and rich, on the roads in my sexy car with my sexy body and the sweet, sexy woman who'd created me and gifted me with the wonderful life I struggled to learn how to live. It brought a glittering smile to my face that would not fade.

“Now is a good time to start your training for tonight, princess,” she said over the music and the wind. I touched a control on the steering wheel with a long, glamorous fingernail and brought the music down so I could hear her better.

“Training? For what?” I asked.

“Focusing your abilities,” she told me. “As a vampire, my love, you have many untapped potentials that you aren't aware of. I showed you the first over breakfast – the ability to project sexuality and draw interest to yourself. But you can focus it further, and enthrall someone – men seem easier, but you can do it with women as well – to do your bidding.”

“It makes them my slave?”

“Nothing so drastic,” she said. “You can't make anyone do anything against their will, or harm themselves. But you can make yourself *very* persuasive. You can make a man who is undecided or nervous come back to your hotel room, cheat on his girlfriend, spend a great deal of money on you. You'll never get a speeding ticket, you'll always get a table at exclusive restaurants... the applications are endless. I tend to use it primarily to convince men to sleep with me when I want to feed. But I find myself using it for many things, here and there. It's one of the handiest abilities we have.”

“Sounds interesting,” I commented. “How do I do it?”

“It stems from your femininity,” she told me, “which has developed in you at an astounding rate, I have to admit. I've never seen anyone take to being a girl as quickly and as completely as you have. You've managed in your very first day as female to attain a level of comfort and happiness in your new gender as most others do in a month.”

I blushed and she patted my hand.

“I'm very proud,” she continued. “So, you must focus your femininity and concentrate it to a point where it becomes impossible to resist. You learn to do this by focusing on the things that make you feel the most feminine. The most like a girl. What sorts of things spring to mind?”

“Hmm,” I mused, puffing on my long, slender white cigarette in thought. “Little things, really. The way my eyelashes tickle my cheeks when I blink my eyes. The sound of high heels on a hard floor. Giggling. Playing with my long hair, twisting it around my finger. The way lipstick tastes, and the stains I leave on cups and cigarettes. Feeling earrings dangling against the sides of my neck. My fingernails, of course. The way my voice sounds.”

“Those are a good place to start,” Natasha said, “but nothing seems to really overwhelm you with a feeling of being a girl. There has to be something that makes you feel more like a girl than anything else in your life. What is it?”

I chuckled. “Promise you won't laugh?”

She nodded, still looking at me expectantly.

“Carrying a purse,” I confessed. “Feeling it underneath my arm and the weight on my shoulder. The way it changes the way I walk. Knowing that it's full of girly things like makeup and tampons and nail files and long white cigarettes. Seeing the designer label and knowing that makes me special. Slinging it over my arm when I get ready to go somewhere, feeling it tap against my side. Nothing makes me feel more like a girl than carrying a purse.”

“I never even considered that,” Natasha said with a kind smile. “But it makes perfect sense. Now, concentrate on that. And on as much of the other things as you can. Make yourself feel as girly as you possibly can, until you can barely hold it inside.”

Since the beginning of the conversation, a strange and very powerful feeling built in my middle, like a sort of white-hot kernel. As Natasha spoke, a very warm, liquid feeling started flowing through me, suffusing my entire form from my polished toenails to the roots of my long, glossy hair. The more I concentrated on my own femininity, the feeling of utter girlishness that threatened to overwhelm me whenever I slung a purse under my arm; from a little evening clutch to a huge oversized tote to my favorite hobo bag, the weight on my shoulder, the bounce against my hip as I walked, even the girly things it contained inside such as long, slender white cigarettes, designer sunglasses, tampons and Kleenex, makeup and hairspray. The warm liquid feeling transformed into a boiling torrent in what seemed like an instant and I strained to contain it, actually fearing that I might burst.

“That's it, kitten,” Natasha urged. “It wants out, yes?”

I hoped I didn't wreck the car, as focused on the effort of keeping it all inside as I was. I nodded. “My eyes are burning,” I told her in clipped tones.

“Excellent,” Natasha said. “That feeling is what you need. When you feel like this, princess, and you make eye contact with anyone, you will hold them in your power. They will become very receptive to your wishes. Now, this young man here at the traffic light, in the silver pickup truck. We'll try it out on him, shall we?”

“What? Right now?” I asked.

“Of course,” Natasha said. “No sense in wasting all that build-up, is there?”

I pulled smoothly up to the pickup at the traffic light and reclined a little, sucking seductively on the tip of my cigarette. It didn't take long at all before I attracted the attention of the vaguely handsome young man in the pickup next to me, and I slid my sunglasses down my nose to allow him to see my eyes clearly.

A connection formed between us with the suddenness of a thunderclap and I tried not to jump with the shock of it. The young man went suddenly slack-jawed, staring at me with utter rapture.

“Turn left,” I mouthed to him silently.

The light changed and he swerved wildly, turning left across two lanes in a cacophany of squealing tires and honking horns, shouted profanity and elevated middle fingers. I laughed aloud, both from the relief of the broken connection and the easing of the fire inside me and the sheer delight of bending him to my will. The responsibility did not go lost on me – I knew how potentially dangerous my newfound power could be if used foolishly.

“Well done,” Natasha complimented me, patting my wrist as I pulled back into traffic. “Did you feel anything else, when you focused yourself?”

“I did,” I told her. “A sort of... *was das Wort auf Englisch?* A nugget. A kernel. Burning but not hot, freezing but not cold. Here.” I pointed with a glamorous nail to a spot just above my pierced navel, invisible to me beneath the jutting mass of my breasts.

“The most important part of you,” Natasha explained. “Your essence, so to speak. You must guard that part of your power, kitten, guard it carefully. It makes you who you are.”

“I'm not sure I understand,” I told her.

“When you feed, that part of you can move. It can move into another human being and become a part of them,” she told me. “That's how I made you. It's how we make daughters. You must keep that part safe until you're certain that you've met the right person. Someone like you.”

“Does that part of us do anything else?”

“Honestly, kitten, none of us has ever possessed the courage to experiment with it. Losing that would be like losing yourself. No one I have even known would ever take that chance.”

“I see,” I said. “It feels like it could change the world.”

“It probably could,” Natasha said. “I prefer to let it change one woman. The thought of losing it wakes me nights, Alexis. I can hardly bear to even talk about it.”

“Then we'll speak of happier things,” I said with a smile.

“Later,” she told me. “We're here.”

I pulled into a parking place in front of a somewhat ratty-looking warehouse space with a definite shabby-chic BoHo vibe. I got out of the car expectantly, slinging my gym bag over one shoulder as I tossed my cigarette into a storm drain and checked my makeup in the side mirror of the Mercedes, giving anyone driving past a long and very informative look at my taut, spandex-clad ass with an amused feeling. Mother clucked her tongue in mock disapproval but I could see her pleased smile from the corner of my eye. She ushered me into the front door with its layers of peeling paint as I engaged my car alarm wirelessly with a happy *chirp* over my shoulder.

The inside of the warehouse looked much more polished than the outside, with a brightly polished hardwood floor and mirrored walls split horizontally by a ballet *barre*. A few folding chairs dotted the floor, a few gym bags and pairs of 'street' shoes lined one wall and a set of folded tumbling mats stacked neatly in another corner behind a set of four vertical chrome poles running from floor to ceiling.

A lithe, slender woman stood from a small table holding a portable iPod dock and gave us a smile. Two other pairs of women, stood clustered nearby, each couple having one woman possessed of a calm, easy serenity and poise and the other with a jittery, 'deer-in-the-headlights' sort of look. Although their ages seemed only a few years apart to my eyes, I could easily tell

which member of the couple was the older and which the younger. I had no doubt I stood in the presence of my own kind, vampire mothers and new daughters.

The tall, slender woman threw her arms wide, displaying an enormous and firm set of breasts bordering on the magnificent, hustling across the floor with an energetic and singsong, “Natasha, my *love*! Welcome, welcome, it is so *divine* to see you! And this – this is the Alexis you told me about on the phone? My *God*, Natasha, she's *gorgeous*! You didn't tell me your new daughter was one of the great beauties of the age! Come, come, turn around, Alexis, let me get a look at you!”

Natasha returned the tight hug and did her best to fight away the onslaught of words and gestures that assaulted us both, calmly stepping back a shade and putting her hands on my shoulders. “Amber, darling, you look *amazing*. This is my new daughter, Alexis. Alexis, say hello to your dance teacher, Miss Amber Sparks.”

“Hello, Miss... wait. Amber Sparks?” I said, eyes widening as the memories from my former life intruded into my consciousness. “Amber Sparks, the adult film star?”

She struck a vampy and suggestive pose and blew me a playful kiss. “One and the same, baby doll,” she purred, one hand behind her head to display her incredible breasts. As a male, I had personally spent several evenings on my couch with a bottle of hand lotion and an old towel pleasuring myself to images of this woman doing every sort of depraved act I could imagine and some I'd never even considered before seeing them. I forced vignettes of her kneeling in the center of a circle of eight hardened cocks, panting and drooling with desire, out of my mind and took her hand, bobbing a little curtsy as I shook it.

“My God, Alexis, you are *breathtaking*. You're one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen,” she gushed. “I can't get *over* it.”

“You're very kind,” I said in my soft, slurring accent.

“And *foreign*,” she cooed to Natasha with a bright smile and a 'thumbs-up' gesture. “Very exotic, very alluring. The boys will be lining up around the block for this one.”

“She could stand a little bit of polish,” Natasha said, giving me a playful hug. “More natural potential than I have ever seen, but completely raw. I need her ready for an outing tonight.”

“No problem,” Amber said, waving dismissively.

The other two couples crossed the polished floor to where we stood by that point. The 'older' women offered warm smiles and kisses on the cheeks which Natasha returned.

“Alexis, dear, I'd like you to meet two of my oldest friends. This is Angelina Brand - “ she gestured towards a petite, high-breasted blonde woman with an oval face and huge, beguiling green eyes and the softest, most kissable lips I'd ever beheld “ - and this is Jacqueline Chen.” The other woman, a lissome Chinese woman with sleek, silky hair as black and glossy as my own, down to her waist, regarded me with unreadable almond eyes and a shy, knowing smile.

I curtsied to both as I shook their hands. “A pleasure to meet you both.”

“She's lovely, Natasha,” Jacqueline Chen said in a soft, accented purr. “Absolutely lovely.”

“You're very kind,” I said, blushing.

Chen turned to the tall, gawky coltish woman standing next to her, peering at me shyly through a lustrous fall of ash-blonde hair which fell awkwardly across her face. I just barely saw a pair of lovely, doe-brown eyes with golden highlights.

“You see, Diane? I hate to make unfair comparisons, darling, but she was born *after* you were, and you see how little effort it takes to be pleasant? She smiles, she wears cute clothing and arranges her hair, wears makeup and she is polite to people she meets? You could so *easily* do the same, *nángua*. It requires so little,” she told her, a bit scoldingly.

“Hello, Diane,” I said, offering my hand. “I love your hair. It's beautiful.”

“Thanks,” she said in a mutter directed to the floor between her feet.

I reached forward tentatively and brushed it out of her face. She recoiled as if I'd threatened to strike her. “Oh, Diane, you should wear your hair back more often, you're gorgeous!”

She looked at me in shock, then seemed to warm a little. “You think so?”

“*Sehr viel*,” I said. “You know, *Freundin*, Mother sees an amazing stylist. She's been promising to get me an appointment with him all day. Perhaps, if I was on my very best behavior, she would get an appointment for a friend at the same time?”

“You mean, we... go to a...” she stammered, then seemed to melt a little beneath the very sincere and genuine smile I offered her. “That sounds like fun.”

The other 'young' girl, a short and *deliciously* curvaceous redhead with adorable freckles and the single cutest button nose I'd ever beheld, looked at her counterpart in shock, then looked at me as if she was having a difficult time figuring out just what I was.

“I'm Alexis,” I said, offering my hand (still unshaken by the gawky Diane).

“Aaron Kelly,” she said gruffly, shaking my hand as hard as she could, in the old 'from-the-shoulder' male method. Clinging as hard as she could to the only identity she'd ever known, in utter denial that the lovely breasts hanging below her chin were her new reality.

“Delighted, Erin,” I said. “Don't tell me those curls are natural. I am so jealous.”

She jumped a little, touching her hair. “Jealous?”

“You've obviously never had to stand in front of a mirror for two hours with a curling iron trying to get that look, *liebchen*,” I said with a smile. “And my God, your skin is *incredible*. You have to tell me what you use at night to get it looking that soft.”

“Use? I don't... I don't use...” she stammered. “You

The other mother vampires looked at me in uncharacteristic slack-jawed shock, gazing in disbelief from me to Natasha and back to me. I didn't see the big deal – I remembered the shock of waking up in a woman's body, looking at the impossible task of grafting myself into a woman's life. A little kindness, a few compliments and an assurance that being girly was not some kind of betrayal to my male life, or a failure on my part – it went a very long way. All I'd wanted was for the two girls to give up a little smile. I succeeded.

“Thank you,” Chen mouthed silently to me over her daughter's shoulder.

“Erin, Diane, you *have* to let me treat you to a girls' day. You're the only two other vampire girls I know. I have so much to ask you guys. Please say you'll come. I get the feeling that we should be friends and start sticking together, don't you?” I mock-begged.

“Remarkable,” I heard Angelina whisper behind me.

“Okay,” Diane said. “If that woman... I mean, if my *mother* will let me.”

“Sure,” Erin added.

“So, give me your digits, yes?” I asked, digging in my purse for my phone.

“I, uh... I don't have a phone any more,” Erin said.

“No phone? My God, how do you *live*?” I gasped. “You *have* to get your mother to get you one. *Totally* non-negotiable, *nicht wahr*?”

“Well, I'm not sure if she'll...”

I playfully pushed her shoulder. “Of *course* she will,” I interrupted. “Just give her a little pout. You'll be surprised how much you can get if you know just how to pout. Besides, what is the point of having a mother if we don't get to be a spoiled little princess now and then?”

The two sullen girls looked back at their mothers in what seemed like a whole new light.

“Be sure you text me as *soon* as you get phones, okay?” I bade them. “Promise?”

They nodded and didn't seem shocked or rigid at all as I hugged them close and kissed their cheeks fondly. “I can just tell, we're going to be good friends,” I said happily. “It feels very good to think I'm not alone in this, doesn't it?”

“It does,” Diane said honestly, and Erin nodded with a trace less sulking.

Natasha cleared her throat. “Alexis, my love – there will be plenty of time with your new friends later. Time is rather of the essence, and we wouldn't want to waste Miss Amber's valuable time.”

I curtsied again. “Of course, Mama,” I said. “Miss Amber, I'm so sorry. Where would you like me?”

She giggled and gestured towards the far wall, where the other girls stacked their bags previously. I hustled across, ass wiggling in my new walk, and left the other women to talk.

“She's *unbelievable*,” Chen said to Natasha, watching my girlish wiggle retreat across the room. “I've never seen anything like it.”

“Nor I, Jackie, never,” Natasha replied. “Not even a day old and already trying to help your own daughters adjust.”

“And so naturally, so *effortlessly* feminine,” Angelina replied. “I wasn't that comfortable in my own skin, so familiar with being a woman for months. I thought my own mother was going to pull her hair out.”

“I didn't believe you when you first mentioned it on the phone, Tasha,” Jackie said. “But you might be right. Looking at her – she *might* be the one to rule us all.”

“Let's just let her enjoy being a girl for now,” Natasha said.

“But her training...”

Natasha held up a finger. “Angie, please. She is no different from your daughters, right now. She's only chosen to enjoy her journey instead of resisting it. It's all so very new to her right now, so overwhelming. Even if she is our fabled Queen, she deserves the same chance as anyone else to just relax and be a sexy young girl at the beginning of her life.”

“Perhaps we should go for cocktails,” Jackie mentioned. “Our girls have their own lessons to attend, and even though your Alexis might have a girlhood to enjoy, we are not girls. We have a responsibility to our kind, and we should discuss this.”

Natasha sighed heavily. “I had intended to stay and watch her first lesson.”

“Tasha, I know you love her,” Angie said. “But she could be our *queen*.”

“Very well,” Natasha said. “But if you're going to insist upon this, then you're buying the wine.”

I remained oblivious to all of this as I slipped out of my street shoes and tied on my ballet shoes. Diane and Erin huddled against the wall near the door, away from the very intense-looking conversation of their elders, whispering to one another and casting curious, probing glances at me. I'd only just rearranged my braid to suit myself when Miss Amber, who'd finally torn herself away from my mother and her friends, bustled up to me with her customary exuberance and infectious enthusiasm.

“Alexis, honey, we have a lot to cover tonight, so we'd better get started.”

“As you say,” I said with a curtsy. “Where you do want me?”

She chuckled. “Honey, we'll get to the dancing in a minute,” she said. “These lessons – they're not just for dancing, you know. They cover a lot more than that. I suppose you could call these woman lessons.”

“But I thought that Mother handled those,” I said.

“She does,” Amber said, biting her bottom lip. “Okay, so maybe woman lessons is the wrong word to use. I guess calling these *slut lessons* would be a little closer to the point.”

“Slut lessons?”

“You're planning on sucking a cock tonight, right? Maybe even giving up the pussy?”

I blushed scarlet and nodded.

“Modesty. That's so cute,” she said. “But it won't get you any cock, honey. Us girls, we have to go out there and get what we want, not expect it to be handed to us. If you're going out on the prowl for some dick tonight, you need to go out there with the right attitude in place.”

“I'm not sure what this has to do with dancing,” I mused.

“Dancing is about sexuality and confidence, sweetie. If you can dance, you can seduce. It's that simple. And it gets you noticed, it attracts the boys. But we'll get to that later,” Amber said. “First, we should start by just seeing how you move. Let me see you walk.”

I straightened from my crouch and walked briskly across the floor and back.

“Nice,” she told me as I returned. “I like your little wiggle. And with boobs like yours, you can't help but add the jiggle to go with it. But that was definitely a walk. Now let me see you *slink*.”

I tried to do as she asked, but the best I could manage seemed to be some strange caricature of half runway-model and half Bugs Bunny character. I collapsed laughing, which got Amber started with the giggles as well.

“Not even close,” she chuckled. She stood with a slim hardback – some trashy romance novel, I could see by the lurid cover – and placed it on my head. “Let's try this old school, shall we? Drop your hips, honey, and *slink*. Walk like you're walking to a bed with the hottest guy – or girl, if you'd rather – in the world waiting there to fuck you.”

I took a step. The book clattered between my feet.

“This might take a while,” I muttered, reaching down for it.

* * *

I'd slipped off my watch over the course of the lesson, so it truly surprised me, when I took a moment to sit beside my gym bag and drink some water from the pink aluminum Susan G. Komen bottle I'd brought and saw that I'd been hard at work with Miss Amber for a little over three and a half hours.

The lesson flowed marvelously from one thing to another, dovetailing perfectly with my subliminal training and transforming me, over the course of the time spent there, from a blushing little ingenue into a slinky, sultry little sexpot. Amber had led from from walking to slinking to strutting and from there into dance – ballet, jazz, hip-hop and finally some pole tricks that would have had me welcome in the most exclusive strip clubs. Then we did it all again, this time in six-inch heels. Then she'd shown me an introduction into the art of seduction, which was helped endlessly by my memories of being male and remembering what I thought was sexy. She'd shown me some of her moves perfected in her career as a porn star, how to sink to my knees in front of a man and make eye contact, how to undress myself gracefully and undress a man in a hurry. We'd even devolved, a time or two, into some very heavy petting and making out, having turned one another on to the point where we needed a little relief. I could easily see how much more I'd need to study in order to 'perfect' the art of being slutty, but she'd given me a very intense introduction which I believed would serve me in very good stead.

“You're doing really well,” Amber said, leaning against the mirrored wall next to me. “I'm really surprised. Most of the girls I teach take months to get where you are.”

“I guess I'm a quick study,” I confessed. “I'm not sure how it happened, but it turns out I really care a lot about being good at these things. It makes me try harder.”

“Well, I wish all my students were as enthusiastic as you are,” Amber said. “You're an absolute joy, Alexis, I mean it. I'm already looking forward to our next lesson.”

“Me, too,” I said with a smile. “How long have you been teaching like this, Amber?”

She shrugged. “Six or seven years,” she said. “Ever since I retired.”

“Are you... like me?”

“A vampire, you mean?” she asked. “No, honey, I'm not. Just a regular girl.”

“There's nothing regular about you, Amber,” I corrected.

She laughed. “Thanks. My agent – and my best friend – was a closet transgender. His whole life. It was pretty terrible, actually – he would go into these deep, bottomless depressions and he drank and used drugs really heavily. But he never told anyone. I only discovered it because I stayed over at his house one night when I was too drunk to drive home and threw up in his closet, all over his collection of high-heeled shoes.”

I giggled aloud, covering my mouth. “That's awful.”

“I asked him about it and he just confessed everything. It was like a dam broke. I guess he'd carried it around inside for so long, the first chance he got to unload, he just couldn't hold anything back any more,” she said. “Unfortunately, I had the same reaction that any nineteen year old girl would. I freaked out. I laughed at him and asked all these horrible, ignorant questions. I thought he was gay. He didn't speak to me for about three weeks.”

“What happened?”

“I read about transgendered people and learned. Talked to a few. Found out what an idiot I'd been and then groveled for the next week and half to get the chance to apologize,” she laughed. “We started... I dunno, I guess the word *dating* is close enough. We'd go out to dinner and I'd have him in lingerie underneath his suit. I'd bring him home and do his hair and makeup and dress him in dresses and heels. I'd never seen him happier. Then, one day he disappeared. Stopped returning my phone calls, wasn't at his place or his office. Just *poof*.”

“Oh, my God,” I gasped.

“About three days later this petite little blonde with apple cheeks and pouty lips and an incredible ass comes to my house. She shows me an old drivers' license and birth certificate and lets slip a whole bunch of things that only Tommy would know. He told me he'd met a woman one night, they'd hit it off, and she took him home. He woke up about three hours later in the body of a young girl. She told me this woman was a vampire, but not one of the *I vant to suck your blooooood* vampires everybody thought. She ate masculinity. She said she'd made Tommy into her daughter and she was going to be young and beautiful forever.”

“What did you do?”

“I poured myself a very stiff vodka,” Amber chuckled. “And I might've smoked a joint, too, I can't remember. We talked for about eight hours straight, and the evidence was overwhelming. This cute little thing sitting on my sofa sipping chardonnay, wearing a red strapless Valentino cocktail dress and saying her name was Tammy now, this was my agent and best friend Tommy who'd been six-one and two twenty-five.”

“And you helped her adjust?”

“Yeah,” Amber said with pride. “She was my very first student. She moved in with me and I told everyone she was my cousin. We even did a couple movies together, once she got on board with the whole cocksucking thing. Before long, she'd started telling some of her vampire friends about me and how much I helped her make the transition. I started getting some phone calls, and then I started getting some *really* fat checks. I think the vampire community is more interested in my discretion than in any actual quality of work. But I have about twenty girls a year come through here, and I train them up into perfect little whores for their mothers. You're the first daughter of Natasha's I've had, but I've known her for years. She actually bought me this studio, saying I was providing an incredible service for the vampire world. She got me to help her

find other women who might do the same thing and has opened studios in Europe, Australia and China. She made me into a global business.”

“Well, I for one am very glad you changed careers,” I told her. “The subliminal training is very helpful, but there are just so many things about being a woman they can't pass along. It's a very lonely feeling, even with a loving and attentive mother. The feeling of not being alone outweighs any cost. I've only known you for a few hours, and already I feel as though you're one of my very best friends.”

She blew me a kiss. “I feel the same way.”

“Tell you what,” I said, digging in my purse to find my phone. “I'm going to do you a favor, just for being such a wonderful person.” My thumbs sprang into action, texting a message with a relatively small amount of typos due to my long nails. I hit send with a flourish.

“What did you do?” Amber asked, peering over my shoulder. “That was all in German.”

“Oops, sorry,” I laughed. “Sometimes I forget. No, I asked Mother to contact Diane and Erin for me. They seem to have taken a liking to me. I've invited them to yoga tomorrow morning. I plan to help them become a bit more receptive to your teaching.”

“The problem children? Alexis, honey, you're an *angel*.”

“Not at all,” I said, tucking my phone back into my purse. “Now, what's next?”

She looked at her watch. “I think we have just enough time for one more lesson. Natasha will be back soon and you have to get yourself ready for this evening.”

“Oh, God, this evening,” I groaned. “I'd almost forgotten.”

“Don't worry, you're going to do fine. Have you decided what kind of man you're going to pick up?” she asked me.

“One with some excess masculinity that won't be missed,” I said.

“No, no, I don't mean that,” Amber giggled. “I mean what's he going to look like?”

“I haven't given it much thought, actually,” I said. “I'm still not used to the idea of finding – I almost said *another* man – attractive. I still very much like girls, I'm afraid.”

“I'm the same way,” Amber said. “Queer as a three-dollar bill, as a matter of fact. But I do like cocks, and I like muscles and tight boy butts. And strong hands. I'm sure you will find some things about boys that you find attractive. Most men – and I'm including you in this, from before – have one or two celebrity men that they secretly find attractive, maybe even without their conscious knowledge. That gives you a place to start figuring out what you like in a boy.”

“Hmm,” I said, biting my bottom lip in thought. “I guess I always thought Tobey Maguire was cute, even though I couldn't admit it when I was male. Particularly in *Spider-Man*, you know, when he took his shirt off and he had that washboard stomach?”

“Oh, yeah,” Amber said. “Nice. So, you can take that to mean you like hard bodies, big blue eyes and are into the boyish type. Maybe even the shy ones.”

“I'd never even considered that before. But I'm wasting your time,” I said. “You said there was one more lesson for today?”

“Right. Give me a second.” She trotted away into a small, dark room off of the main studio and I heard a little bit of banging around. She came out a very short time later with a highly suggestive smile on her face and wearing only a pair of red stiletto heels and a six-inch strap-on dildo, carrying a bottle of lube in one hand and a towel in the other.

“You're a virgin, still, honey,” she explained. “You know, with a cherry. We need to get rid of that if you expect to pass yourself off as a club rat tonight. It's usually a lot easier when your first time is with another girl. Are you interested?”

I stared, mesmerized, at the blue rubber-jelly cock bobbing gently between her smooth thighs as she walked towards me. Objectively, I knew in my mind that the dildo was smaller than I had been when I was male, and I was only average, but watching it bounce its inexorable way towards me across the room, it looked immense. Like it would split me in half.

