

Art of the Con – Part 2

Ken woke slowly, it had been years since he'd slept so well. One of the downsides to being a con artist was being near constantly on guard; paranoia did not make for restful sleep. Yet here he was, curled up feeling safe and warm for the first time in God knows how long. He could feel something solid against his back and a strong arm wrapped around his torso; it took him longer than it should have to realise it was Dubois curled around him. He blushed slightly realising the sense of comfort was because of his presence. He was fortunate to have woken first, that made enacting phase two of his plan much easier. Gently, he lifted the arm and slid out of the bed, careful not to wake his quarry. Dubois' face was slack with sleep and Ken couldn't help but admire the way the gentle morning light caught his high cheek bones.

He shook his head to clear it; no need to repeat last night's lack of better judgment. Quickly he slipped into the ensuite, taking his tiny clutch with him, ensuring he left the door ever so slightly ajar. Little did Dubois know the tiny bag contained everything Ken currently owned, including the all important Bimbathryone. He swallowed down the pill to ensure there were no surprising changes and then got out the phone he'd pick pocketed yesterday. He'd removed the sim card ensuring it was little more than an expensive brick but at a glance it seemed legit. Keeping an eye on the shape of Dubois still asleep in the bed he began to rummage around the room, turning on taps and clinking a toothbrush against the sink until he saw the man stir. Then lifted the phone to his ear.

Showtime.

"What? You can't be serious!" He made sure to swallow thickly, doing his best to sound distraught. "Daddy, I broke up with him! It's over! You can't cut me off now!"

He could hear shuffling in the other room, Dubois had to be overhearing this.

"B-but where am I supposed to go? How am I even supposed to get home!"

He paused, even with his back to the door he could sense Dubois hovering on the other side.

"It was just a silly mistake; how can you disown your own daughter for that!"

He gave a few sobs.

"Please, at least give me a few days...I know, I'm sorry I- hello? Daddy?"

He let the hand holding the phone fall to his side, rubbing his free one across his face to redden his eyes under the guise of wiping away tears. He had to fight not to smile when a faint knock echoed through the room.

“Kellie? Is everything okay?”

“Oh James.” He spun around, eyes shining with fake tears, “I woke you. I am so sorry.”

“It’s fine, what’s wrong?” He moved to his side in an instant, strong hands gripping his arms gently.

“My father.” Ken sobbed, “I told you I made a silly mistake back home well...he’s cut me off! I have nothing! No money, no home to go back to, he even cancelled all my cards, I can’t even get a hotel.”

It was a brilliant performance if he did say so, he flung himself against Dubois chest and continued to shake, fake sobs wracking his shoulders. Was it a bit much? Probably, but he had to think of a way to turn what Dubois had likely planned to be a one night stand into something more. Dubois hugged him close and despite everything, Ken let himself enjoy the sensation for a moment before stepping back, a look of embarrassment on his face.

“You see what happened-“

Dubois silenced him with a rise of his hand before giving him a smile so full of warmth and kindness butterflies began to dance in his stomach.

“It’s alright, you don’t have to explain yourself.”

What? He had a whole story planned; a tragic tale of how poor Kellie Lake was taken in by a rakish young man who turned her against her own family only to leave her in the dust. He’d even practiced the monologue in the mirror before the exhibition last night.

“I...don’t?”

“No, not unless you want to.” Dubois gave his hand a squeeze, “Tell you what, why don’t I organise us some breakfast and then we can try and sort something out. What’s your favourite?”

“Pancakes.” Ken blinked, so dumbfounded he forgot to give a fake answer.

“Easy done!” Dubois grinned roguishly, “Take a minute then come join me in the kitchen.”

He took off, leaving Ken standing in shocked silence. He’d been ready for suspicion, what sort of rich guy didn’t suspect his one night stand conveniently getting kicked out of home the morning after? No matter, he should be thanking his lucky stars he didn’t have to bring out the story yet. No doubt Dubois would ask for it in time, the longer he had to wind the man around his finger the better. Still dressed in nothing but his new bra and panties he threw open one of Dubois’ cupboards and plucked a dressing gown from the rack and wrapped it around himself.

Instantly he was smothered in Dubois scent and a sense of calm washed over him. He couldn’t resist hugging the material closer and breathing in deep. There was something so satisfying about that masculine musk, it made him slightly dizzy as want curled in his gut. Memories of last night bubbled to the surface and Ken shivered, that sex had been incredible. He’d never felt so satisfied as a man and he felt the urge to do it again growing.

He let that feeling of warmth soak through him as he made his way out into the kitchen. In the morning light he had a chance to finally take in the penthouse he would hopefully be calling home for some time. It was huge, with more rooms than most houses and if the open archways was anything to judge by, it must have taken up the entire floor; he could see the busy New York streets below, people scurrying around like ants. The kitchen looked like something out of a magazine with its marble benchtops; gadgets and gizmos of all sorts sat atop it and there was even a picturesque fruit bowl filled with apples to complete the look. Dubois was standing by the stovetop, a bowl of batter at his side, with a flick of his wrist a pancake soared into the air before landing back on the pan with a sizzle. Show off.

“Just because I live up here in my ivory tower doesn’t mean I don’t know how to cook!” He teased, “I dare you to find better pancakes in any of those fancy restaurants down there.”

A giggle escaped Ken’s mouth; he couldn’t help it. Dubois really was that charming. He placed the food, drizzled in more syrup than was strictly necessary on a plate and pushed it over to Ken. Politely he popped a piece in his mouth and felt his eyes roll up into his head.

“Wow, you weren’t kidding.”

How Dubois had managed to make something as simple as pancakes and syrup taste so good was beyond him. Ken found himself stuffing his face eagerly as they joked and talked; it was hard to remember that Kellie was supposed to be sad right now while Ken had never felt more at home. He almost forgot to take advantage of the warm atmosphere.

“I know this is forward of me.” He bit down on his lip, “But do you think I could stay here for a few days, James? Just until I figure something out? I promise I won’t be any trouble.”

“Of course, I could hardly kick you out onto the street.” He joined Ken on the other side of the bench and put arm around his shoulders, “Besides, I had a great time with you last night, I won’t say no to getting to know you better.”

Another flustered giggle burst forth before Ken could stop it and he leaned into the touch. He could get used to this.

