



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A Dream Realized

Heather Berdrow



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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# A Dream Realized

by Heather Berdrow

**Larry:**

As with everyone, my story began when I was born but my end results are unlike anything I have heard of before. My abusive drunk of a father left my mother and me just as soon as I took my first breath. Knowing what I do now, that was probably a blessing. With him gone, it was my mother with her sixth grade education and little me against the world. That sort of start tends to limit one's employment opportunities.

I remember my mother leaving for work very early in the morning, usually before light, and coming home well after dark. She was a plain woman who wore no makeup; she pulled her hair back into a small ponytail. Her clothing was simple, usually a service type of dress that did not lend to her figure, and sensible shoes. I never knew it, but she was happy with the way she looked, a kind of defense to fend off any potential suitors. Her hands were always dry and cracked, her nails always in need of repair.

Once when I was very young and alone in the small apartment we rented, I found a picture of my mother in her youth. I discovered that she was once what is called a "Hottie." Looking at her now, nothing would lead you to believe that statement. I spent much of my time alone, taking care of myself. I was never big, never had muscles, but I did have a baby face, which inspired many a bully to try and get over me. The majority of them found that they had tangled with a devil child.

Shortly after I began high school, my reputation led me to be recruited into the local crime family, as an enforcer. I was more than tough enough for the job, and I carried a giant chip on my shoulder. On my seventeenth birthday, I received the best news of my life. That old bastard drunk of a father had gotten himself knifed at a bar, just off Skid Row. He died before any assistance could arrive. He earned that death.

As my high school graduation came closer, my rise in the "family" had a sort of graduation as well. A drug pusher who had stiffed the crew once too many times, was declared a dead man by the head of the family; it was my job to make that happen. My snarling face was the last thing the pusher saw as he lay in a downtown gutter, his belly sliced wide open. I had finally made it. I had become what I used to hate the most: a bully.

I worked very hard to make enough money so my mom would not have to work so many hours. I tried many times to give her gifts of several thousand dollars, but she always refused to take it, calling the money dirty; she would not soil her hands with it. One day soon after my nineteenth birthday, I found my mom on the floor of the apartment, dead of what I was told was a heart attack. This just added to the sadness of my life and made the mean streak running through me that much stronger

Slowly, I moved up the ladder. I could now afford my own house, new cars, and all the young women I wanted. I didn't abuse them physically, but if they didn't please me, they knew it soon as they found themselves back on the street. I wanted them all to dress a certain way, and treat me like I was their king. Basically, I wanted to be worshiped. It made me feel whole and like I measured up.

One of the lessons I had learned growing up was that if you do something long enough, you become that thing. So when I was asked to take a fall for the son of the head of the family, it was a bitter pill to swallow. I did it, with the promise of a big pay off when I got out of custody. I didn't care for it, but I took the fall. I was found guilty and sentenced to five years in prison. My house, my cars, and all the girls were gone. My new living arrangement would consist of an orange jumpsuit, flip-flops, and an eight-by-ten concrete cell with a small window. Everyone in my cell block knew who I was and what connections I had on the outside so I was pretty much left alone. The days were long, the nights longer still. I never received a single visitor; all my communications with the family were through the lawyer they had provided me. Most of my free time was spent in the library, trying to get educated.

Of course, I had to maintain my tough guy image. I am sure that saved me from the fate some of the smaller guys had to deal with. Many of them became prison bitches who serviced their owners at will. A quick look was all that was needed to tell exactly what they were. Their owners would sneak women's clothes into the facility for their property to wear. They became their owners' "little girls." You would see them sitting at the feet of the guys who held their "contract." On occasion, the contract could be bought or sold for as little as a carton of cigarettes. I was approached many times and asked if I wanted to buy a contract or two. Lucky for me, I was able to keep those urges under control. The idea of being with another man in that way was just repulsive to me, no matter how girlish he was, or what he wore.

Finally, I was out on parole after three years due to my good behavior and prison overcrowding. I was sent to a halfway house for rehab, then released. First thing I did was head to my old stomping grounds. I was soon to learn how much things could change in three years.

The family that had controlled that part of town was gone, as was their influence. Gangs now ruled the streets and neighborhoods. I did the best as I could to stay away from them. But my reputation preceded me and spread from corner to corner. One night, after getting off work at the donut shop and taking the bus home, I was walking the short distance from the bus stop to my apartment, when I found myself in the middle of a group of young men. They had made a circle, cutting off any chance of escape. I could see the blood in their eyes. I saw an opening and ran in the direction of my home, just a couple of blocks away. They chased me onto an unfamiliar street where they taunted and teased me. The confrontation was over in the flash of a semi-automatic handgun. The last memory I have of the confrontation is the feeling of cool a well-manicured front lawn against my cheek, as the light slowly dimmed into darkness.

### **Lisa:**

It seems that I have been sitting here for hours, looking at the image staring back at me. The image should be easily recognized; mirrors don't lie, do they? Any memories from my childhood seem far, far away. I do know who I am, or at least who I am told I should be. But she remains as unfamiliar as someone from another planet. I guess she is pretty; at least that is what I am told by a woman who claims she is my mother. But, like the face in the mirror, she is a stranger to me. She has been wonderful, very loving, helpful, and supportive. But for all her reassurances, something just isn't right. What it is, I just don't know. Maybe, as she has said before, I am just afraid of what lies outside the front door of our home.

I look around my room. Everything here is mine. But is it really? I try to shake these dark thoughts from my mind, as I am supposed to be getting ready for a date with a man I am told I am in love with. This too seems foreign to me. "Lisa," the woman calls. "You'd better get a move on. Charles will be here soon."

I smile, take a deep breath to clear my confusion, and slide away from the vanity. One last check. My hair looks great and my makeup is just right. I remove my dressing gown and step to the wardrobe. From the top drawer I select a pair of white silky panties, then slide them up my smooth legs. I love how the panties hug my bottom. Next, I slip on a matching bra. It took forever to learn how but I can finally clasp the bra behind me and slide the straps up my delicate, tanned arms. I lean forward and adjust my C-cup breasts into the bra. This new bra really highlights my cleavage.

Instinctively, I roll suntan pantyhose up my legs and adjust the waistband. I look carefully and see no wrinkles, just like I am told they should look. I then slip a feathery light sundress in a dark floral pattern over my head and let it fall into place. I straighten the hem that falls well above my knees. Last, I put a pair of three-inch, strappy heels on and do a little spin in front of the wardrobe mirror. I feel the hem of my dress float across my thighs. Just a dab of perfume on my wrists, behind each ear, and a little bit down my cleavage. "Well Charlie, I hope you like," I think to myself as I grab a clutch and head for the living room to wait for my date to arrive.

**Mrs. Morgan:**

I may be judged harshly in the future but the last five years have been the best of my entire life. Since Lisa came to me, I haven't needed one drink or one pill to get through the day. But I digress. You are interested in Lisa, and how she came to be.

My name is Betty Morgan. I am in my early forties, never married. I don't hate men; it's more of a fear. I think it began when I was eight. A neighborhood man took me to his house and made me do things. I only remember the pain of having my panties pulled off and of him on top of me. Since then, I just stay as far away from men as I can.

But one night, more than five years ago, I heard a commotion in my front yard, then a gunshot. After it had been quiet for quite a few minutes, I ventured outside to see what had happened. It was dark but I could make out a person lying very still near the flower bed. I rushed over to see if I could help this poor soul. As I got

closer, I could see that it was a man, but he wasn't very large. Even in the darkness, I could see that he had very feminine features. His eyes were closed and his breathing was regular. I also saw a bleeding wound on the side of his head, just above the ear. I knew he had been shot, but by who I would never know.

To this day, I don't know what prompted me to bring this person into my house. But I am so glad I did. Now I have something I could only have dreamed of. I now have the daughter that I prayed for. My hope is that I will be around to see her get married in a grand ceremony, before she learns the truth.

After getting him inside and on the couch, I began to tend to his wound. I found a very large, angry-looking bump on the back of head. Now that he was in the light, I looked more closely at him. I guessed that he was somewhere in the neighborhood of five foot six to five foot eight, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. If he had been any bigger, I never would have been able to get him inside without help. His skin was smooth; he probably didn't have to shave very often. He had high cheek bones and full, lush lips. His hair was quite long, dark blonde in color. He looked more like a girl than a boy. It was at that point that an idea began to take shape. When the day comes, I will have to pay for what I had done, but so be it. I have no regrets for what I was planning to do.

