

# **Engelian Adventures: Transformations**

## **Book 2: Transitions**

### **Chapter 3**

**by**

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### Chapter 3

Three hours later I woke feeling much better. Because of my wound I had lain facing my sleeping partner who had now rolled onto his back and was snoring gently. I looked at his silhouette in the dark and could smell his masculine body odour. The strange dream from earlier came back to me. My initial reaction had been that of a heterosexual male, but my body was no longer male and my lovemaking with Nessa had proved to me that the physical act itself was just as enjoyable for a woman as it was for a man, perhaps more so. Could I ever submit to a man in the act of love-making?

Jonathan shifted his position and his snoring suddenly increased in volume markedly. Not wanting to put up with such a racket I told him to stop snoring and roll over, so he obediently rolled towards me and flung his arm over me. Some people might have thought this funny but, as his arm came down on my wounded side, all I felt was pain. I pushed him away angrily and sat up feeling the bandage carefully. It would need changing soon. I could feel stiffness of dried blood in the material.

Being fully awake I decided to build up my magickal reserves as much as I could. I drew sparingly on Attina's body and concentrated on collecting the magick from my surroundings, what little there was. My aura was nowhere near full when I gave up its use would have to be carefully rationed.

Fortunately, mesmerism requires little magick beyond the casting of the spell so I turned to my bedfellow and brought him up out of his sleep to a trance state where I could ask him some questions.

As I had already discovered, he was a pilot. He worked for a man named Loomis who was also based in Nassau. When questioned about the gun he wore he said that it was for self-defence against his boss's rivals. It seemed his boss was a criminal — and by association so was he — though his main job was to fly Loomis, his property and his agents throughout the islands and occasionally to the continental United States. His fishing companions also worked for Loomis and they had all been given a couple of days off to go fishing after a successful venture involving the transportation of contraband goods to and from Cuba. By now I could feel dawn in the air and as he and his friends were planning an early start I stopped asking questions and concentrated on implanting some post-hypnotic suggestions in preparation for their arrival.

My spur of the moment plan was that when his friends came looking he was to tell them he was unwell and that they were to go fishing without him. To assist in his conditioning — and after ascertaining that he was not married and did not have a permanent girlfriend — I put into his mind the idea that we had secretly agreed to meet at the resort and that if he misled his companions he would then be able to spend the day alone with me, in a sort of lover's tryst.

I did not like the idea of leading him on in this way, but it is a good idea to provide the subject of a post-hypnotic suggestion with some sort of motivation for their actions.

I then directed him to sleep until he heard someone knock and spent some time straightening up the living room so nothing looked suspicious. The eastern horizon had a distinct orange glow by the time I was finished.

I moved back into the bedroom and sat on the bed to await the expected visitors.

To amuse myself I took to examining some of the more interesting of Jonathan's personal effects. The first concern was the gun. It was similar enough to the automatic pistols I had seen and used in the past that after a little inspection I was confident that I would be able to use the weapon if necessary. Briefly I contemplated keeping the gun as protection, but in the end decided that it would be best to rely on my own less obvious defences. From experience I also knew that carrying a weapon marks one as a potential enemy and it is sometimes better to appear to be unarmed.

Still, I couldn't take the risk of my mesmerised subject regaining control of himself and threatening me with the weapon so I ejected the clip and removed the bullets. Then, after making sure that the chamber was empty, I put the reassembled gun back into the holster under his jacket. The bullets I kept for myself and slipped them into the pocket of my pants.

The more complicated device that I'd found in his jacket pocket had a large array of buttons something like the numeric keypad on a business typewriter hidden under its flap. Apart from these buttons the shape of the device reminded me of one of the walkie talkies I had seen the American army use in some of those war movies and certainly there were a set of holes, which might indicate the presence of a tiny speaker, but I could see no evidence of a microphone and felt disinclined to experiment with something that might give away my presence through misuse.

The other devices were less familiar and of more interest to me. The exteriors of all the devices had a metallic finish made of a synthetic material like bakelite that I reasoned must cover a core of densely packed electrical circuitry and miniature batteries. They both had a number of buttons and some of these had symbols like those I'd discovered on the television. The cables attached to one of the devices turned out to be a tiny pair of earphones and after putting these into my ears and randomly pushing buttons I heard what might be loosely termed, music.