~

Over the next few days Ken made himself intimately familiar with Dubois’ home; carefully sussing out the camera positions and other security measures. Dubois hadn’t gone so far as to give him any codes or keys naturally but that was just a matter of time. The two of them had fallen into a sort of routine, with Dubois heading to his office and Kellie going out ‘looking for jobs’. A lie of course. Each evening he would return home and they would talk, watch films or simply exist in the same space. It should have filled Ken with a sense of accomplishment, how quickly he was making himself at home but instead he felt...content. There was something comfortable about this, about Dubois, that he would miss once he’d broken his heart and made off with a substantial amount of his fortune.

The only bump in the road was the lack of romantic attention. Not only did this new body of his crave touch but he was beginning to worry Dubois really did see him as a charity case. A one-night stand only. Every time he went to initiate anything he was rebuffed. Subtly wasn’t working so he began to up his game. He made sure to have Dubois catch him looking embarrassed each morning as he put on the same dress and underwear. Once or twice he deliberately timed it so that he arrived home to find his new houseguest wearing nothing but a towel while the items dried. After three days, he still hadn’t taken the bait but instead presented a different option.

“Would you like to go shopping?” he offered over dinner one night, “Get some other clothes...?”

“Oh no, I couldn’t possibly.” Ken blushed, “You’re already letting me stay here for free, I don’t want to be a burden.”

“You’re not a burden, Kellie.”

Ken ignored the flutter in his chest.

“And besides,” Dubois continued, “You can’t very well wear the same dress and underwear every day, even if you do wash them.”

The blush of embarrassment that filled his cheeks at that was surprisingly genuine. It would be nice to wear something else, lovely as that dress was and besides; it would give him plenty to sell for extra cash to get bim bathryone before making off with Dubois’ heart and millions. After a few minutes of ‘convincing’ it was decided and they were on their way down to the busy streets below.

~

Ken knew his seduction was working when they pulled up at The Diamond, clearly Dubois was looking to impress Kellie with his wealth bringing her to the most expensive and glamorous shopping centre in New York. Designed by some European architect everybody pretended to know, The Diamond was a wonderous building with hundreds of glass panels making up its façade; not only showing off a multitude of display items but also giving it the illusion of a giant glittering gem.

Ken made sure to have a look of breathless wonder on his face as they approached, Kellie may have lived a wealthy life but even she would never have dreamed of shopping here. He let Dubois lead him into the decedent building, pretending to be impressed by the frankly insane amount of fountain displays.

“I don’t know much about shopping for women’s clothes myself so you lead the way.” He offered, Ken linked their arms together with a warm smile in response and headed into the first boutique. Tempting as it was to try for some of the more valuable shops it was important Dubois never suspect Kellie of being a gold digger.

Selecting a comparably affordable boutique Ken made ready to make a show of uming and ahing over various items. But to his surprise, he didn’t need to act. When he had picked out the dress for the museum he’d been a man on a mission but now that money wasn’t an issue he found it easy to get swept up in the sea of fabric. Dubois seemed to be having a good time as well, handing her items he thought might look good and encouraging him to try them on. Ken felt a wicked grin spread across his face, if Dubois wanted a show, he’d give him one.

Plucking the summer dress from his hands Ken retreated to the change room, trying to ignore how lovely the loose, flowy material felt sliding up his body. He couldn’t resist striking a pose, swaying his hips from side to side in the privacy of the change room for a moment, admiring how even with his generous curves hidden, he looked beautiful. He crackled his knuckles, back to business.

Sliding the curtain back he posed, one hand on the doorframe, the other on his hip. He shot Dubois a mischievous smile and wiggled his eyebrows making him laugh, the sound made Ken’s heart beat that little bit faster.

“Yeah, we’ll definitely be taking that one!” Dubois chuckled, “Here try this!”

Playing dress up like this was actually quite fun, pretty soon Ken forgot all about posing suggestively for Dubois’ sake and started doing it for his own. This body was capable of so many looks; pretty, sexy, sultry, mysterious, and they all looked fabulous. He and Dubois walked together, arm in arm going from shop to shop buying an entire wardrobe. After a while Ken even stopped thinking about the resale value and started picking items he *wanted*.

They were just finishing up and heading out when a store display caught his eye. Ken couldn’t help but turn to admire the mannequin, it was wearing a hot pink mini dress similar to the one he’d been drawn to when he first transformed. It was simple, strapless and made from some sort of leather with black highlights. He would look amazing in that, with his dark hair and pale skin. Without realising it he had approached the window, finger tips pressing on the glass as if he could magically reach through and grab it. His eyes almost popped out of his skull when he saw the price tag hanging from the hip.

“Do you want that one as well?”

“Oh, I couldn’t possibly, it’s so expensive!”

“We both know I can afford it.” He laughed, “What’s the point of having money if you can’t use it to make somebody happy?”

The reply caught Ken off guard and he found himself searching Dubois’ face for any sign of charm or subterfuge. He found none. He seemed genuine in his remark.

“Careful.” Ken chuckled darkly, “You’re likely to get scammed with an attitude like that.”

“Maybe.” Dubois shrugged, “But I suppose I am happy to take that risk, worst case scenario I lose a bit of money. I have plenty. I’d rather take the chance and potentially make somebody happy than guard my wealth and risk somebody being worse off when I could have helped.”

He was serious. Completely serious. Ken found his jaw dropping slightly in shock, all those quotes, the charity work, it was all real. Dubois may have been rich but he genuinely seemed to care about others. Perhaps taking in a ‘poor, lost little lamb’ like Kellie really wasn’t out of character after all. For the first time he felt a pang of guilt for what he was doing. Of all the options, he’d managed to choose the one actually decent rich guy to scam. Something about it didn’t seem fair, which was ridiculous, life wasn’t fair, that was his whole world view!

“Kellie?” James looked concerned, “Are you okay?”

“Yes, I just...thank you for this.” As the words left his mouth Ken realised, he meant them.

“You’re welcome.” James’ smile turned warm and he placed a strong arm around her shoulder, “Now let’s go get some lunch.”

~

Ken sighed, reclining back against the warm porcelain of the bathtub and relaxing; the water had been scented with rose oil which perfumed the steam as it coiled around him. After their shopping trip James had taken him out to a French café for lunch before surprising him with a gift basket of bath salts and other assorted luxuries. He let out a content sigh, he could get used to this pampered princess life. Maybe he’d even keep taking the Bimbathryone after he was done with James; maybe it was all in his head but this body seemed to feel more than his old one in all the best ways, this bath wouldn’t feel nearly as luxurious as a man, he was sure.

