

The Easter Bunny



Jessica Matthews

A "Her TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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The Easter Bunny

By Jessica Matthews

“Hi Guys,” Betty called from the bar as the four friends rolled in as usual.

“If you’re here, it’s Friday and about 3pm.” She smiled. “Same order as every week?”

“Three beers and a carrot for the Easter Bunny, please,” Carl replied.

Betty looked up. Three of them were in their usual Friday smart casual clothes. The fourth was in a furry bunny costume, complete with big ears and a tail.

“Okay, I guess William lost the bet this week,” Betty laughed. “I’ll make sure his beer is carrot flavoured. How’s that?”

William wagged his tail and flipped his ears in response. He pulled a hand from the paw which covered it and took out his buck teeth.

“At least one of us knows how to treat a rabbit,” he said, pulling at his rabbit head to get the glass to his mouth.

“How long have you guys been doing this?” Betty asked. “It’s been a year at least.”

“I can’t remember when it started,” Carl replied. “I think it was when we realised that we always came here after work on Fridays.”

“It’s about three years.” William’s voice was muffled through the bunny head which he’d slipped back on. “And I think I’ve been the one in the silly costume about half the time. I think they rig the figures.”

“No we don’t.” Carl pulled the bunny head down hard over William’s mouth. “We use the traditional method. We pick on you because you’re the smallest.”

“How do you do it?” Betty asked.

“We use the weekly sales and profit figures. They vary from week to week and from territory to territory.” Carl explained. “William’s really the top salesman, but he has the most awkward payers, so the money from week to week can be down on his account, but come year end, he’s way ahead when they finally stump up.”

“And I was stupid enough to join this lot before I realised how the figures worked,” William added.

“But we club together to pay for the guy in the costume.” Carl ordered another round.

“And a bet’s a bet,” William said. “I don’t mind being the butt of all the jokes. After all, we rabbits are pretty thick-skinned.” His ears flipped again and the tail wagged.

Betty laughed at the sight. “How do you do that?”

“It’s electronics,” William said. “I’ve a keypad in my other hand.”

“And there was I thinking they were real.” Carl joined in the laughter.

“Surely you’re running out of ideas,” Betty said. “I mean, you did the mailman, various monsters and zombies, the caveman, several animals; don’t you think it’s getting stale?”

“We did Santa and a gnome.”

“Yes, and we did Tinker Bell and Santa’s helper too.”

“I really loved Tinker Bell and Santa’s helper,” Betty added. “They were both you, weren’t they, William?”

The bunny ears flipped an agreement and William nodded, saying something muffled from under the bunny head.

“What did he say?” Betty asked.

“He said that he rather liked being Tinker Bell,” Carl replied.

“He does make a good looking fairy,” Betty agreed. “Better than he looked as a gnome anyway.”

“We’ll have to think of something more challenging.” Carl looked from one to the other of his friends.

“Sure; why don’t you each come up with a couple of ideas and put them into a hat, and then next week I can decide which the winner is,” Betty voted herself into being the judge. “Can I put in an idea too?”

“That’s a good suggestion.” Carl looked at the others. “Is that agreed, chaps?”

They all nodded in agreement.

William headed home to his bachelor apartment. He looked forward to weekends so much. He’d really wanted to be a professional piano player but although the demand was there, the rates were too poor for him to live.

He knew he was good. His style was a more of a fluid soft jazz than rock; more Diana Krall than Elton John. He loved the old standards and playing them in a manner which reflected the genius of the composer. He loved the lyrics too, but knew his soft-voiced crooning was way out of style.

He got occasional gigs in restaurants and to play at receptions and corporate functions. He knew he was only “wallpaper,” background music which no one listened to for more than a few moments, but it was performance time and he loved that.

He didn’t love the cut and thrust of the day job. Selling feed, chemicals, and fertilisers to farmers and agri-business wasn’t a great deal of fun. He was good at it and in the four years since graduation, he’d built up a fair clientele.

The commissions were good but for William, the job all lacked any artistic content, something he craved so badly.