“Alexis, honey? I asked if you were interested?” Amber repeated.

“I... I don't know...”

“It's okay,” she cooed, her voice a throaty purr. “I'm not going to do anything to you that you don't want. You're completely safe here, and we can stop any time you want. All you have to do is say so. But it's a very important step towards becoming a woman. You need to lose your virginity, and I would be honored if you chose me to be the one to take it.”

“I'm afraid,” I said, still transfixed by the rubber cock.

“Every girl is,” she comforted. “Right at first. But once the initial pain fades and you get used to feeling it, honey, believe me when I say there's nothing in the world like it. You'll already be planning for the next time. And if you choose me, then you can at least be sure I'll go slow and be gentle, and make sure you're really turned on and wet.”

“I'm already turned on and wet,” I said. “Just looking at you like this. But I'm also so frightened I can barely breathe.”

She leaned close, and I felt the tip of the rubber cock brush against my thigh. It felt warmer than I'd expected. Her soft lips barely brushed against my own. I could just taste the perfumed sweetness of her lipstick. My hand buried itself into her soft hair, just barely damp from sweat and exertion and I pulled her close, pushing my lips against hers. Her tongue flitted into my mouth and I tried to suck it, loving the mushy, sticky feeling of our lipstick fusing together between our mouths. My nipples stiffened almost to the point of pain against the strict confines of my athletic bra and my free hand began kneading the firm muscles of Amber's firm belly, below her magnificent breasts.

“Yes,” I panted breathlessly as the kiss broke. “Yes, I want you to be my first.”

She smiled at me, her eyes aflame, and pulled me close again, this time kissing my mouth and then over my chin, down my neck and onto my shoulder, paying particular attention to the hollow just above my collarbone, which made my chin thrust uncontrollably towards the ceiling. I tangled one hand in her hair again and used the other to play with my breasts through the fabric of my bra, moaning deep in my throat.

Unable to stand it much longer, I pushed her back and returned the kisses down her neck, spending a bit more time on the 'magic spot' that thrust Amber's chin ceilingward the way mine had before kissing my way down the upper slope of her huge, firm breasts and finally slipping her

large, erect nipple into my mouth. She'd applied a drop or two of some kind of flavored oil, it seemed like, since the unmistakable flavor of strawberries filled my mouth as I sucked. Amber moaned and pulled my head closer, one of her hands tracing soft circles against my belly and beginning a teasing path downwards. My thighs spread of their own accord to accommodate her.

She rubbed my crotch in small circles, making me moan and squeal, but I managed somehow to remove my shirt and bra and kick off my shoes. Amber kindly assisted me in pushing my tight leotard and sodden panties down to my ankles and then we were naked together. She pulled me close for another kiss, and I loved the feeling of our breasts nestling between one another like two sensitive, erotic puzzle pieces. I found that it proved a bit difficult for two large-breasted women to kiss and hold one another tightly, but we managed. I even found that I liked the warm, firm rod of the dildo pressed into the soft flesh of my thigh.

I lost track of how long we continued, Amber's very talented fingers hard at work between my legs and driving me almost to the brink several times before teasingly withdrawing. Dimly, I registered that she played me like a fiddle and that my actions weren't entirely my own. But I loved the feeling of being carried away by my own desire. I could feel myself toppling over some strange cliff inside, moments before the plunge. Somehow, I knew that once I fell, I would be entirely *hers*, a panting, moaning whore for her every whim. And it made me want it even more.

"I'm ready," I breathed. "Please, Amber, I'm so ready."

She smiled naughtily and used her knee to press my legs apart. Kneeling above me on one of the tumbling mats, she spread a thick layer of lubricating jelly on the head of the artificial cock, making it glisten wetly, and then a liberal coating of what was left on her fingers all over my labia and down between the heavy, musky folds and onto my clitoris and the entrance to my untested vagina. I gasped with the contact and bit her shoulder. She yelped a little, then purred deep in her throat.

"Mmm," she said. "You're a little firecracker."

I snaked a hand between our bodies and grasped the slick, stiff rod of the cock, guiding the blunt head between my swollen pussy lips and into the hole tucked inside. I held my breath – one push of Amber's hips and I would give way and my virginity would be at an end.

"Are you ready?" she whispered into my ear.

"*Ach, ja*," I breathed back. "*Jetzt*, baby, do it *now*."

She didn't thrust forward all at once, the way I thought she would. Instead she slid in, inch by delicious inch, with gentle but inexorable pressure. My thighs spread wide, my heels a good six feet apart, as I felt the aroused and sensitive tissues inside me part for her, feeling nerve endings that had never been stimulated before suffuse my entire body as the firm invader slid wetly against them. She came to rest against something inside me, a narrowing and painful tightness, but the pressure didn't cease. In fact, it became more demanding.

"Want it, honey," she purred to me. "You have to want it."

"I do," I replied huskily. "I want it so much."

The pressure built and built, passing the barrier between pleasant pain and into real pain, and I started to cry a little. Amber's face radiated sympathy and she stroked my cheek softly, then

reached behind her hip and brought her palm against my upraised buttocks with a loud, stinging *smack*.

I squealed and twisted, but couldn't move. I found myself impaled, pinned in place by the entire length of the rubber cock, its sculpted testicles nestled wetly into the crack of my buttocks. My mind formed the words for an indignant complaint of the rough treatment – losing sight of the fact that I'd never even felt the stinging tear of my virgin hymen – but the sudden realization of the waves of purest pleasure smashing into my consciousness overtook me and I could only moan and clutch at her, my long legs wrapping around Amber's curvaceous hips and my hands digging into her shoulders. I pressed my nose into the hollow above her collarbone and squeezed my eyes shut.

“*Mein Gott*,” I breathed.

“Is this okay?” Amber asked me.

“*Ja*,” I said. “It's... it's better than okay.”

She chuckled. “Are you ready?”

“I am,” I said.

“Then say the words,” Amber said. “I want to hear you say the words, baby.”

I swallowed the hard lump of nerves that had built in my throat, then pushed myself away so I could gaze deeply into Amber's gorgeous, intense eyes. Drawing a deep breath to steady myself, I said in a clear and steady voice the words which would change everything.

“Fuck me.”

And Amber did.

To Be Continued...

SUMMARY:

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Six

by Valerie Hope

THE FACT THAT AMBER STILL had energy after an entire day of teaching dance, aerobics and movement to several women astounded me as she drew back her hips and started fucking my virgin pussy like a woman possessed, her hands pushing my shoulders roughly into the tumbling mat I lay across and her breasts bouncing deliciously as her thighs smacked into my own. A part of me wished fervently that I could make a few insightful comments about what I felt, but that ship had sailed. The incredible sensation of *getting nailed* for the first time in my life as a woman, of *giving up the pussy* and *being fucked* flooded through me unstopably, transforming me from the somewhat polished, erudite and articulate young woman I labored to perfect into a sweating, grunting, panting, squealing animal.

The words that began everything poured over and over from my mouth in a rising arpeggio of squeals and grunts: “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...”

Unfortunately, the subliminal training I'd received over the course of my day also devolved any pretense of being an English speaker into a foregone conclusion. Outside of 'fuck me' and 'harder,' every other word I uttered came out in my now-native German, further reinforcing the carefully constructed identity of Alexis McAllister, Swiss-born emigrant schoolgirl – the young girl who now gleefully tossed away her virginity on a sweaty tumbling mat on the floor of a dance studio.

“Oh, Gott,” I squealed, “*Fickst mich härter, mein Schatz. Du fickst mich so gut, Baby, dass sich so gut anfühlt. Mehr. Fickst mich roh. Möchte nicht in der Lage sein zu gehen, wenn du bei mir bist fertig!*” Fuck me harder, sweetheart. You fuck me so good, baby, that feels so good. More. Fuck me raw. I don't want to be able to walk when you're done with me.

“I have no fucking idea what you're telling me,” she panted. “But it's fucking *hot*.”

She stopped just long enough to pull me onto my hands and knees and enter me doggy-style. This time the strap-on cock slipped right into me with no resistance whatsoever and the overwhelming pleasure resumed as if never interrupted. I fucked back against her, groaning and grunting like an animal in heat, all ability to speak gone. The strange, insistent tickling pressure building inside me formed into a heated crescendo, seeming to tear my mind apart, and I felt as though I might break apart from the effort of trying to hold it in, but somehow I instinctually did until I could bear it no more. The fragile constraints on the feeling shattered all at once and I clenched, shivering, my remaining breath leaking from me in a high-pitched, ululating scream while my entire body from toes to scalp sank into a boiling, raging torrent of pleasure the likes of which I had never known and *nothing* could have prepared me for.

Instead of slowing, Amber picked up her pace and before I caught my breath from my first mind-bending orgasm she pushed me over the edge into a second and then a third. The endorphins flooding my brain left me unable to speak coherently and I babbled something incomprehensible in some combination of German and English that I hoped conveyed my desire for her to slow down for a moment and let me get my bearings.

She laughed. "You're like me," she said, caressing my face. "I'm one of those girls who can be fucked stupid, too. Isn't it amazing?"

"I... I don't..."

"You want to cum again?" she asked.

I could only nod.

Amber rolled me over onto my back again and placed one of my legs over her shoulder, shortening my pussy and making the head of the dildo bump against what could only be my cervix, stimulating all new nerve endings and driving me screaming into a fourth, fifth, sixth and then an unbelievable seventh orgasm. My juices ran in a hot, thick stream between the cheeks of my ass to puddle beneath me. Finally, I placed a hand against Amber's belly to slow her thrusts and hold her still inside me.

"You have to stop," I told her breathlessly. "I can't take any more."

"Getting sore?"

A creeping raw ache detracted from my pleasure, growing in proportion to the dwindling ecstasy which left my arms and legs feeling like lead. I nodded and Amber slowed her rhythm to almost nothing.

"There's just one more thing I want you to feel," Amber said. She pulled something from the waistband of the harness securing the dildo to her midsection, a small one-button controller connected to the dildo by a long latex tube. She pressed the button and I felt something warm, thick and sticky splash against my insides, filling me up with a liquid, comfortable warmth. Once she had filled me up inside, she slid the dildo out of me with a wet *pop*. I sighed in a mixture of relief and disappointment.

She rested back on her heels as I sat up, kissing her gently and nibbling on her bottom lip. With a gentle pressure, I laid her back with a hand on her chest and began loosening the straps of her harness.

"What are you doing?" Amber asked.

"Saying *danke schön*," I said huskily, kissing my way rapidly down her firm, taut belly and into the carefully sculpted 'landing strip' of scented pubic hair between her smooth thighs. Being extra careful with my long nails, I slipped two fingers into her warm, wet pussy and began to snake my tongue – much longer, narrower and more nimble than my blunt male tongue had been, and now equipped with the little silver stud which I'd not had before – between the thick folds of her labia and around the hood of her firm clitoris. She moaned and shuddered a little bit as I settled into one of the few things about my new life that didn't require training. I'd been accounted a better-than-average pussy eater before my transformation and apparently the improvements made on me by Natasha's ancient magic now placed me in an even higher percentile, if the pleased mewls and squawks emanating from Amber's throat indicated anything.

Amber proved to be very responsive and easily orgasmic, only taking me a matter of moments to bring her to three small but very intense orgasms. I collapsed atop her, sweaty and more thoroughly and utterly satisfied than I'd ever been before. I fished lazily in my purse for a moment and came back with my cigarettes and the filigreed lighter that Natasha gave me in the first hours of my transformation. I offered one to Amber, who politely refused, before placing

one of the long, slender 120s between my pouty lips and taking a deep drag, blowing the plume of smoke skyward.

The all-encompassing torpor I felt began to fade a little with the nicotine and I squirmed a little, giggling in embarrassment and discomfort.

“What's the matter, honey?” Amber asked.

“I've never felt anything that wasn't mine dripping out of me before,” I said, blushing.

“You like it?”

I puffed my smoke before nodding. “I do, actually,” I said. “It certainly makes being a girl undeniable. What is that stuff, anyway?”

“Some concoction that came with the dildo. Supposed to have the same consistency as the real thing. It's even supposed to taste the same, but I never tried it.”

Seizing a wild hair, I dipped my fingers between my legs and scooped some up to offer her. She lapped at it with her long, warm tongue and pulled a distasteful face. “Not even close,” she told me.

I licked my fingers clean anyway – probably just to prove I wasn't squeamish or afraid, if I'd stopped to analyze my motivations – and tried not to gag at the bitter, briny taste. I swallowed dutifully, however. No harder than eating a raw oyster. Since I would, in all likelihood, be eating cum later tonight, I decided that a little practice might serve me in good stead.

“Thank you so much, Amber,” I told her, tapping my ash in the discarded cap of a sports-drink bottle left on the floor carelessly by one of Amber's previous students.

“For what, honey?”

“For making me a woman,” I said. “As much as I loved being a girl – and I truly did – it doesn't compare in the slightest to being a woman.”

“I'm glad you like it,” Amber said, squeezing my shoulder and brushing a sweat-dampened tendril of hair from my face. “Welcome aboard.”

I took a long pull from my cigarette and forced myself to sit up against the lethargy weighing me down. “As lovely as laying here all evening sounds, baby, I should get up and get dressed. Mother will be here shortly.”

“I know, I know,” Amber said, sitting up and hugging her knees. “Remember the room I went in to fetch your new best friend?” She gestured to the strap-on dildo laying discarded next to us. “There's a shower back there. You get first dibs.”

I sat just long enough to finish my cigarette and grind it out carefully in the plastic lid before padding across the hardwood floor on bare feet into the small storage room. I opened the door to the small shower stall, noticing the racks of heels next to it – multiple sizes, ranging in heel height from one-inch to eight inches with a three-inch platform. It had never occurred to me that I was a rarity, a girl one day old who wore her own heels to this lesson. For neither the first nor the last time, I wondered why I took to being female so readily, why my progress sped along so rapidly. I mused about it all through the ten minutes I spent beneath the hot water, lathering my smooth skin and my new jiggling breasts with scented body wash and cleaning my hair with a

bottle of Pantene shampoo I found. I finished with a matching bottle of conditioner and shut off the water. I wrung my hair out and wrapped myself in a fluffy Egyptian cotton towel.

Amber and Natasha waited just outside the little stall. I didn't hesitate before dropping the towel, utterly comfortable in my nudity, especially in front of my very first lover and my own mother. I slipped into a red lace bra and matching panties, then into a faded but still skin-tight pair of skinny jeans – with a stubborn zipper that came disturbingly close to costing me one of my beautiful, glamorous nails – and a little cropped sweater in brown and pink argyle pattern, sleeveless and baring my midriff, over a similarly belly-baring white cotton dress shirt with long sleeves and a dress collar. Oversized silver hoops went in each ear and the precious locket Natasha gave to me earlier that day around my neck, along with a silver cuff bracelet. I let my hair hang damp, not wanting to delay Natasha while I blew it dry. All the while, Natasha and Amber carried on a muted conversation behind me.

I did take a few moments to light another cigarette and apply some makeup, just a little mineral powder, eyeliner, mascara and a coat of pale pink lip gloss infused with glitter. Even something as mundane to me now as makeup granted me an extra little boost of sexy confidence, added to by the pulsing thrill of *I've just been fucked* which circulated through my every atom. I wondered if I looked as different as I felt, now.

“Are you ready, princess?” Natasha asked brightly.

“I feel like I can barely move,” I confessed. “Amber did a little *too good* of a job, I think.”

“You're young,” Amber said. “You'll recuperate. It's me who'll have to sleep for a week.”

“Poor baby,” I said. “Call me tomorrow if you need me to nurse you back to health.”

“I give you my little girl and you give me back a brazen slut,” Natasha commented, tapping her bottom lip with a manicured fingernail. “I suppose I'll have to pay extra for that.”

Amber giggled girlishly. “Gratuities are appreciated,” she said.

Natasha tapped her watch poignantly. “We need to hurry, kitten,” she told me. “I'm the first to speak in favor of 'fashionably late,' but if we dawdle much longer all the clubs will be closed by the time you arrive.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I said with my reflexive curtsy. I stuffed my sodden dance gear into my gym bag along with my purse and water bottle and hung it over my shoulder, dangling my cigarette from a pouty lip as I did so. I bid Amber a fond, snail-tongued *adieu*, fighting the urge to drag her back to bed and start the whole process anew. Natasha finally had to take me by the elbow and nearly drag me away from her, favoring me with a patient and long-suffering smile.

The sun had set while I was inside the windowless studio, unnoticed, and it took me a moment to acclimatize to the darkness dotted by the artificial glow of the city above the trees. I managed to slide behind the wheel without irritating my sore pussy much more and managed to work the pedals with rubber legs and five-inch heels, managing to get us home without incident, thankfully. Natasha ushered me inside quickly, giving me rapid-fire instructions that I struggled to keep up with and had me bobbing curtsies with every other step.

I sat down at my dressing table and tucked my glossy black hair under a nylon wig cap until none of its darkness showed beyond the pink stretch material. Then I tugged the ash-blonde wig Natasha picked up for me over the cap. The wig cost her a pretty penny, for sure – human hair

with a natural hairline. Dark brown hair peeked out from beneath the blonde 'dye job,' looking as though only the outer layer of my hair had been dyed and giving me an unmistakably cheap and slutty look. The hair hung straight down my back, dangling between my shoulderblades a bit longer than my natural length. From there I tugged on the one-size-too-small tube dress hung all over with dime-sized luminescent paillette sequins which barely covered my thong panties and threatened to allow my enormous breasts to spill out of the top. Natasha lovingly provided some double-sided tape to keep my nipples in and to secure the dress to the cleavage enhancing push-up demi-bra I wore beneath. The tacky platform heels I left off while I caked on the cheap drugstore makeup thickly, as I imagined a slutty girl would, doing dramatic eyes with heavy liquid liner and bold, tacky colors. I curled my eyelashes and slathered on thick black mascara and lined and colored my lips in a blush pink. Over it all I dusted pressed powder and glitter. Large, cheap-looking hoops dangled from my ears.

Natasha looked over my shoulder at my reflection in the mirror as I tugged on a pair of fishnet fingerless gloves and a cheap plastic cocktail ring on my right index finger. "You look absolutely tacky," she said happily. "I love it. Do you have your cover story straight?"

"Mmm-hmm," I said, glossing my lips with a wand and tucking the tube of gloss into my cheap knock-off purse after I finished. "My name is Stephanie Angerer and I'm a student from Stuttgart, Germany. I studied communications at State University and my student visa expires in a week. I'm partying as hard as I can before I have to return home. All the rest are small details which I can fill in as I go along."

"Excellent," Natasha said. "Now, how about your guardian angel?"

I nodded and carefully tucked the tiny ear-bud transmitter into my left ear. In the mirror, even under close scrutiny, I couldn't detect it. I finished my last Virginia Slims 120 of the night, meaning to leave them in my car for the evening since 'Stephanie' presented as more the type of girl to smoke the Marlboro Ultra-Lights that Natasha bought for 'her.' I stood as I ground it out in the cut-glass ashtray and kissed Mother's cheek, wiping away my lipstick mark from her cheek with my thumb.

"We should get going," I told her. "It will be nearly eleven o'clock by the time we drive the seventy miles."

"Yes, yes, come along," she told me. Outside, in the driveway, a somewhat-the-worse-for-wear maroon Honda Accord sat idling. A State University parking sticker peeked from behind the layer of dust and pollen on the windshield and several strands of Mardi Gras beads hung from the rearview mirror. A book bag lay in the back seat and a stuffed laundry bag. Natasha covered every detail, it seemed. I slid behind the wheel and put the car in gear, accelerating down our street and heading towards the freeway, listening to Top 40 on the tinny-sounding radio and chatting happily with my beautiful mother, settling in for our long drive.

* * *

The garish billboards passed outside the windows of the small economy car in a blur along the freeway as the miles flew beneath our wheels. Natasha and I passed the time smoking cigarettes and chatting gaily. As we passed a sign stating our destination lay only fifteen miles distant, she changed the subject and her voice took on a much more serious tone.

“Listen to me carefully, kitten. You've already learned how to bend people to your will, which will serve you quite well in the environment you're about to enter. But there's another thing about which I should warn you.”

“Yes?”

“Ordinarily, I wouldn't mention this, since it's an ability that most newborn vampires don't acquire until later in their development, but with your astounding progress... You may find that you are able to... *feel* what men desire. What sort of woman they're most attracted to. And you may also find yourself slipping into that role subconsciously to make yourself more appealing to them.”

“I can sense male fantasies?” I asked in wonder.

“Nothing specific. More of a sense of what kind of woman appeals to them the most. It can be quite seductive for you to lose yourself in that feeling, literally allowing yourself to *become* the woman of their dreams and losing yourself a little bit in the process,” she explained. “You must not allow this to happen, *liebchen*. As a vampire – particularly a vampire who is about to feed from someone – you must remain in total control at all times. And above all, no matter how much abandon you feel, how much you glory in the act of sex and feeding, you *must not* allow the Seed inside you to move from you. Even with your remarkable advancement, you are not ready for a daughter of your own.”

“Absolutely not,” I concurred readily. “You'll be there with me, Mother, won't you? Whispering in my ear, even when I'm feeding?”

“Of course, darling,” she reassured. “But the act of feeding is a bit... *intoxicating*. The temptation to throw caution to the wind and just let yourself run wild will always be there.”

“I'll be careful, I promise.”

“I know you will. You're my good girl,” she said. “And you need to be mindful of how much you take from your chosen male. Small sips allow you to remain unnoticed. Too much and you'll change their personalities, then their bodies. We cannot transform someone totally into a female unless we choose to plant the Seed, you understand, but you'll find many, many beautiful women with penises in our society. They become our responsibility. We call them *Incompletes*. Having one in one's household is considered a sign of poor self-control and are a source of shame among us. I'd prefer not to have to clothe and house one. And they tend to be quite bitter about the transformation, as well – they usually have to spend the first three months of their new lives enthralled. The best we can hope for is to keep them as servants, the worst involves destroying their memories and personalities through strong compulsion and leaving them to carve out sad, dangerous lives as whores and sex toys.”

“What will these small sips you mentioned make?” I asked.

“Sometimes the change is unnoticeable, even by their closest friends. A tendency to gravitate towards female companionship rather than sex. An interest in the arts, perhaps, or a loss of interest in aggressive, angry pursuits such as fighting or contact sports. Larger sips can result in the subject disassociating with their old life entirely – changing a college major from science to fashion design, for instance, or someone completely disavowing lifelong friends because male relationships become so distasteful to them. Take more, and they may shift in sexual orientation to homosexuality. Feeding on that level tends to make physical changes, as well – a more

feminine build, a loss of muscle mass and height, less body hair and a smaller penis and testicles.”

“So if I cross this line and victimize one of these men, the results put me in danger of being exposed?” I asked.

“Very much so,” Natasha said. “One of my other daughters took too much by accident the first time she fed. He became homosexual and became a delicate little elfin beauty where he'd been a large, rough field hand before. His best friend and his wife – she hadn't bothered to find out that her intended was married, unfortunately, before she fed upon him – traced the change in him to the night they spent together and went to the saloon where she'd seduced him. They got her description from the patrons who'd been there that night and attempted to track her down. We had to flee from San Francisco all the way to Lyons in order to escape them. They proved to be very determined. They must have loved him very much.”

“What happened to them?”

“They died, eventually,” Natasha said. “Neither of us could bring ourselves to dispose of them in any way. They acted the same as we would have if the circumstances had been reversed. The little boy-girl she'd fed on, he found a very fulfilling life as an art collection curator in Italy, working for a friend of a friend of another vampire who offered to help us.”

“It all seems so *daunting*,” I commented. “I see the wisdom in the way you have decided to feed – sparingly and infrequently.”

“To each her own, kitten,” she said. “You may not have that luxury. It depends on which identity you need in order to establish yourself.”

“Establish myself?”

“Eventually, princess, you will graduate from school. You'll be the right age to attend college, but where do you go from there? Do you find a job somewhere, do you travel or live a life of leisure? All of those options require you to be established. For example, if you choose the life of leisure, *someone* will eventually ask where your money comes from. Will it be a successful gold strike on the stock market? Then you might need to let yourself age a bit. Or an inheritance, a trust fund? Then you might need to become a teenager again. Or perhaps you'll devote your life to charity the way my friend Abigail has. You'll emerge from the African jungles or the Mongolian desert aged about sixty or sixty-five, drain a few men dry and go back in as a lovely little flower of sixteen until the next time.”

“I see your point,” I said.

“However, that being said, if someone tries to use force on you or do something to you against your will, then you drain them dry. You will most likely regress to about the age of seven or eight, which will delay some of our plans but not necessarily derail them, and we'll put the lovely tranny you leave behind hard to work somewhere making internet pornography or serving the depraved needs of some rich degenerate in a seraglio somewhere. No social stigma surrounds the making of Incompletes in self-defense. We simply dispose of them and they aren't mentioned again.”

“Let's hope it doesn't come to that,” I said. “I can't imagine doing that to anyone, for any reason, even if he is a rapist. I don't know if I could.”

“Agreed, let's do our very best to not find out,” Natasha said. “Exit here, please, and make a left at the light?”

I pulled off of the freeway and caught the light green, turning left under the freeway and heading down a brightly lit street crammed with pedestrian traffic. Natasha directed me to a paid parking lot and tucked the ticket into her purse.

“There's your evening's entertainment,” Natasha said, pointing to a thumping, garishly lit nightclub across the street with a very long line of college-age students in their sequined lycra finery waiting to get in. “I looked it up on the internet. It seems like just the place. I will be in the hotel across the street. I've taken a room on the third floor. You can come there after you've fed, if you like. Or you can just make your way home, and I'll rent a car. Either way.”

“I'm nervous, Mother,” I told her.

“That's natural, my love,” she said. “But I hope you're excited, as well. Earlier, you learned what being a woman is all about. Tonight you will learn what being a vampire is all about.”

“What if I don't find someone?” I asked.

“Doubtful, but possible,” she said, eyeing the crowd outside. “If you don't, then don't feed. We can always try again some other night.”

I sighed in relief. “I'm glad to hear you say that,” I told her. “I intend to be picky.”

“You should be,” Natasha said. “A woman as beautiful as you can afford it.”

She gave me a playful slap on the rump which I liked more than I should have, considering it was delivered by my mother. “Now go get out there. I'll whisper in your ear as soon as I've checked into my room and ordered a decent bottle of champagne.”

