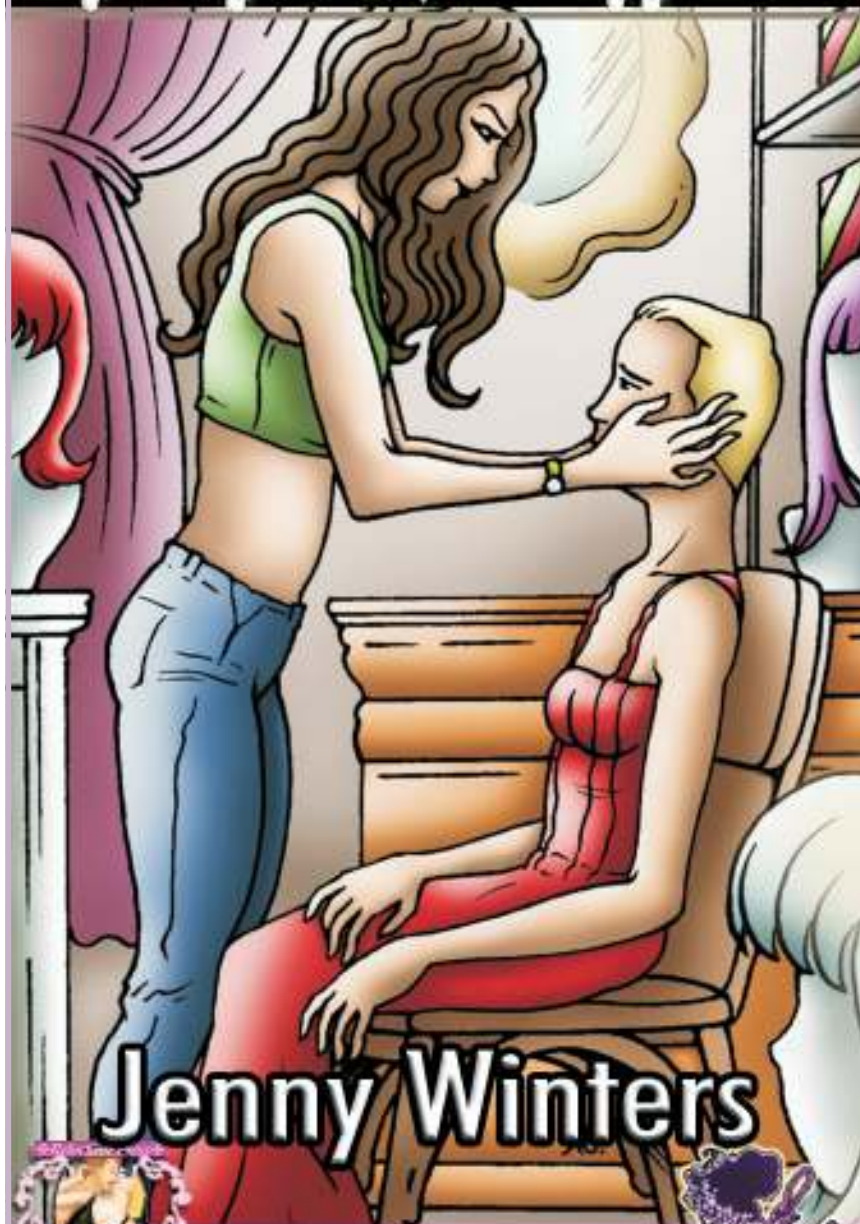


# My Stepsister, the Hypnotist



## Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel



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# **My Stepsister, the Hypnotist**

**By Jenny Winters**

I never believed in hypnosis. It was all bunkum; the willing subject co-operates with the hypnotist, perhaps unknowingly, for a bit of entertainment. I didn't believe that anything could come of it. I certainly didn't think I was susceptible or that my life could be changed.

How wrong I was.

It wasn't a sudden thing. It was slow, incremental and insidious. Perhaps I am an especially susceptible individual. I don't know. I've read that a hypnotist can't make anyone do something that is against their natural inclinations.

That means my natural inclinations must have lain dormant and unknown for years.

Did I know that I was being hypnotised and manipulated? Looking back, I think I must have, but the direction was so different and so exciting that I allowed it to happen.

Could I have resisted? I think I probably could, but the journey away from me was a delight. Instead of the boring and lonely boy I was, I emerged as another person, loved and desired and, above all, a person with the sexual energy that I'd never known was possible.

