

Art of the Con – Part 1

'...In other news, a man has defrauded hundreds of Californian socialites with a fake VIP Access card. Kenneth Hurley, pictured here, claimed that the over three hundred thousand dollars of investor funding he had collected from Malibu's wealthiest would be used to create a membership card, allowing holders to purchase VIP experiences country wide. Instead, he was caught attempting to embezzle the full amount to his own personal accounts. After spending several weeks rubbing elbows with the elite and showing off his own vast wealth it came to light, thanks to the hard work of several forensic accountants, that Hurley was in fact, a con artist without a penny to his name save those he'd scammed off other unsuspecting victims. While police were able to stop Hurley from accessing the stolen funds, they were unable to apprehend him.

Hurley is twenty-nine years old, with a tanned complexion, brown hair and black eyes. Any sightings should be reported to the police at your earliest convenience. Any tips leading to the successful capture of the fugitive will be handsomely rewarded. And now for the weather-'

Ken huffed in annoyance. This report had ruined his life; they could have at least granted him more than thirty seconds of air time. Not to mention the picture they'd flashed across the screen. He'd seen the same image in newspapers and magazines all morning; after weeks galivanting about with super models in designer clothes they had ample choice, yet they picked his old mug shot from a few years ago when he got caught using counterfeit bills. Not only had infamy been thrust upon him, the last thing a hustler needed, his name was now forever tied to that haggard looking image.

For months he'd been working on that scam. It was amazing what you could fake with the right amount of confidence and a good word here and there. Once he'd befriended one heiress, it was just a matter of time before he'd infiltrated the inner circle of many and the cash was flowing. If he'd just emptied that shell account earlier, he'd be a thousand miles away on a private plane to some tropical paradise. Instead, he was stuck in this pay by the hour motel room in the shittiest part of town, hiding behind high collars and sunglasses. Not only that but with his face everywhere the chances of him ever getting such a big scam up and running again were slim to none. Changing his name was a simple thing but his face, that took money and connections, all of which were currently up in flames. None of his usual contacts, underworld or otherwise, would want to do business with him now.

With a sigh he took stock of his assets, having only had the briefest of moments to pack a bag and make his daring escape before the police descended upon his beach house. His laptop, now almost entirely useless since the IP was being traced, a single burner phone, a few thousand in unmarked bills and several fake IDs which were also now useless. Every alias he had was compromised, every back up bank account, each safe house, years of work, all worthless. He had one last hope, one tiny thread he could pull; but it was a long shot.

With a world-weary sigh and no small amount of trepidation he picked up the burner phone and punched in Benny's number. A small-time fence, Benny was a snake. Ever since he'd promoted himself to hustling trust fund babies and tech upstarts, he'd distanced himself from the man. Working with Benny was fine when you were selling fake Fendi bags and hustling pool but he was hardly living the upper class, five-star lifestyle Ken was aspiring to.

“You got the B-man!”

Oh God he already regretted this.

“Benny, it’s Ken.”

“Holy shit, dude! I thought the feds gotcha!”

“They wish.” Ken swore he could smell the cheap pizza wafting off Benny through the phoneline, “Listen, I need some new docs, good ones.”

“Sorry my man, even I ain’t risking my neck on this one.”

Ken felt that last thread of hope slipping through his fingers.

“C’mon man, you and I go way back!” He tried, voice smooth and confident, “All I need is a passport, maybe a driver’s licence, enough to get me over a border-“

“Man, your face is everywhere, you’re gonna need some heavy-duty surgery to hide it. Hair dye and a fake moustache can only go so far.”

“There has to be something you can do, you’re the best fence on the west coast!”

A blatant lie but Ken was yet to meet a man who couldn’t be charmed with a few subtle strokes of the ego. Or in this case, not so subtle. He could hear Benny chewing on something, humming in thought.

“Look, how about a new laptop?” He offered, “One with a dark web connection, I am sure you can find somebody on there to get you what you need.”

Ken hated using the dark web, ever since Silk Road got taken down getting contraband there was more of a headache than it was worth. But if it was his only hope, he’d have to take it.

“Deal.”

Benny gave him a grunt that sounded affirmative. Quickly relaying a drop off point and time; were it any other fence Ken would be wary but one good thing about Benny was his loyalty. He knew if he rated Ken out, his name would be on the lips of every prison snitch and subsequently their liaisons on the street in a matter of days. There was little truth to that old saying ‘honour among thieves’, the closer analogy would be ‘mutually assured destruction among thieves. But that didn’t quite have the same ring to it.

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The Dark Web was a lot less cool in real life as compared to the world of fiction. A lot of boring, plain looking sites mostly listing drugs and guns for sale with varying degrees of quality. Surprisingly, things like fake IDs and bank accounts were not something easily stumbled across and Ken grumbled, slowly scrolling through page after page, sweet talking his way into passcodes and various hidden stores in search of anything useful to him.

The TV hummed in the background, some vapid late night talk show host nattering on about the latest charity ball in New York.

‘...And here comes the man of the hour! James Dubois, this famous young philanthropist has recently returned from Silicon Valley with a brand-new start up under his belt. But of course, the thing on this reports mind is the lack of a lovely lady on his arm!’

Ken rolled his eyes as he scrolled through yet another page full of prescription drugs. This was the sort of shallow, mind numbingly out of touch drivel he’d been subjected to for months in Malibu. It would have been worth it, had his plan actually worked.

‘Mr.Dubois is quite the catch, with a net worth of well over six million dollars, yet he just can’t seem to find Mrs. Right! What a shame.’

At the mention of a Dubois’ wealth Ken’s eyes slid upwards. A young, dark-haired man in a fancy suit was standing waving as reporters snapped photos on a red carpet. Ken gazed at his chiselled jaw and golden skin with envy; if he had that guy’s good looks and money, he certainly wouldn’t be single. Again, that sting of failure hit him. He’d become accustomed to a certain lifestyle in Malibu, fine clothes, and even finer food. The fact that he was now stuck in this shitty motel, sharing a bed with cockroaches and searching yet another dark web page made him want to scream at the indignity of it all. Eyes dropping back to the task at hand his eyes came to focus on a drug he’d never heard of before.

