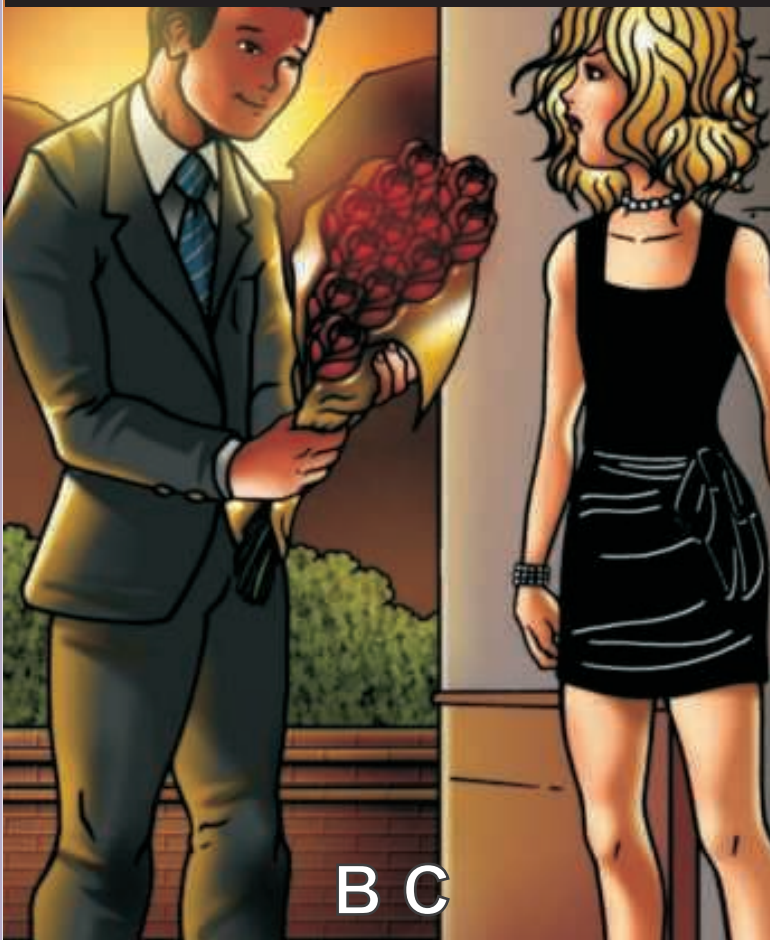




Reluctant Press presents:

Forced To Date The Boss' Son



B C

A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Forced To Date The Boss' Son

By B C

Anna Morris had been working for a large industrial firm for over 18 years. She'd tried everything she could to get promoted. Several others got promoted ahead of her, mostly men, but a couple women as well. Many of them had less education, less experience and much less time with D & C Industrial Supply, and some of them were much younger than herself. Anna had started there right out of college. Her better half worked in sales for another large distributor of industrial products. That same spouse ran off with another outside sales lady 10 years ago when their only child, Marty, was six years old.

Anna raised Marty all alone ever since that two-timing SOB walked out on them. Anna was forced to work full-time to keep a roof over her and Marty's head. She got almost no help from her former spouse so she worked all the hours she could. Anna wasn't as cold and cutthroat as a lot of the people in the industrial sales business. She was kind and efficient, as well as very knowledgeable about the product lines and services that D & C offered. This built trust in her with all the customers she dealt with daily. It got so that many of customers asked for her specifically.

Anna had started out in the warehouse, putting up products on the rows and rows of shelves. After three years she moved into a secretarial job in the office. After three more years she was promoted to inside sales but there her career seemed to stagnate. She felt that once she was into inside sales, it would lead to an outside sales position, where one could make the big money. She knew that she'd be good in that job; many of her customers kept telling her so. Once there, she knew that she could make the kind of money she was really worth.

Anna and Marty weren't really hurting for anything by then. They had a modest home; although somewhat small, it was always well-kept and clean, thanks to Marty. Marty had become a big help to his Mom. She had to depend on him to help out a lot with the domestic duties around the home as she worked many hours a week and there was only the two of them. She wished that she could get into a sales job and begin to make the kind of money that would afford them a little better lifestyle and future. She hated that she had to count on Marty so much to keep up the house but there really wasn't any choice for the time being.

Often Anna was taken advantage of by D&C, in that she would be asked to come in early or stay late. The outside sales people were constantly throwing last minute things at her, saying that they had to have an answer, a quote or delivery to a customer ASAP. Anna did most of the extra work, spent the extra effort and didn't get any of the extra pay. "Thattagirls" didn't pay the bills or improve her lifestyle.

Anna finally went in one day and got up the courage to demand from her boss of 14 years a job in outside sales. She told him that if she couldn't be assigned to an outside sales territory, she had a couple of other offers on the table from competitors. She was lying. Then she told Eric, her boss, that she really didn't want to leave D&C but she knew the business and product lines as well as anyone there by now. She was tired of doing everyone else's job and not getting any of the rewards for her efforts.

"Anna, I'm shocked. Of course you can have a sales position. I never knew that you were even remotely interested in outside sales. You've never brought this to my attention before. No way do I want to lose you to any other company, especially our competition," Eric Sommers told her. For the next hour they sat and discussed two open territories, plus all of the details of the position. Anna almost cried, she was so pleased with herself for finally sticking up for herself, and mad at herself for taking so many years to do so.

The happiness boiled over and she bit her lip to keep from laughing out loud as Eric assigned her a new company car, an expense account, and explained

the base salary, which was far more than she'd been making at the time. Then he told her about the commission and bonus system D&C offered. She got a big territory on the west side of the state, not all that far from home. She knew many of the customers by name from talking with them on the phone. Suddenly a light went on in her head and it hit her. This was Bill Tate's territory; he was probably the best salesman they had.

"Mr. Sommers, what about Bill Tate? These are all his accounts. Surely I'm not taking them away from Bill, am I?" Anna asked.

"No Anna. Timing is everything. Bill just left my office 15 minutes before you walked in. This is his retirement notice right here," Eric said, holding up the document. "So, you see, you are now our new rising star," Eric said and winked at her.

Anna picked up right where old Bill Tate left off and she continued to grow the territory with amazing speed. She had just about doubled the sales and both she and the company were beginning to enjoy the fruits of her labors.

Now Anna's son Marty was a very good child but he had no Dad or male figure in his life to influence his early development. Plus Marty was a little on the soft and effeminate side. Being an only child, neither mother or child had anything to gauge his behavior by though. Not too many 16-year-olds can cook an entire meal, bake special desserts, and clean an entire home from head to tail, properly. He could do the laundry, wash and iron, even hand wash his mother's delicate lingerie and hang it to dry properly. He could sew and

mend his own clothes if they were torn or in need of mending. He even had been working on a handmade quilt as a hobby.

Anna really never stopped to consider if this was odd or strange behavior for a 16-year-old boy. She just always enjoyed the company of her only child. They were very close. Marty didn't seem to mind being a little effeminate and really wasn't even aware that he was. It just pleased him to be able to make his mother happy and relieve some of her burden.

Marty was about 5' 6" tall and weighed a smidge over 100 lb. soaking wet. He also was cursed with small, soft, features. He wore his hair quite long for a guy but always had it pulled back into a masculine pony tail. It was a light sandy blonde color in the sunlight. When they would rent a movie and make popcorn, Anna would have Marty sit down in front of her and she would brush his long hair until it shined. Then Marty would brush his mother's long hair.

His mother commented on several different occasions that his hair was getting too long to be a boy's hairstyle. "Don't you feel a little odd in school? I should think that the other boys must tease you about your hair. I think that we should get it cut shorter, don't you agree?" she said.

"Oh Mother, this is the 21st century. Kids come to school with mohawk hairdos in radical colors; they have tattoos and piercings on almost every part of their bodies. Having long hair is really mild and no one even notices me. Besides, lots of guys today have even longer hair than mine. Mother, while we're on the subject, would you be upset if I wanted to pierce my ears? It seems like I'm the only one who doesn't have pierced ears," Marty said.

“Well honey, I guess that it would be OK as long as that’s all you want to get pierced. I’ve noticed the male salesmen at work now wear small gold hoops or diamond studs in their pierced ears. Not just the young ones either. If you’re sure that’s what you’d like, I don’t see any harm in it. Tomorrow is Saturday and I need to do some shopping so we could run by the mall and get them done the safe and proper way,” she said. “Why don’t you think about it overnight and we’ll discuss it in the morning over breakfast.”

The following morning, Anna and Marty were having breakfast and Marty said, “Mother, I want to do it.”

“Do what, Marty?” she asked.

“Get my ears pierced like we talked about last night. I think I’m about the only guy in the whole school who hasn’t had it done already. Does it hurt much when you get it done?” he asked.

“No honey, not any more. Back in the old days it hurt a little but today they numb your ear a little and use piercing guns. It’s fast, simple, clean and sterile. I have no problem with it as long as piercing your ears is the only thing you get done...nothing else!” she said.

When they got to the mall, they started looking around in a shop that offered a free piercing with a purchase of earrings. Marty was confused as he’d heard several different versions of what the significance of a ring in the left or the right ear was supposed to be. He couldn’t remember for sure which was which.

The earrings he found out only came in sets, they didn’t sell them individually at this shop. He picked out a pair of rather thick one-inch gold hoops. Mom thought that thinner gold hoops would be more appropriate for a young man but she kept silent and let him

get what he wanted. Marty was still trying to remember which ear he wanted done. Because he didn't say anything to the tech and he was distracted, she assumed that he wanted both ears done. Before he realized it, she'd dabbed a numbing cream on each earlobe.

POP! POP! It was done and now both ears had wide girlish gold hoop earrings hanging from them. The tech then gave him a pair of gold ball studs to wear at night until the holes healed up. She also gave him some cleaning antiseptic spray to use for the next week or so. The lady had noticed that Marty's hair band had slipped and was coming loose. She pulled it free, explaining what had happened, took a brush out and brushed and pulled his hair back on his head. She re-did the hair band but attached it much higher on the back of his head than he had ever worn it before. She fanned it out and ran the brush through it a couple more times. It looked like a very feminine ponytail now. With the wide gold one-inch hoops hanging from each ear, Anna almost didn't recognize her own son when he met up with her in the hallway of the mall. "Oh my," she said as he approached.

"Is something wrong, Mother?" he asked nervously as she looked at him, smiling. Anna pulled him over to a storefront that had mirrors for its front displays. As Marty looked at his reflection, he almost looked right past himself to see what his Mom was talking about. Then it hit him. The girl in the mirror was himself. Even without makeup or female clothing, he looked like any one of a thousand teenaged girls in this county.

"Holy cow, Mom, I look just like a girl," he said, embarrassed.

"Exactly, honey," Anna replied.

Marty reached back and tried to lower the ponytail to a more masculine position. As he pulled on the band, it slid down. Now his long hair covered the sides of his head and part of each ear. The band was at the very base of his neck with about 7 inches of sandy blond hair still hanging below the tight hair band. The large gold hoop earrings were in full view and he still looked very feminine and girlish.

Once they were home, he pulled off the hair band completely. Even that made him look feminine. The honey blonde hair flowed over his shoulders and down his back. As he turned his head, the wide gold hoops clearly showed themselves. Before bed that night, Marty had Mother help him remove the hoops and clean his new holes well before putting the gold studs into the newly-pierced holes. She brushed his hair out and kissed him good night. His last conscious thought was, "Maybe I'd better think about a haircut before much longer."

Work continued to get better and Anna was posting better numbers with each passing month. Then one day, Eric Sommers called her in his office and told her, "Anna, you've done wonders with your territory and I'm really proud of you. I'd like you to stay after work for just a couple of minutes today as I'd like to discuss a couple of changes around here. If it's not a problem, maybe we could grab a bite to eat while we discuss them. If you need to call home first, please feel free," Eric said.

"I guess that would be OK," she said. Then Anna called Marty and told him she wouldn't be home for dinner. He should go ahead and eat and clean up. She wasn't sure how what time she'd get home but it was a business dinner and she shouldn't be too late.

Eric took her to one of the nicest restaurants in town. When they were seated, Eric said, "Anna, I've been meaning to tell you this for months now. Getting you out from behind a desk is the best thing that's ever happened for D&C and I'm guessing for you as well. This past year or so you've really blossomed," he said, smiling.

"Thank you," Anna replied. In her head, she thought, "I'm the same person, not one bit different, you horse's ass. It's just that no one pays any attention to the girls at the desk or on the phones who are the ones that keep the place going and do most of the work. But put on a few new clothes, get a makeover and bring in a couple of hundred thousand dollars in orders and new business, and suddenly you become a shining star."

"Anna, I've a big favor to ask of you. We've been friends for a long time now and I'm hoping you can help me out. My son is going to be coming this weekend and I don't know any young people at all. I've got four tickets for the new Broadway play and dinner afterwards at the Flame. I'd like you to accompany me. I'd prefer it be considered a date and that's what I'm asking you for but I understand if you'd prefer to keep it on a professional level.

"Also I'm really hoping that you would be a real lifesaver and find a date for the evening for my son Frederick. Freddy is 17 years old and he doesn't know a single person in our town since I moved here after my wife died," he told her.

For a moment she thought her son could join them but he clearly wanted a date for Frederick. She was just about to decline when Eric said, "Look, you're not obligated to do this for me but it would really mean a lot to me personally if you could. I would be in debt to you forever," he said, looking at her with those sad puppy dog eyes. "I'd really like to see Freddy meet a nice young lady."

"I'd really like to help you Eric and thank you for asking me without putting an ultimatum on it. Can I take a couple of days and let you know?" she asked.

"It's only a couple of days until the weekend, Anna. It would be a long weekend if I didn't get him and me out for one of those nights. By the way, who said there wasn't an ultimatum involved here? Ha ha," he laughed. "you know that I'm only kidding, right?" he said with a big smile.

"Well, I'll see what I can do, Eric. You can count on me to really try but I don't really know a lot of young girls. I do have someone in mind, she's a really nice young lady and lives just a couple of doors down from me. I'll ask her tonight and let you know in the morning," Anna said.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Anna. You'd be a real life saver. Please let me know as soon as possible. Here's my home phone and cell numbers. Your job is not at stake here but I can see a bonus in here of some kind for a job well beyond the call of duty," he said, smiling and he touched her hand with his on the table.

