

# Stepmother in Command



**Susan Hulbert**

An "Adult TV" Novel

## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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# Stepmother in Command

**By Susan Hulbert**

It all started over the long summer vacation. Or maybe it didn't. Maybe it started a couple of years earlier with a wedding.

Luke's dad married Marsha and Luke got a stepmother. They'd met through business. Marsha ran a wedding and party planning company. She was a human dynamo, tall and elegant, blonde, with never a hair out of place, and never the slightest flaw in her makeup. She was never the kind of girl who would melt into the background. It was no wonder that Dad had been bowled over by her.

Quite what she saw in Luke's dad was a mystery to many of their friends. His business was of a much lower profile. He designed and made jewellery; not just any old jewellery, but really fine pieces. Gold and diamonds, platinum and precious stones of all kinds were passing through his hands daily.

He kept the lowest of profiles. Good classy jewellers always do; they don't advertise that they have all that valuable stuff in their workshops or at home. Despite this low profile, he was well-known and sought after in the same fashionable circles as Marsha traveled in.

As if that wasn't enough for Luke, he also got Casey, a step-sister who was a couple of years older and several worlds more experienced. She was every bit her mother's daughter. Their relationship wasn't helped by Luke being so small and skinny, with mousey hair that fell almost to his shoulders like an untidy mop.

Life with Marsha wasn't so bad. They all moved into a much bigger house several miles out of town. Luke got his own room with a bathroom and a new computer. Marsha was far stricter than he remembered his own mother ever being, but that was quite a while ago. He didn't mind too much; after all, Dad was happy again.

And Dad was *really* happy. He was doing what he loved most; designing and creating the most beautiful jewellery. With Marsha's reputation behind him, he was able to buy stock in parcels from the wholesale market in precious stones. He and Luke spent hours together.

Luke loved learning about the qualities of the stones. The brilliance, clarity and colour were finely graded and he was learning fast.

"You've a jeweller's eye for the best," Dad praised him easily. "Your designs are much more modern than anything I've ever dared to do. I always think that tradition sells best."

"I think I'm designing in the tradition," Luke said. "I'm not as wild as some of those manufacturers in that last exhibition we went to, but I think a piece has to reflect the age in which it was created, as well as having a lasting appeal."

"Well said." Dad smiled at his son's wisdom. "And things can always be remodelled. That keeps people like me in business."

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Much as Dad and Luke were getting on, it soon became clear that Marsha was the dominant one in the relationship. She was a couple of years older than her husband and used to getting her own way. Luke did his best to keep a low profile around the house and avoid any confrontation, even when she pushed him almost to the limits. In truth, he was a little afraid of his step-mother.

She had him on a cleaning routine for his room and gave out a list of chores for him to do each week. Casey had a similar list, but her neglect passed by, whereas any failure got Luke into trouble.

“It’s not fair,” Luke complained to his father. “Casey gets to walk the dog, and I have to clean the bathroom and deal with the dishwasher.”

“I’ll speak to Marsha,” Dad promised. “But please remember, she’s not used to having a boy around, and Casey’s like a treasure to her.”

“But Dad, I always end up with the short end of the stick,” Luke complained. “I had to leave all my friends behind when we moved here. Now all I am is Casey’s new little brother wherever I go. The guys at school are like a tribe that’s not accepting new members.”

“Let her get used to having you around, and I’m sure it’ll get easier.” Dad didn’t quite take Marsha’s side, but he didn’t fight in Luke’s corner either.

“But I’m not making any real friends here,” Luke said. “I’m not big enough or strong enough for football, I’m not tall enough for basketball, and I’m too slow for the track team.”

“Give it time, son,” Dad said. “I did hear that Marsha had lined up a job for you in the vacation, so you’ll have some money of your own and you won’t get bored hanging around here. I’m sure you’ll make friends easily once you’re working.”

“I’ll do my best for you, Dad,” Luke promised, wondering what Marsha had in mind.

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“Dad says you’ve arranged a job for me over the vacation,” Luke asked Marsha as I was getting ready for the last week at school.

