There's no business like show business: So do what you gotta do...

No Business Like Show Business

There now... you see how easy it is, to turn a young man into a woman? The right wig, the right dress, the right makeup... and et voilà, the deed is done. I knew you were much too pretty to remain male, the moment I saw you in line for the casting call.

Amanda Hawkins

I believe you. Cheekbones like that cannot tell a lie. Once I am done with your hair, perhaps you'll join me over a bottle of French Chablis, to seal the deal as it were. I just happen to have one chilling back in my penthouse. Needless to say, my intentions are entirely honorable.

You, my precious, are destined to be much more than a bit player in our little drama. How does "understudy to the leading lady" sound?

Yes, sir, it is. I can be a woman 24/7 if that's what you need.

I'd do anything to get ahead in this business.

Absolutely. I'm all yours for the evening, Sir Charles. If there's anything I can do...

Play your cards right and you could be the Lady Fairchild. But this role will demand a great deal of commitment on your part. Is this what you truly want?

Being an actor—an actress is all I ever wanted.

Excellent... But do remember to stay in character, m'lady. You are the lovely and innocent Lady Fairchild and I am the debonair but savagely ruthless Frederick Rogers.

Oh God... I really need this part, but the hypnosis I got to help me relax—it's working too well. I'm so relaxed, I can't help but go along with everything this guy says.

Of course, ah... Mister Rogers, is it? I'm ever so grateful for just everything you've done...

Indeed... we shall soon see just how grateful you really are, won't we? Heh, heh...
Much later that evening, in a secluded penthouse suite...

I wasn’t born yesterday. To put it another way, I wasn’t quite the naïve waif Sir Charles believed me to be. I knew exactly what he was after. Among the crowd of wannabe actors and actresses I ran with, the man’s predilections were well known. What he wanted was plain enough—a tale as old as time—and I meant to give it to him. The bottle of over-priced Chablis took forever to empty, what with Charles nursing a single glass that he pretended to refill, and me watering the potted plant when he wasn’t looking. Even so, I drank enough to leave me somewhere between tipsy and not quite responsible for my actions—which was just as well, since what I was about to do went firmly against the grain of my heterosexual nature. There’s nothing wrong with being gay, of course—some of my best friends. I just don’t happen to swing that way.

“Oh, Sir Char—” I said, faking all the way. I’m an actor, remember? “Who are you again? Sir Roger?”

“Frederick Rogers, if we’re staying in character.” He set my glass aside. “You can call me Freddie.”

I fanned myself with one hand. “Oh, Mister Rogers. I fear I may have partaken too much of your wine.”

“Not at all, my dear. Just the right amount, I dare say.”

“But—” I feigned confusion. “I cannot seem to recall who I am supposed to be. A lady, that much is obvious—”

“You are the lovely Lady Fairchilde, of course. Who else could you possibly be?” The creep stroked my hair.

I sighed. “Lady Fairchilde—of course. I am she. But, pardon my silly self, do I not have a given name?”

Sir Charles pursed his lips, clearly impatient. “Evelyn.”

“Oh yes, that’s it! Evelyn. Such a lovely name.”

“A lovely name for a lovely Lady.” His fingers sank deep into the thick mane of hair spilling down my back.

I smiled coyly. “Oh—hic—Sir Roger, you are a rogue.”

“It’s true, I am.” He moved closer, his hand sliding down my back. “Now, what do you suppose an old rogue like me should do with a sweet young thing like you?”

My lips formed an ‘Oh’. “I suppose big strong you—hic—would do to pretty little me—scuse—what daddies do to mommies.” Hesitantly, I touched his chest.

“Good guess.” His arm tightened its grip. “You see, in this particular scene that rascally old villain Fred Rogers gets the rich but naïve Lady Fairchilde to drink a wee bit more than she should, then puts the moves on her. His intentions are decidedly dis-honorable. Are you ready?”

