

11. MYSTERIOUS MAKEOVERS

–You can be anything that you want to be.

For the time being, I have to get myself out this terrible predicament. It is like a horror movie. It's not as if Newton is that trustworthy a guy. But he is going out with my friend April. And I have to respect her wishes even if I question her judgement. Wonderful Newton has been making moves on me. And I want to tell April. But she has always been envious of my success with guys. If I say something, she will only believe that I have been making moves on Newton.

–You don't know what it's like. You weren't there.

–You live off the attention of men.

Newton doesn't dare say a thing. But I can never look him in the face again. April has to know.

I wish that everything was as satisfying buying a new skirt at a sale. But they just aren't. Make up and lovely clothes cannot substitute for the old time values of love and friendship. However, they do a pretty good job at standing in for the tried and true. I usually take my chances with the object that I can see instead of the notions that I don't.

I just need something to distract me from Newton's mischief. A little of my favorite anesthetic, and I am back to normal. This is going to be a good day. I don my new purchases, and I am ready to meet my fans. No wonder April is afraid of me. She has created this story where I am a spy. I use my wiles to get close to guys. I learn their secrets by using a combination of secret potions and sly interrogation. Then I let them loose and cast them to the wolves.

–I am hardly a Mata Hari in my dealings with men

–I've seen you in action.

–You're making it seem much worse than it is.

–I'm telling like it is.

–I am afraid that you are exaggerating it quite a bit.

–No, my dear. You have the killer instinct.

If I stay clear of Newton, things will stay fine between us. She is giving me too much credit.

You have such kissable lips!

Newton doesn't know how to take no for an answer. He is putting me in an extraordinary position. He can't take a hint. And I can't afford to take the hit. How can I make April see? This takes more than the skills of a spy. I have to look out for my own needs.

I can feel that time is running out. Newton is pulling out all the stops. If he doesn't get what he wants, he will do everything in his power to embarrass me.

–Let's go get something to eat.

–What about April?

–You have to eat.

–But I don't have to eat with you. I'm not going to hurt you.

–You're going to mess up my friendship with April.

–It's not as if she's said anything good about you.

–I'm wise to that trick.

- I've told you that you are the girl that I was meant to be with.
- I don't believe in fate.
- What about your past?
- You're some kind of killer!*
- What are you saying?*
- You get your kicks by frightening children.*
- You've seen too much of life to really be considered a child.*
- If I you mean to say that I have some tricks up my sleeve, then I'm game.*
- But you know that I'm the adult here.*
- So what are you saying?*
- That you've got a little out of line, and I'm here to put you back in your place.*
- Cute line.*
- It is pretty cute.*
- So you're here to help me.*
- It's not what you think.*
- And so?*
- You want me to be your friend. I'm getting confused.*
- Just turn out all the lights, and I'll do what I have to just to make sure that you're OK.*
- I'm supposed to trust your bull shit.*
- You don't have much choice.*
- But you said that you were the adult, and you want to screw me over.*
- I want to teach you a lesson for life.*
- Take away my free will.*
- Give you something in a the deal. A preview to what adults consider fun. When you're my age, it will be even better.*
- You think that I want to get marked for life in the same way that you are marked.*
- You don't know what you're missing until you've tried it.*
- So that's why your so intimidating.*
- I don't want to hurt you. I just don't want you hurting me.*
- I'm supposed to help you, but I have the upper hand.*
- I'm the one with the gun.*
- But I'm the one who's hiding. And until you've found me, I'm a witness against you.*
- You think that you can escape.*
- I know that I can.*
- Of course. I'll just walk away.*
- You're going to give up that easily.*
- Right!*
- I can really trust you.*
- Just as you can trust me with your future.*
- I'm sure that you have your own problems.*
- I wouldn't be doing this just because I liked. It reminds me of something in my own past.*
- When you didn't come out on top?*

- And this time, I'm going to be victorious.*
- Which pretty well means that I'm not going to get out of her alive.*
- What are you saying?*
- What I said in the beginning. You're a killer.*
- This is my friend.*
- We're not even that.*

Can a swim-suit model become the President of the United States?