And forgive me for my enthusiasm. I loved being a girl. Was I pretending to be one; acting a part that someone had designed for me? I don't know. I do know that I adapted fast and took to it like I knew no other way.

I think my IQ fell a little though. I found that I could obsess over false lashes and shades of lipstick, dresses and heels in a way that I could never have given to anything I should have studied at school. Now I'm studying breast implants. I'm determined to have them by Christmas.

But that's in the future. You want to know about the past and how I ended up like a semi-brainless bimbo for my boyfriend. Note that I said *semi*-brainless.

It takes a lot of desire, energy, and calculation; call it what you will, to be a girl like me. I had a lot of help along the way. It wasn't always what I thought I wanted but at the end, I wanted it all.

Aaron knew there was something different going on. The way his father sounded when he called; it wasn't like him at all. Usually their exchanges were short and limited to the reason for the call. This time he had been more talkative.

It was as if he was waiting for me to take the lead and ask some questions.

“There’s something you’re not saying.” I took the plunge. “You never call unless there’s a specific reason and we haven’t chatted like this for years. What’s going on?”

“I’d like you to come out to the house and meet your new step-mother.” Father said it all in a rush.

He’d been on his own for ten years or so, since I was eight and mother divorced him and moved to Australia; or was it Austria. It’s not that I confuse these places; it’s simply that it’s been so long since I heard anything of her that I’m sure anymore .

“You kept that a secret,” I said, feeling pleased that he’d finally met someone. “When I was home for the last summer, I didn’t know you were dating anyone.”

“I wasn’t then.” The excitement in his voice came through clearly.

“I met Tilda; she’s really called Matilda, at my club. She was there with an old acquaintance. They weren’t getting on and suddenly we clicked. It was like being struck by lightning.”

“This is so sudden...”

“I know; I can’t believe my luck,” he continued. “Anyway, I’d like you to come out and meet her. I’ll send tickets if you let me know what day would be good.”

“I’ll have to look at my work schedule,” I lied. “I’ll call in a couple of days and let you know.”

I didn’t want to tell him that I hadn’t been doing that well. My gap year plans had all disappeared with

my last girlfriend and most of my savings. I'd been warned about her but I was too stupid to take the warning and too proud to admit what a fool I'd been.

I got by but little more than that. I shared a house with a shifting population of squatters, drifters, and surfers. I did odd jobs when I could find them, but I was too small and scrawny to get hired for manual work.

Mostly I rode around on lawn movers in rich people's yards in the day and worked in bars in the evening. I got a small allowance from the family trust so I was never in danger of starving.

I wasn't unhappy. Bumming around seemed to come easily and I didn't have to worry too much about looking after myself. After over a year here, I'd acquitted a great tan, my long hair was bleached by the sun and sea into something I liked, and if the girls weren't easy to come by, there were one or two highlights in my life.

So why would I want to go home? How much did he know about my life here and what he would call my profound lack of ambition or direction? I knew he'd not be pleased with his only child. Still, whatever my doubts, he was the only father I had, and overall, I thought he'd done his best.

So I flew West to the opposite side of the country.

I decided to like Tilda before I met her. My father obviously loved her and had his hopes set on the future. I wasn't worried about her being a gold digger; the family money had been accumulating for generations in a tightly-drawn trust. Father's income was guaranteed, but capped and he couldn't touch the capital.

“You must be Aaron.” Tilda rushed to greet me with a hug and a kiss on both cheeks as soon as I walked towards the door. “I’ve been looking out for you. Your father’s so excited that you could come. He should be back from the office in about ten minutes.”

I liked her immediately. She was a petite blonde dynamo. She was about my father’s age, although it was hard to tell because she acted and looked so young.

She was curvy in the right places, smelling so sweet, dressed in pink top and beige Capri pants. In her heels, she was taller than I am by a couple of inches. She wore a lot of jewellery; her bracelets jingled as she showed me to my old room.

“I’ll leave you to freshen up,” she said. “There’s everything you might need in your bathroom. If there’s something missing, call me.”

I looked round the old familiar space. Nothing had changed but it looked to have been freshly painted since I was last there. The clothes that I remembered leaving on the floor were washed and hanging in my wardrobe, with shoes neatly lined up beneath them.