“That’s right,” Marsha said. “You’re sixteen now. I’m not having you hanging around all through the vacation getting under our feet.”

“I don’t get under your feet,” Luke protested, to no avail.

“You’ll be working for a friend of mine,” Marsha told him. “She’s the lady who does all the catering arrangements for my

business. I really need to keep her on board, so you'd better be her greatest-ever hire.

“So what do I have to do?”

“It's a nice job,” she replied. “Casey used to work there, but she's got a better job this year in the big salon in the mall.”

“But Casey used to work in that tea shop on the edge of the mall. I've never seen a boy working there. It's usually just Casey and the two ladies who own the place,” Luke said.

“That's right,” Marsha said. “You're taking Casey's place. It's lucky she kept her uniform from the last couple of years she's worked there. The smaller one should fit you.”

“But that's a girl's uniform. It's a dress with a little apron.” Luke didn't understand.

“That's right,” Marsha replied. “They wanted another girl and couldn't find one quickly enough, so I suggested that you'd be able to do it.”

“But I'm not a girl,” Luke stated the obvious.

“Maybe not, but you can dress up and pretend.” Marsha smiled at the thought. “My friends thought it would be great fun to have you working there and fooling all their customers into thinking what a charming young lady you were.”

“That's awful.” Luke recoiled in horror. “I'm never going to be a charming young lady. I can't do it.”

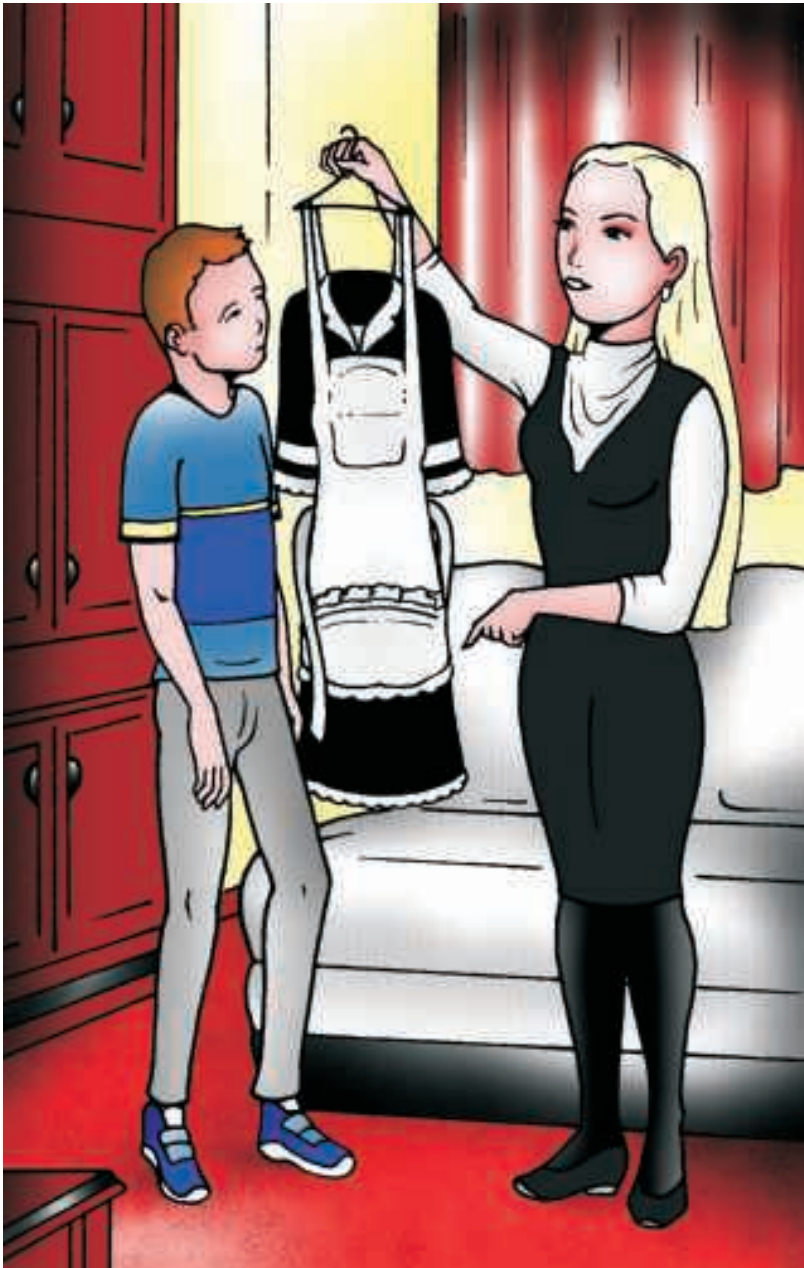
“Yes you can and I don't want to hear any argument. They've agreed to take you on as long as you meet the dress code,” Marsha said firmly. “And we'll make sure you pass the dress code, won't we?”

