

Deception



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2016

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

Deception

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter One: A big problem

“So as you can see, I have a problem... a big problem. I could really use your help, and your unquestionable talent and expertise. Do this for me Logan and I swear, I will give you a very big percentage of the money that I will come into, you won't need to work again, man.”

Brendon Frobisher spoke earnestly to his friend, Logan McKlintock. He had been currently living in a huge mansion with his bride to be, Marie, and her father, Sir Charles, who owned the mansion and all of its grounds.

The father was a very prosperous businessman who had made his own money, he idolised his daughter but he held a strong disliking for the man whom she had chosen to marry,

Brendon did have feelings for Marie, maybe he hadn't truly been in love with her, maybe he was

more infatuated with the fact she was rich, but he did have feelings.

The problem was, Marie had recently been in a car crash and Logan had just informed him that she had died in hospital. Whilst he was greatly saddened by her passing it would also now mean his father-in-law to be would discard him as if he was rubbish. Brendon had no job, no income; he had lived off his fiancée for the past year and a half.

Logan looked at the man before him with some disdain. "You and I both know, Brendon, that I am already quite a wealthy man from my work as one of the worlds leading cosmetic surgeons. I do not need dirt money, nor do I need the likelihood of spending the rest of my life in prison." He replied.

"Then do it as a friend... we have known each other since we were five years old, schooled together, grew up together, fought each other's battles. Remember, had it not been for me you would never have met your wife Caitlin, Remember when I saved your skin when you got into all that trouble with the McAllister's?"

What Brendon was asking his life long friend, was, if he could create a new Marie using his or fellow surgeons skills in cosmetic surgery. Find a girl with the same height and build as her who would be willing to pose for a huge financial gain and have her face altered to the likeness of Marie.

The idea, as far fetched as it seemed, was doable to Brendon. Sir Charles Taverner was currently in America on business. He had heard of his daughter being in an automobile crash but as far as he was yet aware, although critical, she was still alive.

Taverner was in the middle of quickly wrapping up his American visit so that he could fly back to Scotland to be at his daughter's side. He was himself an extremely ill man, he had a terminal brain tumour and he had only been given four to five months to

live. Part of his business in America was to ensure his daughter would be financially sound for the rest of her life, all assets transferring over to her name. Now he also wanted to ensure her no good gold digging fiancé was out of the picture just in case he tried muscling in on her own wealth if she died.

“Your idea is ludicrous Brendon, highly dangerous. Yes, I., or colleagues, probably could create Marie’s likeness to another face but If you went around Scotland asking girls if they were prepared to change their faces for a wealth of money, you may well find one low life who would say yes... but more likely, you would also ask a girl who would feel disgusted by your suggestion... and they would go to the police? Investigations would arise, it would be discovered that Marie was already dead and that you were trying to commit fraud. You are not thinking this through, mon.”

“And if I sat idly back and did nothing? The old man returns tae Scotland... he would find that his daughter was nae dead, the man hates me for fuck sake! Now, if I got to marry Marie, then., as her husband, I would have share in the estate, the business, the family wealth and I would run things once the old man died. But, once she is declared dead, he will kick me out the home; I would be penniless, jobless and homeless.”

“You wouldn’t be homeless if you attempted such a thing... you would be living in a prison cell. I cannot put my livelihood on the line for such a fool hardy idea. You cannot take the risk that the first person you asked would welcome doing such a thing and not be so shocked and outraged by the suggestion, as not to report you.” Logan blasted.

Brendon sat down, agitated. Why couldn’t Marie have lived until they were married? He would marry into the wealth of the family and her interfering father would be dead within a few months. Why did she

have to go and get herself killed right now? When he had been so close!

Suddenly he became still... deep in thought. Could he do such a thing to a long-time friend?

“How would yer loving wife feel if she knew about the affair ye had with her own cousin, Maisie, two years back, Logan?” He asked.

Logan turned and looked hard at the man in front of him. “What? You wouldn’t.” He bellowed.

“Wouldn’t I? I am desperate here Logan and I had hoped for ye to come forward for me. It’s alright for you, isn’t it? Ye are wealthy and living in ya own fancy hoose.”

“You could never prove it. Your word against mine, man.”

“You are forgetting that video we made in Montrose. You with her, me with Amelia Aitken... remember? I still have it.”