That night Anna called Debbie, the girl down the street from her. She'd known her forever. "Hi Debbie, Anna Morris here. The reason I'm calling, and you're probably going to think that I've lost my mind, I have a chance to do a favor for my boss at work and it's a big

deal to him. He has asked me to accompany him to dinner and a new play. Dear, the reason I'm calling you is that he has asked to get an escort to accompany his 17-year-old son. I know that it's an odd request but you wouldn't be alone at all, I'll be there every minute.

"No, I haven't met the son but, Eric, my boss showed me several pictures and he's really very handsome. He goes to an all-boys private Ivy League school in the east. Yes, I understand, sweetie, but please let me know by morning if at all possible as Eric has let me know just how important this is to him."

The following morning Anna sighed in relief when Debbie called and told her that she could go and was actually looking forward to it because she wanted to see the play. Debbie told her that her folks OK'd the date as long as Anna was going along and would be with her the whole time.

"Oh, that's great news, Debbie. I can't thank you enough, this will really make my boss happy. I'll call you tonight with the times and all the details. Honey, I can't thank you enough, you're a lifesaver."

Anna walked into Eric's office that morning and said, "Who's your favorite salesperson? I've done it again. Another almost impossible task with a short time to do it in but it's all done and done well. Frederick will be proud to be seen with my young friend Debbie. She's a really sweet girl, smart and very pretty as well," Anna boasted a little. "What would you do without me continually fixing things up and putting all the little pieces in place?"

"Thank you, Anna. You've really come through for me this time. I didn't think you'd be able to find someone with such short notice, I won't forget it either, I owe you big time. The play and dinner are Friday night

and you may take Friday off to prepare for a wonderful evening out. It is formal wear, of course. If you give me your address, I'll have my limo pick you up at 6 PM. The play starts at 7 with dinner and dancing afterwards.

As the week passed, Anna was actually looking forward to the date. She'd made plans to get everything done well ahead of time. She made appointments at the beauty salon for both herself and Debbie on Friday at 2 PM.

Thursday night, Anna got a phone call. It seemed that Debbie's grandmother had suddenly gotten very ill and was in critical condition. Her Mom and Dad and she were at the airport right now, waiting for their flight to Ohio. "I'm really sorry about the date tomorrow. I hope you understand this couldn't be helped or anticipated," Debbie said. Anna could tell that she was indeed sorry and felt bad about the cancellation.

"Of course dear, I totally understand. You must go and support your family. I'll be just fine. You take care and tell your folks that we are sorry about your Grandma. She'll be in our prayers," Anna said, already feeling the pressure. She had no idea what to do now. She knew she had to let Eric know right away. As fate would have it, just as she was about to pick up the phone to call him, there was a knock at the door. It startled her. As she opened the door, she was shocked to see Eric standing there.

"Hello Anna, I hope that you don't mind me stopping by like this. I was on the way to the airport to pick up Freddy. Your place was on the way so I thought I'd

stop and make sure where you lived. I trust that everything is all set for tomorrow?" he smiled, flashing his perfect white teeth at her.



“Oh Eric, I was just about to call you. There’s been a sudden and very serious sickness in Debbie’s family. She just called and she and her parents are on their way to Ohio right now to care for her Grandmother. She won’t be back until at least next week. I’m really sorry. At this late date, I don’t have a clue who I might call and ask to fill in. It’s just one of those bad timing things,” she apologized even though this wasn’t her fault at all.

Eric said, “Please say that you’re kidding me, Anna.”

“I really wish I could tell you I was,” she said. At that very moment Marty walked in, not knowing that anyone was there. He’d just gotten out of the shower. He had his mother’s robe around him and his hair was pulled back in a bunch and held with a big butterfly clip to keep it from getting wet. He’d put her slippers on just being silly. He still had on his wide gold hoop earrings. Talk about timing, he’d chosen this night to put cold cream all over his face to cleanse it as he thought he was getting acne.

“Whoops, I’m sorry, Mother. Please excuse me, sir. I wasn’t aware that anyone was here,” He said softly, embarrassed. He pulled the robe together and ran out of the room.

Eric looked at Anna with questions written all over his face. “She called you Mother? That’s...your...daughter?” he said. Before she could answer, he said, “How old is she.”

Anna answered before realizing what she was saying. “16 years old,” she said.

“So you have what appears to be a beautiful 16-year-old daughter living with you and you didn’t

think my son Freddy was good enough for her to go out with?" Eric asked with a little edge in his voice.

"No, you don't understand, Eric," she said "It's not what you're thinking at all," Anna went on

"OK then, what am I thinking, Anna? She's obviously old enough for jewelry, makeup and boys but you didn't think my son was good enough for your daughter," he said

Anna felt really trapped. She knew that Eric saw Marty clearly, with his long hair held up very femininely with the big hair clip, and his big gold hoop earrings. He was wearing her silky feminine robe; he was wearing her fluffy heeled slippers and they tapped out a beat as he hurried from the room. Dear God, why on earth did he choose *now* to cover his whole face in cold cream? Then it suddenly hit her, and she turned beet red.

"Oh my God, Eric's convinced that Marty's a girl!" She panicked. "If I set him straight, everyone at work will think my son is gay or a fairy or some equally disgusting thing. It would be hell for me around the office and they might even try to get rid of me like they did that Duane guy a year ago," she thought. Her mind was spinning and she was confused and looking for the right answer. Eric jumped in and caught her completely off guard, confusing the situation even more..

"Is there a good reason why your daughter couldn't or wouldn't accompany us tomorrow for a simple play and a dinner?"

Again she panicked and was just about to come clean and tell Eric the truth, that Marty was her son when Eric butted in again. "Why didn't you ask her to come with us in the first place, Anna?"

Anna's mind was spinning, trying to think of how to explain to him when she just blurted out, "I didn't know that she'd be home. I thought that she had plans," she lied. Now she was really trapped.

"Are you saying that she is available now?" Eric asked.

"Well yes, at least I think so," Anna said, blushing and knowing that she was in way too deep now to change her story.

"That's wonderful, it looks like things are going to work out just fine. Good God, woman, you had me going there for a while. OK great, we'll pick you two lovely ladies up at 6 tomorrow evening," Eric said. He stepped forward and kissed her on the cheek, then turned and left.

"Oh My God. What have I just done?" she asked herself out loud. She looked up and Marty was just re-entering the room after hearing the door close.

"What's up, Mom? Who was that who just dropped in?" he asked.

"That...that...was my boss and the father of your date for tomorrow night, for a play, followed by dinner at the Flame Restaurant and possibly some dancing," she said.

"Cool, what's his daughter look like? Have you ever met her? She's probably not that hot if she had to have you fix us up," Marty said with a grin.

"Well, I really know what she looks like because he doesn't have a daughter," Anna replied, thinking she was really screwed now.

“Wait a minute, didn’t you just say that he was the father of my date for tomorrow? What exactly does that mean then?” Marty asked, confused.

“Eric has a 17-year-old son who thinks that he is going out tomorrow night with my daughter,” she said.

Marty looked at her like she was crazy and said, “I don’t get it, Mom, you don’t have a daughter.” Then suddenly it hit him. “He thought I was a girl. Why the heck didn’t you just set him straight, Mom? I’m no girl and he’s going to be mighty upset tomorrow when he shows up and sees that I’m a guy,” he said.

Anna pulled Marty over in front of the big mirror on the wall. “Tell me honey, what would you think if you saw the person looking back at you from the mirror right now? What do you see?” she asked.

Marty looked at the person staring back at him from the mirror. A silk robe, long honey blonde hair bunched up and held with a butterfly clip. Those damned wide girlish gold hoop earrings, slippers that could only be a woman’s, fuzzy with a high heel and to top it all off, a face hidden completely with cold cream. Yep, he couldn’t deny it he totally looked like a girl. “So what? What’s that got to do with me dating a guy?” he still wanted to know.

“So you helped get me into this spot and now you’ll have to help me get out of it. Tomorrow, my dear, you are going to have several firsts in your life. You’re going to go formal dress shopping, get a make over, have a hair appointment at the beauty salon and your first date with my boss’ son. All in all it should be a really bizarre day, one that you’ll not soon forget, I should imagine.” Anna said. Marty just stood there, not believing his ears, *She’s bluffing*, he thought.

“Don’t stand there looking at me like that. You know that this is your own fault. You insist on that long girlish hair and feminine gold hoop earrings, and running around here half the time in a woman’s silk robe. And the cold cream, that was a nice touch. So now you’ll get the chance for at least one evening to see what it’s like to be a woman,” Anna told him flatly.

“Mother, tell me you’re kidding because there’s no way in hell I’m going to dress as a girl and go out on a date with a boy. This is crazy. Why didn’t you just tell him the truth when you had the chance?” he said.

“Because he saw you, Marty. He saw just what you just saw when you looked at yourself in the mirror. So for me to set him straight after seeing you like this would mean telling him and everyone I work with that my only son is gay or queer or whatever they call guys who dress as girls. It would mean humiliation and possibly dismissal from my job. I had it all set up for Debbie to go out with Fred but she had an emergency in the family and left for Ohio. My boss asked me to find an escort for his son a couple of days ago. He made it sound like a very big deal; it’s really important to him.

“Telling him now after all of this would be really hurt my employment, not to mention how embarrassing it would be. I panicked and I didn’t know what to say when you showed up looking as girlish as you possibly could. Then he twisted my words around and so now you are going to have to help us get out of this mess and be Freddy’s date,” Anna ordered.

“And just what happens to us if he finds out that I not his dream girl, and trust me, that is going to happen because I don’t know anything about being a girl,” Marty said sarcastically.

“All I can say is he’d better *not* find out. You are going to convince him in every way except sex that you’re a nice young lady, or we’ll both regret it. I hate to tell you this Marty but it’s not going to be that difficult to make you look really believable as a girl,” Anna said.

“I don’t think that I can do this, Mother. It was never my intention to imitate a girl or even be dressed like one. Plus it’s not fair for some guy to come busting into our private home and assume things that just aren’t true. I didn’t do any thing wrong so I won’t be here when they come to get you. Just tell them you didn’t know that I was leaving in the morning to go to my dad’s place. Tell them whatever you want but, I won’t be some rich boy’s girl friend or date,” Marty said defiantly.

“You really don’t get this, do you? This is not a game, My job and our lifestyle just might be in jeopardy. You’ve at least helped to put me in a very awkward position. There is no way out for me now so, yes, you *are* going and you *are* going to do your very best to be 100% believable. Just be yourself and everything will be fine. Frederic will go back to his fancy school. All of this will be over and you and I will sit back and laugh at the whole ordeal,” she told him.

“No Mother, I won’t go out with Fred and that’s final,” Marty said.

“Then you leave me with no choice,” she said, grabbing his arm and pulling him across her lap. She pulled up the long robe he was wearing with nothing on underneath. He struggled to get free but it was fruitless as she easily held him down. She began spanking his bare bottom. It was the first spanking he had gotten since

was he a very little boy. His feelings were hurt as much for making his Mom angry as for the pain that was building up on his bare backside. Marty fought hard to keep his composure but was fast losing ground. He begged her to stop and talk about this. Mother only continued her assault. She was a mess, she was out of control. She knew that it really wasn't Marty's fault but his untimely appearance was what started all of this and put her in a no-win situation.

Anna felt anger, guilt, fear, and threatened by the circumstances she found herself in. She continued spanking Marty relentlessly while fighting a war in her mind, desperately trying to figure a way out of this. Suddenly she realized that poor Marty was bawling like a baby and hollering.

"I'm sorry Momma, I'll do whatever you want. I didn't mean to get you in trouble," he cried, sobbing his heart out.

After things cooled off a little bit, Anna went in to Marty's room, sat on the edge of his bed and began to try and apologize to him. She knew that all of this wasn't really his fault but her back was to the wall and she now had no choice but to have him fill the role of her daughter, just for this one night.

"Look honey, I'm really sorry. I panicked and kind of lost control of this whole situation. It all happened so fast, Eric coming in unannounced only minutes after Debbie called and cancelled on me because of illness in their family, then you stumbling out looking for all the world like the girl next store. My boss told me about 200 times how important this was to him and how much it meant to him for me to help him out. Then you walked out. When did you start looking so soft and feminine? I mean we both know that you've never been

the John Wayne type but little by little, you've become softer and more girlish. I thought about calling Eric and telling him the truth but it's gotten too deep and complicated now.

"I know that you're not happy about this but I'm really going to need you to try and help me out here. Honest Marty, this can work. I'm not kidding about it not being hard at all for you look believable as a teen-aged girl. With just a little help, you'll get through this date like a breeze. I'll be off the hook and I'll never let myself get into this position again. You'll have one date pretending to be a lovely young lady. It will be over for good and you'll get a chance to see life from someone else's eyes for a night. Heck, it might just be fun," she explained to him. "Plus I promise you that you won't have to be alone with Freddy. I'll be right there from the time we leave the house until we get back. The play will have the lights down low and the dinner will also have dimmed lighting so he will never really get much chance to see you clearly. It's not like you have to hold hands or kiss him or anything of the kind. You are just escorting him for one evening," Anna told the still shaken boy.

"I'll try, Mother but don't expect too much because I don't have the slightest clue how young ladies act. I've never tried to walk in high heels and I have no idea how I'm going to pull this off," he said.

"Honey, you won't have to act that much differently than the way you act every day. Your voice is soft and somewhat higher-pitched than most boys your age so you won't even have to fake it. Your movements and the way you gesture and walk are actually borderline girlish. You'll need to practice walking in heels and keeping your knees together when you sit. You already

cross your legs in a feminine manor. Come, let's have you practice walking in a pair of heels," she said, pulling Marty to his feet.

They walked to Anna's room and she brought out a pair of 3-inch heels in black patent leather. She had him slip his feet into a pair of nylon footies. They were both surprised that his feet slipped easily into the shoes which meant that their feet were close to the same size.

Marty's feet slipped into the high heels without any problem at all. Anna bent down and secured the ankle straps. Then she pulled Marty to his feet. He almost toppled straight forward onto his face. Anna was ready, though, and caught him and held on until he regained his balance. "OK, now the secret is to keep your weight on the balls of your feet and take short steps. Don't be afraid, the heels won't break and they'll hold your weight. Taking short steps and putting one foot in front of the other in a straight line also creates a rolling of your hips and a nice little sexy wiggle," she instructed him. She smiled as she couldn't get over how fast he seemed to pick it up and walk across the room and back with out much difficulty at all.

Marty practiced for the next hour or so walking all through the house, up the stairs, then down the stairs, over the tile floor, then onto the living room carpet. He walked and walked. Little by little, his confidence grew, he'd quickly mastered the heels and walked in them as though he been born in them. Anna finally let him stop when he complained about his legs feeling very sore. When he passed the mirror on the back of the bathroom door, he could see how wearing the heels really stretched out the muscles in your legs, making them look very different from when he'd worn flat shoes.