I was able to get him into my spare room where I undressed him and covered him up with a blanket and sheet. As I removed his pants, a wallet fell out. The ID said his name was Larry Walters, twenty-five years old. He lived just a few blocks away. I put the wallet and ID away for safekeeping. A couple of days later, his unconsciousness was lifting slowly.

While he slept, I searched the internet to see if my plan could be worked out. I found a company, B to G, Inc., that had all the information and supplies I would need. One phone call was all that it took to lead me down the road we are now both on. I put a rush on the shipping and all the products arrived the very next afternoon. I opened every box and read every instruction manual. All was coming together well, and I was becoming more and more excited. "This will really work," I thought to myself. After a brief bout of self-doubt, I began. I would finally have my child, even if she was twenty-five years old at "birth."

**Lisa:**

The door bell rings, so I stand, straighten my short skirt, and answer it. It's my boyfriend, Charlie. Suddenly, that sounds so funny. "I have a boyfriend?" I question myself. Yes, and his name is Charles Berman. He is the manager of the local mall. We have been dating for several months now, and my mother says he is try-

ing to work up the courage to propose. That sounds odd to me too. On all of our dates, Charlie has been a perfect gentleman. It was me who started things down the physical path. I blush and giggle to myself when I think back to that date.

A second set of knocks awakens me from the conversation I was having with myself. As I walk the rest of the way to the door, I hear my spike heels click on the hardwood floor. When I finally get to the door, and open it, I see Charlie's face, smiling with those bright white teeth. He hands me a bouquet of roses, puts his hands on my shoulders, and pulls me towards him. He then kisses me lightly on the lips, so as not to harm my make-up. I can smell and taste the mints he is so fond of. I invite him in, and he follows me into the kitchen.



"Are you almost ready?" he asks, "We have reservations at that French place downtown for eight."

I smile and say, "Just let me get these in water and I'll be ready." I grab my purse and go to say goodnight to my mom. I look at my hand, and think to myself, "My purse?" and gently shake my head.

I poke my head into Mom's room. She looks up from the book she is reading, gives me one of her super sweet smiles, then comes to the door. She looks me in the eye and says, "Tonight may be the night." She grins. I feel myself blush as she kisses me affectionately on the cheek.

"I know, Mom. I'll remember what you said and keep my panties on." She laughs, spins me around and gives me a little love tap on the fanny. She knows that always makes me blush. "Mom!" I say with exasperation.

"Have fun and don't stay out too late," she tells me as she returns to her bed and her book.

I think to myself, "She probably needs loving more than I do," but I stay mum and head back to Charlie, purse in hand.

Charlie walks me to the car with his hand on my narrow waist. After opening the passenger side door, he ushers me in. I turn towards him, gently place my bottom on the car seat, and with my knees together, I move my legs into the car. Charlie shuts the door, walks quickly around the rear of the car and jumps in the driver's side. I think to myself, "I hope my panties didn't sneak out too much, for Charlie's sake." As usual, I feel myself blush at the thought of the word "panties."

Charlie starts the car, looks over my way, and asks, "Ready?" I smile and shake my head yes. He puts the car into gear, and we are on our way.

As Charlie is watching the freeway traffic, I notice a tell-tale bulge in his coat pocket. "Oh my gawd!" I think to myself. "He is going to ask me. What am I going to say? I don't think I am ready for such a big step. I still have so much to tell him that may change his mind." I am getting quite nervous now, with the restaurant just a few blocks away. I remember hearing girls talk all the time about this moment, and about how excited they were. I can't call what I am feeling "excitement" exactly. It's more like terror.

The car stopping brings me back to the here and now. Charlie is already out of the car and at my door. As he opens it, he puts out his hand to help me out. As I spin out of the seat, I think, "Damn sports cars. Why do they have to sit so low? He is going to get an eyeful of my panties, and there is nothing I can do about it." The hem of my dress rides up as I swing my legs out, towards the pavement. I see Charlie's eyes go wide. "Yep, he sure did." I am blushing under my makeup.

Charlie checks us in, and we are seated right away. When the waitress comes by, we order wine and ask for a few minutes to decide our menu selection. Once

our wine is delivered, I hear Charlie tell me about his day. His voice seems so far away, as the near future is foremost on my mind. I watch Charlie eat his meal. He always eats like there is no tomorrow, whereas I just pick and peck at my dish like a little bird. "I must stay slim for my guy," I always think to myself. The feeling of disconnection comes back strongly as the meal is nearly finished. I blink back the feeling of dread, as Charlie continues to chit-chat. I don't hear a word he says. He has no clue what is going on inside me. For that matter, neither do I exactly.

I take a long sip of my wine, hoping it will calm my nerves a bit; I know it will go right to my head. The meal was delicious. I wish my stomach was larger than a small apple, as I would have loved to have more. Instead, I ask to take my potion home so I can share it with Mom. The background noise of the restaurant seems to mute as I see Charlie reach into his coat pocket and remove a little black box. I can feel my breaths getting more shallow and I try to swallow. That isn't working either.

"I know that we have been dating for just a short time," I hear him say from across the room. "But when you fall in love, there is no time like the present." He opens the box and pulls out a lovely engagement ring of white gold and a single diamond. "I would be honored if you would accept this ring and become my wife," he finished with a wide, nervous smile. There is no time to think, or rehearse what I want to say. The time is now; I have to make a decision, one way or the other. I can feel myself blush fiercely and I can't take my eyes off the stone in front of me.

"It is I who is honored, Charlie. I love you too. But before I can accept your ring, there are a few things that you need to hear about me, but not here. Can we go to the park?" I ask. "Not in public, please?"

Charlie smiles widely and agrees to the delay. I would have thought he'd be upset with what I had said, but he wasn't. We then left and before I knew it, we were stopping at our favorite spot, overlooking the lake.

**Mrs. Morgan:**

It was always my dream to pass down all my knowledge to my daughter. I wanted to show her how to dress properly, how to put on makeup without looking like someone working the streets. But most of all, I wanted her to know about men and how they can be. Most men react the same way. They have expectations. If they take you out, they will look for return on their investment. The little man they carry around in their pants often dictates the terms of the encounter. The woman must be ready at all times, ready to flee if necessary. I wouldn't be able to tell her specifics, as that would mean sharing my secrets. I'd have to use generalities. What she does with her life is up to her. I will never judge any decision she makes. I

would just her to please be very careful. A man and a pair of panties can be a recipe for disaster

So now I had my chance. Lisa was like a sponge for the lessons and advice I was giving her. We sat for hours in front of a mirror where I showed her beauty products and how they are used. We did this with each item of make-up application. It took some time, but Lisa became proficient at makeup, perfume, and hygiene.

Next, we worked together on the subtleties of how to dress, and what is proper. I embarrassed her on several occasions with my advice but she needed to know, just as my mother had taught me. At first, she was very shy about me seeing her in various states of dress and undress. I had to remind her that we were both women and women do not judge each other on a personal level, as men often do. Soon enough, I was pleased to see Lisa moving from room to room in nothing more than a bra and panties.

We both took care of the home, both inside and out. I was preparing her to become a wife and to take care of a husband. Over time, Lisa became quite the housewife with the cooking, vacuuming, and dusting. We had cooking lessons every night. I had not been much for eating out so most of our meals were prepared at home. Lisa became a great cook in just a few short weeks.

Now that we were preparing for her future, I felt more sure with each passing day that I had made the right choice. She took to her role as a woman as if she was born that way. But for now, I would be the only one who would know of my sweet Lisa's true beginnings.

Lisa had a knack for fashion. She could really put an outfit together. We would go to the mall often, so she could search the racks for clothes, matching tops to bottoms. One of our most difficult times was when Lisa had to learn to walk in heels of various heights. I started with flats, and we worked our way up to 3 and 4-inch heels. It was difficult; Lisa got frustrated at times. She saw that girls much younger than her had little problem with high heels. Finally, after many hours of practice, Lisa could stroll easily in the highest of heels. The better Lisa got at becoming a woman, the more I was assured that I had done the right thing when I found Larry in my front yard.

