



Reluctant Press presents:

The Girl Inside

Jessica Matthews



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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The Girl Inside

By Jessica Matthews

“Sarah, be a love and find me someone who can take these packages across to the old Empress Theatre.”

“Yes, Miss Brown,” Sarah replied. “I think everyone’s out of the office except Dan and the new trainee, you remember, the one who started last week.”

“Well, he’ll have to go. These have to get to Alicia Mesmer for approval, and I really want her signature on the dotted line before we go further into production.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” Sarah suppressed a smile. She’d watched as the new trainee had been introduced to Dan. His eyes lit up and the thought of having a new trainee to order around, and to impress. True, he’d been a little put out by the boy’s obvious clean cut and straight image, but he couldn’t have everything. Sarah walked through to the back office.

“Dan, Miss Brown wants to borrow your assistant for a while. She says it’s urgent and you’d understand.”

“Well, there’s no objection,” Dan snapped back. “After all, I was going to introduce him at my club later.”

“Well he’s had a narrow escape, and just in time,” Sarah giggled back. “Although I’m sure he’s quite capable of taking care of himself.”

“Don’t worry about me,” a voice came from the back of the room. “There were clubs like that on campus, and I escaped with integrity intact. What do I have to do?”

“It’s Nelson, isn’t it,” Sarah held out her hand to the boy. “We never really got introduced when you started. It’s a rush job, just to deliver some packages, and get a contract signed before Alicia Mesmer heads off for a tour of the coastal resorts for the season. She’s in rehearsal and Miss Brown wants some things delivered personally.”

“Hey, I can cope.” Nelson grinned. “From graduate trainee shadowing the great Dan Diamond, agent to the stars, to delivery boy in one giant leap, it’s career development alright. I’d love to meet your friends Dan, but maybe later.

“Okay, but you’re passing a great opportunity.” Dan waved him away as they left the room.

“Honestly, I don’t know how you can work with him all day,” Sarah said as they walked down the corridor. “He’s too extrovert for his own good.”

“It’s not so bad,” Nelson replied. “He knows everyone, and they know him. Shadowing him for a while will get me known.”

“And probably get you wildly corrupted, if he gets his way,” Sarah replied. “You have to watch him; every boy who comes in here gets lined up one way or the other. He’s a real predator.”

“Here’s Nelson, Miss Brown.” Sarah stepped back and let Nelson enter the office.

Helen Brown was a cool blonde, with a hard reputation. The agency had grown from her father’s time, into an international talent resource for anyone wanting package shows and promotions. They had a few big time acts, but they were leased out to bigger concerns, with better facilities. Sarah was content to spread her empire wider, rather than concentrating on one or two acts that could break the company if they decided to leave.

“Nelson, take these packages to the Empress, it’s just being used as rehearsal space now, and you’ll find Alicia Mesmer there. Hand her these packages, tell her I want a reply as soon as yesterday, and I want these papers signed and bringing back tomorrow.”

“Sure thing, Miss Brown,” Nelson replied. “At least I’ll escape Dan introducing me to every contact he has in this town.

“I’m sure you’re grateful,” she replied. “But don’t forget, you’re with Dan first because he knows how to get around. I don’t expect you to adopt all his... err, foibles, but watch how he operates. Everyone’s a friend, and more importantly, everyone tells him things.”

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Nelson settled back as the cab took him across the city to the subway, and struggled to balance all three packages, pay the fares and then get into a vacant carriage. He watched as the blackness of the tunnels rattled past the darkness outside. It was a very different world than he had expected when he became a trainee. True, he was an account handler in the making, and real people seemed a better commodity than potatoes or beef. Show business and advertising was much more adventurous than the career he had expected as a new graduate accountant.

He gazed at the window and saw his reflection gazing back. He wasn’t all that impressive. Good features, they said, but hardly handsome. A bit on the thin side, he could never be mistaken for a natural athlete, and he wasn’t tall enough to stand out in any crowd. He laughed to himself at the pure camp of his immediate boss. Dan had made no secret that he would throw him into the bear pit that comprised his own life style. Nelson had pretended to be cool, but really was appalled by all the overt innuendo, and the over familiar-

ity. Men kissing when they met. He'd heard about it all, and seen it on the movies, but in person. It was a bit gross.

The train rattled to a halt, and Nelson balanced the packages on his arm as he handed his ticket at the barrier. He walked outside and hailed a cab.