I showered and changed quickly, then with my wet hair still hanging down my back, I went down to the kitchen looking for something to eat and drink after my journey. I made myself a sandwich and tried to get a coffee from the machine which looked like it came from Computerland. I failed.

“It’s your father’s latest gadget.” Tilda appeared from the garden and proceeded to show me how to use it.



“Why don’t you bring that into the garden and you can tell me all about yourself,” she said, taking me by the arm, leaving me with no choice.

“There’s not much to tell,” I said in between mouthfuls. “I’m having a gap year.”

“Your father said your gap year had been extended.” Tilda smiled. “I think he said you were trying to figure out what to do with your life.”

“I haven’t gotten far with that,” I admitted.

“Too many girls, I expect, for a young man like you.” She smiled, but the way she looked at me said she didn’t believe that.

“There aren’t many girls interested in dating a little guy like me,” I admitted. “There have been one or two, but the bigger guys usually win.”

“Have you tried dating the guys?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye. “I bet you’d look pretty with your hair done properly and a bit of makeup.”

“Now you’re being silly.”

“It was only a passing thought.” She smiled, but before she could say more, there was the sound of a car in the drive. “That’s your father, home from the office.”

Tilda went to greet him and I remained sitting to finish eating. I was apprehensive about meeting Father. He was a partner in the old established investment firm which had made the family fortune in great-grandfather’s day. He couldn’t understand why I didn’t want to study to join the partnership.

“Aaron, welcome, it’s good to see you.” Father shook my hand and hugged me. “I hope Tilda’s been taking care of you.”

“Isn’t she lovely?” Father said when we were alone after dinner.

“She seems nice,” I said. “I’m happy for you. How did you meet?”

“I did the accounts for her company for years but I’d never met her until she came into the office with a demand from the tax man,” he said. “Of course, it was outrageous and I soon got it reduced to a sensible sum. She was dating an old friend but she took me to dinner to celebrate the success. The rest is history.”

“What kind of business does she run?” I guessed it had to be something big or Father wouldn’t have been involved personally.

“She’s a showman,” he said, seeing a puzzled expression on my face. “It’s what she calls herself.”

“I don’t understand.”

“It comes from the days of travelling shows,” he explained. “It was something she grew up with.”

“Surely there’s not much call for that now.”

“She runs the West Coast Theatre Group. They have all kinds of interests in theatres, and burlesque, and run groups that tour plays and shows all over the place.”

“That sounds like a lot of work.”

“I’m sure it is but she has some staff that runs most of it for her. She only goes for the big decisions

and as a figurehead at the premieres. It's a whole new life."

"You sound like you're enjoying it."

"I really am." Father sighed. "I never knew show business but it's been good to learn."

"Are you talking about me?" Tilda came back and sat with us. "Has he told you that I'm a disreputable and unreconstructed theatrical?"

"Not in so many words but he's been telling me about all the entertainments you run."

"It's fun; I've always loved the theatre. Being in charge of the family business is a dream come true." Her enthusiasm shone through. "Have you never wanted to be on stage?"

"I can't say that I have," I replied. "I'm far too shy."

"But you might like to try; dip your toe in the water so to speak." She was holding Father's hand as she spoke. "I know you haven't found your way and I guess that accountancy doesn't appeal. We could slot you in and you never know; you might get hooked."

"But I don't know what I could do."

"When you're related to the boss, there are *lots* of things you could do." Tilda laughed and winked as if sharing a conspiracy.

I slept in next day and found myself alone in the house. Tilda's note in the kitchen told me to make myself at home and that they wouldn't be back until evening. I took her at her word and after I'd had orange juice and a bagel, I sat in the sun.

Before long, my curiosity got the better of me and I started to explore the house. So much was as I remembered but there were many subtle alterations, and Tilda's perfume lingered everywhere. The ground floor rooms had been refurnished and looked welcoming and tasteful.

I wandered upstairs. Curiosity got the better of me and I peeked into father's bedroom. It looked so feminine, nothing like I remembered. I couldn't resist walking in. There were "his and hers" dressing rooms. Father's was as I remembered it. Tilda's was like nothing I'd seen before and had obviously been extended into the next room.

She had wardrobes and shoe racks, full of dresses and everything that a woman like her could want. I looked in everything; it was as if I was drawn to explore it all. The vanity was very tidy but the drawers held all kinds of cosmetics. There were perfumes and jewellery boxes; I opened some and wondered why the contents weren't in a safe somewhere.