James was showering him in gifts and showed no signs of wanting to kick him out of the penthouse. Things couldn’t be going better, except for one small problem. They still had not had sex again. He’d barely been able to score more than a chaste kiss and that was concerning for multiple reasons. Firstly, the plan to seduce him into a shotgun wedding was a bit hard to do when he was treating Ken like a little sister. Secondly, he was unbearably horny and no matter how many times he snuck off to the bathroom to fingerfuck himself he was never quite satisfied. The most concerning reason of all though was that Ken, regardless of situation, wanted James again. He craved the feeling of a cock between his folds but every day as he quietly pumped his fingers in and out while hiding in the shower, he found he was imaging James’ face as he came. It wasn’t that he needed to be fucked; he needed to be fucked by James.

Closing his eyes he sunk into the water, letting it cover his head and block out all noise. One of the biggest and most fundamental rules of scamming was never let yourself get too close to your mark. Ken was no idiot, he knew what was happening, he was slowly but surely falling for James. Hell, he’d even started calling him James, not Dubois, in his head. Slowly he came up for air, enjoying the feeling of the water slowly wash down his thick dark hair. It was the drug, it had to be. He just had to stick with the plan, get out and then once the Bimbathryone was out of his system he’d laugh about how silly he was feeling now.

Towelling himself dry he looked down at his curvaceous body with a smile. It really was lovely; he hadn’t been ugly before but he couldn’t deny the confidence this body gave him. Ken Hurley was a huckster; Kellie Lake was a princess. And princesses always got what they wanted. With renewed determination he wrapped the towel around himself, making sure his generous cleavage was on display and walked out into the lounge.

James was laid out along the couch, latest smart phone in hand. Ken took a moment to admire his muscular form stretched out before him; he really was any girls dream. Taking a deep

breathe he cleared his throat, taking special pride in the way James' hand shook slightly in shock as he took in Ken's mostly naked form.

"I left my new clothes in the bedroom." Ken batted his eyes. It was an obvious lie, the lounge wasn't even between the bathroom and bedroom. He made his inuendo clear, there was no way James' wouldn't take the bait.

"Did you want me to grab them for you?"

Or not.

"I was hoping perhaps you could warm me up." The time for subtlety was over. Ken sat himself down on the couch only for James to leap off as if he'd been electrocuted. For the first time since this endeavour began Ken felt the opportunity slipping through his fingers, not only that but to his great embarrassment he was also feeling...self-conscious? How could James *not* want him?

"Oh." James swallowed, sitting back down next to him on the couch but leaving an arms length between them.

Ken felt a lump forming in his throat, a real one as humiliation began to fill him and real tears began to burn his eyes.

"Do you not...want me?" Oh God, why was he crying?

"No, no Kellie it's not that!" James replied quickly, "it's just...I don't want you to do this because you feel obligated."

"What?" Ken blinked back the tears incredulously.

"We never planned for you to be here this long and I know you feel bad about how I have been spoiling you." James rubbed at the back on his neck, "I just want you to know I don't expect anything from you."

You have got to be kidding. After everything James had done, the kindness he'd shown, he was worried about taking advantage of him? Another pang of guilt, a big one this time; he tried to ignore it.

"I don't feel obligated." He said finally, "I want you because..."

A line he needed a line...

"Because you're the nicest person I think I have met in years and also the hottest."

He watched as James' eyes widened slightly; it was an easy line to sell. Because it was the truth, his heart was beating too loudly to think of a good lie. Slowly, James reached forward and cupped his face, the touch was intimate; not in the sexual sense but he was sure they could both feel the electricity in the air. Ken let his eyes flutter closed as he moved forward until finally, *finally*, their lips met.

The floodgates opened and days of pent up lust burst free from both of them. The gentleness of his touch disappeared as a hand snaked into Ken's long dark hair and pulled him closer. Ken couldn't help but moan, he'd been dreaming of James' lips for days and now that he had them he was taking full advantage, savouring every texture and taste.

Fuck Ken Hurley and his scam, right now at least for a while, he was fully Kellie Lake.

And she was not going to let James get away again.

She crawled up into his lap, pushing their bodies together so that he sunk into the couch cushions. She could feel his toned chest pressing against her breasts, the hardness in his crotch that was slowly making itself known, Kellie opened her mouth and let him push his tongue inside. James' hands on her hips may as well have been made from fire, she could feel them burning through the towel that was becoming loose. Roughly he moved those palms up her body to her upper back where the towel was resting and yanked it down. She shivered, both from the sudden cool air on her naked skin but also from the desire such a move made; even when they first slept together James had been the perfect gentleman, seeing him so desperate for her body that he lost that veneer was such a turn on.

She was now fully naked, sitting on his lap while James' was fully clothed. Kellie had never felt so exposed, normally that was the last thing a con artist wanted to feel but right now she revelled in it. As they finally pulled away from their kiss James' eyes smouldered at her and she felt wetness slowly beginning to gather in her folds. He moved so fast the world became a blur for a moment as he grabbed her ass, standing and lifting her with him. With a huff of laughter Kellie wrapped her legs around his back and let him carry her to the bedroom, a task which took twice as long as usual as they stopped to make out against several walls and tables on the way. She felt dominated, totally under James' mercy and she loved it. With a chuckle James threw her down lightly onto the bed and Kellie giggled, stretching out and enjoying the smooth feeling of the

Egyptian cotton sheets against her bare skin. Through hooded eyelids she posed, bunching the sheets between her fingers as James stood over her, eyes blown wide.

James lowered himself, crawling up her body, trailing kisses as he went. Only stopping to suck at each of her nipples in turn making electricity and pleasure coil in her core. The nipples were so sensitive, how had she ever survived with those useless nubs as a man? James' teeth scrapped across them eliciting a desperate, high-pitched gasp as her whole body shuddered. Tightly her limbs encircled him, holding him in place so that he was forced to keep up his ministrations, already she could feel her insides coiling tighter as she neared orgasm just from his mouth on her tits alone.

By the time he finally stopped and made his way up to her lips she was a mewling mess; so turned on she could barely think straight. James' scent was everywhere, the feel of his skin against hers made her shiver in anticipation, when had he even undressed? She'd been too lost to even notice him subtly stripping down. A hardness pressed against those wet lips between her legs as they kissed, Kellie's mind chanting the word 'yes' over and over. Unable to wait any longer she pulled back, gazing right into his dark eyes as her legs wrapped around his waist and pulled him into her.