Larry remained in a semi-conscious state for some time, mostly because I was giving him two different medications. One was to keep him in a relaxed and compliant state, and the other was to change his body, as I was told by the company I was dealing with. From all I had read, that would be the easy part. Helping him

think like a girl and erasing all the male patterns of his life was going to take awhile.

He was not only losing weight, but muscle mass as well. I could see that the fatty deposits of his body were also changing and settling in his hips and bottom. The dose of hormones he was on was high, and it didn't take long for the first buds of his breasts were starting to show. When he opened his eyes for the first time, he whispered, "Where am I?" I told him he was home, recuperating from a serious accident. "And who are you?" was his next question. I told him that I was his mother, and I had been taking care of him while he rested and got better. I could see that he was still very confused, as if he had a difficulty understanding English.

"I, I can't seem to remember anything. What is my name?" I had been waiting for this moment, dreading this time for three months.

Without hesitation, I told him, "Your name is Lisa Morgan. You are my daughter." There, I said it. I waited for Larry to jump up and run from the room, but he didn't. He looked into my eyes, hoping he could trust what he had been hearing and seeing.

"Wow, Mom," he said. "It must have been some accident, I don't remember anything," he said, somewhat shakily. He tried to move but couldn't due to weakness. I told Lisa that she had quite a few serious injuries and that she had been restrained on doctor's orders so she wouldn't hurt herself further. She seemed to understand, and relax. I then gave her a cocktail of relaxation medication and her daily hormone fix. Her eyes fluttered, she smiled weakly, and fell back to sleep.

"Wow," I thought. "That was much too close." I knew that I would have to increase the doses of her medications.

One of the products I had ordered was a set of tapes. They gave subliminal messages, over and over. Lisa would hear them through the earphones I placed over her ears while she slept. They were guaranteed to help any male start to consider himself female. I prayed that the tapes would work or my plan would be short-lived.

Another month passed, and Lisa's body had almost completely changed. She had lovely, moderate-sized breasts, her waist had narrowed, and she had womanly hips and behind. Her arms and legs had become very shapely and her hair had grown to past her shoulders. Her male parts were a very different story. Due to the high doses of female hormones I had given her, they had shrunk to nearly nothing. One of the products I had bought was a fake vagina. I spent some time applying

the device to the right place, so now I was confident that Lisa may never know about her male past. She would have to sit to use the bathroom, never have a period, but she could experience orgasms, or so the brochure said.

I felt it was now time for Lisa to wake up and be a part of this world again. By slowly reducing the doses of her meds, I hoped she wouldn't have problems with withdrawal symptoms. Before she came completely awake, I slipped a pair of silky panties and a short nightgown on her in hopes of reinforcing the idea that she was a girl. I was so pleased when she opened her eyes, smiled, and said, "Hi, Mom." It made all my work and worry well worth it.

I explained to Lisa that it had been a few weeks since her accident and that she would be very weak. With some therapy, she would be as good as new in no time. The tapes seemed to have done their job. Lisa lay back and accepted my explanation. "Thanks for taking such good care of me. I hope I wasn't too much trouble," she said through a weak smile. I assured her she was no problem, and that is what moms are for. It was now up to her to get better and to get back on her feet. So far, everything was going as planned.

Lisa worked hard at her recovery. She was diligent at keeping her appointments for therapy. It seemed that she got stronger every day. Her mood also improved as her strength returned. It took a while but Lisa was now healthy, as her physical therapist declared after a session. She was encouraged to keep up an exercise program at home, but her appointments had been completed.

All along the way, I had been shopping for clothes that a young woman her age would wear. I bought all that I could without her there to try on the different styles. Then, without warning, another hurdle I had failed to consider popped up. "Mom," Lisa asked one day as we sat down for dinner. "I'm not a kid, so what kind of work did I do before the accident?"

Boy, did I have to think fast. "Well honey, you kind of bounced around, looking for your niche in life. I'm sure that you will find it soon," I told her with my heart doing leaps in my chest.

"I've been thinking. I really liked my therapist, so I was wondering if I could do what she did, and help someone else help getting back their health. What do you think?" she asked, rather nonchalantly.

I really dodged a bullet there, I sighed to myself. I smiled and told her that it would be a great profession for her. We could start to look into what schooling she would need in the morning. I could see that she was really excited with the idea of

what she could be doing. I suggested that we check the computer to get an idea of what would be required.

After our meal, we found that Lisa needed a degree; the local community college offered that sort of program. Within just a few days, she had signed up. I thought, "My little girl is really going places." I was so proud.

**Lisa:**

Sitting with Charlie was always fun. We would talk for hours about work, school and politics, just about everything. We always seemed to have the same opinions. We were on the same plane and we really seemed to belong together. But that is why tonight was turning out to be so difficult. I truly care for Charlie, I just don't know if that is enough reason to marry him. Then there is the problem of children. Charlie said he wanted a big family with lots of kids. I took his hands in mine, and looked him directly. "I was told that I was in a very serious accident. I don't remember a thing about the accident or anything before it. The doctors told me that was normal for someone with my type of head injury. I also had parts damaged that couldn't be repaired or replaced. I know how much you want children, and I can't grant that dream." I could see the hurt in his eyes. "Also, there is a little voice in my mind telling me there is more to my life. I just can't get a good grasp of it. That's why I couldn't accept your ring tonight." I could feel the tear that formed in the corner on my eye, traced a path down my cheek, and fell onto our interlaced fingers.

Charlie put his arm around my shoulder and whispered to me, "Yes, having children is important to me. What is most important, though, is who I want to be their mother to be. That is you. If we can't have our own, we will adopt," he said and gently kissed me on the forehead. I took out a hanky and dabbed my eyes as best I could.

After several seconds of sitting quietly, I looked up into Charlie's warm eyes. I saw that his lips were moving towards mine; his free hand was resting high up on my thigh. As we began to kiss, I could feel his excitement, his desire, his needs. I felt the need to give into him but I was conflicted at the same time. Either I go farther or I could lose him

By my reckoning, I am over 30 years old. I don't remember ever have had sex, or even being anywhere close to it. "Am I a virgin?" I asked myself. Charlie was moving his hand up my thigh, very close to my panties. It was now or never, so I opened my legs and allowed him access. I could feel the urgings in his body. I reached over and felt his hardness from the outside of his trousers.

**Mrs. Morgan:**

That fall, Lisa began her classes, learning about Physical Therapy and on how to employ it while treating patients. It was a joy watching her leave for school. If the weather was going to be nice, a short skirt and blouse was the uniform of the day. On colder days, low-rise, painted-on jeans were worn. She never left the house without her makeup and hair done to perfection. I just couldn't believe how much of a girl she had become.

She studied hard, and was at the top of her class. Then, as I had hoped for, Lisa began to make girlfriends. Soon, she had a whole circle of friends and classmates calling for her or stopping by to see her. She was very popular and well-liked. She was invited to go shopping or to parties. I was a very happy and proud mother.

**Lisa:**

I loved going to school. The classes were fun and interesting. At first, I was focused on learning but as the semester progressed, I began to make friends. We would go to each other's homes to study, but that usually changed to gossiping and giggling like young girls. The two that became best friends were Tammy and Jennifer. Both were a couple of years younger than me, but we just seemed to click. We started going out to clubs and parties nearly every weekend. We talked about anything and everything but the subject always would turn to the male of the species. They both were much more experienced than I was. I must have had some experience before the accident, but I have no memory of anything like that.

Being on campus was fun as well. I really felt alive. I did have a few problems. I seemed to garner way too much attention from the males. It made me feel a little uncomfortable, the way the guys would watch me as I walked by. I could feel their eyes on me. The other thing that seemed out of order was that I could feel myself get physically excited at seeing the other girls in states of undress, running around the locker room in just their lingerie. I wasn't interested in a same sex relationship, but that didn't stop me from blushing when the others talked about body parts or being with their guys. I was very confused. Talking with my mom didn't seem to help. She said all girls go through a stage like this and are curious but most will choose to be with the opposite sex.

When I met Charlie, everything seemed to change. In the beginning, I was just friends with Charlie but as soon as we had our first date, we grew closer. At first, we would just kiss and hug but we both felt the need to explore more. Charlie was the shyer of the two of us, so it was me who moved things to a more physical rela-

tionship. I had promised my mom I would always keep my panties on, but that didn't mean we couldn't have fun in other ways, which we did. Often.