If she can convince the public that her physical charms represent a deeper understanding of the economic realities, then voters will flock to her in droves. Although people find her appealing, it is a real mistake if they feel that allure makes her think that she is better than other people. It is her job to convince people that her looks indicate how positive is her attitude about life. If they detect any resentment on her part, they will immediately look the other way. She has to use her assets to her advantage so that she gets everyone thinking about herself in a more confident fashion. She has to radiate her belief in other people.

Over the years, she has had to face the ridicule of those who figured that she got ahead because of her looks. It hasn't always been an easy road for her. She could have done like some of her friends and lived off the attention of men. But this would have never prepared her for the realities of trying to sell herself to the larger world. At the same time, it was never a sure thing that she could hold on to blessings that she had. So she committed herself to working even harder to maintain her physical appearance. For her, this was simply the healthy thing to do.

There have been many times that she has had doubts about herself. And the competitive atmosphere only made it more difficult for her to maintain her focus. Early on, she recognized that she would have to do a little extra to hold on to her edge. She had no desire to compromise herself, but she knew that she could push the boundaries of what was acceptable. In the end, it was her effort that was rewarded.

She knew that being a swim-suit model might make her open to criticism. That didn't prevent her in the least from being self-assertive. She learned how to be suggestive without losing her dignity. This gave her the upper hand and permitted her to manage her career with authority. She knew how to communicate on camera. And she also recognized what were here limitations. Without being reckless, she could engage the viewer with her engaging manner. They always assumed that she was revealing much more about herself than she actually did. And she was clever about stretching the envelope. She always kept enough in reserve that gave her the necessary leeway of image.

There were times that she was tempted to show more of herself. And she did all that she could not give in. At the same time, she primed the imagination with her sex poses. Her attributes were so remarkable, that her assertiveness made the viewers feel satisfied. Now and then, she would be photographed in a way that seemed to offer so much more. She was the mistress of trick photography.

If she hopes to garner any real support, she knows that she has to go all the way in convincing voters that she is sincere. It is enough to be suggestive on camera, but the real test is if the viewers feel that they are getting the right answers from her. For her part, she has to make sure that they ask the desired questions. All the tricks aren't going to amount to a hill of beans, if the public feels that it is being cheated in the process. Voter satisfaction means that they have

followed through a complete thought process, and they feel that they can trust her judgement.

When they look at June, they have to feel that she is not leading them on. She can't make them feel cheap. At first, she may give them what they want. But if they feel that she has sold out for less, that will only turn them off in the end. Her short-term fixes will be the basis for a deep-seated rejection of everything that she stands for. June knows what it is to be seductive. However, if they are at all suspicious of her motives that will make them turn against her in the worst way imaginable.

June has accepted the risk of putting herself out there. For some she has already provided a deep level of identification. But even this has its down-side. She is afraid that people assume too much about her. They feel as if they no her too well. There is no mystery. In fact, they are ready to put her down for being too forthcoming. Her popularity is a double-edged sword. And she can feel it slicing through her.

Her only hope is if she can affect people in such a profound way that they cannot help but offer her their support.

The big question is how far do you have to go to get what you want.

For herself, she is seeking a deeper level of success. Maybe politics isn't her thing. She is thinking about something more lasting. At what stage does admiration progress to the stage of worship. She wants people to think of her as a goddess.

-If I have to do more for consideration, then I am willing to do what it takes.

-Do you want a career in motion pictures?

-I may have to give if I want to get back.

-Sounds like an appealing trade off.

-Wonderful!

There are new opportunities for a willing girl.

-You've done photo shoots before where you pulled off your top

-So?

-It's not such a big deal if you just face the camera.

-Are you asking me to show my breasts to the camera.

-You've worn such skimpy suits that it won't be a big deal to show them completely.

-Is that going to get you hot?