“Even if you did ever show it to Caitlin, it was two years ago. I would say it was all innocent, she may be annoyed but she would forgive me.”

“And you would like to take that chance would ye? How about the chance of you getting away with your tax evasion for all of those years? That money you laundered in order to finance your practice? If I put out the word to the police they would need tae investigate.”

Logan’s face distorted as his face reddened in rage. “You scoundrel, Brendon Frobisher... to think I have called you my best friend for all of these years.”

“Don’t take it so personally, mon. I am only doing what I need to do. Yes, friend for all of these years and yet when I begged a favour, you dismissed it without

a second thought, regardless that it would ruin me, ruin my life.”

Logan sat down. Seeing how desperate Brendon looked, he had little doubt that the man would carry out his threats. He was very unsure how Caitlin would react to his cheating on her, and Brendon was right, with such allegations made about his tax dodges, the authorities would be duty bound to investigate.

“It would appear you have me by the short and curly’s., yes, I believe my colleagues and myself do have the skills to reproduce Marie’s face with plastic surgery, but I still say just asking random girls if they would be prepared to do something like that, no matter how juicy the carrot, it would be a gravely dangerous thing to do.”

Brendon knew what his friend said was likely true. Somewhere out there though, there would be such a girl, a girl who would do anything for money... but it would be a huge gamble in trying to find her.

“So... can we not just kidnap a girl? Take her against her will... do something to her mind? It could be said that the accident had damaged Marie’s brain in some way?” Brendon suggested.

“You are still thinking illogically. If a girl goes missing then a search for her would be made, she would probably be presumed dead after a period of time, then a full on murder investigation would be launched. And, do you think if we presented Taverner with the girl, even if he did truly believe her to be Marie, if she was no longer compos mentis..., not able to be responsible for her own thoughts or actions., do you think he would surrender her to you in marriage, knowing you would take control of everything?”

Brendon put his head into his hands. “What am I to do, Logan?” he wailed. “Why oh why did she have to go and get herself fucking killed?”

Logan was still angry at his friend for attempting blackmail on him in the way he had, but he did also understand the implications of Marie’s death on him.

“Your ideas, I guess I must say, are not as extreme as they sound. If we did find a person with Marie’s height and build I have every confidence I could build a likeness to her. Even if not fully exact, as you say, slight differences to the face could be placed on injuries sustained in the accident.

And it is entirely possible to slowly alter a person’s thinking. With brain washing and subliminal messaging whilst causing confusion, we could even have a girl start to believe she was Marie. But it would all take time, lots of time... and, with Sir Charles not having long left to live, time is not really on our side, old man.”

Chapter Two: A very special day.

Barbara was all smiles. This really was the best day of her life. She looked upon all of the happy and cheering faces as she stood in the bright sunshine, five bridesmaids and several of the female wedding guests had gathered together ready for her to throw her bouquet.

Her new husband, Alan, joined in the cheering as he shook the hands of several guests, waiting for his bride to join him in the car that his brother, Glen, was loaning them, ready to go off on honeymoon.

The cheers got louder as the bouquet was tossed into the air and it was Cindy, a long time friend from school and one of her bridesmaids who caught it, not that Cindy was currently seeing anyone seriously.

Having posed for numerous family photographs and thanking everyone for coming, Barbara lifted the hem of her satin wedding dress and made her way back into the reception area and into the side room where she disrobed from the beautiful gown she had worn and changed into a more suitable top, cardigan and skirt. She also replaced her matching satin shoes for a pair of flats before brushing her hair and briefly repairing her make up.

Once she was done Barbara walked back out into the courtyard and back into the crowd of laughing and talking guests, making her way over to where her Mom and two sisters were standing.

“Love you Mom. I will phone you as soon as I get to our hotel, okay?” She said as she pressed her lips gently to her Mother’s cheek.

“You had better,” Mom laughed. “You go and enjoy yourself... Oh darling, I am so proud of you, you look so beautiful.”

Barbara felt a tear forming in her eye but she didn’t want to cry, she wanted nothing to spoil this day for her. She had just married the man she loved, the most caring and thoughtful man in the world... and to her, the most handsome.

Okay, Alan wasn’t the manliest of men, he was roughly the same height as she was, maybe an inch taller, and he had the same slim build, but he had the heart of a lion and she knew he would protect her from anything. He was also a wonderful lover.