“I guess...” Luke mumbled, realising that further resistance was useless. “What if anyone from school comes in and recognises me.”

“You'll have to tell them that your cousin goes to that school and you know you look a lot like him.”

“That's just silly,” Luke snapped. “What if they ask where I am?”

“You can tell them anything you like,” Marsha snapped back. “Tell them that Luke's gone to explore Uganda; he's do-





ing work experience with a lumberjack camp. Make something up.”

“I can’t tell them that; they’ll recognise my voice, and probably beat me to a pulp.”

“You’d better make sure they don’t recognise you then,” Marsha replied. “Tell them anything, but you’re taking that job starting next Monday morning and that’s final.”

“But the dress...”

“It’s a uniform. You can try it on, and get used to it in the evenings this week.” Marsha reached for her car keys. “Casey’s agreed to help you get ready.”

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“Dad, have you heard what Marsha’s trying to do to me?” Luke asked that evening. “This stupid job they think I’m going to do.”

“I thought it was a good opportunity,” he replied. “Marsha relies on the catering that they do. Think of it as working in the family business.”

“I’d rather go and work in a builder’s yard,” Luke tried again.

“Marsha said you weren’t big enough or strong enough for a labouring job. This serving in the tea room seemed a good alternative. You’ll be making your own money after all.”

“But they want me to dress up as a girl.”

“There’s often a downside to the things we have to do.”

“But Dad!” Luke protested. “This is impossible.”

“I don’t see why,” Dad said. “It’s only for the vacation. Between Marsha and Casey, they’ll help you to look the part.”

“But I don’t want to look the part.”

“Of course you do,” Dad replied. “You’d look pretty silly if you didn’t. You’d be a target for all the ridicule in town.”

“And I won’t be ridiculed for dressing like some silly girl and doing a stupid girl’s job?”

“Only if you’re found out. Play your cards right and no one will ever know.”

“I’ll know, you’ll know and Casey will know.” Luke was almost in tears. “The ladies in the tea shop will know and pretty soon everyone will know. It’s not fair.”

“But there’s no other job for you. If you behave right, no one else will ever know. It’s up to you,” Dad replied.

“Can’t you tell her it’s all wrong? Can’t you stop her from turning me into a girl?”

“She’s not turning you into a girl. She’s only asking you to dress up for a job” Dad said.

“But I don’t know how to be a girl. I’m a boy.” Luke raised his voice in frustration.

“Marsha’s gone to a lot of trouble to get the job for you,” Dad said.

“She could have asked me first,” Luke mumbled.

“She’s only got your best interests at heart. I think you should show some appreciation and get on with it.”

“Gee, thanks for understanding, Dad.” Luke took a deep breath and went to his room.

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“Luke, can you come down here please?” Casey called up the stairs later that evening.

There was no reply, so she called again.

“I’ll get him.” Marsha’s temper wasn’t good.

Luke knew that his Dad had tried to make her understand that he didn’t want the job. He’d overheard the conversation. She’d listened and then told him that there was nothing else for his son to do and no, Luke wasn’t going to spend the summer hanging around the house and playing computer games.