“Bimbathroyne?”

The nondescript round balls pictured were milky white with a tinge of pink. The description simply read *‘for men who want to get in touch with their feminine side, physically’*. Curiosity peaked and badly in need of a distraction after the last few hectic days he looked it up. There was very little available, even on the dark web, which was unusual and what information he did find seemed unbelievable to say the least. Where and how the drug was created was impossible to find, though there seemed to only be one distributor. Moreover, the drug claimed to help rewrite chromosomes in the body temporarily, or something like that, the science behind it was way beyond Ken’s understanding. The important part was the effect, this wasn’t a drug for getting high, according to the claims it transformed men *into* women.

Ken stared at the screen for a moment before flicking back to the TV. More footage of that charity event was playing. James Dubois was on screen again, smiling at a gaggle of young women with polite indifference. Young, rich, *single* James Dubois. Years ago, when he’d first decided to start going after big money with his cons, Ken had considered trying to seduce and sucker a rich heiress but found the competition too fierce. God had blessed him with a face perfect for hustling; plain and forgettable, unfortunately, said face was at a distinct disadvantage when it came to seduction. He’d also been inexperienced, unable to fit in and woo young women of the elite social classes but now, after his time in Malibu...

A plan began to form in his mind as he clicked the link and began negotiating with a seller. Getting two weeks’ worth of bimbathroyne would drain most of his remaining cash but if he could pull this off, it would be worth it. If he played his cards right not only would he be rolling in dough but creating a new identity would be easier than it ever had been. All he’d need now was a pilfered dress and a bus ticket to New York...

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The process was a slow and difficult one. Getting his cash converted in the Bitcoin needed to buy things on the dark web was frustrating but after a day or two, with no small amount of bribery, he managed it. Ordering the bimbathroyne to a random address he’d scoped out in the suburbs he spent several days camped out on a bench waiting for it to be delivered. Fortunately, vagrants and hobos were diligently ignored by the upper middle class for the most part and he was able to pass by undetected. By the time he had the nondescript package in his hands it had been almost two weeks since he’d been forced to flee Malibu. His funds were basically non-existent and he was desperately missing the comforts of his California retreat. His hands shook, unwrapping the brown cardboard box to reveal a small yellow pill container, made up to look like the ones you got prescriptions in at the chemist. The milky pink pills clinked together against the plastic and he smiled nervously, if this didn’t work he was well and truly fucked.

The note was handwritten hurriedly stating that due to the new nature of the pills the long-term side effects were unknown. The pills lasted twenty-four hours before the effects wore off and while under the influence the following may occur:

“Brain fog, loss of coordination, increased libido and minor memory loss.” Ken muttered to himself, not ideal but for this plan to work he’d have put up with much worse.

Stuffing the pills inside his filthy hoodie he made his way to the closest gym. It was late morning and the place was mostly empty, making it easy to sneak in the back. Dodging the security camera, he dashed into the women’s change rooms and swiftly locked himself in private shower cubicle. Even as a fully grown man, sneaking into the girls’ room elicited a certain thrill he hadn’t felt since he was a teenager.

Fingers trembling with both nerves and excitement he twisted open the container and gently lifted a pill out before resealing. With nothing left to lose he popped it on his tongue, rolling it around his mouth for a moment taking in the unusually smooth texture before swallowing. The outer shell glided down his throat without issue and Ken found himself standing in the cubicle waiting for something to happen. There were no notes on how long the pills took to take effect and after five minutes he was beginning to worry these too good to be true drugs were just that. Had the scammer just been scammed? How humiliating.

He was tempted to take another but he was smarter than that, while he was no junkie this wasn’t his first foray into illicit substances. Taking more because you don’t ‘feel it yet’ was a rookie move. Instead, he sat on the floor, mood slowly dampening as he realised, he’d probably just eaten a tiny sugar pill. That would explain the slight sweetness lingering on his tongue. He stood, feeling all hope for regaining the high-class lifestyle he so missed slowly slipping away as he reached to unlock the door only to freeze. His hand was...smaller. He blinked a few times to ensure he wasn’t imagining things but he wasn’t, his hand was ever so slightly smaller, where a small amount of hair had once been on the back of his knuckles there was just smooth skin.

Instinctually his free hand flew to his mouth in shock only to find that hips lips also felt strange. The thin skin was fuller, lips plumping with a much more pronounced cupid’s bow. He felt them pull into a victorious smile, the pills were working! Without a mirror he was forced to explore with just his hands, running the now smooth finger tips across his face. If he stayed his movements enough he could even feel the skin shifting beneath them. His vision blurred for a few moments and he blinked to clear it, long lashes visible for the briefest of moments as his eyes opened.

His heart pounded in his chest as bigger changes started to take place; Ken swore he could feel his insides churning as the skin began to stretch. It didn’t hurt, but it wasn’t exactly pleasant; his whole body seemed to burn like a muscle being stretched. A pressure began to form at his chest and rear as they inflated, coming to press against his clothing. Swearing quietly under his breath he moved to undo the fly of his jeans, he really should have undressed before taking these but it was too late. Already his hips and ass had grown so much the zip was jammed, he couldn’t undo them and had no choice but to fall to the ground as his body strained against the fabric. The tight material cut into his skin and he groaned, just as the pain was becoming unbearable the sound of ripping reached his ears and then a sense of relief. His jeans had torn across the ass cheeks, he turned and saw great gashes in the material and tanned skin beneath. The tears loosened the zip enough for him to struggle out of it, rough fabric scraping against his legs. He marvelled at them as they emerged from the torn fabric; long and slender, with only the lightest dusting of hair compared to the thick black fur that had coated them before. He wanted to admire them more but he didn’t get the chance.