**Mrs. Morgan:**

One Saturday afternoon, Lisa came home and proudly announced that she had found a job at the mall; she would now have her own money. I nearly broke down in tears. All signs of Larry were gone. I would have my Lisa forever.

In hindsight, some of my worries and concerns were now unfounded. Shortly after Lisa started her new job at the mall, she met Charles. He was the general manager of the mall where Lisa worked. At first, they seemed like just friends but that changed quickly before I could stop it. They began to date in earnest and exclusively. She seemed to always be on the phone with him or he was here, having conversations that ended when I came into the room. It didn't take an Einstein to see that it was getting serious. I fretted over Lisa, wondering if I should speak to her to reinforce my concerns about men and boys. I decided a little birds and bees talk would go a long way.

One Friday afternoon after she was finished with her classes and homework, I went into her room and sat on the bed next to her desk. I told her I had some things that I wanted to explain to her. "Mom," she said, somewhat exasperated, "We have had this talk several times. You have to remember I am not a little girl. I am a grown woman. I have everything that you have shared with me," she stated, tapping her chest over her heart, "Right here." I smiled, and felt the start of a tear.

I told her that I knew that but there were some other things she needed to be aware of. I paused, then shared the fact that because of the accident, she wouldn't be able to have children. I could see the hurt in her face. I told her that there was always adoption, but that didn't soften her reaction. I am sure her girl friends and she had talked about having families, so this news was quite a blow. Lisa was very quiet over the next few days; I'm sure our conversation was running through her mind. Slowly, her mood got better and I had my Lisa back.

**Lisa:**

My main focus for now is Charlie. Slowly, with shaky hands, I lowered his zipper and freed his manhood. He was very large, and the tip was wet and slippery. I touched it with a fingertip, which caused Charlie to inhale deeply. "Yes Lisa, please," was all he could say. I had giggled with my friends about this, even had dreams about it. I was still unsure exactly what I was supposed to do but I closed my eyes and lowered my head into his lap. I had one hand around its base. I could

feel the blood rushing through it and his pulse beating quickly. I swear he was getting larger by the moment. I could smell the muskiness of my man as I came closer. With my other hand holding my hair back, I opened my mouth and slid his member into the warmth. I could taste the salty sweetness of his juices. I quickly learned just how far I could take him in without retching into his lap. I sucked in gently as I moved my head up and down on his growing member. His hips soon matched my rhythm.

It seemed like hours went by, but it was actually only a few minutes. I heard Charlie's labored breathing and his body tense. I knew what was happening next. His manhood began to spasm, as he passed his seed into my waiting mouth. I tried to take it all, but the volume was just too great. I raised my head a bit too soon and some of his love juice landed on my chin. I was nearly out of breath as he finished. I could only imagine how Charlie was doing.

We didn't speak for a couple of minutes as we both tried to catch our collective composes. In the past, I had only pleased Charlie with my hand. I guess knowing how Charlie felt about me made tonight so special. "Thank you, Lisa. I have dreamed about this since we first met," he said as he tucked himself back into his pants. "Just tell me what to do, so I can please you just as you have done for me," he said softly. I didn't know quite what to say, as I have rarely touched myself that way. I didn't know what to expect, and I was scared and unsure of what to say.

He started by unbuttoning my blouse, exposing my new bra. His large, warm hand was now inside the bra, cupping and kneading my breast and sensitive nipple. I felt small electric shocks run from my chest, down to my crotch. He pulled the bra cup aside and put his mouth on my nipple. The shocks became stronger and my breaths shorter. I could feel him move up my thigh and begin to rub the center of my panties. We both could tell just how wet they had become. His fingers were strong so, with little effort, one went through the crotch of my pantyhose. I could only suck in my breath, as I felt him move inside of me. I held him tightly; within a moment, wave after wave of pleasure flowed out to all parts of my body, from head to toe. I had never felt anything like that before.

We hugged and kissed some more, but without as much urgency as before. In a whisper, I said, "Charlie that was wonderful. I have never had a feeling like that."

He said, "So what do you think about my question from dinner?"

I told him that I really wanted to sleep on it. By no means was I saying no. I just want to be sure of my feelings. I felt relief when he told me that he understood. He said I could take all the time I needed; he wasn't going anywhere. I thanked him

for his patience. We then drove to my house, where he kissed me good night, then drove himself home.

**Mrs. Morgan:**

As soon as Lisa came in the front door, I could see the glow on her face. I knew something big had happened. I don't think her feet touched the ground as she floated in and sat down next to me. Lisa told me about the proposal, as well as her response. "That was very wise of you," I told her, as I hugged her close. I could feel my heart beating wildly in my chest.

She leaned into me, kissed me warmly on the cheek and said, "Thanks, Mom. I love you." She then headed for her bedroom. I was in a completely shocked state. Besides the fact that she had been proposed to, she had never said that to me so spontaneously and with so much affection.

A short time later, I walked by her door. I saw that her lights were off, but I could see that she hadn't gone to sleep yet. I went to my room, put on my pajamas, and finished my nightly routine. When I entered my bedroom from the bath, I saw that Lisa was in my bed, under the covers. She was wearing a light pink baby doll nightie and was staring out into space. I turned the overhead lights out and my bedside lamp on. I got into bed, and Lisa snuggled up to me. I could feel her warmth and see her curves through the covers and her bedclothes. She was 100 percent woman now, at least on the outside. As I looked down on her, she seemed to be a little smaller than before, a little girl, not a grown woman.

I was quietly shocked as Lisa confessed her feelings to me. The way things started, I was sure she was speaking of Charlie. But as she continued, she shared that there was something in the past worrying her. Was this going to be my worst nightmare, that she would remember being Larry and her life before? I had to think fast to nip these issues before they grew any larger.

"We all have those feelings every now and then, honey. Even I do. And with what happened tonight, I am not surprised that your feelings are so raw," I said, trying to minimize her fears.

She pondered my remark for a moment, then said, "I just can't seem to shake the feelings that being a girl is not my natural state. Don't get me wrong, I love who and what I am and would never change that. I have my friends and I have Charlie. It's just that there are little things that would fit better if I were a guy. But things that only a girl would feel seem to occur as if by instinct, like I've been a girl all my life. It's just can't remember and I'm frustrated and confused."

At this point, I was very tempted to come clean, to confess my culpability in changing Larry to Lisa. A little voice in the back of my mind told me to hold off, this would blow over in a short time. I changed the subject to Charlie's proposal in hopes that Lisa would focus on that and not on the phantom memories of her past.

I really wanted to know which way she was leaning. We discussed all the pros and cons but it all came down to how she felt about Charlie, if she loved him and if she could spend the next fifty years with him. She wanted to sleep on the decision.

After she left for her room, I got maybe two hours of sleep. I was concerned that my plans for Lisa were unraveling. Before tonight, I had no clue that Lisa was questioning her memories. I could only hope that the tapes she had listened to would overcome the emerging thoughts

The sun was yet to rise; I was in the kitchen, sipping on a cup of coffee. I heard a soft shuffling sound and saw Lisa sleepily come into the room. She still wore the nightie from the night before, along with a pair of bikini panties. I could see the swell of her breasts, her narrow waist, and the flair of her hips and bottom as she walked over to pour herself a cup. I watched as she came to the table and sat, smoothing the thin material under her without a thought. She crossed her long legs in such a feminine way that I knew she could never be a male ever again. Even without makeup, her fine features were all woman. Her hair was pulled back and tied into a ponytail, high on the back of her head. I marveled at just how pretty she was.

"So, have you come to any type of decision?" I asked. She looked at me with those jade green eyes and sighed heavily. "I guess we have a wedding to plan," she smiled widely.

I jumped up and hugged her close. "Oh my, that is wonderful. I am *so* happy for both of you," I told her.

"I am too. What you said last night really made sense to me. So, I am to be Mrs. Lisa Berman. I really like the sound of that," she said through a wide smile. I could feel the stress leaving my neck and shoulders. I could finally relax, as my plan was coming to fruition.