I walked across the street, weaving in and out through the slow-crawling traffic and taking a place in the long line. Several young men and a homeless person with a scruffy beard attempted to chat me up, but I ignored their advances. I didn't want to start my hunt until I was inside and had the chance to dance a little bit and have a few overpriced drinks.

The line moved deceptively fast, telling me the doorman wasn't very exclusive about whom he admitted. I only had the chance to smoke one cigarette and dismiss seven more clumsy advances by young men before the bouncer gestured me inside and I paid the outrageous cover charge, received a stamp on my hand and descended down a polished metal staircase into the noisy, dimly-lit bedlam of the dance club. I felt as much as heard the thundering beats from the quite talented DJ behind the turntables on the raised stage. Black silhouettes of gyrating bodies blocked black holes in the smoky strobing lights and the lines of garish neon striping the blackness, not allowing my eyes to adjust. A thick pallor of sweat, cigarette smoke, cheap perfume and even cheaper liquor stung my eyes for a moment until I grew used to the smell. I had to stand still for a moment, one manicured hand gripping the metal rail tightly, to give myself time to adjust to the sensory onslaught banging against my perception. Steadying myself, I moved deeper into the club, towards the bar.

I threaded my way through the crowd, which became denser the closer I got to the bar, feelin no less than six hands groping my ass during my progress. I'd only just signaled the skinny bartender – much easier to get a bartender's attention as a huge-breasted girl in an abbreviated club dress and slutty makeup than it had been as a man in a suit – when I heard a soft but

lovingly familiar voice in my ear, canceling out the thump of the music and sounding as clear as if Natasha stood right beside me.

“Alexis, dear, can you hear me?” she asked.

“Perfectly,” I said. Strange that I could hear her so perfectly and could barely hear myself. It made conversation a bit lopsided and made me feel a little telepathic.

“Where are you?”

“Waiting at the bar for my drink,” I said. “I've only just gotten here. I thought I'd have a drink and then dance for a little bit before I start really hunting.”

“Who're you talking to, gorgeous?” a nondescript, scruffy-looking man shouted at me from my immediate left. I didn't even make eye contact.

“My imaginary friend,” I said dismissively. “She's telling me to burn things.”

He took the hint, thankfully, and moved on. I got my vodka-and-cranberry – a suitably college girl drink, I thought – and pushed my way through the press and found a tall, chairless neon-rimmed table overlooking the dance floor. I stood, displaying myself and seeing what kinds of eyes I drew the way Amber had taught me, and sipped at my drink, praying the bitter cranberry juice would mask the truly horrendous taste of the bargain-basement well vodka. I longed to order off of the shelf, but that might poke a hole in my foreign national/student visa/waiting tables persona I portrayed. Besides, I had the distinct feeling that three or four of these lighter-fluid cocktails would spell the tragic end of my ability to taste anyway.

My eyes, adjusting slowly, began to pick out features of some of the undulating figures on the dance floor. A part of me longed to dive headlong into the sweatbox and dance until I couldn't any more, feeding and sex be damned. But I had a purpose tonight, a purpose demanding of my focus.

“See anything promising?” Natasha asked.

“Not so far,” I said. “It's hard to see much of *anything* in here.”

“You'll adapt,” Natasha said. “Vampires are natural hunters. Stop trying so hard, kitten, and just let your body do the work. It's designed for it. Relax.”

I breathed deeply, releasing some of the pent-up stress I'd unconsciously been holding. As Natasha had said, details of the crowd throbbing around me transitioned into sharper focus. I even found myself able to sort through the smells around me and focus on individual scents and pick out snatches of discrete conversations through the thunderous wall of noise assaulting my ears.

“Better?” Natasha asked.

“A lot,” I replied. “It's hard to focus, though, Mother. All I want to do is just go dance.”

“I don't see any reason why you couldn't,” she said.

“Because I wouldn't want to stop,” I confessed. “And I have an agenda tonight.”

“Good girl,” Natasha commended. “As much as I hate to say so, princess, I'm afraid that time is of the essence tonight. Your dalliance with Miss Amber cost us valuable time, as pleasant and

even necessary as it was. You don't have the luxury of being too picky tonight if you expect to accomplish your goal.”

I scanned the crowd, sipping my drink through the tiny little cocktail straw in a vain attempt to avoid the taste. It did make me pucker my pouting lips very seductively, however. I lit a cigarette to pass the time more than anything. “I think I see three or four possibilities.”

“Describe them to me,” Natasha commanded.

“Well, there's a very attractive Latino dancing in a group near the bathrooms,” I said. “Muscular, looks like the bodybuilder type. Probably more than enough masculinity to spare, and obviously single from the jealous looks he's been casting at the attached men in the group he's with. Not far from him, sitting at a table with two other women who aren't the slightest bit interested in him, is a wholesome-looking jock type. University all the way.”

“What does he look like?”

I chuckled. “Tall, strong, blond haired and blue eyed – a real 'master race' type.”

“There's a short but extremely well-muscled black man about two tables over. Everything about him screams 'on the prowl.' Polished and predatory. The vibe he puts out, I think that's why no women will come near him. He looks at them as if they're something good to eat.”

“And the last?” Natasha prompted.

“Nondescript best describes him. Average height, average build, average looks. But there's something *wrong* with him. I can *smell* it, Mother. Something about his masculinity – it's like a *disease* or something. Maybe if I could bleed some of it off, I could help him. Save him.”

“Aha, I wondered if you'd sense something like that,” Natasha said. “Very good, princess, very good indeed. That takes a very advanced level of perception to detect. Sometimes our feeding can be beneficial to the people we choose.”

“So you think I should decide on him for a companion tonight?” I asked.

“Sweetheart, you decide on whomever strikes your fancy. This is your decision to make, not mine. I only want you to understand the nature of the options you have. Does anyone particularly stand out to you? More to the point, do any of them turn you on?”

“I don't know. The black man dances really well and he has a very pleasant smile. The Hitler Youth candidate looks like the actor who played *Thor*, a little. I guess he's pretty cute. And the sick man, the average one – something about him draws me in. He's so mysterious, it makes him more than a little bit magnetic.”

“You should speak to them all,” Natasha said. “Feel them out. Make them compete for you, a little – that shows how much masculinity they carry around better than any senses we have, how willing they are to butt their heads together to impress you.”

“That sounds barbaric,” I said with a disdainful twist to my mouth.

“It's an acquired taste. I've grown to rather enjoy it.”

“I think I want to taste the average one. Feeling as though I could help him adds to the thrill.”

“Fair enough,” Natasha said. “The next step is one of mind-set. You have to believe that he's *yours* completely. Nothing can stand between you and him.”

A flooding fire of possession tore through me and I barely registered any other male in the club. If I concentrated, his heartbeat thundered in my ears and his scent leapt out in front of all the others. A warm, moist feeling crept between my thighs.

“Wow,” I commented. “We really *are* predators.”

“Now, just follow Miss Amber's advice. I know she gave you the rules of engagement. If you obey them to the letter, you'll be alone with him in an hour.”

I sipped my drink and pulled on my cigarette, refreshing Miss Amber's advice in my brain. *Step One: Let him see you.* Stubbing my smoke out in the plastic ashtray, I stepped down onto the dance floor and took up a position where he could clearly see me, then let the pounding, sexual beat take me over. My body moved of its own accord, seemingly, swaying and thrusting to the rhythm as if my skeleton were not completely solid. I drew many eyes – I could sense as much – but none more important than my intended target. *My prey.*

Step Two: Let him make the first move. I'd seen many women do this to me over the years of being an unattached male. I began with subtle, shy smiles and prolonged eye contact. He watched me for a while as I danced, his eyes drinking me in. I let the crowd push me closer to him, danced with a cute little blonde in a pink tube dress provocatively for a moment, parted my lips for him as if I intended to speak. He responded to each and every suggestion, inching his way down the rail towards me, his eyes never leaving their hungry caress of my form. This struck me as much more intimate than anything sexual. I understood, now, the lure of the chase. I almost wished there were another female in the equation to compete against. The chase intoxicated me.

It wasn't long – just a few tracks of house music – before he leaned over the rail close enough to speak to me. I let myself back up to him to a spot where I almost felt his breath on my shoulder. The song I danced to petered out and I feigned fatigue, tugging up my dress a little to jiggle my magnificent boobs for him, brushed hair away from my neck – another subconscious sign that Amber had pointed out to me – and stepped off the dance floor with a little twinge of regret. I flagged a passing waitress for another lackluster vodka cranberry and took up a position at a table adjacent to his, lighting a cigarette and looking breathless.

The waitress returned and asked me for the exorbitant price. I dug in my cheap purse but he interrupted, dropping a bill on the waitress' tray and saying, “It's on me.”

“Why, thank you, kind sir,” I told him.

“May I join you?” he asked.

I gestured to the open space next to me and he pushed his way in past the crowd at the rail, 'accidentally' brushing up against me as he did. “I'm Adam,” he said, offering a hand.

I took his hand and he kissed it with a flourish of *faux* chivalry, leading me to think *This works for you? Really?* as I said, “Stephanie.”

“I haven't seen you here before,” he mentioned.

“Careful,” Natasha whispered in my ear.

I offered him a vapid smile. “I club-hop. My friends and I were at Platinum, a few blocks down, but Natalie got sick on melon balls and they ditched me to take her home,” I explained,

intentionally giving too much information to make myself look vulnerable, Amber's 'Step Three' in the process. "I didn't want to stop dancing, so I made my way here. Pretty cool place."

"I like it," Adam said.

Step Four: Let him know you're single but also in demand. "I think the last time I came here was with my boyfriend," I said. "He got pissed at me for dancing with some other guy. I think we broke up a week later."

"His loss," Adam said. "You seeing anybody now?"

"Not really," I told him. "I'm about to leave the country."

"Leave for where?"

"Home. Germany. My visa expires next month after graduation."

"So you have to get your fill of partying American style while you still can, right?"

"That's my plan," I told him. "So, what do you do?" *Step Five: Act interested.*

"Oh, this and that. Right now I'm contracting to an internet security company. Credit card transactions, that kind of thing. It's actually quite boring."

"Sounds complicated," I told him. *Step Six: Act dumb.*

"Not really," he said as a preface to launching into a long and very disinteresting explanation of how credit cards are processed on the internet. I struggled to appear interested, biting back a yawn. I covered by finishing my drink, signaling a waitress for another and putting a cigarette between my lips, which he lit for me with a book of matches from the ashtray.

"You know you shouldn't smoke," he told me. "It's very bad for you." *Already trying to 'fix' me, I thought acerbically. Tells me he has 'mommy' issues. I can use that.*

"You Americans," I said mock-scoldingly. "You're all so hung up on what everybody should and shouldn't do. Don't smoke, don't eat this, don't drink, don't have sex. In Germany, everybody smokes. No one gets upset about it. It feels good. I'll quit someday, so what's the big deal?" *Step Seven: Drop a hint that you don't care about social stigma.*

"I like that philosophy," he told me.

"Excellent, my dear, you're doing well. He's probably leaning closer to you, brushing up against you with 'accidental' touches. He's almost yours."

"You should try it," I suggested. "You may not be as healthy, but you'll be much happier."

"Try it how?"

Step Eight: Men only like 'hard to get' up to a point, then they want direct. "I don't know," I said with a suggestive smile. "Why don't we have some more drinks and see where it takes us?"

"Where do you want it to take us?" he asked.

"Maybe your place?" I said, tracing a lazy circle on his arm with my fingernail. "If you're interested, that is. I *am* leaving the country, after all. I could use something to remember my time in the United States by."

He sat straight, a little shocked by my forthright statement, but turned on and absolutely and completely *mine*. “God bless America,” he muttered and I laughed. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” I said.

“A girl like you could have any guy in this club,” he said. “Why me?”

Step Nine: Make him feel special and he's all yours.

I cupped my hand around his ear and leaned in, blowing a little breath out to tease him before I whispered, “All the other guys in here are *way* too in love with themselves. I mean, look around, they're all so self-absorbed. The minute I saw you, I knew – you were the only *real* man in this whole club. That's why I wanted you to come and talk to me so much.”

“You've got him,” Natasha confirmed, but I didn't need her to tell me. The smoldering look in his eyes affirmed everything I needed to know. Our drinks arrived and I hid my triumphant smile by sucking lavishly on my straw for his visual pleasure. Just a subtle hint of what my lips would be doing later. It was not lost on him.

* * *

The original plan, whispered between frenzied and hurried kisses and groping hands in a secluded back corner of the club, had been for us to take his car, parked nearby, across town to his place and take it from there. But my desire and outright *hunger* for him demanded differently, pushing us into the back seat of his BMW 3-series behind the tinted windows.

I'd successfully fought against the demanding urge to become what he wanted all the way from the sweaty passion in the club across the street and its lessening crowd and into the darkened and deserted parking garage. Not because I didn't want to, but because Natasha's whispering voice in my ear reminded me not to, and because I felt sure that the vague compulsions which drove me to act uncharacteristically would have painted me distinctly like his mother, the woman on whom Adam most wanted revenge. I didn't want the scene of my first feeding to get weird or psychotic – I decided I wanted this memory to be one I would cherish, like a young girl might remember losing her virginity. Although my time with Amber had been incredibly rewarding and pleasurable, I didn't treasure the memory of being nailed in a sweaty heap on a tumbling mat by a porn star wearing a strap-on cock. Even discounting the rather tawdry venue of my first feeding – the back seat of a car – I intended to make this event something I would always remember with fondness.

“You're *amazing*,” Adam said huskily as I mauled his shoulders and forced my tongue into his mouth, grinding my engorged clitoris against his hard thigh and biting his bottom lip. “I've never met a girl like you.”

“I know you haven't,” I said throatily. I pushed him prone across the seat and knelt above him, pulling down the cruelly-stretched top of my cheap dress and reaching behind myself to unclasp my bra. My new silicone masterpieces bounced free, marred only by a red line where the cups dug into the perfect smoothness, and Adam gasped. Groping hands reached up and squeezed them none too gently, making me hiss with surprised pain and then groan with erotic hunger. A part of me *liked* the rough treatment. I didn't know whether that was me or what he wanted me to be, and at that point I didn't care.

“You like?” I asked.

“Very much,” he replied.

“Now show me yours,” I told him. His hands left my breasts – I soothed my aching nipples by playing with myself a little, gently this time – and fumbled hastily at his button and zipper. He reached into his trousers and pushed down the waistband of his boxers, letting an average-sized cock spring free to bob gently in the open air. He turned out a little smaller than the artificial cock Amber had used on me, but this one was warm and pulsing with life. I decided I much preferred the real thing to the rubber substitute.

“Take a breath, princess. You have to be in control,” Natasha urged in my ear.

“Mmm, yummy,” I said teasingly. “Just what I wanted.”

I cleansed myself with a deep, steadying breath and fought back the wild urges boiling inside me with an effort. When I bent down to put my face on a level with his manhood, something inside me had grown icy and determined, and the weight of what I intended to do sank into me and suppressed my girlish arousal with a strong, calculating logic.

“*Just* what I wanted,” I repeated.

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Seven

by Valerie Hope

ALMOST OF ITS OWN VOLITION, my lips parted against the sticky resistance of my lipstick and I felt my long, nimble tongue snake from my mouth and harden its tip. Part of my mind rebelled in shock, saying *you shouldn't be doing this*, but that voice belonged to a different person, a different gender and a different life. I ignored it effortlessly, embracing my new femininity wholeheartedly and without regret. Even though I had never been like this – a dress pushed down to reveal breasts I'd never had before, a lingering and demanding wet emptiness in a pussy I'd never had before, staring *up* at an erect cock for the first time in my life – I emanated comfort and control, utter mastery of the situation I'd placed myself in. Adam didn't perceive the slightest hint that I'd never before been alone and half-naked with a man, poised to take his penis into my mouth and *thoroughly* enjoy what I was doing. He only saw a young woman, beautiful and strong, who completely and utterly belonged to her desires without a trace of hesitation or reluctance in her.

My tongue pressed softly against the tip of his cock, just below the opening – a very sensitive spot, I remembered from my time as an owner of one myself – and surprised myself with how much I relished the warm, musky taste of his flesh. I teased him a little by flicking my tongue back and forth, loving the gasps and moans I elicited from him, then laved the head with moisture from my tongue and lips before opening my mouth and slipping his distended glans inside my mouth and applying gentle suction, hollowing my cheeks a little.

There is no way I wasn't born for this, I thought to myself, reveling in the slightly salty taste and moist, dark smell of him. I gripped the base of his cock – thankful that he kept himself tastefully man-scaped – and squeezed.

“I can feel a change in you,” Natasha said through my earpiece over our secret communication channel. “Are you sucking him right now?”

“Mm-hmmm,” I moaned around the invader in my mouth, trying to disguise it as some kind of erotic cheerleading instead of communicating with another person to my partner. He didn't seem to notice a thing.

I slurped more of his length into my waiting mouth, loving the hard, unyielding feeling of his rigid cock pressing against his tongue and the back of my throat. He wasn't quite long enough to put me in danger of gagging, but he did fill me up nicely. I began to moan and slurp, pistoning my head up and down and adding the stroke of my hand with a little twisting motion as I settled into the serious business of giving my first blowjob.

“Oh, God,” he moaned, tangling his fingers in my hair. I panicked for a moment, fearing he would dislodge my wig, but he settled on just guiding my head up and down quite gently and I relaxed.

“You should be able to start to feel him soon,” Natasha informed me. “It feels a little like a warm pulse that runs through his whole body. You can actually feel it, a little, if you rest your hand on his belly.”

I moved my free hand onto his trim but not largely muscled abdomen. After a few minutes, I could feel what Natasha described – like red-hot worms slithered and throbbed beneath his skin and I could just feel their heat and movement, like they moved under a thick quilt.

“There are two ways to go about it,” Natasha said. “The first way is to draw that heat towards you by concentrating. Just start taking it in right now in a tiny little trickle, bit by bit. That way works, but I don't enjoy it as much as the other way. I draw the heat into his testicles. I let it build up there until he cums and then I drink it all at once with his sperm. I find that to be much more erotic and satisfying.

“Be sure and draw it slowly,” she went on, “or he'll notice what you're doing. He may not understand it, but he'll know something is happening. And don't take too much. You'll be able to feel where the tipping points are inside him if you concentrate.”

She kept saying 'concentrate,' but I struggled to concentrate on anything but the warm, rigid length sliding sensuously against my tongue. My saliva ran down his shaft, wetting my hand and dampening his pubic hair into soft mats, and little moans and happy squeals escaped my mouth as I fucked him with my face. I had never enjoyed *anything* as much as I enjoyed what I did right this moment. I knew without doubt I could happily spend every waking hour doing this and nothing else until my dying day and count myself satisfied and happy.

But a part of my mind existing on a deeper level absorbed and digested Natasha's words. Without even knowing fully how I did it, the 'worms' of heat squirmed beneath my hands and began to twist and twirl in a giant, burning knot within Adam's testicles. As I sucked him, they clustered there faster and faster, swelling the knot beneath my stroking hand. I wondered why I couldn't see his testicles visibly grow.

I felt nothing but the pleasure and the satisfaction until, apparently, one 'worm' too many slithered its way into the knot forming in Adam's balls. Some kind of silent alarm rang in my head, something that told me definitively, *that's too much*. I knew that I had reached the limit of what I could coax from him and not leave any lasting changes. I wished I could keep going, suck all the masculinity from him and leave him a slender, hairless little boy-girl on his back seat, but I cautioned myself against it. This would be plenty. This would satisfy.

“Once you've gathered all you want from him, then all you have to do is enjoy yourself,” Natasha told me. “When the time comes, pull that heat into your mouth all at once, like a shot of whiskey. The rest will happen naturally.”

Happy that the exposition ended there, I turned my attention fully to giving head like an enthusiastic porn starlet, moaning and grunting and looking up at him devotedly through my long eyelashes to inflame his desire. He strained and pushed at me, but I used my hands to control his attempted thrusts. I wanted this to *last*, and that meant keeping him from popping his cork too soon. I had particular fun saying *aah* while I throated him and listening to the wet glottal stops that interrupted the sound when his head pressed down on the back of my throat. I even took a time or two to catch my breath and let the gossamer string of drool and pre-cum dangle and twist between his cock-head and my lower lip while I panted breathlessly and murmured sweet little whispers of “baby” and “sweetheart” to him.

“You should stop,” he told me. “You'll make me cum.”

“Silly boy,” I told him, smearing my warm saliva all over his length with the palm of my hand and teasing his balls with my long, luxurious nails. “Can't you tell that's what I *want*?”

“It is?”

“Do you need to hear me say it? Fine. I want you to cum in my mouth, baby. I want to taste it. I need to swallow it all, like a good little girl,” I said, eyes afire with arousal and want.

“Don't you want anything for yourself?” he asked.

“After, maybe,” I told him. “This is what I want right now.”

“I can't do anything for you?” he asked. *Yep*, I thought. *Mommy issues*.

“Let yourself go,” I told him. “Talk to me. Let me hear the real you.”

“Are you sure?”

I tired of the back-and-forth and answered him by jamming his cock down my throat and mouth-fucking him hard and aggressively, jerking him hard with my hand and grabbing his ass roughly with the other, moaning for all I was worth. My own juices built to the point of leaking out of my panties and I felt warm streamers of moisture inching down my inner thighs. He groaned and bucked his hips, pounding his fists against the upholstery.

Finally, something inside him broke and words began to leak out, giving me what I'd asked for. “Oh, God, that's it. Suck it. Suck that fucking cock, you fucking whore. You nasty little slut.”

Aha. Just what I thought, I dimly registered. The dirty talk confirmed my beliefs that Adam doubled as a simmering cauldron of misogyny and self-loathing which would, someday, boil over and end with someone being hurt and damaged both physically and emotionally. But his words also served to inflame me further and drive me wild, increasing my speed and aggression and depth and removing all pretense of civility or gentleness. I think I even bit him a little.

I popped him out of my mouth just long enough to pant, “Call me a cocksucker, baby.”

He buried his length down my throat roughly, grunting, “You are, you dirty fucking skank. You *are* a fucking cocksucker. The best little cocksucker that's ever blown me. I bet you fucking spend a lot of time on your knees in front of cocks.”

Not yet, but a girl has dreams, I thought. My clitoris distended to the point where I felt sure it poked a tent in the front of my tight panties, the same way a huge hard-on would have. It still made me want to thrust my hips forward a little, like it used to when I had a cock of my own. I let his ass go with my hand and snaked it beneath me, pushing aside the waistband of my panties and rubbing myself in an effort to get a little relief before pure arousal tore me in half.

“I thought you'd get off on this,” Adam continued. “Playing with yourself while you suck cock. You fucking love this. You love it, don't you, feeling my cock sliding down your throat while you rub your nasty little clit?”

“Mm-hmm,” I moaned around his cock.

“You're such a dirty little... uhm. Oh. Oh, God. Holy shit.” Adam began to grunt and strain against me, harder than I could control with my hands. His cries got higher and louder, finally ending with a huge groan and his deepest thrust yet down my throat, holding me there while he began to spasm. I felt a bitter, acrid salty taste fill my mouth and I only just remembered to pull at the hot knot of sensed masculinity I'd allowed to build inside his nuts, drawing it roughly into my mouth. It resisted my pull, right at first, then it seemed to *pop* past some invisible barrier and rush into me, sliding past my tongue and down my throat all in a mad, burning rush. It seemed to

explode inside me, rushing through hidden channels and conduits in my body and suffusing me with heat and light and power like I'd never known existed, making me tremble. In a sexual orgasm, everything poured *out* of me. This explosion, everything seemed to pour *in*, filling me to the bursting point. I came physically at the same time, grinding my crotch against my fingers, and nearly lost consciousness at the torrent of pure sensation ripping through me like a wildland flood.

His cock deflated rapidly and slid from my lips with a wet popping sound to flop limply against my knuckles. A last little dribble of cum oozed from its tip, which I licked away playfully as I smiled up at him and massaged his inner thigh.

“Mmmm,” I moaned happily. “Absolutely *perfect*, baby.”

“That... that was the most incredible thing that has ever happened to me,” he whispered breathlessly. “You're *incredible*, Stephanie.”

“Thank you,” I said with mock humility. “I try.”

“You succeed. I mean... oh my God.”

“Don't sell yourself short,” I told him. “I enjoyed it every bit as much as you did.”

“You did? I mean, you... oh, shit. Stephanie, I'm so sorry about that stuff I said. I never meant to imply... I'm so sorry. I didn't mean any of it. I don't know what came over me.”

“Oh, relax, sweetie, it was fun,” I told him, dismissing it so that he wouldn't dwell on the fact that the feelings that drove that talk – and the intentions and sickness behind them – simply didn't exist any more. I gazed carefully at his face. He looked a little softer, somehow. The severity of his jawline and the hard angles of his brow melted away. His eyes seemed larger and there was a sensitivity to him now that hadn't been there before. He almost looked *prettier*. In a flash, I'd made him both a bit more attractive and also a better lover, most probably. After draining away that surfeit of masculinity that might have made him violent, what was left struck me as a patient, caring and giving man.

He looked at me, askance, for a second. “Stephanie, I don't want to offend you or anything, but would you mind if I asked you a question?”

“Anything,” I said, tugging my bra and dress back into place amidst a landslide of jiggles.

“*How* old are you?”

I looked at him in puzzlement. “Nineteen,” I told him. “Almost twenty. Why? How old do you think I am?”

He cleared his throat, suddenly embarrassed. “I guess I didn't think about it, much, in the club. In those lights everybody looks the same – just kinda blurry, you know? But out here, where I can see you better... you just look a lot younger. I got a little nervous.”

I gave him a flirtatious grin. “First of all, I can show you my drivers' license if it would make you feel better,” I teased. “Secondly, thank you. You'll never go wrong saying a girl looks younger than she actually is. And thirdly, even if I was younger you wouldn't have to worry – no way would I ever press charges against somebody who showed me that good a time.”

I held up my pack of cigarettes and a questioning eyebrow. He hesitated a moment, then nodded. I rolled down the window a little and squirmed around to free his entrapped legs so he

could pull up his pants while I lit up. Once we were both decent – well, as decent as I could get with a little crust of dried cum on my chin and my makeup in ruins – I slipped out of the car and leaned up against it. He found a spot to lean beside me.

“Do you think I could see you again?” he asked.

“I don't know, sweetheart,” I told him. “I told you – I'll be leaving for Germany soon. This is really my last night as a free woman. Everything gets so crazy for me after this.”

“How about a phone number, or an email address?” he asked.