The tightness across his chest was becoming unbearable, swiftly he divested himself the hoodie but his shirt was a lost cause. He'd barely shrugged off the other garment before his nipples, now pink and hard, burst through the fabric. He could only watch, gasping for air as his new tits burst forth, fabric shredding around them as they grew. He felt his face flush with desire watching them emerge; so round and heavy against his chest as they sagged ever so slightly into teardrop shapes. The slightly bronzed skin was so smooth it reflected against the harsh light of the bathroom.

With some effort he peeled what remained of the shredded shirt away, leaving him in nothing but his shoes. Unlike the other clothes, they were at no risk of being destroyed by his growing body, if anything they were starting to feel looser. With a kick to the heel the shoes fell off and he held up his new dainty foot and inspected it. Like the rest of his body the dark hair he'd grown so accustomed to was gone, replaced with a dusting of blonde so fine you could barely see it. Looking down at his body he marvelled at all the small details that were changing. His skin felt as though it had been airbrushed, smooth and silky, making his curves seem that much more alluring.

He leaned forward, ready to gaze over his chest and behold what was now between his legs but found himself distracted by a lock of long dark hair that fell over his forehead. He lifted the hair between his thumb and forefinger, watching with fascination at the slack increased as it rapidly grew. His dull black hair was now glossy and smooth like silk between his fingers, with a subtle wave that granted it added volume. He could feel more of it, slowly growing down his back until it started to tickle at the ridge of his ass. The sensation made him shiver.

He pushed his hair back with his now slender fingers, taking a second to enjoy the slight tug it caused against his scalp before turning his attention southwards once more. His briefs had ripped off with his jeans, leaving him bare. It was more than a little disconcerting to see the lack of cock between his legs, at the very least he couldn't help but feel a stab of emasculation but he pushed it aside, this is what he had to do. It was only temporary. It seemed this was the one place he hadn't had his dark hair bleached and removed by the bim bathroyne, a mound of dark curly hair was still nestled there where it always had been. It was however, short, and neat with a distinct pink slit down the middle. He had seen quite a few pussies in his life, especially during his stint in Malibu; maybe it was just arrogance but as he spread his legs and looked at it properly, he couldn't help but feel his was the best looking he'd ever seen. A deep blush pink, he could see the lips glistening with moisture.

His face split open in a grin. He'd done it! Quietly, he unlocked the shower stall and peaked out, the room was still abandoned so he rushed over to the mirror to take in his full reflection. The woman who stared back gave him a triumphant look; tanned skin, dark hair, and matching eyes, she was the sort of woman who could make men fall at her feet. Her almond shaped eyes were heavy lidded and even without make up had a slight darkness to their lids. She pouted her lips slightly, blowing him a kiss. This woman would have James Dubois eating out of the palm of her hand in no time. The sound of approaching footsteps had him retreat back into the shower stall, mind still buzzing with the high of success. He took a short, sharp breath and clapped his palms against his high cheekbones. Time to focus.

He switched on the shower and jumped under the warm spray, sighing as the heat seeped into his new skin. It was his first shower in weeks, a proper one anyway, and he revelled in the water gliding down his new curves. He experimented, raising his arms above his head and letting the water pour down his sides, bending backwards and letting his splash across the top of his breasts and even leaning forwards and spreading his ass cheeks to ensure the liquid got into every crevice. He shivered at the last gesture, feeling the water flow over his ass and then down between the folds of

his pussy. A gentle, pleasurable sensation flowed through him at the warm touch and he couldn't resist teasing more.

He sat down on the warmed tiles and leaned backwards, spreading his legs wide and allowing the spray to gently fall on his open pussy lips. Each droplet sent more of that pleasurable tingling shooting down his legs and up his spine and a breathy moan escaped before he could clamp his mouth closed. Biting down on his lip he stiffened, letting his eyes flutter closed as the water continue to pleasure him. He'd always known pussies were sensitive but he'd never realised something as light as water could gift such feelings. Didn't the warning say increased libido was a side effect? Perhaps that was already coming into effect, now that he'd started, he couldn't stop.

The water could only do so much however and soon the pleasant feeling turned to an ache. A desperate need for more friction was building within him and he had no choice but to slowly place a finger atop those wet lips. The featherlight touch made his eyes snap open in shock, without even moving, that simple pressure above his new clit was extraordinary. He watched, unable to tear his eyes away as slowly he stroked it, up and down, causing a different kind of wetness to mingle with the water around his thighs. Each touch sent electricity coursing through his being; his hips bucked and legs shook with the intensity of it. More than once he was worried the arm supporting him may give way as it trembled. As a man, orgasm came fast, the build barely lasted longer than a few seconds before the pleasure crested but as a woman it was slow. Each stroke increased the ecstasy, yet it was never quite enough. Desperate for release his pace and pressure increased, breath coming in sharp bursts he was sure whomever had entered the bathroom would be able to hear. Finally, he hit it, the point of no return. For a few beautiful moments he was on the edge before plunging down into a sea of sensations. His body jerked as he came, muscles spasming out of his control and his knees came together, squeezing around the finger still resting on his clit.

With a satisfied sigh he stood once more, washing all trace of his activities from his fingers under the hot spray. Finally clean and familiarised with his new body he switched off the water and dried himself with a pilfered towel. His underwear was ruined, as were his jeans but luckily he still had a spare pair of black trousers and his hoodie. With a satisfied smirk he zipped up the hoodie, feeling the tension in the zip as he pulled it closed over his new tits.

It was time for his greatest scam of all time; he may have entered this building Kenneth Hurley, wanted fugitive but he was leaving as Kellie Lake, a complete unknown who would soon become famous in her own right for snagging New York's most eligible bachelor.