It was loud and raucous with a heavy component of bass. Not to my taste at all, but I could not help be impressed with the technology. This was no radio and there were no signs of any moving parts except for words that appeared on a glass-covered area of the case and changed in response to my actions. I could not begin to understand how this device worked or stored its music, but if this sort of technology was to be found in a personal music player, I would have to prepare myself to discover all sorts of technological wonders.

A sound from outside destroyed my reverie and there was a knock on the door of the cabin. As directed Jonathan stirred and sat up. He looked at me strangely, but when I smiled at him he smiled back with a knowing grin, got to his feet and staggered out to the door.

"Sorry guys. I ain't feeling to good," I heard him say in his southern drawl. I could not make out the reply.

"Must have et something that was off", which invoked general laughter.

“Hey it’s not my fault I got a delicate stomach, but its feeling right rebellious at the moment. You guys are gonna hav'ta go without me today. Go on down to the Marina and ask for Sebastian. Tell him that I sent you and he’ll take real good care of you. He owes me a coupl'a favours.”

Someone said something I couldn’t make out and he replied, “No, I’ll be okay – you’ll see – I’ll be right as rain tomorrow.”

Then I heard the door close and open again. “Yo, Bobby — be nice. These are good people and I want to be able to come back.”

With this I heard the door close again and he came back into the bedroom and started taking off his jacket. “Sorry babe, I must have been real tired to bomb out on you last night, let’s see if I can make up for lost time.”

“Stop!” I commanded and he did so with a look of confusion on his face. “Put your jacket back on and curb your libido.” He did so, but was obviously disappointed. I needed to give him something else to think about so I gave him a wink and patted the bed next to me. “Come and sit down and I will tell you what we are really going to do today.”

The first order of business for me was food. I’d eaten most of the room’s supply last night and my stomach was still telling me that I had missed a few meals recently so taking the room service menu and a pen I outlined a large, but believable meal that would serve as breakfast for both of us and got him to ring room service and order it.

I then left him watching some sort of early morning news program and went into the small bathroom to clean myself up. I’d been too tired

and too wary of being caught to do this last night and there had not been the opportunity the day before. My hair smelt of brine and the thought of having a nice hot shower after so many years of baths was almost irresistible. However, in the end I had to content myself with a good rub down with a hot, soapy hand towel. I did not want to get my bandages wet until I was sure I was going to be able to get the dressing changed.

Halfway through getting dressed I heard a knock at the door of the cabin. I smiled, not only because breakfast had arrived, but because the television program in the main room had changed to some noisy cartoon show and my poor mesmerised subject was going to be caught watching children's programs. Still there was nothing for it; his reputation would have to suffer because I did not want the staff to know that he had an unregistered visitor.

Over the sound of the television I could hear vague sounds of the conversation outside going on a lot longer than I expected. So, as the door to the bathroom was not directly visible from the front door, I eased it open so I could hear better.

"Listen Johnny-boy," said a gruff male voice over the sound of death rays coming from the television, "It's really simple. Either you start working for us or you become a casualty. Loomis was a fool to think Dickson would back down."

*Damn! Why does everything have to be complicated,* I thought to myself and risked a peek around the corner. Jonathan was bent backwards over the table and being held there by a large man wearing a yellow t-shirt, bright red shorts and a floppy hat covered with badges and fishing

lures. To make his appearance even more garish he had some sort of bright green cream liberally spread over his nose and cheeks.

The man, who was holding Jonathan up close to his own face, spoke again emphasising his words with the point of a gun that he appeared to be trying to insert up Jonathan's nose. "Consider yourself lucky. You being a flyboy makes you a valuable commodity. You get the chance to reconsider your employment. Nicky and Tom, they weren't so lucky."

Bobby, I assumed. A singularly mercenary individual it seemed, capable of selling out and murdering his own criminal fraternity. But he had made two mistakes. The first was that he was threatening my means of escaping Andros Island. The second was that he appeared to be threatening Jonathan with his own gun. The empty holster hung exposed at Jonathan's side and I could only assume that Bobby had taken him unawares and relieved him of the weapon.

"Ahem!" I said stepping into view.

Although my appearance must have been unexpected he reacted well enough pointing the gun quickly in my direction. "Stop right there, sister," he commanded. I'd been hoping to make eye contact so I could mesmerise him, but his attention was still mainly on Jonathan. "So this is why you screwed up my plan," he sneered. "You had yourself a piece of tail lined up."