I suppressed a sigh and took his phone from his pocket. I turned it on myself and took a picture of me blowing a huge, overdone kiss to him, then entered a fake email address from a Yahoo! account that I had when I was still male, one that I used to catch the spam and useless junk from everything I ordered online. It would serve just as well for a 'one-night stand' account in the future, since the address didn't mention a name or a gender. I made a mental note to adjust the profile soon, in case my old name still displayed.

“There,” I told him. “I have to warn you, though, I'm *really* bad about answering emails.”

“Thanks,” he said, taking the phone back. “For everything, that is. Really. This night – I'm always gonna remember it. And you. I'm not sure how, Stephanie, but I think meeting you changed my life, somehow. It's just this strange feeling I have.”

I caressed his cheek. “That's so sweet,” I said. A sudden desire to be close to him bloomed inside me, at odds with the growing desire to leave him behind. I let the former win out and staged a deliberate shiver. “It's cold.”

He swept off his sports coat and hung it on my narrow shoulders, then wrapped me up with his arm. Warmth came with it, and an unexpected sense of calm and safety which led me to thread my fingers through his on my shoulder and smile up at him, saying, “Think you could walk me to my car, Adam?”

“Of course,” he said. “Unless you'd rather I dropped you there, so I could run the heater.”

I shook my head, puffing contentedly on my cigarette. “No, I'd rather walk,” I said. “Too hard to hold your hand if you're driving.”

* * *

I'd wrestled with the idea of following Adam home to his place and fucking him, not because I particularly had any desire for him left but more because I wanted to wake up next to him. Natasha hadn't warned me about the connection and gratitude I'd feel towards those I fed upon, and I'd long since dug the ear-bud from my ear and stashed it in my purse. But I decided against it – it just *felt* like a bad idea to hang around and extend the encounter. I even toyed with the idea of returning to the club and seeking out someone to tryst with, another male without the excess masculinity to tempt my hunger who might be fun just to fuck and forget. But another part of me really wanted to find my mother, wash my hair and repair my ruined makeup and just drive home. I listened to the latter part of me, kissing Adam good-bye at my drivers'-side door and watching him get smaller and smaller in my rearview mirror. I started off in the direction of the university until he could no longer see me, then made a quick u-turn on empty streets and headed back the way I came until I pulled into the underground parking structure of the hotel where Natasha had a room. I slung my purse beneath my arm – it still brought a flush of girlish

power to me – and made my quick way up the elevators to the room number Natasha had given me earlier. I knocked softly and she opened the door, hair up in a towel-turban and wearing a thick, fluffy white bathrobe.

She gathered me up in a wordless hug, letting the door slam unheeded behind me, rocking me gently side to side and murmuring something soft into my hair that sounded like her native Hungarian. Her hands stroked my hair. Her pride and love for me radiated from her palpably, bringing tears to my eyes, and I clutched her tight.

“*Danke schön, Mama,*” I whispered in my now-native German. “*Danke für diese.*”

“You look wonderful,” she told me. “I want you to sit and tell me all about it.”

“In a moment, *bitte?* I need a bath. Between his sweat, my sweat and all the various fluids... I feel *sehr widerlich.*” Disgusting.

“*Widerlich und wunderbar,*” Natasha corrected. Disgusting and wonderful. “I’m so proud.”

“Come into the bathroom and sit with me,” I told her. “We can talk while I soak.”

She nodded. “I had room service bring up some fresh fruit, if you’re hungry, and I ordered a charming little Bordeaux to go with it.”

“Yes to both,” I said. “But soak first.”

I slipped out of the cheap shoes – my toes and arches ached in protest, finally freed from their ill-fitting prison – and slipped from my tight dress, sodden panties and bra. I pulled the wig from my hair with a painful ripping of tape and discarded it on the bathroom counter along with the sweat-soaked wig cap, shaking out my glossy black locks and raking my fingers through my mane to fluff it out. I stretched languidly, tired and sore but profoundly happy and satisfied, then looked at my face in the mirror for the first time since I’d fed.

Aside from the utter wreck of my trumpy makeup, ruined lipstick and smudged eyeliner and the sweaty, drained look of me, I still gasped. Where before, my transformation had left me looking a healthy, vibrant twenty-something, now the feeding had aged me in reverse, making it unlikely I would be able to buy cigarettes without being asked for identification now. I resembled nothing more than a lively sixteen or seventeen, belied only by the huge silicone breasts bobbing on my narrow chest. Lucky for me that my identification showed me being of age, and even luckier that I hadn’t drawn any more sustenance from Adam that night and regressed my apparent age even further. I shuddered to think how difficult it might prove, inhabiting such a youthful body, to hide the fact that I was in my early forties and had lived not only long enough to remember the band Yes splitting up but long enough to be upset about it.

I forced such worries from my mind, smoothing the concern from my brow, and concentrated on simply enjoying the luxurious afterglow of my feeding and the pleasant company of my beloved mother. She came in with two glasses of deep red wine in one hand and a pack of cigarettes and ashtray in the other. She set them within my reach, then left and returned with a half-eaten plate of cantaloupe, mango, strawberries and pineapple which she set on the floor near the tub before perching on the toilet. I ran a steaming hot bath, adding a generous tipple of scented bubbles and letting the lather mound up thickly before I stepped in, easing my body inch by relaxing inch beneath the hot liquid. I settled against the back of the tub with a heartfelt sigh, reaching out of the foam to pick up my wineglass and accept a cigarette – finally, one of my preferred Virginia

Slims 120s – which Mother had lit for me. I released a long plume of smoke towards the ceiling and closed my eyes.

“I heard most of it, and felt some of what you felt,” Natasha told me. “But fill in the details for me. I want to hear *everything*, princess.”

“Well, when I saw him he was standing near the rail, looking out over the dance floor..”

* * *

Mother and I talked for nearly four hours, interspersed with my getting out of the tub, drying off, wrapping myself in a robe and brushing my hair out until it shone. The bottle of wine dwindled away to nothing and the fruit disappeared. We ended sitting cross-legged on the comfortable king-size bed.

I looked at the first light of dawn shredding the iron-grey eastern sky with slashes of pink and amber. “We've talked all night long,” I informed Natasha.

She caressed my face. “I know we have,” she said. “The first of many such nights, I hope.”

“Me, too, Mama,” I said, stretching. “But we should pack up and head home, don't you think? I have a lot I want to do today.”

“Such as?”

“I promised Amber that I'd take Diane and Erin – the two new vampires she was teaching when we arrived yesterday – to yoga with me. I told her I'd help them adjust to being girls. For some reason, they seemed to respond to me.”

“That's so sweet of you,” Natasha commented.

I stood lithely, stuffing my sweaty, smelly club-wear from last night into a small overnight bag and pulling out some more suitable clothes for the day. Natasha pushed herself from the bed with a contented sigh and began doing the same. “I really like Amber,” I told her. “If I can help her, and in the process help out your two friends, that's time well-spent.”

“Anything else?” Natasha asked.

“Well, I haven't forgotten your promise about eighteen holes at Hildebrand,” I said, mentioning the exclusive country club and its championship golf course Natasha had told me she belonged to yesterday. “It's a beautiful day for golf, don't you think?”

She nodded. “I'll call for a tee time,” she told me. “But I also promised you a shopping trip today, didn't I?”

“You certainly did,” I said. “Also, didn't I hear I need to register for school today?”

Natasha gasped. “I'd almost forgotten.”

“So, a busy day,” I said. “And an hour's drive back home. I should get some coffee before we leave. I feel fine right now, but I mustn't be complacent. I *have* been up all night.”

“You won't feel tired,” Natasha said. “I never do after I feed. You'll be awake for quite a while, feeling energetic and refreshed. It seems we don't particularly need sleep for a few days after we've fed. One of the other perks.”

“But you haven't had any sleep, Mama, am I asking too much?”

“Not at all,” she said. “I'm very accustomed to these kinds of hours. I've been doing it for over a century, after all. I'll cat-nap here and there during the day, *liebchen*, everything will be fine.

Conversation ceased as we crowded next to one another at the bathroom counter and applied makeup and styled hair, passing our limited travel supply of cosmetics back and forth. I chose dramatic eyes with light daytime makeup – I admit, I liked the trappy style of the heavy black eyeliner and mascara and thought carrying it over to daytime looked interesting and flirty – and a flyaway, carefree hairstyle held away from my face with two rhinestone butterfly barrettes. Gold-rimmed aviator sunglasses held my bangs back from my face. I wore my favorite cork-heeled platform wedges with the tan leather gladiator straps and a white one-shoulder romper which showed off my smooth, tanned legs beautifully. I buckled a wide belt of gold discs on white leather around my trim waist and dangled some shoulder-brushing gold 'chandelier' earrings from my lobes. As I applied a thick coat of lip gloss, I couldn't contain my girlish happiness at how my first day had turned out, clicking my silver tongue stud against my chalk-white teeth in a bright smile and blowing myself a playful, sexy kiss in the mirror. Literally no part of me whatsoever regretted being a girl. I doubted sincerely anyone could find any part of me that could be considered the slightest bit male.

Natasha watched my vamping in the mirror and gave me a happy smile, dusting a light coat of power across her slender nose as a finishing touch. She wore her typical designer label, choosing a loose, frilly white Dolce & Gabbana top with a very plunging neckline and a gorgeous black Prada pencil skirt, black tights and a pair of black leather Ferragamo ankle boots. About ten grand worth of diamonds glittered at her neck and ears and on her fingers. Her hair was gathered in a simple, sleek ponytail and a pair of oversized black D & G sunglasses perched atop her head. She had powdered her face down to very pale so that her fuck-me red glossy lipstick would truly pop.

“Are you ready, princess?” she asked me.

“Yes, ma'am,” I said. “A quick stop, I think, for coffee and cigarettes?”

She gestured grandly, picking up her Vuitton overnight bag and sliding it onto her shoulder. “Lead on, darling girl. Today is *your* day.”

* * *

Natasha indulged in one of her aforementioned 'cat-naps' during the hour's drive back, leaving me alone with my thoughts and the giddy, happy feeling of utter girlishness tingling throughout my body, brought on by my feeding. I couldn't contain my exuberance or giggling happiness, blasting Katy Perry songs on the car's tinny speakers and singing along, teaching myself to French-inhale from my cigarette using the rearview mirror and flashing my bounteous tits at a few truckers whom I passed on the largely-empty road. She awoke to my slight touch on her shoulder after I'd pulled into the circular drive in front of her expensive townhouse. The staff descended on us *en masse* and took our bags, then drove the car away to wherever Natasha kept such things.

I only had enough time to get myself changed into an ensemble of black stretch yoga pants with a hot-pink waistband and a tiny little hot-pink crop top, a pair of Skechers “Shape-Up” sneakers discovered in my closet and to pull my hair back in a sleek, tight ponytail atop the crown of my

head when Natasha's maid knocked softly on my door to announce that Erin and Diane had arrived. My gym bag dangled over my shoulder as I trotted down the stairs, arms thrown wide.

Both girls dressed down somewhat, like guys. Baggy sweats and faded t-shirts, no make-up – Erin had even gone so far as to wear a backwards baseball cap over her lanky hair. Still, I laid it on thick as I hugged them tight and kissed their cheeks, telling them how beautiful they looked and how much I admired certain physical attributes. They reacted as I thought they would, with muttered gratitude and an air of distinct discomfort and self-consciousness.

“Oh, damn, I *totally* forgot,” I said, acting the ditz for their benefit. “My gym that I'm taking you to, it has a dress code. I don't think you're going to be allowed wearing that.”

“What's wrong with what we're wearing?” Erin asked defensively.

I giggled it away. “Nothing, honey,” I told her. “But my place is pretty exclusive. For one thing, you'll have to wear your hair up. And Diane, honey, I hate to be rude but those sweats are way too loose, you're going to pop right out of them. Erin, sweetie, you have a hole in your shirt and you're not wearing a bra. Tell you what. Come upstairs with me and I'll get you all fixed up. It will only take a minute.”

I grabbed them by the hands and half-dragged them, protesting, up the stairs. Ignoring their indignant squawks, I pushed them down unceremoniously near my dressing table and went to quick work with my makeup brush and mascara wand, putting just enough mineral powder on to even out their nearly-flawless complexions and give them a lovely matte look which contrasted beautifully with the coats of mascara and lip gloss I applied to them both. The mindless protestations of how pretty and gorgeous they appeared stopped falling on deaf ears after about five minutes, and the girls actually started looking at themselves in the mirror as I worked, looking at themselves in wonder as I brought out their features and made them even more attractive. I pulled their glossy, full hair back into loose ponytail braids which I tied back with satiny ribbons, away from their faces and sprayed lightly to maintain their shape.

Next I invaded my capacious closet and tossed outfits onto my bed, chattering away gaily and slowly eroding their reluctance to dress as girls for the first time in their transformations. Their protestations faded and they began to tentatively paw through the stack of workout clothes heaped on my bed, lingering on certain styles and colors sometimes and adding to my list of mental notes.

“Strip down,” I bade them both, my tone brooking no argument. Blushing a bit, they discarded their baggy sweats and loose t-shirts on the floor and stood, shifting from foot to foot in shapeless camisoles and maximum-coverage cotton 'granny' panties. I snapped my fingers and gestured sharply, glaring in exasperation until they discarded the underwear as well and stood before me in uncomfortable nudity.

“Wow,” I mentioned, sizing them up. “You have *incredible* bodies. So much hotter than mine.”

Diane cleared her throat and looked immediately at the floor. I placed a hand on her arm. “What is it, sweetie?” I asked.

“You,” she mumbled in reply. “You sound just like a girl.”

“I *am* a girl, silly,” I giggled. “Do you see anything about me that might make you think otherwise?” I struck a starlet pose with my arms behind my head, tits thrust out proudly.

“You really like this shit, don't you?” Erin asked. “All this girl stuff.”

“Of course I do, honey! I had to give it a chance, right at first, but it's so much better than being a guy. Everything about it makes being male seem like a curse. I get noticed wherever I go, I get to wear the sexiest stuff I want and look like a Playboy centerfold whenever I like. I love everything about it – the way makeup feels on my skin, the looks I get when I'm out in public, the way my titties jiggle when I walk... it's incredible.”

“Don't you miss being a guy?” Erin asked.

“Honey, I can barely even *remember* being a guy. Think about it. Before, did you ever jack off watching two hot women make out and finger each other?”

“Sure,” Diane said.

“Now you can *be* one of those hot women,” I said. “On top of how hot that is, now you get to feel everything and experience everything. You used to like women in lingerie and stockings? Now you get to wear them whenever the mood strikes you. Want to wear leather and swing a whip? Do it, nothing's stopping you. Dress like a Catholic schoolgirl with your hair in pigtails? I can lend you the skirt and knee socks, honey. This is the most wonderful life I could ever imagine. Hell, even the cigarettes I smoke turn me on, now. Long and skinny and glamorous. There is literally nothing I would change.”

“Don't you think people will notice? I mean, we're not like *normal* girls.”

“We're better,” I corrected. “And nobody notices if you just believe in what you're doing. Act like you're born in that body and nobody will mention a thing about it. And so what if they do? Call me a slut if you want – I *am* a slut. And a bitch. And a cocksucker. I love being all those things. I wouldn't change them, I'm fucking proud of them. Anybody who says anything is probably just jealous, anyway, or they want to fuck me. Either way, I win.”

“I don't know if I'll ever feel like that,” Diane told me. Erin, behind her, nodded agreement.

“I'll make you a bet,” I told them both. “Let me slut you both up a little. Do your hair and makeup, dress you a little sexy, make a few suggestions about how to walk and how to act and how to talk. You give it four hours. Four hours of doing whatever I say, no questions asked, and if you decide you didn't like the way you felt or the way you were treated, I promise I'll never bug you about it again.”

“I don't know,” Erin began.

“I'm not going to make you act outrageous or stupid. I won't embarrass you. You get to do whatever you want, say whatever you want. I just get to tell you how to do it and say it. Four hours. Do you have anything better to do for four hours today?”

“I guess not,” Diane said.

“It might actually turn out to be fun, if you let it,” I continued. “Didn't you ever play make-believe when you were a kid? But this time, instead of pretending you're a pirate or a cop or whatever, you get to pretend you're a sexy woman.”

“You *do* trust me, don't you?” I added pointedly.

“Yeah, okay,” Erin said after a long pause. “I don't have anything better to do.”

“Me neither, I guess,” Diane added. “Okay, sure. I'm in.”

I clapped my hands and bounced happily, gathering up pencils and brushes and tubes from my makeup table and plopping Diane on my stool to 'punch up' her look a little. “Okay, for today, then, we'll all be college girls together. How about dumb sorority bitches? I can be Stephanie again, and Diane, you be Tiffany and then Erin can be Brittany. This is going to be so much *fun!*”

* * *

The two reluctant girls kept their words – they retained an admirable sense of honor despite the “all-bets-are-off” nature of their transformations – and didn't argue with me as I'd made them up and dressed them like two life-size, animated dolls to play with.

The tall, coltish Diane attempted a lanky strut – admirably, I added to myself – in her stretch lace leggings and the long, form-fitting blue tunic I'd chosen for her, belted with a wide, white patent-leather belt and with long rhinestone dangling earrings and a clattering assortment of plastic bauble bracelets. She navigated her four-inch wedges well, considering she'd only spent about an hour in heels prior to today. I'd lightened her ash-blonde hair to a more platinum hue and added a little bit of bouncy, flirtatious curl and done her makeup *just* this side of trashy. Beside her, the short and deliciously curvy Erin wore her coppery red hair in long pigtails, a skin-tight print tee and a kinky little white tennis skirt. She teetered a little on her three-inch gladiator heels but covered nicely, toying self-consciously with the white-rimmed cats'-eye sunglasses on her freckled nose. I overdid her eyes a little to draw attention to the startling emerald green and added little else besides some false eyelashes and lip gloss – her porcelain complexion didn't need much assistance – and kept her jewelry simple but girlish with big pink plastic heart earrings and a diamond tennis bracelet. Both of them had been outfitted in gel-filled push-up bras to give the illusion of a bustline. They looked fantastic to me and the three of us turned a lot of heads as we walked into the gym. Before I'd even gotten the two other girls signed in as guests, two men already hit on them and a line seemed to be forming behind that. I smiled to myself at their blushes and discomfiture. I knew it would pass quickly, and I'd armed them with fake names and fake phone numbers for just such a circumstance.

They did as I'd instructed them, flirting back with the not-too-unattractive men who sortied out but never promising anything. Diane adapted quickly to the 'dumb blonde' persona I created for her, twirling her long hair around one finger absentmindedly, letting her attention span dwindle to around a minute, saying “um” a lot and smacking her gum loudly. It worked like pouring kerosene on a campfire – the men who spoke to her couldn't seem to get enough.

Erin, on the other hand, struggled at first with the ditzy personality I instructed her to use. She tended to be a bit argumentative and confrontational, which turned off the first two or three men who talked to her, but a whispered conversation between us behind a screen of foliage and a decorative planter in the lobby and she emerged a bubbly, giggling girl. Soon, she garnered as much attention as her counterpart.

I actually grew a bit frustrated at the attention I received myself, since it distracted me from monitoring my two charges. I faked bad English – not hard, considering the ease with which I lapsed into my 'native' German now – and pretended not to understand a lot of what got spoken to me, covering with a vapid and clueless smile and a nervous giggle. The men who approached me found it attractive at first, but grew easily frustrated with me and moved on – usually to either Diane or Erin, I noticed with a smile.

They stood close together and let themselves be chatted up for about twenty minutes, each gathering a huge array of phone numbers and business cards in the process, before I interrupted the feeding frenzy and announced that our class began soon. They broke away from the crowd, gushing apologies, and as we made our way back to the locker rooms, I noticed that the pink cheeks no longer denoted embarrassment or awkwardness. They'd had their first taste of feminine power and, like I had, became a bit drunk on it. The ditzy, bubble-head personalities persisted even when the men disappeared, grafting themselves onto the women themselves and becoming a part of them.

I hid my smile as I slipped out of the heather-grey tee-shirt dress I'd worn and into my leotard and yoga pants. They did the same on the bench beside me, then we all stowed our possessions in one locker. I tucked my long, glossy hair into a careless ponytail tied up with a leopard-print scrunchie to match my leotard and took Diane and Erin by the hands – Diane in hot pink and Erin in a lovely sky blue – and led them into the classroom.

About six other women sat on colored mats on the floor. I had my own, which I unrolled nearby as Diane and Erin selected loaners from the basket by the wall and sat down next to me. The instructor entered shortly after we'd gotten situated and sat on her own mat, a dusky-skinned beauty with long, black hair like my own and a quick smile. She began some soothing, atonal music which reminded me of my subliminal training and bid us *namaste* before launching into the day's exercise.

I had no more experience with yoga than either Diane or Erin, but they looked to me for guidance, so I concentrated and did my best. The instructor spoke softly and calmly, obviously entranced by her discipline, and soon the three of us found ourselves drawn deeply into the place of calm and reflection she created. The new, unfamiliar flexibility of our lithe, supple bodies surprised us a little but also delighted us at the same time, allowing us to stretch ourselves into positions undreamed of during our male days. Before the end of the hour, I'd put my nose on the floor while seated with both legs straight in front of me, done the splits at least twice and managed to get one foot behind my head. Diane and Erin did as well if not better – Erin put both feet behind her head – and in the process discovered we'd all had a thoroughly wonderful time and a fair workout. The ends of my hair clung damply to my forehead and a light sheen of glistening perspiration glowed on my arms, cheeks and forehead. I toweled myself off and rolled my mat as the class broke apart, chatting softly to one another and taking long pulls from bottles of water.

“So?” I asked when the room had cleared. “What did you think?”

“I'm not sure what to think,” Diane said, no longer habitually looking at the floor but still obviously uncomfortable. “I had fun, and I did what you said, but...”

“But?”

“But I don't know if I trust what I'm feeling right now.”

“What are you feeling right now?”

“Proud,” she said. “Satisfied. I want to go back out in the lobby and flirt some more. I want to rush off and make an appointment to get my nails done just like yours. Alexis, I know you said it would be fun – and it *was*, I'm not trying to argue – but you didn't say it would scare me so much.”

I hugged her close. “Honey, it's *okay*,” I told her. “You're not slipping away. You have a new life, and you'd have no prayer of succeeding in it if you hadn't been who you were. Your mother chose you for this life, sweetheart, remember that. It's an honor and a privilege and a huge responsibility, and she wouldn't have given you the gift if you hadn't started out being good, honorable men. Now you're good, honorable women. You're changing, but you're not disappearing. And you should feel proud. And satisfied. And happy. This life has a lot to offer. It's a lot of fun. You should stop worrying so much and just *enjoy* this.”

“I never thought of it like that,” Erin said.

“You were still in shock,” I said. “You're not any more.”

“Hey, Alexis?” Diane said, looking off into the distance. “Can I ask you something?”

“Anything, sweetie.”

“If you don't mind – I mean, if you have the time and everything...”

“Yes?”

“Would you like to hang out with us some more? Y'know, be, like, friends?”

“I was hoping you'd ask me that,” I told them. “Put me on speed dial. Girls like us need BFF's, you know. I'd love it if you were mine.”

“What are you doing now?” Erin asked me.

I pouted. “Unfortunately, I have to scoot,” I told them. “Mother's gotten me something special for having such a good first few days. We have a tee time in about an hour and a half and I *have* to get home and change. We're playing Hildebrand Oaks.”

“Wow,” Diane said. “You know, I didn't even think about that. I used to love to play golf.”

“I'm getting a membership,” I told them. “We can all go together. Right after I figure out if I can even swing a club with these bazooms.” I shook my breasts happily for effect.

“What made you decide to get them so big?” Erin asked me.

“You can't tell me you don't like them,” I mock-scolded. “Simple, honey. Before I got changed, I was a tit man. When I found myself with the option, I decided to become one of the girls I used to rub one out looking at. I always liked the porn look, so I decided to try it out for myself. I have *not* regretted it. When you go get yours, you might want to think about it.”

“When we... get *ours*?” Diane said with an exaggerated gulp.

“You don't want to stay flat-chested forever, do you?” I laughed. “Baby, I keep telling you that this new life has perks. They just get better when you have a big cup size. If you're going to be a girl, then be a girl. All the way. And that means tits, honey. You won't truly know what this life is like until you've got some big gazongas on your chest. I mean that.”

I kissed both sets of cheeks and hustled out, leaving them dumbfounded and staring curiously at their own chests. I knew, down deep, I should stay and help them through this latest crisis of faith and identity, but even my new BFF's stood between myself and the long par four opening tee I'd dreamt of for years which just waited for me.

* * *

I drove home quickly and ran upstairs in a rush, stubbing my cigarette out in the crystal ashtray on my dressing table and selecting my outfit for the day – a precious little pink sleeveless polo and a pink-and-grey sleeveless argyle cropped sweater, a pair of khaki cargo shorts, ankle socks and pink Nikes, some simple wide silver hoop earrings and a pink checkered touring cap. I threaded my sunglasses into the neck of my sweater – pink aviators – and tucked my essentials into a white kidskin purse. I'd only just tucked my pink-and-white golf glove into my back pocket and trotted down the stairs when I heard the door to Natasha's room open.

She wore a simple white tank dress which hugged her curves and a pink Komen Foundation visor over her sleek ponytail. She carried a woven straw purse and offered me a glittering smile, threading her arm through my own as we went downstairs.

"I'm so excited about this, Mama," I told her.

"I know, sweetheart," she answered. "There, I think those will help, yes?"

The chauffeur stood next to a pink-and-white golf bag holding a brand-new set of Callaway ladies' clubs which I *oohed* and *aahed* over for a while before watching them be loaded into the back of the limousine. Mother powdered her nose patiently while we waited.

"Are you all right, Mother?" I asked, noting her faraway expression.

"Of course," she told me. "It's just... I just heard from Angelina and Jacqueline. Apparently, their daughters came home and asked for some unexpected things. Makeovers. Manicures. Boob jobs. New clothes and gym memberships."

I giggled. "That's wonderful," I said. "I *knew* they'd like being girls if they gave it a chance."

"Alexis, honey – did changing their minds seem hard or easy to you?" Natasha asked.

"Easy enough," I said. "I only opened their eyes to what I thought they really wanted. They did all the work and made all the decisions. I only showed them what was out there and maybe helped them see things a different way."

"Come along," she said, ushering me towards the car. "I think we have a few things to discuss during the drive."

To be Continued...

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Eight

by Valerie Hope

“A *REAL* PRINCESS? ME? HONESTLY, I thought that was just something sweet you were calling me,” I said in utter astonishment, my unlit cigarette forgotten between my manicured fingers.