Anna wanted to shape up his eyebrows but decided that it would just make him freak out when he saw them. Besides, she'd signed them up for the works at their salon appointment set for the next day. The girls there would pluck and shape them much better than she could do here at home. He'd be afraid to speak out there and he probably wouldn't realize what they were doing to him until it was too late. He wouldn't have that long to fret over it because after shopping all morning and trying on different looks, followed by a quick lunch, they would be at the salon for probably 2 to 3 hours. Then he'd just have a hour to dress and get ready before the guys would be there to pick them up.

Friday morning Marty woke nervous and afraid of what he was sure this day was going to bring. Would he be found out and be made fun of, or worse, beat up and exposed in public. Then would Eric fire his mother on the spot if they learned that his son was dating a boy, not a girl? As he swung his stiff legs out of bed, he was immediately reminded of yesterday; his ass was still tender from the spanking. He knew that he had no choice, his mother had mad that quite clear, so he thought, "I might just as well get it through my head right now that I'm going on my first date and not with a girl, like I'd always thought I would." He walked into the kitchen.

Mother was having her morning coffee. "Well Mother, are you sure you want to go through with this? I would be willing to jump off the roof and break something to get us out of this," he said.

“Don’t be so dramatic, Marty, it’s going to work out just fine. I’ve been sitting here thinking. It will be dark at the theater and at the dinner. We are only talking about a couple of hours. Then this will all be over and we will put it all behind us. I still think that tomorrow morning you and I will sit here, have a cup of coffee and laugh about this whole ordeal. Then we’ll just go back to our normal quiet life. You could even get a hair cut and never be mistaken again for a female.

I know you are nervous and afraid, honey, but I just have a feeling that it’s going to be just fine. You might even have a good time if you relax and just go with the flow,” Anna told her son who still had lots of doubt in his mind about the whole date thing.

“Come on honey, let’s get started. It’s going to be a very long day,” she said. Anna already had a nice hot bubble bath ready for Marty but first she had him stand still as she rubbed a smelly cream all over his body from his chin to his toes. Marty wasn’t really very hairy but by the time the depilatory cream did its job, he was smooth as a new born baby; only the long hair on his head remained. The bath felt very different to him, as the water seemed to just slide off of him easily. After his bath, Anna dried her son off, then dusted his body with a flowery scented talcum powder. She looked him over carefully and changed her mind about the eyebrows.

“I won’t get carried away, honey, but I must at least thin out your eyebrows a little. That’s one of the only things about you that doesn’t look feminine and it would be a dead giveaway,” she said and began plucking out hairs with a pair of tweezers. It brought tears to his eyes a couple of times. Anna kept it up in spite of Marty’s complaining until she created a slight arch in

his thinned out brows. She actually thinned them more than she intended to and they looked much more feminine now.

Anna handed Marty a pair of pure silk panties but told him to wait just a minute. "I've made up this little dickie harness to help you remain modest and flat down there in front," she said and knelt down in front of him and slid the short narrow sheath-type device over his penis. It had cords attached to it. Next she pushed his testicles back up into his body cavity, then pulled the gaff-type sheath back between his legs, brought the straps up and around his waist and tied them off. "There is a hole in the end witch will allow you the go to the bathroom but you'll have to sit like any woman would, otherwise you will dribble all over your butt and legs." she explained to Marty.

She then took the panties from him and showed him which was the front. He pulled them up and into place as goose-bumps ran up and down his back from the soft silky material. Next she gave Marty a pink garter belt that matched the panties. She had him sit and roll up a pair of sand-colored nylon stockings. Marty remembered from last night's trial run how to roll them up his now hairless legs on his own. The difference now that his legs were clean-shaven was not only thrilling but almost indescribable. Once again, this simple task sent chills up his spine.

Anna was able to find an old bra of hers that should have been thrown out long ago. With 34 B cups, it was much too small for her. She told Marty that they would purchase a new one while shopping but this would get him by until then. She told him that it would be even more embarrassing to walk into the store flat-chested, then walk out stacked like a super model. She closed

the snap and hook in the back, then adjusted the straps and put a pair of rolled-up panties in each cup. Next, she handed Marty the 3-inch high heels to wear and practice in until they were ready to leave. She didn't tell him but she also put a pair of flats in the car just in case his feet started to hurt too much before they finished their shopping while wearing the unfamiliar heels.

She turned to her closet and took out a short summer dress with an open square neck, no sleeves and a matching waist belt. She zipped up the back zipper for him, then brushed his hair back and put a plastic band on his head to hold it back and keep it off his face. Finally, she applied a little pink lipstick. Then, ready or not, they were off.

Anna stopped him just before walking out the door and got him a glass of water and a little purple pill.

"What's this for, Mother?" he asked.

"It's just one of my pills, dear. I've heard that when a male takes one of these pills, it will help prevent his penis from getting stiff and excited. That should help prevent embarrassment and pain to you, having yourself all pulled back and tucked under," she explained.

Marty wasn't sure from her answer what it was or what it was supposed to do but it didn't appear that he was going to get out of taking it so he just took the pill and washed it down with the water, rather than stand there and argue with his Mom.

On the drive to town, Anna broke the silence and said. "Honey, what about your name for tonight? Some girls I've known went by the name of Marty, short for Martha or Margaret. Would you prefer that or something else like Meggy, Megan, Angie, Alice, Autumn,

or do you have a different name that you'd like?" she asked

"This has all happened so fast that I'm afraid of making a mistake so maybe keeping it as simple as possible would be the best decision. That would be one less thing I'd have to remember or worry about messing up on. So I think it would be best to just introduce me as—and I can't believe I'm saying this—Martha and we'll tell them Marty for short," he said hesitantly.

"Very good, then Martha Marie Morris it is. I kind of like the sound of that. As a matter of fact, if you'd been born a girl that was one of the names I was considering." She smiled and looked over at him.

When Marty saw the look on her face, he said, "Just don't get too fond of it, Mother, this is a one-time deal. I've agreed to help you out of the mess with your boss, even though I still don't see how I'm going to fool anyone, especially up close on a date with this Freddy guy."

Anna just smiled but thought, "I think that I'm starting to like this new relationship. I've thought a hundred times I wish I had a daughter, not that I don't love Marty very much. Well, I'm going to have one tonight, at least for one night anyway."

They arrived mid-morning at the mall. It wasn't busy or crowded yet which suited Marty just fine. Even though the mall was on the far side of city from where they lived, Marty was still paranoid about running into kids from school who might know him. He was already scared out of his mind about walking in public in a dress and heels down the main aisle of the big mall.

They made their way to a couple of different boutique for women's fashions.

Marty was turning red with embarrassment as they entered the changing room with a couple of dresses for him to try on. He was so nervous that Mom had to help him out of the dress he was wearing and into the new dresses he was attempting to try on. He was all thumbs and almost fell over several times.

“Marty honey, I know that you are nervous, dear but you’ve got to calm down. You’re going to have a stroke if you don’t. I wouldn’t lie to you, honey, there is no way that anyone is going to make you out as a boy. The only way that will happen is if you give it away with your actions. Anyone shopping in these types of stores are here to buy something for themselves, they aren’t here to look at other girls or ladies. They don’t really care, they’re too busy looking for what they want. Secondly, if we get a move on, we’ll be done before most teens are up and out shopping, because it’s still early.

Marty looked around carefully and realized that no one, not even the saleslady, was paying much attention to him at all. Like Mom had said, the women there were not even looking at him at all. “See?” Anna whispered. “We are just like any other normal mother and daughter out shopping so try and relax a little, will you.” Little by little, his confidence did improve a bit.

They settled on a beautiful little black number. It was short and slinky, it came to about an inch above the knees and had a rounded neck, two wide straps over the shoulder, no sleeves and a straight skirt, It fit rather tight and looked very cute on him. He tried to object to the tight fit but Mother vetoed his objection. “This really looks good on you, honey. This way you won’t have to worry about taking long strides while walking, as you won’t be able to with a tight skirt and

you won't have to worry about your skirt blowing up in a gust of wind. Plus I think you look just darling in black." she said.

"Very funny, Mother. If I live through this ordeal, I hope you enjoy it as it won't be happening again," he said, turning right and then left, seeing in the mirror for the first time that he actually had a fairly good shape. He never realized before that he had a nice round butt and his legs really did look good, as the heels gave them definition.

If there was any draw back at all, it would be his waist, there wasn't much of a curve there. "Don't worry, honey, I will take care of that at home. You'll have the curves that you don't see right now. The waist cinch I'll buy will draw you in and improve on your figure dramatically," Anna offered.

Next they went to the lingerie shop and Anna picked out the things she thought he was going to need. They went into a fitting room and tried several styles of bras, panties, slips. They found the best colors, styles, and sizes for his body type. Anna had Marty wait in the changing room. She went out and returned with a good waist cinch. She wrapped it around him and started cinching it, drawing his waist in a couple of inches. They tried it a couple of different times; for some reason it just didn't look right. She went back out and returned with a full figure corset. Marty took one look at the contraption and didn't like what he saw. It looked scary.

Anna had him remove the bra and she wrapped the corset around him and started doing the hooks, then the laces, pulling them tighter and tighter. Just when Marty felt it was starting to hurt, Anna pulled it in with one last tug and tied it off so it wouldn't come loose.

Marty felt lightheaded; it was so tight that he found it hard to bend over. Anna then helped him back into the dress that he'd worn to shop in and he couldn't get over the difference. The body in the mirror now definitely had a women's shape.

"Wait, one more thing," Anna said and she stuffed the built-in bra with the panties she'd used when she dressed him at home. The next stop was the women's shoe store, where they bought Marty a pair of black leather open-toed sandals with 3-inch heels and a strap over the ankle. They fit perfectly and Anna found Marty a black handbag to match. She had him wear the new shoes to get used to them as well as break them in a little before he had to wear them all night.

The last stop on their shopping list was the orthotics store where they sold products to help rehabilitate patients. Anna purchased a pair of realistic breast forms. Marty was shocked at the price. "Mother, isn't that a little over the top, spending that much on something that is only going to be used one time?" he asked.

"They are expensive but they are very realistic and life-like. They attach with a special glue and it takes a solvent to remove them. Trust me, you'll feel so much better not having to worry about your breasts moving or, God forbid, falling out. If you feel truly feminine, you will naturally act more feminine," she told him. "After all you've been through for this date, we want to do everything possible to make this work and not turn into a nightmare. I'm told that these feel like the real thing, they even warm to your body temperature. If they are installed properly, you can actually achieve stimulation from touching the nipples," she said, grinning.

“That won’t be necessary, Mother. There will be no nipple touching and no stimulating either. However I do see your point about having them feel like a real part of your body. They look real too. It’s just a shame to spend that much money on something that will only be used once,” Marty replied.

The shopping completed for now, it was finally time to head over to the beauty salon. This was going to be yet another first for Marty. Once again, it was more than just a little unnerving to for him to be walking into what he considered to be No Man’s Land. He was positive that these women would be able to tell his little secret right off.

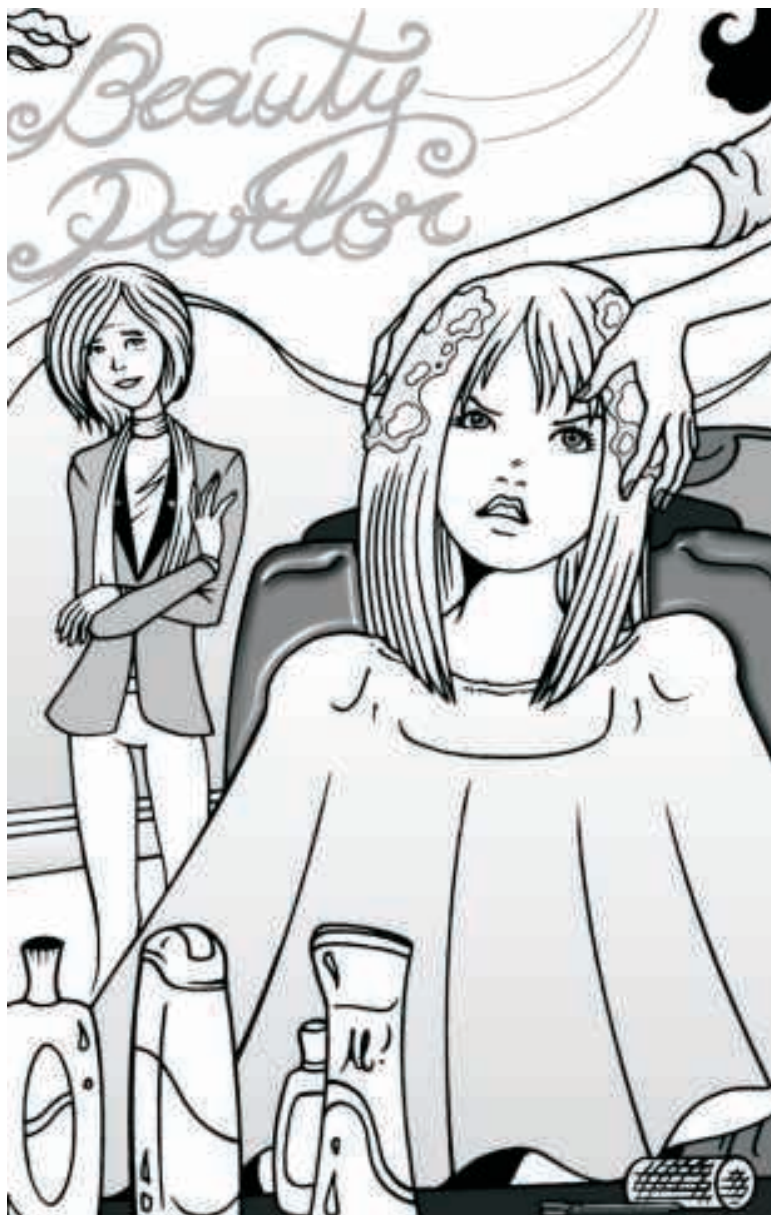
Anna had already made the appointments for them earlier in the week when she thought that Debbie was going to be accompanying young Mr. Frederic Sommers. There was no waiting, and they got right in, a little ahead of time. Anna went over and quietly told the beautician what she wanted done with her daughter. Marty was led over to a chair, wrapped in a cape and laid back for the shampoo girl to get started with washing and conditioning his long hair. He was getting relaxed and enjoying the experience and didn’t mind a bit when the girl repeated the whole process. Next she towel-dried Marty’s long hair; the beautician took over from there and began brushing it out. She began to clip dead ends from the long locks and worked at evening up its length.