My slim fingers set to work on the buttons of his shirt. “Let me put it this way. I would do—” My lips parted. “Absolutely anything, to get ahead in this business.”

It occurred to me to wonder just how relaxed the hypnosis had made me, and how much it affected what I was doing. Where does one draw the line between the effects of wine, hypnotic influence, and the burning zeal to land an acting job, come what may? Actors tend to fall into their roles, in a sense becoming their character while the scene is in play, and in the instant before our lips met I knew I had truly become Lady Fairchilde. Until the scene was over, I was no longer running the show—she was.

“Aaaand action.” Sir Charles’ free hand lifted my chin as his mouth descended upon mine, hungry like the big bad wolf. My lips writhed under the pressure, then parted to let him inside. He held tight, first nuzzling my neck, then my
earlobes, then amusing himself with my mouth. My hands pressed against his chest, then slipped around behind to grasp at his shoulder blades. My fingers kneaded the fabric of his shirt as I tasted the tongue that had been lying to me since the first moment we met.

A few minutes later he carried me into the bedroom. Playfully, I kicked my heels a little, squealed softly and called him a scoundrel. He grinned, denying nothing. On the bed, our lips renewed their workout. Then he sampled my throat like the second coming of Nosferatu, while a bony hand stroked my padded breasts. In response, I uttered one womanly sigh after another as I feigned female desire that was swiftly spiralling out of control.

At last, Sir Charles stood up and kicked his pants off. He turned me over and ordered me onto all fours. “In this part of the scene,” he wheezed, “Lady Fairchilde feels that she has no choice but to submit to the depraved whims of the brutal cad who controls her fate.” He lifted my skirt. “Oh, Sir Roger,” I said, as he drew down the panty girdle that protected my private parts. “You will be gentle, won’t you? For I am but a helpless woman who has never before lain with a man.” It was obvious now why he’d had me wear three separate shapewear garments; the longline bra continued to secure my bust, while the steel-boned corset maintained my womanly shape—but what passed for my womanhood was now ripe for the plucking.

“Fear not, m’lady,” he muttered as a single finger rubbed something soapy around the puckering on my backside. “For I truly am a gentleman of the aristocracy, and your womanly virtue is safe in my hands.”

I bucked and writhed as he slid into me. This was safe?

“Oooh, my.” I breathed in and out heavily. “I fear you may be too much for me, Sir Roger. I feel as though I am but a little girl, and you the King himself. Mercy, I pray you!”

“I shall grant you tender mercy,” he said through gritted teeth, “and much more besides.” He leaned over, wrapped his arms around my chest and whispered into my ear.

“Rejoice, my dear, for you have earned the king’s favor.”

“Thank you, my King,” I said, gasping for breath.

With that, he cut loose and rode me deep into the forest, as though he really was the king—and late to the hunt.

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After I’d cleaned myself, smoothed my skirt and brushed my hair, I rejoined Sir Charles in the living room. Over a last glass of Chablis we toasted our new arrangement.

“We drink to the new Lady Fairchilde,” I said.

He chuckled. “Yeah, I’ll run that by the producer; see what he says. Don’t hold your breath,” he added.

“You’ll do more than that,” I said. “I will be the leading lady in this off-Broadway play, or the video of our ‘date’ will be uploaded for all to see. Everyone you ever worked with will know exactly who and what you are.”

His mouth hoovered open. “Video?”

I explained how I and a few friends had conspired to plant a spy-cam or two in his suite. “They’re watching us right now.” I waggled my fingers at the fireplace.

Charles shook his head. “You youngsters and your high-tech gadgets. What do you want from me?” I flashed him a smile. “For now, I am the Lady Fairchilde. My friends will receive supporting roles. After that, we’ll see.” I thanked him for a lovely evening and left.

Show biz is a tough gig. Whatever you gotta do to make it big in this business—that’s what you do. Even if it means takin’ a big ole salami up the tailpipe. Break a leg!