“It began as a term of endearment,” Natasha said calmly, “but I’m beginning to think it might be a little bit more than that. After what they’ve seen, Angelina and Jacqueline seem to think the same. They’re calling around. The vampire community is buzzing over news of your accomplishments. The more you do, the more you convince me that you might be the girl who becomes our Queen.”

“I don’t know if I’m ready for that,” I said. “I wasn’t even aware that we *had* a Queen, much less that I might be considered suitable for the job.”

“We don’t, as of now,” Natasha told me. “Our first Queen was, of course, the first vampire. She had a rather easy time of it, because her subjects were all her own daughters. She could compel them directly if she needed. The second Queen reigned in the fifth century. Most of the world’s vampire population lived in Rome at that time, and it was Julia who managed to keep our ways secret and keep us from being discovered. Our last Queen – the seventh – took the throne – metaphorically, we don’t actually *have* an actual throne – around the time of the American Revolution. It was she who kept us together as a cohesive whole as our population spread out to the colonies and around the world. Our current communications network was all her doing. Unfortunately, she died sixteen years ago.”

“She *died*?”

“Murdered,” Natasha said. “Very tragic. A splinter group of vampires who believed we should go public assassinated her during a party in Prague. We dealt with that group harshly. The punishments ended only a few years ago, which is why you see so many new daughters. Our population diminished considerably once the Reconcilers finished their work.”

“Reconcilers?” I asked.

“Our police force, for want of a better term,” Natasha explained. “I know little about them except that they swear an oath to the Queen that somehow can never be broken. I try to avoid any dealings with them.”

“So you’ve been without a leader for nearly twenty years?”

“It’s not as bad as it sounds. We have a few factions, but by and large vampires are united in purpose – feed, reproduce when our numbers dwindle, and stay hidden. We have a council who resolves disputes and helps establish identities, that sort of thing. Angelina, who you met yesterday, sits on that council. So did I, up until a year ago. For as long as we’ve been a species, my dear, we have been told by our mothers that someday, a vampire would be born who knows our ways without teaching and who can ease the burden of transformation, who would be *more* than any vampire before had ever been. It would be this woman who would lead us into a Golden Age – no one is sure what that means, exactly, or how – and she would be the regent

who gained the appellation 'The Great.' Legend says this came from the first vampire herself who received it from the gods who changed her.”

“And you think that's me,” I said.

Natasha patted my hand companionably. “I think some of what my own mother described to me fits you,” she told me, then sat back and lit a cigarette, blowing her smoke out the slightly open window through red-stained lips. “I don't presume to know anything more. What do you say to letting all of this heavy conversation fall by the wayside and just enjoying some golf?”

I tried to shake away images of myself leading an entire secret nation of arcane vampires, wearing a tiara and ermine robe and sitting on a golden throne. I only had limited success, I discovered as I distractedly attempted to engage my mother in pleasantries, smoking my cigarette and watching the urban streets passing by the window give way to the rolling, lushly manicured greenery of the golf course. The images faded away quickly, then, replaced by the long-term lust I carried to play this course. I hoped my game remained solid. I would hate to make a fool of myself now. I'd never been anything close to a Jack Nicklaus or a Tiger Woods on the links – *scratch that*, I corrected myself, *a Paula Creamer or a Natalie Gulbis* – but I made more pars than bogeys and every once in a while made a truly excellent shot.

The chauffeur pulled into the round drive and barely opened the door for us before two liveried staff members greeted us and helped us out of the car. I noticed the young pink-cheeked teenager who assisted me allowed himself a very informative, caressing gaze at my chest and the insides of my smooth thighs, which made me giggle a little. I still wasn't used to being an object of lust. I made sure to bend over to 'adjust' one of my shoes so that he could add a longing look at my firm ass to his collection.

The staff brought over a cart for us and secured our clubs to the back while others took a quick drink order from us and delivered two ice-cold frozen margaritas for us to sip while we waited. I neglected the booze – as excellent as it no doubt was – in favor of some light stretching and strategizing over the score card. Natasha sipped her drink and watched me with no small measure of amusement.

“I never figured you to be so competitive,” she commented.

I blinked, snapped from a reverie I didn't notice entering. “Competitive? Not really. I just really like this sport. I'm no tour star – I just want to do well. And I'm a little worried about my swing, you know – I've gone through a few changes since the last time I played.”

Natasha chuckled. “Relax, *liebchen*. Have a drink. Everything will be fine.”

“I suppose you're right,” I said, slumping onto the seat of the golf cart and taking a small sip of my now-less-than-frozen drink and placing a cigarette between my glossy lips which an attentive and very tip-hungry attendant lit for me before I could even pick up matches. I rewarded him with a glittering smile and made a mental note to add a few dollars to his tip.

“Of course I'm right,” she laughed. “Your mother is always right, hadn't you heard?”

“You're certainly in a good humor,” I accused, fighting the infectious good mood she radiated out of sheer stubbornness more than anything else.

“Why shouldn't I be?” she asked. “It's a beautiful day, perfect weather, and the most pressing thing I have on my agenda is eighteen holes of golf with my beloved daughter on a championship course. My biggest concern is how many margaritas I plan on ordering.”

I laughed, wrinkling my nose a bit. “You do have a way of making me forget my worries.”

“That's a good thing,” she told me. “Ah! See? Look. It's our turn.”

We piled gracefully into the cart and pulled onto the cart path at a signal from the attendant and threaded our way through a stand of lovely pines. Mother gestured towards the putting green or the driving range, but I shook my head. I'd stretched enough, and a few warm-up swings before I teed off would probably serve me fine. It wasn't as if I planned on qualifying for the U.S. Open today. We parked our cart next to the first tee. Natasha – since today was her treat – teed off first, selecting her driver from the lavender-and-white golf bag and addressing the ball. She hit a respectable shot – about a two-hundred-and-fifty yard drive, with just the hint of a slice – and nodded in satisfaction, twirling her expensive driver playfully a few times before climbing down from the slightly elevated tee.

My own, untested driver sat well in my hands despite the stiffness of my brand-new pink-and-white golf glove. I bent and teed the ball, took a few practice swings to loosen up and found I didn't have nearly the problems with my breasts that I worried I would. I found I had to keep my arms straight longer than I had when I was male, and had to swing my hips a great deal more, and my lower back figured heavily into my swing now where it never really mattered in the past. I addressed the ball, drew back the club and swung.

A small jolt registered in my forearms and the telltale *clink* of the club's sweet-spot announced the launching of the ball. I snapped my head up to track its flight – gaining myself an annoying mouthful of hair in the process, instantly informing me why the female tour stars wore their hair in complicated braids – and watched it fly straight and long, landing smack in the middle of the fairway about two-hundred-and-eighty yards from where I stood. It was a longer drive than I made when I was male. I looked at my mother, one eyebrow raised.

She broke out with a melodic belly-laugh. “I couldn't wait to see the look on your face!” she laughed. “Absolutely priceless!”

I stood dumbfounded, my face a mask of confusion. “What did you do?”

“When you transformed, darling, we had someone go through your old apartment. To arrange a suitable cover for your disappearance,” she told me between tinkling laughs. “While they were there, I had them look around. Clubs, golf magazines, the Masters on your DVR – everything pointed to your love for the sport. So when I ordered your subliminal training, I had a few tips added to the curriculum. Just as a sort of 'thank you,' I suppose, for being my daughter.”

“And that's why I just drove the ball nearly 300 yards?” I asked.

“We can always have that portion of the training removed, if you like,” she told me. “But I thought maybe you might like having the same swing and short game as Morgan Pressel.”

“You mean I have the same skills as an LPGA champion, now?” I asked in disbelief.

“I know it's technically cheating,” Natasha said, “but shouldn't you at least have a little fun with it? You're the physical equal of one of the greatest players on the tour.”

“Wow,” I said. “Really?”

“Really,” she confirmed.

“Ordinarily, I'd say 'no,’” I told her. “I wanted to get better under my own power. It used to be my primary method of bettering myself. But I've never knocked a ball that far before. I think I like that feeling.”

“Play the course,” Natasha said. “If you still feel like you don't want it, I'll order a training system to have it removed and put you back the way you were.”

“Sounds like fun,” I told her. “But you realize, don't you, that I'm going to completely bury you out here today.”

“I doubt that,” Natasha said. “I don't have the subliminal training of a champion, darling, but I was one of the first people to ever play St. Andrews. I've got about a century more experience at this game than you.”

“Well, let's see what you can do,” I said, gesturing down the fairway.

“Care to make it interesting?” she asked me.

“I can't really bet, Mama, you control all my money,” I said.

“Money, *pfft*,” she said, waving me away dismissively. “If you win, you may have your pick of any of the outfits in my closet except my old wedding dress. I'll even throw in accessories.”

I thought of the tens of thousands of dollars of designer clothes hanging in Mother's walk-in and fought the urge to drool. “And if you win?” I asked.

“You have to take out that silly tongue stud,” she told me. “And lend me your Mercedes for an evening, no questions asked.”

I extended a hand. “You're on,” I said happily.

* * *

We paused just before the turn, sipping another margarita apiece and smoking a cigarette in the shade of a stand of old-growth oak trees near a picturesque water hazard, when my phone rang merrily from inside the purse I'd chosen for the day. I dangled my cigarette from a glossy lip and dug through the cosmetics I'd brought until I found my phone. I pressed 'Answer' on the touch-screen with a long thumbnail and pressed it to my ear with a soft *click* against my dangling earring.

“Hello?”

“Hi, is this Alexis?” a vaguely familiar voice asked me.

“Speaking,” I answered.

“Alexis, hey – it's Danielle. Remember? From the gym?”

My mind flashed happily to the hasty, whispered conversation in the gym shower as her sparkling green eyes roamed hungrily over my naked body. I shivered, recalling the sexual tension between us and the sparks that flew when we met. A tingling dampness began between my thighs.

“Of course I remember,” I said a bit breathlessly. “How are you, *liebchen*?”

"I'm well," she told me. "I've been thinking about you. A lot."

"Me, too," I assured her, wishing it wasn't a lie but not about to tell her otherwise.

"I was wondering – God, why am I nervous, I do this all the time – wondering if you'd like to go out. To dinner. With me. Tonight, maybe?" she stammered.

I found her awkwardness adorable and something inside me melted. "Tonight? I'd love to. It would have to be a late supper, unfortunately, I'm busy until about eight o'clock tonight."

"How about nine? At Spiro's, on Fifteenth Street?"

I nodded in approval of her selection – a discreet, out-of-the-way Greek restaurant with lots of secluded alcoves and subdued lighting far away from the mainstream. I liked the way she thought. "That sounds wonderful," I told her. "I'll meet you there, *ja*?"

"*Ja*," she said in a clumsy approximation of my accent. "I can't wait."

"I'll see you there, sweetheart," I told her, pressing 'End' and tucking my phone back into my purse. I looked shyly at Mother, who puffed her cigarette with feigned disinterest. I sensed that the curiosity gnawed at her, so I only left her on the hook for a few more delicious moments before relenting.

"I have a date tonight," I said. "With a girl I met at the gym. I hope that's all right with you."

Natasha brightened. "The pretty little blonde girl who couldn't take her eyes off of you?" she asked. "She seems very nice. I never would have suspected she liked girls."

"You don't have a problem with this?" I asked her.

"Of course not," Natasha said. "Boys come and go, darling – only the exceptional ones stand out as anything other than distractions or meals, after a while – but a good solid girlfriend keeps you sane and healthy. And if it just happens to be a girlfriend with benefits, all the better. Just be sure and be as honest as you can with her. I've had really wonderful relationships end because I wasn't clear from the beginning that I was *not* swearing off cock. You have to be sure she knows and understands that if this becomes long-term."

"I'll remember," I said. "Now, about that bet."

She ground her finished cigarette beneath her toe and blew out a plume of smoke, looking at the scorecard. "Next is a long par five over water," she said. "You're a stroke ahead of me at three under."

I finished my own cigarette and ground it out against the side of a trashcan before tossing the butt away. "And I intend to keep it that way," I said, sliding into the passenger side of the cart and dropping my sunglasses from the bill of my hat to my nose. Natasha took a moment to re-apply sunscreen from a spray mister and I popped a piece of gum into my mouth and freshened my lipstick. Then we were off again, my tongue-stud's future at stake.

* * *

My tongue stud survived the day as I tapped in a 25-foot putt for a birdie on the Eighteenth, bringing me in at five under par for the day to Natasha's three. She acknowledged the victory good-naturedly, saying she would *eventually* find a way to rid me of my tongue-stud with an amused smile as she congratulated me. We sat outside on the patio afterwards, sipping

champagne in celebration, as a tall man in a very expensive suit came out to meet us, whispering in Natasha's ear softly and handing her a leather folder.

“Excuse me for one moment, Alexis dear,” Natasha said, standing and walking to a more private place with the official-looking gentleman. I lit a cigarette and sipped champagne, scanning the crowd for a possible partner for a tryst – I felt *that* good – somewhere on the grounds, playing absently with my hair and letting my mind wander.

I honestly couldn't believe that my world had changed so much in the space of mere days. A week ago, I'd been a hard-luck salesman for a medical supply company, a bit past my prime both professionally and physically, watching my sales numbers drop, my pot belly expand and my hairline recede all at once. I drove a somewhat-the-worse-for-wear Toyota and dressed in serviceable but dated suits which didn't *quite* fit me as well as they had when bought. I dreamed of better days, as always, but slowly those better days seemed to be recollections of my past instead of hopes for my future. I'd had nothing more exciting on my horizon than two weeks' vacation coming up with nowhere to spend it and no one to spend it with, and a colonoscopy at the end of the month. The hurdle of forty had been and gone, and now I sat staring down fifty in a few years, no wife, no kids and no legacy, no sense of permanence.

Then I met a girl, tall and exotic with her foreign accent and long blonde hair, done in polished waves like a 'Forties movie star, with piercing blue eyes who, unfathomably, seemed to like me, and I remembered thinking how maybe my life might be about to change.

The irony was laughable.

Now here I sat – a slender, athletic and large-breasted nineteen-year-old girl with glossy, sleek black hair tumbling over one shoulder and a long, slender Virginia Slims 120 cigarette smoldering sexily between my long-nailed, manicured fingers. I had my entire life in front of me now, and had experienced more excitement in the past two days than I'd seen in probably the past eight years of my old life. I had a loving and attentive mother now, who showered me with gifts. I drove a Mercedes convertible and played golf like a tour champion, I'd become a sexual dynamo and a dedicated and enthusiastic cocksucker, I'd had my virginity taken by one of the most beautiful and sought-after porn stars in recent memory and now was heiress to a vast fortune and would never want for anything in the way of fast cars, designer clothes, diamonds or world travel. My entire history had shifted from that of a failed college athlete with a disinterested father and a mother addicted to prescription medications and self-help fads to that of a young Swiss expatriate student, new to the United States and looking at her infinite possibilities.

Oh, and unless I got myself hit by a bus, I was immortal. And probably the heiress-apparent to the throne of an entire secret worldwide community of vampires.

And it was only Thursday.

Natasha came back and sat, thanking the man in the suit softly as he pulled back her chair. I dropped my cigarette into the ashtray on the table and took the hand he extended to me, allowing him a long and tempting glimpse of my chest as he did. He took a seat at Natasha's invitation, placing his leather folder in his lap primly, I suspected, to hide the beginnings of an excited bulge in his trousers.

“Alexis, this is Mr. Cooper,” she introduced.

“Please, call me David,” he said in a polished baritone. “I’m here to welcome you to Hildebrand Oaks. We’re very pleased to have you as a member.”

I looked to Mother, who nodded, and then offered him a dazzling smile. “I’m very happy to be here,” I told him warmly. “Your grounds are absolutely beautiful.”

“Thank you,” he told me. “Natasha tells me you’re a better than average golfer.”

I feigned modesty. “I have good days and bad,” I demurred.

“Five under par? Is that a good day or a bad one?” he chuckled. “I’m here to ask if you’d consider playing in our upcoming tournament to raise money for cancer research. It’s a very exclusive pro-am tournament, you’d be in a foursome with another of our members and two professionals. We’d love for you to participate.”

“I’d be delighted,” I said. “But I’ll have to make sure it doesn’t conflict with school.”

“Alexis will be attending St. Margaret’s this semester,” Natasha told him.

“I see,” he said. “Well, please let us know.”

We sat and exchanged pleasantries over a lovely little lunch that he bought for us, a lovely Caesar salad with grilled chicken and tiny cups of fresh raspberry sorbet afterwards. I still marveled at the diminished capacity of my stomach, feeling stuffed after a meal I would have considered a mere appetizer in my male life. I chatted away gaily about growing up in Switzerland, using facts and implanted memories from my subliminal training. I even lapsed into German several times during the conversation, drawn back into my accented English by sharp clicks of Natasha’s tongue. We played the parts beautifully. The only drawback came when I was forced to forego the excellent-looking chardonnay which he and Natasha sipped with lunch. My ‘true’ age now a matter of record, I decided not to test David Cooper’s ethics by partaking of alcohol in his club, sticking to hibiscus iced tea instead.

He stood at length, kissing my offered hand and welcoming me once more into their exclusive membership. I would have gleefully committed a murder in my old life to be a member of this club, and it had only taken having my body replaced with that of a teenaged sexpot by an immortal vampire to get in. That, and an exorbitant sum of money, I suspected.

It made me think for a moment as I selected another cigarette from my silver case and put it between my lips. I lit it and inhaled slowly, trying to find a diplomatic way to broach the subject. Finding none, I exhaled a fragrant cloud of smoke and simply said it straight out.

“Mama? Exactly how much money do I have?”

She smiled knowingly. “I wondered when you’d ask,” she told me. “I don’t know the exact figures until Petros delivers your financial records. He has to work some magic, you see, to back-date a few things to make it look like you’ve had it for a while. You do, of course, have access to all of my assets whenever you need, but I wanted to be sure you had money of your own in case something were to happen to me. Your net assets, with investments, cash and some property I plan to transfer to you, are somewhere in the neighborhood of eight million dollars.”

I goggled. “So much?”

“*Mein schatz*, I've lived for centuries,” she told me. “One tends to amass a few dollars over a lifespan like mine. I have a lovely home, beautiful clothes and jewelry... what else would I spend it on? What better than my beautiful, perfect little girl?”

I felt a warm flush suffuse my body when she called me her *little girl*. She'd never referred to me as such, and for the first time I felt almost as if she were the woman who'd borne me in her womb, that we were once one entity and connected on such a level. I wanted more than anything to curl up in her arms.

“I never believed I'd be a millionaire,” I told her. “I never even *wanted* it, it seemed so unattainable in my old life. And you say it like it's nothing to you. Your generosity, Mama, it's astounding sometimes.”

“It's not generosity, my love,” she said. “I'm taking care of my child. I have it to share, and I have always believed that what I earn from life rightfully belongs to my children. Once your body has aged a bit, and it's a bit more believable, I'll transfer some of my holdings to your name and we'll plump that figure up a bit.”

“Do you mind if I ask how much money *you* have, Mama?” I asked meekly.

“Not at all,” she said. “Between my investments and properties I think I have just under three hundred and fifteen million dollars. I took quite a hit in the real estate market, I'm afraid. Before the crash I think I was closer to four hundred.”

“My God,” I said.

“It's nothing, darling. Think like a vampire for a moment. Fortunes come and go and matter little in the grand scheme of things. There's not a single living vampire who couldn't come to my doorstep and introduce herself and not live like royalty for as long as she liked. What one of us has, all of us have. It's our way. I've been lucky in my financial decisions, others have not. I've seen vampires ruined, every penny lost in risky or shady business deals. They never want for anything if they only reach out to their sisters.”

“I think I get it,” I told her.

“And there are many of us who have far, far more wealth than I,” she told me. “Some of the oldest of us, the ones who had access to the ancient treasures, are worth well into the billions. They tend to stay well out of the public eye, however, discreetly and anonymously supporting charities and keeping to themselves. Many of them maintain very modest residences and don't draw any attention to themselves. You'll find, as you age, darling, that money becomes increasingly meaningless when you live for centuries. It's a necessity, but nothing to dwell upon. Other things matter far more.”

“I understand,” I told her. “But to someone who's never had so much before, it staggers the mind a bit. I hope you can forgive me if I act a little overwhelmed about it all for a while.”

“Of course,” she said. “Anything you need, darling, all you have to do is call Petros. Although for appearances sake, I suggest you still conduct your financial business through me. A teenaged girl like yourself probably shouldn't act *too* financially independent. But, if you find a company in which you'd like to invest, or a charity you'd like to fund, then call Petros and he'll make it happen, anonymously on your behalf. I've known his family since the Renaissance. He's a thief and a con man, but he's completely loyal and trustworthy to his clients.”

“He strikes me as oddly honorable.”

“Well put,” she said. “We should hurry home and change, princess, if we're going to make our appointment at St. Margaret's Academy. We have to get you registered for your classes and introduce you to the headmistress.”

I blew out my last lungful of smoke and stood briskly. “Then we should get going,” I told her. “I still have to go through your closet and pick out my winnings.”

Natasha gave me an exasperated growl as she stood, but her face smiled.

* * *

I wrestled with the feeling that I looked foolish, catching my reflection in an antique mirror on the wall of the tastefully decorated sitting room outside the headmistress' office of St. Margaret's Academy. I sat, knees together, in a straight-back chair, wearing white knee socks and black patent-leather loafers, a pleated plaid skirt, a snowy white blouse with a plaid necktie, a burgundy wool blazer with the school's crest on the left breast and my hair spilling artfully from beneath a burgundy wool beret. Outside the tall bay window across from me, pairs and triads of girls in identical uniforms walked this way and that across the meticulously trimmed grounds, holding armsful of books or with backpacks slung casually over their shoulders. I tried not to fidget or chew my beautiful nails, wanting nothing more than to flee outside and find a shady, clandestine place to sneak a cigarette.

The headmistress, a tall and very severely beautiful brunette woman with rimless glasses and her hair slicked back into a power bun, wearing a conservative charcoal-grey business suit and seamed stockings, stepped out of her office on four-inch stiletto pumps accompanied by Natasha, who had changed into a light linen day outfit for the meeting. I stood respectfully, offering her a light handshake and bobbing a proper curtsy.

“Alexis, we're very pleased to finally meet you,” she told me. “My name is Jill Adams. I'm Headmistress of St. Margaret's Academy. Welcome.”

“A pleasure, Headmistress,” I told her in my accented English.

“I must say, Miss McAllister, your transcripts are very impressive,” she told me. “I hope you'll find our school equal to your standards of academic excellence. The Institut Serval Mont-Fleuri recommends you very highly indeed.”

“She is an excellent student,” Natasha interjected. “Much more so than me.”

“Tell me, Miss McAllister..”

I interrupted politely with a small clearing of my throat. “Alexis, please, Headmistress.”

“Alexis, then,” the Headmistress went on, ignoring the interruption. “What is it you plan on studying in college?”

Natasha warned me about the possibility of such a question on the ride over from her townhouse, and I answered smoothly and without hesitation. “I haven't made any firm decisions yet, ma'am, but I'm very interested in medicine. And I would love the chance to study art, as well. It's a passion of mine.”

“Excellent,” she told me. “We have a very well-regarded introductory medical program here, and I think you'd get a great deal of satisfaction from Ms. Kendall's art history and art appreciation

classes. If you'll please follow me, I'll introduce you to Ms. Wright, our registrar, who will help you find all the classes you might want.”

I followed mutely, a pace behind the 'adults,' through the luxuriously-appointed halls and into a large, airy office populated by a slightly *zaftig* but infectiously cheerful black woman seated behind an antique desk. She welcomed me warmly and bid me be seated across from her while Natasha and the Headmistress retired into another room, presumably to discuss her annual contribution to the school. Ms. Wright – who insisted I call her Rebecca – plopped a thick course catalog onto the desk in front of me and engaged me in a very detailed conversation of schedules, credits and classes. I forced myself to pay attention – I'd never been more than an average student, my entire life, and hoped I could live up to this illusion of being an academic powerhouse that Natasha had constructed – and tried not to linger on a very persistent fantasy of being bent over the Headmistress' desk, skirt flipped up onto my back, while she pulled my hair and spanked my bare ass repeatedly with a ruler until I orgasmed noisily and my derrière glowed a warm, satisfied pink.

* * *

I spent the ride home gaping at the printed schedule in my long-nailed fingers, still shellshocked and clinging to denial. “Mother, I hope Petros' subliminal training covers this,” I told her in a daze. “I don't have a clue about half these courses, and I'm expected to excel at all of them.”

“Not to worry, my precious,” she told me comfortingly. “I'll see to it that you do fine.”

“Look at this,” I said, gesturing. “Advanced organic chemistry? Microbiology? Collegiate anatomy and physiology? Introductory biochemistry? Renaissance art? Advanced calculus? Mother, I never studied any of this, not even in college.”

“You'll be fine, darling. Stop worrying,” she told me. “I would never let you look foolish.”

“At least the uniform is sexy,” I muttered.

“It certainly is,” she agreed. “I'm of half a mind to go out and feed about a dozen years away and enroll with you. I haven't been a precocious teenager in a long time.”

“And how do you think *you* would do in advanced organic chemistry?” I challenged.

“You were the one who said you wanted to be a doctor,” she riposted. “At least you didn't opt for a lawyer. For one thing, I would have to disown you, and for another, their pre-law program is even more strenuous.”

I sighed. “I hope my tutor is cute.”

“You won't need one, darling,” she told me. “Everything you need will be provided. Now, stop worrying – you'll get wrinkles. Besides, I have just the thing to take your mind off of your troubles.”

“And what's that?” I asked.

Natasha smiled and pointed out the window of the car. To the most upscale, fashionable shopping district in the city, an entire street lined with designer boutiques and high-end stores, its sidewalks dotted with attractive, extremely well-dressed people browsing windows and carrying laden shopping bags. My troubles melted away instantly into a wide-eyed, delighted grin as Jürgen found a parking spot at curbside and pulled to a smooth stop.

“Happy now?” Natasha asked pointedly.

“Deliriously,” I answered, tucking the school schedule into my purse and forgetting everything else. Jürgen barely managed to open the door before I piled out onto the sidewalk.

* * *

When Mother said she owed me a new wardrobe, she literally meant an entirely new wardrobe, from undergarments to accessories. I lost my mental count of the expense early on and just lost myself in the wanderings through the racks and mannequins, the solicitous salespeople and the trying on of this beautiful garment and that. The silent, patient Jürgen carried the mountain of bags back to the car several times as Natasha and I flitted from one boutique to another.