“What’s the special occasion?” Tania asked politely, waking him from his dreamlike state.

“Oh sorry, my mother and I are going to a play and then out to dinner,” Marty replied.

“What, just the two of you?” Tania asked while trimming and shaping his long hair.

“No, we’re going with my mother’s boss and his son.” He blushed, wondering if the woman knew he wasn’t a real girl.



“That’s nice, I hope this young man knows he is a lucky guy to get a date with a beautiful girl like you. Have you two known each other long?” Tania asked.

“No, as a matter of fact I’ve never even met him yet. My mom set me up with him,” Marty said, feeling a little better because this lady appeared to believe that he was a girl.

“That boy is definitely going to be love-struck when he gets an eyeful of you, honey. I remember hating it when my Mom use to try to fix me up with blind dates. They almost never work out the way you hope they will. He is going to be in for a big surprise. Don’t worry honey, we’re going to go all out and do an extra special job on you today. This boy won’t stand a chance after seeing you. You’ll have him eating right out of your hand. He must be from money if his dad is your mother’s boss. He might just be a good catch. Hey, if he is, maybe you could fix me up with one of his buddies,” she said and laughed.

Tania then combed out his hair and began to roll it up on several different size rollers and add a smelly solution to each one. The smell was awful and lingered in the air. She combed out the back and sides and used the larger rolls and again added the strong smelling solution. Marty was really starting to have doubts about all of this; it seemed to him that they were going to an awful lot of trouble for something that only supposed to last for one night. What if all this stuff didn’t wash out by school on Monday morning? How was he going to explain this new Marty and all of his feminine glory? What few friends he had wouldn’t want to be seen with him. And the rest of the school...he could only imagine the scorn he’d receive.

Tania interrupted Marty's thoughts and moved him over to one of the large hooded dryers. She got him situated, got the hot air blowing his hair dry, then handed him a teen magazine. Out of boredom he began reading articles in *Seventeen* on dating, what boys want in a girlfriend, and what girls most look for in a boyfriend. A different girl came over, pulled one of his hands free and went to work on his fingernails.

First she soaked his fingers in what look to him like a soapy solution in a bowl. She scraped and filed and addressed his cuticles, then ruffed up the surface before applying a smelly glue. Then she pressed a long fingernail onto one of his own and held it there until the glue set up. She repeated this on each finger until both hands were done, then started back on the first hand and began to file each nail into nice round oval shapes. She buffed the nails smooth and began applying nail polish in a bright red color that made them sparkle and shine.

Marty didn't know what to do. He was on the verge of panic but knew that if he got out of control his true identity would be known for sure. As the hum of the dryer continued buzzing in his ears, the girl then scared the hell out of him. She got his attention again and unhooked the tabs high on his legs to roll down his nylons. He almost jumped out of the chair, thinking that she was going to expose his secret to everyone. After his heart quit beating 100 miles per hour, he took a deep breath and settled down as the girl gave him a pedicure and painted his toenails in the same bright red color. Finished, the girl looked into Marty's eyes and mouthed the words, "Keep your hands and feet still and don't touch anything for a few minutes so the polish can dry."

“Oh my dear God, how did I get myself into this mess? Please let me get through this date with out getting embarrassed to death, or beaten to death if this Frederick guy finds out he’s dating another guy,” he said to himself.

Just as Marty was finally relaxing and about to fall asleep, Tania returned and woke him. The hair drier was turned off and the hood removed from over his head.

“What an experience!” Marty thought; he was beginning to wonder if they were going to bake his brain in this contraption. He couldn’t believe what girls and women put themselves through in the name of beauty. No man would put himself through this for any reason, much less a date.

Tania took him back to one of the salon chairs and set him down with his back to the mirrors so that he couldn’t see what she was about to do. She began by plucking hairs out of his eyebrows. Anna was in the middle of having her hair done but before she got started, she’d told one of the girls not to perm his hair and not to thin out his eyebrows any more than they already were. Tania didn’t get the message and she did perm Marty’s hair into large spring-like curls that hung down on both sides and the back. She also did a number on his eyebrows and he now sported two very feminine, highly arched, thin eyebrows. He didn’t know it just yet but there would be no way to hide his very feminine-looking face now.

Tammy now came to work on Marty and was trying out different shades of base on him to match his own coloring when Anna returned. “Oh my!” she thought as his face came into view. Tammy had blended the base in with a sponge and darkened his

eyebrows with a pencil, then coated his upper and lower eyelids with a black liner. She brushed mascara onto his eyelids, making them look longer and thicker. Next she blended a pink and brown eye shadow lightly onto his upper lids. With a red lip brush she colored his lips to match his nails. She then coated his lips with a lip-gloss, making them look wet and shiny. She highlighted his cheeks with a little blusher and set it all with a fine powder.

Marty could smell the strange fragrances of the makeup and taste the lip stick and could only imagine what he must look like right now. He thought that he knew what was going on but couldn't see anything yet. Tania came back over, took out a couple of rollers and tested his hair to see if it was dry. She began to brush out his now long, soft, curls. She put a part in the front and brushed it forward and to the left, pinning it with a Bobby pin to hold it in place. This covered most of his forehead and just barely touched his eyebrow. Next she brushed and combed the top, the sides and back, and twisted and piled it all on the top of his head, making him look very sophisticated and elegant. Then she pulled several long hairs out on each side, curled them with an iron and let them hang down on each side just in front of the ears, in long bouncy curls. Tania finished up with a liberal amount of hairspray to hold everything in place.

She turned the chair around for Marty to get his first look since all of this started several hours ago. You could have stopped a raging bull dead in its tracks with the look on Marty's face. His mind slipped and

spun but couldn't grasp what his beautiful eyes were relaying back to his brain. He couldn't even speak. Nothing could have prepared him for this moment. He didn't think it was even remotely possible to so change someone this much in so short a time, with makeup and a hairdo.

He had a wide range of feelings and emotions. He felt fear, numbness, embarrassment, then joy, pride, and yes, even arousal. Moments later came doubt, shock, disbelief, panic, followed closely by more arousal.

"Why Martha Marie, words cannot begin to tell what I feel at this moment, honey. You are absolutely breathtaking, truly beautiful. Wait until Freddy gets a look at you!" Anna said, almost as shocked as Marty was.

"Momma, please tell me this can all be turned back normal again by Monday morning for school?" Marty begged.

"I told Tania not to perm your hair or thin out your eyebrows any more than they already were. Why did you let her do those things?" Anna asked.

"Mother, I've never been in one of these places, I didn't have a clue what she was doing," Marty said defensively.

"Mrs. Morris, are you not happy with Martha's hair? It looks so feminine and beautiful. I was sure that you told me to perm and wax. I'm really sorry if there's been a misunderstanding but she looks so soft and ladylike this way. I'd love to be there tonight when her young man comes to call on her. He is going to be so taken by her appearance, I'd love to see the look on his face. He is going to be the proudest fella in the whole

theater. I think the girls and I have really out done ourselves on Martha. She sure won't be taken for a tomboy now," Tania said.

"I can't argue with you on that, Tania, she is beautiful all right. This is way beyond my expectations. You've made her look like a princess."

Marty looked so very sweet and girlishly feminine that Anna just couldn't help herself; she bought a couple of different outfits for her new pretend daughter. She found a pretty little dress in the latest style of today's young teenager and embarrassed Marty further by making him try it on. Anna thought it looked ever cute on him but Marty felt it was too tight on top and much too short on the bottom, not even touching the tops of his knees.

Next, Anna brought him a pair of shorts that were really more like a skirt, then a turtleneck top that he felt was much too form-fitting. Unable to quell her excitement and enthusiasm, she bought him a pair of sandals with a small heel, a pair of white tennis shoes, a couple of pairs of shorts and a couple of tops to match.

By the time they got home, it was almost time to start getting dressed for the big date. Marty couldn't get over the appearance of the person looking back at him in the mirror. He got a little chill every time he saw his brightly painted feminine hands. How could this change his hands so much, he wondered? You couldn't miss seeing the bright red talons every time he moved his hands. It still seemed that they belonged to someone else. It really made his fingers appear longer and softer. 'Dainty' was the word for it.

It also felt very awkward and strange every time he reached for anything or moved his arms as they would rub against or get caught on the large mounds firmly

attached to his chest. They wiggled and felt so real whenever he moved, turned, or tried to climb the stairs. Marty was experiencing many new and strange feelings and changes and there was little time to get used to them. He prayed he'd be able to pull this off tonight without getting both he and his mother in deep trouble before it was all over with.

Mother came in and gave him another little purple pill and a glass of water. "OK, let's get started, my pretty little Martha. Time to get dressed for what I hope will be a fun and entertaining night for both of us. I'm sure that this will be a night you won't soon forget. You just need to relax and be yourself. Young Mr. Freddy is going to be so in awe of your looks, you won't have to do much of anything but smile and you'll have him eating out of your hand. He will probably be intimidated to the point of being happy just to be in your presence. Before you know it, the night will be over, we'll be done with this little charade for good and we'll get back to our normal dull life."

"That's easy for you to say, Mom. You're not the one trying to fool a date up close and personal. Plus, I'm going to have to just about shave my head to get rid of all these curls and I don't have any idea what we're going to do about my eye brows or how you get these long finger nails off. I'm almost as afraid of what happens after the date as I am about going on the date," Marty said.

"Don't worry, honey, it's going to all work out. You'll see," Mom replied.

Anna brought out something that Marty hadn't seen yet. With his penis tucked away in its gaff and pulled back, forcing his testicles back up into his body cavity, she helped him into a corset. It had padded

push-up under-wire cups. Anna had taken off the removable straps. It was lightly boned for support and pulled his stomach in several inches when it was laced up the back and tied off. The corset was all black and she also gave him some new black laced nylons which she helped him attach to the garter tabs on each leg before pulling on the black silk panties. Anna had to help him settle his faux breasts into the cups properly and touched up the almost invisible seam with some makeup to make the now present cleavage look very real.

She had him step into the black patent leather pumps with 2 ½ inch heels so he wouldn't snag the nylons. Then came the dress, that black silk number with wide shoulder straps and a square neck low enough to show some cleavage. It seemed to just slither down his body; once they got it over his breasts, it fell into place and the short skirt was two inches above his knees. As the silky material made contact with his now hairless skin, it caused him to shiver and goose-bumps ran up and down his whole body. Mom pulled up the full back zip and did up the catch on the back.

"Now you see why I bought the corset. It really defines you and gives you a womanly shape and curves in all the right places. This dress absolutely fits your new shape like a glove. Don't you try and tell me that it doesn't feel wonderful against your bare skin. I saw the little shiver you made putting it on," she said.

"But Mom, boys aren't supposed to be wearing these types of clothes, I can't help it that the material tickles when it touches your bare skin," Marty said.

Anna gave him a delicate gold feminine watch and a pearl bracelet for the other wrist. She also helped him

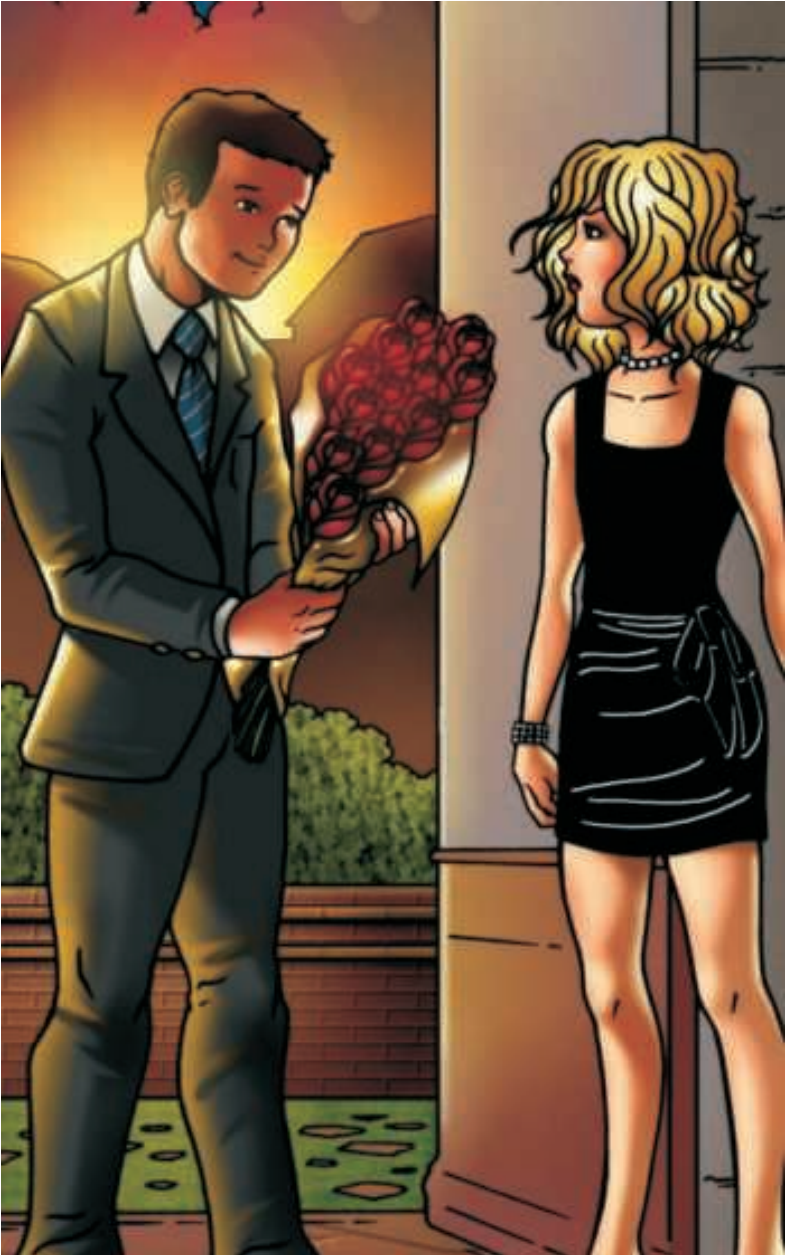
with a single strand of pearl necklace, then put the dangle pearl drop earrings into his newly-pierced ears.