-I'm not that kind of guy. I want to make you feel as comfortable as possible.

-But you know that some guy in Omaha is going to be stroking his pud.

-Let him. You can just stroke back.

-That's just what I need to be the queen of stroking.

-Do you feel comfortable in that role?

-Not if some deformed geek is choking his chicken while looking at my breasts.

-What do you think that he was doing while he looked at your swim suit shots?

-There was something sort of cute about them.

-Some guy could stare down your ass crack. Or your suits were so tight that they just outlined your pussy. Who are we kidding?

-But almost meant that I wasn't showing everything. I was leaving something to the imagination. And a little more to my consent.

-Take off your damn top. And quit being a prude.

–Then you’ll try to convince me to take off the bikini bottom and spread it for the camera.

–I’m the only person watching.

–Again, the pud king is going to think that he can have his way with me. This is not good for women in general.

–But guys are going to love you!

–I’ve got enough unwanted attention to last five lifetimes. Guys start to assume that there is an intimacy when there is none.

–Let yourself go. Give your love to the world.

–The next thing is I’m going to let girls go down on me for money.

–There is a lot of money in soft-core.

–And that’s the end of my other opportunities.

–It’s not as if you have a political career to worry about. Just give your pussy a tight shave, and then you can mount some guy who’s got it all taped up. It will really look as if you’re fucking for the camera.

–Why in heavens name would I want to do that?

–You are one step away from total worship.

Can you feel that electricity pulse through you. This jolt that gets a hold of you.

There is nothing better!

–**Why am I going along with this?**

–**You can’t help it. And when you are after your personal satisfaction, you are going to ask for way more!**

This is when you are offered the whole world.

–What do I say?

–Say that you will take it!

You have just come from the pool. You are wearing your swimsuit underneath your t shirt and shorts. I notice your supple legs. I want to grab a hold of you and pull you close. I stare at your ankle.

You live for the surrender of desire. Everything else seems like a miserable distraction I want to be with you. You take pleasure in my glances. You want to invite me along.

I have been contemplating putting together a confessional memoir. I have scandalized quite a lot of folk in my time. This would be sufficient cause for such an undertaking. A memoir of this sort would emphasize what has been most outrageous in my short career. While I may have little of real shock value, I only hope that my eloquence of description will add to the entertainment. The most serious drawback to my narrative is the fact that I suffer serious gaps of memory. Autobiography seems entirely contingent on the overall ability to provide continuity to the time line. The story of my sexual awakening would offer a delightful example of such a development. On the other hand, my weak skills of recollection doom the a tale to a series of fits and starts. This would almost seem to emphasize the traumatic nature of these events. As such, it would hardly provide the pleasant distraction that is so often characteristic of such writing. All the more reason to spice up the narrative!

The precocity of my development seems to be very much a product of my early physical maturation. While modesty seemed to be my watchword that was attended by a precious

shyness, my surrounding entourage did everything that they could to expose me to the seamier influences. I had a great difficulty in maintaining my innocent nature. Curiosity might have gotten the better of me if not for my streak of caution. In some ways this might have made things worse as my primary motivator might have been a sense of uncontrollable force. Sex seemed to be this quite foreign agent in my makeup. And it only upset the natural balance.

Some men would observe this wonder with rather lascivious intent. If my virtue represented the formidable walls to scale, then the adventurers indeed attempted such an assault. While they may have inspired my appetites, they were not able to penetrate my holy of holies. This is not to say that their attempts failed to darken my reputation. Indeed rumor may have a more insipid life than actual fact. While I may have resisted their advances, I still explored the possibility of a life of iniquity.

Every so often I would test the water just to get my blood pumping. What I lacked in follow through, I would more than make up in my own personal fantasy. In this world, I could be content as the fair maiden of the folk tale. I was able to hide a heart already seduced by its own wickedness. I didn't need any witch meddling with my fate. I had sufficient cause on my own. Such a vile nature demanded its own form of satisfaction. I found many a man whom I could lead around by idle promises. All the while, I never had any intention of doing my part in the nasty game. I became more and more proficient at stringing along a host of admirers. To the each, I pledged the world. But I really gave up nothing to any of them.