I watched him head back out the car, laden with bags and hatboxes and bearing his typical, unreadable expression. “Poor Jürgen,” I said absently, watching him. “I feel like I should do something special for him to say thank you for all this trouble. Like I should at least fuck him or something when we get home.”

Natasha giggled. “Poor? Darling, I've made Jürgen a very wealthy man over the years. And you can certainly offer, but I doubt he'll take you up on it. I've offered, myself, a few times during our time together. He never agrees to it. He remains completely besotted with his wife and can't be tempted.”

“I feel a bit better, now,” I said. “Still, he does put up with a lot from us.”

“He's a treasure,” Natasha told me. “Which is why I pay him as much as I do. Primarily for his discretion. He probably knows more about vampires and vampire culture than many of our own kind do. In all the years I've employed him, he's never breathed a word to anyone that I know of. And he does have other skills, as well.”

“Other skills?”

“As a bodyguard,” she told me. “I found him in the early 'Eighties, in the German KSK, the Kommando Spezialkräfte. One of the most highly efficient killers ever trained. That man has most likely forgotten more ways to kill than you or I have ever known.”

“Jürgen? Patient, quiet old Jürgen?” I asked in utter disbelief.

“Fortunately, I've never needed his... *special* services. But the risk is always there, that I will feed on someone and not thoroughly cover my tracks, that somehow I will become a target of vengeance or wrath. I like having him where he is. He reminds me of someone I used to know back in the American West during the Gold Rush.”

“I never would have suspected,” I said, gazing at his retreating back through the crowd.

“He works very hard so that no one does,” Natasha told me.

“Now, what about these? I know you have a pair in white, but the blue goes with the little cocktail dress you bought,” she said, distracting me with yet another pair of designer shoes. I let myself fall into the happy, mindless fascination with all the pretty things, embracing my role as the stereotypical girl as I sat on the low bench and slipped them on to see how they looked.

The sun dipped below the distant skyline, dappling the sky with deep purples and vivid pinks as the day drew to a close. Natasha and I finally followed Jürgen through the deepening gloom to the car as many of the stores along the strip began to lock their doors and lower their lights. The

walk back stretched on for a while – our pilgrimage from store to store carried us nearly nine blocks, from shoes to lingerie to dresses to outerwear to casual to jewelry to skincare and cosmetics. The faint scent of Clive Christian's scandalously expensive 'C' perfume followed me, arousing me subconsciously through its delicate stimulation of my enhanced sense of smell.

I had elected not to return home to change, instead selecting a few of the choicer garments to wear on my upcoming date with Danielle. She did attend an upscale gym and seemed quite comfortable there, so I doubted she had too much problem with well-dressed women, but I didn't want to flaunt anything for fear of appearing *gauche* to her. I wore a very simple curve-hugging Balenciaga sheath cocktail dress in eye-catching purple and black with an adorable little flounce on the hem and a bow in the small of my back, with smoky black stockings held up by a garter and no panties – my own little sexy secret – and my new Louboutin pumps. I kept the jewelry minimal, just a simple gold choker and oversized, thick golden hoop earrings which brushed the tops of my shoulders. I'd let the cute brunette cosmetician at the upscale makeup boutique do my face for me – the least she could do, considering the commission she made on our purchase – and she'd given me a dramatic evening look with heavy liner around my eyes and glossy, wet-looking cherry-red lips. I spent the drive arranging my hair, using the brush and hairspray I'd brought with me to brush it to a straight, glossy fall, held up on one side of my head by a golden clip behind my left ear. I tucked wallet, makeup, brush, phone and cigarettes into the stylish new Gucci purse I'd rescued from one of our earlier bags and dangled it over my shoulder by its golden chain strap as the limousine dropped me off about a block from Spiro's. The clock on my phone showed me fashionably late by about five minutes. I blew my mother – and Jürgen, just because – a heartfelt kiss and took off up the street with my ass-swaying, boob-jiggling walk, drawing the eye of every heterosexual male along the sidewalk. I feared I'd get cornered by one of them before I got to the restaurant, so I paused long enough to light a long, slender cigarette and use my newfound powers to put up a wall of inaccessibility between myself and any admirers, a palpable sense of *look, but do not touch* which they responded to subconsciously, allowing me to walk unmolested into the foyer of the elegant, romantic little restaurant.

Danielle stood when she saw me, her face betraying nerves about being stood up which melted into a relieved and happy smile upon seeing me. She wore a textbook 'little black dress' which showed off her amazing legs and open-toed black stilettos. An expensive-but-not-too-expensive purse dangled off one shoulder and her blonde hair was pulled back into a high ponytail to expose a pair of pretty silver 'chandelier' earrings. Playful bangs framed her pretty face, and she had chosen a dramatic 'evening' look herself, making her green eyes pop in her pale face with heavy eyeliner and several coats of mascara. I walked to her quickly and took both of her hands. Her palms were a little sweaty.

“My God,” she said nervously, “Alexis, you look *gorgeous*.”

“Stop,” I said. “Look at *you*. I love your earrings.”

She leaned forward awkwardly as I gave her my customary European kiss on the cheek, angling to kiss my lips and then stopping abruptly before reluctantly offering her cheek to me. I fought the urge to giggle. I'd never made a woman this self-conscious before. Never had the sense of *wow, she really likes me* feel so certain to me.

“I'm so glad you called,” I told her. “I've been hoping to see you again.”

“I didn't want to seem *too eager*,” she told me. “It was kinda hard to wait to call you.”

I tugged at her hands. "Shall we get a table? I'm absolutely starving."

"Sure," she said. "I got us one near the back, if you don't mind. It's a little quieter back there."

I nodded eagerly and she led me to the hostess' station. The young girl took two menus from her hopper and led us back through the rather crowded restaurant to a secluded, intimate table behind a screen of foliage. We settled into our seats across from one another, and I acquiesced to her reluctance to let go of my hand, letting our fingers intertwine for a moment on the tabletop before I attended to the business of settling my purse and smoothing my dress. An extended, awkward silence stretched between us as both of us struggled to find a place to start.

Danielle broke the silence at the same time as me, our words colliding into an undecipherable mess which made us both laugh and broke the tension. I gave her an encouraging smile. "You first," I said.

"How are you adjusting to the United States?" she asked.

"It's not my first time here," I told her. "I've visited, before. I haven't enjoyed your State Department very much, but the rest of the time has been wonderful. I even got to play a little bit of golf today, which I didn't expect. I've really been enjoying myself. What about you? Are you from here, originally?"

"Born and raised," she told me. "I grew up about half a mile from where we're sitting. My mother was an ICU nurse at St. Mark's Hospital right over there."

I pulled my cigarette case from my purse and raised it questioningly. "Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," she said.

I selected a cigarette and placed it between my thickly-painted lips. I was about to strike my lighter when I remembered my 'continental' manners and offered one to Danielle. She hesitated.

"I shouldn't," she told me. "I haven't smoked in years. But it does sound really nice."

"I don't mean to tempt you if you've quit," I told her.

"You mean be a bad influence?" she laughed. "I doubt anyone would have to work very hard to corrupt me. What the hell, right? Live a little?" She took one of my long, slender cigarettes from my case and leaned close as I lit it for her, then lit my own. She coughed a bit after her first drag, and I hid my smile. *Hadn't smoked in years, indeed*, I thought. *She's never smoked. She's doing it only to endear herself to me.*

And it was working.

Searching Danielle's clear green eyes, I decided to try a theory and reached out with my senses, trying to *feel* the other woman the way I did with my intended prey, to take in the entire totality of her in one swallow. A wave of warm, tingling empathy crested and broke over me and I *shifted*, somehow, into her. In an instant, I knew the futility and ostracism of being the only lipstick lesbian in the closed rich-bitch society she inhabited, her pride and courage shown in coming out thrown bitterly back in her face. I knew the tremendous vulnerability and trepidation involved with putting herself out there at all, in calling me and asking for a date; the nerves and outright fear consuming her in the hopes that everything would go well, that she would find some sexual and emotional outlet in me and not have her attempt at connection spat upon and

derided as something perverse or socially unacceptable. And I knew how much she *wanted* me, how the sight and smell of me, the sound of my voice inflamed her to her toenails, to the point where she resented the very clothes we wore to attract one another, wishing only to be entwined in a sweaty embrace on the tabletop right now.

She choked down another drag of the cigarette and I placed my hand over hers, smiling sweetly, letting the sense of her fade to the background and allowing my own strong feelings towards her – reinforced by my newfound understanding of her motivations – take control once more. Her courage in simply asking me out humbled me, and I realized I occupied a peculiar 'Darth Vader' position in the relationship right now: *when I left you, I was but the learner; now I am the master.*

“You don't have to try so hard, sweetheart,” I told her softly. “I already like you. A *lot*.”

She fixed me with a very direct gaze and I saw the first glimpse of the woman who'd so brazenly approached me in the gym shower. “I like you, too,” she said.

I puffed my cigarette. “I've decided that I'm going to call you Dani.”

“Nobody calls me Dani,” she told me. “Except you. When you do it, I *like* it.”

“Okay, then, Dani, I have to apologize,” I told her. “I would *love* to say let's get out of here and go somewhere we can be alone together. But unfortunately, I'm *starving*. I have to insist on dinner. Do you hate me?”

She smiled at me, warmth, gratitude and genuine affection shining through her eyes and demeanor. “I couldn't hate you if I tried,” she said, pulling on her cigarette in a fair approximation of the sexy, oral-fixation pulls I took. The visual effect served its intended purpose. I felt that familiar, squirming heat and moisture creep into the warm place between my thighs.

This night would prove itself interesting, for sure.

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Nine

by Valerie Hope

DANIELLE AND I SPENT THE rest of the intimate dinner simply dating, getting to know one another and enjoying the company, feeding one another *dolmathes* and drinking a bit too much wine. I learned that Dani possessed a remarkable wit and caustic sense of humor – my sides ached a little from laughing at her barbed comments – and her eyes twinkled mischeivously when she laughed. It alarmed me somewhat how badly I wanted to confess my heritage and all my secrets to her, to tell her of vampires and immortality and aspirations to a throne. Of feeding on other humans and being thrust into a woman's life after nearly half a century of being male. But I held myself back, not wanting to frighten my new friend but also out of a sense of loyalty to Natasha.

Our food arrived – mousaka and hummus, Greek salad and spanakopita – and conversation lulled as we attacked our food ravenously. I hadn't realized how hungry I was after a day of power-shopping and golf and only a small lunch. We split a baclava for dessert, licking one another's fingers as we fed each other and gradually relaxed into a very easygoing, carefree relationship. Choosing to ignore the sexual tension and expectation we both felt so acutely eased the encounter so much that the evening could only be described as *fun*.

Once the check came and I lit my after-dinner cigarette – Dani took another one, still trying to prove to me how much we had in common, and I hid my amusement – I took her hand and leaned forward a little, offering my lips to kissing range and also a very tempting look at my luscious cleavage.

“I had a lot of fun tonight,” I told her honestly.

“Me, too.”

“You know, I read a study once that the average woman knows within the first fifteen minutes of a date whether or not she's going to have sex,” I commented. “I know what I decided in the first fifteen minutes. What did you come up with?”

She blushed adorably. “I think you know the answer to that,” she said softly.

“I guess I just have one question, though,” I said.

“And that is?”

“What you want out of this,” I went on. “If all you want is to take me back to my place and ravish me, that's one thing. And I'm basically going to let you. But it's not exactly what I want.”

“What do you want, then?” she asked.

“It's a little complicated,” I explained. “I'm not gay. Not completely. Bi, I suppose, is the best term. I don't think I could swear off dick. There's just an itch I have to scratch sometime, you know? So, I suppose, the best I'm able to describe it is that if I can find a girl whom I like – and could even grow to love, maybe – who doesn't have a problem with my occasional cock hunt and understands that I don't want to love a man, I just want to fuck one every once in a while and it

doesn't change anything... I guess if I could find a girl like that, then that's the girl I would ask... to be my girlfriend."

"Girlfriend?" Danielle said, eyes wide, and I suddenly realized she'd never had a girlfriend before. That I might possibly be offering her the Holy Grail.

"Ja. Girlfriend," I said. "Unfortunately, that's why I'm single. I haven't met anyone who can understand that the most I can offer is emotional fidelity. I can promise to love and be attached to be one person, but I can't promise that I'll only fuck one person. I'm an extremely sexual girl, baby. I don't lie about it – I need what I need."

"That's a level of honesty I don't hear much," Dani said. "Would it bother you if the other partner stayed monogamous? If your... girlfriend chose not to fuck around?"

"That seems a little lopsided," I told her. "Unfair, even."

"Well, it's a lot easier to understand a girl in a relationship with another girl who goes out and has meaningless sex with guys every once in a while," she said. "But if the other girl was completely gay, it would be different for her, y'know? She couldn't go out and scratch her itch with another girl. The first, it sounds like satisfying a physical need. The other sounds too much like cheating."

"I don't know that I wouldn't be able to keep from feeling guilty," I said.

She took a drag of the cigarette and massaged her temples. "I'm getting confused," she said. "You're talking about us, right?"

"Let's start simple," I offered. "Dani, honey, do you want to be my girlfriend?"

Her blush deepened from pink to shocking scarlet. She couldn't meet my gaze but her hand tightened on mine. "Yes," she said in a barely audible voice.

"I care about you a lot," I said. "More than I thought I would after only one date. I think I want you to be my girlfriend, too. But I'm not exaggerating, sweetheart, about my sexual needs. I'm not one of those girls who chooses to fuck – I *have* to. My whole world gets out of balance if I try not to. And I'm afraid it would break your heart."

"It might," she said seriously. "I'm not going to lie, I'd probably be jealous as hell. I can't promise I would ever get totally used to it. But it's also a chance I'm willing to take, Alexis. I've never felt this way about anyone before. You knock my socks off."

"Was? Your socks?" I asked. For some reason, I felt as though I should understand the idiom but my reprogramming into a native German thinker prevented comprehension.

She laughed. "Sorry," she said. "It's an expression. It means I think you're incredible."

"Oh," I said, and it was suddenly my turn to blush. "I think you're incredible, too."

"What I'm trying to say, is... Alexis, do you believe really strong emotion is a process, that it takes time, or that sometimes it can happen all of a sudden?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said. "I never really thought about it much."

"Have you ever been in love?" she pressed.

I shrugged, puffing my cigarette to cover my uncertainty. "I thought so, once. It turned out I was wrong. But I did feel something. I think it was lust, or maybe obsession."

"I thought so, too," she told me. "But then something happened."

"What?" I asked.

Her voice became a soft, husky caress. "I met you."

"Are you trying to say what I think you're trying to say?" I asked, locking my eyes to hers.

"Would it freak you out if I was?"

"No," I said. "Would you be willing to stop answering my questions with questions?"

She chuckled, then stared deeply into my eyes. "Alexis, I think I'm falling in love with you."

I leaned close, moving my hand from her hand to her shoulder and pulling her in. "Kiss me," I bade her.

Our lips met softly, the merest brush at first, tentative and seeking. Her fingers tightened on mine to the point of pain as she crushed her lips against mine, our lipsticks smearing together in a perfumed olio. A warm and very nimble tongue darted between my teeth, teasing me and leaving me a bit breathless.

We broke apart and I could only smile. "Wow," I said simply. "Nice."

"You never said it back," she said, looking a little hurt.

I caressed her face as tenderly as I felt. "Sweet girl," I said, "You have to give me a moment, okay? I'm just here in the United States, I've barely gotten my feet beneath me. This happened very fast by *any* standards. You must let me... how do you Americans say it? Catch my breath."

"I'm sorry," Dani told me.

"I don't know if I'm in love with you, beautiful," I told her honestly. "I honestly don't know, because I don't know if I know what love feels like. But I feel something, something strong. And I *want* to be in love with you, if that matters to you at all."

She smiled and her eyes moistened. "It matters to me more than you know."

"Let's be together, *liebchen*, for a while, and let me figure out what I'm feeling. Give me time, *bitte sehr*. I want things to work out in our favor, but I am not capable of sorting out my heart as quickly as you are."

"I understand," she told me. "At least it wasn't a *no*."

"Of course it's not *no*. I think you're *wunderbar*. Lovely and funny and witty and beautiful. Everything I could possibly want. It's not '*nein*,' it's '*show me more*.' Can you live with that for a little while until I sort myself out?"

"Of course I can," she told me. And, in a smaller, more girlish voice: "You really think I'm beautiful?"

I laughed. "Don't you see it in the mirror every morning? My God, Dani, I think you're *gorgeous*. Not to mention one of the sexiest women I've ever met."

“Wow,” she replied. “I thought you were slumming, a little. I mean, *look* at you. You look like you just stepped off the cover of a magazine.”

“Which magazine, do you think?”

“*Elle* or *Vogue*,” she told me. “Maybe *Glamour* or *Allure*. One of the high-fashion beauty magazines, with the models so gorgeous they're almost not real.”

“What a pity,” I said. “I was hoping you'd say *Playboy*.”

She giggled. “Well, that, too. I *have* already seen you naked, after all.”

I laughed, remembering our first awkward encounter in the gym shower. I kissed her again, sweetly and flirtatiously, before sitting back and renewing my interest in my forgotten cigarette for a moment.

“So, what do you want to do now?” Dani asked. “This place looks like it's closing soon.”

I looked around and noticed waitstaff placing chairs on tabletops and bringing out mops and brooms, rolling silverware for the next day. The time passed completely outside my notice, I'd fallen under Dani's spell so thoroughly.

“Home,” I said. “Mother has a jacuzzi where we can sit and keep talking. I want to know more about you – everything about you, actually. And when we're finished talking, then we can move on to... other things.”

“I like other things,” she told me playfully.

“Slow down, *liebchen*, we have all night,” I cautioned. “And I want to be sure and do this properly. I don't want cracks in our foundation, *ja*? I intend for you to be all mine for a very long time.”

“You melt me when you talk like that, I hope you know,” she said, blushing prettily.

“You like it, or do I embarrass you?”

“Both,” she said. “But I certainly don't want you to stop.”

“Then come on, sexy,” I told her, standing and stubbing my cigarette out in the crystal ashtray. “Let's get you back to my place. We have a lot of groundwork to lay down.”

* * *

My experience with sex centered mostly around hunger and satiation, desire and urgency. Dani taught me about patience, of plateaus and valleys and the value of taking one's time; we tangled around one another, hands massaging and caressing and tongues twisting lazily around one another like fighting snails. We made out on the couch like teenagers for at least an hour, maybe more, and during that time removed only shoes and the straps of my dress to my shoulders. The moist heat flaring between my thighs seemed almost banked, low and very hot, growing slowly and curling throughout every nerve ending in my body lazily.

No breathless, panting displays of naked desire, even though I felt every bit as inflamed by the sight, smell and touch of her as I did by any of my other, more frantic partners. No, sex with Dani was a *process*, a series of long, unrushed stages which left my entire body twanging like a guitar string and attuned perfectly to her smallest movement.

“You are *incredible*,” I breathed in her ear while she nuzzled my neck and her fingers stroked the skin of my upper back. “I’ve never had *anyone* make me feel like this.”

“I like that,” she whispered into the hollow of my neck. “Maybe you’ll swear off guys if I keep it up.”

I sighed. “Unlikely,” I told her honestly, “but I can promise you this much – I belong to you.”

She purred a very happy sound against my skin. “Even if you can’t, Alexis, would it bother you if I said it? I really need to say it to you.”

“I understand, *liebchen*.”

Her fingers on my shoulders tightened to the point of pain and she nipped my neck sharply enough to make me jump. “I love you,” she growled, deep in her throat.

I pushed her away from me and locked eyes with her, my icy pale blue against her flashing emerald. “Prove it,” I told her, taking her hands in mine and pulling her towards my bed.

The night passed too quickly for me, leaving me nearly tearful when I saw the first smears of dawn against the darkness of the eastern window in my bedroom. I still needed to explore large portions of my lover’s body, and several key areas of myself remained tragically unvisited. Dani lay semi-conscious against me, our sweat-slick bodies stuck together a little in a most pleasant fashion, and I felt her baby-soft breaths against my neck and ear and the sweet, clean scent of her hair fanning across my breasts. Although I’d lost track of how many orgasms I’d had from her fingers, tongue, clitoris and even her thigh, once – I didn’t even care in light of how much pleasure I seem to have given her. I grinned with the memory of her deep, soulful moaning when I brought her to climax and the way her nose wrinkled and she bit her bottom lip as she came. Scratch that – as she came *for me*. I flattered myself that only I could bring her to such shuddering heights. I felt a strange sense of possession towards her which reminded me uncomfortably of being male, but I proved unable to shake it off. Dani was *mine*. I sensed it in my marrow. And I would tear the throat out of anyone who tried to take her away from me.

Reluctantly, I unentwined myself from her arms and legs and planted tender kisses on her forehead and cheek, eliciting soft little moans from her pouty lips. She rolled herself into my Egyptian cotton sheets and threw an arm across her face, exposing a deliciously erect nipple on a near-perfect breast which I couldn’t resist sampling for a moment.

Her eyes opened to slits. “Mmm,” she said. “Hi.”

“*Guten morgen*, angel,” I said softly. “Do you want to sleep in?”

“No, I should get up,” she told me. “But I’m not sure if I can move.”

“Oh, I have faith in you,” I told her. “I wish I could just crawl back in next to you and spend the whole day naked in bed.”

“That sounds nice,” she told me. “We’ll have to plan for that soon.”

I paused to light a cigarette from the pack next to my bed and drew the bitter smoke deep into my lungs before sending it ceilingward in a long, billowing jet. “I need to brush my teeth and get going,” I told her, “I have a busy day ahead.”

“Oh? Doing what?”

“Thinking about my new girlfriend,” I told her playfully. She smiled and took the cigarette from my hand between her first two fingers and took a long drag, not coughing or gagging at all this time as she exhaled a softly rolling cloud above the bed and handed it back to me.

“Girlfriend,” she repeated. “Have I told you how much I like being somebody's *girlfriend*?”

“Hopefully you like it better being *my* girlfriend,” I corrected teasingly.

“Alexis – I don't know what to say. I don't have a lot of morning-after experience, maybe there's something I'm *supposed* to say, or...”

I placed a finger across her lips. “What do you *want* to say?”

“I want to say 'thank you.' I want to say 'never leave me' and 'please don't break my heart.' I want to climb up on your roof and shout 'I love you' at the top of my lungs,” she said.

I kissed her. “Why don't we settle for 'I'll see you tonight,’” I offered.

“Tonight?” she asked.

“You *are* sleeping here tonight, aren't you?” I asked.

“I didn't know if you wanted...”

I giggled. “Silly girl,” I chuckled to her. “You're my girlfriend. Of *course* you're sleeping here tonight. Just because I need to be free to occasionally see men doesn't mean *right away*. I plan to spend several weeks just the two of us together. And as much time as possible before school starts. As many times as I can wake up next to you, I want.”

She laughed suddenly. “What do girlfriends do? Besides drive each other wild with passion?”

“Oh, we can think of lots of things. I'd love to take you out shopping. Or take you to the spa with me, get you a massage and a facial and a manicure. I'll confess, I've always wanted to feel fingers with nails as long as mine up there. Inside.”

She grinned. “It's pretty unbelievable,” she confirmed.

“And there's always dinner, and the cinema, and dancing – I really want to go dancing with you – and then there's things we can do with groups of friends... do you like golf? I could take you golfing, or we could go for a run...”

“Okay, okay, I get it,” she told me. “Sounds like being friends.”

“I hope we're friends,” I told her. “The best lovers start out as friends.”

She took another stolen drag from my Virginia Slims and kissed my cheek. “So, I'll see you tonight, then?” she asked.

“Absolutely,” I told her. “I'm not sure what time I'll be free, but it won't be too late. Call me and we can plan from there, *ja*?”

“*Ach, ja*,” she said in a fair approximation of my pre-orgasm buildup moan. “*Mein Gott, ja*.”

“Smart ass,” I accused her, kissing her again, finishing my cigarette in a throat-burning rush and stubbing it out in the bedside ashtray. She gave my naked ass a playful *smack* as I passed, making me grin over my shoulder and feast on one last sight of her to tide me over for my day apart from her.

* * *

I forewent my morning exercise in favor of a late breakfast – my lie-in with Dani left me pleasantly lethargic and not in the mood for my customary endorphin high – on the patio, coffee and fresh fruit with some exquisite croissants that Mother's cook prepared. I listened to the singing of the birds in the small copse of pine trees near the back door, smoking a cigarette and enjoying a little time alone with my thoughts.

My idyll shattered at the ringing of my phone. I recognized the number at a glance as I picked it up from beside my ashtray and pressed it to my ear, ignoring the soft *click* against my earrings.

“Hello?” I asked in my light accent.

“Alexis? Hi, it's Erin,” the curvaceous redhead bubbled into my ear. She sounded so much more relaxed than I'd ever heard her.

“Oh, hi! How are you?”

“I'm really good,” she told me. “What are you doing?”

“Finishing breakfast,” I told her, admiring the ease with which we both fell into the lighthearted, meaningless 'girlish chat' I'd heard other women share. “I know I should go work out, but I'm feeling *sehr, sehr* lazy this morning.”

“That's no good,” Erin told me. “You need to get out and do something.”

“What do you have in mind?” I asked, puffing my cigarette.

“Well, me and Diane talked to our moms yesterday,” she said. “It turned into a really long discussion. We got a lot of stuff worked out, and, well, one of the things that happened was we told them we wanted more control of our lives 'n' stuff.”

My eyebrows lifted at the slang she used, surprised that the 'ditz' personality concocted for her still held on. If anything, it seemed a bit more ingrained than the day before.

“And?”

“Well, they gave us stuff. Stuff we weren't supposed to get for a while, apparently, but they decided that if we were far enough along to ask for it, then we were far enough along to get it. It was really pretty cool, actually. Me and Di couldn't believe it.”

“What kind of stuff?”

“Well, we each got a car. A really nice one, too – I got a convertible Mustang and Di got this really cute Volkswagen Beetle. Hers even has vanity plates! And they gave us credit cards too, and new drivers' licenses with our new names, and checking accounts and all kinds of cool stuff,” she told me in a rush.

“That's wonderful, sweetheart. I'm so happy for you both.”

“So, um... that's why I called you,” she said. “Di – actually, I shouldn't call her that, she said she thinks she wants her friends to call her Deedee, but just her good friends, y'know – she and I have these rooms and we were, like, looking at them and thought how empty they looked. Particularly the closets.”