Mom then touched up Marty's lipstick and added a little lip gloss. She then finished with a spritz of Tabu perfume. Anna stood back and was in complete awe of this unbelievably beautiful child who looked like she could have just stepped off the cover of a woman's fashion magazine. She could hardly wipe the smile from her face but she did have to wipe the tears from her eyes to see through the camera lens as she attempted to take several pictures of Marty in several different poses.

Meanwhile on the ride over to Marty's house, Frederick was not enthused about the upcoming date. He'd heard enough times about the nightmares caused by blind dates. One of his buddies in school teased him before leaving for home, telling him, "You'll probably wish that you were blind when you see what your dad and his friend have lined up for you. Your dad will probably tell you she's a very nice young lady, and that looks aren't every thing. What the hell were you thinking letting your old man set you up with a blind date, man? You're going to be stuck all night with a boring play and dinner. Doesn't sound like much fun to me. Get prepared, it's going to be one long, boring night, my friend."

Anna was finished up her own dressing and was adjusting a couple of the long curly ringlets hanging from Marty's hair when the doorbell rang. "You wait here for about 3 minutes while I let them in. When you hear the door close, wait a minute, then make an en-

trance, and I'll introduce you," Anna said and went to answer the door.



“Good evening Anna. Wow, you look fantastic. This is going to be a great night, I can feel it now. Anna, I’d like you to meet my son Frederick. Fred, please meet Mrs Anna Morris,” Eric said and the two exchanged greetings. Marty, on the verge of chickening out and running out the backdoor of the house, gathered his nerves and entered the room.

“Gentlemen, I’d like you to meet my daughter Martha Marie Morris, or Marty as her friends call her. Marty, this is Mr. Sommers and his son Frederick Sommers,” Anna said.

Both men stood there in awe, barely able to close their mouths. Frederick almost stumbled as he took a step and reached out to take Marty’s hand. “Hi. It’s, um, it’s really nice, um, to meet you, Marty,” he finally managed.

Freddy couldn’t believe his eyes.. She was almost angelic. ‘Beautiful’ wasn’t even a strong enough word for it. As much as he wasn’t looking forward to this night and was only doing this to appease his father, it wasn’t going to be hard at all to be seen with a beauty like her. He couldn’t tell his dad that he would have been just as happy to stay at the school and hang with his buddies. Freddy never really found a way to tell his dad that he had more fun with his buddies than he’d had with girls. He wasn’t sure what that made him but most of the girls in his life were just a pain in the ass. He feared he might be gay but wasn’t ready to admit that to anyone else or even himself at this point. He suddenly felt like a fool standing there, trying to stop grinning. He was thinking, “Thank you, God, at least I won’t have to sit there all night, trying not to look at some dog.” He couldn’t believe his luck. “Bless you, Dad,” he said under his breath.

The ladies handed their wraps to the two gentlemen who helped the ladies into their coats as the late spring evening was quite chilly. Anna picked up her purse and had to remind her very nervous 'daughter' to do the same. As they stepped out into the cool night air, each gentleman offered his date an arm to hold onto. As Marty looked up, he saw the biggest limo he'd ever seen in his whole life. The driver stood at the ready and opened the door as the two ladies entered the huge automobile. Looking around the inside the car, Marty thought it was as big as his whole bedroom. He tried hard not to laugh out loud and struggled to keep his composure. Meanwhile, Freddy got a whiff of Marty's perfume and found it more than a little intoxicating.

The ride to the theater was uneventful as the two kids made attempts at small talk, getting to know a little about each other. Fred, it turned out, was very athletic and played in all sports at his private school and also worked out a lot in the weight room. There really wasn't much else to do at an all-boys school. In addition to a remarkable physique, he was also a very handsome young man. He had dark hair, looked like he'd been out in the sun as he sported a good tan and had rugged features. You could tell right away that he was Eric's son, as they looked very much alike. Freddy was outgoing but not overbearing. Marty was more quiet and reserved. She was more comfortable just being home, reading, watching movies, listening to music or just working around the house doing chores, and spending time alone.

Freddy talked about his school and his activities for a while, then thought he was monopolizing the conversation and tried hard to get Marty to talk about her life a little. Just as he finally got her to talking, they pulled up to the theater and someone was opening the doors

for them. Both guys got out, offered an arm to their dates and escorted them into the theater.

Marty's mind was racing; a multitude of thoughts ran through his mind. It felt weird and strange holding onto Fred's arm and mincing down the aisle on these unfamiliar high heels and dressed as he was. Fred, despite his early reservations about this date, was now very pleased with himself and couldn't stop smiling at his good fortune. He was suddenly very proud to be seen with this beautiful young lady hanging on his arm. He only wished some of the guys back at school could see him right now; they would really envy him. It didn't hurt for his father to see him out with a young woman. This was good for his image. Fred noticed all the looks and stares they were getting as they walked through the crowd.

Marty and Anna were both surprised as they were escorted to a private box having one of the better views in the whole theater. It was stocked with snacks and beverages and seemingly anything you'd want to eat. It also had big, comfortable, overstuffed chairs to sit in.

Eric got Anna and himself some champagne. Then Fred asked, "What about us, Dad? Marty and I would like one too to relax and take the edge off a little," he asked.

"I guess one small glass on the special occasion of your first date wouldn't hurt anything, as long as Martha's mother doesn't object," Eric said, looking to Anna for her approval.

Anna looked at Marty and could see that she was still very nervous and tight. "I guess that would be OK," she said, smiling. Fred then filled two glasses and handed one to Marty.

“Here’s to a wonderful evening. I’m really glad I’m getting the chance to know you, Marty,” Fred said and they touched their glasses together and began to sip the bubbly drink. Marty wasn’t too sure that he liked the somewhat bitter taste but continued to sip away at it.

The two couples took their seats and got comfortable as Marty kept taking small sips to keep from having to talk. He finished off the glass; as Eric and Anna were busy talking about work, they didn’t notice Freddy getting up and refilling their glasses. By the time the second glass was finished, Marty was getting a nice little buzz on. This, Freddy noticed, was beginning to loosen Marty up a bit. They began talking about school and Marty asked if Fred liked going to a private all-boys school. Fred said there was both good and bad things about it but it didn’t really matter as his Father was making him go there.

Fred was doing most of the talking but he and the champagne finally got Marty to talk about herself a little. Marty was now feeling the warm buzz and was trying hard to watch what he was saying. He was being extra careful not to say anything to lead Fred on, or make him think they could become anything other than just friends. Fred was slick, though, and finally got Marty to admit that no, she didn’t have a steady boyfriend, which brought a big smile to Fred’s face.

Just then the orchestra started up and the lights dimmed. The curtains opened and the play was starting. After a while, Marty felt Fred feeling around and finally took hold of his hand. Marty’s hand was small, soft and limp, while Fred’s were large and firm and strong. Marty didn’t fight it but was glad the lights were down low so no one else could see them holding hands or that his cheeks were blushing red. Fred could-

n't figure out why this girl seemed so different from any girl he'd ever been with before. Deep in his heart, Fred suspected that he preferred to be with boys, so why was this girl so different? He surprised himself by feeling quite comfortable holding Marty's small and soft hand. Somehow it just felt right.

About forty-five minutes into the play, Marty couldn't hold it anymore and, in a whisper, asked, "Do you know where the restrooms are?"

Fred said, "Yes, the Men's is out and to the left and the Ladies' room is just around the corner to the right. Come on, I'll show you and wait for you until you're done." He helped her to her feet and didn't release her hand. She looked up at him but didn't pull her hand away.

"Dad, Mrs. Morris, please excuse us. I'm going to walk Martha to the ladies' room," he said.

As they left the privacy of the box, Anna noticed that Frederick was holding Marty's hand. This was something they hadn't discussed prior to the date but it didn't look to her like Marty was putting up any resistance. It suddenly occurred to Anna as she watched them walk away hand-in-hand that she would have really loved to have had a daughter of her own.

As they approached the rest rooms, Marty hadn't thought about having to go into the ladies room. It didn't take long though to realize that he'd make quite a spectacle of himself if he tried to use the men's room. So, reluctantly, he walked in and quickly found an open stall. Once inside, Marty turned, lifted the skirt of his dress and pulled his panties all the way down to his ankles. Then he had to get himself loosened from the gaff he was wearing; he struggled for a minute until he finally remembered that Mom told him there was an

opening in the end of the gaff which would allow him to pee sitting down just like a normal girl would. This was something else that they hadn't practiced before tonight; it was awkward and felt weird after sixteen years of just standing and whipping out his penis and doing his business. He now understood why his Mom insisted he pull the garter straps inside and through the leg openings of his panties. It was a lot more difficult than going to the bathroom as a boy.

He came out of the stall and was relieved to see there were no other women in there. He washed his hands and shook his head as he saw his bright red fingernails. Then he remembered what his mother had whispered to him as he left the suite. "Remember to sit and after you wash your hands, remember to touch up your lipstick and gloss," she'd told him. He reached into his purse and applied more of the red lipstick over his upper and lower lips, then pressed them together to spread it evenly over his lips. Next he did the same with the shiny lip gloss. Again he shook his head in disbelief as he saw the hot looking girl starring back at him. He also watched in amusement as the long dangle pearl drop earrings swung back and forth with every movement of his head. Finally, the task at hand completed, he stepped out into the hall where he found Frederick patiently waiting for his date.

Frederick looked like a little lost puppy that just found his owner after a long absence. Fred's eyes lit up and a grin took over his whole face. Marty would have had to be completely blind not to see that Freddy was really taken with him. Dear Frederick most definitely had an immediate major crush on Martha. "Oh dear God, just what I needed. This just cannot be happening!" Marty thought to himself

Just as they were about to leave and return to their seats, Mom and Eric came up to them. "Intermission time," Anna told them. "Marty honey, be a dear and come help me a minute."

He found himself back in the ladies room again. Once inside, Mom asked Marty how he was holding up. "Mom, Freddy is falling all over himself, trying to please me. I thought he was just about to kiss me a couple of different times already. I didn't know what to do or say, that's why I asked to go to the restroom. What happens if he keeps trying, what should I do?" Marty asked.

"Well dear, try and keep him at arm's length but don't go hitting him or being unnecessarily rude. This will all be over with soon. Remember, this is a very important evening to Eric, so you might just have to put up with a little kiss before the night is over. Just make believe you are an actor playing a part; try to feel like the character that you are playing. It's only a kiss, you are not being asked to make out or have sexual relations with the boy.

"Besides, he may not even push the issue if you give him the sign you don't wish to kiss on the first date. He actually seems like a very nice young man from what I could tell. Just play it by ear and roll with the punches, so to speak," Anna advised.

"That's easy for you to say, Mother. The thing is, I shouldn't be going out on a date with a nice young man, or any other kind of man for that matter. You really don't find all of this that weird, do you?" Marty asked.

"After seeing you all dressed up like you are, honey, I'm not so sure that you shouldn't have been born a girl. I'm sorry but that's the truth, baby. You are

so much more natural as a girl. I know that you can't possibly see it but I've watched you all evening and you are more outgoing and confident as Martha than I can ever remember you being as Marty, my son," she whispered.

Poor Marty couldn't believe his own ears. "Mother, don't even think about trying to keep me like this. I'm only acting and doing the best I can to help you out of a jam.

"This..." Marty indicated, moving his hand from head to toe. "This is a one-time deal. I don't care if you have to tell your boss that your daughter left the state and went to Alaska to live with the polar bears after tonight," he said

Meanwhile, waiting outside for the ladies, Eric said, "Well, son, what do you think of your date for tonight? Did I do good? She sure is a little beauty. Soft and delicate too," Dad said.

"I have to tell you, Dad, I was not looking forward to this date tonight. I was sure that she would be some homely-looking girl and the whole night would be a bore. I'd made up my mind to grin and bare it, get it over with and put it all behind me. But I sure wasn't prepared for this. Not only is she beautiful, but she is nice and sweet and shy. I've never met a girl like Marty. I don't even know what but there's just something about her.

"I can't put my finger on it. She is wonderful, beautiful, sexy, shy and mysterious all at once. I'm hoping I'll get more chances to get to know her better," Freddy said. "I'm really glad that I'm here right now. Thank you so much for putting this all together just for me, Dad. This is the best date I've ever been on and I've

only known her for about two hours now. I really appreciate, it Dad," Freddy told him.

"Who said that I did this just for you? Marty's mother is not only a very beautiful and sexy woman herself but she's also the best salesperson in our whole company. If Marty turns out to be half the woman her Mother is, she'll be someone to hold onto. It's plain to see that beauty runs in the family, that's for sure," Eric told his son and they high-fived each other.

The play was supposed to be very good but Frederick couldn't tell you what it was about because he hardly ever took his eyes off Marty. Each time he leaned over to whisper something in her ear, Marty felt Freddy's hot breath on her neck and in her ear, sending goose bumps down her spine and a growing excitement through out her body. Freddy noticed the effect that he was causing and began to let his lips linger longer each time he leaned into Marty. Then as his courage and confidence grew, he took a chance and kissed Marty's ear, then her neck.

Getting worried about where this was heading, Marty turned to ask him to stop. Just as he did, Freddy leaned in to kiss Marty's cheek and their lips met for the very first time. Shocked and surprised, Marty didn't pull away. The kiss was soft and tender. The mix of cologne, perfume and the taste of lipstick combined was like an aphrodisiac; before Marty could figure out what he should do, he found that his own lips were not only kissing Freddy back but he also felt Freddy's hot, wet, tongue tracing her lips. The fire within was beginning to rage. Marty forgot who he was, where he was

and what he was doing. He slowly put his hand on Fred's left knee and started moving it softly up and down the top of Fred's thigh. Unconscious of his hand's actions, Marty realized that he was sucking on the tongue invading his mouth.

Still unaware of her wandering hand, Marty's hand touched Fred's groin by mistake. What was under those pants was no mistake; Fred had a raging hard-on. This shocked Marty back to reality.

"My God, what am I doing? What the hell was I thinking? Marty Morris, have you completely lost your mind?" he asked himself. His mind was spinning out of control.

Fred knew that something had happened as Marty sat straight up and pulled away from him. Now it was Fred's turn to blush and wonder if he was blowing it with her. "Damn, maybe I'm moving way too fast. I sure hope that I'm not going to blow this chance with her. She's so sexy and hot. I'd better just cool it and hope she isn't pissed at me," he thought.

They turned their attentions to the play and watched the remaining few minutes but they couldn't concentrate as they were both still very turned-on. Marty was confused and very upset with himself for letting himself kiss this boy and for liking it.