Never in her life had Kellie had sex like this; it wasn't even the reversal of her usual gender, there was something in the air around them as their hips rolled together. The pleasure was intense, burning almost, yet Kellie couldn't take her eyes off James' even as her expression began to twist as her body writhed. It felt so good and deeply intimate; through the haze of hormones she realised, this wasn't fucking, they were making love. The idea terrified her but she had no time to dwell on it, she could feel the tip of his cock brushing against her G-spot and all worries were washed away by a wave of pleasure. She squeezed him inside her, taking in every detail of his face as he moaned in ecstasy; the way his eyes glazed, his mouth hung open, she couldn't help but nip and suck at that exposed throat as it arched.

They were both getting closer, James' thrusts began to increase in speed, hitting into her harder and harder. One hand gripped her breast and she cried out, the overstimulation would be her undoing. Her insides tightened as she approached the edge, eyes rolling back in her skull only to be stopped by James' husky voice.

"Look at me when you cum." He ordered, though his voice shook with desperation, he was trying to hold on.

Kellie couldn't help but obey, fighting the natural urge to shut her eyes as pleasure finally overwhelmed her. Her insides throbbed as wave after wave passed through her, with each one she moaned his name, staring deeply into those dark eyes. Somehow, they made the orgasms feel even stronger. She was fully exposed, her body and soul at its most vulnerable. Just as she finished cumming James followed suit and the warm splash of seed inside her caused her pussy to throb, sending her over the edge once more.

James shuddered, bringing his forehead down to rest against hers as they both panted heavily. It had not been the most intense or strenuous sex, yet somehow, they were both left breathless. He gave her a roguish smile before wrapping his arms around her and rolled them across the bed. Kellie couldn't help but let out a genuine laugh, enjoying those warm arms around her.

They stayed in bed, not even bothering to go shower or clean up. Instead opting to curl up between the sheets and talk in hushed tones until the early hours of the morning. Chatting about anything and everything from terrible films to current events. At first, she kept to the scripts she'd prepared for such events but soon it was forgotten; the line between Kellie and Ken blurred as she gave her honest opinions, even told a few true stories about her life before, edited of course. In the morning she would stand before the mirror, admonishing herself for such foolishness as she swallowed down another pill but for now; she laid with James and simply *was*.

~

Kellie knew she was in trouble. As weeks turned into months the line between before and after her change was becoming blurrier. Who was she, really? The more she remembered her life before becoming Kellie the less real it felt, it wasn't that she was forgetting it was more analogues to remembering who you were ten years ago; yes that was you, yes you have all their memories but their personality was several shades different to the point that you were almost a wholly different person.

Her grip on the bottle of bimbathryone increased; was it the drug or her? Now that she was being lavished with gifts pawing the occasional necklace was easy. She need not worry about running out of the drug that made this all possible, that had originally been her biggest concern but now it was barely a blip on the radar. Realising her feelings for James didn't help her control them, if anything she was falling faster with each passing day and if the way he spoke and acted was any indication, he felt the same way. Instead of focusing on seducing him she was simply...living. The fake persona and history she had created almost two months ago had fallen away and she found herself baring her soul to this man she'd set out to scam. No matter how many times she tried to harden her heart against him the idea of leaving, smashing his heart and taking his fortune still filled her with increasing amounts of guilt.

An insidious voice whispered in her mind that she could drop it; become Kellie Lake forever. It was the best of both worlds really, a life of luxury and romance with the most handsome and kind man she had ever known. But that meant being on Bimbathryone forever. What if he ever found out? What if one day she overslept, or was hungover and didn't take the pill in time? No, it was too dangerous. She had to go ahead with her plan, besides, she only had about a month's worth of pills left. She told herself this was the last order she would make, one month to fully seduce and break James Dubois. Then, when she was free as a bird she could change back into Ken and laugh about how caught up in this she had gotten.

"Kellie, you ready?"

"Almost!"

She swallowed the pill dry and quickly fixed up her hair, James said he had a surprise for her. Pushing the confliction away she let herself be excited, she did so love when he treated her. Carefully applying a layer of glossy pink to her full lips she smiled, opening the bathroom door and taking in James' form, handsome as ever in that dark but casual suit.

“I hope I am dressed appropriately.” She giggled, “I had to take a stab in the dark since you won’t tell me where we’re going.”

She’d selected a pair of tight white pants and pale pink halter neck top, she loved the way the outfit accentuated her curves and James did too if that look of arousal was any indication.

“You look perfect, as always.” His eyes were soft, smile warm. Kellie’s stomach gave a churned, it was doing that so often lately.

They hopped in the limo and the pair laughed together as Kellie tried to guess where they were going. On his days off James loved to take her on little trips, it had started with the usual touristy things but slowly evolved into fancy lunches and expensive shopping trips. Kellie adored it, the attention, the way James looked at her, the way the world looked at *her* with James. She’d even seen her photo starting to appear in the social columns and for once the concept didn’t fill her with dread. Kellie Lake could live in the spotlight without any fear. When they pulled up at a private airstrip Kellie’s heart leapt.

“Omigosh, you cannot be serious!”

“As a heart attack.” He looked so proud.

“A plane! Where are we going?” She bounced in her seat like a little girl as the car pulled up, “You have to tell me where we’re going!”

“Paris.”

“No!” Her hands flew to her mouth in shock, the look on his face told her he wasn’t lying.

A high pitch squeal of excitement burst out and she threw her arms around him in a tight hug. Paris! She was being treated to a weekend in Paris with her millionaire boyfriend, life could not possibly be better!

The elation soured somewhat when they took off however as she spent most of the flight bent over the toilet throwing up rather than enjoying the champagne and capape’s James had organised. Kellie felt humiliated but James, ever the gentleman, sat and soothed her, holding back her hair until she felt well enough to go and enjoy the view. Of all the times to develop motion sickness!

When the plane finally descended through the cloud cover to show a Paris beautifully lit with evening light, she couldn't help but gasp. When she'd arrived in New York she'd derided it, there had been none of the wonder arriving in the big apple like there was in the stories. But looking down at the Eiffel Tower, lights slowly illuminating as nightfall came, Kellie felt like she was living in a fairy-tale. She took a moment to fully savour the moment; James' warm hand on her hip as they stood in that private jet, watching the city of lights below. If she could have but one wish, it would be to stay in this moment forever.