Faced with a determined wife, with a willpower far stronger than anything he’d ever known, Dad gave up.

“Get downstairs right now.” Marsha didn’t knock before she barged into Luke’s room. “Casey’s waiting to make sure that your uniform fits.”

“I’m going to look *so* stupid.” Luke sat firmly.

“Maybe you should talk to Casey about that.” Marsha pulled Luke to his feet. “She’s got some wigs and hair extensions which could help you make yourself look more attractive. That’s the way to get better tips.”

“That’s for girls.”

“And for boys who don’t want to be outed at work.” Marsha pushed him to the stairs.

“I don’t think that’s going to help,” Luke said dejectedly as he realised once again that there was no escape.

“If you ask nicely, she’ll teach you about makeup and nails, and all the other things that a girl of your age would need to know,” Marsha said, softening her voice.

“I don’t *want* to know about that,” Luke said sullenly.

“Be it upon your head when you’re the laughing stock of the town then,” Marsha said. “I bet they’ll be offering trips to come and stare at you.”

“That’s going to be great for your friends running the shop,” Luke hit back.

“That’s why it’s not going to happen,” Marsha said firmly. “You’re going to learn enough makeup and hair to keep them, and you, out of trouble.”

Luke was finally propelled into the living room where a uniform of sorts lay on a chair.

The dress was short and pink, with a white collar and cuffs. The skirt flared out from the waist and there was a white frilly apron which tied on top.

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Casey held the dress against him as Luke blushed in shame. She went behind him and held the shoulders so that it draped down his front. Marsha looked, then held the waist tightly against him and looked at the length.

“There’s a lot of material in this skirt,” Casey said. “I forgot to find the petticoats that go with it; they fill the skirt out really well.”

“I remember now.” Marsha smiled up at her daughter. “You used to complain about the wind blowing the skirt up when you had to serve on the terrace.”

“That was embarrassing,” Casey admitted. “I used to complain, but they said that they liked the old fashioned image it gave to the shop.”

“I think it’s going to fit,” Marsha said. “He’s a bit thinner that you were when you wore this, but a bit taller.”

“Is it too short?” Casey asked.

“No, not really. It’s shorter than I’d have been happy for you to wear, but girls of his age always like them to be really short anyway,” Marsha replied. “I think he’ll get away with it.”

“I’m not a girl of *any* age,” Luke growled, resigned to being on the losing side in this, whatever he said.

“What about the black one?” Marsha asked.

“It’s the same size,” Casey replied. “It’s a sheath dress and much more formal for the evenings. There’s the same apron though.”

“No mob cap like a real serving wench?” Luke asked sarcastically.

“Don’t be silly, it’s not that sort of establishment,” Marsha replied. “It’s modern, quiet, and has a good reputation. That’s why you’re not going to let anyone down.”

“Wait a minute,” Luke said. “Evenings? Do you mean I’m going to be working forever?”

“They’re open from Tuesday to Saturday, with evening openings on Friday and Saturday,” Casey said. “Light meals and snacks in the day, with a la carte dinners at the weekend.”

“Your father and I used to go regularly,” Marsha said. “Their wine list was fabulous.”

“I’m under age for alcohol,” Luke said triumphantly.

“You can’t buy alcohol under 21,” Marsha replied. “But you can serve it.”

“And you can drink in private,” Casey added.

“Never.” Marsha stared at her in disapproval, but Casey shrugged and looked away.

After a few moments silence, Marsha measured Luke and Casey noted down things like his shoe size, chest and waist, height, and weight. It seemed a lot of trouble for a vacation job.

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Next day after school, the training started in earnest.

“Luke, you’ve got to do to prepare to work,” Marsha told him. “I can’t have you embarrassing me. Casey was always a credit to me, and you’re going to be the same.”

“They know I’m not a girl, right?” Luke asked.

“Of course, but they’re relying on no one else knowing,” Marsha replied. “Heaven forbid that the patrons should ever think that their waitress was really a boy in drag.”

“So why am I being made to do this?”