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Ken prided himself of being well prepared, it was what made him such a skilled con artist because as the name implied, conning *was* an art. And like any art, it took practice, preparation, and no small amount of talent to master it as he had over the years. Now that he had the body, he had to prepare his greatest acting accomplishment of all time, becoming James Dubois perfect woman. The first step was to research everything he could about his mark. He'd ditched the laptop, just to be safe and instead made his way to the local library. All the information he needed was publicly available anyway. He got a few strange looks, walking around in such ill-fitting clothes but it didn't bother him. It was just nice to know none of these people were examining him in an effort to match his face to the one scrolling across TVs country wide.

James Dubois had a mundane, feel-good rise to fame. The son of an investment banker he was orphaned at eighteen and though a combination of 'gumption and natural talent', what Ken called 'good luck', he took his fathers modest fortune and turned it into a vast one. He was a media darling, giving liberally to charities and investing in start ups that would never get off the ground without him. Like all those born to means he believed it was important to give back to the community so that others have a chance to rise up and realise the American Dream. Ken rolled his eyes and idly wondered which PR person wrote that for him while his various accountants got every penny back in tax rebates. These rich bastards, they were all the same, it seemed James Dubois at least knew how to pretend to be a decent human being. Which, if he was fair, was more than some of the selfish pricks he'd rubbed elbows with in Malibu were capable of.

He noted down a few of the charities, he would look them up in more depth in order to name drop them later. With a preliminary history done what he needed to focus on more than anything was Mr. Dubois choice in women. With a heavy sigh Ken began dredging through gossip blogs and social media. Dubois had recently turned thirty and despite his wealth and good looks only had a handful of relationships under his belt. This was both a good and bad sign; good in the sense that it seemed on the outside at least Dubois didn't date casually. This would mean once he was unlikely to have too much competition once he got into his good graces. However, it did mean getting to that point may take slightly longer than anticipated. Moreover, he didn't seem to have an obvious type. Oh, they were all young and beautiful, the standard package but one was a Harvard graduate, another an airhead heiress, the third an older woman who collected donations for foreign aid. Ken chewed on his bottom lip in thought, if he didn't have a type to model his Kellie persona off, he would have to make one from scratch.

He felt his eyes glazing over as he scrolled through what felt like miles of internet drivel. Magazine photoshoots, charity auctions and hundreds of comments from stay-at-home mums and tweens stalking his every move. After hours of this he finally turned off the screen and rubbed at his stinging eyes. A notepad of his main interests laid out in front of him, he'd have to sort through which ones were real and which were put on for show; once you reached a certain income level it was simply expected you take an interest in wine after all. For most that just meant reading 'wine tasting for dummies' and then looking up which bottles were the most expensive; if Dubois really did collect wine as anything other than a brag for visitors, he'd eat his hair. Art, hiking and Japanese food all seemed like solid bets though, he'd start there and work his way down the list further as he got to know him better to avoid any faux pas; he needed Dubois to think this was a real romance, if he found out about the research recovery would be almost impossible.

With a feeling of elation, he left the library for the bus depo, ready to take the long journey over to New York. If he played his cards right, he was never going to need to sleep in a dingy motel ever again.

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In the stories, the protagonists first steps into New York are always amazing. The music swells as the camera pans around them, the skyscrapers glittering against a cloudless blue sky as they stand in wonder. These protagonists clearly didn't arrive in the shitty, downtown bus depo Ken did. If it weren't for the Manhattan skyline half hidden through the smog across the river, he wouldn't have even known he was in the big apple at all. That didn't matter though, he was fully focused on his mission.

It was currently nine in the morning; he had a little over eight hours before Dubois was due to attend the opening of a new boutique art gallery. That gave him eight hours to kit Kellie Lake out with suitable clothing and worm his way into Dubois bed. When he'd awoken on the bus this morning, he'd swallowed down another pill a few hours early just to be safe. His original transformation had been swift, who's to say changing back wouldn't be just so and for very obvious reasons, he couldn't have that happening in public. He had a little over a hundred dollars left to his name, he'd managed to sweet talk a few people on his bus into adding to the piggy bank after feeding them a sob story about fleeing a bad relationship. It would be enough to get started.

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The department store lights almost blinded him as he walked in, this place was trying really hard to appear fancier than it was. It made him smile, if anything he could sympathise with this hunk of concrete and lies. Casually, he wandered into the nearest outlet, heading straight for the underwear and taking careful note of the camera positions. Slipping a red lace thong and matching bra into the large pockets of his hoodie barely took five minutes. He spent another few pretending to browse just to be safe; the biggest mistake most rookie shoplifters made was leaving right after pocketing their haul. With the basics handled he made his way over to the evening wear, a veritable forest of dresses and other outfits of every shape and colour.

Nabbing a pair of panties was one thing, a dress was quite another. He'd have to buy this one the traditional way, meaning he had a very limited budget to find the perfect outfit to knock James Dubois' socks off. He was used to picking out clothing in order to blend in, a hustler never stood out unless he wanted to and when he did, it was in a very specific way. At first, he approached this the way he always had, clinically and without feeling. He wasn't here to pick an outfit he liked, this was a mission and yet he found it hard to focus. His eyes kept slipping to one option then another regardless of their practicality. A short, hot pink mini dress was hardly appropriate attire for an evening at a gallery yet he still found his eyes returning to it. He ran his fingers over the material, it was tight, made of surprisingly stiff material and he couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like against his new skin.

He shook his head, trying to clear away the thoughts. Even if he did have enough money for two dresses, which he didn't, he had no need for such an item. So why did he want it so badly? Biting down on his lip Ken forced himself to walk away. Further into the racks where the longer, more elegant items were displayed. Soon he was awash in satin evening gowns and silk scarves, all perfect for his needs. He selected a black number; simple and elegant enough to be classy but with a plunging neckline and slit down one leg to ensure his new and rather lovely assets would be on fully display. It was perfect.