~

Their hotel was five star, naturally, but even so she couldn't help doing a running leap onto the bed, sending the many superfluous cushions flying. James gave a bark of laughter before joining her and before long the air was filled with feathers and pillows as the world's most childish pillow fight broke out.

"I yield! I yield!" James chuckled as she sat back on his hips, pillow raised high ready to strike.

"A wise decision." Kellie narrowed her eyes, secretly glad and somewhat embarrassed such a short activity had her panting heavily with exhaustion.

She gave him a quick, breathless kiss before dismounting and allowing him up.

"I packed a bag for you." He smiled, "You should open it up, I bought something special with us I think you'll like."

Kellie eagerly complied, grabbing the pale purple suitcase and flipping it open only to freeze. Atop the clothes and toiletries was a folded dress, pink and black leather, the one from The Diamond all those weeks ago. Reverently she held it up, it was short, sexy...beautiful. Before all this, Ken never understood the obsession with clothing most women seemed to have but not, this skimpy little party dress bought a tear to her eye.

"You bought it for me." She whispered, turning to look at him with pure adoration. "Thank you."

"I knew you wanted it and if I am honest, I have selfish reasons." He smiled, "You'll look incredible in it darling, and as your boyfriend I demand you put it on right now."

They hadn't discussed labels before this point, Kellie could see the slight panic in James' eye as the word 'boyfriend' slipped out. Once again, her stomach churned but not with panic or guilt, it was with love.

"Well then," she grinned, "I'd better go put it on then, I'd be a pretty bad *girlfriend* if I denied you."

The joy that lit up his face when she accepted the term made Kellie's heart beat loudly in her ears. Somewhere deep inside her, Ken was screaming at her to detach herself, to see James as her target again and not her partner but she couldn't help it. Whether she wanted to or not, she was in too deep now. She was in love with James Dubois.

'I'll figure something out.' She told herself, *'I'll give myself this weekend and then, I will detach and finish this.'*

Firm in her decision she took a step back, eyes glinting with mischief as she slowly removed her halter top. Holding it up at arm's length between her thumb and forefinger before dropping it to the ground and moving her hands to her hips. James raised an eyebrow and gave her an appreciative look, sitting back in a plush armchair to enjoy the show. Slowly and sensually, she wiggled her hips, pushing down the tight jeans and stepping out of them without ever letting her gaze slip from his.

She had a simple pair of black silk panties and matching strapless bra on. There was no elaborate lace or patterning but sometimes less is more. She could see the tent forming in James' pants as she bent forwards, showing off her ass as she made a show of picking up her new dress and unzipping the back. Stepping into it gracefully and pulling it up over her form at a leisurely pace. The tight material had no give, it squeezed her ass and tits as she zipped it closed with some effort, perhaps he should have bought the next size up, all those fancy dinners were clearly going to her hips. When it was finally on, she turned and posed, pursing her lips and giving him a wink and kiss.

"Why go out when I have the best show in Paris right here?" He laughed, leaping to his feet and kissing her firmly.

"Now, now." She admonished with a smile, "I just put this one, you can't get me out of it too soon."

James made a show of pouting and she gave him a playful wack across the shoulder.

"You're incorrigible."

“You love me.” He teased, “Now come on, if taking you for a night on the town is what it takes to that dress off, that is what I will do!”

~

The night passed in a whirlwind of sound and light; logically Kellie knew dancing in clubs here was no different to home save for the currency but something about being in France made her feel more sophisticated. As they and hundreds of others pressed together in the hot club, dancing and laughing, she felt as though she were in a dream, a dream that ended in a private room atop the famous tower looking down on the city. The only catch being she couldn't enjoy the wine James insisted was beautiful, it didn't matter how many people told her French wine was superior the smell alone made her want to gag.

That was hardly enough to ruin her night though, instead she focused on the glamour of her surroundings and the feeling of James' hands becoming more bold the more he imbibed until finally they tumbled back into that pillow covered bed in the early hours of the morning and made love as the sun rose. Afterwards, James fell into an exhausted sleep near immediately and Kellie was tempted to join him but instead forced herself up to find her purse. Fortunately, she had taken to always storing the Bimbathryone on her person or purse, otherwise being in Paris would have presented a significant problem. With the sun already rising taking the pill now was the smarter option just to be safe. She popped open the bottle and was immediately hit with a wave of nausea so bad she was forced to run for the bathroom where it abated some minutes later.

Silently she prayed it wasn't food poisoning, this weekend was her last gift to herself with James before she refocused on the con, she didn't want it ruined with illness. Wiping her mouth, she went to return to the main room before catching a glance of herself in the gilded mirror above the sink. Her stomach was rounder, just slightly, a barely perceptibly bump and Kellie felt her blood turn to ice. She'd been a woman for over two months now and she'd never bled. She assumed that was just a side effect of the drug but...what if it wasn't? The nausea, the slight tiredness, the bloating, surely she couldn't be...pregnant? Was that even possible?

Blood began to rush in her ears. If she was pregnant, what would happen if she stopped taking the drug? Even if she didn't turn back a child was certainly not a factor in her grand plan. The fact that the risk had never occurred to her suddenly struck her as very stupid, she planned for everything in these scams how had she not foreseen this? Her breath was coming in short, sharp gasps, heart pounding against her ribcage. A hand appeared at her shoulder as a faraway voice spoke words too muffled to hear. She looked up, seeing James' face come into focus, brow crinkled with concern.

“Deep breathes, Kellie.” The voice slowly rose above the rushing in her ears, “in and out, here copy me. In. Out.”

She did her best to listen and after a few minutes the panic began to abate as James' hugged her close. His warmth seeped into her skin and she swallowed thickly.

“What happened? Are you okay?”

The words escaped before she had a chance to think them through.

“I think I’m pregnant.”

~

Kellie barely remembered any of the trip home. After running to a chemist and seeing that little pink plus sign everything had gone fuzzy. James took care of everything, thank God, flying them back to New York and organising a private doctors visit. Said doctor was slated to arrive any minute and Kellie had locked herself in the bathroom in terror.