**Lisa:**

Well I did it. I told my mom what I had decided. I think she was happier than I was. I waited another hour or so to call Charlie to invite him over to breakfast. Before he arrived, I changed into a short jean skirt and a red tank top. I also wore a

pair of simple sandals and a light layer of lip gloss. Charlie had seen me without makeup many times. I just wanted to remind him what he will be waking up to.

After he arrived and came into the kitchen, I could see that he was very near to having a stroke. His face was red and the veins in his neck were standing out. Clearly, he was frightened about what I was going to say. I sat him down and poured him a cup of coffee. I then sat down across the table and proceeded to spell out all of my negatives and how they would affect a marriage. I thought that he was on the verge of tears; I'm sure he thought that I was going to decline his proposal. I then said, "I guess my answer to your question is, I am sorry but I will have to accept."

It took a moment or two for it to sink in before he jumped up and nearly crushed my ribs within his embrace. I could see that his fingers were shaking as he placed the engagement ring on my finger. I looked at it, showed it to Mom, then kissed Charlie, but not too passionately. That would have to wait for the next time we were alone.

During breakfast, we talked and debated the whens and wheres of the ceremony and just how grand it would be. I am not sure who was more excited during the discussion, Charlie or my mother. I spent a fair amount of time just listening as they did most of the talking and making most of the plans. We finally agreed on a May ceremony, which would give us several months to finalize any details. With that completed, I shooed him out, as we needed to get things going as soon as possible.

We spent the rest of Saturday putting some ideas together. I never realized there was so much involved in planning a wedding. I had never been in a wedding party before so I was quite the rookie. We finally got as much done as we could by late in the afternoon and my mind was pretty much mush. I spoke to Charlie's parents and accepted their congratulations. Mom and I ordered out for dinner, as we both were too tired to cook. Afterwards, I took a quick shower, and tossed on a nightie before hitting the bed, totally exhausted. I guess I was like every other bride to be, I just couldn't stop thinking about the coming ceremony. Even with all of that, another thought wormed its way into my mind. As far as I could remember, I was still a virgin, and that worried me. Thirty years old and still pure? I had another decision to make. Should I have sex with Charlie before we got married or wait for the wedding night? Just thinking about having sex got me really excited.

I began to touch my breasts, imagining it was Charlie doing it. I moved my hand down, inside my panties and touched my own sex. Just as before, the tiny shocks began to flow through me. I began to explore the wetness between my legs,

which seemed to have a mind of their own. I could feel my juices flowing down, onto the bed. It was then that I knew I could wait for the honeymoon, but just barely. Charlie would have to wait as well and be satisfied with other outlets.

Over the next few weeks, we spent most of our time, when we were not working or being intimate, finalizing the wedding plans. We decided on a small gathering. Charlie asked his best friend, Mike, to stand with him as best man. His brother, Jim, was to be a groomsman. Being an only child, I had no siblings to invite. I would have to rely on my friends to compose my side of the wedding party. Tammy, who had become a close friend, jumped at the chance to be my Maid of Honor. And Jennifer, another close friend, agreed to act as a Bride's maid. A small local church was chosen for the event, so the minister was contacted, and the fee paid to reserve the date: May 15<sup>th</sup>. Everything was moving right along. It seemed to go too easily, I thought.

### **Mrs. Morgan:**

I helped Lisa all I could, but I noticed that I was tiring easily. I thought it was just stress or nerves. I put up with all the minor aches and pains until they became too much for me. It was now only a couple of weeks before Lisa and Charlie would exchange vows.

I finally made an appointment to see my doctor. After explaining my symptoms, I could see she was worried. She scheduled me for a series of tests, due over the next several days. After they were completed, I sat in the exam room. The doctor came in, reading the test results. She was scowling when she looked up and took her glasses off. "There really is no way to put this easily. You have a very advanced stage of cancer. I see no way to treat it. I am so sorry. I know that your daughter is getting married soon. I can't guarantee anything, but you should be able to see the event. How long you have after that is anyone's guess." She came to my side and placed a warm, reassuring arm around my shoulder. I could see that the news had her shaken as well.

I was stunned silent. "So this is the price I'll have to pay for my Lisa. So be it," I thought. My dream was to see her become the woman she could be and to be happily married to a loving man, and that's what I would take with me. The doctor prescribed some very strong pain medications for me and warned me that they would really put me out. I hugged the doctor, thanked her for her care, then left the office. I drove to the park, sat on my favorite bench and just admired nature. It was a bright, sunny day, not too hot, with a gentle breeze. I was at peace. I had enough years with my girl to make it all worthwhile. For now, Lisa did not need to know

what was going on with me. She had better things to concern herself with. There would be a place and time for her to find out the truth.

**Lisa:**



The big day was finally here, and everything was going well. My wedding dress was ready, as well as those of the Maid of Honor and Bride's Maid. We were at the church, getting ready. Tammy and Jennifer were both dressed, helping me with my gown. My makeup and hair had been done earlier by a professional, so they both looked perfect. The church began to fill up. I guess I really realized how many relatives Charlie had.

My mom looked pale over the last few days, but she said it was just the jitters; she should be okay once everything was in place. She would rest up for the ceremony. I was worried but my mother put me at ease with one of her smiles. On the

wedding day, looked much better, and I was relieved to see her in the front pew, dressed so prettily.

The ceremony went like clockwork and was wonderful. Charlie looked so handsome in his tux. After the "I do's" were over, and we were introduced as Mr. and Mrs., the church emptied, and the photos were taken. The reception, like the wedding, was a small affair and it ended early in the evening. Charlie and I changed quickly and Mom drove us to the airport where we were to leave for our honeymoon in Hawaii, compliments of her. After a long hug and a kiss, we left Mom at the curb and headed into the airport.

After we landed and had picked up the rental car, we drove along the lovely sandy beaches to our hotel. We held hands since we landed. We didn't say much, but we did look at each other with yearning. I am sure that anyone who saw us would know we were newlyweds. After we unpacked our bags, I shooed Charlie out of the bedroom as he was being a pest. I sent him out to get suntan lotion and something cold to drink. He complained, but went any way. While he was gone, I bathed, powdered, and put a dab of perfume here and there. I then slipped on a pair of white, low-rise panties followed by a long, nearly see-through nightgown. I made it just in time, as Charlie was nearly breaking down the door to get in.

Once he was in, and the door locked behind him, he called out my name. I answered him from the bedroom. Charlie's eyes nearly fell out when he came in and saw me lying there, waiting for him. "Go shower. Then?" I said with a coy smile and the devil in my eyes. He was in and out of the shower in no time at all. In a flash, he was beside me in only his boxers.

We began to kiss passionately, then explored each other's bodies with our hands and mouths. My nightgown was the first casualty, followed quickly by my panties. His boxers made the pile on the floor complete. I never felt Charlie larger than that night. He rolled on top of me as I guided him into my love nest. It took some time and effort but I was finally able to accommodate him. I never felt as girlish as when he tensed, then released his hot juices into me. I was very warm and wet, when my juices mixed with his. We lay together for hours as we enjoyed each other.

Over the next few days, if we weren't together in the bed, we were lying by the pool, getting deep tans. I had brought several swim suits with me, mostly tankinis. But they would stay in the room. Charlie bought me a couple of tiny string bikinis. He loved to spread suntan lotion on as he always seemed to untie a string or two as he smoothed on the creamy mixture. My tan lines were becoming more and more pronounced; I just loved the contrast they made on my skin.

The two weeks went much too quickly; it was time to return to reality. I had never felt more like a woman. It seems all those little voices were silenced the day we married; not one time during the honeymoon had those troubling thoughts entered my consciousness.

For the flight home, I wore a simple sundress, with only a pair of low-rise briefs underneath. The trip home seemed much shorter than the flight to Paradise. His parents met us at the airport and then dropped us off at Charlie's place after dinner together. As soon as we were inside, I called Mom to let her know we were home safely, and that all had been wonderful. But the phone just rang and rang. I wondered where Mom was as she knew when we were scheduled to arrive home.

**Mrs. Morgan:**

The night Lisa and Charlie left on their honeymoon, the pain became nearly unbearable. None of my medications were helping at all. I laid in the bed for more than a day. Finally, the pain subsided enough for me to function. I had to get things in order as time was running out for me. I showered, dressed, then headed downtown. I needed to see a lawyer.