I got a shock when I opened one tall cupboard. There before me was a huge collection of wigs; all colours, styles and lengths were there. They were styled and looked as if they were waiting to be worn. A soft bag on a stand held a jumble of wigs, obviously waiting to be styled again.

I think I spooked myself after I looked through her lingerie; it was such a forbidden area but I couldn't resist touching the silks and satins. I knew it was wrong and suddenly felt the urge to get out before I got too fascinated.

The other bedrooms remained as I remembered them. They had hardly ever been used in my time and it didn't look like anyone had been there since. The guest wing was another matter.

I couldn't find the key to the front door and it was a real surprise when I found the internal door to be open. At a glance, it was obvious that someone had been living here. There were clothes scattered on the chairs; women's clothes. There were fashion magazines and stage magazines.

When I went upstairs, a different perfume filled the air. The bed was made and the room was tidy. It was a something like a mirror image of Tilda's dressing room, with all the same confusion of clothes and cosmetics, and another collection of wigs.

You've guessed; I couldn't resist looking through it all. I was getting more and more fascinated. One closet contained extravagant dresses and impossibly high heels. I guessed these were costumes and whoever lived here was some sort of entertainer.

I tore myself away, feeling guilty for being so intrusive and curious. I couldn't help my thoughts straying to what I had seen as I wandered round the garden and really felt relaxed in a way that I hadn't for a long time.

I heard a car engine on the drive and walked back into the house to see a redheaded woman coming towards me. It took me a second or two to realise that this was Tilda. She saw my expression and smiled.

"It's one of my indulgences," she said, patting her hair. "I wear a lot of wigs."

"Oh, I understand," I blushed.

"It's not for medical reasons," she hastened to add. "It's because I like them. I can be a different woman every day. It's a holdover from when my daddy first let me go on tour with a burlesque group."

“You were in burlesque too?” I think my jaw dropped in surprise.

“It was fun and good training. Once I got the bug, I couldn’t stop,” she replied. “My daughter’s the same. She’s on tour now but she’s more of an entertainer than a dancer.”

“I didn’t know you had a daughter.”

“I hope you’ll be able to stay long enough to meet her. Melissa’s your new stepsister, although it’s funny to think of her like that. She’s about five years older than you and really pretty.”

“Have you told her that she’s acquired a step brother?” I asked humorously.

“Sure I did. She said she always wanted a little brother to boss around.” Tilda smiled as she said that. “Come into my study and I can show you some pictures of her.”

“She’s really pretty,” I said, looking through the album Tilda presented to me. “Her hair changes too.”

“She’s a wig enthusiast, just like me. She always wanted to borrow mine and dress up from when she was quite small. She’s still doing it now.” She pointed to two pictures. “These were taken on the same day. She changed her hair and makeup; you’d never believe it was the same girl.”

“I’d never have guessed,” I admitted. “You’re a family of chameleons.”

“She’s always dressed and made-up extravagantly on stage and when she does the meet and greet afterwards with the fans.” Tilda flipped through another set of pictures. “Then she changes completely and

she says she can walk past the keenest of fans and they never recognise her.”

“Is she the star of the show?”

“She’s one of the principals,” Tilda said mysteriously. “She does a speciality act these days.”

I started to ask more about this but Tilda looked at her watch and stood.

“I’m going to change and then your father’s taking us for dinner.”

“So when will I get to meet my new stepsister?” I asked as we relaxed with coffee after a wonderfully exotic meal where all the waitresses looked like movie stars.

“The show’s run ends at the weekend,” Tilda said. “She has a few weeks off before the next tour, so I hope she’ll be joining us in a few days.”

“Does she live here with you when she’s not on the road?” I asked.

“She has always lived with me,” Tilda replied. “She has the guest apartment over the garage.”

“Is she single?” I shouldn’t have asked but it sort of slipped out.

“She’s had a few boyfriends but they never lasted. I think she’s too independent to let some boy boss her around.”

“She’s certainly a girl who knows her own mind,” my father added. “She’ll always be the boss in any relationship.”

“I’m probably not her type then,” I said without thinking.

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll get on,” Tilda said. “It’s only that she knows her own mind and knows what she wants. You wouldn’t try to tell her what to do.”

“I don’t think I’ve ever been to a travelling burlesque show, at least not the kind you’re talking about.” I saw a look in Tilda’s eye and changed the subject.