The Empress was a bleak looking building. The paint was faded and the neon signs cracked and long ago disused. The front doors looked like they'd been shut for decades. He walked round the back and pushed the door in the rear alley. It gave into a dimly lit hallway. A grey haired old lady sat at the desk chewing on her pen as she worked at a book of puzzles.

"I've brought these for Alicia Mesmer," Nelson explained. "Is she here yet?"

"She is but you can't go in, it's a closed set rehearsal. More than my job's worth to let anyone in."

"I'll only be a minute, she's expecting me. I'm from her management, and we need her to sign some papers."

"I don't care if you're from her bookmaker with her winning bet. No one goes in there without express authority."

"So, I should have express authority..." Nelson tried to apply reason.

"No you haven't. It's only her invited audience today, and I know you aren't on the list."

"So how do I get on the list?" Nelson could see a simple job, turning into a long one.

"You don't. You have to be invited."

"So how do I get invited?" Nelson's voice betrayed a little despair.

"You don't, I told you." Another flat refusal, then her face softened a little. "You're new, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know what's going on here today."

"Not really, just a rehearsal I was told."

"Right, but she's timing it, using the audience. They take time to react and she needs real concentration at the first run of a new routine."

"I don't understand." Nelson really didn't know why he was being so excluded.

"Let me explain. She's a hypnotist, and a real joy to watch, such a genius. She has an invited audience for a try out. They're friends, fans, and people who come to each rehearsal. They're good subjects so that she can hypnotise them, and pace the routines before she does it on stage. Think about it. Every night there's a different crowd to work with; she needs to know what's going to work, before she does it for real. It's hard work. She doesn't want anything to break the concentration."

"Okay, so when can I see her," Nelson sighed. It was looking like a long wait. Just then the door opened and he stood back. Three girls entered, waved passed at the desk lady and walked through.

“Come back about eleven, and she’ll maybe be finished.”

“That’s six hours,” Nelson gasped.

“So you can do the math. Come back then.”

Nelson stood back again, and turned towards the door to step out. As he did so, more people entered, laughing and talking loudly. The small vestibule filled as passes were being shown. The desk was swamped and seizing his chance, Nelson slipped through into the theatre with the crush. He sat at the rear of the crown in the auditorium, wondering what advantage his impulse had got him. He listened as the place filled with about forty people and they chattered excitedly amongst themselves.

He didn’t have to wait long as the lights came up and onto the stage stepped an elegant lady in a long black dress with a low cut top and a few sequins on the bodice. She was tall and slim, moving with style and with an elegance that set her apart.

“Good afternoon everyone,” she started. “I’m Alicia Mesmer, and I want to thank you all for volunteering tonight to help with the setting of my new show. As usual, there are goodie bags for each of you at the end including a copy of my latest DVD and free passes for one of the shows if you’re in the area.” She paused and looked round meaningfully. “You won’t be expected to be a subject at one of those shows if you do come. I’ll include a suggestion that you don’t allow yourself to participate.”

There was a ripple of laughter in the audience. “Is that a real promise?” One shouted.

“Of course,” Alicia smiled. “You are all excellent subjects, and I won’t abuse your trust. And now, shall we start the process. As usual, I want to allow you to select yourselves. Some of you won’t be as receptive today as last time and vice versa. I just want to best and easiest subjects today, and the rest of you can enjoy the show.”

Nelson shifted downwards in his seat as she started to talk, her deep voice resonating around the auditorium. He could see already a few hands being raised in the air as she went through a progressive relaxation routine that he recognised from an old college show that he’d caught a long time ago. He remembered the girls being made to perform on the stage, with simulated sexual games. He looked round again, and then became suddenly aware. His hand was in the air, as if pulled upwards by an irresistible force. Suddenly it fell and slapped his thigh. He felt ever so relaxed.

Nelson’s next memory was of being on the stage. He was on the front row, and feeling very self-conscious. He wrapped his arms round himself, and pulled his coat across his chest. Everyone was looking at his breasts. He could see the cleavage there, and tried to keep still. Every time he moved, they seemed to have a life of their own, springing out of his sheltering hands, out of their concealment for all to see. He was so embarrassed. When the microphone came to him, he could hear himself telling everyone how difficult it was to have big beautiful breasts and be taken seriously.

The microphone was removed and he relaxed once more. He could tell that other people were talking and laughing. It didn’t matter he was safe now and relaxed in his own little world. Then she was touching his shoulder. He tried to do what she said but everyone laughed.

He counted his fingers, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, and eleven." That wasn't right wasn't it?