As the play finally came to an end, Fred stood and helped Marty on with her coat, then offered his arm. They walked out together arm-in-arm to the waiting limo. As they got into the limo, Marty found Fred's arm around her shoulder. Marty immediately raised his right hand and found Fred's hand before it could come to rest where it shouldn't be. Marty couldn't help seeing his bright red finger-nailed hand intertwine with Fred's larger hand. This made Marty feel very

frail and feminine. It was a calming feeling of warmth that swept over Marty and made him feel strangely safe and wanted as Fred enveloped her in a blanket of his own warm body. Marty felt like a girl for the very first time in his life. He knew that he looked like a girl but now something was happening inside of him. He felt like a girl and began wondering what it would be like to be a girl all the time.

Marty slowly and deliberately turned her head and once again Fred's lips hungrily met her full red lips. It was a soft teasing and sensual kiss. Had it not been for the gaff Marty was wearing, his own penis would now have grown to full erection. The restriction of the tight-fitting device and the pain it caused each time it began to swell from the intense stimulation it was getting caused it to shrink and remain soft and small.

They arrived at the restaurant before things went much farther. They were taken right to their waiting table. Eric had the server bring wine for all of them. They ordered their meals and Anna excused herself and asked Martha to accompany her to the powder room. Once they were all alone in the ladies room. "Well well, my little girl is growing up right before my very own eyes and on her very first date," she said to a blushing Marty.

"Mother, please, if you're referring to that kiss, Freddy wouldn't stop. He took me totally by surprise, I never dreamed that he'd try to do something like that right in front of everyone else. I froze and didn't know what to do. I'm sure you didn't want me to punch him or slap him in the face, as that wouldn't be a pleasant way to end this date that's so important to his father."

"I can tell you this much, returning the kiss and sucking on his tongue like a vacuum cleaner probably

wasn't the best way to discourage him," Anna grinned knowingly. "Nice girls don't engage in such open displays of lust!" Anna told her but she was still smiling and seemingly enjoying Marty's discomfort.

"I...I...Mother, that's not fair. I mean, I'm in this very unnatural and unfamiliar set of circumstances for your benefit, trying to help you out of this awful mess which I might add, I had nothing to do with causing. I sure didn't come to you and ask, 'Momma can I be a girl today? I want to wear a dress and permanently mess up my hair and face and go out with your boss' son, be humiliated and make out with him in public.'" Marty said with emotion.

"OK honey, calm down now. I know that you didn't ask for any of this."

Anna took his chin in her hand and turned his face to meet her own. She noticed the little tears in Marty's bright eyes. "You're right, and I do appreciate you doing this very unusual thing for me. All I'm saying, dear, is that kiss you were returning to Freddy was no friendship kiss or like kissing a relative. Are you going to tell me that you didn't like that kiss, after what Freddy's father and I just witnessed?"

"NO! Of course I didn't like it. I just didn't know what I was supposed to do. I haven't even really dated girls that much; he really caught me off guard and I didn't like it at all," he lied. In his heart—and this scared him more than he wanted to admit, even to himself—he did, in fact, enjoy it. After the very first touch of those lips on his own, he was excited and thrilled and he wanted more of the same. "What's happening to me? I must be gay or queer or something," he said to himself.

"It's OK, honey, be polite, stay on your toes and try to not give him the opportunity to get you in that position again. We are almost through the night; it will all be over soon and you won't have to do it again. Here baby, let me touch up your lipstick for you. You have a small smudge in the corner here. Ah, there, that's much better and you look beautiful," Anna said.

Things were cool all through the dinner and they ate as they exchanged small talk, getting to know each other better. The meal was one of the best that Marty could ever remember. He wished he could have eaten more, but he could only eat very small portions because of the tight and restricting and unfamiliar undergarments he was wearing.

The busboy came to their table to clear away the dishes. As Marty looked up, he froze and almost panicked. It was Dean Knight, a boy in Marty's class at school. Marty wanted to slip down under the table from the embarrassment. He quickly realized it was unfounded, however, as Dean didn't seem to have any recognition of him. "May I take your plate, Miss?" Dean asked Marty and blushed modestly.

"Yes you may. Thank you," Marty replied, trying quickly to regain his composure as he realized Dean had no idea who Marty was. Dean, Marty noticed, couldn't take his eyes off of her and gave a little sheepish grin as he took her plate. This made Marty's confidence begin to grow; he'd gone to school with Dean since the first grade. If a friend like Dean couldn't tell who Marty was, then complete strangers probably couldn't tell about his secret either.

The dinner over with, they all went into the big ballroom. Eric found them a table just off the side of the dance floor. Marty immediately started to worry; sure

that Fred was going to ask her to dance. The band was already playing and several couples were dancing to a rather fast number. Before Marty could sit down, Freddy grabbed her hand. "Come on Marty, let's dance," he said, pulling her onto the dance floor, not paying attention to her saying that she wasn't a good dancer and would rather not. They stood face-to-face and Fred started moving and swaying, while Marty felt dumb standing in one spot and barely moving. She began watching others around them as they danced to the beat of the music. Little by little, she began to pick up the beat and start moving with a rhythm of her own. They danced through four or five songs and Marty started feeling more confident and at ease. She began clicking her fingers and moving her arms and hips. She continued to pick up moves from the other women dancing. She had to be careful not to get too animated because of the high heel shoes she was wearing, which after the sixth dance were letting her know that her feet needed a rest.

As the song ended and she started to walk off the dance, floor the band started up a slow, romantic song. Fred looked at her and said, "Please, just one more, then we'll take a break."

He took Marty's hand and pulled her tight against his body. Even with her two and a half-inch high heels Fred was a full head taller than Marty. Her head just came up to his shoulders. As they started to slowly glide around the room, Fred put both of his arms around her lower back, leaving her with nothing to do with her arms but to clasp them around his neck. Fred was a wonderful dancer and strong on his feet. For not knowing how to dance very well as a guy or a gal, Marty found it amazingly easy to follow Fred's lead as they began to move almost as one. She now had her

arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder. Her eyes were closed and she concentrated on making her feet and body move right with Fred's. Fred constantly rubbed his thigh against and between Marty's thighs. He stroked her back from just above her butt to the base of her neck and between her shoulder blades. He would lean over and kiss her neck and ear just as he'd done earlier, driving her to distraction. He began to tease her by letting his lips linger while letting his hot breath ooze into her ear, causing goose bumps to run up and down her spine. Fred finally pulled his head up. As Marty looked up to see what he was doing, Fred covered her moist red lips with his own. He'd been waiting for a chance to do this ever since they left the play.

Marty was intoxicated with sensuous desires and romantic thoughts. She just couldn't take much more of this. Suddenly Fred's tongue began tracing her lips again. Marty, getting more and more excited, sucked Fred's tongue into her mouth hungrily.

Finally Marty came to her senses, broke off the kiss and pushed away a little. "Wow! Freddy, please, I have to sit for a minute. I'm feeling very light-headed and dizzy all of a sudden. Between my feet really hurting from these high heels and you taking my breath away with that kiss, I really need to sit and catch my breath. You really are a great dancer, because I am not very experienced at dancing and you made it really easy to follow," she told him.

The remainder of the night was the same pattern repeated over and over. They would dance and work

each other's bodies to an almost fever pitch , then sit and cool off, have a sip or two of their drinks, then start all over again. Before the night was over, Marty began to feel more and move feminine and actually began to love the dancing, especially the slow dances. The fact that this amazing young man was spoiling her and treating her like a real lady was having its effect on Marty's psyche. As the night went on, she fell into the role she was playing more and more. Fred continued to pull out her chair for her, hold her hand, and constantly tell her how beautiful she was.

On one of the breaks, as they sat and rested, Marty asked him if he played any sports at his school. That brought a big grin on his face and he told her he played football, basketball, baseball and hockey. He asked her if she liked sports and a whole new conversation opened up. Fred couldn't believe that this petite little beauty could know so much about sports. Fred finally told her that she was just too good to be true, as they seemed to have so much in common.

All good things must come to an end. The night was finally drawing to a close. All had enjoyed the evening very much and hated to see it end. The guys helped the ladies on with their wraps, Eric sent for his limo, and the long black car pulled up momentarily. Frederick helped Marty get in and followed close behind. The ride home seemed much too fast.

Fred finally said, "Marty this has been the best night of my life, I mean it. I hope you've enjoyed yourself even half as much as I have tonight. I'm going to be home for a weekend two weeks from now and I'd love to see you again. Could I please see you then?"

"Hey, that's a great idea," Eric chimed in before Marty could answer. "We seem to have all hit it off re-

ally well tonight and I would really like to see you again in this capacity, Anna, if you're game. I've got a great little cabin up north at Table Rock Lake. Why don't we make it a foursome again and make a long weekend out of it the week after next? That would be the 9th through the 12th. What do you say, ladies? How does that sound to you?"

Eric said, then continued before they could answer. "I think it would be a really great weekend. We could actually leave after work on Thursday night and stay up there until Monday," he offered.

In an attempt to get out of it easily, Anna said, "I have to work both Monday and Friday so I don't see how we could make it then."

"That's no problem because I'm your boss, remember? If I say you can be off, then you can. I'll just say you can be off for that time for personal reasons and I'll even see that you get paid. If that's the only obstacle, then it's settled. We'll pick you up after work Thursday and be at the lake by 8:30 or 9:00 PM. As a matter of fact, you can have Thursday off too, Anna, so you can have time to get ready," Eric said smiling.

Marty was in total shock at hearing this news and couldn't believe that his mother didn't jump right in and tell them they wouldn't be available that weekend. He was fit to be tied and was just about to speak up himself and tell them that he already had plans for the weekend and wouldn't be home, or that he was going to live with his father out of state, or something along those lines, when Fred grabbed her and pulled her tight in a giant bear hug.

"Dad, that's the best idea you've ever had. I can't wait. Marty, we're going to have a ball. We have a re-

ally nice boat up there at the cabin. We'll be able to ski and swim and on Friday and Saturday nights, there's always a big dance at the beach pavilion. I just know you're going to love it up there, Marty," Fred said and kissed her right on the lips before she could formulate some reason they couldn't go.

Anna turned and looked at poor Marty. He looked up at her with the most hopeless and pitiful expression on his sweet made-up face. It was a look that said, "Help me, Mother!"

Anna just shrugged her shoulders and had a sheepish and helpless look on her face that said, "What can I say?" Then the look that Marty gave her prompted her to say, "Eric, thank you so much for asking. I'll have to check our calendar to make sure that we are both free that weekend. I'm sure that it would be a wonderful weekend but it seems to me that there's something we were supposed to do that weekend."

"Well alright, if you are already busy that weekend we can make it next weekend or the weekend after the weekend you're busy. I'd just like to have a chance for all of us to get to know each other a little better. It's obvious that we all enjoyed tonight, and I think this could possibly turn into a meaningful relationship. I'd sure like to at least give it a chance. I mean I've liked you from the first time you came to work at D & C. Now I've seen a side of you that is really different from the all-business woman I've known and it's a very nice side of you, I must say."

Just then the big black limo pulled into the driveway of Anna's house. The gentlemen helped the ladies out of the car and walked arm-in-arm with them up to the front door. Anna was just about to thank them for the wonderful evening when Eric surprised her by say-

ing, "Anna, I don't want to be pushy, but why don't we take a look at your calendar and see if you and Marty are free that weekend. It will give us all time to prepare for the trip."

Not knowing what else to say at Eric's insistence, she walked into the kitchen where the calendar was hanging on the refrigerator. Fred and Marty were right behind them. Once there, it was plan to see that the calendar was empty for the weekend in question, leaving them without an excuse for not accepting the invitation. "Wonderful, it's settled then. Hopefully it will be a weekend to remember," Eric said and Fred clapped his hands,

"Great!" he hollered and pulled Marty to him and gave her a kiss.

"Marty, could you please write down your E-mail address for me so that I can write to you during the week? Here's my cell phone number, will you put your number in here? If you'll give me yours, I'll do the same for you."

Once this was done, Eric thanked Anna for a great evening and he kissed her for the first time, softly and sensually. "Anna, it's been a really long time since I've enjoyed the company of a woman or kissed one," Eric said.

Anna blushed and said, "I know how you feel. I can't remember the last time that I was kissed like that or had such a wonderful night. Thank you, Eric, for the play, the dinner, the dance and for the kiss," she said, feeling like a schoolgirl on her first date. She felt awkward at first but Eric took that as a green light.

He held her and kissed her again; the kiss consumed her and she returned it with enthusiasm.

Anna's hunger for the touch of a good and decent man was released; she put her arms around his neck and kissed him with such hot passion that made it hard to stop. She finally broke the long passionate kiss and tried to regain her composure. It took a moment or two for her heart to stop racing and her breathing to return to normal.

A shocked and bewildered Marty just stood watching his mother and Eric in this embrace and almost lustful kiss, feeling doomed. Fred, taking the cue from their parents, wasted no time and embraced Marty. "Oh Marty, what can I say, you are so beautiful and fun to be with. I've never known anyone like you before. Thank you so much for tonight, I can't remember having a better date in my life. I'll be counting the days until these two weeks go by and we can have a whole weekend together."

With that, he leaned down and took Marty in his arms. Marty had hoped to get into the house and watch them drive away to avoid this inevitable embrace and kiss but thanks to Mom and Eric, it was going to be a whole lot worse than just a good night kiss now if this upcoming weekend get-together came to fruition. With her mind still spinning, she realized that Fred's lips had found her own bright red lips and were pressing passionately on them. Marty, still confused and lost in thought, suddenly felt something warm and tingling inside. She forgot for a time just what and who she was and realized she was responding and returning the kiss with reckless abandon.

Anna and Eric stood holding each other, watching the two youths. "Hey you two, you're going to start a fire in here with that much heat," Eric said kiddingly and they all started laughing. "Come on son, we have

to go and let these ladies get their beauty sleep," Fred and Marty slowly backed away from each other and blushed bright red.

"Good night, Martha Marie Morris. Thank you again for tonight. I can't wait for two weeks to go by so we can be together for a whole weekend," Fred said. Then he kissed her one last time. "See you in two weeks," he said.

Then Fred and his father walked down the sidewalk to their waiting car and were gone. As the big black limo started for home, young Fred once again thanked his father for putting this date tonight together for him. "Dad, I can't thank you enough for tonight. That's the best night I've had in a really long time. Now I have something to look forward to when I go back to school. These next two weeks are going to seem like a year. I know that Mom would have liked Marty too. She is just so different from any girl I've ever known. We seemed to have really hit it off tonight; she likes almost everything I like. I can tell that this is going to turn into a long-lasting relationship. I know that we only just met tonight for the first time but I feel like I've known her forever. She was really shy at first but we seemed to have really warmed up to each other," he told his dad who looked over at him and smiled.