I got the will finished in the early morning of the next day. Lisa, of course, would be the beneficiary of my estate, such as it was. She would receive the house and its contents, as well as the life insurance policy, worth more than one hundred thousand dollars. It would help Lisa get started in her new life. I had been somewhat of a penny pincher before Lisa came into my life and had saved nearly as much as the life insurance policy was worth. I was glad that money would not go right to the state.

After a short rest, I was determined to write Lisa a letter, explaining everything I had done, from the night I found her to her leaving on her honeymoon. The letter was very detailed and took me more than 3 days to compose. Now it was done. Good thing, as my strength was rapidly disappearing. I went through the house and made sure all was in order, then called the doctor and told her what was happening. She was sweet but blunt. The end was very near. She begged me to call Lisa, but I just couldn't. My guilt was still strong, so I told her about the letter and my refusal to make any calls. The doctor told me she was sending an ambulance to pick me up and deliver me to the local hospice. There I would be comfortable. Lisa would be back in a few days; this whole thing would be hard on her. But with her strength and Charlie's support, she would get through this.

While I waited for the ambulance to arrive, I changed into my favorite dress and got my purse in order. Once those nice young gentlemen got there, they helped me out, and into their vehicle. I switched on the porch light, shut and locked the front door. Lisa had her own keys to the house. We arrived at the facility right at meal time. I was taken by wheel chair and placed into a private room that was nicely decorated. The nurse came in and started an IV as the doctor had ordered. She then gave me a series of injections to take my pain away. Once the nurse had finished, she sat at my bedside and held my hand until I fell asleep. Bless her for the warmth and care, I thought as my eyes closed.

I startled myself awake later that evening. The nurse was gone and my clothes had been changed into a hospital gown. I lay there still, listening to my breathing and hearing my heartbeat. I began to go over my life mentally and as I did, I could feel warm tears roll freely down my cheeks. I realized that my life really didn't start until Lisa arrived. Thinking of how pretty she had become and how much her body had changed brought a smile to my face. Lisa was a smart girl. She would know how to move on with her life. My breathing began to slow, along with as my heartbeat. "Lisa my love, I hope that you will forgive me someday. I love you as if you had come from my own body," was my last thought, as the darkness known as death closed in around me.

**Lisa:**

The phone rang and rang. I could feel concern creep into my mind. I had Charlie drive me over to Mom's house. As we pulled into the driveway, her car was still there and the porch light was still on. All was calm and quiet, which only further worried me. I could see that there were no lights on in the house as I walked shakily to the front door. I was glad Charlie was right behind me, as I felt I would fall over at any second.

I unlocked the front door and called out for Mom. There was no answer. As usual, the house looked spotless and everything was where it was supposed to be. There was no sign that there had been trouble inside the house, Dread, like sour bile, was rising in my throat as I peeked into her bedroom and then switched on the light. The bed was made and the windows and shades were pulled down. Nothing was out of place. "Maybe she just went out for the evening with friends," Charlie said, in an attempt to calm me down.

"No way, she knew we were coming home tonight. She wouldn't have left," I grated. It was then that I saw the envelope on my mom's pillow. I walked over to her side of the bed, picked up the envelope and read the writing on the outside. It

read, "For Lisa's eyes only," in her perfect handwriting. I also saw a lip print on the back side in her favorite color.

"Can you give me a moment? I think Mom left me a private message," I said to Charlie. He smiled and said he would be in the kitchen with a fresh pot of coffee. He shut the door behind himself as he left the room.

I sat down on the bed and opened the thick envelope. I unfolded the letter and began to read slowly, feeling the knot grow in my stomach and nausea rise in my throat. The tears fell down my cheeks in torrents. My heart was racing and my breathing labored. "It was all a big lie," I thought. "How could she do something like this to someone she was supposed to love?"

I made it to the last page and my heart was completely ripped out of my chest. I called out to Charlie; he rushed into my mother's room. "What's the matter? You're as pale as a ghost." handed him the last page of the letter. He read it quickly, then rushed to my side.

"She didn't tell me she was sick, let alone that she had terminal cancer. She went to the hospice and died alone," I said, unable to control my crying. I sounded like a little hurt child, sniffing and bawling. Charlie jumped up to find some tissues and a glass of water. While he was gone, I folded the rest of the letter and stuffed it into a back pocket. "I'll have to deal with this later," I said to myself.

I noticed there was a small key lying on the bed. It must have fallen out of the envelope. I grabbed it before Charlie returned and put it my pocket with the letter. It took some time, but I was finally able to calm down enough for Charlie to drive us home. Once there, I called my mom's doctor to find out all of the ugly details. The doctor told me, "I tried to get your mom to confide in you but as you know, she could be very stubborn about some things. Even when she was going to the hospice, she refused to interrupt your honeymoon. She told me you would have too heavy a burden when you came home. Lisa, your mother was a saint."

At that moment, I wouldn't have used that word to describe her actions. Things would change in time, however. I thanked the doctor after she told me where I could find my mother's remains.

Charlie was wonderful. He was there to calm and comfort me through the difficult times that lay ahead. Had it not been for him, I probably would have joined my mother. I told Charlie what the doctor had shared with me as he drove to the mortuary. The manager took me to a private viewing area where my mother would be placed. Charlie had an arm around my shoulders and lent me a hand when they

opened the casket. I looked down on Mom. She looked at rest, more so than I had ever seen her. She was wearing her favorite dress, her hair and makeup just as she would have worn it. I didn't think I had any more tears left in me but I was wrong. Charlie led me to a nearby bench as sobs began to rack my body.

It took some time but I was finally able to turn off the water works. My mouth was dry, my eyes burned, my heart broken. Everything I thought I knew was just an illusion. I asked Charlie if he would get me a cup of hot tea. While he was gone, I went over to the side of the casket. The last line of Mom's goodbye letter came to the forefront on my mind. She wrote, "My only hope is that someday you'll find some charity in your heart and forgive me for all that I have done to you." The longer I looked at her, the softer I felt my heart become.

"I do, Mom. I forgive you. I just hope the rest of my life is as full and wonderful as the last five years have been," I sobbed out loud. I could almost see her smile as the words fell upon her body. Charlie and I made the final arrangements. She was buried in a simple ceremony, just as she would have wanted, with just a few people in attendance.

After the funeral was over, my mood improved a little. Charlie needed to go to work, so I drove myself to Mom's house, taking the letter and key with me. In her letter, she had told me where I could find a locked fireproof box in the back of her closet, hidden behind some storage containers. There, I would find some of the answers she should have shared with me.

I found the box, took it with me to the kitchen, and set it on the table. It took some time to work up the courage to open the box. Inside there was a man's wallet and a driver's license in the name of Larry Walters. I sat there for what seemed like hours, staring at the picture, trying to remember who he was, but there was nothing.

Besides the wallet, I found Mom's will, life insurance policy, and banking records. I looked through them and found that I was now quite well off. My mom had no family that I knew of, so she had left everything to me. I put all of the papers back in the box, locked it, and headed home with my discoveries.

On the way home, I stopped by the library on a hunch. I hoped I could find some information on this Larry Walters and who he was. I began by searching the local newspapers' archives. I found that this Larry wasn't such a nice guy. He was suspected of being a part of some organized crime family. At the tender age of twenty-three, he was one of the richest people in our area. I found some pictures of

him with his cars, surrounded by beautiful girls, some of whom looked very young, flashing diamond jewelry.

I also found an article that referred to his trial and prison sentence. I still could not remember anything about any of this. It was like reading about a complete stranger. There was nothing else covering the next three years of Larry's life. On a back page, I found an article about the parole he received. A few weeks later, he had been reported missing, and was presumed to be dead. His reputation had obviously followed him wherever he had gone.

I sat back, trying to make sense of the whole thing. I had been feeling better about my life and the direction in which it was going. Was it all just a lie? And what about Charlie? In his mind, he had married a woman named Lisa, not an in-between with a shady past. I would have to consider things very carefully. I loved Charlie very much and I didn't want to hurt him.

I drove home in a fog, thankfully arriving before Charlie got home from work. I needed some time alone to think this situation through. I wrote Charlie a note, jumped in the car, and began to drive. I didn't know where I was going. I drove for hours until my eyes began to glaze over. I found a motor inn just off the interstate and rented a room. I locked the door behind me. I knew that the next few days were going to be difficult.