“You’re doing it because I need to do them a favour, and providing a girl to help out when Casey can’t do it, is one way,” Marsha replied. “It gives me a reason to call there regularly. I can take you and collect you.”

“It seems a lot of trouble,” Luke answered. “Couldn’t you just call on them as friends?”

“Maybe I could,” Marsha said. “But this way I can be in on all the gossip. I can find out where there’s a chance to do a wedding or a celebration.”

“Wouldn’t they ask you anyway?”

“Maybe, maybe not,” Marsha said. “Remember, if I get a wedding, your father may get to make the rings, and special gifts. High-end business doesn’t fall into my lap. I have to go out there and get it.”

“I guess...” Luke mumbled.

“You guess nothing,” Marsha replied. “Think of it as your contribution to the family business. You have to start somewhere.”

“I thought Dad was going to teach me jeweller’s skills,” Luke said.

“Maybe later.” Marsha’s voice softened. “For the while, we don’t have work enough for a jeweller’s apprentice. Do this right and later when business picks up, maybe you can learn your father’s trade.”

“I’m so scared,” Luke admitted. “I really don’t want to do this.”

“I thought of that.” Marsha searched through her bag. “I told my doctor that you were having some nerve problems. He gave me these tablets to try.”

“I don’t do drugs,” Luke replied firmly.

“These aren’t drugs.” Marsha took one from the packet and handed it to him. “They’re from the doctor to help you feel less anxious.”

“Okay,” Luke said doubtfully but took it all the same and swallowed.

“Relax for a few minutes; give it time to take effect, then when Casey gets home, we’ll get you ready for your first girl lesson.”

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“Come on sleepyhead,” Casey shook Luke’s shoulder. “It’s time for your first dress rehearsal.”

“Yes,” Luke mumbled, feeling a bit spacey as he followed her to the living room.

“Let me help you undress.” Marsha had him stripped before he could protest.

“I’m naked.” Luke put his hands over strategic places.

“Don’t worry,” Marsha said softly. “We’re going to get you all prettied up now.”

“It’s great that your legs are so smooth.” Casey rubbed her hand across his naked thigh. “You won’t have to do all that waxing that I have to go through each month.”

“And you’re not shaving yet either,” Marsha said, running a gentle hand over his cheek.

She held out some really small panties, as Casey helped him to lift one leg, then the other through the holes.

“It’s awfully tight,” he mumbled as they tugged and pulled them up his legs.

“It’s to hide bits that may be embarrassing,” Marsha said, running her fingers round the waist. “I’ll show you how to do this later, but for now...” She pushed his penis into a structured part of the garment and worked his sac backwards between his legs and upwards into his groin.

“That’s too tight,” Luke said as it was pulled up to his waist. “It hurts.” He wriggled a bit. “How do I go to the bathroom in this?”

“It’s going to feel alright in a couple of minutes.” Marsha stood back to check the lines. “You’ll have to sit to pee, but you can do that easily. It will seem like second nature in a week or so.”

“I don’t want to be wearing this for a week.” Luke’s senses suddenly kicked in at the realisation of what she’d said.

“Too late.” Marsha ran a hand over his rear. “There’s an adhesive inside which won’t release for several days. Like it or not, you’re wearing this for a while.”

“What happens when it releases?” Luke asked.

“You take it off, of course, and have a shower.”

“Do I have to wait that long to be free?” Luke asked incredulously.

“This is for the summer,” Marsha replied. “When you’ve showered and got really clean, we’ll be able to fix another panty just like it. It’s going to become your best friend. You’ll feel naked if you go without it.”

Luke was still feeling spacey and compliant. He stood as pale blue panties and nude-coloured tights were pulled up his legs. A matching bra was fastened across his chest. He didn’t react when the weight of breast forms were added to the cups or when low-heeled pink pumps were slipped over his feet and secured with an ankle strap.

He stepped into the pink dress and held his arms out as Casey helped him to get it into place. The zipper went up the back and he felt it tighten around his waist and then across his chest. The breasts seemed to stand out enormously.

“Am I really this big?” He held his new breasts with his hands.