The big man pushed Jonathan down so that he was now lying flat on the table and then turned and looked at me. He sized me up as only a man can and had almost reached my face when Jonathan took the initiative and thereby spoiled mine.

With a sudden heave he tried to twist his body out from under the bigger man and simultaneously drive his knee into his opponent's groin. His action almost worked and did manage to free him from his disadvantageous position. However he was still off-balance and Bobby thrust him sprawling at my feet.

Now that he was able to cover us both with the gun at the same time a smile came over his face. He thought he was back in charge. "Right. Now it's time for some fun," he said, shooing us towards the bedroom with the gun.

Jonathan climbed to his feet and looked around somewhat dazedly. I became concerned that his conditioning was being pushed in directions that I had not foreseen and might therefore break. I would have to resolve this quickly as it is almost impossible to re-establish control of a person if they do not trust you.

"Jonathan," I said, putting a reassuring hand on his arm. "This is a dream, go into the bedroom and go back to sleep."

The look on Bobby's face went from one of disbelief at my words to shock as Jonathan complied. He recovered and pointing the gun at Jonathan's back said, "Hey! Come back. I'm in charge here."

"No you are not," I said slowly and distinctly, drawing his attention and the gun back to me.

He was not use to having someone talk to him like this when he was threatening them. He brought the weapon up and pointed it at my face, but I could see the first traces of doubt in his eyes.

Unfortunately, this altercation had gone on far too long for my mesmerism spell to be of any use now. He was now far too wary of me for the spell to be able to slip past his mind's natural defences. I would have to be less subtle and let the chips fall where they may.

"I don't know what you think you are doing sister, but —"

"Be quiet!" I commanded, interrupting him and silencing him with the magick in my voice.

The rest of his sentence remained unsaid. For all his size and violent nature he was completely defenceless against this form of attack. However, he did manage to pull the trigger and I saw new fear come into his eyes when the hammer clicked home ineffectually on the gun's empty chamber.

"Lie down and stay still," I said using more of my precious magick. The big man went to his knees with tears of fear and frustration welling up in his eyes.

After he had spread himself on the linoleum I stepped closer and relieved him of Jonathan's weapon by stepping hard on the fingers that were holding it. He turned his head to look at me and I saw hatred and anger in his eyes. Despite the comical hat and the garish green strip across the bridge of the nose this was a dangerous man, so I made sure I hit him extra hard with the pistol's butt to make sure he was well and truly unconscious.

It had all been very sloppy. He would remember what had happened and would have an instinctive wariness of me that would prevent me using mesmerism to alter his memories.

A search of his unconscious form revealed a second pistol tucked into the back of his shorts. This one had what looked like a silencer attached to it. I put it to one side and removed the other items from his pockets. To my surprise his wallet contained a thousand dollars in crisp, American, one hundred dollar bank notes. Presumably this was his payment for killing his companions, so without any feelings of guilt at all, I tucked this money into my pocket.

There was a discrete knock on the door and someone said, "Breakfast."

With a lot of effort and some pain from my injured side I dragged Bobby's body into the bathroom and closed the door then went quietly into the bedroom and told Jonathan that he was to answer the door and take the breakfast tray without letting whomever it was into the cabin. I was back in the bathroom before he reached the front door to ensure that Bobby didn't spoil everything by waking up. To further ensure his cooperation I used some of the towels there to thoroughly bind and gag him.

My next task was to come up with some plausible explanation to incorporate into Jonathan's conditioning to explain Bobby's presence and what had happened. However, when I left the bathroom I discovered that this task was going to be much harder, for I found Jonathan sitting at the

table holding Bobby's pistol. I'd been stupid enough to leave it out where it could be seen.

Jonathan looked at me with a strange look in his eyes and I feared for a moment that I'd lost him, but then he put the gun down on the table and said dreamily, "Hello babe, I am having the strangest dream." His eyes then lit up. "Hey, you wanna fool around?"

The man's appetites were certainly very one-sided, but carnal as they might be they at least allowed me to get close enough to re-establish my control. Then, with the smell of breakfast bacon taunting me, I told him to go back to bed and back to sleep. When he'd complied I satisfied my own appetite and didn't look up from the plate until it had been licked cleaned.

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