He'd dated steadily without finding "the one," probably because the music was his first passion. If there was a chance to play, it took precedence over everything.

He'd cancelled dates. He'd taken his dates with him, only to find that they'd left before his set was over, or that they were so disenchanted with sitting at the side while he played. They were either bored or fed up of being hit upon by every gigolo in the crowd.

It was a no-win situation but for William, the music always won, even though he wanted more than the lonely life he lived. A drink with his colleagues on Fridays and the silly betting games they played, livened up his otherwise placid life.

Next Friday, all four walked into the bar as usual in smart casual.

"No costume this week?" Betty asked. "Don't tell me you ran out of ideas."

"No, but we do have a few ideas for you to pick through," Carl said. "And I think we've run out of ideas for costumes anyway."

"So where are all these ideas?" Betty served the usual beers across the bar and looked expectantly at them.

"They're in this bag." William pulled a cloth bag from his satchel. "Did you have a few to add as well? If so, please write them on one or two of these cards so that they all go in together and we can discuss them once they're all on the table."

"I don't know about you guys but I couldn't think of anything really special." Carl looked from one to the other, noting their shrugs.

"Let me go and write on the cards, then we can get them out anyway." Betty took some blank cards and went to the back of the bar where they saw her pen writing furiously. She placed them in the sack and waited.

"Another beer and then we're good to go," Carl announced. But before we do, let's agree. Whichever card gets the most votes is the task, the forfeit or the penalty, whoever it is."

“I suppose that means me,” William said and they all laughed.

“The annual figures are out soon,” Carl said. “Why don’t we use those instead of the weekly ones?”

“I’ll vote for that. It gives me a better chance of not being chosen.” William raised his hand.

“And it can be for the year, rather than only a week.”

“Do you feel up to being a rabbit every week for a year?” They looked at William.

“Seriously guys,” Carl said. “Can we agree on that? It’s going to up the stakes a little and none of us has a clue how those figures will come out.”

A chorus of agreement followed. Betty shook her head and smiled, wondering if it was the drink talking.

“It’s time to reveal what the suggestions are.” They all looked at Betty.

“I’ll read them out.” Betty took the bag and put the cards face down on the bar.

“First one says to get a tattoo.” A chorus of derision followed.

“Next one says to dye your hair pink or green for a year.” Baffled looks followed that suggestion.

“Run naked from office to bar every week,” she continued. “Get a plaster cast on both arms.”

“That’s not good for drinkers,” Carl said.

“Keep going, Betty,” William urged.

“Wear an animal skin costume every day and to the company dinner.”

“That’s too damaging to anyone’s career,” William said and they all nodded.

“Dress as Charlie Chaplin and keep it up all year.” The guys nodded to that one.

“Dress as the Hunchback of Notre Dame and keep it up for a year.” They looked a little baffled at that one.

“Adopt the dress and lifestyle of an attractive woman and keep it up for a year.”

There were whoops as Betty placed that card on the bar, with back slapping and smiles all round.

“Give up beer for a year.” That got shakes of the heads and pulled faces.

“Wear earrings.”

“Drive a hearse all year instead of the company car.”

“Be a Hell’s Angel on a motorcycle for a year.”

“I could never do that,” William said. “It seems far too unhygienic.”

They all laughed at that.

“Wear the janitor’s uniform at work all year.”

“That’s career death too,” Carl said.

“Dress as a priest or a nun for a year.”

“I could do that, as long as no one expects the celi-bacy thing,” Carl added.

Would that be a change for you?” someone asked and was ignored but all but Carl, who scowled.

“That’s about it, boys,” Betty announced. “Is there a clear winner?”

“You’re the judge, Betty,” Carl said. “We agreed that last week, didn’t we guys?” They chorused their agreement.

“Okay, give me some time to decide,” Betty said. “I’ll do it as long as you’re sure that whichever I pick is going to be the one.”

“Agreed,” they all assented.

“This would be easier if I knew which one of you was going to be the winner of this competition,” Betty said when they appeared next Friday.

“Why should that make a difference?” William asked.