Slipping into the change room he quickly divested his pilfered underwear of their tags and slipped them behind the mirror where they would leave no trace. Eagerly, he began to put them on; he was just excited to get his scam underway obviously, no other reason. The red lace tickled at his skin as he pulled the thong up his body, the red lace front cupping his pussy perfectly. He'd expected the thin line of fabric at the back to be uncomfortable but to his surprise the material fit snugly in the cleft of his ass without any irritation. The bra took him a little longer to figure out; how did women deal with these damn hooks and clips every day? He growled in frustration, trying in vain to do up the hooks at the back. Arms twisted at awkward angles which thrust his chest against the mirror. After several minutes he finally managed to get it in place and he sighed in relief. He was

fortunate in that he had managed to guess the correct size for his new bust. This new bra was a little tight, but that only helped push up his cleavage in a way that could only benefit his cause. He found himself looking down at his new breasts, smiling at the way they still moved slightly if he twisted side to side. He really did look fantastic and the soft material of his bra felt wonderful against his skin.

Now for the star of the show. Slipping the dress over his head was an entirely new experience; he'd never worn anything that hugged his form so much. He turned to the mirror and placed his hands on his hips, rotating them slightly so he could see himself from as many angles as possible. The deep V neckline showed off enough skin to be provocative, but not slutty, same with the way the dress hugged the top of his ass but then hung down. The lady in the mirror looked sophisticated and classy but there was enough skin on show that you couldn't help but wonder what she looked like under all that black satin. He grinned to himself. James Dubois didn't stand a chance.

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He managed to purchase a decent set of black heels to match his dress and what little money he had leftover was spent on finishing touches. He had enough for the basics, lipstick, some foundation, and mascara but had to resort to a five-finger discount for a few other items such as eyeshadow and accessories. He gave a warm smile to the oblivious security guard as he walked out, poor sod had no idea.

He had a few hours left until the gallery event, he had to spend them wisely. He never imagined his preparations would include watching hours of makeup and hair tutorials on Youtube but there was a first time for everything. Watching some them made him want to take a drill to his ears, why did the hosts spend so much time on product advertisements when he just needed to learn how to apply eyeliner without poking his damn eyeball out? Applying the makeup was much more time consuming and difficult than he'd originally assumed but despite it, he found himself having fun. It was almost like painting a picture, only the canvas was his face and he took delight in watching the image take form.

He was already stunning but with the addition of dark red to his lips and some smoky eyes he was truly something to behold. As he layered on the last of his mascara, he leaned back to admire his work. If he didn't look out of place in a subway bathroom before he certainly did now.

It was time for Kellie Lake to make her grand entrance into the world.

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The gallery was small, but high class. Sneaking in the back had been difficult to say the least. Normally, he would try to sneak into such events with the catering staff, at least until he'd worked up enough clout with elites to warrant an invitation. Tonight, that avenue was closed to him for obvious reasons. Briefly, he considered testing out his new feminine wiles on security, pretending to

have lost his invite but that was too risky. There was more than likely a guest list and the last thing he needed was anybody seeing him being unceremoniously booted out the front door.

In the end he went for the classic side door route. It took some patience, waiting for security to pass by long enough for him to slip out and across the alley and through the fire door but it worked. Then it was just a matter of hiding in the bathrooms long enough that the crowd was large enough to get lost in. Then none of the security personnel would even notice he never came through the front door. Finally, when the voices of a decent crowd filtered under the door he exited, striding into the main galley floor and making his way to the closest art piece, collecting a flute of champagne to sip as he went. He sighed with contentment at the bubbly taste, his tastes had been somewhat refined in Malibu and it felt excellent to have something of quality to drink.

He stood before the painting without observing it, eyes instead darting from side to side looking for his mark. Finally, his eyes locked on a familiar face and Ken felt his heart began to beat with excitement. James Dubois was standing by a nearby wall, talking amicably with another gentleman who Ken's mind dismissed immediately. He was just as handsome as he appeared in pictures; with his Olive skin and dark hair gave him a distinctly Mediterranean look that oozed a sort of exotic sophistication to most Americans, Ken included. To his surprise he actually felt his heartbeat speed up with a completely different form of excitement as their eyes met. Demurely he looked away, it was just a side effect of the bim bathroïne, nothing more. The slight blush that crept into his cheeks was good he told himself, he was just getting into character to really sell his role.

He spent the next hour pretending to slowly peruse the gallery, ensuring his eyes kept meeting Dubois and that he never engaged in conversation with anybody else except for the briefest of moments. Like a fisherman, he slowly reeled his prey in. After their eyes met for the fifth time Dubois took the bait, picking up an extra flute of champagne and approaching him with a charming smile.

"It seems I keep seeing you everywhere tonight." He greeted, "I thought perhaps I would bring you a drink so you didn't think I was staring."

"Aren't you a gentleman." Ken demurred, taking the flute and placing his empty glass on a nearby table, "Just in time too."

"I don't believe we've met, James Dubois of Dubois Investments."

He shook his hand amicably.

"Kellie Lake of Kellie Lake." He giggled playfully, "No fancy company here I'm afraid."

"Well, it's nice to meet somebody I know won't slide the conversation into their grand new idea I should 'totally invest in' then!" Dubois replied, "What brings you here tonight?"

Here he was, the first gamble.

“Do you want to know a secret?” He whispered, leaning in slightly just enough that his cleavage couldn’t be ignored. Dubois gave her a roughish grin and nodded.

“I snuck in.” he finished, “The truth is, I heard all about this new artist and when I couldn’t get an invite I had to resort to a little rule breaking.”

Ken had never heard of Aster Farven before this afternoon and frankly, thought her art was mediocre at best. The gamble paid off though and Dubois eyebrows raised, not in snobbish judgment but playfulness.

“Really?” He mused, “I suppose the moral thing to do would be to report you to security but I am not averse to bending the rules occasionally, especially if it means more people get to see Aster’s art. That’s why I sponsored this gallery in the first place.”

“You know Aster personally?” Ken filed that information away for later, “How wonderful! Is she here? I’d love to congratulate her if I could.”

Meeting Aster was the last thing he cared about right now but he had to seem authentic, besides getting in good with Dubois friends could only help him.

“She’s over there.” He gestured to a small crowd of people clustered around a red-haired woman wearing far too much make up, “The star of the hour.”