### **Charlie:**

My wife of a couple of weeks, Lisa, has just lost her mother to Cancer. I can only imagine what she's feeling. On my way home, I'll stop and get some flowers, maybe bring home dinner. I am very worried about her. She may present herself as a strong, self-reliant woman but I think she is a lot more fragile than she lets on.

Lisa is not like the other girls I dated. She is soft and has curves in all the right places, but there is a bit of masculinity just under the surface. I would love to have children with her but she is unable because of an accident before we met. We will adopt and I know she will be great at being a mother.

As I pull into our driveway, I notice that Lisa's car is not there. Maybe she's still at her mom's house. I think she needs to spend some time there. I hope she'll be okay. We haven't made love since the honeymoon and I miss being with her. But I love her so I'll be patient. I must say, Lisa is different in bed than the other women I've been with. I can't describe the difference, but I like it.

I start to look for a vase for the flowers when I see a note on the table. "My dearest Charlie," she writes "there are some things that I need to get straight in my own head, so I am going to take a few days away. This is not about you. You are the best guy in the world. Any girl would be proud to call her husband. It's something within me. Please be patient, as all will work out. I love you. Know that in your heart." She signed it 'Lisa' with a heart dotting the 'i.'

The note falls out of my hand as I stare out into nothing. There is a foul taste in my mouth. I am officially worried now. It's not like her to just run away. I started calling everyone she knows; no one has seen her since the wedding. I then called the police. After I explained the note and the circumstances, they told me that they could do nothing as no crime had been committed. People are allowed to leave if they want to. So with my friends and family, we started a search without the help of the cops. I have to find her.

**Lisa:**

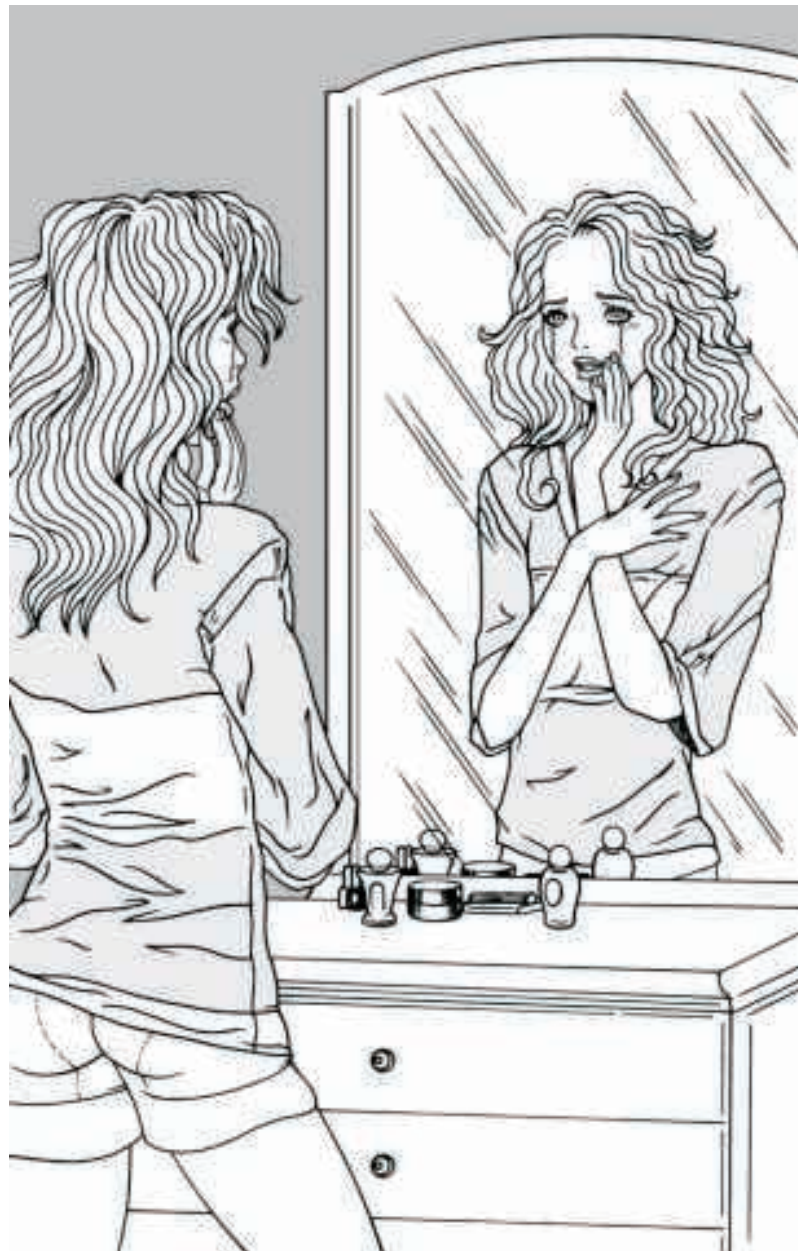
The next morning, I catch myself sitting on the foot of the bed, staring at my reflection in the room mirror. Only now, I have a point of reference: Larry Walters' ID. I compare what I see in the mirror to the picture on the ID. There is a faint resemblance, but nothing overwhelming. I pull my hair back, as Larry had short hair in the ID, still nothing. I have to know who and what I am, once and for all. After a shower, I dressed. Then it came to me. I drove to the local super store, and headed for the men's section. I picked out a sport shirt, nice pair of pants, and some boxers. I then got a pair of men's shoes and a pair of dark socks. I rushed back to my room. Once the door was locked and chained, I had to see if I could be Larry again.

I strip down to nothing and slip on the boxers and a T-shirt. They feel so foreign, not at all what I am used to wearing. I check out the image; it's still Lisa, wearing some of Charlie's clothes. Next, I pull the pants on over my legs. I am having difficulty getting them all the way up. The waist is way too loose and won't go over my hips and bottom. I put the shirt on and have a problem getting the buttons closed; they are on the wrong side for me. Then the shoes and socks went on. When I see my image in the mirror, I feel like a clown. I realize that there is no way I could ever be a male again. The clothes are heavy and they scratch my soft skin. I plopped down on the bed and began to sob. Too much has changed for me to go back to being a man, even if I wanted to.

I finally knew that I wanted to stay a woman. I removed the men's clothes and tossed them back into the shopping bag. As I re-dress, I can see how much I enjoy the role as a woman. I can feel my panties, so smooth and soft, as I slide them up

my shapely legs. Why would I want to cover them with trousers? I love the feel of panties as they stretch and hug my curves. Next, I slip on my bra. It too is soft and silky, but the feeling of security it gives me is wonderful. My breasts fill the cups. They caress my sensitive nipples, which are hard as little stones just from thinking about the feelings I am having. I finish with a buttery soft blouse and form-fitting short skirt. Both hug every curve. Looking back into the mirror, I see who Lisa is, and I love her. I think, "I love you too, mom. Thank you for giving me this life."

Now that I have worked that out to my satisfaction, it's on to the subject of Charlie. What am I going to do about him? Do I tell him the truth and risk having him run away, screaming? Do I live a lie and not tell him everything? Or do I just run away, and keep running, putting my past and Charlie in my rear view mirror? I have enough money to start over, far away. But what would I be throwing away? Charlie of course. Then there are school and the career I have worked so hard on. I want so much to make a difference in this world, to help others as I have been helped. The horns of this dilemma are sharp and long.



**Charlie:**

It has been just a couple of days since Lisa had left. My friends and family have searched everywhere. I am frantic. I just pray nothing bad has happened to her. I would give anything to have her back in my life. I am truly empty without her.

I feel like driving to clear my head. Maybe there is something or some place we missed. I am hours from home, when I see what looks like Lisa's car. It's parked at a motor inn just off the highway. I pull in and go to the front desk. I ask the attendant if a Lisa Berman is checked in. The older woman looks down the roster, and says, "Nope, no Lisa Berman."

It must have just been a car that looks like hers. The woman then says, "There is a Lisa Morgan checked in. She's in room 107. Could that be who you're looking for?" I run out the door and down the parking lot.