The doctor was sure to see that she wasn’t really a man, he’d find some chemical trace of the bimbathryone and that would be it, game over. Not only would she lose her chance at the high life but she’d lose James as well; right now she didn’t know which was worse. In a panic, she’d scoured the web, both dark and regular, for answers but came up empty. Bimbathryone was so new and very illegal, there simply wasn’t any answers available. Perhaps she was even the first to get pregnant using it. Kellie gripped the sink with one hand, letting the cold porcelain ground her as her other hand tightened its hold on the pill bottle. She had to tell James, before some doctor outed her. It was the only way.

“Kellie?”

Her heartbeat sped up.

“Are you in there?” It was James, “The doctor is here. I know you’re scared darling but please come out and at least talk to him. To me.”

She took a deep breath and swallowed down the nerves. She was one of the greatest con artists on this coast. She could act, she could do this. Panic under control, barely, she unlocked the door and immediately felt her conviction waver at James’ face. It was so tired, so worried for her. He really was too good for her, in every sense of the word.

“I have something to tell you.” She breathed, holding up the pills.

“Oh Kellie, I uh, I don’t think those will work anymore.” His face suddenly turned panicked, “You didn’t take a whole handful of those did you?”

Kellie felt her heart stop.

“Y-you knew about these?”

“Of course.” He blinked, “That’s why I am so shocked this happened, birth control pills failing is so rare. Especially when you take them so religiously at the same time each day the way you do.”

Kellie felt so many emotions swirl in her stomach she almost threw up. For a split second, she entertained the world where James knew who she was all along and loved her anyway. That was not to be, she put it out of mind, even if it did hurt.

“No these...these aren’t birth control pills.” Her voice was already wavering, eyes burning. “They’re called bimbathryone.”

A crease appeared in James’ forehead and he motioned for them to both sit down on the bed. Hands bunched in her lap Kellie explained what the pills were and what they did, feeling her heart sink as James’ eyebrows raised. At first she feared he wouldn’t believe him, a selfish part almost hoped he wouldn’t but that dark aspect had no such luck.

“So...you’re a man.”

“If I don’t take one of these every day. Yes.” She sighed, “I don’t know what that means for the baby, what would happen if I stopped taking it while I’m compromised.”

She watched as James’ face softened slightly, reaching over to place a hand on her knee before she moved away.

“There is more.”

“More?” She could tell he was struggling to keep his emotions in check. It was now or never.

Once she started the words kept spilling out, like word vomit, she couldn't control it. Originally, she just meant to admit her original plan in the most barebones way possible but once she started she couldn't stop. Every detail flowed out of her; the failed scam in Malibu, finding the drug, targeting and researching him, how every line and move that night at the gallery was planned, *everything*. By the time she'd finished James was pacing the room, face thunderous and filled with hurt while tears streamed down her face.

"I never meant to fall in love." She sobbed, "Or get pregnant. I know It doesn't mean anything now but I don't think I could have gone through with it, scamming you I mean. I kept coming up with reasons to stay longer and longer."

"If you had stayed. If you'd decided not to use me for my money." Kellie flinched as he said that last part, "Would you have ever told me this? Any of it?"

The urge to lie was so strong but she couldn't. Not now.

"No. I don't think so."

James laughed bitterly.

"I thought I'd finally met somebody who didn't just see me as a dollar sign." He muttered, more to himself than her. "The doctor is still out in the kitchen. You should go talk to him."

With that he turned his back and walked for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Out."

"D-do you want me...gone when you get back?" Kellie bit her lip nervously.

"I don't care."

Somehow that hurt even more.

~

After the trainwreck that was the conversation with James talking to the doctor was almost easy. Kellie had burned through so much of her emotional rope she barely cared when the doctor gaped at her confession. At first, he didn't even believe her, Kellie was sure he was writing down notes for a psychiatrist until she showed him the website and pills themselves. Even so, she could tell he doubted it.

"I'll take one of those to test if you don't mind." He said in a placating tone, "As well as your blood test."

She just nodded. She felt numb.

The doctor showed himself out and Kellie found herself alone in every sense of the word. Except she wasn't, she wouldn't truly be alone for another eight months really. She wrapped an arm around her torso instinctually. She wished she'd never found that stupid drug and cooked up the insane plan but at the same time, these last few weeks had been the happiest of her life. Without the drug or plan she'd never have met James and fallen in love; was the joy she'd experienced worth the heartbreak? Even now in the midst of it she couldn't tell.

As Ken, she'd always been alone but she'd never truly felt it. She was just looking out for number one but now, that wasn't an option. Resting her palm against the slight curve on her stomach she felt something inside her solidify, an idea. This child didn't pick its mother, just because she had fucked up her life didn't mean it deserved to suffer along with her. She'd take some of the gifts James had given her and sell them, find some place to stay during the pregnancy and then find a good, loving home for this child. Then she'd flush the rest of the damn drug down the drain, turn back into Ken and start a new life in the middle of nowhere. After what she'd done to James, she deserved life as a pathetic nobody.

Packing a bag was hard, somehow this penthouse had become not just an end goal but *home*. She felt guilty taking the diamond earrings and other jewellery James had gifted her over the weeks but the baby justified it; she needed a safe place to stay and good food while they were growing if nothing else. She left most of the clothes, planning to take only the most practical and warm things she could for the upcoming winter but then her fingers closed on that leather dress. Holding it she was flooded with memories of that first night in Paris, before everything fell apart. It would be silly to take it, the last thing she needed right now was a party dress, especially one so tight and impractical. It wouldn't even fit in a few weeks, yet she folded it into the bag anyway. A reminder of a happier time.

~

Finding a lowkey little motel to stay wasn't hard; after pawning a few pieces of jewellery she had enough for a months stay in cash. Like most people who worked the desk at such establishments, the receptionist asked no questions when she handed over the stack of bills. Sitting in the cramped

space Kellie felt as though she'd almost come full circle, though this place was much cleaner than that dive where she'd first heard James Dubois' name.

Lacking any better ideas and desperate for a distraction she grabbed the complimentary pen and paper from the side table and started making a list. She'd have to find a library where she could check out some books on pregnancy of course; she had no idea what to expect save what she'd seen in films and if their depiction of what being a con artist was anything to go on, that information would hardly be accurate. She'd also have to figure out a more permanent living arrangement, even if she stretched the money she got selling the clothes and accessories she'd taken from the penthouse she'd run out of money before the child was born. A problem which added an extra weight to her shoulder, what would happen if she couldn't get her hands on more Bimbathryone? She'd have to get a job. A legit one with a paycheck, the kind she hadn't held since she was a teenager. Who would even hire a pregnant lady with no background? Not to mention she'd have to seek out an adoption agency.