“That’s obvious,” she replied. “You’d be a really believable girl, but Carl would look awful. Charlie Chap-

lin would have to be small, and the Hunchback of Notre Dame would have to be big.”

“Carl in a dress is something you could never sell anyone a ticket to see.” William slapped him on the back.

“I can understand that.” Carl looked down the list. “Earrings are pretty normal in most workplaces these days.”

“And the janitor would get upset if he thought anyone was trying to take his job.”

“I think it would be really fun to see one of you trying to be a woman for a year,” Betty said. “Let’s go for that one, with the reservation that if it’s obviously impossible, then the Hunchback wins.”

“Good choice.” William looked at his companions, and raised his glass. “I’m so relieved. My sales figures are looking good. I wonder which of you is going to be the lucky girl when the figures come out in a few weeks.”

“I’ve been looking over the figures,” Carl said. “I fear I may be in line for the forfeit. I’m not looking forward to it at all.”

“You’d certainly make an ugly woman,” Betty agreed. “If you win, it’s the Hunchback.”

“Can’t I be the priest?” he asked.

“No, that’s far too easy,” William replied.

“And he’d soon be defrocked,” a voice came from the back of the bunch.

“It’s a pity that you’re so secure,” Betty said, looking at William. “I think you’d make a stunning woman.”

“I’m sure he would,” Carl chipped in.

“Perhaps it’s fortunate that I don’t have to do that.” William blushed.

“It’s lucky for you but unlucky for the rest of us.” Carl’s hands mimicked a feminine curve. “I’d vote for you anytime.”

“It’s not going to happen, so you can dream on.”

“Has William been in?” Carl’s grin was immediately apparent.

“Not yet,” Betty replied. “And I’d guess you know something special from that grin on your face.”

“Just wait until the guys hear it,” Carl said. “It’s a killer.”

“Don’t keep me in suspense.” Betty stopped wiping the bar and came to stand opposite him, looking like she demanded an answer.

“The figures are out and William’s going to get a shock.”

“Does that mean he’s lost?”

“Yes and by a long way.” Carl pulled some papers from his pocket. “This is a printout of the final figures. William’s biggest customer’s gone bankrupt.”

“But he still sold more than you.” Betty looked puzzled.

“Of course, but the money hasn’t come in. His sales figures are the lowest in the group.”

“But it wasn’t his fault that the money wasn’t paid.”

“Of course not; no one is saying that it was, but the meaning in terms of our wager...”

“Does this mean he’s lost?”

“Of course it means he’s lost. I can’t wait to see him in his little girl dress and heels.” Carl laughed. “He’ll make a great blonde.”

“At least he has the most chance of looking like a real girl. The rest of you would have really struggled.” Betty looked thoughtful. “Do you think he’d like me to help him?”

“I’m sure he’d be grateful for all the help he can get,” Carl laughed. “It’s going to be a really fun year watching.”

The rest of the crowd arrived and shared the merriment, waiting for the moment when William would have to show his face.

“These figures can’t be real.” William looked at the paper in front of him.

“They are; did no one tell you that Agrico went bankrupt?”

“But they’re my biggest customer.”

“They were, now they’re your biggest debtor and there’s no money left in their business. All that stuff you sold them has been used. There’s nothing to recover and there’s about twenty cents on the dollar for creditors,” Carl said.

“You can’t do this to me, guys.” William realised that he’d lost the bet this time.

“The figures speak for themselves.” Carl turned to the others, who nodded, probably grateful not to have lost.

“You can’t seriously expect me to...”

“Of course we do.” Carl signalled to Betty that another round was needed. “A bet is a bet after all.”

“That’s all I needed.” William sat with a thump. “My commission down to not very much and you expect me to dress up. I’m not welching on the bet, but I can’t afford it.”

“William’s right.” Betty pushed glasses over the bar. “He hasn’t the money to carry out his part of the bet.”

“Hey, that’s no excuse, we’ll all chip in.” Carl looked round at the others, who nodded their agreement. “I can’t wait to see him at the company awards, but he’s not coming as my date.”