“Oh, she looks busy. I wouldn’t want to bother her.” Ken waved him off, “I am happy just being able to see her work and besides, I have found myself some wonderful company in you Mr. Dubois.”

“Please, call me James.”

That was exactly what Ken hoped he would say.

“Alright then, James.” He added a little extra emphasis to the name, “What are your plans for the rest of the evening, I know this showing ends at ten but that’s basically sunrise for New York or so I have heard.”

“You’re new to the Big Apple? Welcome!”

“Yes, I come from Malibu originally, just arrived today.” He sighed before adding somewhat sadly, “I wanted a fresh start.”

He watched from the side of his eye as Dubois’ face fell slightly but he was too much of a gentleman to probe further. Ken resisted the urge to smile, this was almost too easy. Time for gamble number two.

“Perhaps I am being forward.” He bit his lip nervously before meeting Dubois’ gaze again, “But you’re a New York local are you not? I could use a guide; I have been wanting to see Times Square but I find the crowds so intimidating by myself.”

He made sure to look embarrassed, paired with his hint of some sad backstory it created the illusion that he was reaching out. That this offer only came because Dubois was *special*. It was rushed, normally he’d want to drop this sort of line after three or four meetings but he had nowhere to stay tonight, he needed Dubois’ pity. Judging from the kind smile on his face, he had it.

“You know, there is a wonderful little restaurant that overlooks the Square. Why don’t we get coffee after the speeches? You’ll get to see the lights in full without the crowds.”

Ken had to resist the urge to jump for joy. Here he was thinking he’d have a single car ride to seduce Dubois and here he was offering himself on a silver platter. How on earth had this man not been scammed by some wily woman before him? He put on a relieved and thankful smile, placing a hand on his chest.

“Oh James, that sounds just wonderful! That’s so kind of you to offer.”

He placed a gentle hand against his elbow as he said it, letting the touch linger just that second too long. He sipped at the champagne, as Dubois insisted that it was no trouble at all and Ken swiftly moved into phase two, keeping their conversations going by asking as many questions as he could without seeming suspicious. Every man, no matter how much philanthropy he engaged in, loved to have his ego stroked. He asked about his charity work, why he was drawn to certain ones over others and how he decided what to invest in next. Peppering each question with personal ones and

occasionally giving his own fake opinions on things that Kellie enjoyed, such as Aster's art. Dubois seemed to delight in his supposed genuine interest and slowly, with the help of several more flutes of champagne which Ken so kindly offered him from the waiters' trays, began to relax.

Others occasionally joined them and Ken realised why Dubois was so eager to talk with him, a supposed nobody. Everybody really did seem to want to pitch some idea or sell him some product, even Aster was already asking about a new wing to expand the gallery for her next show. Ken admired their boldness but sent a sympathetic look to Dubois in between pitches, full of fake sympathy and understanding. Underneath he was full of glee, if people kept this up Dubois might even suggest they leave early! As it turned out, he wasn't that lucky but as soon as Aster had given her thank yous and people began to file out he made sure to slip an arm around Dubois' and gave him a winning smile.

"Are we still on for coffee?"

"Absolutely. We can take the scenic route if you like, show you some other sights?"

Ken's smile could not be contained.

"Sounds perfect."

~

Dubois welcomed him into his limo and Ken had to fight the urge to melt into the comfortable leather seats. Oh, how he'd missed this life! At his hosts request the driver took them on a short tour through the city and Dubois pointing out various sights while Ken reacted accordingly. Truly, his mind was only half present, internally he was focused on the next phase of his plan. He'd gotten so caught up in planning this venture he'd failed to really consider what it entailed. Sleeping with Dubois was necessary obviously but the reality of that situation was only now hitting home. Ken had never slept with another man before, never even had the inkling to try it; now though, as he gazed up and down Dubois form, he found himself not nearly as repulsed as he thought he would be.

He thought the sex going to be his greatest acting job of all time but now, he realised the idea was actually appealing. A side effect of the drug, he insisted to himself, the increased hormones. Of course, he didn't actually find Dubois attractive with his strong jaw and broad shoulders...Ken's eyes kept slipping to the other man's lips without meaning to, there was something fascinating about the way they moved...

"Kellie?"

“I’m sorry, what?”

Ken wanted to slap himself, now was not the time for day dreams! Especially not about stupid, sexy billionaires he was supposed to be seducing.

“Are you okay?” Dubois’ face softened, “You were staring into space.”

“Oh sorry! Must have had one too many glasses of champagne!” A giggle escaped him unbidden, why was he suddenly so nervous?

“It’s just all so beautiful!” He continued, doing his best to sound like a girl experiencing the wonders of life for the first time, “It’s easy to get overwhelmed.”

He leaned closer, ensuring his leg brushed against Dubois’ just enough that it seemed accidental.

“You’re so kind, especially since we only just met.”

“What can I say, when I see a pretty lady, unescorted and alone at an event I can’t help but step in.”

That was patently untrue, from what he read Dubois rarely approached women at all, let alone escorted them around the city. His effort to create an air of mystic around Kellie Lake were clearly working. Dubois exited the limo as they arrived, offering his hand for Ken to take. He did so with a grateful smiling, ensuring his long leg slip out of the slit in his dress almost fully as he exited. He watched with satisfaction as Dubois’ gaze dipped ever so slightly, Ken gave him a demure smile to let him know that he noticed but didn’t mind.

Like all restaurants overlooking time square the place Dubois brought him was extravagant, the private balcony table even more so. It was no five star dining experience but rather one of those large than life, everything New York themed locations, clearly aimed at tourists wanting a big, “authentic” experience. Picture of central park and historical paintings covered the walls and the décor was fine without being opulent. It was the perfect spot to bring somebody new to town to impress them; Dubois knew exactly what he was doing. Had Ken actually been a swooning young lady new to the city this would be sure to win her over.

