The Plan, or: Love It When A Plan Comes Together

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Wow.

Wig totally looks like real hair.

Boobs look totally real.

This could totally work.

Alright, I'm dressed. How do I look?

Like a million bucks. Or at least sixty-five on a street corner downtown.

Really? This is Mom's favorite skirt and her best blouse. They aren't that slutty, are they?

Woulda helped if we couldn't see the bra, kid.

I told ya this was gonna work. The dude's a dead ringer for his mother.

Seriously? I look that much like her? I mean, there's a family resemblance, sure. But I'm more like an older sister... if I had a sister.

Okay, maybe Mom's sister. Her younger, prettier—

Man, check out her picture. Lose the guy and clean her up a bit... If I didn't know she was back at the base...

Like this? Geez, check out my reflection... I do sound like her.

Twin sister. Sorry, dude. You're Felicia Fairchild now.

Far as anyone knows, she's right here. The kid can pull this off. All he has to do is speak softly... real throaty-like.

Okay, here's the plan... All you gotta do is seduce your Mom's boyfriend and make him tell you where he hid the jade falcon. We'll do the rest.

Seduce Indiana? The man who's like a stepfather to me?

We tried. She wouldn't go for it.

The dude wouldn't do a swap either. Tell him you escaped.

You mean like touching my hair and saying things like, "Oooh Indy, I want you inside me?"

You do know how to do this, right? The stuff a woman can do to get a guy's motor going?

You better touch him too, Felicia, like a real woman.

Wanna see your precious mommy again? You better treat that guy's dick like it's cotton candy.

I'll try. But it's not like I've ever dressed like this before. It's not like I let college boys do me just for the fun of it.

Whatever. The guy with the whip.

Say it like you mean it, babe.