They all laughed, except William who felt trapped.

“Why did this have to happen to me?” William nursed his fifth beer, feeling both despondent and over-served.

“It could be fun.” Betty took the glass from him. “And you can’t drink it away.”

“I know.” William tried to stand, but lurched to the side unsteadily.

“I’ll get you some coffee. Don’t even try to go anywhere.” Betty poured his last beer down the sink. “Af-

ter you've sobered up a little, I'll get someone to drive you home."

"It's all right. I can walk," William slurred, and stumbled back into his chair after trying to stand.

"Don't argue." Betty pushed a cup of coffee across the bar. "Drink that; I'll call someone."

"I guess you're right." William gave in, seeing the sense in it through his alcoholic haze.

He sat there for half an hour, drinking several cups of Betty's coffee. It didn't sober him up much, but kept him occupied.

"Is this William?" A dark haired girl stood next to him at the bar, asking Betty a fairly obvious question.

He turned to look at her again. She was just his type; elfin, with lots of dark hair in tumbling chestnut waves down her back. Her jeans were tight and the little leather jacket she wore showed off her curves beautifully. He inhaled her perfume and was instantly smitten.

"Say hello to my niece." Betty replaced his coffee cup once again. "Bethany's here to take you home."

"I couldn't think of anyone nicer to take me home," William slurred. The words didn't come out as they should have done.

"I'll let you drink that first." She looked at him with disapproval written all over her face.

"I do hope you're my guardian angel." William tried again to switch on some charm.

"I'm doing a favour for my aunt." His attempt had clearly failed, as her face showed no sympathy.

"Okay, let's go." William tried to stand again but needed Bethany's arm to steady him.

"Please come and see me after you get him home," Betty called. "I think you'll be interested in what's happening with this drunk. He's not usually like this."

"I can't think why I'd be interested but it's always good to catch up with you. I'll pour him into his place and then I'll be back."

“You’re kidding,” Bethany exclaimed when Betty described the bet and William’s forfeit. “Men are so stupid.”

“It only affects them all of the time. There’s nothing new in the world.”

“And this would interest me how?” Bethany’s mobile pinged and she looked at the screen and pulled a face. “That’s my date gone,” she sighed. “I didn’t fancy him that much anyway, so I’ve time for you to tell me about William.”

“He’s a nice guy,” Betty said. “He’s a square peg in a round hole. He’s a musician, not a salesman. He’s always solvent. He’s usually single. He’s a good sport.”

“That sounds too much like a list,” Bethany laughed. “He doesn’t sound like my kind of guy at all.”

“Maybe not, but listen anyway. He’s lost a bet with this group of guys that come here every week. They play silly games and one of them gets a forfeit each Friday.”

Betty pulled out a folder and spread some photographs across the counter.

“William’s the rabbit, the gnome, and here he’s Tinker Bell.” Betty pointed to the photos in turn.

“He seems to be the loser most times.” Bethany smiled as she looked through the lot. “He’s the one who seems to be enjoying the discomfort too.”

“He always seems happy and knows how to enjoy everything. He’s not complicated like your past crop of losers, cheaters, and semi-civilised misfits. Maybe you should look him up sometime.”

“That’s not going to work out well if he’s going to be impersonating a woman for the next year.”

“Girls can be with girls these days,” Betty said. “And it’s not as if he’s going for a sex change. It’s only another of their silly bets, although this one’s gone further than any before.”

“William, you’re not dressed properly.” Carl saw William approaching the usual crowd on their next Friday get-together.

“I know.” William blushed. “I apologise to everyone. I don’t know where to start. I used to get a costume from the fancy dress shop in the mall and usually they’d help me with everything I needed. I don’t think they can help with this one and I haven’t dared to ask them.”

“You need a professional dominatrix.” One of the guys guffawed at the suggestion and a torrent of lewd suggestions followed.

“Hey, keep it clean.” Betty came from behind the bar. “Maybe you need to think about this. It’s too much to ask of anyone.”

“I disagree.” Carl slapped the bar hard. “A bet is a bet. It has to be honoured.”