He counted the left hand. "One, two, three, four, five;"

He counted the right hand. He added them up to ten. Then he counted both hands again. He still had eleven fingers. He could hear the crowd laughing. He had to tell them he was right. He had to tell them off for laughing. Didn't they know everyone had the same number of fingers? Then he was relaxing again, vaguely conscious of someone else standing and the crowd laughing.

He was back in his seat watching from the auditorium. It was all a sham. When Alicia was asking one of the girls to speak to someone from Mars on the telephone he could stand it no longer. He shouted and started to walk to the stage. He was shouting as he climbed the few steps onto the stage, really angry. Alicia turned to him and asked what he wanted. He felt embarrassed. He turned away quietly, mumbled something about being sorry and turned back to his seat. He watched, and then felt so angry again. It couldn't be allowed to continue. He would go and stop this nonsense right away. He climbed onto the state shouting and waving. They laughed. He could hear them, it only made him madder. Alicia turned to him, and once again he felt embarrassed and confused. He mumbled and walked back to his seat, hoping no one would remember his outburst.

Then he was sitting on the stage. Suddenly it all came clear. He'd been part of the show. Alicia was thanking them all, and went to shake hands with the first in the line of seats. He watched. As she shook hands with them one by one, they slumped back in their seats. She was speaking to him. It was all so clear.

"I think you were wonderful tonight." She said, and looked round. "Look at everyone else." He did so. "I bet you're wondering when you're going back to sleep. He started to say something, then she pulled his hand, and he slumped forwards. "Deeper and deeper." He heard her whisper, as he slid away.

Then suddenly it was a party. He didn't feel like the party at all. His boyfriend had just eloped with his mother. It was sooooo difficult. He used lots of rude words. Why should he prefer mother, he heard himself asking. He had bigger breasts, better hair, and could give a blowjob far better than mother ever could even with a hundred years training. The accent was strange as he spoke He registered it all, and why was he talking as if he was the girl. It wasn't right, but when he tried to think it back, it was right. He remembered blowing Earl in the front of his pick up. It was so clear. He could describe everything. It was real, and he was glad to be able to talk about it. Then he was relaxing again.

Then he was waking up. He stood and waved as the audience clapped. He couldn't remember why they were clapping but he felt really good and happy, full of energy. It just felt too good to be true. He watched Alicia disappearing into the wings and though how wonderful she was.

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It was only as he was about to leave the theater, that he remembered the packages he was to deliver. Sheepishly, he approached the door lady once more.

“I warned you.” She said. “You’ll never escape now after that performance.”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Nelson stammered. “But I do need to deliver these and get my papers signed.”

“Okay I’ll tell her you’re coming. Third door on the right.”

Nelson walked through and knocked on the door. He pushed it open and saw Alicia Mesmer sitting at a desk making notes. She was still dressed as she had been on the stage and closer, he could see how the make up and hair that had made her look so imposing on stage, still held an aura of power. He stood in front of her.

“Yes, I heard you sneaked in.” She said. “Guess it didn’t do you a lot of harm though. You’re a natural subject. I’m not letting you go.”

She stood and walked to him, keeping her eyes firmly fixed on his. She raised a finger in front of his face, and passed it across his eyes. She touched his forehead, and his eyes closed instantly. He heard her saying something, but couldn’t tell what it was. Then he was sitting across the desk from her. He was breathing quite naturally, but here was something wrong. He couldn’t move. His fingers were rigid, but they felt relaxed. He could move his eyes as Alicia paced across the room, but when she walked behind him, he couldn’t turn his head. It was strange.

He saw her sit and sign the papers he had brought. He relaxed again. And then was wide-awake and alert. She was speaking to him.

“Yes, of course I’ll give them to...” His voice stopped. He tried to say that he would give them to Miss Brown first thing in the morning, but the words wouldn’t come.

Miss Brown will get...” His voice stopped again.

“I’m sorry; I can’t seem to...” His mouth tried to form more words but there just wasn’t anything coming. He knew what he wanted to say, but he couldn’t. It was weird, but not frightening. If all felt rather good.

“Okay you can speak,” Alicia said.

Nelson relaxed, and said all that he had been trying to say. Then it was hard again. He was trying to remember his name. There he said it. He was Virginia. It was good to say his name. He was pleased that he had remembered it. She touched his forehead again. He didn’t know why.

He went home, and slept soundly.

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“Dan, how nice of you to call.” Alicia picked up at the third ring. “I guess your spies have told you something.”