“You’re not big at all.” Marsha scoffed.

“I’d be padding myself out if I was that small,” Casey laughed. “You’re only a small B cup, and that’s nothing special.”

“Girls have them all the time.” Marsha took his hands down. “You’ll soon be used to them. In a week or so, you’ll never realise that they’re there.”

“But I’m a boy,” Luke protested weakly. “I shouldn’t have breasts at all.”

“You need them for work,” Marsha replied. “You’d look odd if you didn’t have any. Think about it.”

Luke thought hard. It didn’t seem to compute whichever way he thought. But after that pill, thought didn’t seem to be working as it should.

Luke went and sat in the lounge. The television was playing with some girl talking about makeup. Mindlessly, he watched as she turned herself from plain to pretty in twenty minutes, and then another one changed to super glamorous with eyelashes that seemed to be far too long, but wonderfully attractive at the same time.

“And they expected me to do that?” Luke sighed, but his attention stayed as he watched more episodes.

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“My head hurts,” Luke said to himself as he woke early the next morning.

He had no memory of coming to bed and hadn’t a clue as to why he was wearing a short nightdress instead of his usual T-shirt and boxers. He pulled it over his head and threw it to the floor, remembering the things he had worn the previous evening.

He stumbled from bed to bathroom and stood there... Then he remembered and looked down.

“Oh sugar, what have they done to me?” He felt round, hoping to find a join he could pull.



Although he could feel the edge of his super tight panties, he couldn't see the join. He sat and released a flow, then instinctively wiped himself afterwards. Pulling on his old robe, he took a deep breath and went downstairs to the kitchen.

“Good morning, princess,” Casey said from the table where she was finishing her breakfast.

“What did you do to me?” He glared at her and then at Marsha who handed him a glass of orange juice and another pill.

“We were helping you to get ready for work next week,” Marsha said. “Don't tell me you don't remember. You got dressed and then you were watching those makeup videos and asking how to do it yourself.”

“And the nightdress?” Luke asked.

“I put it out for you,” Casey replied. “I thought it would help you get used to feeling more like a girl.”

“Gee, thanks.” Luke sipped his juice.

“Take the pill.” Marsha stood over him. “Remember, it's to stop you feeling so anxious.”

“It totally zonked me out last night.” Luke picked up the pill and looked at it. “I don't remember a thing.”

“If you didn't feel anxious, then it was working,” Marsha said. “You should be happy with that.”

“I don't think I want to take another.”

“You need to keep taking them.” Marsha pushed the hand which held the tablet towards his mouth. “They take a week or so to build up, then you'll feel so much easier.”

“Are you sure I really need to take them?”

“I'm really sure. I wouldn't have offered them unless I was sure that they're the right thing,” Marsha replied. “You can't pretend that you're feeling confident to work as a girl. You start next week. These will stop you worrying.”

Luke looked at her and saw Marsha wasn't in the mood to take any argument. Against his better judgement, he swallowed the pill.

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By the time he was on his way to school, Luke felt he was floating along. Sounds seemed far away and the people around him seemed like characters from some play that he wasn't really following.

He floated through the day. He functioned, although he didn't feel in control of anything. He simply did what was expected. It wasn't as if there was much teaching. Everyone, including the staff, was in holiday mood already, with the summer break only a couple of days away.

Marsha was waiting when he got home and as soon as he was able, he was undressed and dressed again in lingerie, tights and the pink dress with the low heels. Luke's mind registered what was happening but he made no protest, even when the breast forms put that weight on his chest.

He cupped his hands underneath them and somehow it was a sensation that seemed to be part of him.

"Casey will be home soon," Marsha told him. "She's going to teach you about makeup."

"Do I need to know about that?" Luke asked.

"You really do," Marsha replied. "All girls of your age have to understand makeup."

"But I'm not a girl," Luke protested again.

"That's the wrong mind-set," Marsha said firmly. "You're going to be presenting yourself as a girl for weeks. People will be looking at you and you've got to look as they expect a young girl to look."

"Really, I don't want to do this," Luke said. "Can't I go and work there as myself?"