What good is scandal if it is only potential. It enabled me to amass a ton of good will. All the while I had my own agenda. It only seemed to justify my trickery if I could find men who were a little damaged in their own way. They would try to take advantage of my weak condition. All the while, I was spinning a yarn to a rival.

I was already enough of a scoundrel to realize that it would only take a little push to send me hurtling in the opposite direction. I still tried to thread the needle. But deep down, I didn't want to be cuddled and cherished by some Prince Charming. I wanted the Evil One to throttle me until I screamed for more. Oh, how full of disgust.

I had already risked my reputation on a pack of suitors. Once I was game, there seemed that there would be little to stop me. I ran from my ravenous desires into the arms of countless rogues. And I made up for my heartache with passion for another. Such intrigue made me more and more devious. I enjoyed the trickery more than any real satisfaction. In many ways, I existed in this in-between world.

I was convinced that my search would end in my own pleasure. After a while I saw that was only a frail beginning. I felt the need to impose my desire on others. There was no limit to such an application. I would still play the part of the young innocent. But I would seduce family friends. Or business associates just to prove that I had the power. No one was immune. Neither men nor women. I just wanted to get myself off. Nothing would stand in my way. I also needed to find out how good I was at my craft. This became a new source of motivation.

I understood that I could communicate with my body in ways that always seemed impossible with words. I remember how I was asked to entertain one of my mother's friends. Out of the blue I told him that I wanted him to eat me raw. I could see him blush. I blackmailed him into meeting my request when I told him that I would claim that he had attacked me if he failed to give me what I wanted. Even after all that, he tried to have his way with me. I only

slapped the impertinent bastard.

There was another friend of my father's who used to give me dirty looks. I had him lick my fingers while I played with his penis. Just as he seemed particularly aroused, I slapped him as hard as I could across the face. I wore a ring, and it scratched him, drawing blood.

I tried out my theories around the home first. Then I would carry my philosophy into the world for further grounding.

Some guys thought that I had an unfair advantage in this game. But they never had to feel the ultimate sting of rejection. Although a guy might play along with my games, he could end up dismissing me as a whore. For that reason, I needed to be extra cautious. Beyond that, I learned to be quick. Before he had a comeback, I had left him wanting more. This was especially in the case that I would humiliate a so-called gentleman. He would never have enough of such nasty treatment.

The worse thing of all was to meet a guy who had his strategy down, He would try to dose me with my own medicine. He'd start me off with sweet kisses and tender caresses. I would believe each gesture. And it would progress to something more intimate. There was nothing that he wouldn't try. His kisses would bring to life every inch of my body. And his ample cock would take me to edge of stimulation. I was gasping for breath. After each round, we would replenish and then come back for more. He would make me believe that there was nothing in life that had any real meaning except for sex.

After an exhausting session with him, I would believe that he had touched the depths of my soul. And I would sense the psychic revelation of an all-seeing shrink. Only later on, would I realize that I'd been taken by a master. And a feeling of revulsion would sweep over my body. In a while, I would be just as adept at playing the same game. In my repeat meetings with others of the same type, I was no longer sure if I was the leader or a mere follower. I was enjoying fooling myself.

The masquerade was taking on an astounding level. My opponents seemed weaker and weaker. My rivals were non-existent. I was becoming my own nemesis. How had I been pushed this far off course. I needed to reset.

I wanted to swear off physical pleasure. But I had made a commitment to my research. I was a scientist, and I wanted to maintain my commitment to the field. Even in my denial, I was learning something about pleasure. I braved meditation and became horrified with the self that I had created. This only prepared me for further adventures. If I was going to start again, I would come at it with a new purpose. I was already way beyond gossip. This was more like a form of mysticism.

–I don't want to be alone.

–What are you telling me?

–I want you to come back to my place.