“Oh, you know me too well. Of course, I have spies everywhere, and they do tell me that my assistant featured in your rehearsal.”

"So if you know, you'll know that I want him on my tour." Alicia hesitated. "In fact, I think you should send him out on the road with me for the next few weeks. A compliant subject in reserve is always good when the volunteers are so unpredictable."

"Well, I shall see what could be arranged, but I want a favour in return."

"So what's it going to cost me?"

"No cost, nothing like that." Dan laughed without humour. "It's just that I want to play a little joke, and when you know what I know, I'm sure you'll want to join in."

"Sounds intriguing." Alicia said without wanting to be too eager. Dan's schemes were usually designed solely for his own benefit.

So, you met Nelson." Dan said.

"So, I met him, and yes he's a terrific subject. He's the most suggestible person I've ever come across. He's going to be a joy to work with." Alicia regretted giving so much away as soon as she had said it. "And I've already made sure no one else will ever be able to take him into trance, so don't think you can exploit the situation."

"Darling Alicia," Dan laughed. "Me? Exploit? How could you ever think such a thing?"

"I know you, Dan. Remember we go back a long way."

"Yes, and Nelson didn't remind you of anyone."

"No." Alicia pictured him as he went into trance and she thought hard again.

"His surname is Campbell," Dan said.

"You mean he's..."

"He's George Campbell's son and heir." Dan allowed the words to sink in. "If I remember, you and George had a thing going a few years ago."

"Don't come the innocent with me, Dan. You know he dumped me in mid career because he couldn't leave his wife and son. They needed him, he said, after all the promises he made to me."

"So we could have a deal?" Dan asked.

"We could..." Alicia hesitated once more. "But I won't do anything to harm the boy. George was quite generous after we split, although I can't forgive him personally. It was a long time ago, and I've done well, largely thanks to George paying my way through college. Without him, I'd have ended up just another faded chorus girl who might have made it. I still think he owes me some though."

"Oh, I don't want you to harm the boy. I just want a share of whatever we could do to old George. He's turned into such a conservative, backing every old fashioned cause you care to name. I thought it might be fun if his son was to become a little of an embarrassment to the family name."

"And just because he's an unspoilt and innocent looking guy, you want to have first pick, if I work some magic on him."

"In a nutshell, yes." Dan laughed. "After all, there's no harm intended, and I think you could work some magic on him."

"I'll think about it," Alicia replied. "I don't know if I want to get involved, but the thought of trying something different may just sway me."

"Different?" Dan asked. "I thought it was all a question of go to sleep and wake up.... Whatever I tell you."

"Oh, you poor, simple boy," Alicia mocked. "There are doctorate theses written about how difficult the process really is. Sure anyone can react once, especially in a fun situation, but for real, and for a long time. Hey, believe me, it's difficult. Think of all the people who go for hypnosis to quit smoking. A lot fail."

"So why is that relevant?" Dan asked.

"They fail, because subconsciously they have no intention of succeeding. They want someone to blame, and why not blame the therapist. There has to be some positive link if behaviour is to change over a period. What you're asking for is a pretty big change; after all, Nelson's probably as conventional as his father underneath."

"But you'll think about it?"

"I shall." Alicia switched off her cell phone. "I'll certainly think about it." She said to herself. "It could be exciting, and after all, there's no harm in a bit of fun."

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"Alicia, what brings you here this morning?" Helen rose to greet her friend. "It's so good to see you."

"I just came to do a slight favour for Dan. Is he in yet?"

"No, he won't be here until lunch time."

"Good, is your new assistant in? I'm afraid I was a little cruel to him at my rehearsal and I may have made him feel bad. I wanted to apologise, and...." Alicia paused.

"I don't believe that, you haven't come here to apologise at all. I heard he was especially compliant." Helen looked quizzically up.

"Yes, you're right, I wanted to check him out, and with your permission, I want to set Dan up. He wanted a little joke; well we'll see how he likes it. May I borrow..err.."

"Yes you can. His name's Nelson, and I suppose you know who his father is?" Helen replied. "Don't hold that against him, he's a thoroughly nice person, and willing to learn."

"Want to come and watch?" Alicia asked as she strode out of the office towards the general office where an unsuspecting Nelson was working at his computer.

He looked up and saw her, just as she was reaching towards his forehead. For an instant he knew what she was going to do, and tried to resist, but then he was tumbling away, relaxing, listening to her as she took him deeper.

"What are you going to do?" Helen watched in fascination.