“Then you’ve never lived.” Tilda’s eyes shone and she became really animated. “I used to love going on tour but a lady’s got to realise that her days as a showgirl are limited.”

“You’re always beautiful,” Father added as if programmed to fan her ego.

“The one that Melissa is with has been travelling for almost a year,” Tilda said. “They do small theatres, clubs, restaurants and private parties.”

“It must take a lot of time to organise,” I said.

“The show sells itself,” Tilda replied. “They’ve a good reputation and have to turn down work. There are eight actors to do the production numbers, some girls and some boys, dressed as girls of course, to provide the glamour.”

“You mean that the boys are pretending to be girls?” I asked.

“Of course; they’re much sexier than the real thing... at least the ones we use are,” Melissa explained. “At the end of the show we have a reveal. The audience are asked to guess which ones are girls and which ones are boys. They never get it right.”



“They’re amazing,” Father said. “You’d never guess that they weren’t girls on or off stage.”

“I think I’ve led a sheltered life,” I said. “I never saw anything like that.”

“But you must.” Tilda’s eyes flashed. “They could change your mind about girls and boys and you have the figure for it... at least you would with a little padding here and there.”

“Enough,” Father said. “Let the boy alone. He’s going to have enough to cope with when Melissa comes home.”

“So what part does Melissa play?” I wondered why she hadn’t been mentioned before.

“She’s a speciality act,” Tilda replied without being more specific. “She sings sometimes and of course there’s another girl singer too.”

“You’ll like her,” Father interrupted, but then coffee arrived and the subject changed.

I was left on my own the next day. I lazed around for a while and then found the ride-on lawnmower in its garage. I decided to make myself useful, and set off doing what I knew so well.

As I was returning it, I saw a white Miata park at the side of the garage and a blonde-haired girl go into the apartment. This was surely Melissa.

I walked slowly back to the house, hoping to get a glimpse of her. If she saw me, I didn’t see her. I walked through to the back patio and sat with a beer. After a few moments, my mobile trilled.

“Is that Aaron?” a light voice asked. “I’m Melissa. Mother gave me your number and said I should meet you.”

“I think I saw you drive up.”

“I saw you cutting the grass; I thought you were the gardener,” she laughed. “Why don’t you come up to my apartment in about a half hour and we can chat before the folks get home?”

I showered quickly changed my sweaty clothes, then a little over the half-hour, I climbed the stair to the apartment over the garage and knocked on the door.

“Hi Aaron, it’s good to meet you.”

I think I stood open mouthed as I looked at her. Her dark hair hung over her shoulders in glistening waves. I remember being drawn into her green eyes, as I saw her green top and tight jeans. Like her mother, her makeup was precise and heavy round the eyes.

“I’m sorry,” I spluttered. “I thought I saw a blonde girl get out of the car.”

“That was me. I’d driven straight from a show I did for a private group at lunchtime. I was still in costume,” she said. “I always get into character before I go and it takes me a while to be myself again.”

“Your mother did say something about wigs,” I nodded.

“It’s an obsession I inherited from her when I was quite small, playing with her makeup and things. I always loved pretending to be someone else.”

Her smile was open and inviting as she hugged me closely. I was used to being smaller than most people and Melissa was no exception in being taller than me. It wasn't a disadvantage as I got a good view of her breasts down the front of her low cut top.

"I can't believe I have a little stepbrother." She kissed me on the cheek. "I often dreamed of having a little brother when I was younger."

I think she saw my face drop and then she looked at me closely.

"I'm sorry; I didn't mean that you were little. I meant than you were younger."

She saw my face. "I think I'm digging myself into a hole here. Shall we start again?"

She hugged me again and stood back, holding my arms.

"I'm delighted to meet you. Please forgive me for sounding insensitive. I hope we can be friends. I think we have a lot in common from the bits that I know about you. We're both an only child after all."

"Apology accepted," I said. "I've got used to being smaller than the girls I try to date."

She held onto my hand as we walked through to the living room and out onto the balcony overlooking the garden.

We talked generally and cautiously the way you do when you don't really know what to say. She brought cold beers from the kitchen and slowly our conversation became easier.

"Tilda said you toured with a burlesque show," I said.

“Not all of the time but I like to keep my hand in. I think that being onstage is something I can’t leave alone, even though I do a lot of the organising.”

“She said you sang sometimes but you also did a specialty act.”