Dubois, ever the gentleman so it seemed, ordered for her. A slightly sweeter than he’d like cappuccino with cream instead of froth. As a man who usually drank his coffee black, he braced his palate for the sugar but was surprised to find himself enamoured with the sweet concoction.

“So, you never did say why you traded the sun and sea for angry taxi drivers and crowds.” Dubois smiled, leaning over his own drink.

Ken took a large sip of his coffee, lowering his eyes and trying to look conflicted as he paused for dramatic effect.

“I...things in Malibu weren't working out. I made some silly mistakes.” He sighed, “I never had many friends to begin so I thought perhaps a new start is what I needed. Somewhere where nobody knew my name.”

The best lies were based in truth, what he'd told Dubois wasn't strictly untrue, simply a carefully chosen warping of true events. He nodded sympathetically and Ken made sure to subtly place his hand down close to the middle of the table.

“I'm guessing you don't want to elaborate on that now.” He said, “Why don't we focus on the future.”

“That's *exactly* why I am here.”

Dubois took the bait once again, placing a palm over Ken's own and he smiled, a real blush making his way onto his cheeks again. Dubois' had was so solid compared to his own, the warmth from it seemed to seep into him, spreading down and causing his stomach to flutter. He'd had another line prepared, what was it? He racked his brain but came up blank.

“Well, I am honoured to be your first friend in New York!” Dubois smiled, “If I can be a bit presumptuous.”

“Oh certainly.” Ken kept his smile as warm and genuine as possible while he scrambled to get himself in order. It was those damn butterflies in his stomach, if they'd just stop fluttering for a moment maybe he could remember some of his research, this was an important moment, he couldn't blow it!

An awkward silence began to settle in and Ken searched desperately for a good line.

“Looks like there was a game today.” Dubois mused, looking down into the crowd where a number of fans in coloured baseball scarves were yelling and cheering.

Did Dubois like baseball? He hadn't seen anything about sports preferences in his research, did that mean he hated sports or merely had no interest? He couldn't risk deriding something he liked. Oh no, he was just staring, he had to reply, say something!

"Yeah, I don't know much about baseball."

Ken wanted to slap himself.

"My father was big into baseball." Dubois mused, "It was never my cup of tea, but I went along anyway just to make him happy."

"I used to do the same with my father and Nascar."

The words had burst out of him before he could stop it. What was he thinking? Nascar was hardly big in Malibu, he couldn't just go admitting his real history to his mark, that was a rookie move. One that was already costing him as Dubois gave a confused look.

"He was from the South!" Ken explained quickly, his cheeks were burning, "I didn't like it, but I wanted to spend time with him so..."

"Looks like we have more in common than I thought." He smiled and the knot in Ken's stomach uncurled.

That was close. Regaining control Ken put on a blissfully ignorant expression.

"Are you and your father still close?"

"He died. A long time ago. It's just me now."

"Oh, I am so sorry, I had no idea."

Ken took the initiative to reach across and place a hand against Dubois arm and gave it a supportive squeeze.

“It seems we are both alone in our own way.” He added, ensuring his face showed nothing but sympathy.

The line was somewhat ham fisted, but combined with his earlier spacing out, Dubois would hopefully just think him well meaning but somewhat naive. As he sat back, he ran his fingers along Dubois arm, holding back a triumphant smile when he took his hand.

“I don’t feel very alone.” His eyes sparkled; the words were laced with inuendo.

“Me either.”

~

Ken’s heart was pounding in his chest as they walked back to the limo. This was his last chance to avoid sleeping in a gutter tonight, he had to up his seduction. His stomach gave a flutter as Dubois slid into the back seat with him, their legs touching. This was no time to have a crisis of sexuality, this was just a job like any other and he had come too far not to see it through.

“How can I ever thank you for tonight?” He asked, lowering his face to look up at Dubois through his thick lashes.

Dubois smiled demurely, hand reaching for a small panel by the door and Ken’s heart leapt as a divider slowly rose up between them and the driver.

“I can think of one way.” He whispered, closing the distance between them so that their lips brushed. A shiver went down Ken’s spine as that sensitive skin touched.

Internally, he braced himself and pushed forward, pressing his lips to Dubois’. He had steeled himself for the unpleasant sensation of kissing another man but found, much to his surprise, that kissing Dubois felt wonderful. Perhaps it was this new body, or a side effect of the Bimbathryone but the movement against his lips made those butterflies in his stomach double in number, then triple as Dubois’ hand came to rest on his hip. He let the man pull him closer, tilting his head to deepen the kiss.

A small moan escaped his mouth unbidden as desire, genuine desire for the man holding him began to well up inside him. He had to get a hold of himself, he had to be in control here, focus on pleasing Dubois so he invited him back to his bed for the night, but it was getting so hard to think.

Dubois's mouth on his felt so strong, his tongue brushed along his lip and Ken's mouth opened obediently. His hands found the lapels of Dubois' suit jacket and pulled him closer, no longer acting; he wanted *more*.

Part him keened when Dubois finally stopped kissing him, he felt the loss but took the moment to try and refocus. He slipped his hands under the jacket and smoothed them across his dress shirt till they were resting against the small of Dubois' back. They were flush together now and Ken was ready to play hard ball; only for that small vestige of control he'd regained to slip back through his fingers as Dubois' lips lowered to where his neck met his shoulder. Kissing along his shoulder gently and sending tingles across his sensitive skin. His fingers dug into the soft material of his partners shirt instinctively and his breath became shaky. He could feel that wetness between his legs forming again, that familiar ache of emptiness becoming stronger.

A sudden knock at the door made them both jump in surprise and Ken realised, much to his embarrassment, that they had stopped moving. The door opened and the driver cleared his throat.

"We are home, Sir."

Dubois flushed as he turned to face him.

"I-I didn't even ask where you were staying, I'm so sorry." He looked genuinely upset, "I swear this wasn't some ploy on my part just tell Fritz where to take you and-"

Ken reached out, and took Dubois' hand. He couldn't have planned this any better if he'd tried.