Perhaps this was a bad idea, dropping her head into her hands she groaned. This was only making her more stressed which even she knew couldn't be good for the little one. She wrapped her arms around herself, for a moment indulging in the fantasy that they were James'.

"It's okay, little buddy." She sighed, "I'll figure this out. Mama will make sure everything is fine. Or Papa. Gods, am I your mother or father? I don't even know."

Kellie wondered what James was doing right now. Was he still angry? Had he already moved on? No, that last one wasn't possible, she knew James wasn't the sort of drown his sorrows between some floozies legs. At least she could take solace in that.

~

The months passed slowly, almost painfully so. Kellie managed to score herself a job at a dingy corner shop working as a counter girl, her hustling talents hadn't faded completely with this new body; a few fake tears and a sad backstory later she was hired. The job sucked, so did the pay, but it was something. Her stomach began to swell as the baby grew, what started as a barely perceptible bump was growing rapidly. People gave up their seats on the bus for her and everything.

Each night she watched as many terrible gossip shows as she could hoping to catch a glimpse of James. The social season was quieter in winter but she saw him once or twice but he was never the focus of the story. Going online at the local library yielded more results; apparently, he had withdrawn somewhat, only going to the most important events for his various business partners and the occasional charity gala. There were theories abound as to where his mysterious girlfriend had disappeared to. Most gossip columns wondered who his next girl would be and Kellie had to stop reading. She had no idea what she would do when the inevitable picture came with him together with another woman, her jealousy may well eat her alive. Her love for James hadn't faded during their time apart as she'd hoped. If anything, it felt stronger than ever, distance did make the heart grow fonder or so it seemed.

With a sign of relief, she kicked off her shoes and flopped back on the bed. Her ankles were killing her standing behind that counter all day, what idiot decided cashiers couldn't sit down? It wasn't like she had to move much standing behind the register. All she wanted to do was close her eyes and fall asleep but her body had other ideas. Pregnancy was, to put it bluntly, a bitch. Not only did her feet ache but she was constantly hungry, her boobs were sore and she was so damn horny half the time she could barely think straight. The Bimbathryone already increased her libido but this was on another level. At least once, if not twice a day now she would find herself sitting in the bottom of the shower, helplessly pumping her fingers into her wet hole while imagining James' in their place. Such activities would have to wait tonight though as her stomach growled.

"Kid, you're killing me." She sighed, reluctantly getting to her feet.

Cursing herself for not picking up a pizza on her way in she grabbed her coat and opened the door to her motel room, bracing for the chill only to freeze. A man was standing before her door, hand raised as if to knock.

"James?"

"Kellie." She'd caught him off guard, funny what the loss of just a few seconds can do to somebody's composure.

James recovered quickly though, clearing his throat and taking a step back, she couldn't help but notice the way his eyes dipped to her growing belly.

"How did you find me?" she gaped, "*Why* did you find me?"

"I hired a private investigator; he tracked you down via the pawn shop you've been selling the jewellery and clothes to." He still wasn't looking her in the eye, "And don't you dare complain about your privacy being invaded, not after what you did."

"I wasn't going to." She bit her lip, "Did you want to come in?"

He nodded stiffly and she stepped aside, clothing the door. The tense silence was palpable, the click of the door relocking sounded like a boulder crashing to earth in her ears. Awkwardly they stood, him still not looking at her as she gnawed away at the skin on her lip.

“When I got back that day and you were gone...I told myself it was for the best.” He said finally, “I told myself good riddance; you were just human trash who’d tricked me and broken my heart after all.”

Kellie flinched.

“But no matter what I did. I couldn’t stop thinking about you. About *our* child. I admit, when the investigator told me you were still...Kellie I was surprised.”

“I...I wanted to do something right.” She said after a moment, “You’re right, Ken Hurley was trash. I have never been happier than I was as Kellie, with you. I wanted to send her off well and give this child a decent start in life.”

She placed a warm palm across the round curve of her stomach, her heart fluttered with love for the person she’d not even met yet.

“I’ve been meaning to set up an appointment with an agency but I keep putting it off.”

James sighed, finally meeting her gaze and her heart gave another, bigger flutter.

“I can’t believe I am saying this, Ken.” Kellie’s old name sounded like poison to her, “But I want you to come home.”

“What?”

“I haven’t forgiven you, never think that.” He added sharply, “But you’re right, this child deserves a good life and we both know I can provide that.”

“You-“

“I’ll be a father to them.” He confirmed, “You will come home and live with me, I’ll make sure you’re healthy and provided for until the baby is born.”

“And then I’ll disappear forever and never bother you again?”

“...yes.”

It was a better deal than she deserved. James was right, with his vast wealth and connections a child couldn't hope for a better start in life and with his kind heart, she knew he'd never hold a grudge against them for who their 'mother' was.

“Okay.”

He blinked for a moment; a small smile began to form before he stopped it and in spite of everything, Kellie felt a small ember of hope burn in her chest.

“Well then. Now that's settled. Let's go.”

He walked past her brusquely, giving her time and space to pack her meagre belongings before joining him. Even after everything that had happened, he still held the car door open for her. Even that small kindness felt like a godsend after the months alone. In that moment Kellie vowed to do everything in her power to make things right before her time with him was up. Even if it wasn't possible, she owed it to him to try.

~

Being back at the penthouse was almost torture; sure, she was more comfortable, she had the best food and medical care a pregnant woman could ask for but having James so near and far at the same time was the worst punishment Kellie could have ever asked for. He treated her well; while they rarely spoke, he was almost polite when they did but other than that it was like living with a ghost.

Kellie craved the intimacy they once had, not just sexually but emotionally. Her skin ached to be touched, even just a simple brush of a palm across her cheek or shoulder. She longed for the security of James' strong arms around her as she slept as well as his touch between her legs. By the time she was six months along she was convinced this was her own personal Hell.

She spent her days trying her best to make James' life easier in some way; cooking, tidying and even researching the various escapades of his investments and companies in a desperate attempt to coaxed a conversation out of him. Her former con artist research skills actually coming in handy for something less self-serving for once. Kellie smiled with satisfaction, placing her latest creation on the counter. Spring chicken salad was hardly an original dinner idea but the recipe she'd found was too perfect not to try. Meticulously she arranged the two meals on a plate, setting them down on the island table next to each other as she had every night since returning. The elevator dinged, announcing James' return for the evening and she quickly crossed her fingers.