At twenty five Alan also had very youthful looks too. He had a fresh clear complexion, clean shaven, though his beard growth was not very strong anyway and he had a good head of light brown hair, combed back over his head and sides.

Barbara kissed her two sisters and then, with a wave to the crowd and a blown kiss to her Mom and sisters, she made her way over to her new husband.

Alan smiled as she arrived at the car. “Finally, Mrs Rutledge, I have you all to myself.” He greeted with a wide smile and then leaned to kiss her soft lips. “Well, our baggage is all packed; we have a full tank... let’s get off to that dream holiday of yours, shall we?” He added.

Barbara knew that Alan would have taken her anywhere in the world for her honeymoon, but she had always been fascinated by photographs and documentaries of the Highlands of Scotland, so wild and beautiful. Her Grandmother on her father’s side was Scottish, and spoke about it a lot... but she had never been there. It was her perfect destination.

Alan’s brother Glen had loaned the newly weds his car for their two week holiday and Barbara’s mother had booked them into four different hotels to stay in different parts of the country, their final stay being at an old castle overlooking lochs and mountains.

They hadn’t got far out of town however before Alan was looking agitated. Barbara had not noticed her husband’s change of expression at first as she was settled back in her chair reliving her day over again and looking at photos taken on her cell phone.

“I’m not too happy about the performance of this car honey.” Alan told her.

“Why what’s wrong, darling?” She responded as she now looked at his concerned expression.

“Can’t you feel it juddering? There seems to be a bit of a problem... and the brakes are none too keen, I have to put my foot right down on the pedal.” As he spoke they were approaching a set of lights that had just turned to red. Alan compressed the brakes with his foot.

“Oh! This car of Glen’s is useless. The brakes aren’t very good at all and it seems as though the petrol isn’t getting properly through the inlet valve to the engine... probably due a good clean out. I have to put my foot right down to bring the car to a stop. I think we should go over to the car hire centre and hire a car for our holidays.” He suggested.

“What! But Alan, by the time we have got a car, with all the extra costs involved... the whole reason that Glen let you use his car, and by time we have returned his to him, we are going to be really set back in time.” Barbara frowned in dismay.

“Well yes we will be, but surely it is better to lose an hour or so now than to be going right up to Scotland and have Glen’s dodgy car spoiling our honeymoon.”

“Barbara didn’t look happy about the suggestion, she had really been looking forward to their honeymoon together and they already had a long journey ahead of them. She did not want to get to their first stay and then be going straight to bed because of the time. “Well just how bad is it Alan? I really would be happier just to be on our way. We don’t want anything spoiling the first day of our married lives do we?”

It was exactly that which Alan was trying to avoid. The car was not running smoothly and the brakes weren’t very keen but he supposed he could manage... it would just be more preferable to drive with a car that worked okay... and safer.

“I guess I could manage but I would feel better about not driving a defective car if I could help it.” He answered.

A pout appeared on Barbara’s pretty lips. “Oh honey, Going back now, when we have just set off... I don’t know.., it just seems to spoil things. I mean, we

will be going up on the motorway anyway... not much stopping or turning to do.”

“We are going up the A1 honey, I guess I could stay on the road all the way to Edinburgh though I had intended to turn off on the A697 then join the A68 up to the city, but what about after our drive up? We are going to be using the car a lot in getting around and a lot of the terrain and roads may be a bit tricky.”

“‘A to Z Car hire’ have lots of branches all over the country, there is sure to be one in Edinburgh. So, we can get there this evening then locate their branch in the morning and hire a car up there. I’ll look up where it is on my phone right now if you want.”

Alan sighed. It was obvious that Barbara wasn’t keen on them changing the car at the London branch and he didn’t have the heart to force the issue, the day had been perfect so far and he didn’t want things to spoil it for her. Still, he hadn’t planned on returning back to Edinburgh at the end of their honeymoon in order to return a hire car and pick up Glen’s.

“I guess I can manage with this car, I mean, Glen uses it every day for work, as a rule and he manages. He’s just too tight to pay for a proper M.O.T. I guess we will be okay.”

Soon the two were out of London’s suburbs and heading over for the A1. Alan intended to enjoy himself... dodgy car or not.