"I'd like to stay here, at least for a little while." He whispered, he didn't need to fake the lust coating his voice, "If that's alright."

Dubois squeezed his hand and Ken told himself his heart was racing because of pride, because he was excited to know his trick was working, not because of the want he was currently feeling.

The trip up to Dubois' penthouse felt like it took an age, he couldn't even fully appreciate the opulence of the tower he was walking through. That lust was still in his system and Dubois' hand felt warm in his own, that simple touch claimed much of his conscious mind. When the elevator finally opened, he was greeted with a home even more grandiose than those he'd visited in Malibu. A spacious living room decorated with mahogany furniture and priceless artwork made him swoon almost as much as Dubois himself as he pulled Ken onto the large sofa.

Soon Ken found himself stretched out, dress bunching up at his hips as Dubois branched himself over him. Normally such a position would make him nervous, being submissive to another was not his style yet now, it filled him with nothing but pleasure. Looking up at Dubois' handsome face and pulling it down to meet his own again as they moan moaned into one another's mouths. It was a simple matter, to push his jacket over his shoulders and unbutton the shirt until he could push

it open and touch the smooth planes of Dubois' chest. His skin was so warm and he wanted nothing more than to press their bodies together, skin to skin.

"May I?" Dubois whispered, hands resting on the bunched fabric at his waist and Ken sat up to accommodate him.

"Be my guest."

More slowly than Ken would have liked his partner pulled the dress up and over his shoulders, placing it almost reverently on a class coffee table all the while never letting his gaze leave Ken's now exposed body. The lingerie was working its magic and Ken watched as a tent appeared in the man's trousers. The sight of it made his pussy clench in anticipation. He rose up on his knees, pressing his barely clothed body against Dubois' chest as he shook off his dress shirt. His nipples were hard beneath the fabric of his bra, so much so he was sure that Dubois must have been able to feel them against him.

A hand snaked between them, cupping his breast and making Ken's breath hitch as it slowly pulled back the taunt material to touch the bare skin beneath.

"Oh."

It was the only word that he could manage, Ken's whole world had shrunk the feeling of that rough hand on his breast, thumb swiping across his nipple. He never wanted it to end. Pleasure sparked through his body like electricity, shooting from his nipple to that bundle of nerves deep inside him. The wetness was growing as was his need, all control slipping away like sand through his fingers. He needed to be touched, anywhere, everywhere.

He was supposed to be seducing Dubois, not the other way around! He had to wrestle control back. Doing his best to focus he placed his hands at Dubois' belt, unbuckling it with practiced hands and slowly running his palm against his length. It felt hot and hard against his palm and Ken found himself biting his lip to keep any more sounds at bay. Dubois had no such reservations, groaning as Ken continued to palm at his length. This was good, he was back in control, no longer a slave to his body's desires, barely. With deft fingers he undressed his mark, ensuring to take the time to run his fingers along the curve of his legs and lower stomach, dutifully ignoring his hard member. He needed Dubois desperate and pliable if he wanted to stay in control.

He pushed back and Dubois fell backwards onto the other side of the couch with a huff of laughter, dragging Ken with him. Ken couldn't help but smile, focused as he was now, this was still a lot of fun. He removed his partner's pants with ease, leaving him fully naked as he slowly crawled up to sit across his hips. Ken could feel his cock resting against his panties and the warmth from it made him shiver. He never dreamed he could desire another man at all, let alone this much. It was a struggle to keep himself from ripping the panties off straight away. Instead, he kept to his place, slowly rubbing the front of them up the length to tease Dubois. The trick worked and he felt his cock pulse against his clit, making them both moan.

“Fuck, Kellie...”

Dubois voice was hoarse and even deeper than before, the sound went straight to Ken’s crotch and he felt the wetness from his core beginning to soak the lace. He was so horny it almost hurt, keeping himself here, teasing them both was agony. The ache within him almost painful.

Dubois hands went to his hips, fingers slipping beneath the panties and slowly drawing them over his ass. Ken couldn’t stop himself from moaning as the article was removed, feeling his damp hair tug ever so slightly as it parted from his wet folds. He wiggled his hips, lifting his legs so Dubois could remove them, his mind slowly fogging over. He had to stay in control of himself but it was so difficult when Dubois’ cock was right there. His hands on his now bare hips positioning himself over it so that the tip touched his aching hole. Oh God...he wanted it so badly...

With a groan he sunk down, his mouth hanging open in shock and pleasure as he felt the cock parting his folds and filling him. His control was gone now, he needed more of this feeling. He began to rock his hips, shuddering as the pleasure increased, the tip of Dubois’ cock resting against a deep bundle of nerves within him. Instinctively he raised his hips, feeling the sock rub against his inner walls as it withdrew only to return moments later as he lowered himself again. He’d never felt anything like it; the pleasure was indescribable and addictive. Once he started, he couldn’t stop, aided by Dubois’ hands on his hips he began to bounce riding the cock hard. Each time it slammed back in to the sheath that spot inside him was teased and another wave of pleasure passed through him. It was so good he forgot all about pleasuring his partner, his sole focus was on getting more of that delicious feeling.

He could hear Dubois moaning beneath him and he looked down and their gazes locked. He couldn’t look away from Dubois’ dark eyes; they were so sexy they locked his gaze in place as he continued to ride. Their moans were growing in volume, Ken couldn’t help himself it was so good-

The cock slammed against his G-spot one last time and he was lost to it. The pleasure peaking as his inner walls tightened, squeezing the cock even tighter. A sound he’d never made escaped his throat, something primal and breathy that sounded close to a scream of pure pleasure. His hips kept rocking without his thinking about it, extending the pleasure for as long as humanly possible. He watched, mesmerised as Dubois threw back his head with a low groan and bucked up into him. He felt warm seed flood his cavity and the realisation made him clench; it was so satisfying.

He collapsed against his new lover, cock still inside him slowly softening; a feeling of victory mixing with the post coital pleasure.