“But maybe this one is too far out,” Betty tried again. “You’re asking William to go about in drag for a whole year. It can’t be done.”

“That was the bet he agreed to.” Carl hit the bar again and was getting red in the face.

“It’s all right, Betty,” William interrupted. “I accepted the bet. I know what I have to do.”

“That’s really noble of you.” She turned to face the rest of the group. “You shouldn’t be hounding him. Whatever he does is going to take a lot of care and planning. It’s not as if he has a girlfriend to help him along.”

“He does now,” a voice came from the door. “If he’ll have me, that is.”

“I remember you.” William’s face lit up. “Didn’t you take me home last week?”

“Now there’s a story,” Carl added lewdly but William ignored him and went across to Bethany.

“You were really kind, and you must think I’m terrible.”

“No, I understand what caused it. My aunt explained what happened.” Bethany smiled. “She tried to set me up with you too. Did she tell you that?”

“You shouldn’t say that,” Betty shouted.

“I think that was really kind of her,” William replied. “Don’t mind this bunch. I have to work with them and you heard they got me in a mess.”

“I heard.”

“And you came back.” William took a moment for it all to sink in. “And knowing all that, you said you might be my girlfriend. Did I get that bit right or was I hallucinating?”

“You got it right,” Bethany said, pulling him aside from the crowd. “I’ve had it up to here with boys. I seem always to make the wrong decisions, so I’m making a different decision this time.”

“Are you sure that I’m not another wrong decision?”

“No, but I’m willing to give it a chance. It could be fun anyway.”

“If you’re serious, maybe we should go somewhere else and talk it through.” William’s face told its own story about what he was feeling.

“I think that’s a good idea, boyfriend.”

“Then let’s go, girlfriend.”

“This is me being crazy,” Bethany said as they sat across a table in Marco’s Restaurant. “I know nothing about you.”

“I think Betty must have told you something.”

“Okay, she did tell me a few things.” Bethany turned to the waiter and ordered; William did the same. “She said you were really nice.”

“That’s damning me with faint praise.”

“Not after the guys I’ve dated recently.” Bethany’s teeth were so white and even when she smiled. “She said you played piano really well and that you did a few gigs.”

“That’s sort of true,” William replied. “I don’t get paid much and don’t play as much as I’d like, but girls usually find that a turn off.”

“Why so?”

“I’m not in a group, I don’t have lots of tattoos, I don’t hit a guitar hard; things like that.”

“I’m in retreat from guys like those Neanderthals,” Bethany sighed. “They use you and then spit you out. I’ve done that, I want something different.”

“Well, I’m different, or rather it looks like I have to be different.”

“I think it sounds fun.” Bethany’s eyes sparkled. “I can do the makeup and hair. I used to do it for theatre and film in college, so I’m quite good. Clothes may be a bit hit and miss until we get you a style but we can do that.”

Bethany wasn’t telling the whole truth there. She was more than a little experienced in makeup and hair. She was a designer, stylist and consultant for several production companies and really obsessed about her work. It was more than work; it was her passion and her life’s obsession.

“Can we really do it?” William was surprised by her enthusiasm and her warmth.

“Did I tell you that I have my own salon?”

“You didn’t tell me anything yet.”

“I live over the shop. There’s just me and sometimes I get a schoolgirl to do the hair washes on Saturdays,” Bethany replied. “It’s nothing grand but I get a lot of referrals because I specialise in damage control and colour repair.”

“I don’t know what that means.”

“It means I get a lot of clients who like to spend a lot and appreciate that I only take one client at a time. It’s personal service and even if I say it myself, it’s a really high end service.”

“Have you ever had a client like me?” William’s eyes sparkled as he asked the question.

“Only one; quite a long time ago. He was in transition and didn’t want to look like Widow Twankey.”

“Transition?” William asked.

“He was on his way from male to female.”

“I understand. That must have been really difficult.”

“It was for him, err... her. It wasn’t for me. I did my best and got him as close to passible as a woman as anyone could.”