"Yeah, I saw how you two warmed up. From what I saw, you were close to boiling over. Listen, I'm really glad you liked Marty and had a good time tonight but please try to take it a little slower, would you? Remember, her mother is one of our company's best salespersons and that makes her very important to me. I know how you feel as I seem to have a thing for Anna too. If you go and break her daughter's heart, it might just

make Anna not want to have anything to do with me or my company. So take it slow," Eric said.

As soon as Marty saw the big car pull away from their driveway she turned to Anna and said, "For the love of God, Mother, what have you done to me? How do I get out of this mess now? You just have to think up some way of getting me out of this. Even if you have to tell him I died. I simply cannot go out with him again. EVER," Marty told her. "If I have to keep looking like this, there is no way I can go to school for the next two weeks unless I cut off all my hair and wear dark sunglasses to hide my eyebrows, not to mention my pierced ears. You promised that this would only be for this one night. And now, you saw how Freddy acted. I'll be lucky if he doesn't propose marriage to me on the weekend date," Marty rambled on and on.

Anna stepped up and put her hand on Marty's breast. Just as she'd expected, his heart was beating a mile a minute. "It seems like maybe your body is saying that it wants to see Freddy again, though," she said with a smile.

"Mother, this is not funny. This can only end in hurt and pain and trouble for all of us when Freddy eventually finds out the truth about me. And he *will* find out. One more date like tonight and he will find out the truth. I don't think he's going to take it very well when he finds out that his girl friend has a penis and testicles just like he does," Marty pleaded.

"Marty, are you going to stand there and telling me that you didn't enjoy yourself tonight, being wined and dined and treated like a princess? Are you also going to tell me that you didn't feel anything for Frederick? Because what I witnessed was you clinging onto that young man and french kissing his tonsils every time

Eric and I looked at the two of you. It looked for all the world like you two were enjoying each other to the max," Anna said. She was thinking of her own needs, not wanting to risk messing up her chance with Eric.

"Mother, are you listening to yourself? I was scared shitless all night long. I was too afraid to reject Freddy's aggressiveness. In case you don't remember, what I have down there in my panties is a penis which is not a body part any normal girl would have there." he said nervously. "When Fred finds that out, God only knows if he and his dad will kill us both for deceiving them and making a fool out of Freddy," Marty said. "Mom, I'm begging you, you just have to figure a way out of this mess before it gets any deeper," Marty begged.

"Yes, you're right, dear, I know you are. It's just that we're in so deep already. What a shame because we all got along so wonderfully and had such a good time. It could be so great if only you didn't have that one little defect between your legs. I got carried away because it felt so right having a beautiful daughter to share an experience like we did tonight," Anna said. Her mind was drifting off again, visualizing Eric's lips on her own, his arms around her with his hands lightly touching her body. She could see the two of them living up at the cottage together in a nice, comfortable, and romantic lifestyle.

Marty was starting to get really worried. Surely his mother wouldn't cut off his penis and balls just to keep her romance going with Eric? "Mother, snap out of it. We've got to stop this *now*. We're both going to be in a lot of trouble because there is no way we can keep this up. He IS going to eventually find out that I am not

what he thinks I am. What do you intend to do?" Marty pleaded with her.

"I know, honey. I'll have to try to figure something out before that weekend. It's not going to be easy or go over very well with either of them though," Anna said as they got undressed. She showed Marty how to remove his makeup with a creamy remover and then apply a moisturizing cream liberally all over his face, which still looked totally feminine to her. Anna undid his bra, unlaced the corset and helped him out of its tight grip. She thought she could see a little puffiness around his nipples, thought she kept that information to herself. She gave him a silk nightie and helped him pull it on even though he protested, wanting to wear his own PJ's or underwear.

"Go now, go sit in the living room, I'll be right in. We have to brush out your hair before bed or it will be a tangled mess by morning." Anna ordered and noticed that he didn't object to that.

Marty reluctantly did as he was told and went in and turned the TV on. Anna joined him shortly and handed him a little purple pill and some water.

"What's this for?" he asked? "I don't have a head ache tonight," he told her.

Every day for the last week or so, Mom was giving him one of the purple or blue pills every time anything was wrong. If nothing was wrong, she told him that they were vitamins, or sometimes she said they were for headaches. Tonight she said, "It looks like there is some swelling in your chest area. It appears that you are retaining water. These should help with that."

She had Marty sit on the stool in front of her and she brushed out his long, dark, curly hair. She secretly

loved having a daughter to fuss over and couldn't help herself from wishing that Marty could somehow remain as the daughter she had enjoyed all night, forever. She knew that this would be unfair to Marty. "A mother can dream, can't she?" she said in her mind.

The one thing that Marty did have to admit to himself (even if he would never say it out loud) was that he loved all the extra attention Mom had been giving her this past week while preparing for "THE DATE." He really didn't want to dress like a girl and he certainly didn't want to become one but he couldn't deny that sitting there with Mom brushing his long hair over and over again felt very nice. Her soft touch made him feel safe and warm and comforted his soul. He almost fell asleep, it relaxed him so much. Suddenly, Anna's voice brought him out of his dreamlike state. "OK young lady, off to bed with you. We girls need our beauty sleep," she said.

"Mother please, isn't all of this mess bad enough? Please don't call me a young lady because I happen to be your *son*. There just *has* to be some way out of this mess, Mom. Can't we just call them and say something came up? Tell them I went to live with my Father in another state or country or something like that. I don't care if we have to actually move to another state. Not only am I not a girl, I never wanted to be one," he said trying to convince himself now as much as his mother.

"Martha, that's not realistic thinking right now. I have the greatest job I've ever known, with the best pay and benefits we've ever had. On top of that, for the first time in my entire life I have what appears to be a

real gentleman who I think actually cares for me, also something I've never known in my life. No, honey, I can't give up my job, and I don't want to give up Eric, the first guy to treat me like a lady. Things will work out somehow, you'll see. We just have to give it some time. For the time being, we are just in this too deep to try to get out of it without losing all our credibility. In the meantime, I'll try to figure a way out of this mess," Anna told him.

"But Momma, what do you think is going to happen when they do finally find out about my little imperfection?" They are going to be very mad and hurt that we deceived them like this. I mean this isn't like I forgot to tell them I have an extra toe or something. I have a penis and balls and they are going to go away like a rash," Marty went on.

"OK, that's enough now, Marty, I'm well aware of the problem. I know very well what you have and don't have in the way of genitalia. I just told you, it will work out somehow. We'll figure something out. You just continue to be yourself and things will work themselves out," Anna told the troubled youth.

The last thought Marty had before drifting off to sleep was, "Yeah, be yourself, she says. If I was being myself, I wouldn't have gotten into this mess to start with. So which self am I supposed to be?" He finally fell asleep but immediately started dreaming of Frederick. They were dancing and kissing. He held her close and she felt his warm breath on her ear and neck and she shivered with goose-bumps down her neck and arms. Then suddenly they were at Eric's cabin.

She was dressed in a very sexy sweater and mini-skirt and wearing high heels. The two of them were lying in Fred's room on his king-sized bed. Freddy was

playing with the buttons on her sweater, undoing them one at a time. He kissed her neck softly, then moved down and began kissing her breasts. It sent shivers down her body, getting her very excited. Then he started back up to kiss her bright puffy red lips and trace them with his hot tongue. Next Freddy started back down again, kissing and licking a trail all the way down to her panties.

She stiffened with fear as Freddy pulled her dainty pink panties down and then jumped back in shock as her six-inch erect penis almost jumped into his face. But then she couldn't believe her eyes. Fred gently reached out and held her penis in his hand and slowly stroked it back and forth. He looked her directly in the eyes and a smile spread across his face as he bent down and began kissing and licking. Marty watched in shock and disbelief. Just as Freddy was about to put her penis in his mouth. Marty was cruelly awakened by a warm and wet feeling on his legs and stomach. He'd come all over himself with a major orgasm which rocked his whole body.

He slowly realized what had just happened to him and what had caused it. The dream about Frederick was very realistic. His mind was spinning and his heart was still beating fast. "Dear God, what's happening to me? I'm turning gay or into a woman or something. Oh God, I really do like Freddy and worse than that, I like what he did to me and how it made me feel but this can't possibly work out. What am I going to do now?" he wondered.

Marty got out of bed and pulled off the soiled nightie and panties. He went into the bathroom and cleaned himself up. Then he walked, naked, back into his bedroom and went to his dresser to get a clean pair

of underwear. The drawer was empty of his underwear and t-shirts and in their place were training bras, slips, silk panties and nighties. This startled him, even in the half-awake state his mind was in. Slowly, he pulled out a pair of clean panties and a sheer silk powder blue nightie that made him shiver as it slid down over his hairless body. In his mind, he heard his mother's words. "It will all work out."

"Yeah, sure it will...but for who?" he thought.

Sunday morning Marty stretched and blinked as the sunlight warmed his body. As he turned on his side, the strange feeling of the silk nightie caressed his hairless body as it slid across the sensitive skin. As he opened his eyes, he immediately noticed the bright red nail polish on his fingers. In a half dream-like state, he thought. "My, what pretty, sexy, hands." Then he regained full consciousness. "Oh God, these are *my* hands!" he said out loud.

"Yes honey, they are and very pretty hands at that, I might add," his mother said. "Time to get up, sweetie. I thought we'd go out for breakfast in town, then maybe shop a little and get you a couple of outfits to wear up to Eric's cabin. This afternoon I thought we'd go to the beach or the salon and start working on our tans."

"But Mom..." Marty started in.

Anna cut him off by raising her hand and putting her finger to her lips. "Shh. No argument, Martha, unless you want to go to school these last two weeks looking as you do right now. Because you do have to go to school and finish up the year with your finals and all. I thought we'd stop at a specialty shop I've found online to purchase a natural hair wig in your own color to cover up your ears, eyebrows and your beautifully

permed long curls until the school year ends. That way you won't feel awkward in front of the other students and your friends," Anna smiled

"But Mom, why can't we just go and get my hair cut in a unisex way and get some fake eyebrows so that I can go to school without getting teased or beat up?" he begged.

"Martha Marie! Stop. I won't argue with you any more on the subject. What's done is done. I know it was an unfortunate thing, you walking out at just the wrong time looking for all the world like a teenaged girl in facial mask, long hair and robe but I can't change that. I'm sorry if you're uncomfortable with all of this but you might just as well get used to it, at least for the immediate future, because this is going to be your life for a while. We will somehow get through all this together, look back someday and have a really good laugh about it," Anna said in a no-nonsense tone.

As they went into Mom's bedroom, Marty could see that she had already laid out the clothes that she wanted him to wear shopping. As soon as he saw the skirt and pullover top, he stopped and said, "Mom, if we are only going to get me a unisex wig, why can't I just wear my own clothes?"

"It's OK with me if you want to but I would think you'd feel very embarrassed and silly, trying on dresses and skirts and tops, dressed in boys clothing and having people see you changing back and forth. Remember I also said we'd be shopping for enough young ladies clothing to get you through the weekend up at the Sommers cabin," Anna said with a big smile on her face. "Whereas if you dress and present yourself as the pretty teenaged girl that we both know that you do very convincingly, I can assure you no one will

think twice about your true gender, and you'll be taken for the beautiful girl you'll look like. Besides, the experience and the practice will be very good for you."

"Oh alright. I still can't believe that I'm in this fix, just because I had the misfortune to walk into the living room in a long robe and facial cream, and some guy mistook me for a girl and the perfect date for his son." he complained. Then he said, "I need your help with the bra and that death trap called a corset. There's no way I can get them on right on my own."

Anna showed him how to do it but then made him do it on his own several times until he got it right. Instead of the corset she, "just for today," had him wear a waist cincher and helped him snug it up until it gave him a much more feminine-looking waist and hips. It actually gave him a decent figure. The soft pink bra matched the panties he'd already put on.

Marty quickly told her that the waist cincher was very uncomfortable, not any better than the corset. Mom just ignored his complaint and said, "You'll get used to it, dear, and love what it does for your figure." Anna then brought him a simple cotton summer dress.

"I thought I was wearing that skirt and top?" he said.

"No, that's what *I'm* wearing. This cute little dress is for you," Anna told him.

She did his makeup and explained each step, then had him take it off it with a mild remover and try it himself. After about the third or fourth attempt, it finally looked quite good. Anna help with the eyeliner and she told him that was one thing that would take some getting used to.

The rather short shirt of the dress came to at least two inches above his knees; it tickled his bare thighs with the slightest of movements. Next she handed him a pair of white strappy sandals. As soon as he stepped into them, he realized they had narrow two-inch heels. His bright red toenails would clearly be on display for all to see.

Anna then turned him around and had him sit at her vanity and began brushing his long curly hair back and high on his head. She used a heavy hair band to hold it in a high pony tail, then put a light blue scrunchie that matched the dress on it before fanning it out and letting it cascade down the back of his head to touch the tops of his shoulders. She then put two-inch gold hoops in his newly pierced ears and a gold necklace around his neck. She found a couple of rings to put on his fingers and a dainty feminine gold watch for his wrist. Then she finished up with a spritz of perfume and pronounced her daughter ready.

As they got into the car, Marty became immediately aware of just how short the skirt on his dress was. Mom told him, "You must put your pretty little fanny in the seat first. Then keeping your knees tightly together, swing your legs in and sweeping your hand under your behind, brush the skirt forward. If you forget and don't do this, you'll definitely be giving away your secret to anyone who happens to be looking your way. That would give you plenty to be embarrassed about."

Anna drove them to a nice restaurant in the next town over from their own so as to reduce the chances of anyone recognizing Marty. Just like the other night,

Marty drew stares from many men and boys, both young and old. This made him extremely embarrassed, yet strangely excited at the same time. He found it very hard to believe that just by putting on makeup and a dress that he could apparently have the power to make grown men act like teenaged boys, getting goo goo-eyed over seeing him as a sexual being.

Marty was very conscious of keeping his knees tightly together and he almost pulled the skirt loose from the dress constantly trying to pull it down lower than it was capable of going.

After brunch, they drove to a small clinic. Marty being thought he'd die when he realized where they were and wondered why his mother would be bringing him to a doctor's office. He looked around; this did not appear to be a first-class medical facility. Maybe it didn't belong to a legitimate doctor? The place was really not all that clean and most of the people there weren't either. Just before the nurse called his name, he noticed several young women waiting in the dimly-lit waiting room. One young girl looked over, noticed his embarrassment and said, "Your first one?" she asked.