I giggled. “And you need a personal shopper?” I asked.

“Totally,” she said. “We'll buy lunch for you, promise, and we both want to get you something just to say, y'know, thanks 'n' stuff. For being so awesome to us and listening to us like you do. Would you be okay with that?”

“Of course I would! Thanks so much for asking me, that's so sweet,” I told her.

“You're the best,” she told me. “So, wanna meet us or should we come by?”

“Oh, come by,” I said. “I really want to see the new cars.”

“Awesome,” she said. “So, what? Like half an hour?”

I made a vexed noise. “Probably better make it two,” I told her. “I really should at least take a run. And I have a few little things to do before I go.”

“Okay! We'll be there!” she chirped, and I could sense the tension leaving her. “Um, how do you say 'goodbye' in German? Deedee says *ciao* all the time now like her mom does and it's really cute.”

“It's *auf wiedersehen*,” I said.

“Oh, yeah, like Heidi Klum! Duh!” Erin laughed. “Well, I'll see you soon. *Auf wiedersehen!*”

She hung up and I could only stare at the phone in wonder. The sullen, resentful woman I'd known just days ago bore *no* resemblance to the effervescent fluff-brain who talked to me just seconds ago. Had they undergone the subliminal treatment, had that been the cause of this rapid and sweeping transformation? Or, had it been as Erin had said: had it just been from being around me? Did I have powers that Mother hadn't told me about?

Brushing my long, glossy hair behind my ear, I speed-dialed Natasha's number and set the phone against my air once more. The dial-tone rang softly three times before her very tired and distracted voice answered.

“Am I interrupting?” I asked without preamble.

“No, darling, not at all,” she told me. “It's been a long night.”

“I'm sorry, Mama. Do you need anything?”

I could hear her warm smile. “*Süßes Mädchen*,” she cooed. *Sweet girl*. “No, darling, I'm fine. What can I do for you?”

“Answer a question for me, if possible,” I told her. “I just received a phone call from Erin.”

“And?”

“She's *changed*, Mother. Completely.”

“Yes, I heard something similar from Angelina last night,” she told me. “It seems Erin and – what does she call herself now? - Deedee have undergone a very remarkable change in perspective towards their new lives. Angelina was very excited about it. She attributes it all to you, you know. But what is your question?”

I paused long enough to exhale a lungful of billowing smoke. I clicked my long, glamorous nails against one another as I absently regarded the stain of pink lip gloss on the white filter, another

of the multitude of reminders about my new gender. “I wondered if it was something I had done. A power, perhaps, one that you haven't yet explained to me?”

“No vampire I have ever heard of has such an ability,” she said. “If you are able to do something like that, princess, then it is unique to you.”

“Is that unheard of?”

“For the most part,” she said. “There has been some conjecture, over the years, whether or not some of us have certain predispositions for different disciplines or for certain traits. But direct influence of another vampire, or of another female at all? My dear, I would lay it at the feet of your natural charisma before I would think you have a never-before-seen power.”

“Mother, I didn't say anything last night – I was a bit busy..”

She chuckled. “I met her this morning before I left. She's *lovely*, dear.”

“I think so, too,” I went on. “But yesterday, when I spoke to Erin and Diane. I was able to *feel* them, Mama, like I do with men when I'm hunting. I was able to do it again with Danielle that night. I just knew what was inside them, and I think I was even able to influence it a little bit. I'd have to test it to make sure, but I think I was able to nudge Erin and Diane in a direction.”

“Interesting,” she said. “Even a little frightening, perhaps. Do you intend to test it soon?”

“Today,” I told her. “Erin and Diane have invited me out shopping with them. It seems likely I will come in contact with another female while I'm out. I think I will try to influence her. A human female, to start – strange, I think that's the first time I've ever used the term 'human' to describe someone as different from myself – and then maybe I might try something small on Erin or Diane, to see if I can influence a vampire in the same manner.”

“And this doesn't seem a bit ambitious to you?” Natasha asked.

“Maybe *ein bißchen*,” I said, slipping into the German for *a little bit* without thinking. “But necessary nonetheless. If this truly is a new ability, then I need to learn about it to keep from accidentally hurting someone in my ignorance.”

“Agreed,” Natasha said. “I'll keep my phone on, princess. Call me after you do it, tell me what happened, would you?”

“Of course, Mama,” I said. “I shouldn't keep you.”

She made a noncommittal noise. “I'll expect your call, *liebchen*.”

“You'll have it,” I reassured her. “See you tonight?”

“I look forward to it. Perhaps your young lady friend would like to join us?”

“That sounds like fun. I'll ask her.”

“Until tonight, then,” Natasha said.

“Until tonight,” I replied. “I love you.”

A long pause stretched between us until Natasha's thickened voice said, “You've never said that to me before.”

“I should have.”

“I love you, too, darling princess,” she said. “Good-bye.”

“*Auf wiedersehen*,” I said, then tapped 'End Call' with my manicured thumbnail.

* * *

After trotting upstairs to wash my face and gather my sleek black tresses under a pink terri headband and tie it in a long horsetail at the crown of my head, I confined my bouncing breasts – still a touch sore from some of Dani's more passionate sucks and nibbles – under a pink jog-bra and pulled a pair of black stretch jogging pants with pink pinstripes up my long, slender legs. I slipped my feet into a pair of cotton socks and from there into my pink Skechers “Shape-Ups,” clipped my iPod to my waistband and some sporty pink wraparound sunglasses on my nose, then sprayed on a liberal coating of sunscreen. I stretched for a few minutes in the circular drive, informed the ever-watchful Jürgen where I intended to go, then set off at a ground-eating lope into the lush greenery of the park across the street. The cinders of the well-tended hike-and-bike trail crunched softly under my stride as I set a pace for what my subliminal training told me was a six-minute mile, turned on Lady GaGa in my headphones and lost myself in the anesthetic rhythm of my stride and the back-and-forth pumping of my arms, the breathing and the happy girlish bouncing of my breasts. Many of the other joggers stopped to watch my jiggling boobs or my tight, swaying ass as I passed, and I let their ogling make me smile.

My mind wandered as I ran, across the length and breadth of the strange turns my life had taken over the last few days. Just the fact that I could cover a mile and a half in under ten minutes without feeling burning cramps in the backs of my legs or puffing and wheezing to catch my breath. Much less that I grinned with happiness and feminine pride at the notice of guys ogling my ass and silicone breasts as I passed, or that I had bouncing silicone breasts in the first place. That the ticklish feeling of my long ponytail swishing against my shoulders soothed me and made me feel sexy and girlish should disturb me deeply, but instead I glowed with a flush of bubbly, giggling happiness and that I *seriously* considered stopping to 'catch my breath' long enough to get a phone number from one particularly well-constructed Latino by the water fountain simply because I thought he had a very nice ass. Since when had I started noticing guys' asses? And how could I remain so stark, raving *calm* about it, much less so happy?

The answer hit me all at once, perfect in its simplicity. *I was born to be a girl.*

I'd never considered myself to be the slightest bit transgendered in my male life. I appreciated female beauty as much as the next man, and I noticed things like clothes, hair and makeup in the sense that most men did – in how they enhanced a woman's appeal, made them more attractive, not in their application or their aesthetic. But, seeing how quickly and utterly I'd adjusted to life as a sexy, carefree girl, I couldn't help but wonder if somewhere, deep down in my male psyche, I'd been a closeted male-to-female transsexual and in deep, deep denial. Nothing else explained my predisposition for all things girlish and the near-transcendent joy they brought to me. Nothing had ever made me so ecstatically happy as slinging a designer purse over my shoulder or flipping open a compact to see my own beautiful face as I repaired my lipstick in public, as the way a snug pair of well-fit panties looked smoothing to the contours of my pussy, the swish of a skirt against my thighs, the sexy sway and the *click-clack* of high heels when I walked, the constant reminder of dangling earrings brushing the sides of my neck, the warm and impossibly soft blanket of long, meticulously groomed hair against my back and shoulders. Attempts to imagine life without having to bend my fingers back to dial a phone with my long acrylic nails failed miserably, or of ever again choosing an outfit without thinking whether I had the purse, shoes and jewelry to go with it before I went out the door.

No doubt about it – I loved everything about being a girl. My old, male life seemed more like a punishment or a tribulation more than anything else, a period of time I spent in some bizarre form of penance before *earning* my curves and long hair, my makeup and lingerie and sexy clothes.

I looked at the marker beside the trail and realized I'd just run an effortless four miles without even realizing the time had passed. I checked my expensive Bulova watch and saw that I had just enough time to shower, change and get myself made up for my day out with my girls if I stopped now. The warm, slick feel of glistening perspiration on my face and upper chest satiated my body's need for exercise, at the very least, and abolished the full feeling in my belly from breakfast. Barely breaking my ground-consuming, gluttonous stride, I angled from the shady trail and back into the sunlight, across the road and back to the circular drive of my house. Jürgen gave an impassive-but-satisfied nod at my return, and I replied with a coy wink and a playfully blown kiss. I stopped long enough to empty the last contents of my pink aluminum water bottle and towel the sweat from my face.

I dropped my towel and bottle in the hands of one of the quiet, unassuming staff that populated Natasha's house before retiring to my huge bathroom and shedding my clothes into a wicker hamper and starting a hot shower. Faint hints of Dani's perfume – Miss Dior Chérie, unless I missed my mark – clung to the bathroom and bedroom and brought a fond smile of remembrance to my face.

Even the accoutrements of a simple shower forced reminders of my new gender. Gone were my washcloth, Selsun Blue shampoo and Irish Spring soap, Barbasol shaving cream and Old Spice deodorant – replaced forever with a loofah exfoliating sponge for my body and another separate one for my face, John Frieda Luxurious Volume shampoo and conditioner and Strength Restoring smoothing lotion, Alba Botanical Honey Mango moisturizing body wash and shower gel, GiGi Professional waxing for bikini-line and legs and Cacharel 'Noa' deodorant and Illustrious After-Shower moisturizer and light bronzer. An entire basket of my night-time skincare regimen perched on a shelf beneath the dozens of bottles of hairspray, mousse, gel and styling products and the hundreds of tubes, pots and compacts full of cosmetics. Another shelf populated itself with several different curling irons, curlers, straightening irons and an enormous ionizing hair dryer, along with several different kinds of combs, brushes and a huge, overflowing basket of assorted barettes, clips, bands and accessories just for my hair. Before, my bathroom shelves contained only Q-Tips, a toothbrush and a bottle of Listerine. I smiled at the new additions. Somehow, the trappings of being a girl seemed to comfort me and make me even more happy and grateful for my new life.

A wild desire to alter my look seized me as I wrapped my voluptuous body in a soft pink towel and I rucked my fingers through my thick hair as I examined myself in the mirror, mentally applying and subsequently discarding looks. The different looks flitted through my imagination as I dried my hair with the huge dryer; then I plugged in a very narrow-barreled curling iron with a spiral attachment, deciding to go for wild, kinky curls and a huge silk hibiscus over my ear.

Styling my hair so radically burned through most of the hour I'd given myself to get ready, so I rushed the airy, daytime makeup I'd chosen and wriggled into the skin-tight hiphugger jeans with the pink glittery belt with the huge rhinestone heart buckle laid out on my bed. I snuggled my breasts – I'd taken to thinking of them as 'The Girls' – into the padded cups of a leopard-print push-up bra and only just managed to pull on a ribbed tank in lush royal purple and a loose white 'boyfriend' blouse with purple pinstripes that I left open in front before the doorbell chimed in

the silence of the house. My sparkling rhinestone frog bellybutton jewelry just peeked beneath the hem of the body-hugging tank. I slipped a cute little Vuitton canvas hobo bag over one shoulder and wormed my toes into a pair of open-toe black leather ankle boots with a short platform and a six-inch spike heel before jiggling my way down the stairs to the foyer.

My breath caught in my throat. Erin, the petite redhead with the bombshell curves, struck a runway pose on a pair of four-inch cork wedges with white straps, her pale legs freshly waxed and looking silken smooth. A flirtatious little pale blue pleated skirt rode low on her wide hips and a one-shoulder white blouse which hugged her body nicely. Smallish but pert B-cups rode high on her chest and long chandelier earrings dangled from her newly-pierced ears. Her coppery red hair shone in the daylight streaming through the windows beside the double doors, straightened with an iron and hanging over her shoulders in a soft, straight fall. Large, Chanel sunglasses nestled in her thick hair and her face sported soft, colorful daytime makeup which made her large eyes seem to pop on her pale face. She popped her bubblegum loudly and offered me a toothy, genuine smile.

Beside her, Diane adjusted her little heart-shaped Dooney & Bourke purse on her arm and turned to face me with a smile that mirrored Erin's. She wore a deep blue summer halter dress with a keyhole cutout which would show cleavage if she'd had any to show, huge heart-shaped hoop earrings and a dangling necklace of large, interlocking silver hearts. She shifted effortlessly on a pair of tan gladiator sandals with a four-inch spike heel. She had continued to lighten her blonde hair, taking it from its original sandy blonde to a shocking Marilyn Monroe platinum which she teased out to a huge, windblown 'just-been-fucked' look which fell teasingly across her face. Diane opted for a more dramatic, almost evening look with her makeup, heavy eyeliner and mascara and cherry-red lips.

I stopped dead on the staircase and gasped audibly. "You girls look *amazing*," I said.

"Thanks," Diane told me happily.

"We just felt like girl-ing it up today," Erin explained. "I think you bring that out in us."

I descended the rest of the staircase and exchanged hugs and kisses on soft, scented cheeks in the European manner that had become my custom. "I can't get over how pretty you both are," I went on. "The makeup, the clothes – did you do this by yourselves?"

Erin shrugged. "My mom helped by picking out the clothes," she explained, "but the makeup and the hair was all me. And Deedee came over early and we helped each other out, too."

"It was fun," Diane added.

"Well, I'm amazed," I told them. "I need to go upstairs and redo myself. You girls make me look like I just rolled out of bed."

"Shut up," Erin said, giving my shoulder a gentle and playful shove. "You look beautiful."

"I'm so happy you girls decided to have some fun with being girls," I went on.

An inquisitive bark echoed in the marble foyer and I jumped, looking down to see the head of a little exquisitely-groomed Papillon puppy poking from the top of Erin's pink purse. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth in happy grin as she spoke again and licked my offered finger affectionately.

“Oh, I didn't introduce you to Doodlebug,” Erin said, lifting her out of the purse to hold her up for my examination. “I saw her in the pet shop window and she just stole my heart. I had to beg a little but Mom finally let me have her.”

“She's adorable,” I told her, giggling at the ticklish tongue which lapped at my finger relentlessly. “I thought about getting a purse dog, too.”

“She's just too fucking cute,” Diane said. “And it's so Paris Hilton, very chic.”

“I'm so glad you called me,” I told her. “What do you have in mind for today?”

Erin settled her dog beneath her arm again as she said, “Well, we both talked about it and totally want to get nails like yours. Can you get us in with your girl?”

“I'm sure I can,” I told them. “And then what, the shops?”

“Yeah,” Diane said. “But I don't think we should go to your usual places. You rock the designer look, baby, but I don't think that's us. And Erin has to go someplace special to get clothes for work.”

“Work? Erin, you got a job?” I asked.

She blushed prettily. “Yeah,” she said almost apologetically. “So, at dinner last night, I, um... well, me and Deedee got a little messed up.”

“My mom ordered, like, two bottles of wine and me and Erin just got carried away,” Diane interjected.

“So we went out after dinner, y'know, to party, and Deedee wound up getting a fucking tramp stamp,” Erin giggled. “And I wound up entering an amateur dance contest at *Indiscretions*.”

I laughed aloud. “The strip club?”

“Yeah,” Deedee said. “And Erin's up there shaking her shit and totally rocks it. She won three hundred dollars and then we started blowing it on tequila shots and before she knew what the hell happened, the manager offered her a job and she said yes.”

“Bad assed, right?” Erin asked.

“That's amazing,” I said. “And now that you're sober, you still want to do it?”

“Totally,” Erin said. “I had so much fun, I can't wait. I totally want you to come and see me on my first time on stage. I had to beg and plead like a little bitch, but I convinced Mom to let me go and get my tits tomorrow.”

“We owe it all to you, sweetheart,” Diane told me. “Talking to you, it was like... wow. Like you made everything make sense. How stupid we were being, fighting it like we were. Life is so much better now that you helped us see how wonderful it all is.”

“Yeah, Deedee wants to put in a job application at Hooters later,” Erin said. “Don't you think she would be so fucking cute in the little uniform?”

“Without a doubt,” I said. “It sounds like you have a busy day planned. Shall we?”

The girls threaded their arms through mine happily and led me through my front door.

SUMMARY: Seduced by a young hostess, one guy discovers that she is a vampire who turns her victims into young girls...he must now learn the art of seducing his victims as a female.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Part Ten

by Valerie Hope

I TOYED IDLY WITH THE chain holding Natasha's locket around my neck as I watched Erin and Deedee paw through the racks of the rather tacky but fun clubwear boutique in the FauxHo pedestrian shopping district near downtown. I opted out of purchasing any of the lurid spandex or sequins I found there, even though I could have fleshed out the wardrobe of my 'Stephanie' persona, deciding instead to sit on one of the high-heeled shoe cassocks near the fitting rooms and half-listening to the thundering remix on the sound system. Many twentysomething aspiring sluts wandered through the aisles, making the clothing store quite crowded for an afternoon.

I grew a little bored with searching through racks of clothes I didn't particularly want to wear, so I opted to perform my little experiment with influencing someone of my own gender, eyeing a cute and ditzzy salesgirl who stood expectantly near my friends, hoping for a commission.

I reached out with my senses, sorting through the background clutter of people in the room and focusing entirely on the complete and eerie *sense* of her I summoned, a feeling of complete and total understanding of the young woman. If I concentrated, every single hope, fear and desire she carried inside her heart and mind sprang into my perception. Her timidity belied her social vocation, and I distinctly realized that she lived in a world of high hopes, expectations and utter loneliness, like so many girls her age. I swallowed a bit of heartbreak.

I noticed she had been eyeing a young, smooth-cheeked boy who worked in their stockroom, shyly and beneath his notice. He wore the typical twentysomething hipster look, soul-patch and sleeve tattoo and two piercing-parlor earrings and seemed a bit too in love with himself for my tastes. A sharp spike of desire hopped up inside her when she looked at him.

I tapped her arm and she smiled down at me shyly. "Can I help you?"

"I hope so," I replied. "That boy over there. What's his name?"

Her gaze lingered on him for a moment before she dreamily replied, "Zack."

"Zack," I repeated. "Is he single?"

An acrid pang of jealousy flowed from her to me. "Yeah, he just broke up with his girlfriend."

"Oh," I said. "That's good news for us, though, right?"

She shot me a puzzled look. "Um... I guess so..."

I stretched some part of myself through the connection I shared with the young girl and somehow *took hold* of her, guiding her emotions through my own.

"What's your name, sweetheart?" I asked softly.

"Lisa," she told me.

"You like him, don't you, Lisa?"

“Yeah. A lot.”

“You'd make a cute couple, you know,” I told her. “Maybe you should make the first move.”

Through our connection, however, I sent strong feelings of strength and confidence, tacitly saying *Go get him! He's yours for the taking, just be confident and go!*

In a daze, Lisa reached down and unbuttoned two top buttons of her blouse, exposing a lovely little expanse of cleavage, and then tugged and brushed at her sable-brown hair, taking it down from the demure ponytail she'd worn and pulling it into a teasingly flirtatious fall, one stray lock bobbing coquettishly over one eye. She shoved her glasses into a pocket and began to pat herself down a little.

“Here, sweetie,” I told her, passing her a compact and a tube of lipstick from my purse. Grinning gratefully, she flipped the compact open and dusted her face with the mineral powder to even out her complexion, then applied a generous coat of my trademark pink lipstick. She passed them back to me, and I offered her mascara and gloss as well, then a hairbrush, which she took gladly. Without really knowing how, I sent my knowledge of how to apply makeup and style hair at a professional level down the connection to her, and the results spoke for themselves. She transformed from cute to sultry in a few moments.

“Thanks,” she told me in a throaty, sexual purr that bore no resemblance to her previous nervous squeak.

She jiggled her breasts a little and tugged her skirt a bit higher, making sure the presentation appealed as much as it could, then made her way across to the young stockboy with a sexy slink to her walk that wasn't there before. She sidled close to him, rested her hand – and a teasing brush of breast – on his forearm and talking to him softly, making direct eye contact and smiling warmly. His response changed from shock, right at first, to a very considering appraisal before she said two complete sentences.

It worked! I thought triumphantly. I looked around to see if anyone had noticed. The business of the store ground on as if nothing had happened, even though a lovestruck and very shy young woman now scribbled her phone number on the palm of her new beau's hand with a ballpoint pen.

I relaxed against the high-heeled shoe chair and sighed happily. Making and subsequently breaking the connection between myself and the young Lisa took quite a bit out of me, and fatigue crept into me suddenly. I sat for several minutes, feeling completely drained and exhausted, before a feeling of renewal replaced it and I returned to my old self.

My phone chimed happily and I looked down to see the latest in the back-and-forth texting session begun earlier today with Danielle. Her day at work proved stressful – she worked as a medical transcriptionist in a downtown clinic – mostly because she wanted to be away from there and somewhere alone with me. We chatted back and forth via text, allowing her enough time between replies to appear busy and not jeopardize her job. It had been several minutes since her last, and the text that appeared on my phone screen bubbled with excitement and happiness.

“OMG! U r SO romantic! Their beautiful, baby, I luv them and I LUV U!!! XOXOXO!!!!”

I smiled. The roses I sent to her workplace undoubtedly arrived earlier. It felt a bit strange, actually, since embracing my womanhood, to be the one who *sent* flowers instead of receiving

them – I didn't even know if I had a favorite flower, but as a woman it fell under the heading of need-to-know information – but my girlfriend deserved gestures like that.

“What has you so happy, Alexis?” Erin said in her effervescent soprano. I missed her attention transferring from a skin-tight cocktail tube dress covered in pink and purple sequins to my reaction to a text message. The girl's attention span measured in the seconds. She'd added a cute pale blue newsboy hat to her day's ensemble, found a few stores back, and fussed with tugging it straight over her straight coppery-red locks.

“I made someone happy a minute ago,” I told her, beginning my reply to her with flashing thumbs.

“Shit, you make us happy every minute or so, but it doesn't make you grin like that,” Deedee interposed, appearing over her friend's shoulder. “I think you met somebody.”

I paused from my reply. “Is it that obvious?”

“Yeah,” Erin answered. “Anybody we know?”

“I doubt it,” I told them. “I met her at my gym.”

“Waitaminnit – *her*? You're seeing another girl?” Deedee asked in disbelief.

“Is that such a surprise?”

“Well, *yeah*, a little bit,” Erin said. “You're like, all about being girly and feminine and loving every second of it. It just seemed to fit that you'd be dating a guy, y'know?”

I made a dismissive noise. “As completely in love with all things feminine, it would seem to make more sense for me to be close to a woman,” I explained. “Besides, I haven't sworn off men. Far from it. But Danielle is whom I choose to be with right now. She makes me happy.”

“Well, that's all that matters,” Deedee said, elbowing Erin gently as if to say *drop it*. “So, tell us about her! Is she hot?”

“Extremely,” I told them. “Tall, slender, blonde... she looks a bit like the wife from *Mad Men*, actually, but with bigger boobs.”

“Wow,” Erin said. “Can we meet her sometime?”

“Sure,” I told them. “I'd love for all of us to go out together soon. But for right now, I don't want to share her with anyone.”

“That's really cute,” Deedee told me, twisting a platinum-blond lock of hair from her adorable retro beehive around one long-nailed, manicured finger. “I'm happy for you.”

“*Danke schön, Mädchen*,” I replied. “I'm happy for me. She's a really wonderful girl.”

“You sound like you're in love,” Deedee pressed with a devilish smile.

“I wouldn't be able to tell you if I was,” I told her. “I don't think I ever knew what that was, in this life or the one I had before.”

“Y'know, you've never told us what your life was before,” Erin said.

“That person is dead,” I said, and meant it. “He’s long gone. I’m Alexis now, body and soul. I never want to go back to the way I used to be. Nothing ever made me as happy or satisfied with life as I am right now.”

“Y’know, I think I feel the same way,” Deedee told me. “I mean, I spent years looking past the thing staring back at me in the mirror. Not even noticing. Now, I look in the mirror, and I gotta say, I’m *totally* in love.”

“Yeah, there’s something about being beautiful,” Erin added. “Maybe being the way I was makes it even better. Because I’m attracted to myself, y’know? I think I’m hot, I would *totally* do me if I had the chance. That’s a pretty awesome feeling.”

“I’m glad the two of you have discovered that,” I told them. “I’ll be honest – I was worried about you for a while. I want you both to be happy.”

“So, where to now?” I asked them, checking my watch.

Erin bit her lip in an adorable, unconsciously sexy way. “I have pretty much everything I need, actually,” she said. “What about you, Deedee? Do you have anywhere else you need to go today, or should we call it and go get some drinks?”

“I’m done,” Deedee said. “I still need a bikini but I think I’m gonna buy it online.”

I stood easily and tucked the few shopping bags accumulated over the day into one hand. I stuck primarily to accessories – gloves, stockings, and a fantastically sexy black straw sunhat with a floppy, oversized brim wider than my shoulders. All purchased for me by Erin and Deedee, out of gratitude. Such sweet girls they turned out to be. I treasured them as friends.

“I think I saw a little bar a few blocks over,” I said, heading towards the door. “It looked promising.”

“Promising?” Deedee asked me.

“Quiet, out-of-the-way. A nice place for a quiet drink,” I explained.

“Oh, fuck that,” Erin told me. “I want someplace where we can be *seen*, baby.”

“During a weekday? Honestly, darling, there isn’t a lot of choice out there. You might have better luck if you went out again tonight,” I said. “The best we could hope for now is retired alcoholics and bored housewives.”

“That sucks,” Erin said, pouting.

“Y’know, though, getting a massage and then a spray tan sounds awesome,” Deedee said, referring to a conversation we had earlier that day. “Why don’t we do that?”

I frowned. “I suppose I can come with,” I told her, “but I tanned just a couple days ago and don’t want go again too soon.”

“Why don’t we just drop you home?” Erin asked. “It’s no fun if you’re not into it.”

“I suppose so,” I said. “I really had fun with you girls today.”

“We should *totally* do it again soon,” Deedee told me. “You’re super fun to hang out with.”