–Even if we do something, I'm not going to be able to hang with you.

–I want you to sleep with me.

–I've got to work in morning. I'll have sex with you. But I can't stay.

–Don't be a jerk.

–You're the one that wants me to pretend.

–We can't be together.

–I want more from a girl. More that you can give.

–What is that supposed to mean?

I recollect the encounter as something more than that. We make our way back to my place.

–I want you to suck me off.

–That seems so abrupt. I thought that we were trying to be friendly. Maybe we could have a drink.

–I have to drive. I've had enough to drink. I want something for my troubles.

–I'm not that kind of girl.

–But I am that kind of guy. It's not big deal. Girls do as much for me all the time. I've got a big cock.

–And a dirty mouth.

–Don't you want to have some fun?

–I was thinking that you could eat me.

–I've heard about you. I don't roll that way.

I didn't bring him over here for a lecture. And I'm not looking to get fixed. I hate those confessional books that come with a moral. Teach me how to be dirty. Don't wade. Jump in. It's so fake. She admits that she's an out and out whore. Then she wants someone to save her. That was what she was about all along. It's no body. It's all mind! All ideas! It's not real.

–I brought you home to fuck me. If you're not man enough, take your shriveled up little dick, and go back to your fucking cave.

–Bitch, someone needs to teach you a lesson.

–OK, pull out that miserable piece of yours, and I'll bite it off.

I send him packing and call Maurice.

–Is this a booty call?

–Listen, Maurice, someone needs to bitch slap you.

–Do you want me to bring the high hard one to you?

–Go fuck one of your boys. I'm just looking for a little sympathy. I just sent one of your freaks packing.

–He wouldn't play ball.

–I told him to go down on me, and then he could just fuck off.

–You go, girl.

–Cut the *Sound of Music* crap.

–I can give you some phone sex.

–You can't give me anything that I don't already have.

–You are on, tonight.

I have dreams. I can be practically anyone that I want to be. And I know that I want to be the President. I don't want to suck the President. I want to be him.

He is my new model. I am making myself over to be the President.

If I am goods at what I do, I will not have to explain myself. People will simply mistake me for the President. I can ask for anything that I want

I will have to take on the President's enemies. Without official protection, I will risk my life from these enemies.

What do I have to do to better look the part? Early on, I assumed that I could do what I want if I just looked like the President. I now realize all these expectations on the office. The protection of the office is contingent on toeing the line. I can't change a thing. The President is more of a conformist than I ever realized. It's not enough to learn his mannerisms. I have to adopt his policy. The President take an oath to defend the Constitution. He is supposed to be the representative of the people. This seems to be the farthest thing from his mind. His agenda seems completely driven by the corporate interests to which he is beholden. Worse than that, there is a secret cabal that enforces this allegiance. The President risks a coup if he stands up to the intelligence establishment. Government has been taken from the people.

It's not as if the man was that much committed to changing things. He was able to fool a lot of people with his rhetoric. He talked about change. He encouraged people with signs of hope. They believed in him. But there was never anything substantive in his promises. And when he was specific, he lavished praise on the corridors of power. He never had any intention of changing a thing. The balance of power was always going to remain the same.

I could try to adjust my discourse to match my desire for a different course of action. But the words will not come out of my mouth. All that I can say are the sentence that are already familiar.

I used to be convinced that I could adopt whatever pose that I wanted to inspire a new course for the country. I find that all my effort is being channeled in maintaining the dominant current of political thought. I am no more than a log floating in this stream. I can look the part. I can doll myself up to be treated in the proper fashion. But I am having a hard time affecting the vectors of history. I feel as helpless as the average citizen in altering the winds of change.

I need to rethink this. I am a prisoner in this man's body. I have thoughts that are contrary to his nature. I keep getting forced back to the familiar path.

It is strange. I am so good at getting down the look and mannerisms of the President. My make over has been entirely successful. But if I act in the fashion that I think is right, they will realize that I am an imposter and wonder where is the real thing. What is the reason for even doing this if I can't make a difference?