Chapter Three: The Return of Sir Charles Taverner

“That is preposterous.” Sir Charles Taverner blasted, “You are telling me that my daughter has been involved in a near fatal accident..., that she is on some life support machine whilst they try to fix her body... yet I, her own father, cannae visit her?”

“There are complications sir, Marie is in a very bad way and... if I may, your condition.., I do not think it would be wise for you to see her as she is, it would be very upsetting for you... there was much traumatic injury to her face, Sir...and then there is risk of cross infection. I do assure you that we have the very best surgeons working on her, they assure me that with cosmetic surgery and time for her to heal; she will be as good as new, hardly any scarring or anything.” Logan McKlintock tried to explain to Taverner.

“I do have to agree with Logan, Sir Charles. It is for the best and I myself cannot be allowed to see my fiancée.” Brendon joined in.

Taverner’s eyes blazed at the man. “And why on earth should I take any notice of you? You already know my thoughts on you marrying my daughter.” Taverner stopped as a thought came to him.

“Tell me, McKlintock, just how long is my daughter expected to be treated in hospital?” He asked suspiciously.

“I really do not have the answer to that, Mr Taverner, but I would suggest it could be several months if not a little longer, for all of her injuries to heal.” McKlintock replied.

A half smile spread across Taverner’s lips. “And I am right in saying that you and this no good waste of space are good friends, am I not?” The old man replied, pointing a finger in the direction of Frobisher. “Do you really take me for some fool? Sadly, I have to

presume that the truth is my dear daughter was killed in that car crash... I can get the records of that from the police, ...and you are both thinking that by telling me she is alive, yet I cannot see her for myself, that I will just believe she is still living and then just conveniently die from my tumour... is that your game?"

Logan McKlintock had not been idle. He had gone to inform his friend of Marie's death before the death had been officially recorded to the police. A certificate of her death had been produced but not yet stamped or officially authorised and recorded.

Whilst Taverner had been jetting back to Scotland, McKlintock had been calling up a few favours owed to him. The doctors and surgeons closest to him, many of whom had made grave medical bad practices over the years, of which he had cleaned up for them, were in the know of Marie Taverner's death and the implications. They were prepared to state that Marie really was still alive and was being treated for her injuries in hospital.

"I am sorry that you have such distrust in me, Mr. Taverner, especially at such a bad time as this is. Please, do feel free to call the police... or phone the hospital, ward twenty two... they will confirm everything. You may even use my phone." McKlintock countered, reaching into his pocket for his cell phone.

Taverner shot the man a look as he took out his own phone and rang the number of the local police station, asking to speak to the chief superintendent.

"...Yes, I truly am sorry about your daughter Sir Charles. I can confirm that she was involved in a near fatal car accident and that she was taken to St Andrew's hospital. I have so far not received anything further of her condition from them and, on that alone, I would presume that mercifully, she is still alive and being given very good care." The chief su-

perintendent informed Taverner, whom he knew quite well.

Still not satisfied, Taverner did ring the hospital and was put through to one of McKlintock's work colleagues... Raymond Broadie, a man whom McKlintock had pressured into keeping the falsified story alive.

"Yes, we do have Marie Taverner at the hospital. She is in a serious but stable condition. At this time we are keeping her in an induced coma but we have great hopes that we can successfully repair her injuries and that she will live...."

"...No, I am sorry Mr. Taverner, I cannot allow any visitation at this time. You would not be able to communicate with her anyway. I would be prepared to let you look into the room she is in, through the window from the outside, but that is as far as I can allow... for your own daughter's safety."

The confirmation of his daughter being in such a bad state distressed Taverner. He felt weak. If she should die then he may as well die now, too, not having long to live anyway. But before that event he would do all in his power to prevent Brendon Frobisher worming his way into the wealth that he had made. His one and only wish now, before his tumour killed him, would be to see and speak to his daughter again, know that she was alive and recovering, before he left this earth.

Even in his distraught state, he would not show his anguish to the two men inside his home. "I want you both to leave my home now... both of ye. You do not return into this house while ever my daughter is in hospital, Frobisher... is that clear? I forbid you. If my daughter does not pull through you will not have anything else to do with this estate or my family. Go now... You may send for your belongings tomorrow but if my daughter does not return here, then neither does you."