“Maybe I’m not a challenge?”

“I’m not going to let you be a challenge. You’re going to be a pleasure.”

“You’re a strange person, Bethany.”

“No I’m not,” she replied. “I’m a refugee from awful relationships and I now know I want something close and gentle. I think I want it with you even though we’ve just met.”

“And if I’m a girl, you won’t have to worry about me chasing girls,” William laughed.

“Don’t you believe it? I’ve seen the gossip magazines.”

“Do you trust me?” Bethany asked William when they met later in the week for a quiet drink under Betty’s watchful eye.

In truth, Bethany wanted to find out if she was really interested in this man. He seemed to be ticking the right boxes but she’d thought that several times before.

“Of course; Betty said you were wonderful.” William’s smile was open and friendly with none of that checking out the other girls in the bar whilst he was talking to her.

“Here’s the first question. Are you serious about trying to fill that bet? Being a lady for a year could be really difficult.”

“I have to try. They’d never let me hear the end of it if I didn’t. Anyway, I like the idea of a challenge, even if I’ve no idea how it’s going to be.”

“I know we talked the other day but I wanted to be sure before I stepped up my offer to help you.”

“And you had a second question,” he said.

“Will you let me pierce your ears as a first step?”

“Okay,” William replied cautiously. “When were you thinking?”

“Right now. I’ve got the piercing gun in my purse. We can use the back room.”

“Okay,” William agreed impulsively.

Five minutes later they were back at their table, with William fingering a stud in each ear.

“Don’t play with them” Bethany told him. “You have to keep them clean, bathe them with a bit of antiseptic. In a week or two you can change them for something much more glamorous.”

“Will it be appropriate for feed and fertiliser sales?” he asked innocently.

“I didn’t know you were here.” William had finished his last set in a rather noisy bar off the main square. “Did you hear anything?”

“It was a struggle, the crowd were so noisy and you sing really quietly.” Bethany took his arm and clung onto it with both hands as they walked to the end of the bar. “I heard ‘The Look of Love’ and ‘Cry Me a River’ and a couple of other songs I didn’t recognise.”

“I put a couple of my own songs in sometimes. Nobody listens so it doesn’t matter. I’m here for the background noise. They could replace me with any old cd player, but having somebody play live makes the crowd think it’s upmarket.”

“Even if they don’t listen?”

“That’s about it.” William handed her a glass of wine. “I get free drinks and a few dollars anyway.”

“Did anyone notice?” She indicated the studs in his ear.

“No response whatever.”

“I loved what I heard,” Bethany said. “It’s given me some ideas about your dressing up.”

“I’m trying to ignore that for as long as I can.”

“But don’t ignore it. I have some ideas I’d like to try out. I promise we’ll have a lot of fun.”

“I think I’d be too scared to do this dressed up.” William shuddered. “What if someone guessed I wasn’t a girl playing the piano?”

“That’s not a problem,” Bethany replied. “With me behind you, I bet you’d get more gigs anyway.”

“The very thought fills me with dread.”

“Don’t be so scared. Imagine playing for a crowd like this. You slink up to the piano with a low-cut dress and heels on, you toss your hair and look seductively round, maybe a little contempt in the curl of your beautifully made-up lips, and start to play.”

“Something like ‘Every Time You Say Goodbye’ perhaps.”

“That would be great. You look at the keyboard and ignore the audience as you solo through the middle eight.”

“And then repeat the last verse, look around with a smile and a sigh.”

“You could write my scripts.”

“Not your scripts. You have to *be* someone else; have another name, then I could be writing her scripts,” Bethany insisted. “That way you can create another personality.”

“Do you think that would work?” William asked, thinking it through.

“Of course, if you’re as good an actor as you are a musician.”

“So who am I?”

“You’re Daphne Darling, Rosetta Waterston, or better, Olivia Wagner; that’s Wagner with a hard ‘g’,” Bethany said. “I think I like that.”

“That was quick.”

“Not at all, I’ve been fantasising about this ever since I met you,” Bethany admitted. “Now what are you going to play next Olivia, or should I call you Libby in private?”