I look in a mirror. The President looks back. But inside, it is still me. I would have to keep myself constantly drugged if I was going to keep on with this charade. The President is a much worse person than I could have imagined. He uses his petty victories to distract the people from what he is really doing. There is blood on the President's hands. More than I could have known. And so many of these secrets are of an impeachable nature. This man is guilty of High Crimes and Misdemeanors. I must confess!

What good s this power if I can't use it to make things better, I don't want to be just some peacock parading around to the cheers of the deluded! What can I do to escape this prison of my own making? There is nothing respectable about this office. It has come to represent everything the opposite of its institution.

I am slowly awakening from my nightmare. I have a new mission. I have discovered that I can gain access to wherever I want. I innocently wrap my Hermes scarf around my neck. Time to get down to business.

–You are a hired killer.

–You're teasing me!

- No, we have an assignment for you.
- Who is we?
- The real government. The people at large.
- Sounds like a vigilante group.

-What do you want? A voice of authority to tell you what to do?

What good is fashion if you can't use it to a good end.? So I practice with my scarf. My skills are going to come in handy when they need my services.

-We have a man who is charged with taking care of things. But he's a bit of a loose canon.

- It's not as if he's going to let himself get personally involved.
- He just has his own agenda.
- And we've attempted to communicate with him.
- We're just not sure if he is still listening.
- So we are going to need you to complete the job.
- I thought that is what you signed up for.
- I never signed up. I just weaseled my way in here.
- No one gets to this point without us knowing what is going on.
- No one.

Do they really think that they can read my mind? I wouldn't have been so successful if I didn't know what I was doing. And if I have to take care of business, it is all because I want to get involved.

This is a point that goes way beyond satisfaction. We have enjoyed each other's bodies. But enjoyment cannot express the raw character of our desire. You try to resist the hold of your appetites. We have entered a nether world. A gentle hum surrounds us. We are both slipping under the spell of something so much greater than we are.

- We have brought you on because you can do the job.
- You look so innocuous.
- You can easily get by security. You don't even need a weapon.
- You are embracing him. Offering him love.
- He will not even feel it. He will be so entranced.
- And once the deed is done. You will replace him.
- This will be your opportunity to make a difference.
- No one will be the wiser.
- And we will dispose of the body.
- Your talents will come to great use.
- You can't fake love. Show me how much that you want me. Give me everything that you have.*

I communicate my concern with the rhythms of my body. I give so much of myself, there is nothing that can contradict my commitment to my lover. I live for this.

This is way beyond admiration. This is the worship that I have sought. More than any political belief. This is something spiritual. The power of the body has transported you to another place. You have attained your supernature.

I wrap my scarf around his neck. He thinks that this is a sexual game. He does not

object to my actions. I pull tighter. He welcomes my actions. Then I take the life from him. It all happens so quickly for him to resist. I am swift. I am a perfect little angel.

If I look good, I can get what I want. I know how to get noticed.

Count your blessings. You have to start ahead in the game.

If I look the part, I can go anywhere that I want.

Having the right look means more than buying the right purse or new shoes. It means radiating the appropriate profile.

If I look like I know what I'm doing, I can do anything that I want.

I have figured out how to expand the party list. Not just my enemies. But the friends of my enemies. And the friends of the friends of my enemies. Even some of my so-called friends. There is no place to stop once I start. Each time I do away with one enemy, a new one pops up. That is why I have someone to do my bidding. I'm just a functionary. Someone who prepares lists for parties. That is why they hired me. I am such a social person.

–I have been tipped off.

–He is on the list.

–The top of the list.

–*Just slip it in. That feels so good. You can do anything that you want with me.*

You don't want to be with a mere mortal woman. You are seeking a goddess. Feel the power that is washing up and down your body. Plug yourself in!

–*First you wanted success. Now you are standing in its way.*

–I just want stories that support my point of view!

I am an independent person. I don't need man telling me what to do!