"Stop these silly objections," Marsha's voice was harsh and loud. "You know what you're going to do. The sooner you accept it, the better you'll feel."

"I don't know if I'm ever going to feel better with this charade," Luke said. "Why can't you and Dad see that?"

"Your father agrees with me," Marsha replied. "Finding out what the world of work is really like will be good for you."

“But as a girl?” Luke insisted. “That’s not how I’m going to be working when I’m older.”

“Never say never,” Marsha laughed. “You might like it and decide to stay that way.”

“That’s just silly,” Luke replied. “Why would I want to be a stupid girl?”

“Because I say so.” Marsha stood over him, daring him to disagree. “It’s time for your medication again. If you’re being this objectionable, it’s not having full effect yet, although I suppose it will take a few days to build up.”

Luke didn’t have the energy or will power to object. He swallowed the pill and soon its effect was calming him once again.

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“What’s in those pills?” Casey asked as she and Marsha sorted out her makeup case. “He’s sitting in front of the makeup videos as if he’s really interested.”

“It’s a tranquilliser, with a few hormones mixed in,” Marsha replied.

“And the doctor prescribed them?” Casey stopped and looked up.

“Not exactly, I got them off the internet,” Marsha said slowly. “The tranquilliser is to keep him calm, and the hormones are to help his appearance.”

“Are they girl’s hormones?” Casey looked shocked.

“Yes, but they’re not going to change his sex,” Marsha replied. “They’ll help his complexion and slow any hair growth. They’re not strong at all, but they may keep his voice from breaking too.”

“Are you *sure* they won’t make any long-term changes?”

“I’m pretty sure they’re okay.”

“But you don’t know. Isn’t that dangerous?” Casey asked.

“I don’t think so and anyway, I never wanted to have to have sons. Daughters are so much more fun.”

“I always thought it would be nice to have a little sister,” Casey mused. “I could teach her so much, and warn her not to make the same mistakes I did.”

“I’m not sure what you mean,” Marsha asked. “What mistakes did you make?”

“Mother, you don’t know everything,” Casey replied. “I seem to have kissed more frogs than princes. I wouldn’t want my baby sister to do the same.”

“Perhaps it’s as well that I don’t know everything,” Marsha smiled at her daughter. “But perhaps you’ll enjoy having a baby sister for a few weeks, even if it’s only pretend.”

Marsha didn’t say that the little sister might be with her for far longer.

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“Pay attention,” Casey said as she put a cape over Luke’s dress. “I hope you’re a fast learner, because I can’t spend hours doing this for you every day.”

She pushed a black band over his forehead to keep his hair out of the way.

“You don’t mean all that stuff?” Luke waved his hand over the makeup case.

“It’s going to be your best friend,” Casey said. “Good makeup is the secret to being fashionable and popular.”

“I don’t want to be popular as a girl,” Luke said. “Why can’t I be one of those who don’t wear makeup?”

“It’s because you’re representing the family business,” Marsha came into the room. “It’s all about presentation, style, and showing we really know how to do things.”

“It all seems too complicated,” Luke replied. “That’s it, I’m going.”

He moved to stand up. Marsha stood directly in front of him.

“Sit down and do what you’re told,” she shouted. “I never knew how my friends could stand dealing with their sons. Now I know. You’re going to do what you’re told and like it.”

“But I don’t like it.”

“I didn’t ask you to like it,” Marsha snarled. “I told you what to do and you’re going to do it, otherwise there’s going to be a lot of unpleasantness around here.”

“Please don’t make me do this.” Luke felt a tear rising to his eye. “I’m an ordinary boy. I don’t want to be a girl.”

“I didn’t ask what you want,” Marsha continued, her face just inches from his. “I told you what was going to happen. You’re taking this job and you’re going to smile and like it. Do I make myself clear?”

“Luke, please don’t make Mother mad.” Casey put her hand on his. “It’s only a game for the summer vacation. I’ll look after you.”

Luke took a few deep breaths and looked from Casey to Marsha who was still in a rage.