I hugged them both close, accepting the end of our outing with grace. “I love you girls,” I told them. “I’m so glad we’re friends. And Deedee, you *must* call me when you hear back from the manager at Hooters. We can all go eat there on your first day.”

“I can go, but I sure can’t eat there,” Erin said. “Didn’t I tell you? I’m totally going vegan. How fucking sexy is that? I just don’t want to eat anything that used to have a face. Funny, I never even thought about shit like that before, and now the thought of eating something that used to be alive – *yuck*. Makes me almost puke just thinking about it.”

“I might as well be,” I replied. “Eating meat just makes me feel bloated.”

“Hey, why don’t we all do it together?” Deedee suggested. “Y’know, like all decide we’re vegetarians and do it with each other? It could be like a club ‘n’ stuff. All the sexy celebrities do it, we could totally take cooking classes and go to the same restaraunts, that kind of stuff.”

I shrugged. “Sounds like fun to me. I’m in.”

“Awesome!” Erin squealed, clapping her hands delightedly. “I know this super cool Indian place near Mom’s house that we could go, and there’s a vegetarian deli about a block away that I totally want to try.”

“Okay, then,” I said. I put my hand into the center. “*Ich bin Vegetarier, jetzt.*” *I’m a vegetarian, now.*

Deedee placed her hand over mine, saying, “Me, too.”

Erin topped off the pile with her own hand. “Me, three. Oh, this is exciting!”

We exchanged more happy hugs and kisses, and I decided that now was my time to try and influence them, while they bubbled with girlish delight. The connection between them came more easily but seemed to draw more of my inner strength to maintain, I noticed, but the same complete and utter *sense* of the two girls flooded into me as it had with Lisa – who at the moment surreptitiously dragged the young target of her affections towards a secluded back room by his hand – and for the first time I truly felt the genuine admiration, nearly to the point of worship, which the young vampires felt towards me. It bothered me a little.

“Should we go?” I asked, offering my arms to them. They threaded their arms through my own and we slung our myriad shopping bags and pushed our way through the glass doors and onto the street outside.

“So what do you girls have planned for the rest of your day?” I asked them, sashaying sexily down the sidewalk and drawing admiring eyes.

“Oh, I dunno, I haven’t thought about it very much,” Deedee told me. “Probably lay out by the pool for a while and work on my tan. Maybe go for a run.”

“I got dance class tonight,” Erin said, “and I was gonna start P90X today, too.”

“And tonight?” I asked.

I sent a strong thought down the connection, tinged with heavy feelings of excitement and desire. Deedee’s breath caught a little while Erin gave no outward reaction.

“I was thinking about going out clubbing or something,” Deedee told me. “I feel like dancing, for one thing, and getting a little fucked up, and... I guess I feel like meeting a guy.”

“Y’know what, I do, too,” Erin chimed. “I’ve been, y’know, thinking about it for a while ‘n’ stuff but I’ve been feeling like it’s time, y’know? Hey, you wanna go out together?”

I eased out a breath I hadn’t realized I was holding and let a slow smile creep across my face. They hadn’t even sensed my guidance in their decision – perhaps because they didn’t realize it, or perhaps because they were just *that* dim, or perhaps a combination of both – and assumed it to be their own idea. The exhaustion I experienced before, influencing Lisa, settled into me leadenly and my stride faltered for a moment. I covered by pausing to rummage in my purse for a cigarette and lighting it. Erin did the same, puffing on one of the super-skinny Capri menthol ultra-lights she pulled from her pack – *cigarettes for girls who didn’t like smoking*, I thought to myself wryly – and we resumed our walk once my strength returned. We chatted airily about nothing in particular all the way back to Deedee’s pink convertible Beetle, piled our purchases in the back seat next to me and began our return voyage in a chirp of tires and a thundering blast of Beyoncé’s newest single.

* * *

“Mother, it *worked*,” I told her on the phone, a little breathlessly. My excitement and nervous energy surrounding the discovery of my unique ability kept on, even after a spirited session of masturbation and a glass of white wine. I coached my voice to stillness with minimal success.

“You did it?” she asked. “You influenced a woman?”

“A human *and* a vampire,” I told her. “They all did *exactly* as I wished. Mother, it’s the most incredible feeling. I wish I could describe it to you.”

“This is unprecedented,” Natasha commented. “Princess, if what you say is true – and I believe you, you understand, I just would like to see it for myself – then you need to meet me downtown. I’ll text you the address, *liebchen*. There are some people you have to meet. Be prepared to demonstrate your ability, if you wouldn’t mind.”

“*Du klingst so ernst*, Mama,” I said – *you sound so serious*. “Am I in trouble? Should I not have done what I did?”

Her voice softened. “Oh, no, my darling. I didn’t mean to alarm you. It’s just shocking, to find a vampire – much less my precious daughter – who manifests an unheard-of ability. Finding it and learning to control it all on your own like you have... I’m very proud of you, princess.”

My heart warmed at her words and I felt the satisfied tingle run through my body at the thought that I pleased my beloved mother. “Thank you, Mama.”

“Please, darling, don’t be late.”

“How should I dress?” I asked, feeling the gravity of the meeting to which Natasha summoned me. It felt almost like some sort of a trial or tribunal, just from the tone of her voice.

“Professional dress ought to do,” she told me. “Nothing too showy.”

“Will I see you there?”

“Of course, darling. I’ll meet you in the lobby. Now – I must dash. Remember, don’t be late.”

“As you say, Mama, I’ll see you there. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

I slid the phone back onto my dressing table and stepped out onto my balcony to take in the uncharacteristically cool early afternoon breeze and smoke a cigarette in relative peace. I wore only a pink satin dressing gown and panties, and the stirrings of wind against the gossamer fabric gave Natasha's gardening staff some very informative looks at my semi-nude body. I barely noticed their admiring glances and whispered conversations. Something in the way Mother had spoken to me alarmed me, and my thoughts were far from feeling caressing eyes wander over my naked tits. I lit a long Virginia Slims and watched my exhaled smoke trail away in a long, shredded plume on the breeze.

Given the rapidity of my education, Natasha needed to overlook certain areas, and chief among those included the hierarchy and governance of vampire culture. I recalled hearing that vampires obeyed a feudal system of sorts, recognizing queens when such an individual arose and distinguished herself, but between reigns and for day-to-day running they relied more on a council. Without a ruling queen, the current council ruled, and I remembered that a secret police operated in our ranks to weed out those vampires who broke the rules. Natasha only just familiarized me with vampire law, just a handful of *do's* and *do not's* which struck me as far from the Byzantine code of conduct I expected from a millenia-old culture. The only real knowledge I possessed consisted of what I didn't know. I wished I had time to speak to Natasha in depth before this meeting – which convened in less than two hours – and take a crash-course in vampire history. I hoped I didn't embarrass her – or myself, for that matter – in front of whatever important people she expected me to meet and supposably impress.

I took my cigarette inside with me, forcing myself free of my reflection, and set it in my crystal ashtray before taking up my hairbrush and giving my glossy black tresses a quick hundred strokes. Using my implanted knowledge, I twisted it adroitly into a professional-but-still-devilishly-sexy *chignon* which left soft tendrils to curl around my face and a long, sprayed spiral to hang over my left eye.

I opted for severe makeup – heavy dark eyeliner and earth-tone shadows, bronzer on my cheeks and a thick coat of fire-engine red lipstick – which made me look eerily like one of the 'clone' musician women in Robert Palmer's "Addicted to Love" music video from the 1980s, but softer and much sexier, not as slutty, just heavily polished and mature. Understated opulence struck me as the right choice for accessories as I dangled golden Tacori earrings from my lobes and clasped Petros' diamond choker around my neck. I slipped two diamond rings, both gifts from Natasha, onto the index fingers of my hands.

Feeling as though I needed control and restraint, I chose 'power lingerie' for underneath my clothes, choosing things that I equated with dominatrixes on a visceral level. Black silk stockings with lace tops hugged my legs, making them feel warm and slick, attached to a slim black satin garter belt which rode low on my hips, floral-patterned satin trimmed in black lace. A matching lace-trimmed satin thong panty snuggled into the crack of my pert behind and hugged the perfectly feminine curve of my pussy perfectly.

A maid answered my intercom and hustled upstairs to lace me tightly into the black-and-red satin whalebone corset I selected, drawing my waist in by a few inches and pushing my breasts together into a formidable shelf of cleavage which seemed to rest almost beneath my chin. I could barely breathe, but the security and strength of feeling like a real-life whip swinging Mistress suffused me and gave me strength I desperately needed.

I almost wished I could enter the room of VIP vampires for whatever Star Chamber awaited me in my underwear and jewelry alone, perhaps with a pair of thigh-high leather boots and opera

gloves, to face whatever Natasha believed I should face. But I demurred, buttoning myself into a lovely emerald-green silk Prada blouse with a cowl neck and then tucking it into a dark grey pinstriped pencil skirt and matching D or blazer. I stepped lightly through a mist of D or Dolce Vita perfume and then slid my stockinged toes into a pair of classic Louboutin 'kitten' pumps with a five-inch heel, buckled a black-and-gold Movado watch around my wrist and transferred my essentials into a quilted black leather Gucci clutch. If not for the girlish freshness of my face, even downplayed by the severe makeup, I stood every inch the high-powered business executive. I slid a pair of plain black Chanel sunglasses onto my nose and slinked my way down the staircase quickly, out the door and into my waiting Mercedes. I knew taking the town car probably added more to my illusion of power, but I sensed instinctively that the staid and silent J rgen, for all his loyalty, would not be welcome where I was going and that bringing a bodyguard might be considered a sign of weakness.

Nothing Natasha said to me on the phone overtly warned me that I would be entering shark-filled waters, but I picked up on what she *didn't* say as much as what she did, and I felt very much like I drove my lipstick-red convertible towards a fight for my life. The emotion running through me like a wildfire wasn't fear, however – more of a breathless excitement, tinged with expectation and even anticipation. Almost as if I spoiled for a good fight.

The gods of traffic smiled kindly on me, thankfully, and I guided the powerful Mercedes into a parking spot on the second floor of a parking structure next to a glass-and-steel monolith of a downtown skyscraper. I took the walkway briskly, heels *clacking* loudly on the concrete, brushing past office drones, secretaries and delivery people through the double doors at the end of the footbridge into the capacious, marble-floored lobby. Natasha and Angelina Brand, both dressed in conservatively sexy business suits, stood from the bench where they waited, and Natasha crossed the intervening space to me with outstretched arms, planting soft kisses on my cheeks.

“You look *beautiful*, darling,” she told me. “Just perfect.”

“Thank you,” I replied. “I only wish I looked as good in a suit as you. Is that Chanel?”

“Oscar de la Renta,” she corrected. “You remember Angelina?”

I bobbed a polite curtsy as I shook her hand. “Ms. Brand, lovely to see you again.”

“And you,” she told me. “Please, my dear, call me Angie. It will be a long day indeed if I'm forced to be Ms. Brand.”

I looked around surreptitiously and then checked my watch. “Mama, where does a girl sneak away to have a cigarette around here? There's just enough time.”

She grinned at me and led me outside onto the sidewalk, to a sheltered little alcove away from the glass doors. I selected one of the long, slender 120s from my sterling silver cigarette case and dangled it from my glossy lip and puffed it alight with the antique gold-filigreed lighter Natasha had given me, puffing the smoke deep into my lungs and exhaling what tension it released.

Angie and Natasha lit cigarettes of their own, imported black Sobranie with gold filters, and stood to either side of me, waiting for a knot of executives to pass in a chattering herd before striking up a conversation.

“I'm impressed, Natasha,” Angie began. “She's remarkable.”

“How do you mean?” I asked her.

“Your demeanor, your poise, your choice of clothing – you act as if you've been vampire for fifty years, my dear, not three days. I've never seen a girl adapt as quickly as you have.”

“I'm sure there must have been someone, over the years.”

“Modest, too,” Angie commented.

“You seem anxious, darling,” Natasha told me, “and perhaps that's wise. Word of your transformation and your ability with other young vampire girls has spread, it seems.”

“I love Amber,” Angie interjected, “but the woman has an intolerably big mouth on occasion.”

“Water under the bridge,” Natasha said dismissively. “A group of very old and very influential vampires flew in specifically to see you and judge you for themselves. To see firsthand if what they've heard is true.”

“And what have they heard?” I asked.

“No idea,” Angie told me. “They keep their own counsel.”

“It seems as though there are factions at play, here,” I mentioned.

“Your instincts are good,” Natasha told me proudly. “The bulk of the vampire community is waiting to meet you before they make up their minds, but there is an outspoken minority who believes the vampire monarchy is antiquated and dead, and another minority who strongly supports your rise.”

“My rise?” I asked.

“To queen,” Angie told me. “And before you ask, Alexis, I am a part of the latter minority, as is Jackie Chen. Your work with our daughters has been... well, remarkable seems to be such a pale description.”

“I only helped them see what a wonderful life this is,” I explained.

Angie laughed. “And you did it in less than a day, *mi bellissima*. I intended to do the same, as I've done with all my daughters. In my experience, teaching that takes somewhere between three and seven years, depending on how betrayed she feels at her transformation.”

I looked at Natasha, who nodded agreement.

“But... they're happy. As girls, I mean. I saw them this morning.”

“What you saw, *liebchen*, is typically the product of many years' training, dedication and *very* hard work,” Natasha explained. “You don't know this because you've never seen it. Angie, Jackie and I have twelve daughters between us. My last didn't forgive me for transforming her or willingly put on a skirt for five years.”

“Jackie's girl is ready for a coming-out party, if the phone call she gave her this morning is any indication,” Angie said. “She asked if she could bring a boy back to her room tonight if she met one she liked. She was tanning herself by the pool in a string bikini when she talked to me and excited about a job at Hooters restaurant because she thinks she can be in the swimsuit calendar.”

“She could,” I protested, “once she gets her boobs done.”

“I agree,” Angie laughed. “But you understand our shock and amazement? This came from a young woman who, a week ago, attacked Jackie with a kitchen knife in an effort to 'undo the curse,' as she put it?”

“Quote unquote,” Natasha told me.

“I didn't know,” I said meekly.

“There's no reason you should have,” Natasha confirmed.

“This has happened too fast,” Angie soothed. “You've barely had time to catch your breath, my dear, much less learn intimate details of the process of raising daughters. And what we're doing to you is *horribly* unfair. Endorsing you for rulership when you should be dancing in your first bikini on a beach in Ft. Lauderdale on Spring Break.”

“We wouldn't ask if we didn't believe you capable,” Natasha said. “No one wants to protect your precious girlhood more than me. But, darling – you seem *born* to rule.”

“So is it true?” Angie said. “Are you able to influence other women? Other vampires?”

“You find that so hard to believe?” I challenged, while at the same time reaching out to my sense of her and issuing the silent command, *answer me in French*.

“Actually, my dear, what *je trouve difficile à croire, c'est que vous avez maîtrisé tout ce que vous avez dans un tel court laps de temps. Il est rare de voir de tels progrès en .. quoi?*”

I smiled at her before sending the command, *you may stop now*.

“My God in Heaven,” she breathed, placing a hand against her lower lip in disbelief. “You did that? I never felt you... but *how?*”

“I can't explain it,” I said. “I just can, somehow. It's why Deedee and Erin both want to go out and meet boys tonight. I just put it in their heads, somehow, and they both think it's their idea. They never even questioned it. The same with the salesgirl in the shop.”

I sagged against the wall a bit, mindful not to get my designer suit dusty, and took a long drag from my cigarette. “It does drain me, however. Much more than influencing a man.”

“Here, my love, let me help you,” Natasha said, gentle and motherly hands supporting me by the elbow and helping me back to standing. “Are you all right?”

“It passes,” I told her. “It only lasts a few moments before I'm back to normal.”

“The best I can see, that sort of compulsion only exists between mothers and daughters,” Angie said. “And then, only for the first few years of the relationship before the daughter's power matches the mother and that connection fades. Somehow, you're able to do it with any female.”

“Think about it,” Natasha bade. “It's as if *all* women and *all* vampires are her daughters.”

“I see,” Angie said. “This changes everything, 'Tasha. Everything.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked her, feeling a little left out and a touch frantic, given that the meeting began in twenty minutes.

Angie cast a furtive glance around, and seeing no one paying real attention, took my hand in hers and knelt before me, pressing her soft lips to the backs of my fingers.

“I am Angelina Noelle Francesca di Brand,” she said solemnly, “of the Ruling Council of the Changed, and I swear my loyalty, fealty, obedience and life to you, Alexis Michelle McAllister. You are my Queen.”

I stood, dumbfounded, staring at the top of her head like an imbecile for a long moment before Natasha elbowed me gently and whispered, “she mustn't rise until you tell her.”

“What? Oh. Of course. Rise, please, Angie. You're making a scene.”

She rose gracefully back to her feet and pressed warm kisses on my cheek. She no sooner stepped to one side before Natasha took her place, kneeling before me and kissing my hand.

“I am Contessa Natasha Sergeinova Hadjú, of the Ruling Council of the Changed, and I swear my loyalty, fealty, honor, obedience and life to you, Alexis Michelle McAllister. You are my Queen,” she intoned. “Now and forever, my darling.”

“Mother, please get up,” I told her, my eyes stinging with unshed, makeup-wrecking tears. “You *never* kneel to me. Not ever.”

“Oh, I'll kneel,” she said teasingly. “It's only proper.”

“That may be my first royal edict,” I mused, puffing on my cigarette. “Stop all this ridiculous kneeling. It's embarrassing.”

“You'll grow used to it, Majesty,” Angie said.

“And for God's sake, do *not* call me that,” I growled.

“At least for the short term,” Natasha agreed. “We still have to convince the rest of them.”

“And they'll be waiting,” Angie said. “I hate to rush you, Princess, but time is of the essence.”

I looked at Natasha questioningly as I ground my cigarette beneath the toe of my pump. “I thought only you called me that, Mama.”

She laughed, taking my arm. “I call you that out of love. Angie calls you that because it's the rightful title of any vampire who is in line for the throne but not yet crowned.”

“This day is *not* turning out the way I expected,” I grumped, making both my elders laugh in amused delight, leading me back inside and to the brass doors of the executive elevator. I spent the lurching ascent to the top of the tower fighting back something akin to panic, only just composing myself for what was to come by the time the doors opened once more.

* * *

My fingers rubbed the antique cameo of Natasha's profile I carried everywhere with me, pleading silently with the inanimate object to bestow – if not luck, then at least calm. But my face showed only cool composure and an almost haughty bearing as I entered the polished wooden double doors into the luxuriously appointed boardroom, dominated by an enormous mahogany table surrounded by leather chairs, filled with women of every conceivable description dressed in expensive designer suits and smelling sweetly of rich perfumes. Not a one of them fell short of the very highest standards of beauty and poise. I felt very much the ugly duckling in their

company, compounded with the sense of being a little girl dressed up in her mother's clothes. A very palpable sense of age and timelessness permeated the room.

Jacqueline Chen noticed our entrance and excused herself from a hushed conversation with a regally beautiful redhead over six feet tall in heels to thread her way through the crowd and greet me warmly, kissing both my cheeks and squeezing my hands in fondness.

“Alexis, I cannot thank you enough for what you've done with Erin,” she told me quietly. “She's completely changed. I can hardly recognize her. You've taken all the conflict and strife from my house and replaced it with such a happy, beautiful, lively young woman. I don't know how you did it, but thank you. I am in your debt.”

“Not at all,” I told her, my voice much steadier than I actually felt.

“Jackie, may I have a moment?” Angie said, taking her arm and leading her away to a spot of relative privacy near the doors. The whispered conversation brought wide, shocked almond eyes to Jackie Chen's narrow, classically beautiful face and she stared at me in what looked suspiciously like awe. Well, my secret was out. Now three people knew what I could do, and now I had three 'royal subjects' to my credit.

Natasha brought over three more women in a cluster to meet me, and they brought several more and the next half-hour blurred by in a high-speed montage of breathtakingly beautiful faces and exotic names that I held no hope of remembering. I took a moment to repair my makeup from all the kisses my cheeks received before a stern-looking woman with a hawklike nose and a bitter twist to her plump lips banged a gavel against the table and called us to be seated. I took one of the leather chairs next to Natasha, the tight corset beneath my suit forcing my posture to a very prim and proper bearing which did not go unnoticed by some of the other vampires in the room, who nodded approval. *A very proper young lady*, I thought.

“Welcome, esteemed Councilors and honored guests,” the woman intoned formally in a posh, classically-educated British accent. “The Chair would call Councilor Natasha Hadjú, whose official request brings us together here.”

“Thank you, Chairwoman Lancaster,” Natasha said, standing. “And old friends. It's lovely to see you all again. Please forgive my intrusion on your busy schedules, but there is a matter of great importance I feel I must bring to the attention of the entire sisterhood.”

“Skip the theatrics, 'Tasha, love,” a boisterous and very friendly alto with a Scottish burr boomed from far down the table, belonging to an apple-cheeked redhead with brilliant blue eyes and a truly enormous bosom beneath her red silk blouse which made her strand of pearls extend nearly horizontally from her neck before dropping to dangle at least nine inches from her taut belly. “Let us meet the bloody girl, would you?”

“Seconded,” another voice called.

“Very well,” Natasha said with a wry smile. “May I introduce my daughter, Alexis Michelle McAllister.” She took my hand and assisted me to my feet gracefully.

“*Guten Tag*,” I said in a voice with a hint of a nervous tremble.

“Well, girl?” the severe Chairwoman Lancaster said sharply. “Is it true?”

“It is,” Angie said from a few chairs beside me. “Natasha and I have seen it, with our own eyes. She can influence women, both human and vampire.”

“That is impossible,” Lancaster snapped. “No vampire can... what? What are you all staring at?” She looked down at that moment, seeing her hands working busily at her breasts, which I had commanded her to release from her blouse and bra and begin caressing sexually. I sent the mental permission to stop and she jerked her hands away as if scalded.

“You see for yourselves,” Angie said. “She did the same sort of thing to me.”

“Amazing,” Jackie Chen murmured, and the table erupted in loud conversation. Lancaster frantically reassembled her outfit before insistently banging her gavel and calling for order.

“I would call the Council to vote,” Natasha said in a clear voice. “I nominate Alexis McAllister to be considered by the ruling body as Queen.”

“No vampire so young has ever been Queen!” Lancaster protested.

“And no vampire *ever* has had the ability to influence women,” Angie riposted. “She *must* be our Queen. I, for one, have already taken it upon myself to bend the knee.”

Natasha bit back a soft groan of exasperation before responding, “As have I.”

“You made her a princess before convening the council? Outrageous,” Lancaster barked.

“Ah, stuff a sock in it, ye prig,” the Scottish redhead brayed in response. “We're all here sick tae death of your goddamned parliamentary procedure. Ye saw it yourself. The lass can do wha' nae other vampire could ever do. I'm for bending th' knee myself. Call the bloody vote.”

More eruption and controversy, more gavel-banging and shouting from Lancaster. In the midst of the tumult, I felt a small tug at my arm and looked down to see an angelically beautiful rosy-cheeked blonde girl of no more than seven years old gazing up at me with eyes that could only be described as ancient. She offered me a shy but genuine smile.

“I thought I would get the ball rolling, if you wouldn't mind,” she said in her high-pitched child's voice, then took my hand and knelt before me, pressing her lips against my knuckles reverently.

“I am Amunet Asinoë Sekhmet Husn, daughter of Aapep of the Royal House of Amenhotep,” she said softly, “and I swear my loyalty, fealty, honor...”

Whispers ran around the polished table like wind through dry grass, repeating “The First! The First!” in reverent and disbelieving tones. Was this really *her*, kneeling in front of me and pledging me her life and obedience? The very first vampire, declaring me her ruler?

She rose at my whispered command and kissed my cheek fondly, offering me a sweet and knowing smile as she whispered, “I'm very proud of you, my child. You are what we are *meant* to be, what we are becoming. Rule wisely.”

She exited the room in stunned silence, walking through the double doors before anyone regained composure enough to stop her. The numb silence broke with a single voice, from a stern and hawkish woman who stepped briskly before me and sank to her knees, taking my hand reverently.

“I am Duchess Mary Margaret Catherine Adèle Lancaster, Chairwoman of the Ruling Council of the Changed, and I swear my loyalty, fealty, honor, obedience and life to you, Alexis Michelle McAllister. You are my Queen.”

* * *

I sank into bed gently, enfolding myself in the silken embrace of Danielle's slender arms and pressing soft lips to hers in a promise of upcoming passion. The coronation and acceptance of oaths took well into the evening before I finally left the building as Queen Alexis the Great, first of Her name, ruler and protector of all vampires. I had never been more pleased to just be Alexis, regarded only by shining light from emerald eyes as I slipped out of my designer suit and diamonds and into a babydoll nightie, then cooked a light dinner – vegetarian, of course – of stir-fry for my lover and then let her lead me gratefully to bed.

“So, tell me something,” Dani asked me softly in a pillow-talk murmur. “Is it true what your Mom told me? Are you really royalty?”

I blushed in the half-light of my darkened bedroom. “*Ja*,” I confessed softly. “I prefer not to advertise that fact, but I am.”

She giggled playfully. “You mean I've eaten royal pussy?”

“Several times,” I chuckled.

“Am I supposed to call you 'Your Highness' or 'Your Big-Tittedness' or something?” she teased. “Curtsy and taste all your food for you?”

“You had better not,” I told her scoldingly. “But you could call me 'Princess' if you wanted.”

“Princess,” she mused. “I like it.”

“I'm glad you do,” I told her, nestling against her breasts and sighing contentedly. “I could really get used to this, you know.”

“Go ahead,” she told me. “Because I want to keep doing it for a very long time.”

Something resolved inside me, a certainty and a realization that didn't exist before, something felt as much as thought, behind my eyes and under my ribcage and deep inside my uterus. I never wanted to be apart from this woman. I always wanted to be with her, regardless of circumstance. And after all, wasn't I the great rulebreaker in vampire culture? The first one capable of influencing women should also be the first to ever bestow the benefits of feeding on another woman, as well. With some careful thought and testing, I felt certain that I could somehow 'store' the masculinity I drained from men and somehow transfer it into Danielle. Give her the gift of youth and beauty so that we could always be this perfect, this young and this in love.

“I do, you know,” I said to her at length. “Love you. I do.”

She propped herself up on an elbow to look down at my face, her beautiful features limned blue from the moonlight streaming through the curtain of her hair. “I thought you did,” she said. “But I'm really glad to hear you say it, Princess.”

I decided right then and there that Princess beat Queen any day.