He entered, giving her a curt nod as he placed his briefcase down and walking over to the plate. Kellie felt her heart sink as he picked it up with a quiet word of thanks and began to walk toward his office. This routine was well worn by now, no matter what she cooked they never ate together, not even when she'd tried meals like hotpot that was designed to be shared. Normally, she would bite her lip and let him go, she was in no place to be making demands of him of course but tonight, the weight became too much.

"Did you want to eat together?"

He stopped, glancing back over his shoulder but said nothing.

"I just thought...it might be nice. You know, for the baby." Kellie lowered her eyes, "At this age they can hear things outside. I thought it might be nice if they heard your voice once in a while."

"No. I don't think that's a good idea."

Kellie felt her eyes burn as tears began to form, she long stopped mourning her emotional control, between the Bimbathryone and the pregnancy it was a wonder she didn't oscillate between different feelings more.

"Do you really hate me that much?" She whispered, "I know I deserve it, I never expect you to forgive me but do you think we could at least be civil?"

"How is this not civil?" Anger began to undertone his voice, it was the most emotion he'd shown her in months, "I'm letting you live here. I never say a harsh word to you. What more do you want! Have you even taken the time to consider how hard this is for me?"

He turned, slamming the plate down in frustration.

"God, Kellie! The woman I love, the woman who is carrying my child is right here and I can't have her because not only is she not real, but I can never trust her word again! I have been trying for months to get over you and it was hard enough when you were gone but with you here it's impossible. I want to hate you; I really want to hate you but I can't!"

She watched, wide eyed at the outpouring of frustration. Contrary to what he stated, she had worried about it; the cold, distant man she had been living with the past few months was not her James but what could she do?

“I swear,” She replied quietly, “I haven’t lied to you since Paris. I’ll never lie to you again. If nothing else, this experience has finally pushed me to turn over a new leaf. I don’t know where I will go once the baby is born but I promise, whatever I do I’ll try to be a better person and I will never do anything to hurt you again.”

There was a pregnant pause because James gave a huff of bitter laughter.

“I believe you.” He ran his fingers through his hair, “How fucked up is that? After everything, I actually believe you. Not that I can trust my own judgement, we both know you’re more than capable of fooling me.”

For a moment Kellie felt frozen, torn between trying to make things right by stepping forward or away. Then suddenly a hard kick hit her side as the baby shifted in her womb, giving her the push she needed. Feeling confident for the first time in weeks she stepped forward, gently grabbing hold of James’ hand in both of hers. Revelling in the warmth and wonder of skin on skin contact for a moment she met his eyes; wide and full of trepidation.

“Let me prove it to you. Not just tonight, but for as many nights as you’ll give me.” She begged, “Please.”

She watched as he jaw clenched, eyes blazing as they bored into her.

“Fuck it.”

James surged forward, smashing their lips together and Kellie felt herself melting into his embrace as the arms she’d been dreaming about for months finally encircled her. She let him lead, bending back her head and allowing his tongue to dominate hers as the kiss deepened, the constant flame of desire in her core suddenly exploding into a full blown inferno. She felt hyperaware of his form against hers, where his hands were digging into the small of her back and shoulder as he gripped her tight, the way his legs rested against hers, she couldn’t get enough.

Within moments she was reaching for the buttons on his shirt as he clawed at her dress. The sound of fabric hurriedly falling to the floor and buttons bouncing across the hard tile tinkled in her ears. After so long they were both desperate, foreplay was all but forgotten as his hand grabbed at her tits, already swollen from pregnancy. Kellie gave a breathy moan as his fingers ran over her nipples and the curve of her breasts; she’d been waiting so long for this it was maddening. She wanted everything, his hands, his tongue, his cock. All of it.

They were both naked in seconds, flush together as they could be with her round belly between them. James ran his hand over it reverently before dipping it lower to swipe across her wet folds sending electricity surging through Kellie's body.

"I missed you so much." She whispered between kisses, "I thought of you, of *this*, every night."

"Let's make up for lost time then." It was almost a growl, the deep timber of his voice sent tingles up her spine.

Without warning his hands came to cup her ass, lifting her onto the benchtop where she obediently spread her legs, leaning back so her belly wouldn't impede his access. James wasn't quite finished punishing her though it seemed as instead of his cock it was his finger that found its way between her folds again. He leaned over her, one hand resting on her round stomach while the other slowly slide in and out of her soaking pussy. Kellie couldn't think straight, after so long she was overwhelmed with the pleasure of another's touch.

"Please," she begged, "More."

James curled his finger against her G-spot, rubbing at it gently making her wail. Her inner walls clenched and throbbed with each touch and for the first time in months, James smiled. It was warm and teasing, he was enjoying watching her writhe under his touch and she was more than happy to continue. She could feel herself getting close as he continued to pump a finger, then two, in and out of her. Desperate for more friction her hips began to buck, her inner walls tightening, just a few more strokes and she'd be over the edge...

But then he stopped.

Withdrawing with that same wicked smile as she whined, needy and desperate. Her moan of loss soon became one of pleasure though as his cock came to rest against her hole, meeting no resistance it slipped easily up into her and she gasped at the sensation of being totally filled and stretched to the limit. James continued to show her no mercy, pounding into her hard and fast so that she saw stars. His grip on her hips increased as did his pace and somehow, despite the force of his thrusts their lips met again and Kellie felt at home again. As his tongue swiped across her bottom lip, ending the kiss and she felt herself cresting; her insides coiled together before the orgasm swept through, her body and mind completely filled with nothing but ecstasy as James continued to thrust against her most sensitive spot. Each hit to her G-spot elongating her own pleasure.

She couldn't resist opening her eyes, watching her pregnant belly and breasts bounce as James continue to drive himself closer to the edge along with her. Finally cumming hard deep within

her as her legs wrapped around his hips, holding them flush together in post coital pleasure. Gasping for breath, James' head came to rest against her chest, she could feel his hot breath against her breasts as they rose and fell.

Kellie let her eyes fall shut, giving herself a few moments to truly appreciate the feeling of James against and within her before he pulled out and gently helped her down from the benchtop.

“Okay.”

She knew this wasn't forgiveness. Not fully but it was more than she'd dreamed she would get. James was agreeing to give her another chance and this time, she swore not to squander it.