Marty looked to make sure she was talking to him and said, "I'm sorry, my first what?"

"Don't be embarrassed honey, we're all here for the same reason, to make our little problem go away." The girl smiled and Marty froze dead in his tracks.

"Oh. My. God. Mother, please tell me that you are not planning on cutting it off!" he said, struggling to keep his voice down, on the verge of total panic. He immediately felt sick to his stomach and light-headed.

"Good grief, Marty honey, don't be silly, dear. You completely misunderstood the young lady. Most of

these girls are here to abort unwanted pregnancies. I just want the doctor to take a look at your swollen chest and make sure that we don't have a problem," Anna whispered to him. Marty slumped back into the chair and sighed in relief.

Just then, a nurse opened the door and called out, "Martha Morris, right this way, honey." Once in the exam room, he turned red again as the nurse asked him to step out of the dress and slip the paper examination gown on. Anna helped the shocked young Marty. Only moments later, the doctor walked in.

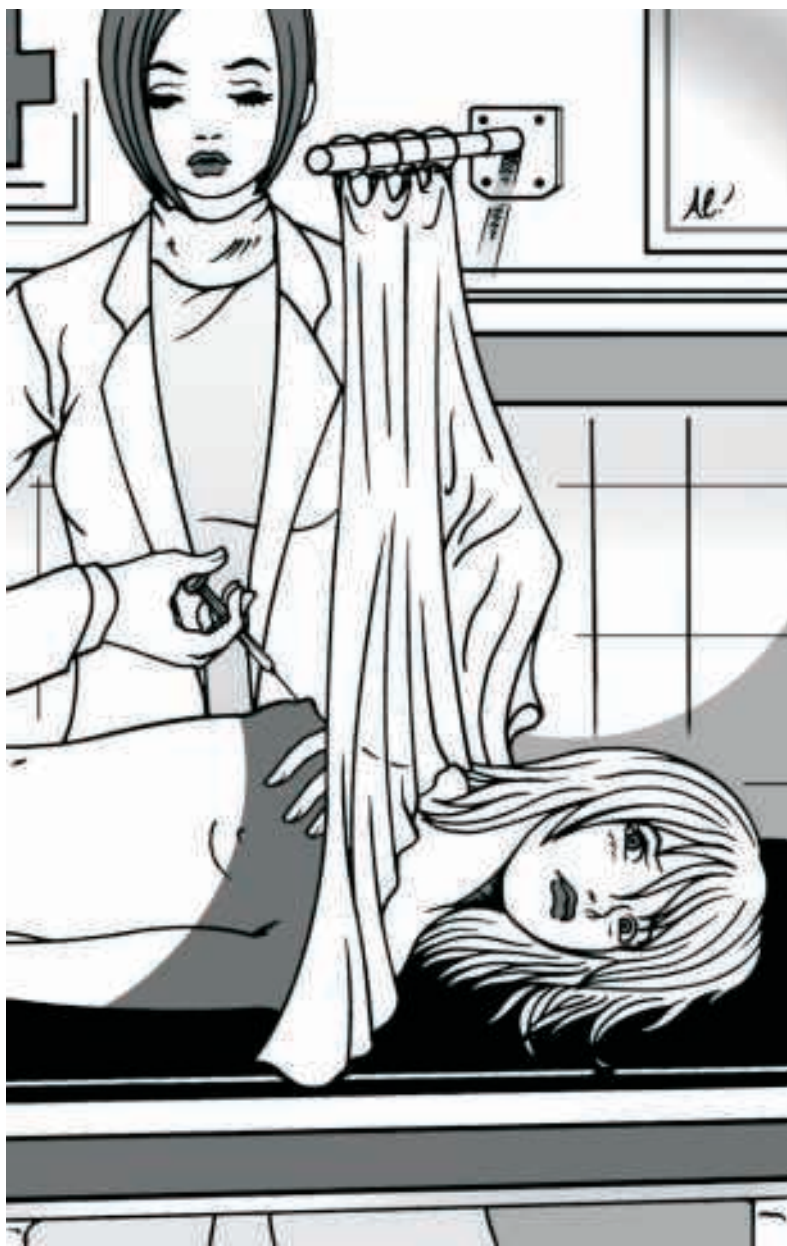
"You must be Martha." She shook Marty's hand and said, "I'm Doctor Kent. It says here that you're having some swelling problem in your chest area," she said.

Marty just nodded his head but Anna said, "Yes Angela, we just noticed it over the past week or so."

"Well, let's have a look, shall we?" Doctor Kent said. She proceeded to poke around on Marty's breasts, she cupped and squeezed first one side, then the other. She measured Marty's chest and cup size and the size of her aureoles, and wrote down notes on her chart. "What has our girl been taking for this problem, Anna?" the Doctor asked. Marty noted that the doctor and her mother must know each other.

Anna handed the bottle of hormone pills to the doctor. "Ah yes, I see. I'd say to continue on these daily until I get her blood work back. I'd like to see her again in about 10 days. I'm going to give Martha a little

booster shot to help with the swelling. You should see a change in a few days," the doctor said.



She laid Marty back on the table and he couldn't see what they were about to do. The doctor then injected a full syringe of a milky-looking fluid into the nipple of her right breast, then the left. She had to do this very slowly and it took a fair amount of time to complete. They'd blocked off Marty's vision between his chin and his chest so he couldn't see what they were doing but, he felt the sharp little pain as the needle entered his nipple. Then the doctor used her hand and squeezed Marty's breasts over and over as if she was a potter molding a clay pot. This procedure took about forty minutes to complete. As they helped Marty sit up, he could swear that the swelling in his breasts had tripled on each of his breasts from when he came in here. He was shocked at the small but firm mounds sticking out and he could immediately feel weight where there wasn't any before. He looked at his mother with worry written all over his sweet young face.

Anna met his eyes and could see the deep concern there. "It's alright dear, this is going to help you out, you'll see," was all she said Marty couldn't see how. To him, it looked like he now had *tits* with a capital 't', not all that small either. Only days ago he was flat-chested.

Anna helped Marty put his bra back on; she'd removed the false padding that had been in the cups only minutes ago. It was certainly an odd feeling as Marty's own flesh now took the place of the padding. They were not as big as the pads had made them look earlier but they were very real. He could feel a strange new sensation as the material of the bra, then the dress made contact with these new, totally foreign mounds of flesh. Marty could only look up at his mother with tear-filled eyes; he couldn't even speak.

Anna gave him a sympathetic look and said, "I know sweetheart, I'm so sorry but they look very real now and you won't have to fake having a wonderful feeling when you're with a boy. It would be more embarrassing if one of them slipped out or moved around to where they are not supposed to be. This way you won't have to worry about your breasts slipping even if they're bumped or touched," Anna said.

Marty was totally demoralized now and didn't object when Anna had him step out and wait for her while she talked to the doctor alone. Anna wasn't long, she soon came out, smiling like a cat. She stepped up to the window, paid the receptionist and they left the office together. As Marty walked out to the car, he couldn't take his eyes off of the twin mounds on his chest. He could feel the new breasts move with each step that he took. He could even detect a small cleavage as he looked down through the rounded neck of his dress. His mind raced, trying to figure out all that had taken place in his normally dull and boring life over the past 48 hours. Nothing made sense to him at this time, and he asked himself, "How could any of this bizarre shit be happening to me? What on earth did I ever do to deserve any of this? I just wish I could go to sleep, wake up and find out that this was all just a bad dream."

As he opened the car door to get in, it quickly became very clear that this was not a dream for he had not stood back far enough and the corner of the door slammed right into his right breast. The pain was just awful and he hollered out, "Ouch! Holy shit, that hurts. Mother, what did that doctor do to me in there, if she is a real doctor? My swelling problem is even worse now. I'm sore and that just felt like someone slammed me in my chest with a baseball bat," he complained.

“My goodness, Martha , that would have hurt anyone, knocking that hard car door right into your breast. You’re going to have to learn to navigate with a little more care from now on. You can’t just dive into things like a bull in a china shop. You really need to be more careful, honey,” she told him.

Marty just shook his head; he couldn’t believe what she’d just said. He was losing ground in this battle to get his own clothes and life back. It was clear his Mom was gaining momentum on keeping him in the role of her daughter, much to his chagrin.

As they pulled away from the clinic, he suddenly became aware that they were not headed for home. That meant more humiliation and embarrassment was sure to come. Anna was driving in the opposite direction from home. When he asked, she said very nonchalantly that they were headed to the mall to get him some needed clothing for the upcoming weekend with the Sommers. Marty just sat there, trying to get comfortable but he felt really awkward with the seat belt strap laying snugly across his chest, right between his new breasts. They had begun to itch; at times his arms would rub up against them when he stretched or reached to turn the station on the radio. It felt strange and it tickled or emanated a little wave of pleasure through his chest. He still couldn’t wrap his mind around the fact that he actually had real feminine breasts on his own body.

“Mom, do we really have to do this today? If you are really going to make me go through with this, which it is quite apparent that you are, can’t we at least wait a couple of days and let me get my mind a little more prepared?” he asked.

"I guess we could but I don't think you'll be any more ready in a couple of days than you are right now, and you would still have to try on the outfits that you'll need. Besides, I think that this will prove to you just how passable you are in front of people who might know you as Marty, the boy from school. I'll bet you \$100 that not one soul will recognize you. That's the reason that I've decided to go to the mall in our town. When you see that I'm right, you will start to relax and just enjoy your time acting like another person for this short time.

"Once this upcoming weekend is over, we will have more time to think about how we can get out of this mess and get our lives back together. Another reason we are going now is so that you can wear these items around the house for the next several days and get used to them, They'll need to be washed at least once so it doesn't look like we just went out and bought them the day before the weekend."

It took a while as they walked from store to store but Marty couldn't deny that Mom was right. Marty saw several kids, both guys and girls, that he recognized from school, a couple of whom he'd gone to school with since grade school. Not one of them seemed to recognize him, which was the first good news that he'd gotten today. Anna then steered him into a big department store, right to the ladies swimwear department. She picked out two different swimsuits.

The first was a two-piece bikini with modest triangles, one of which covered the breasts and the other his privates. The second was a more modest one-piece suit in a pretty blue color. She helped him try them on in the little changing room. Once again, Marty was sur-

prised to see that his new breasts made the triangles swell up. Anna pulled his limp member between his legs, back almost into the crack of his butt, after pushing his testicles up into his body cavity. She took from her purse what looked like surgical tape, tore off a piece and placed it firmly over the penis, holding it back out of the way, then pulled the thong bottom up tight and tied off the strings over each hip.

When his Mom had him stand and look in the three-sided mirror, he had to admit, there was no evidence of a teenaged boy in the reflection. They he tried on the one-piece suit and it looked very nice also. If he was given the choice, Marty would take the one-piece, as he felt a little better with more of his body covered. Plus this one made his new mounds look smaller.

They approached the counter to pay for these items. Marty tried to be invisible and not look up. He was forced to, though, when the salesgirl said, "Hello. Good taste, I like both of your choices."

As he thanked her, he noticed her nametag first. It said *Angie*. As he looked up at her face, he almost lost it and panicked. Angie was in a couple of his classes; she was a very popular girl and a very HOT girl. He almost bit his tongue and tried to hold it together, waiting for her to laugh out loud and expose him to everyone in the store. He was surprised when she said, "I really like your earrings, they are really cute, I have a similar pair at home. They look really good on you."

Marty was not expecting this reply and was just about to open his mouth and explain why he was

dressed this way and was buying a woman's swimsuit, when it sunk into his conscious mind that her compliment was sincere. She hadn't recognized him. He let out a quick sigh of relief and thanked her again.

As Mom had predicted, this experience at first scared the hell out of him but in the end, he did walk away with a little more confidence in his disguise. His relief was short-lived, however, as Mom then drove them to Huron Park Beach. She took Marty to the ladies shower room and into one of the changing stalls where she helped him into the dreaded two-piece bikini. He still couldn't get over the fact that a real part of his own body actually filled the cups of the bikini top and even showed a little cleavage in-between them. She left the tape that covered his penis on, so it took no time to put the bottom on.

Anna opened the door after she'd finished helping Marty into his suit. She had to push him out of the stall, then quickly closed and locked the door. "Here honey, here's your purse," she said as she pushed it out under the door of the changing room stall. "You go over to the big mirror and freshen up your lipstick while I change."

The door finally opened and Anna walked out looking pretty hot herself in her own one-piece swimsuit. She took Marty by the hand and almost had to drag him outside as he'd lost the confidence he had just moments ago. It was one thing to be dressed in clothes that just about hid your whole body but quite another thing to flounce around in this little two-piece suit. Anna had her beach bag over her shoulder and as she

walked towards the beach, Marty followed, hoping no one would notice him. They spread a big blanket out on the sand and Anna took a big bottle of suntan lotion out. She had Marty sit in front of her and she covered all of his bare flesh in the creamy lotion.

Once she had him covered, she had Marty do the same for her. They laid side-by-side flipping from front to back occasionally to even out their tans. They were there for several hours enjoying the warmth of the sunny day. The combination of the hot sun and the lotion gave each of them the start of a very nicely tanned body. After they'd been there about three hours, Anna got up and took Marty's hand, pulled him to his feet, and walked towards the lake. Marty was just too tired to fight anymore today. He just walked into the water, which really did feel wonderful after lying in the sun for so long.

They splashed and swam for a while in the roped-off beach area. As they walked back to their blanket, Marty couldn't possibly miss the looks and stares she was attracting from the eyes of the guys playing volleyball off to the side. She could have sworn at least two different guys winked at her.

Anna reached into her beach bag and pulled out a terry-cloth beach cover for each of them. Marty wasted no time covering his body, glad to be at least partially covered again. As they walked to the car, Marty saw a couple of the boys wave and blow him a kiss. "Are all guys that rude, Mom? I sure never acted like that," he said.

"That's because I raised you with better manners. Now you'll be even more sympathetic, from getting first-hand knowledge of what we girls have to go through. We dress to please the males of our species,

then regret it when they act like cavemen after seeing us. It's a good lesson to learn," Anna told him as she put her arm around him. Together they walked to the car.

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In Part II, we'll see how Marty, alias Martha, fares with Freddy and the long weekend up at the Sommers' cabin. Will Fred find out Marty's secret? Will this weekend finally be the end of this ordeal or will things happen to keep Marty in this new, unasked-for, life. There are more twists and turns and a couple of more surprises before our story reaches its conclusion.