“I can see which of us is going to be in control of this mess that I’m in,” William laughed. “I’m to play another short set. ”I think I’ll finish with ‘Just The Way You Look Tonight’ especially for you.

“I love that idea,” Bethany said. “Will you take me home afterwards, please?”

William looked at her with amazement in his eyes. “I’d love to. Your place or mine?”

“Mine of course. I’m the wicked spider and I’ve trapped you in my web.”

“Something special happened.” Bethany rolled closer to him as they woke together.

“Did I dream that?” William turned so that they were lying almost face to face.

“If it was a dream, was it a good one?” She kissed him gently and reached down to feel him growing in her hand. “Something about being trapped in a spider’s web seems to turn you on.”

“Am I trapped?” William felt her rolling on top of him and guiding him between her lips.

“You are hopelessly trapped.”

Bethany teased him at the point of entry, lowering herself only so far as the head, then lifting off. She lowered herself further and felt him rising to push further inside.

“Wait until I tell you,” she said. “I’m doing this for me, not you.”

“I can wait.” William’s hands were behind her rear, holding, yet not controlling her movement.

“I want you exhausted so that you won’t have the energy to resist anything.”

“Why would I resist?” he gasped as she lowered herself all the way.

“Today’s the day you start your new life as a girl.”

“I can’t... I’m not ready.”

“Would you rather be the Easter Bunny again?”

“I’m not ready to be a girl yet. I haven’t thought this through.”

“Think of it as jumping in the deep end.”

“I don’t know if I’m ready to sink or swim.”

“There’s no time like the present.”

Bethany started to move up and down on his shaft, feeling him swell and stiffen. Then, as he was starting to reach the point of no return, she eased off and waited until he subsided. Then she would start again.

“My salon is downstairs. There’s only you and I here. What could be better?” Bethany pushed hard down.

“We could do this all day,” William suggested.

“We could but I promise you’ll enjoy it more when there’s something really naughty about it.”

“Are you really so determined?”

“I’m looking forward to kissing you when you’re all made-up and pretty. I don’t think I’ve ever really kissed anyone wearing lipstick and I’m really looking forward to it. I think it will really turn me on.”

She pushed hard down and began a rhythm which William could not resist.

He knew what she was doing and knew he had no control whatever. He could feel her gripping him, controlling his very being inside her.

“Let it happen now,” she commanded at the exact moment he could hold back no longer.

He came and came, his mind registering that she had told him what to do and when to do it. This was a remarkable lady who knew what she wanted from him.

William was alone in the bed when he woke. He could hear Bethany in some other room, maybe downstairs. He smiled to himself at the memories of all the

things they'd done and said as he turned back the duvet and reached for his clothes.

They weren't where he'd left them. Admittedly, he'd almost torn them off and left them where they dropped in his haste to get naked but surely they should be somewhere, shouldn't they?

"Did you see where my clothes went?" he called from the bedroom door. "I can't find anything."

"Good to know you're awake at last," Bethany replied as she came up the stairs.

"My clothes?"

"Don't worry; you won't need them again." Bethany put her hand under his chin and kissed him. "Today's the day of the big change."

"I told you that I'm not ready for that." William tried to kiss her back, but she pulled away. "I don't want it all at once; it's too much."

"So what are you going to do?" Bethany stepped back. "Lipstick one day, maybe nails a few days later and then what? Will you be wearing heels after a week? Are you going to get your hair styled after another week? That's too silly for words."

"You know what I mean," William said lamely.

"And you know what I mean too," Bethany replied. "I think I know what I'm doing. I've done so many makeovers before."

"But not like this."

"What's the difference?" Bethany asked coyly. "You have hands, feet and hair, a figure that needs trimming and goodness some of that body hair needs to go, but there's nothing I haven't seen before."

"My clothes," William pleaded.

"They're gone," Bethany replied. "You won't find them and I told you you don't need them. You'll thank me later."

"How much later?"

"When we've cleared out your closets at home and replaced everything with pretty things that you'll want to wear."