“Please don’t make me look stupid,” he almost sobbed. “I don’t want to be any more of a joke around town that I already am.”

“You’re not a joke,” Casey soothed. “My friends think you’re okay. It’s not as if you’ve been beaten up or bullied.”

“I guess,” Luke sobbed. “I can’t seem to make real friends around here.”

“Well then, no one’s going to miss you through the summer.” Marsha’s words didn’t quite soothe. “Come Fall, you’ll be able to have a new start, with a new school year.”

Luke accepted the tissue which Casey held out to him. He wiped his eyes and blew his nose. He shuffled back into the chair; defeated and resigned, he sighed.

“Okay, do your worst.” He tried to smile. “I don’t know how much I’ll remember, but I’ll try.”

“I’m sure your father will approve,” Marsha replied. “He agrees with me that you need a job and there are always conditions with any situation.”

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Luke had slept and was in that state where his sleep wasn’t the deepest, but he wasn’t really awake. He pulled his lacy night-

dress up, until the frilly material was pulled to his waist at the front.

His hands slipped to his groin where he could feel a strong pressure. His hands automatically felt for something. It wasn't there.

He woke quickly in a cold sweat. There was no gap; the smooth garment held firm without any edge where his probing fingers could enter. He sobbed and hoped that his sobs were not heard.

He dozed again and sometime later woke as a body slipped under the covers next to him.

"Hush." It was Casey's voice. "I heard you cry out and thought some company would help you sleep." She rose onto her elbow and in the gloom, he could see her hair tumbling towards him. She leaned in and kissed him quickly.

She took off her nightdress and flung it across the room. He felt her weight on top of him and she kissed him again, harder this time, her tongue probing through his lips and into his mouth. How he'd dreamed of this happening.

The swelling in his groin became painful. "I can't..." he said.

"I know," Casey replied. "I was there and saw what happened."

"I'm sorry."

"No need to be sorry." Casey put one of his hands to her breast. "I'll show you what we girls do when we're on a sleepover."

He felt a nipple brushing against his lips and knew instinctively to lick and then to suck gently. He opened his mouth wider and more of the breast entered. His tongue worked its way round and round, back and forth. He sucked and released, then nibbled.

Casey moaned softly. Her hand rubbed across his chest. He registered a little more sensitivity than he expected. It was pleasurable, so he didn't complain and didn't register that all was not as it should be.

She moved some more and knelt across him. A little further and his arms were pinned under her legs. She lowered herself to his face. He could smell the special scent of sex and desire coming from her.

He reached upwards with his tongue and touched something soft and moist. He probed a little further, as far as he could. She moaned and then she was upon him. Her full weight seemed to fall on his face as she ground against his mouth.

He couldn't breathe and shifted slightly to allow some air into his lungs. He pushed his head upwards, feeling his nose rub into her as his tongue reached as far as possible inside her.

She wriggled again, in harmony with his tongue's thrusts, then she held herself rigid. He could hear her breath, short and fast, panting audibly. Then with a sigh, she fell forwards and lay on top of him for a few moments.

"Thank you," she whispered, once more lying beside him. "Now you know why sleepovers are so popular."

"I never knew."

"And why every girl has a best friend who's really close to her, even when she has a husband or a boyfriend."

"I don't know what to say."

"I'm sorry that I can't do the same for you," Casey said. "But I promise to respect you in the morning."

She slipped out of bed, picked up her nightdress and quietly closed the door behind her.

"Did that happen or did I dream it?" Luke turned over and was quickly asleep.

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Luke tried to relax and pay attention. Casey worked on his face; Marsha stood back and made occasional suggestions. It seemed such a lot of fuss. He tried not to complain as his eyebrows were plucked away into an ordered and even shape, as high above his eyes as possible.

Foundation, concealer, highlighting and shading; they were all explained, but he understood little, other than they were all going onto his face.

"Watch in the mirror as I do all this," Casey told him. "You'll be able to do it yourself soon. I've seen how beautifully you can design jewellery. This is much the same. Think of it as creating a design."