Quickly, I find myself standing in front of a door with the number 107 on it and I am scared to death. "What if it's her and she doesn't want me?" I think. I debate myself for more than five minutes, coming up with as many reasons why as why not. I hear the chain at the door rattle and the lock begins to move. The door starts to open and I am paralyzed as I see the face I have loved since we first met. She is looking down into her purse and doesn't see me standing in front of her. Then she looks up, sees that it is me, and throws herself into my arms. We stand there, in the doorway, kissing and hugging.

**Lisa:**

I had reached a decision. As hard as it would be for me to leave him, I think Charlie would be better with a real woman, one that could give him the children he desperately wants. I make sure I have left nothing in the room and head for the door, hoping to put many miles between Charlie and myself. I have to look to the future

I open the door. There he is, all smiles, with a deep flush across his face. As he steps toward me, I throw myself into his waiting arms. Without saying a word, we start to kiss wildly, holding onto each other like there is no tomorrow. I then pull him inside, and shut the door behind us. I tell him how sorry I was for leaving, but I needed time. He just smiled and told me that he understood. I had a lot to share with him but I didn't want to do it there. I had seen a small park not far away and I asked him to follow me there. I watched him get into his car as I pulled away from

the parking lot. Within seconds he was on my bumper and stayed there until we pulled into the park. It made me feel wanted. Before I knew it, he was at my door, ready to help me out. I swing my legs out, not caring if Charlie got a look at my panties. Secretly, I hoped he did.

We held hands as we looked for a bench to sit at. I knew that I had to be completely honest to get a true sense of Charlie's attitude. He had always been honest with me. My mouth felt like I had been chewing on a cotton ball, and my palms moistened. I looked into his eyes as I began to lay it all out for him. If he left, I would understand. I reached into my purse, pulled out the letter from my mom, and gave it to Charlie. I encouraged him to read it, as it would go a long way in helping him to understand my actions. He read the letter intently. My eyes began to tear up as I saw him begin to scowl. My heart fell; I just knew that this would be the last time I would see Charlie. I would no longer be his wife.

When he was done reading the letter, he folded the papers, then handed them back to me. He was silent as he looked blankly out into the park. The flush on his face returned. I didn't know how this was going to turn out for the two of us. Would there even *be* a 'two of us?'

**Charlie:**

After we pulled into the park, I rushed to be as close to Lisa as I could. I opened her door, and offered my hand. I felt her soft hand in mine, smelled her aroma, and saw those lovely legs as she got up from the car seat. I always loved those panties she was wearing.

Once we were at the park bench, Lisa handed me the letter her mother had written to her before she passed. As I read, I felt sorrow for Lisa, as her mom had confessed to making the man she had found on her lawn into Lisa Morgan, and to what lengths she had gone to complete the transformation. I realized Lisa was a victim in this charade.

I was so overwhelmed, I didn't know what to say or do. All I knew was that I still loved the person sitting across from me. I just stared into the park, where I saw a few kids playing on a swing. It all started to clear, and after a few minutes of contemplation, I knew what I wanted.

**Lisa:**

If I would knew what pain and heartache I would cause to Charlie, I never would have told him the truth or shown him the letter. But what was done couldn't be taken back and we would both have to live with the consequences. I stared down at my nylon-covered legs and wished that I could shrink away into nothingness.

Charlie took my hand in his, looked into my tear-stained face, and said, "If you want me, I am here for you. If you want to leave, I'll understand. But know this. I don't think you'll ever find anyone who will love you like I do." I asked him how he could make love to someone that was in between sexes. "I married a person, not a body part or the lack of one. We have had wonderful, intimate times. Knowing what I know now doesn't change that," he declared.

Charlie asked me to come back home, where we could work this all out. I agreed to come home but there would be no guarantee that I would stay. He understood. We went back to the inn for me to check out. Charlie followed me all the way back to his house. It just didn't seem proper to call it 'ours' just yet.

After we arrived, Charlie made a few calls, terminating the search for me. Although there were questions about my leaving, we both agreed nothing would be gained with telling everyone the truth. We just chalked it up to my reaction to my mother's death while we were on our honeymoon. We spent the better part of two days trying to come to an agreement we could both live with. Even with all that had happened, decided to try and make a go of it. At first, we both walk around on egg shells while in the company of the other. That lasted about a month.

We had been talking a whole lot without really saying much. I guess it finally got to Charlie, and he told me he was fed up. "We can't live this way, side-stepping sensitive issues. This is not a life and it certainly is not a marriage," he said grumpily. I thought about it, and he was right. We needed to clear the air, so we could move on with our lives.

I asked him, "What do you think the biggest road block is?"

Charlie didn't have to ponder that question for very long. "I'm afraid of saying the wrong thing or in the wrong way, and you'll leave. That would completely break my heart." He began to tear up as he finished. I could feel his pain.

"Well, I am not going anywhere. I made you a promise. I believe that if you get married, you stay that way." Charlie was at loss for words.

Without a sound, I took Charlie by the hand and lead him into our bedroom. There I began to undress him all the way down to his boxers. I pushed him back on the bed. I slowly removed my clothes, stopping only when I was wearing a bra and panties. Charlie started to speak but I put my finger on his lips, quieting him. I climbed on top of Charlie with my legs straddling his hips. As I undressed him, I decided I was really going to make this relationship work. Damn the past. I placed

my hands on his shoulders, pinning him to the bed. He didn't resist. My body held down the rest of him. I slowly began to rock my hips so that my panties were rubbing his manhood. It had been sometime since we had made love so Charlie got excited quite fast. I began to kiss Charlie with all of the emotion I had. He kissed me back, matching my effort.

Charlie tried to flip me onto my back in an effort to take control. "Not so fast," I said. "I'm in charge, at least for now. You just lay back and enjoy." He was a very good boy and did what he was told. I began my travels, starting at his ear, moving down his neck, and onto his chest, where I gently sucked and pinched his nipples. I could hear and feel his breath, as well as his heart; both were racing. I then followed the little line of hair down his belly, while my hands were removing his shorts. My hand grasped his stiffening manhood. I soon heard him groan, as my mouth descended onto his excitement.

Charlie could never resist my charms and we both knew it. I had to stretch my mouth wide to take him in. He was larger than I had ever seen. I swirled my tongue over the tip and just under the glans. With my mouth doing its job, my hand was moving up and down the shaft. My hand barely fit around the base. I stepped up the rhythm of my hand and mouth. His hips began to move, matching me. Soon, I knew from experience, he was very close to peaking. Did he ever! It was all I could do to contain the volume and force of his orgasm. His salty-sweet love juice filled my mouth and throat. His breathing was raspy as he tried to speak, but I shushed him. After the spasms slowed, I began again. When he was hard again, I took my panties off, had them join Charlie's boxers on the floor, then guided him inside of me. As before, I rocked my hips back and forth, feeling Charlie move in and out of me. It took a little longer this time but Charlie again filled me with his seed. Feeling his release triggered my own pleasure. We fell into each other's arms and into a deep, satisfying sleep.

In the morning, over breakfast and coffee, I assured Charlie that I was his wife and always would be. He smiled and that melted my heart. I don't think I could have been happier. I knew we would be together for a long, long time.

After Charlie left for work, I went to the cemetery to visit Mom's grave. I sat there silently, thinking of how much my life was different than Larry's. I took his wallet and all of the belongings Mom had kept, and moved to the side of the grave. I took out a spoon I had brought with me and dug a hole just large enough to hold the remnants of Larry Walters' life. I put the items inside the hole and replaced the earth. I looked at the headstone and said, "Mom, thank you for the life I am now

living. I'm sure you carried much guilt with you as you passed. But there is nothing to forgive you for. I love my life, I love Charlie, but most of all, I love you. "

*Five years later:*

Our couple is still together, as much in love as the day of their wedding. Lisa worked hard, finished her education, and is now a licensed therapist. She has made quite a reputation for herself and has developed a large, devoted following. Charlie is still in management; he now oversees several shopping centers, and is known as a guy who can get things done.

The Bermans have adopted a boy they named James and a girl called Linda. Lisa and Charlie recently sold their house for a much larger one.

Not long after the adoption of James was finalized, Lisa began to remember her life as Larry. Suddenly, it was all there, down to the finest detail, just as if it happened yesterday. Charlie would never know that her amnesia had gone away. He only knew that something was different about his wife. She was especially sexy one night. In the middle of their lovemaking, Lisa looked to the heavens and said, "Thank you Mom for all you have given me. I will be forever grateful."

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