“But I guess she didn’t tell you what it was.” Melissa smiled. “You’ll never guess; I’m a hypnotist.”

I think she saw that I didn’t know how to reply at once. “That must be fun.” I kicked myself for saying something so trite.

“It’s challenging every night,” she replied. “But I’ve studied with the best, not just here but in England and France too. I’m very good and last year I won gold at the Hypnolympics in Vegas.”

“You’ve lost me... Hypnolympics?”

“It’s a big meet. We exchange ideas and theories and watch new techniques. Then at the end there’s a competition where we are paired and I try to trance my partner while they try to trance me.”

“So the winner is the one in control.”

“You’ve got it.” She clapped her hands softly. “Then the winners get paired and so on until the last pair, and I won.”

“I’ve never heard of this competition.”

“It’s not publicised,” Melissa replied. “It would never be good publicity for any hypnotist to admit that they were susceptible to another hypnotist.”

“Is everyone susceptible?” I asked. “I thought some people are impossible to hypnotise.”

“I’m never going to admit that,” she replied. “You’d be an amazing subject.”

“How can you tell? I’d resist all the way.”

“You’re challenging me, aren’t you?” Melissa came and walked round my chair.

I remember that she looked at me, then nothing.

“I told you I’d resist,” I said when I realised that Melissa was sitting opposite me with a huge grin on her face.

“You did,” she said. “And who do you think won?”

“I did, of course.”

“So I didn’t hypnotise you at all?”

“No.”

“So are you hypnotised now?”

“I am hypnotised to obey,” I heard myself say. I blinked in shock. “Where did that come from?”

“Are you hypnotised?” she asked again.

“I am hypnotised to obey,” I replied, feeling equally surprised as the words slipped through my lips.

“I think I won,” she said. “Now just to check, please tell me your name.”

“That’s easy; I’m Emily,” I replied, hearing what I said. “No; that’s not right... I’m Emily.”

“And are you hypnotised now?”

“I am hypnotised to obey,” I said again.

“Your name is Emily. You love your name and you’ve never had any other,” Melissa said evenly. “Remind me of your name again.”

“I’m Emily,” I said, feeling somehow comfortable with my words.

“That’s right.” She stroked my arm and I felt so relaxed and calm. “Whenever you’re alone with me and whenever I tell you, you are Emily. You’re my best girlfriend and we’re going to have such fun together.”

“That’s lovely,” I replied. “I’m your Emily.”

“Yes, you are.” Melissa continued to stroke my arm. “We’re going to have such fun together and we’re going to make Emily into such a beautiful girl.”

She was silent for a few moments, but still stroked my arm. “You can pretend to be Aaron now and you can’t tell anyone that you are hypnotised.”

I remember that I blinked. I felt confused and took a few seconds to collect my thoughts. I looked at Melissa and wondered why she was looking back at me like that.

Next evening, it was just Melissa and I in the house. I knew I shouldn’t but I wanted her to hypnotise me again. She didn’t disappoint me. We ate together and talked about nothing in particular. I could feel it coming.

“I am hypnotised to obey.” I heard myself say those words, although I don’t remember any direct instruction being given.

“Tell me your name.”

“I am Emily,” I replied.

“Are you a boy?”

“No, I’m a girl. What a silly question.” I giggled at the thought that I could be anything else.

“Would you like me to teach you how to dress for the burlesque shows?”

“I’d love that,” I heard myself saying.

I can remember standing there transfixed as she undressed me and then dressed me again; bra and panties, with breast forms in the bra. A low-cut dress in red, with huge skirts and a low cut top, spaghetti straps, and a tight waist.

I wore hold-up stockings with lacy tops, and high-heeled ankle boots. The boots frightened me at first but after Melissa told me that I could walk in them easily, they were comfortable and I twirled in front of the mirror as if dancing for real.

I watched my reflection as she made me up. She plucked my eyebrows into a really tidy shape by taking away the little hairs from the lower side and emphasising the point at the outside. My eyelids were coloured with soft pinks, deepening to dark rose towards my lashes.

I had dark eyeliner, top and bottom, mascara and finally false lashes, secured with even more mascara. My lips were made to look larger by a lip liner pencil, and then filled in with dark pink peach lipstick.

I looked in the mirror constantly as she talked to me. I have no memory of what she said but I fell in love with my own image. It was the way I loved to look and it made me the happiest girl on the planet. I was so happy, I could have burst.